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1887. SPRING. 1887.

MABLEY & CAREW

Greet You Once More.

Our New and Mammoth Display of Goods for Spring and Summer Wear, is the largest, best and most attractive that it has ever been our privilege to offer since we commenced business in Baltimore. Just such a grand and perfect stock as everybody would expect to find in the

Leading Clothing Store of Maryland.

MEN'S DEPARTMENT.

The variety of styles and materials in our MEN'S DEPARTMENT includes goods of every description, all new patterns manufactured expressly for our trade this season.

Men's Durable Suits, strongly made for rough wear and service .....$4.50 and $5.00

A first-rate All-Wool Cassimere or Cheviot Suit for.....$7.50

DRESS AND BUSINESS SUITS in fine Cassimere, Diagonals, Corkscrews, Worsteds, &c.....$10 to $15

Pantaloons at every price, from 90 cents to $7, all sizes.

BOYS' DEPARTMENT.

In this department we have provided everything, from the pretty Kilt Suit for Children, 2½ years of age, to the finest Garments for Boys and Youths.

Norfolk Suits, made from fine Cheviots, Cassimeres, Plaids, Checks, Stripes, &c., from.....$3 up

Three-Piece Suits (long or short pants), sizes 10 to 15 years.....$5 up

Sailor Suits (new designs), from.....$1 to $4

All-Wool Suits, for school wear.....$2.50

Stylishly made Suits, for Dress Wear, $4.40 and $5.

TEN THOUSAND SHIRT WAISTS,

Including all New and Pretty Styles in White Goods and French and American Parcels. Prices commence as low as 15 cents, &c. The largest and best assortment of Shirt Waists in Baltimore. Lowest prices.

CHILDREN'S HATS, CAPS AND FURNISHINGS.

Our Large and Handsome Assortment of Children's Hats and Caps includes new and stylish shapes for spring wear. Prices 25 per cent. less than are charged at hat stores.

MEN'S FURNISHING GOODS.

Shirts, Collars, Cuffs, Underwear, Hosiery, Gloves, Neckwear, Umbrellas, and all articles necessary for gentlemen's wear, retailed at importer's prices.

CUSTOM DEPARTMENT.

Complete in all its Splendid Display of Choice Piece Goods. Prices moderate and first class work guaranteed. Visit this department when you come to Baltimore, and leave your measure. Prices 40 per cent. less than quotations of exclusive tailors.

Make Our Store Your Headquarters When You Come to the City.

STRANGERS AND VISITORS ARE ALWAYS WELCOME TO EXAMINE OUR GOODS.

MABLEY & CAREW.

NOTE.—Send us your name and address, and we will mail furnishing Goods price list, Rules for Self-Measurement, and set of Handsome Frosted Cards. a14-3m.

FRUIT, CORN AND TRUCK PHOSPHATE

WE OFFER TO THE FARMERS AND FRUIT-GROWERS OF KENT COUNTY AND THE PENINSULA OUR TWO STANDARD BRANDS OF FERTILIZERS,

THE FRUIT GROWER & OLD KENT

These goods have been tested against the leading brands of Fertilizers, and in every instance

Have Given Perfect Satisfaction.

We have also on hand a large stock of

Dissolved Bone, South Carolina Bone,

BONE BLACK, MURIATE OF POTASH,

KAINIT, PLASTER, BLACK RESIDUUM, &c.

Which we offer at LOWEST PRICES. We solicit a share of your patronage.

Respectfully,

HINES & CACY,

March 24, 1887. CHESTERTOWN, MD.

FOR CORN

WE OFFER THE FARMERS THIS SPRING

TRADE MARK

Our Standard,

In which we guarantee to give 1550 lbs. of Pure Dissolved Animal Bone and Bone Tanking to the Ton and Muriate as the source of Actual Potash. In

OUR EXTANT

1250 lbs. of Pure Dissolved Animal Bone and Bone Tanking to the Ton.

☞ The Reason there are not more advocates for the use of Corn Fertilizers arises from the fact that a good many Fertilizer men put on the market a goods which they sell for $12 or $15 per ton. The Farmer buys, and applies as though they were Concentrated Goods, and the result is they are not pleased and condemn all. But they ought to think for themselves and know that there is nearly as much profit to the manufacturer in a cheap goods as there is in a Superphosphate. Therefore buy Concentrated Bone Fertilizers, and if you want to cheapen them a little you are the one to do it, without paying freights and profits on cheap and worthless materials.

READ WHAT THOSE SAY WHO HAVE USED THEM :

MR. J. WARD DAVIS, near Cecilton, Md., says the Extant Bone Superphosphate bought of us last Spring and used on his Corn certainly paid him handsomely and that he only regrets he did not fertilize his entire crop.

MR. RICHARD SMYTH, near Fairlee, Md., says he could tell by the looks of the Corn just as far as the Extant went and that it paid him.

MR. WM. L. BOWERS, near Still Pond, Md., says that for eleven consecutive years he has used our Fertilizer on his Corn with marked results and that upon one occasion by an application of two tons is sure that he had seven hundred bushels more than he would otherwise have grown.

MR. C. BROWN & BROTHERS, near Pomona, Md., say they have used our Extant with satisfaction and that is why they confine their purchases to our goods this spring.

MR. JESSE H. USILTON, near Fairlee, Md. says that for four years he has used our Extant Bone Superphosphate on his Corn and that he has grown with it more Corn on the same amount of ground than was ever known to be raised on the farm, and that he is going to use the Extant on his entire crop this Spring.

THE MESSRS. CHRISFIELD, near Galena, says, for eleven years in succession they have used our Fertilizers on their Corn with satisfactory results and that they are going to use it again this season.

MR. H. BOGLE, of Eastern Neck, Kent county, Md., says the Extant they bought of us last Spring certainly eclipsed anything he ever saw, as it started off nicely, held its own and that he cannot say too much in its favor and requests us to ship him Four Tons for his Orchard and Corn.

T. R. HUBBARD & SON,

April 7. MANUFACTURERS, Chestertown, Md.

EATON & BURNETT'S COLLEGE

North East Corner Baltimore and Charles Streets.

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.

THE LEADING BUSINESS TRAINING SCHOOL.

ENDORSED BY PROMINENT

BUSINESS MEN, MERCHANTS, BANKERS, PATRONS, GRADUATES & STUDENTS.

Location, Halls, Class Rooms, Ventilation, Light and Heating Apparatus Unsurpassed in Baltimore. The Best Place for Obtaining a Knowledge of

BOOK-KEEPING, PENMANSHIP, COMMERCIAL ARITHMETIC,

Correspondence, Commercial Law, Rapid Calculations, Spelling, Business Practice, Phonography, German Typewriting, Telegraphing, Etc.

The high reputation of the College will be sustained by increased advantages the present year. Please call or send for circular before deciding to go elsewhere. Address

March 10—3m. EATON & BURNETT, N. E. Cor. Baltimore and Charles Sts., Baltimore, Md.

JOHN F. STRATTON,

49 MAIDEN LANE NEW YORK.

Importer, Manufacturer and Wholesale Dealer in all kinds of

Musical Merchandise, Musical Boxes, Band Instruments, Stratton's Celebrated Russian Gut Violin Strings.

Nov. 25, 1886—y.

WE HAVE A LARGE STOCK OF BOOTS AND SHOES, and will make it to the interest of buyers to call and examine goods and prices before purchasing.

J. H. SIMPERS

COAL. COAL.

TO ALL CONCERNED.

We would be pleased to call your attention to the fact that we are this season buying direct from first hands and at first cost which will enable us to sell at low figures. The buying community will find it to their interest to give us a call before purchasing elsewhere. Will be receiving monthly until further notice.

Respectfully,

July 9. J. D. BACCHUS.

CIGARS! CIGARS!!

Come and try our Edward Allen Poe CIGARS.

March 27 M. A. TOULSON, Druggist

EGOTISM.

In prison pent of Personality,
Full of the petty joys, the puny pains,
The trivial measure of life's meaner gains,
How, then, the outer radiance should I see
But through high slits that in my dungeon be?
Forever captive to these galling chains,
What can it profit that the young spring reigns,
Above, beyond, to one who is not free?
And by my side a sly, unsleeping elf
My gaoler is through long hours that we share,
Shifting upon my shoulders all his care,
Halving with me his little hoard of pelf,
Vainly I struggle to be unaware
Of this dull, daily torment, of—Myself.

—Cornhill Magazine.

THE WILD WAVES.

"Grandpop," said little Peleg, as he fingered a stiff springed patent clothespin and cast a glance at the old cat that lay snoozing in the splint bottom rocking chair, "grandpop," said he, "what are the wild waves saying?"

The Old Settler looked up from the pages of the local paper, in which he was reading an account of a hog guessing match that had come off over at the Corners. He scowled over his spectacles at Peleg, who fitted the clothespin carefully on his nose and closed his mouth to see how long he could hold his breath.

"Peleg!" exclaimed his grandmother, "take that clothespin offen yer nose! Ye gimme a cold in the head to hear ye! What was ye meanin' ter say?"

Peleg removed the clothespin and repeated his remark.

"The new school ma'm from town boards to Bill Simmons', and t'other night she was telling us about Coney's Island. She's been there lots, and she told us that she could set on the bank down there and listen to what the wild waves was saying all day long. I asked her what they was saying, and she said, 'Oh, much, little boy!' She didn't say how much, or what it was, and I asked Bill Simmons if he knowed, and he said he did, but wasn't giving it away. 'Go ask yer grandpop,' Bill said. 'If he can't tell you,' says Bill, 'the world's coming to an end.' That's how I come to ask you, grandpop. Can't you tell me?"

"Yes, b'gosh, I kin!" exclaimed the Old Settler, shaking his fist in the direction of the Simmons homestead. "I kin tell ye! Them wild waves is a sayin', an' they're a yoopin' it out so's it kin be heard from Coney's island to sundown, th't the bes' thing you kin do is to keep shet o' that Bill Simmons, or thaz a shingle out thar in the yard that'll make the properest kind of a paddle, an' if that paddle is made an' used you'll hef to stan' up fer more'n a week w'en ye eat yer slapjacks an' 'lasses! That's w'at them wild waves is sayin', Peleg, an' it's yer poor ol' gran'pop th't's tellin' ye so, b'gosht'lmighty, an' ye won't listen."

Peleg sat down by the side of the splint bottom rocking chair. He said nothing, but thought to himself, as he toyed with the clothespin, that if the wild waves had said all that to the schoolma'm she must have been more than pleased at their remarks about the paddle and the slapjacks. The Old Settler picked up his paper again. Peleg's grandmother took her knitting and went off to the "settin'" room, and his grandfather, after finishing the account of the hog guessing—which stated that Pete Hellriggle had won the hog—and remarking that if Pete didn't trade the hog off for a bar'l o' cider the winnin' of it 'd be a lucky thing for his fam'ly, ez they'd ben browsin' on sassyfrax all winter, he turned to Peleg and said:

"Yes, my son, that's w'at them wild waves is sayin', an' ez yer gran'mammy hain't in hearin' to get worried at our talkin', I'll tell ye w'at some wild waves done to me wunst. Them waves didn't say nothin', but they jist got up an' done. This happened w'en I were a boy, consid'able many years ago. 'Twere on the ninth day of April, 1822, in the arternoon. I were jist comin' 7 year old. Ther' had ben a big rain fer two or three days, an' I know'd th't Sloplick creek must be jist right fer sucker fishin', an' so I snaked my pap's ches'nut pole an' hosshair line outen the barn an' cut cross lots fer the big bend o' the creek, w'ich were jist over a raise o' ground from our cabin in the clearin', mebby four or five rod away, but out o' sight, 'cause 'twere in the gully, twenty-five foot lower'n the clearin. An' speakin' o' sucker fishin', sonny, ye'll see, 'fore I git through with this leetle anecdote, th't th' was suckers in the creeks in them days. Th' haint none in em now, but thuz a many o' one outen the creeks, an' big un's, too. Wall, w'en I come in sight o' whar ol' Sloplick orter been jist more th'n bling, owin' to the hard rains, I almos' tumbled back in a faintin' fit. Th' wa'n't no Sloplick thar! The bed o' the creek were dryer'n a salt herrin'! Ez fur ez I could see down the creek, a picked chicken couldn't a ben no barer th'n them rocks on the bottom was. The creek had a fall o' more'n twenty foot to the miled, an' even in low water went down by thar, on its way to the river three miled below, like a peeled hemlock log down a roll way, an' thar she were, arter all them rains, dry an' empty from bank to bank. Peleg, I were skeert, and I tuck to tremblin' wuss th'n a hungry dog at daylight on a frosty mornin'. I thort the world were comin' to an end right thar an' then. Pooty soon I got stiddy enough to look up the creek, an' then I were skeert wuss'n ever, fer 'bout a quarter of a miled away, in that direction, thar were the creek agoin' up stream ez fast ez it could tear! Goin' right up that long grade o' twenty foot to the miled, Peleg, like a train o' keers! W'en I see that I jist flopped right down an' waited fer the 'arthquakes an' Gab'rel to come follerin' along, acrackin' an' a-tootin'. I laid thar aw'ile, but they didn't neither on 'em come, an' the creek kep' aclimbin' up to'ard its headwaters, zif it'd ben sent fer to come back hum an' hadn't no time to spare gittin' thar. It were movin' back'ards in a flood more'n thirty foot high, ez nigh ez I could jedge from seein' the gable end of it, an' pooty soon I noticed th't th' were a heap o' commotion on the edge of it.

"'Wall,' says I to myself, gittin' up onter my feet, 'th' can't be nothin' to hurt a feller in a flood th't's doin' its best to run away from him like that,' says I, 'an' so I guess I'll quit waitin' fer Gabr'el an' the 'arthquakes,' says I, an' 'll jist start arter that creek an' see w'at's a ailin' on it to make it go an' cut up that way,' says I.

"So away I dug ez tight ez my legs'd carry me, but the creek had got such a start o' me that it tuck me a good half hour 'fore I ketched up with it. An' ez soon ez I did ketch up with it, my son, I see to wunst w'at were ailin' on it. Ye must know, to git the hang o' this, Pelig, th't suckers starts fer the creeks on the fust high water th't comes in the spring, an' th't they gether together by the boat load at the mouths of creeks waitin' fer the flood th't tells 'em things is ready fer 'em up the creek, an' then up they go. That had been an unusu'l good season for suckers to winter over in, and they had waxed an' grow'd fat, an' gethered in such uncommon big crowds th't we'n they started in at the mouth o' Sloplick creek that ninth day o' April, they jest damned the hull durn course o' the stream, an' fer a time it had been nip an' tuck ez to w'ich 'd hef to stop, the creek or the suckers. But in them days suckers had vim an' push in 'em. These fellers at the mouth o' Sloplick had started to git up that creek, an' 'twa'n't their fault, b' gosh, if it couldn't furnish water enough, with all the rain it 'd had fer a week past, fer 'em to wiggle up on; so they jist put their shoulders to the wheel, an' at it they went, an' shoved the rushin' flood of ol' Sloplick right back with 'em, pilin' it up in a wall thirty foot high, an' keepin' her a movin' back so fast, steep ez the grade were, th't she couldn't git no foothold, an' had to go. So, of course, ev'rything were left high an' dry ahind that pushin' army o' suckers, an' natur' in them parts were lookin' queer.

"Peleg, w'en I ketched up to that retreatin' creek, nothin' could be seen on the face o' that high wall o' water but snouts, an' tails, an' fins, an' backs, an' bellies o' suckers. They was piled on one another from the bed o' of the creek to the top of the flood, pushin' an' shovin' an crowdin' to keep the ball a rollin'. I see w'at the hull business meant to wunst, an' I pitched right in to do some o' the tallest sucker fishin' th't were ever heerd on along Sloplick creek. I chucked away my pole an' duv inter that bank o' suckers an' jist went to minin' fish by the ton. They kep' me on a dead run to keep up with 'em, they was histin' that stream up hill so fast, but I grabbed an' clawed right an' left, an' throw'd suckers out on the bank by the wagon load. I strung suckers along the banks fer a miled, an' still the flood went rollin' up hill ez easy ez pickin' up sticks. The head waters o' Sloplick creek was in a swamp almost on the top of Booby ridge. Ez I were runnin' along ahind that sucker bank all of a sudden it struck me that if nothin' happened to stop 'em, them suckers'd shove the creek clean through the swamp, the way they was goin', and push her on over the ridge, an' they'd go helleyteboot down t'other side an' wipe Slaycrop's clearing offen the face of creation quicker'n lightnin' could melt a tub of butter. I were bound to see the fun, an' if suckers wa'n't the timidest an' skeerest critters th't swims, that fun'd a come to pass.

"It had happened, sonny, th't only the day afore this high ol' sucker fishin' o' mine I had considered it a leetle piece o' duty I owed to the community to pitch inter Shadrack Jamberry, ol' Poke Jamberry's boy, an' lam him the properest kind. Consekently he had a grudge agin me. He lived clus to the creek, nearly two miled above our place, at the Fiddler's Elbow bend. This bend were so sharp th't ez me an' the suckers an' the creek were comin' to'ard the bend I see Shadrack standin' on the bank, an' he see me. Th' wa'n't nuthin' selfish about me, so I hollered to Shadrack, to show him th't I didn't hev no hard feelin's, to come back an' foller the circus, an' lay in a stock o' suckers agin a coon famine. But Shadrack wa'n't of a meek an' forgivin' natur' like me, an' so, instid o' takin' the olive branch I offered, he grabs up a couple o' big stuns an' chucks 'em in the water ahead o' me an' the suckers. That skeer the timid fish th't was in the lead, an' they got demor'lized an' turned tail. The panic spread to the whole caboodle o' suckers, an the fust thing I know'd I were h'isted up in the air zif I'd ben blowed up in a blast, an' wh-o-o-o-o! away I were goin' back down stream like a hailstorm in a hurrycane o' wind! Thar I were, Peleg, ridin' high an' dry on a big raft o' suckers, an' agoin' sumpin' like a miled a minute, boun' fer somewhar, but whar I didn't know. Ye orter be very thankful, sonny, th't yer a livin' now an' not in them days, w'en us pioneers was a sufferin' an' a runnin' risks like that, jist to plant civ'lization an' git it in shape fer folks that's livin' now!

"I were boosted way us so high by that raft o' demor'lized suckers th't ez we tore to'ard our folks's clearin' I could look right down over the raise 'twixt it an' the creek, an' ez we come nigher I could see my hard workin' pap settin' in the cabin door smokin' his corn cob pipe an' my easy goin' mammy a choppin' wood to git supper with. Thinks I to myself, I wonder if they'll ever find me when this runaway flood o' bilin' waters an' panic struck suckers comes to a head some'rs? An' jist then we struck the bend in the creek nigh the clearin'. The bend were 'bout ez sudden ez the angle in a ship knee, an' w'en the walls o' suckers plunked agin it, the bank o' the bend bein' twenty-five foot high an' all rock, 'twere like the comin' together o' two engines. The body o' the army were fetched up a standin', but me an' the top layers o' the sucker raft was five foot higher'n the rocks, an' ez we hadn't hit nuthin' we kept straight on. We left the water route, an' traveled the rest o' the way by the air line, an 'fore my good ol' parents know'd w'at hit 'em they was kivered snug an' comfor'ble in under sumpin' like half an acre o' suckers, not countin' me. It took me quite a w'ile to dig the ol' folks out; but they wa'n't hurt anything wuth mentionin'. My folks wa'n't noways noted for bein' curious 'bout things, an' all th't were ever said 'bout that big sucker fish o' mine was this. Mam says: 'Whar'd ye ketch 'em?' 'In the bend o' the creek,' I says. 'I've alluz heerd,' says pap, 'th't the best time to ketch suckers were on the fust flood, an' this makes it good.' An' that ended it; but we had fresh suckers, an' salt suckers, an' smoked suckers, an' sucker pop from then on till the nex' Chris'mas. So, ye see, Peleg, that them wild waves didn't say nothin' to me, but they got right up an' done, an'——

The Old Settler was cut short in whatever moral he intended to draw, for the dozing cat hurled herself against his stomach by one wild leap from the splint bottomed rocking chair, and with a yell that scared a dog on the opposite side of the road and brought Peleg's grandmother out of the sitting room on a trot. The cat sank its claws deeper and deeper into the Old Settler and he joined in the yelling. Little Peleg went quietly out of the kitchen door, and by the time his grandmother had removed a patent clothes pin from the cat's tail he was half way over to Bill Simmons'.—Ed Mott in New York Sun.

In California Rural Districts.

California is not a poor man's country, and nowhere is this more evident than in the rural and mountain districts. True, it is cheaper to live there than in the east, but it is harder to make money. Capital is centralized, and labor is so fearfully cheap that a poor man has no chance to make expenses. The men who are wealthy have enormous amounts, and most of them do not know how to spend it. I was recently up in Shasta county, and I would hear of local magnates with very common names, and be told: "Oh, Tubbs! he's worth $10,000,000, but he never leaves the county. All he does is to work in his garden. He was once a laborer, and is close, but his sons spend the money." If I heard such expressions once I heard them a dozen times. The pioneers are nearly all weal.—Globe-Democrat Interview.

Successful Mrs. Frank Leslie.

It is very difficult to connect the still very young, handsome woman who sits in a large leather cushioned armchair with the able head of such a vast establishment. Mrs. Leslie seems about 30 years of age, and has an exquisitely molded figure, which is always clad in well fitting gowns that suggest a Parisian origin. In her office she wears soft black cloth gowns and a dainty apron of black silk, with pockets out of which peeps a black edged handkerchief. Mrs. Leslie has been a widow for about seven or eight years, I think, but has never doffed her mourning garments, and her toilets are still confined principally to black, occasionally lighted up with white. She is a brilliant conversationalist, and during my morning visit with her the talk glided rapidly from one subject to another, and the amount of information displayed by her on every topic we touched showed remarkable powers of good judgment, observation and keen intelligence. She is by birth of Huguenot extraction, and was born in the French quarter in New Orleans. She speaks French, Spanish, Italian, German and English with equal fluency, and discerns the merits of an editorial or article sent for acceptance for The Illustrated Zeitung with as much readiness as she does the articles written in English.

Throughout my visit messengers, men, editors and various people connected with the establishment came and went with that incessant regularity with which the managing editor or head of any newspaper is familiar with, and our conversation was interrupted by directions she gave to this or that person, or affixing her signature to checks or signing orders. There was a method and regularity about it all that greatly impressed me, and at the same time filled my wondering mind with amazement to think a woman could posess such enormous executive ability. This amazement was heightened tenfold on the evening of the same day, when I found myself in the midst of a brilliant, gay and happy throng at her regular weekly reception that she gives every Thursday night in the handsome apartments she occupies at the Victoria hotel. Mrs. Leslie had left the cares and duties at her office when she came away from its precincts, at 4 in the afternoon, and the beautiful, quietly dressed newspaper editor I had seen in the morning was transformed into a still more lovely, graceful, accomplished woman of society.—Max Eliot in Boston Herald.

Make All Men Athletes.

A stock broker, who is a friend of Professor Richards, of Yale college, says that the professor's ideas of athletics ought to be widely circulated. "The professor believes," the broker added, "that if all men were athletes they would go to bed earlier and wouldn't get up in the morning with cobwebs in their heads and throats. Look at Chauncey Mitchell Depew! What a digestion he must have. He's from Yale, and I'll bet he was either a first class athlete while at college or that he handled a lively hoe before he entered his alma mater. The professor is right—make all men athletes and we will have fewer drunkards and paupers."—New York Sun.

Jewesses to the Front.

The list of studies in the Columbia college collegiate course for women includes English language and literature, modern languages and foreign literature, Latin, Greek, mathematics, history, political science, physics, chemistry, hygiene, natural history, geology, palæontology, botany, zoology, moral and intellectual philosophy. Nearly one-third of the students in this course are Jewesses. —Detroit Free Press.

OLD UNCLE CY.

AN PICTURE OF THE OLD TIME PLANTATION SLAVE.

The Counterpart of "Uncle Remus" Found in Many a Southern Household—Characteristics of a Typical Negro Servant—"Aunt Bess."

"Uncle Remus," so charmingly sketched by Chandler Harris, of Georgia, had his counterpart in many a southern household. My Uncle Remus is dead. He was the home born slave of my grandfather, in Barnwell, and in his early manhood rafted lumber down Edisto river to Charleston. A pure African by blood, he had the strongly marked prognathous features of his race; was six feet high, with flesh and muscle in proportion. On the marriage of my father, in 1820, Cy was given to him, and helped him to build the log house to which he took his bride, and to clear his first field. Uncle Cy, as the children always called him, taught me to ride a horse, and later on to shoot a gun. He shook hickory nuts out of the tall trees, and rived trap sticks for me to catch birds, made cute bows and arrows, and in the spring time could peel off bark from saplings and plait me the most glorious popping whips in the world. He was the best wagoner of his time; could get more out of a team with less worry, and take a heavy load over the worst roads with less accident than anybody else. At log rollings and house raisings he was head man, and likewise at cradling oats and wheat. He was fabulous, in my eyes, for strength and skill. For plowing, hoeing and cotton picking he was no great things—rather disdained them as fit only for women and common niggers. He was a great axman, and could hew to the line.

He chewed tobacco; and many of my choicest favors and propitiations were procured by a quid (literally quid pro quo). I suppose he was the father of thirty or forty children, begotten in his own image, and that all his posterity—children, grandchildren and greatgrandchildren—would at this time amount to several hundred.

Uncle Cy became a fair plantation carpenter and blacksmith; could make a plow and stock it, hang doors and gates and make a wagon that would run. On my father's death Cy became the property of my mother by his will, for he thoughtfully said she could not keep up the plantation without him. At the division of her estate he and his wife fell to me. By degrees he graded me up as years went on. It was first Holland, then Mas Holland, then Master, which title he used to the last, as though he liked it. Here I may record a criticism on that romance of marvelous genius, "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Such a negro as Uncle Tom was never sold out of any family. Money could not buy that sort.

It was a great treat to be permitted to "go to town" with Uncle Cy on the cotton wagon. There was one to whom he bore a tender loyalty, and for whom he had three names—Missus, Your Mudder, and Miss Betsy. To her he felt amenable for the lad's safety, and he well knew how to afford him the utmost fun within safety limits. When the bright camp fire was kindled and the team haltered and fed for the night, Uncle Cy would bring out that frying pan—his only culinary apparatus—and work up a savory meal. For butchering a beef or mutton there was none like him, and at hog killing time he enriched me with pigtails and bladders. In ghosts and witches he was a firm believer, and could beat Vennor prognosticating the weather. I would put him against Carlisle or Barnard for telling the hour of the night if the Seven Stars, Job's Coffin, the Three Runners, and other heavenly bodies were shining.

For overseers he had a deep dislike. While obeying his own master in the letter and spirit of the Epistle to the Ephesians, he was insubordinate to delegated authority, and here came in his most serious troubles. A sad case I remember to have occurred in Alabama about 1840. In a difficulty with the overseer Uncle Cy rebelled and ran away, taking with him two other negro men. They were gone over a year, and no tidings of them could be got. At last they turned up in South Carolina. It seems they had made their way back to the old Barnwell neighborhood, a distance of over 300 miles, crossing the Chattahoochee, Flint, Oconee, Ocmulgee and Savannah rivers, and becoming weary of hiding out they voluntarily surrendered themselves. I was a schoolboy at Collinsworth, Ga., when they passed along the road in the ragged and chapfallen plight of runaways being returned home.

Thirty years later Uncle Cy met me at the station to take me out to my farm, Butler Lodge. Of that runaway episode in his life he had ever been reticent, but as we rode along through the lonely forest I drew him out on it. "Now tell me; no danger; freedom's come; tell me all about it—how you dodged the patrols and crossed those rivers and made the trip." And I slipped a plug of tobacco into his hand. Never was a twenty mile journey better beguiled. He told me all—how they got up a stock of provisions to start on and how they replenished it by the way, the narrow escapes, the shrewd disguises for passing through or around the towns and villages; lying low by day and traveling by night. Dickens never contrived a story with richer or more various incident. Much comedy, but ever and anon touching on tragedy. Xenophon's famous retreat with the 10,000 Greeks did not excel this in strategy.

Out of what was left when the emancipation came I gave him forty acres of land and (not a mule, but) a yoke of steers, a cow and calf, some provisions and his tools. He soon fixed up a snug home and a shop; and what with working at his craft and a little farming, and such annual stipend as I could send him in money, he made out to finish his pilgrimage tolerably well. His connubial morals improved, and I believe in his salvation. His last letters to me (dictated) were full of gratitude and hope.

Uncle Cy owed much to his wife—an honest, truthful and virtuous woman. She was the best nurse I ever saw, and ministered with unspeakable fidelity and tenderness to my parents and brothers and sisters on their deathbeds. "Aunt Bess" was the first woman I ever heard pray in public. She was a leaven and a light. Some influence and honest pennies she gained by practicing that delicate profession which the Egyptians, in Moses' time, turned over to their women. Only once did she fail me. When the Federal armies were getting into Alabama we proposed to put our silver spoons and such things in her keeping. "Well, master, in course I'll do it if you say so, but I can't be 'sponsible. Dem Yankees is a coming, and I hearn tell how dey carries wid 'em somethin' like a pinter worm, and when it's sot down dey tells it to pint wha any money or silver things is hid, and it pints jest as straight as a gun."—H. N. McTyeire in Charleston Christian Advocate.

TECHNICALITIES OF THE STAGE.

A Stage Carpenter Talks of the Nomenclature of Stage Setting.

"It sometimes happens that an actor or an actress has to go into a strange theatre, interview the master carpenter, and tell him how the stage should be set for the play in which he or she appears. As a rule, in five minutes their ignorance is displayed. The terms are simple enough and a very little experience would make any one familiar with them.

"Take the stage itself. An ordinary stock theater has three 'center traps.' These are arranged in the middle of the stage, one opposite each entrance, as the spaces between the wings are called. Then there are two 'quarter traps'—small, square apertures on the extreme right and left; and two or three 'sinks,' which are the long, narrow hinged traps stretching across the stage and intended for the raising or lowering of scenes. The stage is covered with 'cloths,' divided into the 'green baize,' the 'carpet' and the 'ground cloth,' or canvas painted to represent grass, or tile pavement, or what not. The 'wings,' to which I have referred, are the narrow scenes at the side of the stage, one projecting in advance of the other. They are classified as 'wood wings,' 'garden wings,' 'architectural wings' and 'water wings,' the latter consisting of sea scenes representing just sky and water. The 'tormentors' are the wings placed close to the proscenium arch, which form a sort of a frame to the picture behind. 'Borders' are strips of painted canvas hanging horizontally over the stage and matching the wings. There are 'sky borders,' 'foliage borders,' 'drapery borders,' and arch borders,' the latter being, as the name implies, cut out in the form of an arch to give apparent concavity to the sky.

"Scenes are divided into 'flats,' which are run on from each side of the stage, meeting in the middle; 'backings,' which are seen through doorways or window openings, and 'drops,' which are simply painted canvas hung on a roller. Then there are 'set pieces,' which are small portions of a scene disposed about the stage, such as 'set rocks,' in the form of a bluff or large bowlder; 'tail rocks,' a piece slanting down to nothing and representing small rocks and foliage, and 'ground rows,' showing grass or low, creeping foliage. 'Cut woods' are scenes showing trees and shrubs, and cut out so as to show the 'drop' or 'backing' behind. 'Set trees' are single trees cut out of flat canvas, or in some cases built up to represent a natural tree trunk. 'Set waters' are strips painted to represent waves. The constructive part of the stage includes the stage proper; the 'flies,' which are the galleries at the sides above the stage from which the scenery is worked; the rigging loft, which is above the flies; and the 'bridge,' which runs across the back of the stage. The 'grooves' are the guides in which the flats and wings run, while the paint frame is generally placed at the back of the stage and consists of a bridge in front of which the scene to be painted is raised or lowered by pulleys.

"As to lights they include 'footlights,' the 'border lights,' which are rows of gas jets overhead, the 'bunch lights,' a collection of burners mounted on a movable stand so as to be readily moved about, 'ground lights,' placed just clear of the stage, and 'strip lights,' or movable gas jets, intended to be hung on hooks at any desirable height and easily 'stripped' or taken down. These are only a few of the technical terms in use behind the scenes, but they include, I think, the more important definitions."—Stage Carpenter Gossman in New York Tribune.

The Acquisition of Metz.

During the recent exciting debate on the army bill in the German imperial parliament Prince Bismarck narrated the following bit of inside history regarding the acquisition of Metz: "In 1871, to speak frankly, I was not inclined to take Metz. I was then for the linguistic boundary. But I made inquiries of the military authorities before I finally decided. It was M. Thiers, if you will permit me this historic episode, who said to me: 'We can only yield one, either Belfort or Metz. If you claim both, we will not conclude peace at present.' At that time I was quite anxious about the interference of neutral powers, and had been thinking for some months that we should receive a communication from them. I was urgently desirous that Thiers should not be compelled to return to Bordeaux in order to retract the peace. I therefore discussed the matter with our military authorities, and especially with my friend, Von Moltke, who is now seated in front of me. 'Can we agree to renounce one of the two?' I asked, and received the answer: 'Belfort, yes. But Metz is worth 100,000 men. The question then, is this, whether we are willing to be 100,000 men weaker against the French or not, in case the war breaks out again.' Thereupon I said: 'Let us take Metz!'"—Berlin Cor. Inter Ocean.

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