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Sunday Register.

SUNDAY, MARCH 18, 1883.

THE government has refused to pay salary to Tom OCHILTREE, and the statesman from Texas is accordingly very careful not to get into any poker game with such men as Tom Bowen, VEST and BLACKBURN. He would probably prefer safe games with such innocents as EDMUNDS and HOAR. It is reported that several persons in

this country have gone crazy through

fear that the predictions of the crank, Wiggins, might be fulfilled. The next Congress should appoint a committee to investigate the fool-killer. There is painful evidence that that functionary is thoroughly corrupt or most shamefully inefficient. An exchange says: "The divided skirt is regarded by all progressive ad-

vecates of dress reform as a condition precedent of all substantial improvement in female attire. At a meeting of the Rational Dress Society, recently, it was decided that a new dress must be f und, and that the new dress must be the divided skirt." This is one of the effects of the pernicious example set by the Goddess of Liberty. "For a long time," says a New York letter, "the VANDERBILTS were not in

what is called fashionable society in New York; but the strongest gates have yielded to the golden touch, and one sees their names now at entertainments in the most exclusive circles." Is New York society founded on anything better than money, that it should ever have turned up its haughty nose at the VANDERBILTS? It is doubtless glad to toady to a family whose purse is so much longer than its own.

BARTHOLDI's statue of "Liberty Ealightening the World" is not likely to find an abiding place in the city of New York. Only \$85,000 of the quarter of a million necessary for the pedestal has been subscribed, and public enthusiasm on the subject is not so great as to indicate that the rest will be forthcoming. If Liberty expects to enlighten the world, she should not begin in a city which thinks it knows a good deal more than she does. Let her try Boston, where the people are modest as to their intellectual attainments.

DURING his month of service in the United States Senate, his election to which cost him \$200,000, TABOR, of Colorado, spoke but once, and the official stenographer records the utterance thus: "Mr. President, I second the motion of the gentleman from Hamp. ton, Mr. Carolina!" In a vein of delicious irony the Denver Tribune assails the Congressional Record for suppressing Tabon's great speeches, accuses it of having ceased to be a conservative and independent organ, and is glad to hear that it "has suspended publication." But TABOR, clad in one of his \$250 night shirts, is proof against the shafts of satire.

HENRY IRVING, the English actor, on his professional visit to the United States, will bring over 1,100 wigs. Tom Hoop tells a story of an English naturalist who, while in the wilds of America, was captured by the Indians. One of the foremost of the redskins seized him by the hair to take his scalp when his hair came off. He wore a wig. The astonished Indians held a powwow, and concluding that their prisoner has lost his scalp, and, by uncommon perseverence and bravery, had regained it, they took him to their village, gave him an Indian girl for a bride, and made him chief of the tribe. In view of the experience of this gentleman, it is difficult to imagine the astonishment of the Indians if Mr. IRV-ING, with a wig on his head and 1,099 more in his gripsack, should fall into their hands. He would probable be worshiped as a supernatural being. It is almost worth while for him to go West and try it.

The tendency of corporate capital in our time to combine for the purpose of

NO SEWING-MACHINE MONOPOLY.

strangling healthy competition and earning huge profits upon articles of general consumption is well illustrated in a circular recently sent by Mr. W. (). WILSON to the chief officials of the thirty leading companies manufacturing or dealing in sewing-machines throughout the United States. Inasmuch as the terms of many patents have now expired, and the resultant rivalry has operated to cut down prices, Mr. WILSON elaborated a scheme for uniting all the manufacturers of sewingmachines under a two-headed syndicate, to produce only two kinds of machines, and to fix the price at one figure, which would leave a margin of at least \$12 profit apiece on the 300,000 sewingmachines annually sold here. In proof of the feasibility of what he proposed, Mr. WILSON called attention to the fortunes amassed in the Standard Oil Company and the Western Union Telegraph Company.

the pressure of competition, and his profits are by no means what they used to be. So long as he enjoyed a monopoly on a considerable scale for himself he was by no means eager to share its revenues with outsiders; but now he is extremely anxious to enter a combination to inflate prices. Mr. WILSON scheme cannot be consummated. The outlined would lead new manufacturers the ring. A much better plan for him

Doubtless Mr. WILSON feels keenly

THE SOUTHERN EXPOSITION. Frequent improvement on machinery

in use, the introduction of new machinery for new purposes, and the rapid expansion of our manufacturing industries seem to require periodical National Expositions, in which improvements and new appliances may be exhibited. Selling manufactured articles by sample through the agency of commercial travelers is now a well settled custom of our country; but the maker of machinery and heavy implements can not so conveniently show his samples, and the periodical exposition is therefore becoming a necessity to him. The producer of the raw material is interested in all mechanical appliances for enabling him to harvest his crops, or prepare his material for the market or for the manufacturer, and he naturally meets the machinery maker on the chosen ground, and by actual observation and personal intercourse with material, machinery, and product at hand the two, and indeed, including the manufacturer, the three, find the Exposition the only place where the representatives of the branches of our industries can meet and intelligently confer in regard to their reciprocal and dependent inter-

The local Exposition has served a good purpose, and within its limits will continue to do so; but the easy and rapid transportation that now brings all parts of the country together, and the consequent extension of successful business enterprises into every city and every quarter have given greater scope to these representative exhibitions, and made a periodical National Exposition one of the great requirements of American industry. With that quick adaptability to surrounding conditions and new requirement which characterizes our people, this new form of exhibition has at once drifted into the proper channel. Paris may be France, but no city on this continent can be America. Our territory is too large, and the several sections of the country too well defined in their interests, their power, and their character to leave any one city the great center which must draw to it every undertaking of conspicuous magnitude. By common consent the National Exposition is becoming a movable feast, as to its location, with regular periodicity as to its time.

Two years ago the country settled down on Atlanta as the experimental place because of its proximity to the fields of the great Southern staple. At that time the now better defined want was felt, but the limit was not exactly appreciated. The project of the Atlanta Exposition contemplated an International Exposition, but the real necessity regulated the project in the end, and the exhibition became in fact a National Exposition. During the year 1882, the project of another National Exposition was started in several cities, but for various reasons it was abandoned in all but the city of Louisville, and the energy and liberality of the people of that city in providing the necessary pecuniary means have not only shown other communities what may be done, but have brought the country to a hearty recognition of the fact that 1883 is Louisville's year in a now well-inaugurated series of National Expositions. Baltimore lays claim to next year, and the Cotton Planters' Association has entered its claim for

years' preparation was necessary to an exhibition like that proposed at Louisville, but the Southern Exposition to open there on August 1, has already demonstrated that where there is a strong will in such thing there is a quick way. When the project was definitely proposed, without any delay a popular subscription furni-hed all the means required. An organization was promptly effected, the work of preparation at once begun, and already so much space has been engaged in the machinery department that the managers are compelled to extend their exhibition space beyond the original thirteen acres of building. It is not a month since the General Manager opened corres pondence with the country with a view to securing exhibits, and already more than two hundred and thirty of the largest machine building and machinery employing establishments of the United States have asked for space and steam power. Every day since the start has shown an increase in applications, and it is easy to see that long before the Exposition opens the problem will be not how to obtain exhibits, but where to place them. As the Southern Exposition is now progressing it will itself present an interesting exhibition of what American determination, liberality, and energy can do when fully aroused to action.

RICH MEN'S HOUSES.

This is an age of great fortune. Never before in the history of the Republic have there been so many men who are very rich. Of course, this term has a purely relative value. One who might have been "very rich" in 1842 would not be accounted rich at all, with the same fortune, in 1882. But the number of men who are worth, say, ten millions or more, is far greater now than ever before since the foundation of the American Republic. These fortunes have been made in various ways. In New York the richest men are, or have been, nearly all speculators in rallway securities. There are three or four estates, the property of old New York families, held together by a family understanding, or by an unwritten law of primogeniture. These properties are the accumulation of many years of honest dealing in real estate. They represent the enormous profits derived from early and permanent investment in city and suburban lots. Estates of this kind are held by heirs of famous names, very much as if the holders were owners of stock in a corporation. The stockholders, however, are heirs-at-law. Nobody but the family lawyer knows what interest each individual has in the vast undivided estate.

Rich men of this class look down with indescribable disdain upon the other rich men who have amassed money by speculating in stocks, mines, and railroads. The returned Califor nian who brings to New York the honest spoil of many a panic in mining stock-gild him with gold an inch thick is regarded as still semi-barbaric. No bonanza prince, although he roll in began his 'crusade too late, and his riches and wear diamond head-lights on his shirt-front, can ever hope to be organization of such a monopoly as he anything more than a lucky accidenta kind of social curiosity. And he who into the field and defeat the purpose of has sailed into the port of prosperity by trimming his sails to catch sudden is to compete legitimately with his breezes from Wall street may bless his

to have linked her fortunes with his. It is in vain that the richest Crossus of the railway millionaires boasts his vast wealth, jingles his ponderous watchseals, and swears that he can buy and sell the landed aristocrats who turn up their noses at him. A parvenu he is and a parvenu he will remain unto the end of his days. He is carefully looked over by people whom he despises for their poverty, and is dismissed with the dreadful phrase "no gentleman."

Semething must be done by the vulgar millionaire to assert himself. The standing of a man, in this realistic age, is thought to be best assured by his building a great house. In England, where laws of primogeniture and entail are in force, a great family house is possible, even desirable. The names of many famous family seats, hoary with antiquity and rich with the historic and artistic spoil of ages, will occur to the reader. These are houses of the great, and they often continue in possession of families for centuries, and long after the ability to maintain and increase their splendor has departed from degenerate or unfortunate descendants. But nothing of the kind is possible in this Republic. We have no ancestral families. The children of a terryman, inheriting great riches, may leave to their children nothing but the privilege of taking to the humble calling that their illustrious ancestor adopted as the introduction to his subsequent prosperity. The æsthetic Cræsus who tossed pan-cakes, sold whisky, gum boots and mines in his early years in California, can leave no possible assurance behind him that his helrs, born into the purple of new riches, may not ultimately gravitate backward into the humble walk with which his feet were so familiar. Whose then will be the

palaces that he has builded? But the houses of the great are built for present uses. While people of small incomes groan over the difficulty of keeping up decent appearances in hired houses, the very rich exhaust the resources of nature and art in attempts to produce more splendid palaces than any ever built before. Dealers who have costly luxuries to sell are overwhelmed with orders. The rarest, finest and most unique articles of household and personal adornment are sought for with eager lavishment. Those who ueal in staple goods, adapted for the common uses of the middle classes. complain that the times are dull. This is not a wholesome sign. But the rich build for present purposes. They say, in effect, "After the deluge." It is certain that when Crossus is done with his gorgeous palace, and shall take up his abode in that "narrower house. house of clay," that awaits each man of us, there will be other rich men who will be willing and able to inhabit the mansion he must leave behind him It may be taken for granted that the rich man's children, who begin where their father leaves off, will not require his baronial residence. And, when the suddenly acquired riches of the mushroom family are dispersed again, who shall occupy these beautiful mansions? No matter; these palaces are the

monuments of ostentatious wealth. They serve their purpose, no matter how ugly, incongruous, and inartistic they may be, if they only cost much money. So we are told of a ten-thousand-dollar chimney-piece, a thirty-fivethousand-dollar bronze railing, a stained glass window that cost sixty thousand dollars, and a house that has two hundred thousand dollars' worth of upholstery and decorative art in it. The cost of these things is the monument of the great man. Into the midst of these asthetic splendors he comes with the memories of his humble, perhaps squalid, home thick upon him. He remembers, with a secret dread of being found out, the unfragrant shop where he sold rum and red herrings in a long-buried past. He cannot help contrasting the gilded luxury and Oriental gorgeousness of his new house with the vulgar poverty of his cabin in the mines, or his fath er's farm house in the forests. He lives in the purple, but he was born in tow He measures his social standing by the vastness of his expenditures. This house, with its treasures, is all his. His money has paid for all. There is no sheriff, no creditor, waiting for him at the door. But, after all, what will he do with it? He has built him a house, but not a home. His palace is full of things that he does not understand. He is uneasy in the midst of unaccustomed splenders. And when he is done with it the neighbors will idly ask, "Who will have that fine house next?"

DR. DIX ON DIVORCE. The course of Lenten lectures which Rev. Dr. Morgan Dix, of New York, has been delivering has not met with commendation, and it has not given him increased reputation as a broad and liberal thinker. But the courageous and truthful presentation of the subject of "Divorce," which he made in his lecture last Friday evening, is one of the important contributions that have recently been made to the discussion of this subject. His scorehing method of treating whatever he desires to condemn adds to the effect of his words, and when a man of his decided opinions. with his capacity in the use of keen and telling language, attacks this subject upon which the public conscience is somewhat undecided, a "sensation' such as his lecture is said to have cre-

ated may be expected, In this lecture he has told some unpalatable truths, and pronounced some principles that cannot be set forth too often or too strongly. He dwelt with all the abhorrence of a man of keen moral sensibilities upon the rapid increase of divorce, and the peril to society which it indicates. He spoke in withering terms of the record New England has made, calling it "the centre of this moral cesspool," And with a divorce rate of one to every fourteen marriages in Massachusetts, one to every eight in Connecticut, and figures almost as bad in the other States, it must be confessed that his burning words are deserved.

The different people who have discussed this question have accounted for the unmistakable tendency in various ways. Dr. DIX thinks it is due to the fact that marriage is coming to be looked upon as a civil contract and no more. "The notion," said he, "that marriage is only a civil contract, terminable, like other such contracts, at the pleasure and convenience of the parties. is and must be in the brain of every advocate or approver of divorce." Others proceed a sleepy hearer in the front pew rivals, produce a good article and sell it lucky stars that he is safely moored at who have discussed this subject have suddenly started into life and cried out:

that he is a parvenu, and his wife might of divorce, and Dr. Dix casually says as well have been a chamber-maid as that the cause is lax legislation, which is so generally prevalent. But they forget that the laws merely mark the height of popular conviction, and that to change them with any practical benefit there must first be a radical change in the sentiments of the people.

A persistent movement to obtain uniform divorce laws in all the States in about the only legal remedy that would have any efficacy. Such discussion of the question as that given by Dr. Dix is of vastly more benefit, because of its educational value, than any legislative enactment that is raised above the convictions of the people.

LEARNING TO SPEND. The chief end of man, according the modern idea, is to increase his income, says the Philadelphia Times. To get more dollars this year than he had last year is of more importance to the average American than his hopes of heaven or of moral or intellectual advancement. If he is already rich, he wants to be richer, and if he is poor, he organizes strikes among his fellow poor men to compel somebody to pay him more money. Indulged in to a moderate extent this trait is not wholly evil. It stimulates men to greater exertions to better their condition. But a false estimate is put upon the value of mere money-getting. Money is valuable only for the real comforts and aids to human development it will buy. What a man piles up unused is only a source of care and a destroyer of real happiness. What he spends on his appetites and passions is often a positive curse, and what is spent by his family to gratify the mere demands of arbitrary custem is worse than thrown away.

The truth is that many people need to begin in a new place to increase their comforts. The average increase in incomes must be very slow at best, no matter how hard we strive. But the increase in the genuine comfort and refinement of the ordinary household might be great if some of the energy exerted in the effort for larger incomes were devoted to learning how to use to the best advantage the income already secured. There are a few people who have learned this art, but not many. The man with an income of ten thousand dollars is often in debt and harassed by duns and reaps little enjoyment from his income. Another, who obtains the wages of an ordinary mechanic, lives in comfort, and his children are reasonably well clothed and educated. The one has learned to make the most of his means and the other has

The ability to adapt one's style and manner of living to one's income is of much more importance to the great mass of people than all the methods of getting rich easily ever discovered. It is in this particular branch of social economy that Americans are lamentably deficient. No nation in the world furnishes so high an average of incomes to its people. And no people probably get so little for the same amount of money. We have bestowed so much time and energy on the mere task of getting money that we have never learned the art of spending it.

THE GROWTH OF METHODISM. The growth of the Methodist denomination in this country is one of the marvels of our history. It is only a little over a hundred years old, and it some forty years for it to get fairly organized and under way. A little over fifty years ago there was not a single Methodist divinity school, and only one college graduate among the Methodist preachers of New England. Now the Methodists have a larger college property and a larger number of students than any other religious body in the land. They have fifty-seven colleges 4,500 students, and about \$12,000,000 of college property.

Just now the Methodists of Massa chusetts are moving to endow Boston University, and make it the educational centre of their body, as Yale is to the Congregationalists, Princeton to the Presbyterians, and Harvard to the Unitarians. That institution was founded ten years ago by a bequest of ISAAC RICH, amounting, as was supposed at the time, to \$2,000,000. But owing to the losses in the great fire and in other ways, it amounted to only \$700,000. Yet it has begun well, and now has in its different der artments 572 students. And its outlook is full of encouragement. Methodism began as a religion for the masses. Its preachers were earnest but unlearned men. They depended for success on their zeal and fervor and all-conquering devotion to their work, making heroic sacrifices to save souls. It was a pioneer religion, flourishing most in planted a cabin. The whole condition of the country has changed since it was planted here. And one of the remarkable things in its history is the success with which it is adapting itself to the new circumstances of the American

people, keeping pace with the growth of taste and culture. WHILE our people are rejoicing at the non-appearance of Wiggins' storm, it actually devastated England in November, 1703, one hundred and eighty years ago. It was one of the most violent that ever raged there. The losses on land were as nothing compared with those in the harbors and on the coasts. London sustained a loss estimated at £2,000,000. The number of persons drowned in the floods of the Severn and Than es, and lost on the coast of Holland, and in ships blown from their anchors and never heard of afterward, was set down at 8,000. Twelve men of war, with more than 1,800 men on own shore. In the county of Kent alone, 17,000 trees were torn up by the roots. The Eddystone lighthouse was destroyed, and with it its builder, WIN-STANLEY, and the persons who were with him. The Bishop of Bath and Wells, together with his wife, were killed in their bed in the palace in Somersetshire. Innumerable cattle were also destroyed, and in one level 15,000 sheep drowned. And it has been known ever since as the "Great Storm."

It is said the: the London press did not dare to print the scandal which the conduct of Mrs. Langtry gave rise to in this ountry. For awhile the great majority of American newspapers did not dare to go to press without something a little worse than any of its contemporaries had said,

CLERGYMAN o ght to be very careful in the choice of language or serious results may ensue. "My brethren." said one lately, "I will now pass," and before he could last; but he is told in innumerable ways found a principal reason for the increase "Then I make it spales and play it alone."

PERSONAL POINTS.

M. Grevy, like Mr. Gladstone, is in hi Since the death of Mr. Dickens more than

four million volumes of his works have been sold in England. President Arthur will cruise along the New England coast next summer, fishing at different localities.

John Kelly, the Tammany politician, passes much time in his library and is said to aspire to literary fame. As David Davis was not waiting for a di-

vorce and nobody objected to his marriage, it will trouble him to explain why he lied about it so persistently. Louise Michel may get up an occasional riet in Paris, but as she does not offer to

lecture in this country we don't believe her flag is as black as it is painted. A drunken fellow named Herring, in Hall county, Ga., emptied a shovel of hot coals over his infant child, burning it to

woods for him. William Fawcett, a veteran of Waterloo, died at Hagerstown, Ind., a few days ago and last week the death of Daniel Woods another of the Duke of Wellington's soldiers, occurred in Indianapolis. Both were

death. The lynchers are scouring the

over a century old. Mrs. Lillie Devereux Blake asks: "I twenty boys were brought up in the same way as girls-laced, kept indoors, taught sewing, embroidery and playing the piano -what sort of young men would they be at twenty-one?" We really do not know, Lillie, but we think they would bear a very close resemblance to a majority of the young men nightly seen smoking cigarettes in theater lobbies, says the Philadelphia News.

The latest story about Senator Tabor is that he urged Senator David Davis, when Congress adjourned, to hurry up his wedding, if he really was to be married, or to get married anyhow, and make with him (Tabor) a joint bridal tour across the continent in a special car, truly palatial in all its equipments; and he added, as a final and irrestible argument; "We'll make Etme howl, and the whole show shan't cost you a cent."

Mr. John W. Forney writes in Progress: 'A biography of Mr. Stephens, written by the late Mr. Forney, and which it was well understood was to be published in The Press as his obituary after his death, was several times read and corrected up to date by 'the great commoner' himself. The article was in type for months and the proofs made frequent trips to and from Washington. The last time they reached the office of The Press, on the blank space at the close of the article was written in Mr. Stephens' own hand: "This is my last."

The following snecdote of Alexander H. Stephens is related in the Louisville Courier-Journal: The wife of a Western Congressman was one day sitting by Mr. Stephens' bedside, when he was so very ill in the winter of 1877, and he spoke quite freely to her of his mother and his early life. Why did you never marry?" she asked. 'That's my secret," he replied, evasively. "But we would all like to know it," was her response. "Well," said he, grimly and reluctantly, "I never saw but one woman wanted to marry; but she did not want to marry me. That's a good reason, isn't it?" "I hope she lived to regret her mistake," remarked the kind heart. "Y-e-sa" responded Mr. Stephens slowly, "I think she did, and so did I."

ETCHINGS.

Young men should pattern after planes be square, upright, grand.

Man wants but little here below, but he doesn't like too much water in it. TALMAGE says the principal occupation in eaven will be singing. Shut the box. Noronx wishes the baby stolen, still it is relief when the nurse cribs it at night

No. son: he didn't." "Then I guess he never went to school any. MARY Anderson wears a \$2,500 pair of garters. It takes a pretty tall girl to wear

"Par. did Washington never tell a lie"

garters that come that high. A BANK president left a Southern town the other day forever, without taking a

cent of the bank's money with him. He died. It seems that since Frank James surrendered the members of the gang have stop-

ped robbing railway trains and gone into the State treasury business in the South. A CINCINNATI man recently dreamed that he was in hell and did not attempt to

conceal his disappointment when he awoke and found himse,f still in Cincin-"Yes, indeed," remarked a society belle to her good pastor, "I say my prayers night and morning during Lent; one might as

fashion." Ax eastern merchant, who never adverised, was found lying dead on the counter of his store the other day. It is thought the body had lain there several days before

well be out of the world as out of the

being discovered. REV. DR. HALL said that every rock was a sermon, when a boy was stealing apples from Mr. Hail's orchard. When the boy's new States, going wherever the settler | fether subsequently asked him why he limped, he replied that he was struck with one of Mr. Hall's sermons

Cooking in the English Schools. London News.

Miss Fannie L. Calder, who has taken warm personal interest in the move ment for promoting a practical knowl edge of cookery among the humble classes, has contributed to Good Words a very interesting paper describing the history of the attempt to introduce this may be well to remember the one that subject into our elementary schools, with other details. The influences of the well-known Training School of Cookery at South Kensington, though not inconsiderable, have been chiefly instrumental in setting a fashion among ladies. Thanks, however, in grea part to the Liverpool Training School of Cookery, and also to the successful efforts of the Nortbern Union of Schools of Cookery, in ob-taining the recognition of this study in the code as a subject of the customary grant under certain conditions, cookery classes are in some parts of England steadily extending among those to whom a knowledge of this branch of domestic economy is of most importance. Miss Calder meets all the curboard, were lost within sight of their rent objections to the movement by the unanswerable logic of practical experience.

THE GIRL OF THE PERIOD

on a mystical sin is the lay that I spin. In these ultra-civilized days, of the maiden who flaunts, through Society-In the latest feminine craze.

You will see her up-town, in a wonderful gown. Of washed-out bilious red; While her hair in a bang will most artfully Neath the Langtry hat on her head. Her gloves of "mus-kit-ter" will in wrinkle

Her boots will be high in the heel; While ribbons erratic, in colors ecstatic, Her own special taste will reveal. dagger that's knife-like, a beetle that' life-like. Are items this darling affects; While, as for a lizard to get up a blizzard, There's nothing she sooner selects.

ome hangles, all jangling with chains that On her taper-like wrist find a place, And a monkey and snake both near orna ments make, And spiders are sweet tucked in lace.

A huge bunch of flowers, at all kinds of hours, She wears in the best at her waist. But stay, gentle reader! they say that we need ther To show in strong colors good taste.

THE AMERICAN ITALY.

Wanderings 'Neath the Summer Skies of California.

An Old Town by the Sea-San Diego and Vicinity-The Agriculturalists Arcadia-Riverside-An Ideal Village.

itorial Correspondence of the Sunday Re SAN DIEGO, CAL, March 7, 1833.-The sail from Santa Barbara to San Diego on one of the Pacific Coast Steamship Company's steamers, is a pleasant trip of two nights and a day. Here, as at Monterey and Los Angeles, is an old town and an old Mission. As at Los Angeles, we have here an old Spanish town, with its adobe tiledroofed houses and adobe-walled gardens. And near here is another of the old Spanish Missions-of which there were originally four planted in this territory more than a century ago-for the conversion of the red-faced heathen. The old building is now but little better than a heap of mouldering clay, although a portion of the walls still stand and serve as a sheep correll and horse stables. One room of the old sanctuary contains a press and furnace for the manufacture of oil from the olives which grow upon the old orchard which was planted here probably in the last century. These Olive Trees

Virginia mountains. An olive orchard of sone of the most delightful signts of near the banks of the San Bernardino the fertile valleys of this vicinity; and I count among the most pleasant of the many pleasant days which I have spent in this delightful country, a drive in company with my excellent friend, Thomas J. Arnold, Esq., formerly of Beverly, West Virginia, and now a prominent lawyer of San Diego, and col. W. E. Robinson, a worthy de Col. W. E. Robinson, a worthy descend-ant of the Breckinridges and Critten-dens, of Kentucky, which took me through the olive groves hereabouts. At the old Mission, in addition to the great old olive trees, there are a number the Date-palms now laden with the ripening fruit. There are also great hedges of the fruit-bearing cactus now bursting into bloom. The flowers are quite beautiful, being of the different shades of red and yellow, and the great flabby-leaved plants are of immense size. I will not undertake to say how large lest I may not be believed. My friend Robinson told me of

A Field of Corn in this vicinity, in which the stalks all over the field stood from seventeen to twenty-three feet high and each stalk bore many ears of corn of immense size. He said, "This is true, but I admit if has every appearance of being a false-hood, like other stories of the monstrosities in the vegetable kingdom of Southern California; but I shall show you to-day something as wonderful as anything of which you have heard. It is a single lime tree—or, rather, shrub, for it is not a tree, from which over 7,-000 limes have already been picked this year and there are more than 3,000 specimens of this fruit still upon it. This single bush, only six years old, has yielded its proprietor as much as \$100 this, year, and there is no reason why it will not do better in the future as it gets its growth and comes into full

bearing."
He did show me this remarkable bush, in the course of the day's drive. It is about twelve feet in height its branches cover an area fully fifteen feet across.

eldom goes to the city Any Day During the Year vithout taking a basket of limes picked by his faithful wife with him. There are on it now, as at all times in the year buds, blossoms, small green fruit, still larger green fruit and ripe fruit. The acid of the lime is much like that of the lemon, but a little milder, and it is much preferred by people accustomed to both. On the same place were growing some of the finest lemons I have seen, quite as large as a large goose egg The oranges also remarkably large and sweet. The most palatable oranges I have yet eater in California are gathered in an orchard on this ride in the El Cajon Valley-a valley as beautiful as it is fertile. Among other elegant estates in this valley one owned and occupied by George A Cowles, Esq., formerly of Philadelphi and Washington City, and who, with his accomplished wife, extends a hospitable welcome to the stranger who en ters his gates. He devotes one ranch to the cultivation of fruits and another and larger to live stock. In his home and thrift. Mr. Cowles is conducting is operations without irrigation.

savs he will Not Fight Against the Almighty; he will not attempt to raise banannas where potatoes will grow to more profit -he will not attempt oranges where grapes, apples, pears and peaches will yield him more money. He will plant only that which will grow to profit with such moisture as nature furnishes.

My friend Robinson has a theory that rrigation frosts are more likely to do damage to tender trees and plants; and, s more important, is certain even tually to produce malaria. His idea is that it is impossible to pour a large quantity of water several times a year upon the ground and have that opera-tion followed by intense heat of the sun which forces vege ation forward like the atmosphere of a hot-house, without producing malaria. Mr. Robinson has given a good deal of investigation and hought to this subject, and I quote im because of this fact, added to his proad intelligence and keen discernment

This El Cajen rancho, which formery supported one-fifth as many cattle as here were acres in the valley, is now rapidly becoming a blooming garden yielding \$100 where it formerly, in the old slip-and-go-easy way, yielded one dollar. And this will eventually be the history of all these great ranches. Then prosperity be general in

Southern California nd a competence will be the reward of all who are willing to work. There are still vast tracts held as pasture lands by the owners of the old Spanish grants hich do not yield an annual income of fifteen cents an acre, which, were hey planted in vines and fruits, return more than double as many dol lars per acre net profit. Where the land is moist enough for alfalfa as much can be raised on one acre as will support as many cattle as ten acres does under the present mode.

At San Diego I met Dr. Dodge, formerly of Wheeling, and had the pleas ure of hearing him preach, in the Pres-byterian church, one of his plain and ommon sense sermons. He has an elegant home in the suburbs of the place, and is enjoying the splendid health which was denied him by the limates of the States east of the Rocky Mountains.

San Diego is a place of about 4,000 inhabitants—not a town of business bus-tle, like Los Angeles, but its citizens are "solid" and intelligent. It has as fine a harbor as the United States can boast, sufficient to accommodate the commerce of powerful na-tions. When this shall become the western terminus of the transontinental railroad system he commerce of the Quent shall enter plated should be the case, San Diego will become a powerful city. It is now salary of \$15,000, has been elected Zishof the southern terminus of the California of Indiana, with a salary of \$3 000. Luckily Southern railroad; a line of steamers his father is a Baltimore banker.

ply between here and San Francischive hundred miles and San Francischive hundred miles and San Francischive bundred miles away, and south the latter city it can have no rival for the great business that is soon to be developed by the opening of the new lines of sonds projected and by the settlement of the country.

L. B.

AN IDEAL VILLAGE.

Riverside—An Example of the Colony System-What Industry Has and Will

RIVERSIDE, CAL., March 9 .- This is bran new little city. No old adobe houses; no swarthy Mexicans holding up the door jams with their shoulders or females squatting on the ground with the inevitable shawl upon their heads; no old Mission with its tender associations and romantic legends. All here is new and as intensely neat and thriffy as the best New England town. Less than ten years ago this was but an indifferent cattle ranch; the broad plains almost barren of vegetation and the surrounding mountains which tower on all sides as bleak as an extinct crater. Now a village thirteen miles in length, with a broad avenue ten miles long, shaded with graceful pepper trees and the beautiful encalyplus, lined with neatly-trimmed hedges of cypress and lime, embellished with palm trees and foliage and flowering plants. This magnificent avenue, now ten miles long, is to be extended on through the entire village, over and through Colton (on the railroad) to San Bernardino, making one grand boulevarde-broad, shaded, are the largest in all California-being and embellished-25 miles in length. as large and wide-spreading with their | San Bernardino lies nestled at the foot branches as the sturdy oaks of our West of the grand mountain range

the same name, and is river, which supplies the water for the irrigation of the orange groves and handsome gardens of Riverside. This town is supplied with cheaply-pro-cured artesian water of an excellent quality, as pure as the streams which gurgle out of the mountains near by. San Bernardine is the county seat of the county bearing

the same name and lies four miles north of the Southern Pacific railroad at Colion. At Colton the California Southern railroad, which runs down to the ocean one hundred and twenty-four miles away) at San Diego, forms a junction with the trans-continental line. Riverside is eight miles further down the valley. From the extreme end of Colton to the extreme end of Arlington avenue in Riverside is twenty-five miles, which will all soon become one continuous city of orange groves, graperies, elegant residences and flower gar-dens. They claim to raise better, cleaner-skinned and more delicious oranges at Riverside than any place else in Southern California. Owing to the great distance from the sea fogs, the dryness of the atmosphere and superior cate in treatment, Riverside makes as fine raisins as are made in the most favored sections of the world. Next week their annual fair will be here, for which extensive preparations are now being made, and at which will be a notable display of citrous and vinousfruits. People come from long distances, even from San Francisco, 550 miles away, to attend these Fairs, for the eye has seldom an opportunity to feast upon such a wealth of bright and luscious fruits.

About all the editors of the State will be here on that occasion, as the Editorial Association has concluded to embrace the occasion to visit this smiling valley. The editors will go to San Diego, also, to attend A Fruit Fair

to be held in that city the same week. Riverside was settled by a colony, as was Passadena, Anaheim, Fresno, and many other of the charming and pros-perous communities in California. This the favorite mode of settlement in California. A number of neighbors oin together and ble land, ranging from 1,000 acres up-wards in quantity. They are careful to select it where a water right can be secured for irrigation. A town is then laid out for business purposes, and the entire ranch is blocked into ten, twenty and forty acre lots. Streets are staked off and thrown up with the plow, and ditches are dug or pipes laid, to con-duct the water to the highest point on each lot; and then the whole is offered for sale, (or, sometimes, only alternate lots are put on the market,) and it is work to advantage every in the year; his trees without interruption nights

surprising how soon a beautiful town springs into existence. A man may day in the year; his trees con-tinue to grow 365 days and as many ear: his live stock matures much earier than in wintry latitudes; no freezing disturbes his water pipes, which run verywhere, or disarranges his water ditches which only require a furrow with a plow to create. His grape vines bear the first season after the cutting is stuck into the ground; his peach trees are laden with fruit the second year from the seed; oranges may be picked A Wan With Moderate Means

may-and thousands of them do-produce a home of luxury and have an assured income from ten acres in a sur-prisingly short space of time. I have seen seventeen varieties of choice fruit growing in a single garden; and all kinds of grain as well as fodder for stock is easily produced. I believe that every colony that has yet been attempted has proved a - marked success. Only two or three of the colonies which have been planted in Southern California were originated by peo-ple of this State—they were mainly started and settled by people from the East, by a most excellent class of peo-

California is and has been all winter literally full of people from the States and pleasure, and quite a large number are purchasing property with the view of making this their future home. In glancing over the local papers one is struck with the long list of transfers of Real Estate Recorded

each day-ranging, I noticed in a Los Angeles paper—as high as twenty to twenty-five a day in that single county. The purchasers are largely composed of people whose families contain at least ne invalid and who come to escap he rigor and sudden changes of the Northern sessors.

This valley lies 1,000 feet above the surface of the sea, and is, to all appear-ances, closed in by light ranges of mountains. On the north the main range of the San Bernandine Mountains rear their pine covered tops, while on the one side the eternal snow covered peak of Old Baldy thrusts his white head above the clouds 17,000 feet above the plains, and on the other side Grey Back, whose back is now not grey but white with a fleecy covering, stands as a faithful sentinel over the Gorgonian Pass to the Desert. The temperature s equable the year through, yet from loes come sometimes in the winter

L. B. A Curious Migration of Tunkers. Richmond State

A correspondent writes from Bealton Station: A movement of the Tunkers of the Valley of Virginia over the mountains into the Piedmont and tidewater counties has begun. So teen or twenty of the community have settled in Fauquier and Upper Prince William counties, near this station, and they report that a community of forty or fifty houses will reach the section in the early spring. These mer are excellent farmers, and having sole

\$80 per acre, they have bought and are buying lands hereabouts at from \$6 to \$16 per acre and settling down to improve them. A Philadelphia rector, preaching on salary of \$15,000, has been elected Bishof

their lands in the valley at from \$60

THEIR BRIDAL TOUR.

and How It Was Enligened by the AL Peek's Sun.

"Say, what kind of a hotel do you keep? said a good tooking man, as he stepped up to the counter and registered his name, and added, "and wife" after it. "Can a new married couple actitle down here for two or three days and have a quist visit here with each other and not be scared out of their boots?"

The hotel man said they could go right to

The hotel man said they could go right to their room and stay there three days or three weeks, and never come to their meals if they didn't want anything to est. "But what's the matter? Have you been annoyed?" asked the hotel man. "Annoyed? That doesn't express it. We were married day before yesterday at St. Paul, and went to a hotel. I live about sixty miles west of St. Paul, and the traveling men put up a job to make me tired. There were about a hundred of them snowed in at St. Paul, and I'il be darmed if they didn't keep us awake all night. They There were about a hundred of them snowed in at St. Paul, and I'll be darmed if they didn't keep us awake all night. They knew we were a bridal couple, and they bribed the bell boys and porters to let them act for them, and when we rung the bell for the bell boy a drummer for a Chicago cigar factory came in and wanted the bright was a wanted to be the country of the state of the to the best ooy a grammer for a change cigar factory came in and wanted to know what was wanted. I ordered a pitcher of ice water, and a Milwaukee drummer for a grocery house brought it in, and he looked at my wife, who is bashful, and made her feel bad. I didn't know they were drummers until the next day, or I should have killed some of them. I rang the bell for coal, and a salesman who posts railroad cards around salesman who posts railroad carls around and works up excursion, he came in and fixed the fire and he stayed and poked it for half an hour, and he had more gall than I ever see. He asked so many ques-tions about how long we had been married that I wanted to thump him, but my wife

aid We Didn't Want to Have No Row

the first day we were married. I rung for a chambermaid to clean up the room and ring some towels, and it was about half an fore she came, and I went down to the office to see about my trunk, and the chambermaid stayed about half an hour and was very interesting, and my wife said she was a real pleasant, affectionate said she was a real pleasant, affectionate sort of a creature, far above her station, and I tell you I was mad when I found out that it was a smooth faced, handsome young Jesish drummer for a Milwaukee clothing house, who was in with the gang, and he gave the chambermaid \$3 to loan him an old dress so he could play the chambermaid. When my wife told me that the chambermaid had patted her on the cheek and said she was the awaetsut the cheek and said she was the sweetest bride that was ever in a botel, and asked for a kiss, and my wife said she thought is for a kiss, and my wite said she thought is would be no harm to kiss a poor charaber-maid, and encourage her, I wanted to kill him, and I went down to the office the next morning, but the smooth-faced cuss had gone to Fargo. It was all the landlord could do to held me. Well, while we were at suppor somebody got into the room and put crack-er crumbs into our bed, and we found a cold oil cloth floor mat over the top sheet enough to freeze anybody. But the worst was at night. We had just got comforta-bly into bed when there was a knock at the door, and I got up and the watchman was there, and he said he wanted to pcint out to me the fire-escapes, so that I could get out in case of fire, and I went out into the out in case of fire, and I went out into the hall and he took me way out to the end of the building to show it to me, and while I was looking out of the window my wife came running down the hall begging me to save her. I asked her what was the matter, and she said as soon as I went out

A Man that Looked Like a Porter come in the room and told her to fly, and save herself, and to follow her husband. She felt awful when she found there was o trouble, and we got back into our room half froze. I have got them fellows down hne. The fellow who called me out to look at the fire-escape is a drummer for a look at the fire-ascape is a drummer for a Philadelphia military house, and the one that scared my wife out of her wits travels for a hearne factory at Rochester, N. Y. My wife says she would know him, because he has a big gray mustache, and wears a diamond collar button in his shirt. She said she thought he was pretty stylish for a porter at she time. They woke us up several times in the night to tell us what to do in case we were slok, and in the morning, before we were up, a waster brought up our breakfast. He said the landlord sent it up, and he just stood around until we had to ait up in bed and eat breakfast. I thought at the time that eat breakfast. I thought at the time that it was kind in the landlord to send up our breakfast, but when I found that the waiter who brought it up was a travel ing man for a reaper factory at Rockford, and rememberd how darned im-pudent he looked at my wife, I could have murdared him but the clerk gone to Winnipeg. It was just about as bad coming down here on the sleeping car, and I think half the passengers on the car were those same drummers that were snowed in. It was colder than Alsaka, and would order extra blankets, and they would steal them. I had more than twen-ty blankets put on the bed, and in the morning there was nothing but a sheet over us. And every time there was a blanket spread over us there was a differ-ent porter put it on, and

I Think They Were All Traveling Mon.

Every little while somebody would putt open the curtains and ait down on my

berth and begin to pull off his boots, and I would tell him that he must have made a

mistake, and he would look around at us as impocent as could be, and ask our par-don, and then go out and damn the poruse. Once I feit somebody feeling about my berth, and I asked what was the matter, don, and then go out and damn the porter.
Once I felt somebody feeling about my berth, and I asked what was the matter, and the fellow aid he was looking for my wife's ahoes to blacken. Then about every fifteen minutes the conductor would open the curtains and hold a red instern in and ask for our tickets. I think they punched my ticket sixty-five times. Anyway it looked like a porous plaster when I got up in the morning. I think it was the traveling men who were playing conductor, but I was eleepy, and I thought the best way was to let them punch it. Well about 3 o clock futhe morning somebody punched us and said it was time to get up, as all the pastengers were up, and we would have breakhast in fifteen minutes. And then we hustled around and got dressed the best we could, laying on our backs and kicking our clotheaup in the air and catching them on ourselves when they came down. I got my paints on wrong side before and lost everything out of my pockets, and my wite lost her hair and had to the a handkerchief around her head, and then we had our berths made up and aat up till daylight, and the porter found my wife's hair and pinned it to the our-tains of a berth occupied by a preacher from Oshkosb, and hekicked and got mad and talked about it and wondered how it came there, and he swore about it and I think he travels for an Oshkosb carringe factory. Oh, I never had such a night, or two such nights, in all my life, and what I want to know is if I can be quiet here, and get a little sleep, and so be annoyed." The hotel man told him if anybody came around to bother him to knock them clear down stairs and he would be responsible, and the bridegroom took his setchel and his wife, and the colored man showed them a room, and they have sot showed up since. To its confounded mean in the such as a set a little sleep, and sen a showed them a room, and they have sot showed up since. To its confounded mean in the such as a sent and the such as a stail and his wife, and the colored man showed them a room, and they have so showed them a room, and they have not showed up since. It is confounded mean in traveling men to get snowed in and ferm a syndicate to have fun. They will cause themselves to be disliked if they keep on.

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