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**"ALL RIGHT, JOHN"**

The following very interesting war reminiscence has been frequently recited by General John C. Underwood of Kentucky, at present the superintendent and secretary of the Confederate Memorial Association, with headquarters in Nashville, Tenn. As near as I can recollect, his statements were about as follows:

"When a boy in my teens, like most others of all periods, I dearly loved a circus; and, as my father owned the 'show lot' in a Southern Kentucky town, his children always had the coveted tickets whenever a circus or menagerie visited the place. After such visitations the show fever was rampant with all the boys, and, upon one occasion, culminated in the organization of a circus, with myself as ring-master and 'Jim' Burnam, now a distinguished lawyer and orator residing at Fayetteville, Tenn., as clown, the other boys of our set filling various positions. During one of our memorable performances in Mrs. Dunavon's old blacksmith shop, at Bowling Green, Ky., some one informed me that boys were crawling in under the weatherboarding, which had been knocked off by the billy goats in their attempt to find cover. Running to the place of disturbance I found several boys trying to work their way into the 'show' as stated, and the result of my interference was a desperate fight with Fayette Green, which resulted in a drawn battle, for, after wearing ourselves out in an hour's encounter, we were separated and the show broke up for that day. As a result from such fistie encounters neither Green nor myself spoke thereafter. I went to college, and he was educated in the schools at home, but during vacations the one who saw the other first generally passed on the opposite side of the street—the contest was too near equal to be renewed.

"The civil war of the 60s found Green an advocate of the Union, and I espoused the cause of the South; and we accordingly became attached to the opposing forces—so much as foundation for a war story.

"Passing to the period when General Buell was retreating from Tennessee to intercept General Bragg of Kentucky, the summer of 1862, I crossed the Cumberland Mountain and went via Descherd, on the McMinnville road, to see my sister, the wife of Major A. M. Rutledge of General Polk's staff, who was residing on their plantation, about ten miles from Descherd.

"I unexpectedly discovered Federal troops at Descherd, but at the same time ascertained that Buell was retreating in considerable disorder; and, consequently, had little difficulty in avoiding his pickets in reaching the McMinnville road. After I struck that road a mile or more from the station I felt safe, and was riding along quietly, thinking of my sister, her children and the 'old folks at home' in Kentucky. I reckon I had traveled some three or four miles and was where the road was inclosed by a high staked and ridged rail fence; and, after I had got well into the 'lane,' as it were, what was my astonishment to see approaching me around a curve in the road a Federal wagon train, escorted by a detachment of United States cavalry.

"I immediately looked for chance and means of escape, but the fences being entirely too high to attempt to jump either, it was not possible to reach the foothills of the Cumberland range, and my alternatives were to turn and run or meet the military detachment boldly. I had no sooner decided to adopt the latter plan than I thought of the Kentucky gray hunting shirt I was wearing, at the time used in some degree by Confederates, and, having an old black citizen's overcoat behind my saddle, I with one hand and without turning unbuckled the straps that held the coat, and pulling it up, buttoned it across my breast so that it hung loosely over my shoulders, concealing the uniform and hid the leather pistol holsters strapped to my waist, and at the same time I held my bridle hand over the bright buckle of my Confederate belt. When I got near enough to recognize the features of the soldiers whom I was meeting in the road, the first man in the front of the vanguard

that was approaching me was the self-same enemy of my youth, Fayette Green, and to whom I had neither spoken nor he to me for fifteen years. I immediately felt the possibility of being considered a spy, because of concealing the gray uniform with citizen's overcoat, and I would not have given the snap of my finger for my life; but, while imagining that I would in a few minutes grace one of the trees near by, I determined if I had to go to the bar of justice that day I would send my enemy to the other world before I went, and I undoubtedly showed the fire I felt within. I met and never took my eyes off my supposed enemy, but when I rode up along by him, although he looked straight forward between the ears of his horse and avoided open recognition, I intuitively felt that he knew me; and, upon reaching his side, he said in an undertone—the first words spoken to me for fifteen years: 'All right, John!' He was a Federal soldier, I a Confederate, and he knew it. I was a possible spy (though not one), because I could not have proved otherwise had I been arrested and tried by a drumhead court-martial, for when an enemy is on retreat there is no great deal of investigation made as to whether a suspected prisoner is a spy or not. Any way, I fully realized my situation, and shall ever regard my non-identification by my supposed personal enemy as a real act of true friendship in life. That man went to Kentucky, and was killed in the battle of Perryville—reported to have been shot in two by a cannon ball. I do not know for certain the particulars of his death, but in acknowledgment of his heroic assertion that I would cheerfully pay the debt I owe him and give my right arm could his sacrifice bring him back to life."—Macon (Ga.) Telegraph.

**Home Rule in Arizona.**

An effort will be made during the approaching session of Congress to induce that body to enact what may be called a home rule law for Arizona. Under the proposed law the people of that territory, without having any other representation in Congress than they now possess, would be permitted to elect their governor and other territorial officers.

A bill for a law of this kind was introduced in behalf of Utah just before that state was admitted, and it probably would have been passed if the enabling act had not taken its place. The people of Arizona feel that while statehood may be far in the future for them, they should be permitted to govern themselves in the way proposed at that time for Utah, and which would give them many of the advantages of statehood, yet without representation in Congress other than that which they now have through their delegate.

There seems to be no ground whatever to object to such a law except on the part of politicians who may think they would have a better chance of appointment by the president than of election by the people. Eastern people surely cannot object. It does away with their chief ground of opposition to the admission of new states in the Far West, which is that admission would increase the strength of the West, and particularly of the free coinage element, in Congress. There would be no such increase in this case. There would be no senators and no representatives. The territory would have no vote in Congress. It could not interfere in matters of national legislation any more than it can now, and at present its delegate has no vote.

It would be nothing more than simple justice to give the people of Arizona a right to elect their own officers. There is no reason why so intelligent a community should be ruled by men appointed by a power situated 2,000 miles away from their own seat of government. Congress should fall in with the idea of giving the people this much home rule, and Eastern opponents of statehood for Arizona should accept it as a means of limiting a measure the demand for state government.—Denver (Col.) Republican.

**TERRITORIAL.**

There are 111 houses under course of construction in the city of Phoenix, which speaks a great deal for Arizona's metropolis.

T. C. Jordan, immigration commissioner of Maricopa county has filed suit for \$1,200 against that county for two years' services as such commissioner.

The Phoenix Gazette of the 21st says: Strangers who have been coming into Phoenix by the carloads the past two months are now arriving by the train load. The average for this week has been over one hundred and twenty daily.

The increase in the Salt River valley this coming season will be simply immense. Providing that no late frosts visit our vicinity, the fruit crop will be the largest in the history of the valley. The orange crop is greatly in excess of that of any preceding year.—Phoenix Gazette.

A Mexican by the name of Vasquez, living near Tempe, is ossifying. He believes the cause of his malady is due to some water which he drank five years ago. He was traveling in Sonora, Mexico, and going 26 hours without water, he came to a spring, and drank freely of the water. It is said that the Yaqui Indians can't be induced to drink of the waters from this spring, because they think if they do they will turn into stone. This Mexican now believes that this is the cause of his ossification.

A curious phenomenon was noticed recently when the remains of John Hollingsworth and Captain Harris were removed from the old burying ground on the Austin place near Tempe, to the Double Butte cemetery. The wooden portion of the coffins, although they have been in the ground for many years, was well preserved, but the metallic portions were eaten by rust. The coffin holding the remains of Hollingsworth fell apart on being removed, and it disclosed the fact that although Hollingsworth was an old man at the time of his death and almost bald, his head was covered with a thick luxurious mass of hair and his beard had grown to the waist. The body was remarkably preserved due no doubt to the saliferous soil in that part of the valley.—Gazette.

**Record Breaker as a Lover.**

"You're big, handsome, well-off and fascinating. Now, tell me why you never married till you were 38 and then honored me as the object of your mature affections."

It was Bunker's wife doing the talking, and he is a man of truth; so he tried to put her off with an evasive answer. But no woman will dismiss such a subject till it is exhausted.

"Well," he answered reluctantly, "it was this way. No man was ever so susceptible to the tender passion as I. My whole family were kept on the alert to prevent my marrying before I was 18. I simply fell head over heels in love with every girl I met, and to meet her more than three times within the space of a week without proposing to her was an impossibility. When the work of looking after me at home became too arduous father hit upon another plan. He put me out on the road. My territory covered the whole western continent. Two consecutive days were never permitted to pass without receiving a telegram to move on and attend to something of pressing necessity in some other town.

"I never suspected anything but that I was doing an enormous business and ingaged at intervals on having my salary raised. I would no sooner get on friendly terms with a lady than along would come that notice to keep

going. I suspect now that I was being shadowed all the while. At last I tired of the endless chase, insisted on becoming stationary for a time and came here to run a branch establishment. You know dear, that we were engaged within two weeks."

"What a record! And I suppose you were in love with a dozen girls before you ever saw me?"

"Hundreds of them."

"Well, it's a good thing I didn't know it."—Detroit Free Press.

**Chromatic Notes.**

The list of "don'ts" printed below will, it is hoped, be found particularly fitting at this season of the year. For the benefit of those who are seeking information as to what is and what is not proper at table, it may be stated with considerable confidence that the maxims herewith attached and made a part of the exhibit may be followed as rigidly as circumstances will permit. Here they are:

Don't eat solid food from a spoon. Use your knife.

Don't pick your teeth with your fork. It injures the silver plating.

Don't drink out of the finger-bowl. You don't know who washed his hands in it last.

Don't be in too big a hurry to reach the desert. Give the ice cream a chance to freeze.

Don't drink too much wine. Refined people always stop short of actual inebriety.

Don't gobble, even over the turkey. It can't hear you and in all probability, wouldn't recognize your voice if it could.

Don't swear, even if the butter has a base taste. It is admitted that the temptation to do so is great, but it must be firmly overcome. This applies especially to the ladies.

Don't take your soup plate in both hands and drink such a portion of its contents as you are unable to dip up with your spoon. If you haven't had enough, ask the hostess to "fill 'em up again."

Don't try to carve the fowl unless you have had previous experience and know that you know what you are about to undertake. Even then it is always advisable to offer up a silent prayer for success.

Don't lay your napkin across your lap, as is the custom of so many diners-out. Tuck it firmly in around your collar and let it hang down over your waistcoat. Laundry bills are expensive.

Don't knock over your dish of hot tea into your neighbor's lap. It will make him warm, but he will endeavor to hide his feelings by appearing cold toward you for the remaining course. This statement is somewhat paradoxical, but it's strictly true.

And, finally,

Don't get mad and write long letters to the editor because he tries to tell you a few things that may not have occurred to you. Remember the final disposition of by far the larger part of the communications devolves upon the janitor, and he's already the hardest worked man in the building.

**An Editor's Idea.**

Modesty is a beautiful thing in women, but it don't go with newspaper men, or shouldn't. Cheek is what they need and lots of it. Best thing to use I know of, and I use my share, you can bet your money on that fact. Why shouldn't we have it? No class are worked so systematically by everybody as the editor. He is a genuine fish and bait of every kind are being thrown out constantly to catch him. A fellow might have a fair share of modesty when he first goes into the business of publishing a paper, but it don't take very long for him to get his eye teeth cut, and something else takes its place.—Anoka Union.

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**A Great Railroad.**

The Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe has 1,595.10 miles of main line and 2,968.75 miles of branch lines, making a total length of road of 4,563.85 miles. Steel rails are laid on 4,398.24 miles of track, and there are 2,466 miles of barbed wire fencing. The ballast consists of 530.67 miles of stone, 477.71 miles of gravel, 43.56 miles of slag, 222.92 miles of cinders and 3,226 miles of earth. During the year 36,986 tons of new steel rails were laid, at a cost of \$395,559.94, and 1,796,439 new cross ties were placed in the track, costing \$704,524.61.

The additions and betterments to railway, etc., which were charged to construction account, amounted to \$14,927,500.95, of which \$13,853,937.17 represents the purchase of \$16,000,000 first mortgage bonds of the Atlantic & Pacific railroad, western division. The additions and betterments of rolling stock during the year charged to equipment account amounted to \$72,038.26. The rolling stock consists of 827 locomotives and 625 cars in the passenger, 24,320 in the freight and 2,069 in the miscellaneous departments, respectively. The passenger earnings of this road show a decrease during the last fiscal year of \$470,714.16, and the freight earnings an increase of \$1,914,597.64.

**A Railway Incident.**

A sleeping-car passenger on a train running into Portland, Ore., strolled into a smoking car and took a seat just in front of a squaw. He was puffing vigorously at a cigar, and the Indian woman got more of the smoke than she liked. She protested in pantomime the conductor, who, being something of a wag, indicated that she should make use of an immense umbrella she had by bringing it down on the man's head. She naturally presumed that the conductor's authority to be all sufficient, and forthwith acted on his suggestion with native vigor. The man's hat was knocked down over his eye and all but ruined, and the cigar went spinning galley west. When he got out of his hat he turned with not inexplicable ferocity upon his assailant, but the squaw merely looked at him with aboriginal immobility of countenance and would n't understand either English or sign language, and while the other passengers were convulsed with merriment he had to retreat to another car.—New York Sun.

**Diminutive Women in Ohio.**

Miss Sally Podney, a 25-year-old woman of Spring alley, Ohio, weighs only twenty-six pounds. Her height is thirty-four inches. She is fairly well educated, having attended the district schools until she was past the school age. She has always rejected any proposition to appear before the public for gain, although she could have realized a fortune by so doing. P. T. Barnum, the showman, at one time offering her a large sum to travel with his show.

**A man in Morgantown, W. Va.,**

has engaged a lawyer to secure damages for the loss of passage money paid by Jonah when thrown overboard and cared for by the whale. He traces his ancestry to Jonah, and hopes to secure principal and interest.—New York Tribune.

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