

Miscellaneous.

THE CREDIT MOBILIER STORY.

Some Things that Citizens Train Did When the Demons Had Control of Him.

Here are some more solid facts about Credit Mobilier and Union Pacific. Dillon, a Director, had one-quarter of the track laying contract with Gen. Casement. Tony Drexel declined to be Director when I offered him the chance. He was then busy buying the Ledger for Childs. I put in Augustus Koonitz, the banker, instead of Drexel, who, later on, begged me with tears in his eyes to make a place for him. It was too late.

The day before Dix and Cisco were chosen, I offered Moses Taylor the Presidency of the Union Pacific. Having no idea that I held the power, he declined. I then offered it to A. A. Low. He, too, failed to take in G. F. So by a vote of \$190,000,000 out of \$220,000,000 my ticket killed Ozden. Ask Tilden if I didn't run the machine at that meeting of two hundred million capital.

At that time Jay Gould was buying 100 shares of stock through his Toga county friend Boah, to whom I showed the list of Pacific directors that would be elected next day. And they were.

What astounding change! I offered the Oakes Ames contract to Jay Cooke, Clews, Duncan, Sherman, Belmont, Jerome, Garrison, Vanderbilt, Stewart, Garrett, Morgan, William B. Astor, and half a hundred other capitalists of my acquaintance. They all declined. They all said it was the wildest scheme ever attempted by man.

William H. Macy of the Leather Manufacturers' Bank, whose son Sylvanus was my groomsmen in 1861, William H. Gould, who established his Liverpool house when I did mine in 1850; Glidden & Williams, and Nickerson & Baker gave me my first Credit Mobilier checks—\$25,000 each. These men should have monuments for their great judgment, enterprise, and faith G. F. T.

One special point I made in the act of Congress was the road should be built of American iron. Huntington offered me 2,000 shares Central Pacific for my Congressional work. I didn't consider it worth accepting. Its present value is perhaps \$500,000.

I gave Cyrus H. McCormick and Ben Holladay their \$100,000 interest in Credit Mobilier. By the way I worked on Durant in 1862 for six months before I got him into the U. P.

On the day when Thad Stevens and Garfield tried to kill the Union Pacific bill in Congress, I ordered to strike for more stamps for their Ring of forty Republicans—Washington gave me full credit for my share in the enterprise. "Who is in this great enterprise?" he asked. "The capitalists of the land? No. The railway kings? No." Then, looking at me as I sat in the gallery beside Durant and Huntington, "This mammoth undertaking is in the hands of such adventurers as George Francis Train and Samuel Hallett!" I had applause from the Radicals. Where is Washburn now? And where am I?

To show how little faith shrewd business men had in my Pacific Railway scheme in 1864, let me mention that my father-in-law, as trustee for his daughter, sold \$12,000 Credit Mobilier stock which I gave her for a Christmas present, for eighty cents on the dollar. The purchasers must have received \$200,000 in dividends.

I discovered then that our railway kings were as small as our statesmen. Some of our men of smallest brain are millionaires in Wall street. Once under way any-ody can sign a check. After the first million, Topsey "grovs." Compound interest does it.

I hawked \$50,000,000 first mortgage bonds of the Union Pacific all over Wall street to try to get capitalists to advance seventy per cent. on them. No millionaire would touch such security. The idea of putting rails over the Rocky Mountains! Seth Hale was the only man bold enough to lend me \$50,000 on Union Pacific three months' note, with these first mortgage bonds as collateral, at sixty. At the same time I lent Mellies, financial editor of the World \$20,000 on telegraph stock to enable Marble to buy World shares of Belmont and Cranston.

In order to boom the bonds we paid Shattuck \$25,000 salary to spend half a million in bribing the press; and so we succeeded in getting stamps enough to build the road. It was curious to see how anxious the Republican journals that had been abusing us were to be seduced.

I saw Alley and the Boston set pay over \$30,000,000 in the front office as a bribe subscription to get control, and then saw them get the money again at the back door.

Abraham Lincoln was offered \$100,000 to veto the Union Pacific Railroad bill. But he was not that kind of a man.

THE FAST OF MARTHA TERHUNE, SPINSTER.

A Woman Said to Have Lived 11 Weeks on Almost Nothing and 7 Weeks on Nothing.

Martha Terhune, spinster, fifty-nine years old, was buried from her house in the queer, old fashioned hamlet of Lodi, N. J., a few days ago, having died of the effect of a fast, which her friends say lasted eleven weeks. On September 8th last, Mrs. Gertrude Terhune, her mother, was stricken with paralysis for the third time. Miss Martha was then in good health but was terribly shocked by the occurrence and took to her bed and thereafter refused all nourishment, though she did accept under semi coercion a very trifling amount of food during the first four weeks. After a few days she left her bed and went about the house part of the time, but never fully recovered. The shock occurred precisely eleven weeks before her death. Four weeks afterwards she tasted, as her relatives avouch, the last food that passed her lips, and the remaining seven weeks or forty-five days, she fasted absolutely. Dr. John Soper was called in but she would have no medicine. Mrs. Stephen Massey, a neighbor, who is an ardent homeopathic physician, did induce the patient to take a few pills to allay a fever brought on by the long-continued fast.

Miss Terhune was not quite sound of mind. One of her peculiarities was an aversion to sleeping on beds. The Terhune family removed from Paramus to Lodi about forty years ago, when Martha was nineteen years old, and while the furniture was in confusion the family stopped one night at a neighbor's house, where Martha and a sister occupied an old-fashioned corded bedstead. This

broke down, and from that time to the day of her death Miss Terhune could not be induced to sleep on a bedstead. She was very heavy at that time, and afterwards became remarkably fat, weighing at the time of her death not less than 225 pounds.

Mrs. John Terhune, Martha's sister-in-law, said yesterday to a World reporter: "From the day her mother received the stroke Martha wanted nothing to eat. I made her up all sorts of dainties, but it was no use, she refused everything. For the first three or four weeks she did take a few spoonfuls of nourishment sometimes, days apart, and a little water. One day she ate a little 'mince' I made for her—not an ounce in all, though. She answered all our entreaties with 'I cannot eat,' and she didn't. At first she took a little of Mrs. Massey's medicine; finally she refused that also. She lost very little flesh and usually had a bright red spot on each cheek."

"Could she not have procured food without your knowledge?" "She couldn't have done it, sir. I was about constantly."

"How much should you say she ate during those eleven weeks?" "Well, sir, I couldn't say, but not more than a few ounces altogether."

"And nothing whatever in the last seven weeks?" "Not a sup. It was just forty-nine days when she died since she had tasted food or medicine; she took a very little water now and then—very little."

"How do you account for her living so long without food?" "As, sir, I don't know, except she lived off her fat."

"Now, Mrs. Terhune, one thing more; was she quite strong up to nearly the last—say up to within a week of her death?" "She was, sir. I think if she could have been persuaded to eat anything even the last week she might have lived and got well; I do, indeed. She just had a notion she couldn't eat, and she didn't; that was all."

The infirm mother sat by and listened to all that was said and confirmed her daughter-in-law's story so far as she was personally acquainted with the facts.—N. Y. World, 15th.

RESCUED IN MID OCEAN.

A TRUE TALE OF THE STORMY SEA—HOW THE CREW OF A SHIPWRECKED VESSEL

Were Saved by the Commander Parthia—An Episode of the Recent Gale.

On a certain Saturday the well known Cunard steamship Parthia was between 400 and 500 miles distant from the west coast of Ireland, having sailed from the port of Boston on the previous Saturday. For some hours a low barometer had given warning of a coming gale. The fury of the wind raised a tremendous sea. The Parthia ran for a time; but running is not the remedy prescribed to captains who are caught in a circular storm, and shortly after 4 o'clock the helm of the steamer was put down and her head pointed to the seas. The passengers were below, considerably battered down by order of Captain McKay, the commander of the vessel, so that they should not be washed overboard or drowned in the cabins, for now that the steamer's bow was pointed at the sea she was just one smother of froth from the eye to the rudder head. Her curtesy might have looked graceful at a distance; but it was a tremendous experience to those who had to keep time to her dance. Every now and again she would 'dish' a whole green sea forward—taking it just as you would dip a pall into water—a sea that immediately turned the deck into a small raging ocean a high as a man's waist.

The Parthia lay hove to for six hours. At 10 o'clock at night the gale broke, the wind sensibly moderated, the steamer was brought to her course and went rolling heavily over the immense and powerful ocean swell which the cyclone had left behind it. Sunday morning came with a benediction in the shape of a warm, bright sea. But the swell was still exceedingly heavy. It was shortly after two bells (9 o'clock) when the lookout man reported a vessel away on the lee bow, apparently hull down. As she gradually hove up by the approach of the Parthia, those who had sailors' eyes in their heads perceived that she was a vessel in distress, and that if any human beings were aboard of her their plight would be most miserable. She was water-logged, and so low in the water that she buried her bulwarks with every roll. She had all three masts standing, but her yards were boxed about anyhow, her running rigging in bights, with ends of it trailing overboard. Her canvas was rudely furled, but she had a fragment of a foretopmast staysail hoisted, as well as a storm staysail, and she looked to be hove to. Her aspect, had she been encountered as a derelict, was mournful enough to have set a sailor mourning for an hour; but when it was discovered that there were living people on board she took an extraordinary and tragical significance. No colors were hoisted to express her condition; but then no colors were needed. Her story wanted no better telling than was found in the suggestion of the small crowd of human heads on her deck watching the Parthia; in the dull and deadly lifting of the dark volumes of water against her sides, in the gushing of clear cascades from the scupper holes as she leaned wearily over to the left of the tall swell that threatened to overwhelm her, and in the singular waving of her naked spars under the sky. Twenty-two people could be counted aboard of her. All these had to be saved, but it was very well understood by every man belonging to the Parthia that they could only be saved at the risk of the lives of the boat's crew that should put off for them; the swell was still violent to an extent beyond anything that can be conveyed into words. As the Parthia, with her prows pelting languidly revolving, sank into a hollow, a wall of water stood between her and the bark and the ill-fated vessel became invisible, then in another moment hove high, the people on board the steamer could look down from their poised deck upon the half-drowned hull and the soaked, clinging, and pale faced crew as you look upon a house-top in a valley from the side of a hill. The serious danger lay in lowering a boat. Ben Jack is not of a deliberative turn of mind when something that ought to be done waits for him to do it. Volunteers were forthcoming. The order was given. Eight hands sprang aft and seated themselves in the lifeboat, and the third officer, Mr. William Williams, took his place in the sternsheet. It was one of those moments when the bravest man in the world will hold his breath. There swung this boat's crew at the davits; the ends of the falls in the hands of men waiting for the right second to lower

away. One dark green fearless swell in whole, huge mountains of water, rose and sank below; too much hurry, the least delay, and the level of the exacting right thing to do, and it was a hundred to one if the next minute did not see the boat dashed into staves and her crew quattering and drowning among the fragments. The due command was duly given; the sheaves of the fall blocks rattled on their pins and the boat sank down to the water's edge. A vast swell hove her high, almost to the level of the spot where she had been hanging, and quick as mortal hands can move, the blocks were unhooked—but only just in time. Then a strong shove drove her clear, and in a moment she was heading for the wreck—now vanishing as though she had been wholly swallowed up by the tall, green, sparkling ridge that rose between her and the steamer, then tossed like a cork upon a mountainous pinnacle, with half her keel out of water. She had been well stocked with lines and life buoys, for it was clearly seen that the pouring waters would never permit her to come within a pistol shot of the bark, and the suspense among the passengers amounted to an agony as they wondered within themselves how those sailors would rescue the poor helpless creatures who watched them from the foamy decks of the almost submerged wreck. They followed, the boat vanishing and reappearing, the very pulsation of their hearts almost arrested as, on the level of the little craft made a headlong, giddy swoop into a religious hollow and lost to view, until presently they perceived that the men had ceased to row. It was then seen that the third mate was hailing the crew of the bark. Presently they saw one of the shipwrecked sailors heave a coil of line towards the boat; it was caught, a life-buoy bent on to it and hauled aboard the wreck. To this life buoy was attached a second line, the end of which was seized by the people in the boat. One of the men on the wreck put the life-buoy over his shoulders and in an instant flung himself into the sea and was dragged smartly but carefully into the boat. The Parthia's passengers now understood how the men were to be saved. One by one the shipwrecked seamen leaped into the water, until eleven of them had been dragged into the Parthia's boat. This number made a load, and, with a cheery call to those who were to be left behind for a short while, Mr. Williams headed for the steamer. The deep boat approached the Parthia slowly, but, meanwhile Captain McKay's foresight had provided for the perilous and difficult job of getting the rescued men on board the steamer. A whip was rove at the forward-arm, under which the rising and falling boat was stationed by means of her oars, one end of the whip knotted into a bow-line was overhauled into the boat and slipped along the shoulders of a man, and at a signal a dozen or more of the Parthia's crew ran him up and swayed him in. In this way the eleven men were safely landed on the deck of the steamer. The boat then returned to the wreck, the rest of the crew were dragged from her by means of the buoys and lifelines and hoisted, along with six of the Parthia's men, out of the boat by the yard-arm whip. But not yet was this perilous and nobly-executed completed. There was still the boat to run up to the davits. All the old hands recalled as she was brot alongside with Mr. Williams and two men in her. But Jack was a marvelous quick hand and steady pulse. The blocks were hooked into the boat and soon she soared like a bird to the davits under the strong running pull of a number of men before the swell that followed her could rise to the height of the champagne.

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PENNSYLVANIA DEITSH.

Brief from Pitt Schwoeffelbrenner.

Schiffelton, Jan. der 5, 1880. MISTER BROOKER: Desmohl will ich der amohl'n gony lot news gevva, we's doh har gat in un-nerm shteddle. De fact is de leit walla nix os de wohret hawa no du consht dich ferluss os wass ich sawg es nix is os de clear grit wohret. A dele leit os shticker shreiva for in de Tzeitung du'n net yusht so abbrochich close tsu der wohret shtikus, un se du'n ere shtories ebmohls als ordlich orrick shtrecks. Awer sell is net my shtytle—olles os ich sawg con ich aw profts.

De hauer leit in unser noobershafft sin ollawerl ock bissy om welskhaffn un krumbeera plons. Es is nooh a wenich free im yohr, awer well's weter so liver ons si in aw wärm is hen se gudenkt mer gat yusht so coot draw un du't de fre-yohrs arwet shuffa.

De letzht wuch is anes fun unser noobher's weiver un ere klamer bu nous gonga for bucklebara picka, un in wen nicher os dri shtood sin se tsarick kooma mit maner os a hold bushel. De bucklebara sin orrick plenty des yohr.

Om letzhta Somsdagh war 'n foot race on the Klizederfers, for ea mile, go as you please, tszwaia 'm Sam Schnidzer un 'm Pitty Hess—anes fun Henner Hess sina boova. De race war fun Klizederfers sine sign pushta aw bis nuf om Bill Shenkle si blacksmith shop un grow widdler tsarick-sell maucht yusht exactly 'n mile. Der Sam but de race g'wooma 'n 'n hut exactly ea minnut un footzess seconda g'wooma for de mile tsu shpringa. Der Pitty war 'n awer orrick naigst—yusht about 'n second un a holyw hinner 'n nooh. Sell beat eunich ebba os yeamohls gad is warra of mensha fees. Ea minnut un a farlie is about fin un ferzich mile's de shtood, un 's sin fer deihenkerk wennich shteam engines of 'm Railroad os sell beats kenna. De fact is, es hut leit os 'n net amohl giawa os der Sam sell gadu hut, awer ich hob 's selwer g'sana, un hob de watch in der bond g'hot un 's war exactly 'n minnut un a farlie os 's 'n g'wooma hut for de mile tsyhrings. Un der Sam hut aw fin dawler g'wooma, un now sawg ar os ar enicher mon tsu minnuta—providing der weg is in gooty order.

Der Joe Shenkle hut forgeshter si groyse zw g'blancht, un se hut exactly nine-zw honner un fin un ninezich poon g'wooga. Der leit sin aw now all g'estuht os ne-on-dim Canton sell beata con.

Om letzhta Sondag was 'n fuss gevva in der Kærrieh doh im shteddle—tszwaia 'm Johnny Honnaberger un forehtayer fun der Kærrieh. We de Kærrieh ons war un we de leit tsu der front deer nous sin, hut sheins der Johnny de notion g'wooma for ebba in de collection box ni da, un ar long'd in sock—grawd fore oyle leit—un nemt 'n tsain dawler note un hut 's derich luche in de box ni g'shteck'd. Anes fun de forehtayer hut 's g'sana un arbut 'm Johnny g'sawt os 's geaga de rule in maner os 'n cent of amohl in selly collection box ni tsu droppa.

Der Johnny hut g'sawt ar gebt nix un 'n rule, un os ar ni du con wass ar will. D'no is der porra der tsu cooma, un we es em g'sawt hen os der Johnny de rules ferbrucha hut, is der porra aw base wara un hut 'm Johnny g'sawt os ar sich shemma set. Tsletzht hen se 's g'estuht mit 'm a compromise. Se hen de box of g'blussa un der porra hut possession g'wooma fun de tsain dawler for de benefit fun der Kærrieh insential expense fund. 'S warra aw feer benna in der box awer selly hen se drin g'ust bis om end fun moonat un d'no expecta ere is ferlich double so feel drin. Se sawga de collections os in selly box ni dropp'd is for de benefit fun de ormy un kronky leit un os de collections ebmohls so hoch os sinva bis tszweif cent runna ooly moonat. We se sell ding g'estuht hen hut der Johnny awer aw ferbrucha os in selm hawa will ar nimmy so Kærrieha rules ferbrucha.

Der Mose Doonkeberger hut de naigst wuch aw fonga hoy maucha. 'S graws is yusht about goot. Un in about 'n wuch odler tsu expert ar on de watzts arndt tsu se. Se tsawza sinva dewler der dawg for shifflet ollawel, un so feel whisky os se dricka kenna in der barya.

PIT SCHWOEFFELBRENNER.

Gen. Garibaldi is grievously broken, though made no worse by the excitement he has passed through lately. He recovers or sits up all day long in his bed and can move neither hand nor foot. But no pain can overcome his patience or mar his habitual courtesy.

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If you live in districts where you are subject to malaria, you should keep your liver and kidneys in perfect order that they may throw it off. The great preventive is the celebrated Kidney Wort. Use it whenever you are constipated or bilious and you will never have a touch of the chills.

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For thirty years Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry has been kept for sale by druggists generally, and in all that time there has not been a single complaint made, but on the contrary the druggists and the people acknowledge it to be the best remedy for the cure of Coughs, Colds, Consumption, Bronchitis, Asthma, and all Lung Diseases.

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J. B. MERWIN, WOOSTER, OHIO, General Agent for Ohio, WILL BE IN CANTON FRIDAY, FEB'Y 4th, 1881.

And every two weeks thereafter until further notice. Parties desiring to examine into the merits of the Engine, or those contemplating purchase, can call on me at the OGDEN HOUSE, Canton, on the above date; or address me as above.

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WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN A KINDS OF HEAVY AND SHELF HARDWARE!

Paints, Oils, Glass, Varnishes, House Trimmings Generally, Cutlery, Oil Cloths, Mechanics' Tools, Farming Implements, Wagon & Carriage Goods, Harness Trimmings, HORSE SHOES AND NAILS, ROBES, BLANKETS, WHEELS, AXLES, SPRINGS, HUBS, BENT WOOD WORK.

And a full stock of every variety of Goods in the Hardware line always on hand at Very Low Cash Prices. COME AND SEE! WRIGHT & PENNOCK.

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Having purchased the Bush Engine property, on 8th street, east of E. P. W. & C. R. R. I have fitted up a first-class Planing Mill, Sash, Door, and Blind Factory.

I have a full line of the best and latest improved machinery, and employ none but experienced mechanics, and can assure my customers and friends that my facilities cannot be surpassed for doing good work. I have constantly on hand a large stock of Lumber, Sash, Doors, &c.

And can fill orders promptly, and GUARANTEE SATISFACTION, as I grade my lumber up to the standard. CUSTOM WORK SOLICITED.

All work done at as low a price as elsewhere. Will be always glad to have my old customers call, whether they purchase or not. JOSEPH WEAVER.

N. B.—I have also for sale a lot of pulleys and line shafting at a bargain.