

# SAVANNAH COURIER.

Entered at the Post-Office at Savannah as Second Class Matter.

VOL. VIII.—NO. 52.

SAVANNAH, HARDIN COUNTY, TENNESSEE, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1892.

One Dollar Per Year.

## SANTY CLAUS.

"What's that little man, for stay so far from the door?"  
"With a betterer or better all the day,  
For he's a party when I worked for  
the folks."  
"All the folks didn't have long to play,  
He's a party when I worked for  
the folks."  
"What's that little man, for stay so far from the door?"  
"With a betterer or better all the day,  
For he's a party when I worked for  
the folks."  
"All the folks didn't have long to play,  
He's a party when I worked for  
the folks."  
"What's that little man, for stay so far from the door?"  
"With a betterer or better all the day,  
For he's a party when I worked for  
the folks."  
"All the folks didn't have long to play,  
He's a party when I worked for  
the folks."

## Christmas Secrets.

"You mustn't look in corners,  
And you mustn't hear a sound,  
Because a flock of secrets  
Is flying all around."  
"They'll perch upon the Christmas trees  
When weary of their flight,  
Or they'll build their nests in stockings  
In the middle of the night."  
"But watch them Christmas morning—  
For dear old Santa sends  
In every one a good surprise,  
To his loving little friends."  
—Anna M. Pratt, in Youth's Companion.

## CHRISTMAS IN A SHEEP CAMP.

IT WAS the 24th of December, and Corb and Miss Belle were in the midst of the sheep-camp, engaged in their daily work. Indeed, he may have done so literally, for all I remember, what I know is that he pronounced some formula to the effect that a man might as well be dead as spend his Christmas in a sheep camp.  
I couldn't help laughing at him, he seemed in such deadly earnest about it, though the thought of the wife and babies down at the ranch house on the Rio Pecos went to my heart, and the sight of the Old Man's hopeless eyes moved my sympathies a great deal more than Corb's loud lamentations.  
Corb was our Adonis; a big, straight young fellow, with hair like curly corn-silk, a way that took with all the women, and a roving fancy, and I knew he was signing to think of the feminine world he might have conquered during the Christmas festivities; but the Old Man—it was easy to guess that his faithful heart was very sore for somebody in particular.  
We three had been drifting sheep for some six weeks down toward the Devil River. The spot we were now on had plenty of soto, but no water anywhere near. Sheep will live very well, you know, without water, and get fat if they have soto; so our Mexican hauled us a barrel wherever he could; and we used it to drink and to cook with, and the man who washed his face too much was considered unpatriotic. It is, no doubt, very shocking to relate, but we were all extremely patriotic, and the water supply changing to be just then very low, there hadn't been a face washed in camp for a week. The work of a sheep-camp is killingly hard, and it is dirty. Traveling as we must, no man carries more clothing than he carries on him, and soto, catclaw and mesquite thorn soon make rags of them. Corb was always handsome—dirty or clean, whole or ragged. His good looks lay in his lines and proportions, and were ineffaceable; but the poor Old Man—never a beauty at his best—grew simply hideous. He had, with his clear, honest, light-gray eyes, a stiff black beard which, if left unshaven for two weeks, transformed him into a ferocious brigand.  
We had been hard at it slashing soto all day, and were sitting, unusually tired, ragged and dirty, around the camp-fire when Corb filed his protest. "Bors," said I, after the manner of a Santa Claus, "what'll you have for Christmas?"  
"A big bath-tub full of water, a half-gallon of cologne, a new suit of clothes, and a dance to go to," answered Corb, promptly.  
We both laughed; the wish was such a photograph of the boy and his ambitions.  
"What'll I do for you, Old Man?" I said.  
"Well," said the Old Man, modestly, and quite as if he expected me to produce them from somewhere, "I'd like a pair of breeches—these are most too bad—and some decent grub for the crowd."  
"That was the Old Man all over. A little for himself and a great deal for the public. That, with many other unobtrusive good points, was why those who knew the lashed old fellow well, he was younger, by the way, than Corb, I think—loved him.  
"Suddenly Corb stood up again. "De-liverance!" he said, dramatically, and pointed to the horizon, where we saw a group of horsemen making for us. "That's something new for Christmas, anyhow," he added, triumphantly. "Hide me; there's a couple of riding-habits in the lay-out."  
It was all very well for me to laugh at the disclosure of Corb and the Old Man. The wife and babies are just as glad to see me dirty as clean, and my capital prize is drawn; but we consider it, all the same, a neat thing to bring ladies to a sheep-camp when the outfit has been out a long time and may be safely reckoned to have reached the name of destination. They come innocently enough, bless their hearts, and confident that you'll be glad to see them; but the boys who engineer such

## "pleasant surprise," usually know better.

Answering the polite appeal in the Old Man's eyes, I said, as the approaching party dipped into the draw west of the camp, "Yes, you little old fellow, and I can entertain them—gilt!" and he got. There was a tangled tangle of scrub and mesquite west of the camp, and he made for it and was out of sight by the time the crowd came up over the divide.  
When they came in among us, we had no one to blame with the inopportune visit; they were all tenderhearted, Austin and Galveston people, the leading spirit a young lady, a Miss Belle Hardin, who had been visiting at the ranch above, and a few days at my place, and was now riding down to take the Galveston, Harpistour & San Antonio road home, her baggage having proceeded first. They intended to stop and take supper with us, and then ride on ten miles to the ranch below in the moonlight, which was very fine.  
How should I know that the whole wild excursion for it was a wild one for ladies at that time of the year—had been undertaken at the command of one imperious young woman, because she wanted to see the Old Man before she left? But I did know it, as well as if she had told me in so many words, by the time Miss Belle's disappointed eyes had roamed over the entire camp, taken in the inside of the tent, cruelly turned open to their gaze, and turned inquiringly to me.  
I would have told her, instinctively, that the Old Man was busy about somewhere, and would be in directly; but the devil counseled Corb to say, in a most aggravating and public manner: "The Old Man—that's what we call Mr. Bassett down here—cut and run when he saw who you folks were. He's not fixed for company, you see, and he's not very sociable, anyhow; guess we won't miss him."  
The flush that rose on Miss Belle's cheek told ill for the Old Man. I saw

## THEY PREPARED THE MEAL.

ride with you, and what I had thought to say had better remain unsaid."  
She looked after him, as he went to help the others with the saddling, very regretfully.  
"Aha! Mistress Pussy," I thought, "you claved your mouse a little too hard that time. Anyhow," I added, "I know enough about the poor fellow's devotion now, and you shan't have the satisfaction of refusing him in so many words." And I myself rode with her as far as the dry arroyo, told the party to ride briskly, as some of us thought there was a northern coming, and was turning back when Miss Belle stopped me. Her eyes were large and frightened.  
"Do you really think there will be a storm?" she said. "I am such a baby about storms. Great, grown woman as I am, I always break for mamma and hide my head in her lap when one comes up at home, and out here on the prairie I know it would scare me to death."  
I reassured her, told her that the squall, if it came at all, would hardly strike before morning, and rode back toward the floes to the camp.  
That was a Christmas picture not to be forgotten. The sleeping herds, conched peacefully beneath the white wonder of a Texas moonlight night; the sweep and swell of the low, grassy hills and plain, very like I fancy, to that country where the shepherds watched their flocks at night nearly two thousand years ago, when the angel of the Lord awakened them and sung to their ravished ears the first Christmas carol.  
I found the two boys very low in their minds. We all had the feeling a prisoner must have when the visitors go out and leave him alone again with his four walls, and as we were all dead beat, we prepared silently and expeditiously to turn in.  
That was the worst miscalculation I ever made on a northern. We had barely closed our eyes when it was on us first, a rattling dash of rain like a discharge of musketry, then the wet tent was yanked from above us by a spiteful gust and dashed dripping upon the campfire, and we were in pitchy blackness, no hint of moon, and in the middle of a spitting, clawing northern. Fortunately the temperature fell less than in any such storm I have ever experienced, and we were not so desperately cold.  
Our first thought, of course—or mine, anyway—was for the sheep. These wretched, who are undoubtedly at once the most idiotic and obstinate of brute beasts, always break for the open when a storm comes on, there to wander about till their long wool becomes first sodden with moisture and then frozen to ice, when they lie down comfortably and die—and a man's money with them.  
We roused down among them as soon as we could gather ourselves together

and worked for an hour, more like devils than men, driving them into the thickets and bunches of mesquite and keeping them latched.  
By that time the storm, which after all was a small affair, was practically over, the thunder muttering off southward, and the moon looking out gloriously now and then.  
After awhile I missed the Old Man. Though he lacks Corb's inches, and is slighter, he is worth any ten of him to turn out work, and in such an emergency as this, a round dozen. Never complaining, never losing his head nor his temper, and always right there. I noticed, too, that some one had lit the camp-fire again, and as the danger to the sheep was passed, I staggered over to it as near good as ever a man was. "I saw there, as the poet has it, 'grave me pause.'"  
There, on the ground beside the fire, sat the Old Man holding Miss Belle in his arms. She was sobbing wildly, and he was soothing and hushing her as a mother might her child. I thought of what she had said about fleeing to her mother when storms came up; arms as tender, though they might be awkward, encompassed her now. Awkward, did I say? The Old Man handled her as if he had been born for it, and brook to nothing else; he tended upon her with a sort of divine intuition and knew all her wishes before they were spoken.  
I came up with some unnecessary noise, thinking to warn them of my presence; but she merely turned her head upon his breast and looked at me, and the Old Man glanced up and said, as if he thought the universe might be indictable for the trouble: "Her pony threw her in the storm, and she wrenched her ankle and is all chilled and shaken up, and I found her out there crying and brought her in."  
"I never was so frightened in my life," said Miss Belle, with something of a return of her old vivacity, "till Alan found me; then—with an eloquent look—I was all right. We turned back when we found the storm was going to catch us and thought we could reach here, and I got separated from the rest—they'll all be in directly."  
They came. Wet as rats. We made a big fire of soto stalks, which burn like resin, and rigged up the tent again for the ladies, and by that time it was almost Christmas morning.  
In the gray dawn I came upon the Old Man and one of the Austin fellows, talking. The Austin man was going to ride on to the next ranch below us and send back their ambulance for Miss Belle, and then further to a little town beyond, to have some things in readiness which the Old Man wanted there.  
"I would like," said the Old Man, in the husky, husked voice of one disclosing the gunpowder plot, "a razor and as good a suit of clothes as you can get there, and don't forget the license and the preacher."  
He turned explanatorily to me: "I'll send a man back from Mason's to take my place here," he said. "She isn't fit to travel alone, as she is now, and nobody can take care of her as I can."  
"I wish," said Corb, disinterestedly, as the Old Man disappeared, carrying Miss Belle's breakfast, "that some nice girl was as stuck on me as all that."  
"Plenty of 'em are, Corb," said I, cheerfully; "but Corb would never know the glory and delight that comes from so deep, so strong and so self-abnegating a love as the Old Man's. Such a feeling is its own reward."  
Inside the tent I heard him: "Dearest," he said, with such a wealth of tenderness in his voice that every word was a caress, "I've got you up such a breakfast as I could, and I want you to try to eat a bit of it. It won't do me to be sick to-day, for, you know, it's Christmas, and our wedding-day."—Grace Mae Gowen Cooke, in Leslie's Weekly.

## IMAGINATION AND REALITY.

When he calls upon her as the holiday season approaches he finds her preoccupied and inclined to gaze intently at his feet. This makes his life miserable, and he never before realized how terribly large his feet really are.  
Disadvantage of Fast Horses.  
One day at Edinburgh Lord Rosebery realized the disadvantage of owning swift horses. His brougham had met him at Waverley station, to take him to Dalmeny. Lord Rosebery opened the door of the carriage to put in some papers and then turned away. The coachman, too well trained to look round, heard the door shut and, thinking that his master was inside, set off at once. Pursuit was attempted, but what was there in Edinburgh streets could overtake those horses? The coachman drove seven miles until he reached a point in the Dalmeny park where it was his lordship's custom to alight and for some minutes awaiting Lord Rosebery's convenience. At last the coachman became uneasy and dismounted. His brain reeled when he saw an empty brougham. He could have sworn to seeing his lordship enter. There were his papers. What had happened? With quaking hand the horses were turned, and, driving back, the coachman looked fearfully along the sides of the road. He finally met Lord Rosebery traveling in great good humor by the omnibus.—Argonaut.  
—Sentiment is all very well in its way, but sausages are more effective in sustaining life.

## A GRAY PARROT.

Some years ago, when stationed on the coast of West Africa, I bought a gray parrot which in appearance greatly surpassed the general run of these birds both in size and beauty of plumage, and which, though I paid little or no attention to his education, turned out to be a remarkably apt scholar. The first indication of his powers was a perfectly successful attempt to whistle the ravellie, which, of course, he had heard on the bugle every morning since his introduction to barracks, and before long he had mastered pretty nearly every bugle call known in the British army. One morning I was awakened by his calling in a loud tone and in an exact imitation of my own voice: "Coffee, coffee, you imp of darkness, where are you? Hurry up and bring my cocoa, your boot, whom I employed to work for me." The incident naturally tickled my risibilities, and I laughed immoderately, the bird joining in the exclamation and again imitating my tones exactly. From that time on he was liable to pick up anything heard and repeat it at inopportune moments, which was apt to grow monotonous. Regularly at 5 a. m. he would start a monologue, interspersed with bagle calls and diabolical peals of laughter, which woke me. I never saw a very amiable under circumstances of that kind, and would have my shoes or the first missile that came handy at him. If I happened to go anywhere near the mark he would ejaculate, "Poor Polly—poor, poor Polly," in such doleful accents that my wrath was invariably converted into laughter, in which the bird joined with great gusto. Sometimes I would yell to the boy and say, "Coffee, take this infernal bird away," and all down the corridor like the very echo of my voice, would come, "Take this infernal bird away, bird away."

## OF GENERAL INTEREST.

—Dr. Carter, of Birmingham, delivering an address on brain work and brain workers called special attention to the danger of working too soon after meals. At least half an hour should elapse before exerting the brain. An hour's close attention to one subject was as much as could profitably be given at a sitting. He strongly deprecated the use of sodalite draughts by brain workers who could not sleep.  
—New Jersey comes to the front with a strawberry plant which bears fruit all the year, and Arkansas with a three-year-old negro boy who killed a rattlesnake just twice as old as himself, in a snake which was found a water moccasin over four feet long, a black snake of the same length, two dead turtles and one live one, besides a large bullfrog. Again it is proper to remark that this is a great country.  
—Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, of Philadelphia, specialist in nerve diseases, has invented a cigar containing no nicotine. The Vuelta Ajo tobacco, used for the filler, and the Connecticut wrapper are subjected to what is termed "double sweating" process. The materials are placed in a steam room for four or five hours, after which they are taken out and subjected to a natural drying for a day or two. This operation is thrice repeated, after which the tobacco is considered practically free of nicotine.  
—An interesting incident is told of the recently-deceased, world-renowned bandmaster, Patrick S. Gilmore. Just before the marriage of President Cleveland, at a public parade on Madison square, Mr. Gilmore, with his band, at the head of a regiment, passed down the street and past the stand where Mr. Cleveland was sitting. As they neared the reviewing stand, the leader gave a signal and the band at once began to play "Let's Go to the Yum-Yum," and stopped to finish the suggestive section before the marching president, amid the deafening cheers of thousands of spectators. Gilmore considered this the lit of his life.  
—German madonnas, Italian, French and Spanish madonnas, have been wrought out by painters of different countries, and few satisfy the modern critic in their conception of the face of the mother of our Lord. A young Boston sculptor, Mr. William Ordway Partridge, who is rapidly making a reputation for himself, has lately produced in Paris a madonna which is described as wonderfully beautiful, "American and yet universal." A Boston critic says that it is "noble, maternal, delicate, spiritual, and consequently, in all its qualities, raised above the type of beauty; not too beautiful or good for nature's daily food." Great interest will be felt in this work of an American artist on an old theme.

## WHERE MACKEREL GO.

The End of a Great Season Revives an Old Mystery.  
Where mackerel go for the winter is one of the fish mysteries. When the first snow flies in the bay of Fundy, mackerel disappear. They are abundant in the gulf of St. Lawrence and off Newfoundland until that time, plump and juicy and very toothsome, the result of having fed well on their migration northward. The next seen of them is in March, off Cape Hatteras. All their plumpness is then gone. There is a scaly growth over their eyes, which nearly blinds them. Nobody whose palate has been taught what good mackerel are cares to eat such fish. Many old fishermen think the flesh tastes of mud in the spring.  
One theory in regard to this is that the mackerel go into the mud in winter and remain there, and this has the effect of producing a catarrh, growth, or scale, for the protection of the eye, and of imparting an earthy taste to the flesh. Mackerel have been speared in the bay of Fundy by men who cut through the ice to look for fish. Occasionally a mackerel has been found in mud, but cases of this kind are so rare that they fail to establish any rule in regard to the habits of the fish.  
The only certainty is that mackerel disappear from all waters visited by fishing vessels from late in the fall until early in the spring. The fish naturally loves the shore and is to be found close to land in the regular season. Since fishing vessels cover this ground all the year round, it is safe to suppose that if mackerel were there they would be caught at times out of season. If the fish go into deep water for the winter and move seaward, they put aside entirely the habits that have been observed in regard to them, and in the winter time acquire traits to which they seem to be innately averse in the warm-weather months.  
Mackerel do not like cold water, and it is not believed that they remain in the northern bays through the winter. There is certainly no explanation if it is assumed that they make their winter home off Newfoundland, for their appearance in a latitude much further south in the spring. Canadian fishermen have several times tried to make trouble over mackerel catches, claiming that mackerel remain in northern waters as their natural habitat, and that the mackerel coming up from Baffins are not at all the same fish found in the bay of Fundy. This theory has not been accepted, however, by American fishermen, and the claims of the Canadians do not seem plausible enough to have justified any action by the authorities of the dominion.—N. Y. Times.

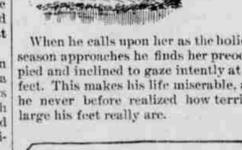
## PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

—Asabel Thornburg, who died at Muncie, Ind., recently, within fifty days of being a centenarian, left 413 great-grandchildren, and seventeen great-great-grandchildren to mourn his loss.  
—An ex-mayor of Philadelphia loaned his umbrella to an old woman who was hobbling through the rain on crutches, and lately received from the woman, who has received a heavy award from the spoliation claims committee, a magnificent gold-handled silk umbrella.  
—A wealthy Scotch gentleman, who had intended to give each of his daughters a legacy of her weight in one-pound bank notes, had an official of the bank of Scotland to figure on the matter for him. It was found that the larger would get as her share 55,944; the slimmer 51,203.  
—A story is told of the actress Miss Marie Magner and her peers. One day, as she was about to appear on the scene, somebody made the remark that her pearls were really of an enormous size. "It is true," she replied, "the lady whom I represent on the stage no doubt wears smaller pearls in real life. But what can I do? I have no small pearls."  
—Mrs. E. Elizabeth Oby-Hunter, an eccentric old lady who recently died in London, forgot to leave anything substantial for her relatives, but bequeathed £300 a year to be held in trust for her parrot. In a codicil £500 was added with which to buy the parrot a new cage. Evidently the parrot used its tongue more wisely than the relatives.  
—Capt. Greig, a Scotchman, who was known as the "king of Easington Island," has just died. Many years ago he took possession of Easington Island, a coral reef, and supplied vessels with gum. Soon after settling there he made a journey of one thousand miles to Honolulu to find a wife. He returned with his bride, and brought up a family in his lonely island home.  
—Prof. Hubert A. Newton, of Yale, has been elected a member of the Royal Philosophical Society, formed in 1699, and of which Sir Isaac Newton and Sir Christopher Wren were presidents. The only other Americans who have received the honor, it is stated, are Prof. J. D. Dana, of Yale; Prof. Simon Newcomb, superintendent of the nautical Almanac; and Prof. Henry A. Rowland, of John Hopkins university.  
—Marshall MacMahon, who was reported recently to be in ill health, was found out shooting by a correspondent who hunted him up to confirm the rumor. The marshal and a servant had started out after a six o'clock breakfast to trudge through the stable and along lanes, and returned at nightfall with a full bag. The ex-president of France is still, despite his age—he is eighty-four—a good shot. His hand is steady and his aim sure. He lives at Laforet, in an unpretending country house, the most attractive feature of which, externally at least, is the veranda overgrown with vines.

## "A LITTLE NONSENSE."

—Customer (who had lost his teeth, so the landlord who had served him with a very tough steak): "Landlord, you are a flatterer."—Humoristische Blätter.  
—Cholly Chapeigh: "I wish she'd drop me for the girl, I don't care." "Miss Quickwit: "Perhaps you had been trying to drop you, but you won't tumble."—N. Y. Herald.  
—He that is down need fear no fall. So he that's standing up already stands quit of fear of any call. To give his seat up to a lady.—Harper's Bazar.  
—This is the way she wound up her letter: "P. S.—If this letter never reaches you, you will know that it is not my fault, as I shall give it to my husband to mail."—Minneapolis Journal.  
—Beaten at Last.—"I saw something harder than your biscuits while I was away, dear," said Mr. Darley, pleasantly, to his wife. "Indeed?" "Yes. A cake of hotel soap."—Detroit Free Press.  
—Public Opinion.—"I wonder whether hanging is a painful death? Some people say it isn't at all." "It must be. Doesn't everybody say that there's nothing so painful as suspense?"—Poker-Me-Up.  
—Trustworthy.—Madison Squares.—"These goes a woman who has perfect confidence in her husband." William New.—"How do you know?" Madison Squares.—"Why, she trusts him with her dog."—Poker.  
—She (quizzing).—"Nonsense! I'll wager you'll be tired of marriage within twenty-four hours after you've bought me my first new dress." He (heroically).—"Well, then, I'll never buy one for you."—Tit-Bits.  
—"Life in this country," said the philosopher, "is a heap like going to the circus. Soon as a man gets to the front all the fellows on the back seats insist on him sitting down out of the way."—Indianapolis Journal.  
—"I was ever thus from childhood's hour," she sighed romantically. "Great Scott, Miss Panseligh, said Billy Bivens with genuine sympathy, 'you don't mean to say you have had trouble as long as all that?'—Washington Star.  
—Sutor.—"Madam, I love you!" Widow.—"That's an old story." Sutor.—"I adore you!" Widow.—"A heck-nayed phrase." Sutor.—"I can not live without you and I wish to marry you." Widow.—"An original idea at last; yes, I like that."—Over Floh.  
—Mrs. Plintzer.—"I hear the dealers are going to raise the price of sea-salad this winter." Mrs. Silmpurs.—"I hope they'll be more successful than I am. I've been trying to raise the price of one for the past three years."—Binghamton Republican.  
—"Miss Myra, do you use cosmetics?" "No, George." "Do you do on physical culture?" "No, George." "Are you fond of ice cream and confectonery?" "No, George." "Do you belong to a cooking class?" "No, George." "Priceless maid, will you link your fortunes with mine forever?" "No, George."—Pharmaceutical Era.

## CHRISTMAS IN A SHEEP CAMP.



But on Christmas morning, when she gives him a pair of slippers, daintily embroidered by her own fair hands, the mystery is solved and his feet again resume their normal proportions.—Chicago Mail.