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NO. 2.

The California Republican State Convention will be held at Sacramento on August 12.

The new cruiser "Philadelphia" will be given a dock trial this week, and a few days later will be run out to sea for tests. The final trial will be made in about two weeks.

The estate of the late J. T. Davis, of Butte, Mont., amounts to \$7,000,000, and John A. Davis, brother of deceased, has been appointed administrator, and required to give a bond of \$5,000,000.

The old Methodist parsonage in Ash Grove, 3 miles east of Cambridge, N. Y., and which was destroyed by fire last Sunday was the oldest Methodist parsonage in the country, having been built by the congregation of Phillip Embury about 1785.

CHIEF JUSTICE FULLER has rendered an opinion adverse to the constitutionality of State laws providing for the seizure of liquor brought into the State in original packages. Such laws, he holds, are an interference with the interstate commerce law.

LA NONA, said to be a rival of La Grippe, has made its appearance at Muncie, Ind. In taking this disease the patient is suddenly seized with severe pains and sickness of stomach which continue for several hours. La Nona has been epidemic in Italy and Germany for several months.

The Farmers Alliance, at St. Joseph, Mo., are to build a large elevator to store up the wheat until the price reaches \$1 per bushel. To tide over the farmers a bank is to be established at St. Joseph to loan them money at a low rate of interest until the wheat is sold. If the Alliance men should do this all over the country gigantic trusts against the farmers would soon be known no more.

SECRETARY PROCTOR, on April 26, telegraphed the governors of Tennessee, Mississippi, Louisiana, and Arkansas, asking to be informed as to the extent of the destitution in the overflowed country and the points to which rations should be sent, also to designate persons to act in conjunction with officers to be assigned for duty in the distribution of stores. He says he is prepared to afford immediate relief.

The contemplated appropriation of \$20,000,000 by Congress for public buildings does not meet the approbation of President Harrison. He will probably veto the bill if passed, as he thinks the amount too much. It strikes us it is very poor economy in Mr. Harrison to cut down appropriations for much needed purposes, and at the same time open the doors of the Treasury to soldier looters as a bribe to vote the Republican ticket.

It is probable the McKinley tariff bill will be passed. The Republicans are determined to pass a tariff bill during this sitting of Congress, and the majority are in accord on the general principles of the McKinley bill. The bill will probably not pass as it now stands, but will be changed more or less by amendments, and no one can tell its ultimate shape, as individual Republicans differ widely on many points. Of course the Republicans will not change the tariff except in favor of monopolists.

DISTRESS from high water in the Mississippi River and tributaries continue. Red River is higher than it has been for forty years. The little town of Grosse, La., is under water and its inhabitants in a helpless condition and are sorely in need of sustenance. The levee system has proven a failure in protecting the Mississippi Valley from disastrous overflows, and now some other plan should be tried. The waters of great rivers could probably be given new outlets that would carry off the surplus water without overflow, and elections to make and maintain levee district laws. Eventually will be done. We did not get the names of our opponents, if there were any.

MISS RACHEL'S TRAMP.

Selected.

Miss Rachel was tall and angular, with sharp gray eyes, and a way of looking "daggers" at whoever chanced to offend. She lived in a quiet farm-house with her father, a meek little man, who moved according to the laws of the ruling genius of his house. She had few intimate friends, for all stood somewhat in awe of her uncertain disposition.

There was one, however, who laughed at her whims and usually succeeded in making her laugh, too. This was Miss Mollie Banks, also a maiden of uncertain age who lived next door. She it was who was seated in Miss Rachel's favorite chair this sunny afternoon, listening to the list of grievances which her friend poured into her sympathizing ears.

"Of all detestable things under the sun that boy's the worst!"

"Worse than a man? Now just think what horrid creatures they are!" said Miss Mollie, laughing.

"Well, laugh if you want to; I s'posed you would; but if you'd been in my shoes for the past week you'd got enough on't."

"What's he done now? Did he leave muddy tracks on the floor?"

"Hump! that's nothing compared to it. You see, it's churning day, and he managed somehow to spill the cream on the floor. Wasn't I mad? And that miserable idiot grinned and said, 'Missus, shall I call in the pigs?'"

"Very thoughtful of him, I'm sure," said Miss Mollie. "He wanted to save you the trouble of taking it up."

"Hump! I saved him the trouble of eating strawberry short-cake and biscuit and honey for his supper! He will feast on bread and milk for awhile now."

"How can you be so cruel?" laughed Miss Mollie. "Ain't you afraid he will play some trick on you?"

Out on a bench under the window a boy sat eating his allowance of bread and milk with a woeful look on his freckled face. As Miss Mollie spoke he dropped the spoon noiselessly into his dish and bent forward to listen.

"Me! Me afraid of that boy? Why, I ain't afraid of nothing."

"Only tramps," said Mollie.

"H'm! Well, I don't just like them."

"Like them? Guess you don't! Would you dare to close your eyes at night without looking in every closet and under every bed in the house for fear some tramp might be hidden there?"

"We'd better be sure than sorry, and I will own that I'm some afraid of tramps."

Then they talked about pickles, and carpet rags, and the minister's wife's new "bunnet," and wondered where Perkins folks went visiting yesterday.

Outside the house a boy set his bowl carefully on the bench and then climbed the back gate to meditate.

He sat there quietly for some minutes, when an idea struck him so forcibly that it knocked him from the gate down to the soft grass, where he rolled and kicked and hugged himself in delight.

"Afraid of tramps, is she? Bad luck to her, its meself that will send the same to visit her, the ould cat! Oh, Pat, me boy, its a jewel ye are, hooray!"

Whack! went a stout stick across his back and brought him to his senses directly.

"What are ye doin', yes palpeen?" said a gruff voice.

"Och, murder, dad! Be aisy, will ye? Its only taking of exercise I am."

"Exercise? Well to-morrow ye goes into the peety field with me; ye've had enough of this."

With a rueful face Pat watched the stout laborer shoulder the bundle of tools rolled up in his coarse frock and start down the road. When the red flannel shirt disappeared, he turned to confront Miss Rachel.

"What were you saying to that vagabond, you young rascal?" said she, catching up a stick and waving it threateningly over his head.

"Don't know, missus! That's only dad."

"You are telling an untruth. It was a tramp. I saw his bundle—stolen things, no doubt. Now tell me just what you said."

"Well, he only remarked that it was a foam evening, and asked me who lived in that house."

"And you said—"

"Yes; I said that a feeble old man as deaf as a post lived there alone with his darter, as feine a missus as iver—"

"What did you tell him that we lived alone for? He'll come and rob us. Oh, dear! What shall I do?"

"Don't worry, missus," said Pat, backing off to a safe distance. "I told him that missus kept all her jewels in her top beary drawer, and the old man kept his chink in a tin-trunk under his bed. So it was no use for him to come sneaking around, for he wouldn't get nothin'."

With a cry of dismay Miss Rachel turned toward the house.

"What's the matter now?" asked Mollie.

"Matter enough! That boy will rain us yet! And she gave her friend an account of the whole affair.

"Well, this does look serious. I'll tell you what to do. Come over and get Will's old gun—the lock is broken so 'twon't hurt you. But no one else will know the difference, and you can scare them all the same."

"Esther is out milking, and I can't leave the house alone."

"Tell Pat to stay and watch. Come, hurry; its most dark now."

So with strict orders to Pat they departed.

"Bad's the back of me this day," said Pat. "Howiver, I'll take a farewell look inside before I go."

So saying he went into the house, closing the door carefully behind him. Soon he came out with a handful of the forbidden shortcake, and without waiting for any one to take his place as sentinel, he marched off down the road.

Miss Rachel looked very brave as she came home bringing the old gun, which, she explained to her father, was for their mutual defense. But for all this she was very careful to make every door and window fast before retiring. In the pantry she found crumbs scattered on the floor, and other evidences of meddling fingers.

"Couldn't have been Pat—he wouldn't have dared. Father, where is that boy?"

"Gone home, I s'pose; didn't you tell him to clear out?"

"Well, yes, s'pose I did; but he might a-stayed till I come back. Some one has been in here, and no knowing who's hid in the house."

"Some one's stolen my boots," said the old man from the bed-room, where he was banging round the chairs in a fruitless search for the missing articles.

"Probably that boy's took 'em," remarked Miss Rachel.

Then taking her gun in one hand and a candle in the other, she went up stairs. Here an awful sight met her gaze; one look she gave, then went noiselessly down stairs to consult her father.

"Father," said she in an awful whisper, "father, there's a man—a tramp—under my bed!"

"Oh, pshaw, now, Rachel! You are losing your wits."

"I say there is! I saw him!"

"Hump! Why didn't you shoot him?"

"Now I guess I know what I'm saying! Come along and see for yourself if you don't believe it. Sh—sh—I be still now—we'll have him."

Cautiously they crept up the stairs, the old man hiding a skeptical grin, but a look convinced even him. Probably the scamp thought he was hidden. So he was, only one foot showed fully, and a little farther a boot toe peeped out from the dainty white ruffles of the bed valance.

Miss Rachel executed a war-dance outside the door, and her father scratched his head in perplexity.

"A man in my room—miss?" whispered she angrily.

"How shall we get him out?" questioned her father.

"I know," said she. "The mis-

erable critter ain't stirred since I first saw him; prob'ly he's asleep; he's had his supper—I know by the crumbs I saw in the pantry. Now, I'm stouter'n you be, so I'll just go in, still as a mouse, and get hold of both feet and yank him clean out into the middle of the floor, and you give him a crack over the head with that gun."

"All right; we'll try it."

"Mygracious! What if he should catch hold of me?" she asked.

"Pshaw, now, don't you be scairt! The scamp is asleep, or he'd a-stirred afore now. You just go still; be sure you get a good hold, then yank as though all creation had him. Maybe you'd better yell, too; it'll help scare him."

"I'll fix him! I'll larn the varmint to find some other place to sleep 'cept under my bed. Just give me one good chance at him—I'll—I'll—"

Boiling with rage, she tip-toed carefully across the room, and stooping, slid her hand under the ankle of each boot. Then with such a scream as only enraged women and catamounts are capable of, she yanked. Such a howl of rage and fear combined! For one moment she flourished both arms aloft in a vain endeavor to regain her balance, then sat down on the floor with a force that made the windows rattle, while in each hand she held her father's missing boots.

He stared at her, she at him. Then, with a look which said plainly, "Sold," he said—

"Gimme my boots, Rachel; guess I'll take them and the gun down stairs; guess you won't be troubled no more to-night."

She sat there on the floor and thought long and earnestly of a young Hibernian. How she longed for him then!

And away down the track, in a railway shanty, a freckled-faced boy was wondering what his dear, Miss Rachel was thinking about.

FARM NOTES.

Weekly Witness.]

Remember that different soils require different fertilizers, and want no others.

Will varieties of buck-wheat mix and cross? is one of the questions of the day.

Brains as well as farms are capable of cultivation. Never lose sight of this fact.

In eighteen of the great agricultural, sheep-raising States and Territories there is no dog tax at all.

A soil may be ever-fed and troubled with indigestion as well as the animal system, but it is oftener starved.

There is nothing gained by crowding crops. Numbers of plants do not compensate for the loss in size and quality.

Try to find out the best way of doing every thing that you undertake, and be sure that you do not do it the wrong way.

It is not fancy but real stock that the farmer wants for business. There is not much that is fancy about farming. Everything is real—very.

In the spring wheat section it is said that seeding has been delayed, and in one of the Dakotas the wheat area will be 40 per cent. less than last year.

American farmers exporting grain to Europe are compelled by the foreign steam ship monopoly to pay freight rates nearly twice as high as they were a year ago.

Do not be too frugal in the use of the harrow before putting in the crop. It not only eradicates the weeds, but improves the seed-bed. By killing the weeds, it gives your crop a week's time more start of them.

Chicago Girl: "I wish you New Yorkers would give us Chicago girls a rest."

Reporter: "What kind of a rest?"

"A foot-rest."—Yonkers Statesman.

"Thunderation, Lyons," said the editor to the foreman, "you've got this obituary note nicely mixed."

"Have I, sir?"

"Yes, you have. You say that the deceased was six years of age, and leaves a wife and fifty children"—Pictorial Weeklies.

The World's Chief Armies.

Journal of Education.]

China has a regular army of 300,000 men and a war footing of 1,000,000.

Spain has a regular army of 90,000 men, a war footing of 450,000, and the annual cost of the army is \$24,802,990.

Japan has a regular army of 36,777 men, a war footing of 51,724, and the annual cost of the army is \$8,151,000.

Russia has a regular army of 374,771 men, a war footing of 2,733,305, and the annual cost of the army is \$137,812,202.

Turkey has a regular army of 350,000 men, a war footing of 610,200, and the annual cost of the army is \$19,642,090.

Italy has a regular army of 796,592 men, a war footing of 1,718,933 and the annual cost of the army is \$42,947,263.

France has a regular army of 502,764 men, a war footing of 3,753,164, and the annual cost of the army is \$114,279,761.

Germany has a regular army of 445,402 men, a war footing of 1,492,104, and the annual cost of the army is \$98,330,429.

Great Britain has a regular army of 131,686 men, a war footing of 577,906, and the annual cost of the army is \$74,901,500.

India (British) has a regular army of 139,597 men, a war footing of 308,000, and the annual cost of the army is \$34,481,195.

Austria-Hungary has a regular army of 289,190 men, a war footing of 1,125,838, and the annual cost of the army is \$53,396,915.

The United States has a regular army of 25,745 men, a war footing of 3,165,000, and the annual cost of the army is \$40,466,460.

A Great Struggle.

Next Monday, May 5, will be inaugurated a great struggle for eight hours of labor in New York. The movement is already under way in Chicago, having been started there by the carpenters two or three weeks ago. The carpenters are also to take the initiative in New York and if their demands for an eight hour day are not conceded, they are prepared to make a desperate and prolonged struggle for success. The men in other trades will fall into line later on, but it is very likely they will be guided by the success or failure of the carpenters. A formal demand for the eight hour day will be made, and if not granted it is estimated that a general strike will take place affecting one hundred thousand workmen in and around New York. The men say they anticipate no serious trouble, as most of the employers are willing to concede the eight hours at once. This is apparently true, as the employers are not making any combined effort to oppose the movement, but seem to be trusting to circumstances.

Teach Them to Read Newspapers.

Exchange.]

Teach the boys and girls to read newspapers—but not sensational, trashy, smutty sheets, but cheap, respectable, plain spoken papers. It will give them food for thought. It will cultivate the taste for more extensive reading. It will cause them to love home better. It will make their intellects keener and their hearts happier, purer and better. Then as they grow in wisdom they should also be supplied with first-class magazines and good books to read. Such opportunities will be worth more to them than a mine of gold. By all means cultivate a taste for reading among the children, and a good local paper is the best to begin with, as the children can read about things that are familiar to them—about their town and county, and concerning men and things of which they have personal knowledge. From this they can go step by step until they rank among the most intelligent people of the land.

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