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## DROPPING CORN.

Pretty Phoebe Lane and I,  
In the soft May weather,  
Barefoot down the furrows went  
Dropping corn together.

Side by side across the field,  
Back and forth we hurried;  
All the golden grains we dropped  
Soon the plowshare buried.

Bluebirds on the hedges sat,  
Chirping low and billing;  
"Why," thought I, "not follow suit,  
If the maid is willing?"

So I whispered, "Phoebe, dear,  
Kiss me—" "Keep on dropping!"  
Called her father, from the plow—  
"There's no time for stopping."

The cord was loosed, the moment sped;  
The golden charm was broken;  
Nevermore between us two  
Word of love was spoken.

What a little slip, sometimes,  
All our hope releases!  
How the merest breath of chance  
Breaks our joy in pieces!

Sorrow's cup, though often drained,  
Never lacks for filling,  
And we can't get fortune's kiss  
When the maid is willing!

## LIFE IN MEXICO.

### How People Move About in the Capital of the "Sister Republic."

Street Cars and Public Carriages—No Omnibuses—Porters—Money and the Changing Thereof.

Correspondence of the Globe-Democrat.

Most Americans have only vague ideas about Mexican life. According to no apology can be needed for trivial matters. The average traveler explores only the surface of things, and information about the externals of the civilization of the country—the every day concerns of existence—is most eagerly sought for by those intending to journey this way. Let us therefore assume that we arrive at the capital, as we undoubtedly shall, by some one of the railways. We are to go to a hotel, and, in the course of the next few days "do" the town. We are then to visit other cities, acquiring as we go what information about the country and its inhabitants is easily accessible. Having already, we will suppose, seen several provincial towns, we can institute comparisons from time to time, and thus get a rather broad view of the country as a whole. We must bear in mind at the outset that this is not a barbarous region. It contains cities as well built as any in the United States, and in these cities we find all the necessities and many of the comforts of life.

### WHAT TO DO WITH THE LUGGAGE.

Stepping from the train, then, we pass through a carefully guarded gateway out of the station, and, perhaps, through a broad way, into the region of carriages and other vehicles. There are more hacks here than one will find in front of a railway station in an American city, and vociferous, but somewhat obsequious, hackmen. The baggage and passenger transfer business is not well managed. If one in the States chooses to employ neither the patrician carriage nor the plebeian street-car, he may take the middle-class omnibus, turning over his trunk check to an agent who will appear in the train before reaching the station, buying at the same time a "bus ticket." He finds the vehicle for himself at the door, while the luggage reaches the hotel or residence by another conveyance but little behind him. There is no such convenient arrangement in any one of the dozen Mexican cities which I have visited. At Chihuahua there is an omnibus line. Here in Mexico an express company, with an office under the Iturbide Hotel, makes some feeble effort to get orders on the delivery of baggage for passengers on incoming trains, after the American fashion, but it has no omnibuses for human freight. Elsewhere there is neither convenience. The traveler must, therefore, employ a coachman or take to the tramway. Possibly a combined omnibus and baggage transfer line would not pay. There are cheap carriages—if one knows how to find them. For strangers, however, especially those not up in Spanish, the American device would be of use.

### PORTERS.

The omnibus system wanting, the tourist will yield to the solicitations of a coachman, who will take the trunk on board for a consideration; or he may hire a porter to deliver the load. There are porters, regularly licensed and numbered, who may be trusted, provided one makes a note of the number. This is inscribed on a circular metallic disk suspended conspicuously on the person. These fellows are enormously strong. A friend vouches for a fishy story. He professes to have seen one of them carry from a cart into a warehouse on his back a cask weighing 750 pounds. Employ a porter to deliver your luggage, take the street car yourself, and the chances are that he will reach the destination before you do. But beware of any man or boy without the official seal. A ragged, dirty crowd of peons swarms at every stopping place, anxious to grab your grip-sack or your shawl strap, uttering a jargon of poor Spanish and worse English and French, and bound to get a medio or a real by hook or by crook. If you employ one of these gamins never

let him get out of your sight. The safest course is to manage your bundles for yourself. The dishonesty of the individual members of the crowd may be assumed. Their assurance is sublime. In a city up north I saw two ragamuffins follow a party of strangers a mile from the station to the hotel—the latter all unconscious that the attention was meant for them—and then coolly send in a bill for 25 cents for services rendered.

### THE STREET CARS.

If we have no impediments we will take to the tramway. The street cars in this city radiate in every direction from the central plaza. Trips are frequent, say once in half an hour, not at intervals of three or five minutes. Horse railway traffic is light in Mexico. The city is compact, lacking the "magnificent distances" of St. Louis or Washington and there is but a small proportion of inhabitants so rich to walk or too poor to take carriage. Street cars, accordingly, are in waiting for every train. It is hardly possible to take the wrong one for they all go to the same place by parallel routes, if, indeed, more than one line reaches your railway station. There are three classes of street cars. One can ride for three cents, or he may pay six cents, or perhaps twelve cents. The three start together and make the round trip together, one to the other only a short distance apart. One would think the public would be better served if the first-class car, were to leave the plaza on its regular journey at 10 o'clock, the second-class at 10:10, the third-class at 10:20 and the first-class again at 10:30. But that is not the style. The three start together at 10 o'clock, and there is no other before 10:30.

The first class cars are as large, as handsome and as clean as any in St. Louis, and of the common American style. Most of them have come from the John Stephenson Company of New York, whose name appears on these vehicles in every city in the United States. I have seen only one city with horse railways in which the first class are not really what their name implies. Even little Orizaba has an excellent outfit. Zacatecas alone is behind the times. The second class cars are not greatly inferior to the first, but third are a little better than cattle-pens. They are mere shells, painted some dirty color, if at all with little bits of windows, short, high platforms, no end of dirt and a stuffy appearance. Besides the ordinary seats, two more run lengthwise in the center, back to back, with the narrowest possible aisle on either side. The seats are of the hardest coarse wood. A third-class car full of peons of both sexes, smoking vile tobacco, and generally loaded down with dirty bundles, is all an inviting apartment. Smoking is allowed in vehicles of every class, first as well as third, and on steam no less than horse railroads.

### ON THE RAIL.

Once aboard and under way we shall make some interesting discoveries. Conductors on some lines use the bell register, but one device to keep the employes honest, apparently, prevails everywhere. One man collects the money, giving a ticket in return, and this ticket is taken up by a second servant of the company. The conductor carries a curious book like a check-book, or a railway commutation coupon ticket, whose leaves make a succession of little square street-car tickets.

These bear the name of the company and the price of the ride. The conductor is also provided with a formidable pair of shears. Drawing these out of his pocket with the book, snips off one corner and hands it over to you. Presently the collector boards the car, and going through it, gathers in the insignificant bits of cheap paper. This arrangement, apparently, precludes "knocking down," except by collusion between the conductor, the collector and the passenger. It prevails everywhere. The conductors are slow and awkward. To calculate change seems to require herculean efforts.

As a rule, unless you have the right coin, you will be cheated out of a cent or two. The conductors often find it convenient to give back exactly the right when offered a 25-cent or 30-cent piece, and of course no one can be mean enough to make a fuss over a centavo, or even a quattillo! The drivers, I should say, are all short-sighted. They seldom see the would-be passenger until they are close upon him, and then they try to screw down the brake is a caution! One would think the driver fancied his life depended on coming to a full stop in half a car-length. The routes are unusually small. I have seen them driven two abreast, as in the States, "doubled up," two teams together, and tandem, according to the character of the grades and the style of the line.

Narrow gauge roads are not infrequent. The cars everywhere make excellent time, the drivers, in fact, drive like Jehu, for they drive furiously—not too furiously, but just fast enough to put the roads at home to shame. But it is to be said for Mexico that the lines are every where level. There are no grades in this city. The rails of the track are generally heavier than with us, and they often lie wholly above ground, like steam railroad iron. Throughout the country car-drivers are provided with tin horns, which they blow vigorously when approaching intersecting streets. This constant tooting is the greatest novelty about tram-car riding here. One can sometimes easily imagine himself at home on the night before Fourth.

### COTTON.

Atlanta Constitution.

South Carolina has increased her cotton crop by over 100,000 bales during the past four years.

It is reported that Beanoke, Va., is to have a \$200,000 cotton factory, Philadelphia capitalists furnishing half the money.

The John P. King Manufacturing Company, which has been put in operation at a cost of \$225,222.54, and with a commercial capital of \$181,979.57, being over a million dollars in all, has in its mill, 700 looms and 28,464 spindles.

The Sylvan Mills, in Bedford county, Tenn., have made 650,000 yards of sheeting since commencing operation, about the middle of last June. All the looms, 104, were not running until December 1. The largest output for any one day has been 6,150 yards.

The product of the Charlottesville, Va., Woolen Mills is about 250,000 yards per annum, equal to a consumption of 300,000

pounds of scoured or between 400,000 and 500,000 pounds of unwashed wool. Of late the company has determined to increase its capital from \$100,000 to \$200,000.

The ladies composing the Silk Association of Sumter, S. C. are alive to the interest of the company and are advertising in the county papers and in the News and Courier the large quantity of eggs for sale. The industry bids fair to assume a large growth in the South within the next few years. The society was organized some eighteen months ago by a few energetic ladies of town for the purpose of extending the industry, and thus far their efforts have been crowned with success. The silk raised by them last year has taken the prize whenever exhibited.

The two leading cotton manufacturing States in the South are Georgia and North Carolina. In 1880 Georgia had forty mills, containing 200,974 spindles. Three years and a half elapse and the account stands as follows: Georgia has sixty-two mills, containing 540,130 spindles; North Carolina has ninety-two mills, containing 213,362 spindles. North Carolina has more mills, and Georgia more spindles. The activity and ambition of the two States in the direction of cotton manufacturing do not greatly vary. Georgia has more capital, and North Carolina has more water powers. It is a sure race, and Georgia should look at her laurels, for the excess of mills in North Carolina is a menace to Georgia's position at the head of the list. No other Southern State is struggling for first place, although South Carolina and Maryland are no laggards.

### Pertinent and Impertinent.

Senator Fair and his divorced wife seem to think all's fair in love and war.

Dr. Sargent lectures on "What Shall We Eat to Get Strong?" Young leeks are very good.

Mary Anderson says she will play in Berlin for \$1,000 a night and an offer of marriage from Bismark.

Charles Roadie is accused of plagiarism. He must have got the idea from reading Chicago newspapers.

William H. Vanderbilt announces that he will spend the summer in Europe. Serves Europe right.

Henry Irving is to publish two volumes of his impressions of America. We advise him to publish one first.

As Buffalo Bill is such a fine marksman it is something of a wonder that he doesn't shoot the hat he wears.

General Neal Dow is 80 years old, and just as hale and hearty as if he had been drinking beer all his life.

Mary Anderson is a true American. When admirers pop the question he simply replies, "I am not a candidate."

Joseph Cook says that he isn't afraid of newspapers. No, nothing that newspapers can say now will injure Joseph Cook now.

Mary Ellen Chase says "there will be three women to one man in Heaven. This is rather discouraging to both sexes."

Wm. H. Vanderbilt says that he is neither a Republican nor a Democrat. This relieves both parties of a severe imputation.

F. C. Burnand gets \$15,000 a year for editing London Punch. This seems a large sum, but just consider what a gloomy life he must lead.

Mr. Livingstone has been suspended from the privileges of the Union Club for five years. It ought to be the making of the man.

The Empress of Austria has learned to set type. It is not often that an empress shows such a laudable desire to get into good company.

Adelina Patti had a ball given in her honor, but that is nothing. No matter where Gester goes the baby gives a bawl in her honor.

Mr. Barnum can make a fortune by rechristening his white elephant. The present name "Tung," will not be popular among married men.

Robert Lincoln is said to resemble his father "only from his eyes up." Well, that is better than if he only resembled him from his knees down.

Mrs. Mackey is having another portrait painted, and it is thought that Mr. Mackey will find it convenient to be present when the verdict is given.

Private Dalzell writes to the New York Sun that he does not "speak autochthonically, but with deliberation." And Mr. Dana is off in Mexico.

James Gordon Bennett is coming home. This is the presidential year, and it is supposed his idea is to secure naturalization papers in time to vote.

Lord Coleridge says he has never seen Mary Anderson. The report then that he proposed to her may be true. After one has seen Mary he doesn't propose.

Mrs. Catherine Baker of Taylorville, Va., who has passed her 99th birthday, takes six to eight cups of coffee a day. She will kill herself if she isn't careful.

Mrs. Langtry, it is reported, has her palace car filled with American curiosities. Her first capture—the only original of an American dude—has, however, got away.

### Was Willing.

General Forrest was once approached by an Arkansas man, who asked, "General, when do you reckon we're going to get something to eat?" "Eat!" exclaimed the general; did you join the army merely to get something to eat?" "Well that's about the size of it." "Here," calling an officer, "give this man something to eat, and then have him shot."

The officer understood the joke and replied: "All right, general."

The Arkansas man, exhibiting no alarm, said: "Bile me a ham, cap'n, stew up a couple of chickens, bake two or three hocks, fetch a gallon of 'o' o' butter milk, and load yer guns. With sich inducements, the man what wouldn't be willin' to die is a blame fool."

A hearty meal was prepared for the soldier, but he still lives.

## ME AND MARY.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

All my feelin's in the spring,  
Gits so blame contrary,  
I can't think of anything  
Only me and Mary!

"Me and Mary!" all the time,  
"Me and Mary!" like a rhyme,  
Keeps a-dingin' on till I'm  
Sick of "Me and Mary!"

"Me and Mary! If us two  
Only was together  
I'd like we used to do  
In the April weather!"  
All the night and all the day  
I keep wishin' thataway,  
Till I'm gittin' old and gray  
Jest on "Me and Mary!"

Muddy yit along the pike  
Sense the winter's frozen,  
And the o'-chard's back'ard-like  
Bloomin' out this season;  
Only heard one bluebird yit—  
Nary robin nor tomcat;  
What's the how and why of it?  
'Speck it's "Me and Mary!"

Me and Mary liked the birds—  
That is, Mary sorra!  
Liked 'em first, and afterwards  
W'y I thought I orto.  
And them birds—of Mary stood  
Right here with me like she should—  
They'd be singin', them birds would,  
All for me and Mary.

Birds or not, I'm hopin' some  
I can git to plowin'!  
If the sun'll only come  
And the Lord allowin',  
Guess to-morrow I'll turn in  
And git down to work agin';  
This here loaftern' won't win—  
Not for me and Mary!

For a man that loves like me  
And's afraid to name it,  
Till some other feller he  
Gits the girl—d-d-shame-it!  
Wet or dry, or clouds or sun,  
Winter gone or jest begun,  
Out-door work for me or none—  
No more "Me and Mary!"

## A LOVER'S DILEMMA.

Translated from the French.

Pouparin-en-Bigarrat was by all odds the most wearisome town in the whole department of the Garonne-Inférieure. Among its 8,500 inhabitants it contained only eight pretty girls, a fact that disgusted all the young men living within its limits.

One of these eight pretty girls was Berthe, daughter of M. Agenor Malenfrond, one of the two rival bakers of the town. Berthe was sweet 16, and would have had plenty of admirers had not her father pitilessly driven away all the young men who had ever ventured to pay her even the slightest attention. M. Malenfrond had amassed considerable money, and did not wish his daughter to become the wife of a gallant without a sou.

Stanislas Coquelard, the town notary's youthful clerk, was gifted with a sentimental soul. He had just reached that age when the heart opens to love as the corolla of a flower to the kisses of the breeze. Stanislas thought that Pouparin should furnish him with other happiness than contemplating the broad meadows during the day and listening to the song of the nightingales during the night.

It was toward the close of April, and, while he conscientiously copied the notary's documents, the young clerk thought of the charming Berthe, and wondered what he could do to get in the good graces of her hard-hearted father, who, by the way, was a widower. Stanislas had read in the young girl's eyes that she was dissatisfied with her lot, and firmly believed that she would not be averse to accepting his heart and hand if ever he got an opportunity to offer them to her.

Stanislas Coquelard was twenty, and had abundant faith in the belief that his time would come.

The notary's house was situated opposite the bakery and occasionally the clerk had exchanged through the windows more than one furtive glance with the pretty Berthe.

Every morning, on his way to the notary's, he stopped at the bakery and bought a sou loaf of Berthe; as he paid for it, he rolled his eyes after the fashion of a young man who is desperately smitten and intends that the object of his adoration shall know it.

On her side, the baker's daughter was far from regarding Stanislas in a way to discourage him.

Such a state of things could not last very long without producing the usual result.

The baker made his bread during the day, then went to bed and did not rise until it was time to begin baking toward half past 10 at night.

One evening the clerk, taking advantage of the moment when M. Malenfrond was still slumbering while awaiting the hour at which his nocturnal toil was to commence, fell at Berthe's feet and began a speech, to which he added the most expressive pantomime. He ended by asking her to marry him.

Berthe, unused to such masculine eloquence, was melted, and in a low voice consented to unite her destiny to his.

Stanislas, greatly affected, kissed Berthe several times so enthusiastically that he awakened M. Malenfrond, who slept in a chamber over the back shop.

The baker listened, and thought he recognized the hand of his apprentice, who had been sick for a week. Overjoyed he jumped out of bed, crying: "Wait a little, my boy, and I'll help you knead the bread! I'm coming down!"

The lovers stared at each other in consternation. At that instant the stairs

creaked beneath the baker's heavy tread.

How was Stanislas to escape? The stairway was between the shop and the room in which were the two turtle doves! There was not a second to be lost. Berthe, who had a good head, extinguished the lamp and whispered to the terrified Stanislas: "Hide yourself quickly in that chest over there and don't be afraid. I'll take care of everything!"

Coquelard followed the recommendation and felt his way along the wall in the direction Berthe had indicated with a rapid gesture. In the darkness he missed the chest but encountered the dough-trough, he felt a lid beneath his fingers, lifted it and, as nimbly as a squirrel in danger, leaped into the box.

He came down amid the dough with a thud, but he had the presence of mind to draw the lid over him.

At that moment the baker entered the apartment. "Sacredieu!" growled he, "there's no light here!"

Berthe instantly replied: "It's the fault of the wretched lamp. I tried to turn up the wick, but it went out. That lazy Nicole must have forgotten to put oil in it!"

A two minutes' search ensued, then came the scratching of matches, and the lamp was lighted again.

"What exclaimed M. Malenfrond, "are you alone? Why I thought I heard some one kneading a little while ago!"

"You had the nightmare father!" answered the daughter, soothingly. "Why, who on earth could be here? Gervais, our apprentice, is still sick and won't be out of bed for a week to come."

"Then I didn't hear right. But now I am up I'll go to work!"

And the baker rubbing his hands to get them in working trim, went to the dough-trough and raised the lid.

At that moment a great clammy hand arose from the depths of the box, hurling fragments of soft dough in every direction.

"What's that—what's that?" exclaimed the baker, drawing back a couple of paces. "Who the deuce is in the dough?"

He had not finished. An enormous plaster of dough was applied to his face with a splash, cutting short his exclamations and blinding him at the same time.

The baker was conscientious in the exercise of his trade. His dough was well kneaded, and though he made tremendous efforts to scrape the plaster from his visage, two or three minutes elapsed before he was able to open his eyes and speak.

During the whole of this scene, Berthe gazed with astonishment, had not stirred.

When her father had succeeded, unaided, in ridding himself of his plaster, she recovered her senses and began to cry: "Oh, mon Dieu! it must be a robber!"

"Ah, the sounder!" roared poor Malenfrond. "Where is he, that I may knock him down!"

And, all sticky as he was he rushed to the dough-trough.

It was empty, and empty in every sense. Stanislas in his flight dragged off on his person all the baker's dough. He had left in the bottom of the box only his shoes, that would have bothered him in running.

"The thief! I cannot bake to-night. He has taken the bread out of the mouths of more than ten families!"

During this time the clerk, all covered with dough, hastened as well as he could toward the shop of the other baker, that was not far away.

The latter received this farinaceous mass with the greatest affability as he brought with him fifteen or eighteen livres of dough. He scraped the clerk conscientiously, so conscientiously that the next day some of the inhabitants of the town found in their loaves, one a plug of tobacco, another a porte monnaie containing eighteen sous, a third a pocket handkerchief and a bunch of keys.

The baker had for his share a sheet of stamped paper.

This worked against M. Malenfrond's rival, who accused of inattention to business, lost a part of his customers, thus once again proving that wrongly acquired property never benefits any one.

A few weeks afterward Stanislas ventured to ask M. Malenfrond for his daughter's hand. As the clerk had received a legacy of a few thousand francs the baker gave his consent, and even took him into partnership in the bakery shortly after his marriage with Berthe had been duly celebrated.

As for M. Malenfrond, he was kept in strict ignorance of the real nature of the episode of the dough-trough, and he never afterward went to bed without having cautioned his daughter to be on the watch for robbers.

"You see, Berthe," he often said to her "it is not enough to keep an eye on the shop, the dough-trough must also be watched, and for that there's nothing like the eye of the master or that of the mistress!"

## THE SOUTH AND SOUTHWEST.

Jacksonville, Fla., is agitating for a Board of Trade.

Putnam county, Ga., farmers have invested \$15,000 in mules this season.

A silk farm has been established in Powhatan county, Va., by a number of French families.

Over 42,000,000 cigars were made in Key West last year, valued at the lowest estimate at \$1,680,000.

There is a movement for a grand Exposition of industries and products at Raleigh, N. C., in October next.

South Carolina last year derived from agriculture, manufactures and mining \$22,000,000 more than in 1880.

The largest stove factory ever erected in the South commenced operation in Chattanooga, Tenn., recently.

It is said that over a dozen new buildings are now in process of erection in the northern suburbs of Tampa, Fla.

Some Tennessees have been prospecting near Fort Dale, Fla., for a suitable place to establish a marble yard.

Georgia furniture manufacturers predict a big movement of Western furniture men and wood workers into the South.

The Mississippi Valley Cane Growers' Association will hereafter be known as the National Association of Cane Growers.

The shipments of cotton from Bam-

berg, Barnwell county, S. C., this year, amount to 6,920 bales, as against 7,860 bales last year.

At a recent sale in Howard county, Mo., calves brought \$2.50; yearlings, \$3.15; two-year-olds, \$4.35; cows, from \$26 to \$40.

Governor Lowery predicts that Mississippi will manufacture into cloth, within a few years, every pound of cotton raised in its limits.

Nearly 500 miles of railway have been built in Mississippi during the past two years, and the cotton mill output of the State has been doubled.

In their memorial to Congress the citizens of Augusta, Ga., ask for an appropriation of \$800,000—\$500,000 for a public building and \$300,000 for the river.

The South Carolina Legislature has appropriated \$10,000 to make an exhibition for the State at the World's Industrial and Cotton Centennial Exposition.

Palestine, Tex., is constantly growing. Among other buildings a goodly number of dwelling houses are being erected by men of moderate means, for their own use.

It is said that the farmers of Tennessee complain of the rabbit pest, but are making way with them by supplying Nashville with half of her meat supply from that prolific source.

Bermuda grass is being extensively planted in Southwest Georgia. No land is too poor to promote its rapid growth. It will afford an excellent pasturage the greater part of the year.

It is claimed that the building of the proposed Macon and Florida Air Line Railroad would reach fourteen counties, the total farm products of which amount in value yearly to nearly \$7,000,000.

The Female Education Aid Association, organized in Baltimore Md., has undertaken the task of founding and endowing a great female seminary which shall offer to young women the opportunity for a first-class education.

Tennessee has a school fund of \$1,000,000 annually for 500,000 population, out of which less than 300,000 enroll in the public schools, while the daily attendance is less than 200,000; only two-fifths of the children attend school.

The business men of Vicksburg, Miss., have addressed a memorial to Congress asking that body to restore the harbor of Vicksburg, by making an appropriation to bring the Yazoo river in front of the city.

At a recent meeting of the Academy of National Sciences, Professor H. Carvill Lewis exhibited some remarkable nuggets found in Mon gony county, N. C., forty miles east of Charlotte and two miles from Yadkin river.

According to the report of Special Agent Hurt, of the Department of Agriculture, there is at the present time a marked tendency in the State of Mississippi to contract the size of the larger plantations; in other words, a tendency towards smaller farms.

The Louisville, Ky., cotton project is being pushed. Mr. Arthur M. Digles, representing Eastern capitalists, appeared before the Louisville Board of Trade offering one-fourth subscription to a \$1,500,000 factory to have 50,000 spindles—Baltimore Mfr's Record.

The Lynchburg, Va., News says that the report of the Executive Committee made a splendid exhibit for the business of Lynchburg. An increase of the assessed values of the city from a little over \$3,000,000 in 1868 to over \$12,000,000 in 1883 is a magnificent showing.

The South Carolina Times and Democrat thinks that persons from abroad looking for homes can find no better place to settle than in Orangeburg county or town. The lands there are excellent and varied in character, and the people are hospitable and public spirited.

The longest line of fence in the world will be the wire fence to extend from the Indian Territory west across the Texas Panhandle and thirty-five miles into New Mexico. It is said to be over 200 miles long and its purpose is to stop the drift of northern cattle southward.

It is asserted that the timber region of East Tennessee is destined to become second only to the pine-wood country, for its fine lands have not been cleared out of great forests of poplar, hickory, walnut, sycamore and other valuable timber which have reached a fine state of development.

POEMS OF PLACES.

Phila. Call.

An effort is being made in Cincinnati to allow beer to be sold on street cars.

Keep away from Boston. There are 18,000 more women than men in that city, and it is leap year, too.

Saloons in Dakota have signs as gentle reminders: "Gentlemen use the spittoons and do not crowd the ladies."

New Hampshire, it is reported, is covered with four feet of snow. This, we believe, is the first summer-resort item of the season.

A Texas society man refused to accept a dress suit because the tailor neglected to provide the pantaloons with a pistol pocket.

Chicago is anticipating the advent of the foot and mouth disease with alarm. The friends of the disease are also much frightened.

Now that there is a through railroad line to Mexico the New Yorkers will probably be organizing Sunday excursions to the bull fights.

The Governor of North Carolina grants no pardon. The juries of North Carolina so seldom convict anybody that he don't get a chance.

A trunk factory in Jersey City was destroyed by fire the other night. It is not often that the annihilation of trunks begins so early in the season.

The horrible rumor comes from Germany that Bismark has not yet even heard of Tom Ochiltree. Tom's suicide is now confidently and hopefully expected.

It is two weeks and over now since St. Louis trotted out a missing maiden. St. Louis is enterprising only by spurts. She can't hold a rapid gait.

## THE GREELY SEARCH.

A Map of the Territory from Washington to Grant Land—The Highest Point Reached by Man and the Distance to the Pole.

On June 21, 1880, Lieut. A. W. Greely sailed from Washington with the intention of establishing a station in Grant Land, latitude 82 degrees north. From this depot as a base of supplies, parties were to make exploration further north. He landed on the 14th of August 1881, from the steamer Proteus, at Discovery harbor, Lady Franklin Bay, with a party of two officers and twenty-two men—and provisions for about four years. The vessel, which transported him there, returned August 25, 1881, and since then no news has been received from him. A supply expedition was sent out by the war department in 1882, but found the entrance to Smith's sound blocked by ice, and failed to reach him. In 1883 the Proteus attempted it again, but was crushed in the ice at the entrance to Smith's sound. The present expedition will consist of three vessels. The steamship, or Thetis, the flagship of the expedition, Com. W. S. Schley, commander. The Bear, Lieut. W. H. Emory, commander, and the war sloop Alert, presented by the British government, George W. Coffin, commander.

It is claimed that the building of the proposed Macon and Florida Air Line Railroad would reach fourteen counties, the total farm products of which amount in value yearly to nearly \$7,000,000.

The Female Education Aid Association, organized in Baltimore Md., has undertaken the task of founding and endowing a great female seminary which shall offer to young women the opportunity for a first-class education.

Tennessee has a school fund of \$1,000,000 annually for 500,000 population, out of which less than 300,000 enroll in the public schools, while the daily attendance is less than 200,000; only two-fifths of the children attend school.

The business men of Vicksburg, Miss., have addressed a memorial to Congress asking that body to restore the harbor of Vicksburg, by making an appropriation to bring the Yazoo river in front of the city.

At a recent meeting of the Academy of National Sciences, Professor H. Carvill Lewis exhibited some remarkable nuggets found in Mon gony county, N. C., forty miles east of Charlotte and two miles from Yadkin river.

According to the report of Special Agent Hurt, of the Department of Agriculture, there is at the present time a marked tendency in the State of Mississippi to contract the size of the larger plantations; in other words, a tendency towards smaller farms.

The Louisville, Ky., cotton project is being pushed. Mr. Arthur M. Digles, representing Eastern capitalists, appeared before the Louisville Board of Trade offering one-fourth subscription to a \$1,500,000 factory to have 50,000 spindles—Baltimore Mfr's Record.

The Lynchburg, Va., News says that the report of the Executive Committee made a splendid exhibit for the business of Lynchburg. An increase of the assessed values of the city from a little over \$3,000,000 in 1868 to over \$12,000,000 in 1883 is a magnificent showing.

The South Carolina Times and Democrat thinks that persons from abroad looking for homes can find no better place to settle than