The Laurens Advertiser.

VOL. I. LAURENS C. H., S. C., WEDNESDAY, JULY 14, 1886. NO. 50.

OLD TIME JERSEY MORMONS.

BUT TWO LEFT OF THE ANCIENT BLUE RIDGE COLONY.

How a Salt Lake Missionary Startled a Quiet Country Community and Made Mormons of Them Thirty Years Ago.

(From the New York Star.)

The death of old Tom Perry, the greatest Mormon elder east of Utah and the leader in what was once a settlement of 250 of the Latter Day Saints, which occurred at Perryville, N. J., last week, virtually closes the history of Mormonism in New Jersey. Of all the old settlement but two people now remain—one, Adeline Meyers, an old maid, now residing in Hainesville; and the other, Martin Recton, an old bachelor, living away back in the Blue Ridge Mountains, fifteen miles from Deckertown. The history of this community, as obtained from Silas Suydam, or "Whoa-boy Sile" as he is more commonly called, is an interesting one. In fact, old Sile himself is in an interesting story. Sile is one of oldest settlers in the Blue Ridge Mountains, and lives in what was once the very heart of the eastern Utah. Early one morning last week a Star reporter started from Deckertown to hear Sile's story of Mormonism. He found the old man suffering from rheumatism, contracted during the war, and for which he now draws a pension. After the usual remarks about the weather and the value of the horseflesh which the reporter had been driving, the latter said:

"Say, Sile, did you ever hear of a Mormon settlement up in this neighborhood?"

"Did I ever hear of it? Do I remember it? Well, I guess I do. I come pritty near bein' a Mormon myself them days. 'Long in the spring of '50, I think it was, when an old, long-haired pilgrim come marchin' into town one mornin'. He said his name was Lane, Elder Lane, from Salt Lake City. He had a pack of paper-covered books under his arm, and he left one at every house. I think I got the one he left here yet. Just wait till I go in and see."

The old man walked into the house and returned in a few minutes with a yellow-covered book containing about fifty pages, entitled "The Christian Way; A History of the Rise and Progress of the Mormon Church, by Julius Lane."

"Thet ere book," said Sile, resuming his story, "is what did it. The wimmin folks got a hold on it an' read it over an' over, an' they'd get together an' talk about atween themselves. Old Lane didn't stop thet time, but he came back in about a week an' writ out notices thet he was agoin' to stay an' preach on Sunday. Thet was 'long about the middle of the week, I think, an' he spent the rest of the week goin' around nailin' these notices up on trees. Well, Sunday come, an' the whole mountain turned out to hear what the old man had to say. I was there 'long with my sister, Sallie Ann, an' I had a lot of paper an' a piece of charcoal, an' I put down the Scripture notes thet the old fellow read. I kinder thought he might lie a little, or read 'em wrong or suthin', don't you know, an' when I got hum I got down the old Bible, an' hunted up every one of the texts what he had read, an' by gosh, they were there, an' just like he'd said 'em, too. I thought I was a pritty good scriptorian myself, but some how I didn't recommember of ever havin' read them things before. There they was, though, in black and white, an' I couldn't go back on the Bible. It was the most devilishest hole I ever got into. I talked with some of the neighbors about it, and at last we decided to hold a meetin' unbeknownst to Lane to talk it over and see what to do about it. We didn't just like the idea of goin' back on our Methodist brethren down to Sandiston, but we was agoin' to be right, brethren or no brethren. The night for the meetin' come, an' about thirty-five of us gathered in my house, this same old house right here," pointing to the house. "I thought we'd best open the meetin' with prayer for help to decide the question, an' so I got up an' prayed the good Lord to tell us which was right. Well, sir, maybe you won't believe it, but suthin' said to me, 'Sile, you'd best leave that galoot alone.' I heard it just as plain as day. It come so suddint, by gosh, that I made up my mind on the spot to stick to the Methodists. It didn't seem to strike the others that way, though, for every mother's son of them voted to have the old sinner stay and preach.

"Well, course one couldn't do nuthin' agin thirty-four, an' so they hed their way, an' Lane was invited to preach. He was more than willin' to, you bet, an' he kept right on Sunday after Sunday makin' new converts all the time. By an' by, I guess 'twas after he hed been here 'bout six months, he got up in meetin' one Sunday, an' said: 'Brethren, we been here some time now, labborin' together, an' the church of God has growed up to be a big one. Part of our religion is to baptize, an' all of you must be baptized afore you can git to heaven.' Then he said he would be astandin' on the shore of Lake Shipcong at 12 o'clock thet night, an' he would baptize all who hed jined the faith. Everybody wanted to see how it was done, an' so everybody was there. At exactly 12 o'clock old Lane stepped into the lake, an' about a minute after Ann Harrison, a young girl about 20 years old, followed him. He commenced to sing a song, and then he douced her down into the water. He done this three times, an' then he asked for anybody else that wanted to be baptized, and young Tom Haggermann stepped into the water. He was followed by twenty-one more, an' then they all went home. After this baptism they had one every week, and if there was anybody what wasn't baptized he warn't nobody. The church kept a-growin' an' a-growin' until '55, when Lane said good-by an' left for Utah. We heard afterward that he died on the road—anyway, we never saw him agin.

"For 'bout three years there wasn't no head an' the church died down. Then in '58 a fellow calling himself Ed Dockerty an' claiming to hail from New York came an' took charge. He brung with him two of the purtiest gals you ever see an' said they was both his wives. He was a dandy feller an' all the girls hereabouts was clean gone on him. He hadn't been here no more than three months before he married Sally Beebus, a nice young gal. The church growed while Dockerty was here, an' when he left there was about 150 members. Along in '60, just before the war broke out, he went to Texas, takin' his three wives with him. I hear he died shortly after he got there.

"I went to the war just after that, and what they done while I was gone I don't know. It was just after I come back in '63 a feller come along named Sparks, an' he preached an' bossed the parish until '69, when he disappeared one day an' nothin' was heard of him until about a month after, when his dead body was found up here in the woods near Fiddler's Elbow. He was buried in great style. It was during Sparks' term when Tom Perry was converted. Tom was pretty well along in years—around the sixties, somewhere, I guess—but he became a red hot Mormon, an' he used to get up in the old school-house an' say the spirit moved him; then he'd talk an hour at a time, real smart, too. It was on account of this talking power that old Perry took charge when Sparks was gone, and I think he had 'bout 150 wimmin and seventy-five men in his congregation. The old school-house wasn't big enough to hold them, an' they held their meetin's outside. Old Tom had one wife when he jined the church, an' afore he got through he had eight. I hear they's all dead now. The old woman war 84 when she died, an' the youngest, a gal named Minnie, war about 22. 'Long in '72 or '73 Tom made up his mind to convert the whole country an' he made up a meetin' to discuss the question with the Methodists down to Sandiston. The meetin' lasted eight days an' both sides claimed they got the best of it, so it was put into the hands of a committee to decide, but somehow they never reported how it come out. In '74 the thing commenced to dwindle, an' it kept gittin' lesser an' lesser until now, I guess, there's only two left. One of 'em is a cousin of mine, Miss Meyers, down in Haynesville, an' t'other one is old Mart Recton, who lives up here a piece in the mountain on the road to nowhere. The settlement just below at Shaytown, which was run by Charlie Abers, never 'mounted to much anyway, an', I guess, they're all gone now. Well, I must go to work. Much obleeged for you fellers stoppin'. I don't see much of life up here."

After thanking Sile for his story the scribe drove on to the old school-house where the meetings were held. It is a little old hut, not much larger than a good-sized dry goods box. At present it is occupied by Martin Cole and his family, consisting of a wife and eight children. It has but two rooms, and these are used for cooking, eating and sleeping purposes. Half a mile further up the road is Tom Perry's old place. On a little clearing by the road is the house where he was born and lived all his life. It is an unpainted wooden building containing four rooms. There is a little shed in the rear. Tom was quite a character. He was born poor, and by drudging and saving he succeeded in buying the land around his homestead, amounting to about 650 acres. Twenty years before he joined the Mormon Church he quarreled with his wife about a trifling thing, and they never spoke to each other until the night he was baptized. All that time they lived in the same house, cooked, ate and slept together, yet they never spoke a word to each other. He was the father of fourteen children by the woman. How many he had by his later wives is not known. He had eighty-two grandchildren when he died. All are scattered in different parts of the country, none of them living near the old place.

About half a mile north from Perry's place is Lake Shipoong, where all the converts were baptized. It is quite a large body of water, considering the fact that it is on the highest point of the Blue Ridge range, over 1,900 feet above the level of the sea. The view from the lake is one of the grandest in world. Standing on the roadside near by one can see fifteen villages with the naked eye, the nearest one ten miles away. Four miles from the lake, on the old stage line turnpike, is Shaytown, which was also once a Mormon settlement. C. D. Abers was the leading elder in this place. He became converted while attending the meetings at Perryville while Elder Lane was in charge of them. Upon his return home he gathered around him a band of a dozen, and every Sunday during the summer they would go off in the woods and hold their meetings, while in the winter they would be held in his house. Abers had but one wife. He had eight children, six of them girls, all of whom joined the Mormon Church, and married young Mormon converts. None of them are living now.

A few miles back of Shaytown there was a settlement of Mormon women. The leaders were a Mrs. Ray and a Mrs. Fox. No man was allowed to join this community, but if wanted to come and get a wife he was welcome, provided he agreed to go away with her. At one time there were as many as fifteen members in this settlement. A drive of three miles over a stony, rocky road and you are in Brick House, the only town in the neighborhood that did not have at least one convert to Mormonism when it was prevalent. Why it was called Brick House is a mystery, as a brick is something probably never seen by the inhabitants of that village. Here is where the weary traveler eats, however, and if there is any one thing more than another that the proprietor of the Brick House Hotel knows about, it is feeding hungry people a good, square meal, giving a horse six quarts of oats, and asking the traveler when he has finished his meal whether he would like a little "chain lightning," or would prefer to "buck a stone fence." If he prefers "chain lightning," he gets apple whiskey straight, two drinks of which is warranted to take the lining off the stomach of a cast-iron man. If he prefers to "buck the stone fence," he gets a big bowl of hard cider. All this is done for fifty cents.

Three miles from Brick House is Haynesville, the home of Miss Meyers, the only living female Mormon in Jersey. She is about 80 years old, and is a remarkably sharp old lady. When asked about the old settlements in the mountains she told substantially the same story as "Whoa-boy Sile." She said that marriage in those days according to the rites of the church was simply an agreement on the part of the woman to obey the man. There was no written contract, simply a shake of the hand. In reply to the question if polygamy was practiced to any extent she shook her head and said: "Some did it, but I never tried it."

After "bucking a stone fence" the scribe started on his weary way of thirty odd miles back over the hills to Deckertown, having learned more about eastern Mormonism in twelve short hours than he had ever learned before in his life. Is there not a moral lurking somewhere in the fact that the only two living Mormons of the two or three hundred who once lived there are an old maid and an old bachelor?

THE WHITE HOUSE BRIDE.

Making the Mansion More of a Home and Less of a Club House.

(From the New York Sun.)

The daily routine of life at the White House has not been altered much since a bride came to preside there. A writer in the New York Sun says that the President's habits have not yielded to the change in his domestic affairs. There is one more servant, a German girl, whom Mrs. Hoyt brought from Fayetteville with her, who will remain as Mrs. Cleveland's maid. But the presence of a mistress at the Executive Mansion would not be perceived by the casual visitor. A close inspection of the private portion of the house, however, shows that a woman's dainty hand and refined taste have passed over it, and the rooms look less like a club house and more like a home. Mrs. Cleveland and her friend have been overhauling the antique furniture, pulling one piece out of this room and pushing another into that, and at the west end of the private corridor they have fitted up a little snuggery, where they sit sometimes and exchange confidences. A piano has been taken up into one of the south chambers and that part of the house, which has so long been gloomy and forbidding, has now become musical and merry under the touch of their fingers. Visitors who are shown into the President's library nowadays hear unaccustomed sounds, a snatch of song disclosed by an open door, or an echo of laughter, or a few notes of a piano gayly played.

When the President hears these sounds he often looks surprised and many a time leaves a pile of official papers on his desk, looks into the adjoining room to see what the girls, as he calls them, are up to and then returns to his work a happier and more contented man. A Cabinet meeting was interrupted the other day and grave matters of statecraft were laid aside by a little confusion in which two girlish voices were apparent, but the interruption passed suddenly away and diverted attention was restored to the consideration of the fisheries question.

Breakfast was formerly served at the White House at eight o'clock and the President was often at his desk an hour or so before. Now the breakfast hour is nine o'clock, and only once or twice since his marriage has Mr. Cleveland attended to any official duties before going down stairs. He usually passes into the library on his way to the dining room to take what telegrams or letters are lying upon his desk and runs through them while waiting for breakfast to be served. He gets into the official harness about an hour later than he used to do, and it is generally ten o'clock nowadays before he begins work, when nine was the hour formerly. He pulls steadily along until half-past one, when, on every alternate day, he receives the public and then goes to luncheon, and afterward chats with the ladies for a few minutes as he smokes a cigar.

During the morning hours Mrs. Cleveland sees nothing of her husband, but spends her time in reading, sewing, arranging things about the house, wandering in the conservatory and gossiping with the gardener about the flowers, of which she is very fond. In the attic of the White House is a wonderful store of old things, and the young women have been overhauling them, dragging to light relics of Jeffersonian simplicity and Jacksonian severity and throwing them into contrast with the artistic modernness that has prevailed since General Arthur and the Tiffanys renewed the President's quarters. While there is no necessity for Mrs. Cleveland exercising any supervision over the domestic affairs of the place, as the servants are well trained and numerous, scarcely a day passes without a consultation with the steward or a visit to the cook, who, with the rest of the household, admire their young mistress as much as the public do.

Bachelors Never Die.

The New York Herald quotes from its Jacksonville namesake to prove that bachelors never die, thus:

John Kelly thought Tilden too old and frail to run a second time as President. John Kelly is dead. The stalwart Chandler wrested the Presidency from Tilden. Chandler is dead. Grant, it is said, would have arrested and imprisoned Tilden if he had attempted to claim the office he had been elected to. Grant is dead. Hancock was chosen as a more likely man to live through the Presidency than Tilden. Hancock is dead. Hendricks seemed to have a long life ahead of him as compared with the man at the head of the ticket. Hendricks is dead. Seymour, McClellan, all the old candidates are dead. Meanwhile Tilden thinks there is nothing so invigorating as working away before the mast on his yacht.

Cleveland's Renomination Talked Of.

"Mr. Cleveland will beat everybody in '88," said Representative Miller, of Texas, to a Star reporter the other day. "Public opinion is in his favor and no one can beat him. If the election occurred this fall he would be elected by an immense majority."

"Will he be strong in the convention?" asked the Star.

"Yes. Machine politicians can't succeed in a fight against well defined public sentiment. With Mr. Carlisle second on the ticket they would get the largest majority ever given to any ticket."

There is considerable talk of this sort among Democrats in the House. It seems to be acknowledged on all sides that the turn of the tide is towards Mr. Cleveland's renomination, and that already it has got out of the control of the politicians.—Washington Star.

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IMPRESSIONS OF THE SOUTH.

WHAT A MILWAUKEE MAN THINKS OF THIS SECTION.

An Intelligent Statement of the Condition of Affairs, Viewed Through the Spectacles of an Impartial Correspondent.

(Mobile Letter to the Milwaukee Journalist.)

The long, lanky editor of a Northern paper, who went to Canada to dodge the draft, insists that the rebel brigadiers are again in the saddle, ready for another assault on the Union. He whispers to those who will listen that the Southern man still hates his Northern brother with all the ardor of his sunbred nature. As usual, the organ editor lies. I have spent six weeks looking for unconstructed citizens, without finding one. On the contrary, the visitor from the North is impressed with the cordiality which marks his reception here, and the spirit of National pride that is manifested. A spectacle not unfrequently beheld is that of an ex-Confederate soldier, who gave one of his legs to feed Uncle Sam's bullets, steadying himself with a crutch while he praises with generous gesticulation this great and glorious nation. I have not heard the late unpleasantness spoken of except when the subject was broached by a Northerner. Of course there are Bourbons here who can not understand that we have passed from the 60's to the 80's, but the average Southerner would fight for the Union to-day.

The story of the business life of the South is a sad one. It may have been a guest at the Rip Van Winkle banquet; it has certainly slept for twenty years, and is now straightening out its legs prepartory to going forth to learn what and where it is. It will find as much happiness and prosperity as Rip did at the end of the journey. There is no limit to its resources; to the right and the left one can see fortunes; but there is nobody here to reach out his hand and take them. One rides through miles of splendid country that bears no sign of life. Immigration is the first great need; no effort has yet been made to secure new citizens. Is it likely people would go into such a frantic scramble to settle on Dakota blizzards if they knew of the advantages this section of country offers to men of small capital and day laborers? But the Northwest will be exhausted sooner or later, and the tide of immigration will flow Southward. Then, and not till then, shall we know the New South. It is not probable this metamorphosis will be completed early enough to benefit the present generation.

The belief quite generally entertained by Northern people, that the negro is destined to act an important part in the development of the South, is fallacious. They do not appear to progress. I have seen colored children at school, and it is hard to realize that a human being can be so stupid as they are, with rare exceptions. The older negroes have not a spark of ambition. They live on a few dollars a year, and are lazy, shiftless and contented. I could learn of but few colored employers. We drove three miles into the country, in Mississippi, to see a specimen of negro thrift. The fellow had rented ground and planted cotton. He picked enough to pay his landlord and merchant, the latter being the man from whom he buys meal and molasses. About one-third of the crop he did not harvest, leaving it as it grew in the field; he is sure of food and lodging for the year, and is satisfied. Like all the darkeys, he lives in a small cabin that has one room, a big chimney and no windows. He spends no money for clothing; in fact a decently dressed negro is not a common sight. Where on earth they get the rags that partly cover their bodies is a mystery. It is fair to say I have seen 5,000 negroes, and everyone of them wore a hat which words can not describe, and no two of them were alike. In foot-gear, particularly among the curly-headed denizens of Tennessee and Mississippi, they display fearful and wonderful ingenuity. The majority wrap rags around their feet, and do not remove or change them until warm weather is guaranteed.

The relation of the whites and blacks is misrepresented. The negroes are extremely respectful and frequently affectionate in their conduct toward the white people. They have trouble with the uneducated whites, whom they consider beneath them. It was from this class the overseers were selected in the days of slavery. The stories of bulldozing and shot-gun rule are gross exaggerations. When the carpet-baggers were driven out stormy scenes were witnessed, but now elections are peaceable. The negroes do not exhibit the slightest interest in affairs of State. Thousands of them do not even know when an election will be held. When a Democrat (begging the Bourbons' pardon for calling Mr. Cleveland such) became President some of them were excited by pictures drawn by demagogues, but now they seem to regard the administration with favor. Alexander, the colored man who delivered Blaine campaign speeches in Wisconsin last year, died here this week. He was a hard character, according to the general verdict, and openly trafficked on his influence with his people. If the negroes could be intelligently directed they might do much toward developing the South, but it is doubtful if they can do anything for themselves during the present generation, at least. I am not prepared to say they have not advanced since the war, as I know little of their condition when they were in bondage. In judging them the reader must keep in mind the fact that for generations they have been oppressed. It is therefore not reasonable to expect that they will at once raise themselves to a position which humanitarians wish and expect them to occupy.

Socially the South shines. One can not imagine more charming people. Their homes were built for entertaining on a grand scale. The rooms are always large and the ceilings high. Each house cost a fortune originally, now you could buy it for a song. The handsomest place I have seen could be had for $15,000 or $20,000. As evidence of its departed glory, paintings that represented an expenditure of $100,000 cover the walls. The grounds are acres wide and deep, finely wooded and watered. Now there is nothing to support such establishments. The architecture of all the houses is severely plain; there is so little variation that the prospect soon becomes monotonous. A feature is the broad galleries, with their immense pillars; nearly every building has them.

In these great houses there is room for hospitality. The people haven't as much money as we have in the North, but they know how to spend what they have better. A New Orleans gentleman said: "A great many people live comfortably on nothing." If they have but a dollar they spend it like a king. Society seems to be their life. Breakfasts, luncheons, dinners, balls and receptions! They never tire of the crush, the chatter, the music. They work as we play. The women are beautiful and well educated generally. Men idealize them. Their sway is absolute. The result is doubtless beneficial. They try to live up to the standard which their male friends have set up for them—mortals that are but one step from heaven, "a link between a woman and an angel." Perhaps too great a part of their lives is spent in society; the stream of insincerity and flattery which is poured into their ears year in and year out is apt to wash away the freshness and simplicity which constitute woman's greatest charm. They read good books, and consequently are broad-minded. They have practical ideas, and make the best of wives. Their pale faces will not compare favorably with the rosy cheeks of Northern girls, in the eyes of Northern men at least. They ruin their complexions by using powder; at a very early age their faces are colorless. Congress might pass an anti-face powder act, on the ground that beauty is a gift from the gods for the benefit of mankind, and she who ruthlessly destroys it is a fit subject for fine and imprisonment.

The men do not average as well as the women. They are able, but do not know how to make their talents serve them. They lack energy and application, and possibly opportunity, although men ought to make opportunities. Very few of them still cling to the idea that work is degrading, that a gentleman must be a loafer.

Amusements are liberally patronized. Tuesday was the Mardi Gras festival. There is no holiday in the North like it. Business is suspended, and the whole population appears on the streets. Fully half the people wear masks and highly fantastic costumes, and are given due license in speech and manners. From early morning until late at night they blow horns, dance, sing and play the fool generally. They are better citizens for the frolic; it revives their interest in sober things, and convinces them that a little nonsense goes a long ways.

Mobile has about 40,000 inhabitants, and is better off than many other Southern cities. It is a delightful place for winter tourists, and as its fame spreads throughout the West it will furnish winter homes for people who object to severe weather.

AN EXILED NAPOLEON.

Prince Plon-Plon Tells a Truth or Two About the Expulsion.

(From the London Spectator.)

On the understanding that the Chamber will expel the Comte de Paris and his son and Prince Napoleon and his son and leave the other Princes within France, Prince Napoleon has published a protest, in which he makes mincemeat of the supporters of the scheme. An "Orleans Prince," he says, "marries his daughter, and invites his friends to celebrate that event." That is not a crime. "I had no connection with it; yet it is this which has suddenly transformed me into a Pretender, though I was not one the day before." The perils of the Republic do not spring from the Princes, but from a Constitution drawn up by Royalists, but shaped into an instrument of Jacobin oppression. "By what social improvements have you justified your rule? You have neither been able to respect the Concordat nor to abolish it, to continue free traders nor to become protectionists, to reform taxation nor to defend it, to soften international unfriendliness nor to procure an alliance." Proscription has commenced, and confiscation will come; then the partisans of the Princes will be expelled, and then the Chamber will be driven to the 'Loi des Suspects.'" It is all true, and Prince Napoleon might, had he chosen, have proved his case by a final illustration. His cousin, the Emperor, was driven on that precise declivity beginning with the proscription of the Orleanist Princes, continuing with the confiscation of their property, and ending with the terrible Law of Public Safety, under which thousands of the best men in France were sent matried to Cayenne.

EUROPE REVISITED.

The Changes of Half a Century Which Dr. Holmes is Seeing.

(From the Atlantic Monthly.)

After an interval of more than fifty years I propose taking a second look at some parts of Europe. This will give my readers of the Atlantic, as well as the writer, a vacation to which we both seem entitled. It is a Rip Van Winkle experiment which I am promising myself. The changes wrought by half a century in the countries I visited amount almost to a transformation. I left the England of William the Fourth, of the Duke of Wellington, of Sir Robert Peel; the France of Louis Phillipe, of Marshal Soult, of Theirs, of Guizot. I went from Manchester to Liverpool by the new railroad, the only one I saw in Europe. I looked upon England from the box of a stage coach, upon France from the coupe of a diligence, upon Italy from the chariot of vetturino. The broken windows of Apsley House were still boarded up when I was in London. The asphalt pavement was not laid in Paris. The Obelisk of Luxor was lying in its great boat in the Seine, as I remember it. I did not see it erected; it must have been a sensation to have looked on, the engineer standing underneath, so as to be crushed by it if it disgraced him by falling in the process. As for the dynasties which overlaid each other like Dr. Schliemann's Trojan cities, there is no need of moralizing over a history which, instead of Finis, is constantly ending with What next?

Mr. and Mrs. Jeff. Bramlett were struck by lightning on Sunday while driving to church in a buggy, when opposite Perry Holliday's place, in Austin. The bolt struck a tree and glanced. Mr. and Mrs. Bramlett were severly shocked and the mule they drove was thrown down, but no serious injury was inflicted.

BUSINESS IN THE SOUTH.

How It is Said to be Picking Up—A Noted Colored Man.

New York is full of business just now. A big merchant says that trade is much better this month than it has been for a long time. An interesting incident of this increase of traffic was related by a gentleman of large affairs.

"Much of our trade," said he, "at this time of year comes from the South. You would be surprised at the number of Southern merchants who come North on a combination tour of pleasure and business about this time. Most of them are shrewd buyers and are leaving good orders. Therefore at this season of the year, when we generally expect to be dull, we are having a good, brisk trade. I can account for it upon no other theory than this is the time of year when Southern men find it most convenient and profitable to come North to purchase goods. This revival of Southern trade shows the prosperity of that region. Within the past two years it seems to have picked up wonderfully and there is a substance and fidelity about this trade that makes it profitable. The class of goods that go South has also changed wonderfully. They are buying more substantial goods than formerly, but at the same time of richer materials. Formerly the Southern trade demanded costly fabrics of a showy character—red, orange and figured goods predominating. Now they are taking more durable materials of substantial colors. In fact, no trade in this country has shifted so radically within the past five years as the Southern. The change has also given us an index to the reforms freedom has brought about in the economic condition of that section. The way it looks now the South will in a very few years be among our choicest customers. But the goods they buy will be a reflex of the broader life that has come to that people, since the many are better off and the few are perhaps suffering or have suffered seriously from the disasters of war."

This business man had hardly stopped discoursing upon the past and present of Southern trade and Southern elements when a singular character appeared. It was Pinchback, of Louisiana. He was drifting around the corridors of the St. James Hotel, occasionally speaking to a man, but most of the time walking about as if in a half brown study. He is looking much older than ten years ago, when he had been elected United States Senator from Louisiana and was trying to get his seat, to which, by the way, he was as much entitled as was his colleague, Pitt Kellogg, or John Patterson, of South Carolina. But he is interesting now only as a reminder of the curiosities of reconstruction. You would never take him for a colored man as he walks about among the throng which drifts about the place where he stops. He is of about medium size and very well formed. He is stouter than he used to be while mingling in politics, but does not wear enough flesh to make him gross. His full beard is growing very gray, and his hair is following suit. His whitening whiskers and locks make his olive complexion seem much lighter than it really is, and he would readily be taken taken for a well-to-do business man of the West or Southwest. He is apparently well to do financially. He stops at a swell hotel, wears good clothes, plenty of jewelry and eats and drinks of the best. If he had not been a colored man with a reputation for gambling he would probably have secured a seat in the United States Senate, for in point of looks, manners and ability he was the superior of many of the Southern men who appeared in Congress during reconstruction.

Wine Recipe.

The following is Mr. A. F. Broadwater's recipe for making an excellent table wine from blackberries, grapes, muscadines or apples:

Fruit, 2 bushels; sugar (best white) 80 pounds; mash the fruit, put into a 40 gallon barrel, then put in the sugar. Add water until the barrel is filled to within 6 inches of the bung, and shake the barrel until the ingredients are thoroughly mixed. Then cover the bung with some thin cloth to keep out insects. Let it stand ten days to ferment, then add water to within 2 inches of the bung. Now stop the barrel perfectly air tight. Introduce a syphon—being careful that it does not dip into the liquid—and let the outer end dip into a vial filled with water. The gas will escape through the syphon into the water and not allow any air to enter the barrel. Let the barrel remain in this condition unmolested 4 months, and the wine is ready to draw off. After the wine is drawn off, leave the pummace in the barrel and add a few pounds of common sugar or molasses and fill the barrel with water; let stand to make vinegar.

Moved to Tears.

"John!"

"Yes, dear."

"Do you remember coming home last night and asking me to throw you an assorted lot of key-holes out of the window so that you might find one large and steady enough to get your latch key in?"

"Yes, dear."

"And do remember the night before how you asked me to come down and hold the stone steps still enough for you to step on?"

"Yes, dear."

"And the night before that, how you tried to jump into the bed as it passed your corner of the room?"

"Yes, dear."

"And still another night, when you carefully explained to me that no man was intoxicated as long as he could lie down without holding on, and then attempted to go to bed on a perpendicular wall?"

"Yes, dear."

"John, do you realize that you have come home sober but two nights in the past week?"

"Have I, dear?"

"That's all, and you ought to be ashamed of yourself, too. The idea of a man of your age—. But, John—why, you're crying. There, there, dear, I didn't mean to be too severe. After all, you did come home sober two nights."

"Yes, that's what makes me feel so bad."

And then the meeting adjourned.—Chicago Rambler.

Do be reticent; the world at large has no interest in your private affairs.

READY TO FIGHT SULLIVAN.

Dominick McCaffrey Says the Champion Cannot Whip Him.

In answer to John L. Sullivan's offer to box three men in one evening, Dominick F. McCaffrey says: "What I want know first is, how can Sullivan beat three men in one night when he could not beat me in one day, for he had all day to do it? The whole country knows when we met at Cincinnati that he refused to keep on after seven rounds. Sullivan knows he did not defeat me, and if he thinks he can now the opportunity is at his pleasure at any time within four weeks from signing articles. If Sullivan really means to do any good for home rule let Sullivan and myself come together for a go to a finish for the three worlds' championship and let the whole proceeds go to the parliamentary fund. Mr. Sullivan is continually 'cracking' about his having to give so much percentage to every man he has to meet. That may be true in nearly every case, but not so in my case. I fought Mr. Sullivan seven rounds, which is the longest fight and hardest he ever had, and I say distinctly that I fought him for all or nothing. Mr. Sullivan got the money, but it took three days for the so-called referee to decide which was the winner."

A Stable Fortified Against Witchcraft.

While Jefferson Grimley, a carpenter, was engaged last week in tearing down the cornice of a house near Schwenksville, he found a piece of pine wood six and a fourth inches long, whittled roughly into the form of a cylinder. Six holes were bored into the wood, three going entirely through, but having different diameters. In the largest hole stuck a pin cut from the same kind of wood. This instrument, it is explained, was used to prevent certain supposed wizards from carrying on their mysterious arts. The pin was placed in the different sized holes to impose upon the wizard different degrees of torture, and when placed in the largest hole it would infallibly kill. It was found sticking in that hole when the affair was discovered. A wooden pin was also driven into the door jam of the horse stable. Behind the pin was a lot of horse hair and a piece of paper covered with cabalistic marks. This was designed to prevent spells being put upon the horses while plowing.—Norristown Herald.

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