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THIS PAPER IS ON FILE
IN CHICAGO
AND NEW YORK
—AT THE OFFICE OF—
A. N. Kellogg Newspaper Co.

The Silver World.



THE first newspaper ever published on the west side of the continental divide in Colorado was called the Lake City Silver World, and although the office of publication was eighty-five miles distant from the nearest post office, it was a power in the southwest Colorado and left its indelible imprint upon the entire social fabric of the San Juan country.

To-day its tones lie upon the big newspaper dump of that great mining camp, but the days when its weekly edition appeared are still bright in the memories of the pioneers of '75, when the rugged slopes and crests of the Sierras San Juan and San Miguel were wrested from the Utes. The man who started it was scattered far and wide. Some of them lie in unmarked graves; others have achieved fame; none of them are forgotten.

The Silver World was a natural product of a mining camp that had "millions in sight at the grass roots." Its founders and editors were prospective millionaires and its patrons were silver kings. Its advent on June 15, 1875, at Lake City was celebrated by the firing of anvils and the explosion of a vast quantity of giant powder. The day was also marked by a thriving business at each of the three saloons in the future queen city of Bonanza Land. Lake City was Eldorado and the Silver World was its prophet.

In 1874 Hinsdale county was organized and a little park at the junction of the lake and the Gunnison and Henson creeks was preempted by a town company and laid off as Lake City. It was made the county seat. The only means of access to the town was a burro trail over the Saginaw range from San Luis valley, a distance of one hundred and twenty miles. An old Ute trail across the range from Antelope park gave access by foot to Del Norte, eighty-five miles southeast.

The founders of Lake City cared nothing for these inconveniences, for were not the mountains around Lake City glistening with argentiferous wealth? And did not the Gunnison furnish enough water power to turn all the wheels in Colorado? It was to be the future Virginia City, the coming Golconda; the Gunnison was the Occidental Potosi, whose sands were golden grains and whose banks were riddled with silver nuggets. Before the snow fell three log cabins had been erected by the company. One of them was a hotel, the second was the courthouse, while the third was the newspaper office. Over five hundred mining claims had been located and a site for a sawmill established. Then the town builders went down to Del Norte and Saginaw in the valley to spend the five months of winter that must intervene before active work could be resumed.

By the first of May, 1875, over two hundred miners and prospectors had crossed the range to the Lake City, and as many more were making a wagon trail into Lake City. The saloon had been started, and so had the county seat, for the whiskey and the archives of government were carried across the range on the backs of Mexican pack animals. It was not until June 1 that two wagons, each drawn by four stout little Mexican mules, left Canyon City laden with a Washington hand press, imposing stones, cases and type for Lake City, distant two hundred and fifty miles across the snowy ranges of mountains. They were twelve days in making the trip. The train arrived in Lake City on Sunday, and over five hundred miners and prospectors helped unload the press and set it up. The three saloonkeepers vied with each other in furnishing refreshments during the arduous task, and in the evening the hotel proprietor set out a free lunch and gave a dance. It was a red-letter day for Lake City, and everybody subscribed for the Silver World.

The paper was owned by the town company, and a California printer named Woods was employed as publisher. He molded the sizzling opinions with which its columns were saturated. We sank pine logs into the soft earth upon which we placed the press, and tacked a wagon cover to the ceiling to keep the sandy roof from drizzling down upon the forms. The staff slept in a bunk in one corner of the office and cooked its grub in another corner. The editorial chair was a cracker box set on end and the editorial desk consisted of an imposing stone.

As soon as we were ready to begin work an abrupt cessation of the camp was taken which resulted in the discovery that there were eighty-four printers, thirteen ex-editorial writers and twenty-three ex-reporters among the population of five hundred. Every one of them tendered his services in getting the first number out. The Silver World had the biggest staff during the first week of any newspaper in the west. The copy was prepared by about twenty-five different writers, and was set up by about seventy-five compositors. Those who could not write or set type kept the staff in cigars and whiskey. It was certainly the most unique newspaper in America. Every writer showed his own local or political subject and everything went. The sheet first off the press was bought by the owner of the sawmill for fifty dollars. The money was spent in buying a pony with which to carry the mail edition to the post office, eighty-five miles away.

The Silver World was a six-column folio set in long primer, and the subscription price was three dollars per annum. Advertising rates were one dollar per line, set in primer. It was also the county and city official organ, and had the federal patronage in printing notices of applications for mining patents. Altogether the Silver World was a howling success. The office was the headquarters of the board of trade, the mining exchange, the city council, the town company, the Rascaldale club and the vigilance committee. On Sundays we covered the press and cases with canvas tents and gave up the office for a Sunday school. When the hotel was overcrowded travelers were welcome to sleep on the floor. Harlow no exchanges for several weeks every line of matter was original. Some of its peculiarities are:

When the first issue appeared Publisher Woods mounted a mustang with a bag full of papers for the post office. The mustang was an untamed fiery brute of the Ute breed and immediately began the execution of a war dance which landed Woods in the street with the mail bag on top of him. The pony was then held by several miners until the rider and mail were once more placed upon his back. The outfit was then headed toward the east and turned loose. In five minutes it had disappeared from view up the winding trail that led to Phillips pass. Woods was three days in reaching Del Norte. It took him three days to return to Lake City. In the meantime I had ground out enough matter for the second issue and a volunteer corps of compositors had put it in type. The forms had been put to press and we were just commencing to work them off. The reading appeared to be all right, only the title of the paper insisted on coming out on the fourth page. I couldn't entirely understand it, and we were just on the point of turning the press around when Woods entered pointing the other way when Woods entered the office, tired and dusty with his eighty-five mile ride. He gave one look at the form and exclaimed:

"You're an elegant bloomer! lot of duffers. If you uns were assayed for brains there wouldn't be a trace." We had "made up" the forms wrong side foremost. It took Woods two hours to shift the columns over into proper position, and then he lifted out an original article of mine on "The Mining Outlook," and wrote a piece about "A Newspaper Chump" that reflected on myself. It was a highly humorous article and Woods claimed that it would increase the circulation. Woods afterwards left the office door open one day while he went up to a Mexican saloon to collect a bill and a Mexican jacksaw walked in and ate up half the issue that had been printed. I wanted to write a humorous article on the subject, "A Newspaper Chump," but Woods wouldn't have it. I made up my mind that his sense of humor was slightly lopsided.

Within a month after the first issue appeared a semi-weekly stage line and a post office were established and the Silver World had plain rolling. We had plenty of exchanges to clip from then, and that gave us more time for prospecting. After working the paper off we usually spent a couple of days in scouring over the mountains and locating mining claims. Somehow or other they didn't pan out and we would resume the publication of the great silver organ with a whole lot of accumulated experience concerning lodes, dips, spurs, angles and faults. At one time we had fourteen claims being sold, but if steamboats had been selling at two cents a dozen, we couldn't have made the first payment on a piddle. However, the hotels and various saloons advertised liberally and we were

RESCUED HIM PROMPTLY.

A Leap-Year Story Illustrating Woman's Superiority.

It was the last night of the old year. The clock on the mantel had clicked away the fleeting hours with brass tongue and passed its hands over its bold, painted face until they pointed to 11:45.

Painfully upright in his chair sat the diffident youth whose Miss Pinkie McGraw had been devoting her time and talents unselfishly in entertaining since 1881. With that rare artistic sense that now and then crops out even in the young and inexperienced, she had turned down the light in order that the contrast between his red necktie and his lemon-colored mustache might be a little less glaring, and the conversation had ranged from Shakespeare to Jackson Park, with occasional stoppages caused by temporary break-downs in the conversational machinery.

"In fifteen minutes, Miss Pinkie," he observed, looking at the clock, "the year 1891 will have gone into history."

He made an effort to hitch his chair a little nearer, but only succeeded in moving a little further away. "I am—er—Miss Pinkie," he proceeded, "that I must have—h—m—seemed unusually dull this evening—"

"Not at all, Mr. Yagson—not at all," softly interposed the young lady. Mr. Yagson paused a few moments, apparently unable to decide whether she meant to enter a general denial of his dullness or merely to controvert the proposition that he was or could be duller than usual, but in the light of her gracious smile he felt emboldened to go ahead, and he tried it again:

"The year 1891 will always be a memorable one to me, Miss Pinkie. It was in the year 1891 that—that I first became acquainted with you."

"Yes," she replied, retrospectively. "All years are memorable. A year is a long time, you know?" Again Mr. Yagson felt oppressed by a momentary uncertainty. Had the year 1891 seemed longer to her because he had become mixed up in it, or—er—how?

"I'm—yes," he said, "but don't you think some years are more—er—memorable than others?" "Of course!" Mr. Yagson felt himself growing more helpless, but a glance at the clock seemed to nerve him to another effort. It was 11:53.

Giving his chair one more violent but unsuccessful hitch he broke out again: "This evening, Miss Pinkie, I have been—h—m—thinking that—"

"Be patient!" "I was going to say that all this evening I have been wondering whether—"

"Whether it has ever—h—m—occurred to you that I must surely have some object in—"

"It was 11:57. "Some object," he went on, buskily, "in coming—"

"I am not sure I quite understood that last remark, Mr. Yagson?" "I am not sure I—er—quite understood it myself," he gasped, looking hopelessly round the room. It was 11:59.

"I am trying to say—h—m—to say that I have been thinking all the evening that it must have occurred to you that I—er—I must surely have some—object—"

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

A Christian is one who obeys Christ.

—Ran's Horn.
—He that is a stranger to himself is a stranger to God.—Huxley.
—There are 308 students from North America at the Berlin university.
—We wait not time to serve God, but God waits for us to serve Him.—Hamilton.

—It is man by art make, of ashes, the curious glass, why can not omnipotent God, of dust and ashes, make glorified bodies as fair as crystal?—Jove.
—The English Baptist Union, recently in session, resolved that to properly celebrate the centenary next year they would send out 100 additional missionaries.

—I want that you should be strong in body, chief of all, because the soul depends upon the body for its instruments, and in a large part for its possibility of healthy action, and is enfeebled and enfeebled when these instruments are impaired.—Christian Union.

—In Great Britain penny banks have been connected with the public schools in the hope that the children will deposit therein the penny that was formerly paid for each week's tuition. In Belgium, which has 800,000 primary pupils, 170,000 of these have deposited in all more than \$300,000.

—When once the soul, by contemplation, is raised to any right appreciation of the divine perfections, and the foretastes of celestial bliss, the glitter of the world will no more dazzle his eyes than the faintest glow of a glow worm will trouble the eagle after it has been beholding the sun.—Senegal.

—A religious census of the students of Ohio Wesleyan university shows that there are, in all, 680 professing Christians and 200 non-Christians. The largest percentage of Christians is found in the music, commercial, and normal departments, and the smallest in the freshman and junior preparatory classes.

—It is said that Mrs. Spurgeon took equal charge of the funds which were entrusted to her late husband for keeping. The book fund, which was very large, was entirely in her care. The orphan asylums, missions and special institutions funds, for which Mr. Spurgeon was sponsor and for which money in sent to him, were all handed over to Mrs. Spurgeon for safe-keeping.

—Cardinal Gibbons has given ecclesiastical consent to the scheme of holding a great Catholic congress during the world's fair at Chicago, in 1893. It is to consist of ten delegates from each diocese, and one additional delegate for each 25,000 of Catholic population: a representative of each Catholic university, academy and college of young men.

—The Methodistists have just completed twenty-five years of successful work in the south, through their Freedmen's Aid and Southern Education society. They have spent \$3,000,785.29. The society has forty-one institutions (many of these have large and unusually fine buildings), and employs 330 teachers. Its property is valued at \$1,800,800. The society works among both white and colored people.

—Wisdom is knowledge harnessed up and put to plowing.
—The best medicine for self-conceit is to be well introduced to yourself.—Ran's Horn.

—In the bright lexicon of speculation there is nothing so uncertain as a sure thing.—Texas Siftings.
—The depth of misery lies at the bottom of a mud puddle if you happen to step in it.—Washington Star.

—The oldest inhabitant is like the king—he never dies. He follows his predecessor in quick succession, like a woman's last word.—Boston Post.
—When an unmarried woman says she has remained single for choice, do not be so rude as to ask her "from whose choice?"—Boston Transcript.

—The man without a country lives in a pitiable estate, but he isn't in for friendliness with the man who is learning to play the cornet.—Albany Argus.

—It is always to be remembered that the object of study is, or ought to be, not acquisition only, but the invigoration of the powers of mind by which alone acquisition can be utilized.
—Paving the Way.—She—Your father proposed to me last night. He (excitedly)—He did, eh? What did you say? She (demurely)—I said I would be a daughter to him.—N. Y. Herald.

IN THE ELECTRICAL WORLD.

The post office department at Washington is trying a mechanical letter stamping machine operated by electricity.

—Electricity is now being used in mining, for ventilating, pumping, lighting, signaling, subsurface hauling, hoisting, surface transportation, undercutting, drilling, channeling, blasting, crushing, separating and clearing.
—It is reported that the Spanish government has undertaken a considerable extension of the telegraph system by the construction of several new lines and the establishment of 200 new stations. The telephone system is also to be greatly extended.

—A pool table with electric push buttons arranged in front of the pockets has been put on the market. When a ball runs over a push button an electric contact is made, and the play is recorded by an annunciator on the wall. The score of the game is thus kept automatically.

—If the proper permission can be secured, it looks as though the managers of a Swedish railroad would have the honor of first replacing on a large scale, steam railroads with electric roads. A road is to be built between Stockholm and Djurgården, and the work of equipping it as an electric road will be begun as soon as the right to do so has been granted by the authorities.

—Electricity in legitimate medical practice is being more largely employed than ever. One of the recent applications in this direction is for the treatment of deafness. The apparatus for this purpose comprises a battery, a belt, an electric supporter on the belt and shaped to rest on the ear, an opening on one side to receive the ear, and connections between the electrode and the battery. This provides a convenient and efficient mode of receiving the current, which can be applied in finely graduated strength.

—Electric heating is the coming new development in electrical science, and electricians are talking of wonderful things in that line as possibilities of the near future. They assert confidently that, before long, houses, offices and stores, street and railway cars will be heated, as well as lighted, by electricity. Not only that, but all cooking may be done by the same agency. It may at first cost more for the new energy to heat and cook with, but it has so many advantages, and can be maintained under such perfect control, that the trifling difference in cost over present methods will not be thought of.

—Electricity as a tractive agent, it is said, about to be tried in this country in such a manner as will allow of a comparison with steam service over the same route. It is announced that the Pennsylvania Railroad Co., which owns the Jersey City & Bergen railroad, in Jersey City, N. J.—a line now operated by electricity—will build a trolley road from Jersey City to Newark. For more than half the distance the line will run across Hackensack meadows, where through unsettled districts, where the maximum speed of which the electric system is capable will be permissible. The most promising field for the electric motor is in towns where the use of a steam locomotive is forbidden, and on the projected line electric traction may be subjected to comparison with steam power on the basis of economy.

—A CHILD'S KIND DEED.
The Joy of a Man Who Has Drained Forty Years of Life.
He was a little man, thin, clad for such a cold morning, and as he went down Monro street pushing his hands down deep into his pockets, holding firmly with his teeth an old mouth-organ, on which he was blowing vigorously, and dancing to the tune he tried to play, he was the observed of all the observers and the source of much amusement.

"You took a little too much of your hitters this mornin' didn't you, stranger?" asked the proprietor of the fruit-stand on the corner, as the little man paused in his glee and looked at the display of candy, bananas and grapes. "You are mistaken, sir," was the dignified answer. "I am not drunk, upon my word I am not. I was never more sober in my life."

"Well, you must be crazy, then," persisted the incorrigible fruit-seller, "or you wouldn't go along the street cutting such a figger."

"No, nor I'm not crazy," was the response, "I'm happy, that's all."

"Humph! You'd better be a little bit careful how you show your happiness, or you'll get a policeman after you. What makes you so happy?"

Before answering, the little man danced and played spiritedly for a few minutes, and then he said: "Last night I was hungry, for I had had nothing to eat all day. I was cold, too, and I had no place to stay, no money, and nothing to sell. I rebelled against fate then, and cursed the day that I left my home and came here to try to do better. I was almost desperate with the cold and hunger, when a little girl of four years seemed to read my mind, and came up to me and asked me if I had any home. I told her I hadn't, and she said that I should go with her; that she and her father had a little room and that I could stay all night there. They had no fire, and only a crust of bread, but it was better than being out on the street."

"This morning all gloomy feelings are gone, and I am glad, glad because the sun shines; glad there are people in the world kind enough to ask a stranger to share their all; glad to see other people have plenty; glad, in fact, that I'm alive. So I dance to keep myself warm, and the sound of anything resembling music calms me and keeps me from thinking how hungry I am. O, yes! I've much to be thankful for."

He renewed his innocent revelry, and his interested audience, their hearts softened by the simple story, gave so freely of their nickels and dimes that the contribution was such that for several days at least the merry philanthropist will not have to dance to warm himself, nor resort to male as a means of driving away hunger.—Chicago Tribune.

USEFUL AND SUGGESTIVE.

—Original. "Crack"—Shout of "Crack" heard, put in the oven and spread out, and with glass.—Rural New Yorker.

—After the juice is squeezed from lemons, the seeds are useful to rub brass with. Dip in vinegar salt, then brush with dry bath-brick.
—Cabbage Salad.—Shred heads of a white cabbage, dress with two tablespoonsful of melted butter, four of vinegar, salt, pepper, and one teaspoonful of made mustard.—Rural New Yorker.

—A very delicate breakfast dish can be prepared by peeling two lady apples, rolling in sugar that has had a few drops of lemon juice squeezed into it, dusting very lightly with flour and trying in hot butter.

—Coconut Pie, and Pudding.—To a quart of milk add eight ounces of corn-meal, three eggs, thoroughly beaten, half a cupful of sugar and butter the size of a large egg. Mix and bake as for a custard pie.—Old Homestead.

—The fumes of burnt camphor will instantly relieve a cold in the head. Put a piece of camphor the size of an egg in an old saucepan. Set it on fire, and after burning a few moments blow out the flames, and inhale the fumes.—Ladies' Home Journal.

—Lemon Pie.—Two lemons, the yolks of five eggs, ten spoonfuls of sugar, half a tumbler of milk. Bake. Beat the whites with three tablespoonsful of sugar, pour over the top, and brown. This makes two pies.—Good Housekeeping.

—Roll Cake.—Three eggs, a pinch of salt, one cup of sugar, a teaspoonful each of vanilla, water and baking powder. Beat all quickly together, and bake in a long dripping-pan in a moderate oven. Turn out on a cloth, spread quickly with jelly and roll up, wrapping the cloth around until cool.—Woman's Work.

—Orange Pie.—The juice and grated rind of two oranges, four eggs, four tablespoonsful of sugar, one tablespoonful of butter. Warm the butter and sugar, add the beaten yolks of the eggs, then the oranges, and lastly the whites beaten to a froth, and mixed in lightly. Bake with an underdone cup.—Detroit Free Press.

—Rice and Corn Cakes.—One-half cup rice, rolled, and hot, one-fourth cup butter, three eggs, one pint corn meal, two tablespoons flour, one teaspoon salt. Stir the butter into the hot rice when cool add the well-beaten eggs, meal, flour and salt. Mix with milk to make a thin batter and bake in a hot oven.—Boston Budget.

—A plain salad that we like very much is made of cold potatoes. Roll six potatoes and four eggs. Roll the eggs until hard. When the potatoes are cold cut them in slices and sprinkle over them one teaspoonful each of chopped onion and parsley. The onion can be omitted if desired. Mix all with either the cooked or mayonnaise dressing.—Old Homestead.

When a Man Can Get Mad in a Foreign Tongue as Easily as in His Own.
One frequently hears a man, or more commonly still, a woman, speak enthusiastically of some friend who knows French, or German, or Italian, or whatever language it may be, quite as well as English.

There is about one case in a hundred where the claim is substantiated. In the other ninety-nine cases a little investigation would show that the linguist in question does not possess by any means the same mastery of the foreign tongue as of his own English.

I saw this well illustrated the other night in a French restaurant, where a gentleman who has lived in Paris for a dozen years was dining with some friends. In the course of the meal he got very angry with the waiter for having served a sole au vin blanc instead of a sole au gratin. And his annoyance was out of all proportion to the enormity of the mistake made by the unfortunate garçon. The gentleman, whom I knew as ordinarily calm and self-possessed, grew red in the face, seethed in gesture and loud in voice, although the fact of the matter was that the fish was almost as good with the wine sauce as if it had been served with cheese.

"Do you know why you got so angry with that fellow to-night?" I asked him later in the evening. "Certainly I do," said he; "it was because he nearly spoiled my dinner with his ridiculous blunder."

"No," said I, "that is not the real reason. If you had been in an American restaurant you would not have got into such a rage over the same thing."

A LINGUISTIC TEST.

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"No," said I, "that is not the real reason. If you had been in an American restaurant you would not have got into such a rage over the same thing."

"And why not, pray?" "Because in an American restaurant you would have spoken English, whereas to-night you were obliged to get angry in a foreign language. However excellent your French may be it did not allow you to dispose of the matter and of the waiter in a few quiet, but crushing sentences, as you would have done in English. The waiter had you at a disadvantage, and that exasperated you."

At first my friend was disposed to argue the point, but finally became convinced that one of the crucial tests of a man's absolute perfection in a language is his ability to use it with the same coolness and deliberation as his own when he is under the influence of some strong emotion.

Another test is a man's ability to add or multiply, using the foreign names for the figures. Ask your friend who boasts that his French is as good as his English to add up a substantial column of figures with the *chiffre* and *quatre-vingts* instead of the *sums* he has been accustomed to, and alas times out of ten, or indeed oftener, you will find him unable to do it.

This speaking foreign languages as well as one's own is a much more difficult matter than certain Cook's tourists would have one believe.—N. Y. Herald.

Her Interference.
"You don't know how to play chess, do you, Mr. Adley?" asked Miss Skitten, with a look at the clock which indicated 12:30 p. m.

"Why, I do, Miss Skitten. What made you think I didn't?" "Why, you don't seem to know when it's your move?"—Jury.