

Waco Evening News

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HILL & WHITE,
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WACO, TEXAS, DEC. 20, 1888.

ANOTHER FIRE.

Small Loss but Suggesting Reasonable Cause for Alarm.

A fire alarm was given this morning at 5 o'clock and a fierce fire seemed booked for the early morning hours. It proved to be a small stable, 12x20, in the rear of Moore Bros. wholesale house, in which their draught mules were kept. Some delay was occasioned at the engine house by misunderstanding as to the location of the fire and the engine started for the residence of Dr. Thomas Moore, on Third street. The stable was consumed. Loss, two or three hundred dollars. No insurance. The stable communicated with the cellar of the great warehouse by a grated window near the ground, and the cellar is full of merchandise which caught on fire, but was promptly extinguished. Mr. Herbert Little, who is in the employ of Moore Bros., being one of the firemen present and knew of the location of the dangerous cellar window. There was a scarcity of firemen and those there had to do double duty. So far the fire was a matter of small importance, but the origin of the fire can only be explained by the supposition of incendiarism. If it was incendiary it follows closely on the Dr. Owens fire, which was without doubt incendiary, and indicates that there is in the city that most formidable enemy to society, the fire bug.

What leads to the belief that it was a case of arson is, first there was no fire in the building, it could not have caught from cigar or cigarette at that hour, and the stable door which is always left open to allow the mules access to the yard in the rear of the stable was not only shut but fastened tightly from the outside by a wooden brace. The mules would have been burned but for the act of a colored woman, Maggie Hunter, cook for Dr. R. W. White, the rear of whose house is near the burned stable. Maggie was awakened by the noise made by the mules that were stamping and squealing like human beings in distress. Thinking some one was trying to steal the mules she got out of bed and drew aside the curtain of her room and saw the stable on fire and the mules inside maddened by the heat. Maggie is a brave woman and she ran out of the house, clambered just as she was, over a chicken house and a high board fence, and removed the fastening and opened the door. One of the mules ran out, the other clung to the burning building and had to be driven out. The driver who put up the last mule last night, avers that the rear door of the stable is never closed at night and that last night it was left open as usual.

The parties who fastened the door of the stable would be obliged to clamber over a high board fence on Jackson street and as the fire began in front of the stable, must have made a circuit of the building to start the fire. Two suspicious fires occurring so recently, call for extra vigilance on the part of the officers, for early morning incendiary fires may not always terminate as harmlessly as the last two. Incendiarism is contemplated murder.

System.

No business can be successfully conducted without a system. We use not the word in the sense of plan or scheme so much as in the following out of that plan. Many men succeed who apparently work by very poor methods. But when you have established a plan stick to it and observe its conditions rigidly as long as you propose to go by it. Details are tiresome things to most men, and often small matters are let pass which should have attention. The old adage loses none of its strength by age, as any one will learn by beginning to put off matters. One can get in debt to time as well as to financial creditors, and none of the latter class is more exacting than time himself. Matters deferred grow space, and only one who has let himself grow behind in work appreciates the difficulty in catching up. Hence punctuality is the principal factor of system. Punctuality in the performance of daily routine, as well as of the innumerable small duties which rise up around a business man every day.

—Business Budget.

At the Garland.

Jim the Penman was performed at the Garland last night by an exceptionally strong cast and to a moderate audience. The play is one of the best and keeps up the attention throughout abounding in the pathetic. The play will be repeated to-night and should have a much larger patronage than last night, and will if merit wins.

Curiosity.

Everybody should call and see the stock of holiday goods at W. P. Glenn's book store and get prices—"Curious" how cheap they are.

For a nice clean shave, good haircut, and polite attention, call at Jeff Williams' barber shop on Austin Avenue, near the square.

OLD SPINNING WHEELS.

OUR GRANDMOTHERS' METHOD OF PREPARING WOOL FOR LOOMS.

Minute Description of the Little Old Machine Which Has Been an Inspiration to Poets and Composers—"Things Ain't Jest as They Used to Be."

Spinning—that is, home spinning—has just as much gone out of fashion in the New England and eastern states as sulphur matches, and for just the same reason—there is no need of either now that something better has taken their place. There are, however, plenty of good wives who once on a time were learned practitioners in the domestic arts of spinning and dyeing, and it is from the lips of one of these that I gathered the following information, which I should imagine would be of interest to your western hearers:

"The first thing, you see," said this good lady, "is to pick the wool. No, 'taint either," she said, interrupting herself; "the first thing is to wash and shear the sheep, but as that's done now just as it always was, I don't need tell you anything about it. When the wool was sheared and washed we used to take it and pull it all apart, getting out all the tangles and burrs and dirt that was left. When it was all picked it had to be greased, and to do this we put a plate with lard on it in front of us and a heap of the picked wool to the left side. We then rubbed a bit of lard on both palms, took up a flock of wool and worked it between our hands until every bit was greased. When there was enough wool greased the old man or one of the farm hands would take it right away to the carding mills."

"When the wool came back from the carders it was in bundles about two feet long, and made up a number of tight pressed rolls the size of my little finger, each roll just the length of the bundle. When we went to use the wool we'd take the bundle, give it a shake, pick out a roll and then begin spinning. I don't know as ever you've seen a wheel, but if you ain't there's mine in the setting room, and I'll show you how it works."

A stout wooden horse with a sloping body formed the base of the machine. At either end was inserted an upright, the one at the higher end stationary and supporting the wheel; that at the lower end movable and holding the "head," the vacant space between the two being used to hold the rolls just spoken of. The wheel was fully four feet in diameter, of oak, with rounded spokes springing from a solid hub, and joining a large two inches wide, in which was sunk a groove to receive the driving band. This—a stout cord—passed round a sharply grooved barrel in the "head" of two inches in diameter, and gave to it, of course, an exceedingly rapid revolution, which was still further added to by a second grooved wheel of four inches in diameter set on the same axis as the barrel driven by the main wheel. The band over the second wheel encircled a still smaller one from which the spindle sprang. The spindle was of iron, three inches long and with a half thread at the end; the bearings were of plaited corn husks, and the whole was attached to a tapering wooden peg fitting into a socket drilled into the second or movable upright. By a wooden screen at its base the upright was worked back to give the driving band its proper tension. It will be easily understood, I trust, that a single turn of the big wheel would set the spindle revolving at such a rate that it would actually hum, and it was the humming of such wheels that the old housewives of long ago spun the thread from which stockings, carpets, coverlets and blankets were afterwards made by their tireless hands.

"Lemme see," said my delightful old informant, "if I can't find a speck of wool somewhere so as I can show you jest how we worked." Then she went out on the search and soon came back with what she called a "flock."

"Taint good wool," she said, "but I guess 'twill do."

Setting the wheel in motion with a light touch of her right hand, she held the end of the wool to the spindle with the left. It caught at once, and walking quickly backward and slightly from the wheel, but always keeping within its easy reach, a twisted thread seemed to grow out from between her practiced finger and thumb, even throughout and fine enough, if not so soft as to darn with. When the thread grew long the spinner rapidly advanced toward the spindle, carrying her hand near the wheel, a motion that instantly wound up the thread around it—the spindle. So the operation was repeated, until in a very few minutes the wool was exhausted.

"My fingers ain't quite what they used to be," said the old lady, but I assure her—as was the fact—that I had never seen any one spin a better thread.

The old lady smiled and went on: "When this spindle is full, you see, it has to be wound off, and that is done on the reel over yonder."

The reel thus pointed out was a simple arrangement of two cross pieces of wood set so as to make four revolving arms, and furnished at every end with a long peg.

"The reel," said my informant, "is placed beside the spinning wheel just under the spindle here, the band is thrown off, and by turning the reel the thread is wound off from the spindle. From the reel it was made up into skeins and laid away for use. We've still got the old loom out in the carriage house that my mother used to weave on, and I got so far on with it as to be able to lay out a blanket. Then the mills were built at the falls and the loom was laid away. We still used the wheel, however, for spinning thread for knitting with, and fust rate thread it was, too."—Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.

A Few Days.

Only ten days remain in which city taxes must be paid. All unpaid on January 1st, I am obliged to enter on the delinquent list.

S. B. HUMPHREYS,
City Collector.

Waco, Dec. 19, 1888.

Curios.

Wholesale stock of holiday goods comprising every article suitable for a beautiful and appropriate gift sold at retail at wholesale price by Morrison, Risher & Co.

Mr. J. H. Brown, a well accomplished barber, has the Mark Flournoy shop now in charge and solicits the patronage of all the old customers.

NEWS NOTES.

Bailey Tabb died in Mineral county, W. Va., last week, aged ninety years.

The Sultan of Turkey has become interested in typewriting, and is practicing the art sedulously.

A large number of New Yorkers are purchasing farms in Spottsylvania county and at other points in that section of Virginia.

"Prof." Wiggins solemnly informs the public that the inhabitants of Mars are in a panic for fear of a collision with Eneke's comet.

Lockets and medallions are in great demand, especially for Christmas presents, and will be in high fashion to wear with some of the new empire evening gowns.

Bishop Hare is managing all the details connected with the memorial cathedral which John Jacob Astor is building at Sioux Falls, D. T., to the memory of his wife. The construction will be pushed forward as rapidly as possible.

Edward Davey, of Little Falls, Minn., has received a letter from a London barrister, stating that an aunt of his, who recently died in that city, left him \$50,000, or \$250,000, all invested in British consols, and also a valuable tract of land in North Carolina.

Annie Langley, a colored girl, born near Richmond, Va., and who died in New York city on Friday last, aged 18 years, was said to have been the tallest woman in the country. Her height was seven feet two inches. One of her ancestors is said to have been an Indian chief. She died of consumption.

Prof. Samuel A. King, the aeronaut, who is making preparations to make a long balloon voyage from Atlanta, Ga., in company with Prof. H. Allen Hazen, of the Signal Service, intends soon to attempt to cross the ocean in an airship, starting from Atlantic City. Prof. King has made nearly 300 successful ascensions.

The astronomers who perch on the top of Mount Winemucca, Nev., next month to observe the total eclipse of the sun, will be in the centre of the path of totality, 6,000 feet above sea level, and in an atmosphere almost totally destitute of humidity. They'll have the best place to be found in the United States, and great results are expected.

The young women who attend the new college in Baltimore ought to become robust and well developed, for the facilities offered for physical training are said to be superior to those offered by any woman's college in the world. The gymnasium is a three-story structure, covering 4,000 square feet. It has a large swimming pool, bowling alley, walking track, bath-rooms, and considerable apparatus designed especially for women.

Col. John D. Morrissey, the Colorado miner and owner of the race horse, Montana Regent, was approached by bunco men in New York City, last week, who fancied that he might swallow bait held out by them and then get hooked for a large amount. The Colonel, after getting hold of \$500 of the bunco money, backed out of the place with it after knocking one of the men down.

There are 2,500 women in the United States who are graduates of medical colleges. This shows how readily women take advantage of the opportunity offered them to make themselves independent and enter into the learned professions in competition with their learned brothers. The first woman entered medicine in 1848. They are very aggressive and enter the various fields as fast as the gate is thrown open.

At Winnipeg, Manitoba, on Friday last a man named McRae, a Scotch farmer, tried to commit suicide by hanging himself because his wife had contributed \$10 toward the building fund of a new Presbyterian church. His wife discovered him, and with the assistance of a friend cut him down in time to save his life. He was determined to put an end to the misery he experienced over the loss of his money, however, and later in the day he attempted to commit suicide by drowning, but Mrs. McRae again rescued him. The church authorities decided to return the man his money, and he is now happy.

Fashionable society in Chicago is much torn up by the elopement of beautiful Josephine Temple, daughter of a wealthy Board of Trade man of that city, and George Beber, son of a boot and shoe dealer. Miss Temple's family wanted her to marry the son of a wealthy grocer, but she wouldn't agree to it, and in the end met young Beber and ran away to Kansas City with him, where they were married. They are now on their way to Los Angeles, Cal., where they will spend their honeymoon. When they get back George's father, who is a thrifty old gentleman, will set his son up in business and give him a nice house to live in. Young Beber is said to be of good habits, with a shrewd business head.

The praises of Jim, the Penman are heard everywhere on the streets today.

HOLIDAYS!

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HOLIDAYS!

WE STILL HAVE ON
HAND THE MOST ELA
BORATE & BEST AS
SORTED STOCK OF
CHRISTMAS GOODS IN TEXAS

WACO

EVERYTHING
BRAND NEW
—and of the—
LATEST STYLE

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Sideboards by the
dozen, Parlor and Bed-
room Furniture of
EVERY DESCRIPTION.
Rocking Chairs &
Fancy Tables. Hall
Racks by the
Hundred, and Every-
thing Calculated to
Make a Handsome
Present from
Fifty cents to \$500.

SPECIAL
LOW PRICES
—this—
MONTH.

COM
PANY.

Our House will be
Lighted during the
Holidays for the be-
nefit of those who can-
not call during the
Day.