

The Forrest City Times.

ESTABLISHED 1871.

"Fear God, Tell the Truth and Make Money."

By LANDVOIGT & VADAKIN.

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A BALLAD OF STORMS.

Bitting winds and driving rain,
Inky clouds across the sky,
Clinging sleet against the pane,
Frightened birds that homeward fly
With weary wing and feeble cry—
But in the cabin hearts are warm,
Good cheer and love the blasts defy;
The doors of home shut out the storm.

Pierce the race for power and gain,
Business brings us all a sigh
For promise broken and hoping vain—
The phantom wealth is wondrous shy;
Then, oh, with throbbing feet and brain,
To leave the countless cares that swarm
And gentle peace once more obtain
Where doors of home shut out the storm!

Towering castles, built "in Spain,"
Before our eager visions lie;
Their joyous portals to obtain
Would every longing satisfy—
And when we see, with tear-filled eye,
The fading of the cherished form,
To one best thought our heart doth lie:
That doors of home shut out the storm.

ENVOY.

Prince, grant that when our end is nigh,
And Fate her duty must perform,
Upon this trust our souls rely:
The doors of Home shut out the storm!
—Charles Moreau Harger, in Chicago Times-Herald.

Surprising Act of a Bear.

A SINNEMAHONING MAN'S TALE OF CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

"IF MY remarkable father, Reuben Pettibone, had lived to be 100 years old," said the man from over Sinnemahoning way, "you never could have induced him to judge a man on circumstantial evidence, after what he saw up along the headwaters once. And that's what makes me shy of circumstantial evidence myself. I didn't see this thing that my remarkable father saw, the principal reason being, I suppose, that it happened some years before I was born, and—"

"Pears to me as if a little thing like that hadn't ought to make no difference to you, Sinnemahone," said the man in the red, blue, pink, purple, yellow and green Mackinaw jacket. "Pears to me that it ought to be just as easy for you to set here an' remember things that never happened since you was born. 'Pears to me so, Sinnemahone."

"Perhaps you're right, Mackinaw," said the man from over Sinnemahoning way, blandly. "But have you no regard for my remarkable father, Reuben Pettibone? If I should set my extraordinary memory to work recalling antenatal happenings, what use would there have been of Reuben Pettibone's living? Have you considered what a hole would be punched in the past history of the storied Sinnemahone if Reuben Pettibone had not lived and breathed, and seen and done things, there and thereabouts? I thank you for extolling my memory, Mackinaw, but remember, I beg of you! remember Reuben Pettibone!"

"No; I didn't see this thing to which I refer, but Reuben Pettibone did, and the incidents of this one of his many remarkable experiences he handed down to me early in life to point a moral and adorn a tale."

"You may get ketched on the jury some day, Praxiteles," he said, "so remember this and play shy on circumstantial evidence. It'll never do to hang a man on."

"And so I have always been shy of circumstantial evidence, because of this thing that my remarkable father saw up along the headwaters and told me about. There had been long prowling in that part of the Sinnemahone a bear of enormous size and acuteness. He had outwitted every hunter and trapper who had pitted himself against him, and a man down in the West Branch country had for ten years a standing offer of \$100 for that invincible bear's hide."

"Why, my remarkable father used to say, 'there had been tons of ammunition wasted on the astounding beast, and what in the world he ever did with all the traps he carried away, year after year, was one of the mysteries of the wild wood. They would have made a scrap heap that a foundry could have run itself on for months.'"

"The hunters were all more than eager to lay this great bear low, as much as for the satisfaction and fame of doing it as for the \$100 in the coin of the realm the West Branch man was ready to put up for the wise old fellow's hide. Reuben Pettibone at last evinced some personal interest in the bear, and, having a few days to spare one winter, he sauntered up the headwaters for the purpose of fetching the coveted animal back home with him. There would be fun in circumventing a tricky beast such as that, Reuben mused, but more in noting the chagrin of the unsuccessful hunters and trappers. I may as well say that my remarkable father didn't get the bear. He was foiled. But he learned a life-long lesson."

"There was a hunter native to the headwaters whose name was Samson Juff. Samson Juff was a man of such disagreeable ways and questionable methods in the woods that nobody would hunt or camp with him. He was pitifully unpopular, Mackinaw, although his jacket had only one color. Every other hunter on that spread of waters was in a perpetual state of worryment for fear that Samson Juff might some day strike the untold luck

of gathering in Slippery Abner, that being the name the supernaturally clever bear had come to be known by. No matter who else might happen to be the fortunate man to capture the great prize, his success would be rejoiced in; but if Samson Juff should happen to be the man there would be universal disgust and grinding of teeth, and such cursing as might stop the run of sap in every tree along the Sinnemahone."

"Samson Juff had a cabin two or three miles from where Reuben Pettibone put up his camp that winter. Reuben became acquainted right away with a number of other hunters, and when they learned who he was their chins fell."

"Reuben Pettibone! my remarkable father frequently overheard them, say to one another, 'Slippery Abner's sands of life is runnin' their last grains out now, boys! We mowt as well pull up an' quit!'"

"But they didn't, and they told my remarkable father something more about the bear and the quest for him. There was etiquette among the hunters in regard to Slippery Abner. Eager as they all were to bring him down, if one hunter got on the trail of the bear, no other hunter interfered with him, or joined in the chase unless requested to by the original discoverer of the trail, the idea being that the one who started first should have all the honor and profit of bagging Slippery Abner if he could. This was a well understood and sacred rule with the hunters of the Sinnemahone headwaters, and none of them would have thought of breaking it any sooner than he would have thought of burning a fellow hunter's cabin."

"Unless it mowt be Samson Juff," the hunter told Reuben Pettibone. 'Samson 'd do it in a minute!'"

"Well, my remarkable father invited all the hunters to go with him after Slippery Abner, and a gladder set of men never slugged a deer."

"They were happy, Praxiteles," my remarkable father used to say, "and that made me happy. 'The hunters won't be chagrined after all to see me gather that bear in,' I thought to myself. 'It'll really make them happy to have the privilege.'"

"So one day my remarkable father and some of the hunters went out. Reuben Pettibone looked the lay of the land all over, and then said:

"Come this way, boys. We'll strike Slippery Abner's track beyond that clump of trees yonder."

"There was a four-inch fall of fresh snow. My father led the rest over beyond the clump of trees, and there, fresh in the snow, leading away from the trees, was the track of a bear, the immense size of which left no doubt in my mind that it was the footprints of Slippery Abner. They followed the trail two miles, and just as it led into a thicket one of the party looked back and saw Samson Juff come out of the thicket not 50 yards away. He hadn't seen the bear nor its trail."

"Hullo!" he shouted. "What have you struck?"

"Slippery Abner!" one of the hunters shouted. "And we've got the lead on it too!"

"Samson grumbled out something and disappeared in the woods. My remarkable father led the chase an hour or more, but they never got as much as a sight of the bear. The track kept on going, and by and by it led into open country toward Samson Juff's cabin. This made the hunters uneasy, and even Reuben Pettibone had misgivings that he might be foiled, remarkable as he was, and when the trail took them within three feet of Samson's door, and the bear tracks went no further, the hunters kicked the snow until it flew about as if in the face of a gale, and they howled and cursed and swore vengeance against Samson Juff. The bear tracks went no further than the cabin, but from the cabin the footprints of two men, walking side by side, led away toward the settlement, three miles away."

"That infernal Samson Juff has gobbled Slippery Abner!" the hunters howled. 'He went an' cut back to his cabin after seein' us, an' the bear happenin' to come along this way, he's pinged it, an' him an' his brother Joe is luggin' him into the settlement! We mowt jest as well quit!'"

"And every man of 'em swore he'd shoot that miserable cur Samson Juff the minute he set eyes on him. They were still howling loud and bloody vengeance, when who should come on the scene but Samson himself. Instantly half a dozen guns were covering him, and if my remarkable father hadn't been there that would have been the end of Samson Juff."

"Hold!" cried Reuben Pettibone. "Let the man speak!"

"But they wouldn't give him a chance to speak."

"You can't fool us, Samson Juff!" they shouted. "You've killed our bear, an' it'll be the last one you'll ever kill on the Sinnemahone."

"All this time Samson had been examining the tracks that led away from his cabin, and then he suddenly made a dash into the cabin and as suddenly dashed out again."

"Both pairs gone, by the Great Horn Spoon!" he yelled. "An' they cost me \$100!"

"Then he started away on the trail of the two men."

"Foller him," shouted the hunter. "Don't let him fool us an' git away!"

"Reubea Pettibone himself thought

Samson was acting a trifle mysterious and suspicious, and he led the way on his trail. The trail the two men had made circled round toward a big swamp that lay over on the right about two miles, and Samson tore along it like mad, with Reuben Pettibone, now certain of Samson's guilt, and the hunters dashing wildly after him. Just as the procession reached the edge of the swamp the report of a rifle came from it, not far ahead, quickly followed by another one. Then there rose the wildest kind of shouts in the swamp, and as the hunters went on in they saw two other hunters dancing and yelling around the carcass of an immense bear that lay in the snow. The two hunters discovered the others."

"We've got him!" they shouted. "We've gathered in Slippery Abner at last!"

"Reuben Pettibone and the hunters hurried in, still behind Samson Juff."

"There they be!" Samson yelled. "I knowed it! There they be!"

"With that Samson dropped down in the snow by the side of the bear and made a grab for one of his feet."

"Then," Reuben Pettibone used to say, "we discovered that the bear had a boot on each one of his four feet! What did it mean? Praxiteles, I don't mind telling you that Slippery Abner, wise, sagacious, cunning brute that he was, had discovered early in the day that I was on his trail. He knew that now something out of the ordinary had to be done by him if he escaped that day, and he was equal to the occasion. As he passed along by Samson Juff's cabin he saw the door was ajar. He jumped inside. When he came out again he made bear tracks no more, for he had put on Samson's two pairs of hunting boots, and, marching on, had left the trails of two hunters in the snow instead of his own! That threw us clear off. Even me, Praxiteles! Even me! And if Samson Juff hadn't come along just as he did; and if the hunters hadn't happened to be in the swamp where Slippery Abner went in with the boots on his feet, nothing could ever have convinced me or the Sinnemahone headwaters hunters that Samson hadn't violated sacred etiquette and killed the bear he knew we were after, and they'd have shot him, sure as that bear knew I was on his trail that day. Praxiteles! Beware of circumstantial evidence, my son!" said Reuben Pettibone. 'Beware and trust it not!'"

"So that is why my remarkable father could never have been induced to judge a man on circumstantial evidence, even if he had lived a hundred years. And that is why I am shy of circumstantial evidence myself. And I believe, Mackinaw, that you would pause, after having heard this, and ponder long before you would hang a man on circumstantial evidence. I don't believe, now, that you would even hang me on it, Mackinaw."

"No, Sinnemahone," said the man in the red, blue, pink, green, purple and yellow Mackinaw jacket. "It wouldn't need much of any evidence at all to hang you, consarn you!"—N. Y. Sun.

Ready Made Frosting.

It is sometimes convenient to have icing on hand for cakes. This can be done by preparing a simple fondant icing of a pound of sugar, boiled to "the ball," with a cup of water. Cook the sirup in a bright granite-ware saucepan. When a drop rolled between the finger and the thumb becomes a creamy ball, remove the saucepan from the fire. When the sirup has cooled enough to bear one's finger in it, begin to stir it, and after it has become smooth and white, and of the consistency of lard, begin to knead. When it has been well kneaded press it into an earthen jar; cover it with well-oiled paper and set it away. It will keep about a month, but after that time it soon becomes too stale for use. When this icing is needed for cake, set a little in a bowl in boiling water, and when it is melted pour it over the cake and quickly spread it on smoothly and evenly. It will harden rapidly.—N. Y. Tribune.

Muddy Umbrellas.

It often happens that umbrellas get splashed with mud spots; even occasionally they fall into a puddle and present a forlorn appearance. It is best not to touch this mud until it has quite dried, for to rub it when wet only insures its permanency in the fibers of the fabric. The mud should be allowed to dry first, with the umbrella wide open, then the dust should be rubbed off with a piece of coarse flannel, and the spots sponged with strong black tea, or Scrubb's ammonia and water. Umbrella silk should never be brushed while wet, for it is liable to stretch out of shape. When an umbrella is dry always wind it up, for that precaution preserves the shape better.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Perhaps Pa Was Right.

Miss Cakebread was entertaining some ladies at a select little five o'clock tea, and Bobby, who had been exceptionally well behaved, was in high feather.

"Ma," he said, as cake was being handed around, "may I have some tongue, please?"

"There isn't any tongue, Bobby."

"That's funny," commented Bobby. "I heard pa say there would be lots of it."—Odds and Ends.

Saltiness of Sea Currents.

The polar currents contain less salt than those from the equator.

BIMETALLIC MONEY.

The Kind of Money the Free Silver Advocates Want.

When equally used for monetary purposes the value of the two metals, gold and silver, is their relation to each other. For more than 200 years prior to 1873 the world's money was made from these metals and for this reason they were called "the precious metals." When so used they were practically of the same value commercially and for monetary purposes in the different countries on the ratios upon which they were coined, and any change which took place in their relation to each other was not caused by any change in their annual production, but was wholly due to changes in the mint regulations of the different countries using them. These changes were very slight and did not interfere with their uninterrupted inflow into the world's money stock for more than 300 years.

In 1875 France, by a royal edict, adopted the ratio of fifteen to one, and in 1803 her mint was opened to the unrestricted coinage of both metals upon that ratio, and this became the prevailing ratio in Europe. During the first half of this century the annual production of the metals was upon the ratio, about three of silver to one of gold. For about ten years after 1840, their annual production was nearly four of gold to one of silver, but during this entire period down to 1873 there was no practical change in the relations of the metals to each other. The ratio did not rise to 16 for about two years owing to political convulsions in France, and never fell as low as 15.

Fifteen and one-half pounds of silver would exchange for one pound of gold in all the markets of the world. Accounts between England and India were uniformly reckoned upon the basis of the equivalency of ten rules silver and one pound sterling gold, and this was the established par of exchange between gold and silver using countries during the whole of that time. So England, a gold using country, and India, a silver using country, enjoyed the full benefits of bimetallic money.

During this period an increase in the yield of either of the metals simply had the effect of enlarging the volume of the world's stock without in any practical degree disturbing their relative value. When used equally for monetary purposes the facility with which the coins struck from one of the metals take the place of the coins struck from the other metal in making payments causes them to rise to a common level, just as fluids in two different vessels with a connecting pipe between them will rise to a common level without regard to whether one or both of them receive the supply.

William H. Crawford, secretary of the treasury under President Monroe, said in his report February 12, 1820: "Like fluids the precious metals as long as they are employed as the general measure of value will constantly tend to preserve a common level. Every variation from it will be promptly corrected without the intervention of law."

Bimetallic money is a single money, as the fluid from the common outflow of the two vessels having a connecting pipe between them is a single fluid, though in the inflow the color of one may have been white and that of the other yellow.

Having destroyed this connecting pipe by the act of 1873 by depriving silver of the legal tender function and reducing it to the situation of merchandise, because it has with merchandise fallen as compared with gold, the advocates of the single gold standard point derisively to its low value as compared with gold as the reason, and the only reason, why the connecting pipe should not be replaced and silver restored to full monetary use; and they have the effrontery to claim that to do this would be dishonest; that it would degrade our standard of value by reducing the purchasing power or value of money; that it would injure the credit of our government and bring upon us the animadversion of all gold standard countries. They insist that all property, including wages, shall be degraded by falling prices, but that money given in exchange for property shall constantly rise in value; that the only standard of the nation's honor and integrity is a money standard that is continually rising in purchasing power and which subjects the people to a constantly increasing sacrifice to obtain money with which to pay their debts and taxes, and this they call honest money.

The advocates for the restoration of silver are simply pleading for an enlargement of the value of our circulation by readopting the money scale of valuation as it existed prior to 1873, when it was clandestinely and without exciting observation changed. Their entire claim and the reason for making it are clearly stated by Hamilton in his mint report of 1792, where he says: "It is most advisable not to attach the unit exclusively to either metal, for this cannot be done effectually without depriving one of the character and office of money, and reducing it to the situation of mere merchandise. To annul the use of either of the metals as money is to abridge the quantity of the circulating medium, and is liable to all objections which rise from a comparison of the benefits of a full with the evils of a scanty circulation." And Jefferson wrote to Hamilton in February, 1792, saying: "I return you your mint report, which I have read with a great deal of satisfaction. I concur with you

in thinking that the unit must stand upon both metals."

The advocates of silver coinage would place the dollar or unit of valuation upon both metals instead of confining it exclusively to one of them, in order that the country may enjoy the benefits of a full and not be subjected to the evils of a scanty circulation. For this they are denounced by the advocates of the single gold standard as anarchists, repudiationists and enemies of their country. They invoke as their shield the revered names of Hamilton and Jefferson, and also that of George Washington, who signed the bill which gave to the people of this country almost the first breath of their national life, the silver dollar. Clad in this armor, the shafts whose source is ignorance and unholy greed will fall harmless at their feet.

It will be observed that Thomas Jefferson, the founder of the democratic party, insisted that the unit should stand upon both metals. Grover Cleveland, who calls himself a democrat and proclaims his own love for the traditions of that party, insists that the unit must stand upon gold alone. This was the declared doctrine of his party in 1896; and the sole and only purpose of that organization was to defeat the candidate of the democratic party for the presidency by electing a republican.

HENRY G. MILLER.

THE ONLY ISSUE.

All Interest Centers Upon the Money Question.

With the announcement of the gold clique's plan of monetary "reform," as expressed in the report of the self-appointed monetary commission, comes stirring words from both republican and democratic bimetalists.

Former Senator Joe Blackburn expressed the sentiments of the democrats when he asserted that the great question before the people is not that of tariff nor of social problems, but that of the currency.

Emphasizing this proposition, Blackburn says: "The mass of American people cannot be turned from their purpose. They are convinced that the ills that afflict this nation cannot be cured by the single gold standard, and they have made up their minds to try the remedy that so many millions of our countrymen upheld in last year's campaign."

"That they will succeed next time I have no doubt. The majority sentiment has always ruled this country, and it always will. If the coinage of silver dollars is a fallacious idea, which, if carried out, will lead to disaster, which I deny, why not settle the matter once for all by a trial? This is what is going to be done in 1900."

Blackburn's words will find a responsive echo, not only in the hearts of the 6,500,000 men who voted for William J. Bryan at the last presidential election, but also in the hearts of innumerable republicans who were deceived by the false promises and the hypocritical pretenses of the spellbinders.

Silver republicans are becoming alive to the situation and their voices are raised in protest. Wolcott and Chandler have spoken, and Charles E. Towne dissects the monetary commission's report with a keen-edged scalpel.

Referring to this matter, he says: "But we who are fighting for the cause of bimetalism, in the interest of the producers and the masses of our citizenship, are much gratified at the appearance of this report. It aids in clearing the deck for action. It strips off more of the cowardly disguise in which the gold standard has so long masqueraded and in which it has so vilely deceived the people. It assists in more shapes defining the great issue before the country."

Thus the forces of bimetalism respond to the assaults of the enemy. The battle is to be in the open, and shorn of the protection of an ambush the enemy will be defeated.—Chicago Dispatch.

COMMENTS OF THE PRESS.

—Bad as Forakerism is and has been in Ohio politics, it is saintly in its integrity compared with Hannanaim.—Columbus (O.) Press.

—Postal robberies must hereafter be classed among the safest of crimes. In a single day recently President McKinley pardoned five convicts who had robbed post offices or mail carriers.—Collier's Weekly.

—Oh, no; there are no factions in the republican party. Of course, Speaker Reed is working right into the hands of McKinley, Wolcott and Gage are David and Jonathan, Mason and the president are together on Cuba, Hanna and Foraker are like two kittens in one basket.—Peoria Herald.

—Senator Chandler's discovery that the gold standard is responsible for the reduction of wages in New England is a little late, but encourages the hope that when McKinley is beaten for reelection the New Hampshire statesman will understand that McKinley was committed to the gold standard.—St. Louis Republic.

—Senator Chandler warns McKinley that he must either stand by the people or join the plutocrats. Biondin in his famous rope trip across Niagara's roaring rapids never balanced himself so picturesquely or so uniquely as will our president when he performs the dazzling trip of standing by the people and at the same time by the plutocrats, pools, syndicates, civil service reform and all sorts of trusts and monopolies.—Indianapolis Sentinel.

AN OLD SLAVE MARKET.

Thousands of Slaves Once Sold in Louisville, Georgia.

There stands in the center of the principal street of the quaint old town of Louisville, Ga., a queer structure. It was built so long ago that those who have grown old and gray in this former capital of the state cannot tell of its early history. Somewhere in the early days before the "Yazoo speculation" this old "slave market" was erected, and, although built of wood, it has stood the storms of time, and the hewn post oak beams and pillars are as sound now as on that day when the wrought-iron nails were first driven into them, and the bell, which now hangs cracked and toneless as a curiosity, pealed forth its brazen tones, calling the dealer to bid at the "nigger sale."

A very few people know that Louisville was ever the capital of Georgia. The star of empire taking its way westward came first to Savannah, then Augusta, and on the 16th day of May, 1795, the seat of government was changed from Augusta to this little island village, and here remained until 1804—after which Milledgeville was selected, and, at a cost of \$115,000, a capitol was erected.

It was at Louisville that the papers and documents connected with that giant swindle, the "Yazoo frauds," were burned by Gen. James Jackson.

The story of the Yazoo frauds is a long and intricate history. It is stated that more than 10 duels were fought about it. The pith of the story is about as follows:

During the first years subsequent to the revolution a few wealthy and unscrupulous men under oath of secrecy formed what was known as the Combined society.

Their scheme was to bribe the Georgia legislature and to buy from the state 35,000,000 acres of land in western Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi, and the price for all this territory was only to be \$300,000.

This purchase would have taken in what is now the best part of three populous states. These old-time swindlers only wanted a part of the earth. This would have been a deed to all Atlanta, Chattanooga, Memphis, to say nothing of 10,000 smaller towns. The arch swindler was one Thomas Washington, alias Walsh, a man of wonderful parts. History tells of how the giant speculator failed principally through the courageous efforts of Gen. James Jackson. The conspirators actually carried their bill through both houses of the legislature and the governor's signature was attached.

On January 22, 1796, the general assembly met and rescinded the action of the former body. Gen. Jackson, formerly United States senator, resigned his seat in the senate, came home and was elected a member of this legislature from Chatham county. He engineered the rescinded bill through. On the day following, by the order of both houses, a fire was kindled in the square and all the records and documents were publicly burned.

The clerk of the house was required to cry in a loud voice: "God save the state and long preserve her rights, and may every attempt to injure her perish as these wicked and corrupt acts now do."

This occurred in the year of our Lord 1799. Ninety-eight years ago. Yet there can be seen in the courthouse yard, under the spreading shades, the shallow excavation in the ground into which the papers were piled.

The old governor's mansion was only torn away last year, the capitol disappeared many years ago, and the old slave market which inspires this sketch will soon, too, give way before the march of nineteenth century push. A water tower will probably take the place of this hoary sentinel of time.

An old gentleman whom I met on the streets of Louisville, and whose gray hair and tottering form I could not help comparing to the ancient landmark, said:

"I know I've seen a thousand niggers bid off here. The bell which hangs inside you will notice bears the French coat of arms and is stamped 1772. I have heard that this bell was captured in colonial days from the deck of a French privateer. It has only been cracked since a few years before the war."

The strangest part of the story is the wonderful preservation of the timbers in the old structure. They are all hewn oak, put together with wrought-iron nails, and the wood is so hard that I don't believe it would be possible to drive a nineteenth century nail into it with an ax.

Louisville of to-day is still unpretentious. It is the county seat of Jefferson—named from that great father of democracy and declarations.

Louisville has a one-gallon railroad, which blows a long blow 15 minutes before the train starts back to the Central railroad connection at Wadley, Ga. The old town has many beautiful homes and quiet, aristocratic families, who trace their lineage back to colonial times.—Atlanta Journal.

Preparing for Him.

Office Boy—That insurance man who has been here so often wants to see you again.

Plunkington—Tell him to come again, and that before I see him I am going to get my life insured in another company.

—Puck.