

A QUEER IOWA TOWN.

A VILLAGE WHERE CHURCH-GOING IS UNKNOWN.

Free Thinking Inhabitants Are Great Lovers of Ingersoll—History of the Strange Community and Its Members—Not Much Progress.

Ottumwa (Pa.) Letter. HERE is a small town situated in Wapello county, this state, called Eddyville, and its inhabitants are probably more conspicuous in their peculiar manner than those of any other town on the face of the globe.

Among other characteristics they refuse to believe in the existence of God or hell, decline to take an oath or attend a church service. Evangelists have invaded the town and labored for weeks without gaining a single convert, but when Robert G. Ingersoll is announced to lecture the entire male population turns out, laying aside every other duty. Years ago the place was a thriving village, but the tide of fortune turned,



MAYOR W. P. BRODERICK, saving the inhabitants with nothing but their empty stores and weed-infested streets.

The town derived its name from its founder, William Eddy, who, in an early day, long before the time when the white man intruded upon the broad domain of the American Indian, conducted an Indian agency at that point, and by "strict economy and close attention to business" managed to save from the profits of the sale of "fire water" and red flannel enough to live on in retirement during the remainder of his life.

Mr. Eddy, although an Indian trader, whose life had been spent on the frontier, was none the less a shrewd business man, and when the intruders from east of the father of waters made their first appearance on Iowa soil, and as soon as the treaty with the Indians was completed, he entered an eighty acre tract of land, laid it out in town lots and immortalized himself by naming the prospective town Eddyville. A town at once sprung up—mushroom-like—and as the question of transportation became one of vast importance necessity solved the problem and steamboats of small dimensions were constructed and launched, and about half the year, when the water was high enough to float them, plied between Keokuk and Eddyville.

It was during this period in the history of Eddyville that a few of the survivors, although old in years and exceedingly rusty in enterprise, love to tell of, as they occupy their favorite position, behind the stove in a grocery store, or, if the weather be fine, mounted astride a dry goods box, with a big jack knife in hand, whittling as they manipulate a good sized wad of "long green" tobacco. These pioneers never tire of telling of the good old days when the "Maria" or the "River Queen" made their trips to Eddyville in the ante-bellum days.

Another great incident in the history of the town was the high water of 1851. No two of the persons now living can agree as to just how high it was, but they all agree that the Des Moines river at that time was higher than it ever has been since, or ever will be.

The year 1861 marked another impor-



W. C. ROSS. (A Citizen of Eddyville.)

tant epoch in the town's history. At that time the Des Moines Valley rail road was completed to that point and Eddyville remained the terminus for three years, during which time the town enjoyed a genuine boom. In 1864 when the road was pushed on further west this was the beginning of the end. The boom was over, and the town went backward and there a period of twenty years that there was not a house built or even re-

shingled. Houses by the score actually rotted down and many families moved out of their dwellings and left them to the mercy of the devastating elements.

Eddyville is nestled beneath a huge sand hill which towers heavenward on the east, and which baffled "old Sol" in his attempts to arouse the citizens at a reasonably early hour in the morning. Along the western edge of the town flows the Des Moines river, the waters of which stole gently by, seeming to understand that it was a part of their mission to get beyond the limits of the town without disturbing the population. It was during this state of lethargy into which the people had fallen that there appeared upon the scene a tempter and an incident similar to that in the garden of Eden occurred.

While the people were thus whiling away their time there sprung up in their midst a few followers of the mythical gods, calling themselves free thinkers. These missionaries spread their gospel in every conceivable way and their efforts to obtain converts were liberally rewarded. As time wore on their numbers increased and they formed themselves into an association and held meetings at the houses of those who were in the faith, and many were the tales of weird scenes of those who formed the mysterious midnight gatherings.

They were known as free thinkers, Spiritualists, atheists and followers of their ideal gods, Paine and Ingersoll. It mattered but little to these people what the other fellow said, they went right along with their work, spreading their gospel and holding their mysterious meetings. These men as a rule managed to get at the head of affairs and city officers-elect have been known to refuse to take the ordinary oath of office because it contained the sentence "So help me God."

At the present time fully two-thirds of the business men of the town are unbelievers in anything regarding heaven, hell or the Bible. Eddyville has a population of 1,500; there are seven church buildings in the town and they are kept up by the women, who make up the major part of the various congregations. It is a rare thing to see a business man at church, with the exception of a very few, who are regular attendants.

No longer ago than the last summer Billy Sunday, the noted evangelist, held a series of meetings there, lasting an entire week, and he failed to get a single convert. Sunday remarked that he had never before in all his career as an evangelist preached in a town with as little success.

At another time an evangelist who has since become somewhat noted dropped into town, and after failing to make an impression on the people in a religious way, he organized a young ladies' athletic club, he taking the part of instructor.

This, however, was not a success, as his meetings were disturbed nightly, and finally broken up by a crowd of men and boys, each of whom carried a drum or tin pan, and the gymnast was



WILLIAM COWLEY. (Justice of the Peace.)

compelled to flee the town. These are but a few of the incidents that have occurred to break the monotony of things in Eddyville. If Rev. Mr. Talmage were to preach in Eddyville his auditors would be women; if Robert Ingersoll, then the men would turn out en masse, but on no other occasion could they be induced to leave their favorite haunts.

Political lines are also drawn tighter in Eddyville than at any other place on earth. A minister who had preached salvation for six years at \$300 per year was asked to resign because he expressed a desire to vote for candidates or both tickets. It has been said that there are but two exciting days during the year at Eddyville, and that they are election day and when the ice goes out.

There are gambling dens in the town in various places, where the youth of tender age can play his pennies, as well as the gray beard his dollars. Vice has an almost uninterrupted reign.

But a change is coming over the town and new blood is taking the place of old; a spirit of enterprise is noticeable or every hand. Old fogyism is being replaced by young American enterprise, and a remarkable change has been the result. More improvement has been made within the past two years than there was in thirty years prior to that time. In the hands of young men with modern ideas Eddyville can become one of the most flourishing inland towns of Iowa, but it will always occupy a prominent place in history on account of the past.

Mayor Broderick is foreman of the Wapello county grand jury, and last week when Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll lectured here on "The Foundation of Faith" Mr. Broderick adjourned the body in order that he might hear the lecture. He is a pronounced believer in Ingersollism and carries the teachings into his everyday life.

Nihil Novgorod's exhibition next year is to be a national one of Russian products alone. It will be opened soon after the czar's coronation at Moscow.

BACK TO THE STAGE.

EDWARD GORDON LAWRENCE AND HIS NEW PLAY.

To Star in "For Her Sake" Written by Himself—Story of His Labors in the Field of Dramatic Art—Is Expected to Make a "Hit."

EDWIN GORDON Lawrence, the actor, was born Nov. 1, 1859, at Philadelphia, Pa. He graduated from the Friends' School in that city when sixteen years of age, and commenced shortly afterwards to assist his father,

Professor Philip Lawrence, as an instructor in the Lawrence School of Acting, which was originally in Philadelphia, but removed to New York in 1872. At the age of nineteen he commenced practical stage work as a member of Steele Mackay's "Queen and Woman" company, and later followed that actor to the Madison Square Theater, as treasurer of the house. On Mr. Mackay's retiring from the management he went with him as his private secretary. In the fall of 1881 he arranged with T. H. French to take the Union Square Theater success, "The Danicheffs," on the road, and toured with it through the country, playing the character of Isip, in which he met with considerable success. In the summer of 1882 his father died, and he retired from the stage to take charge



FRANCES SAVILLE.

of the school, to which he has since devoted his entire attention, appearing only at benefits and special performances. In conjunction with his father he wrote the "Lawrence Recliter," and he recently issued his own work, "Simplified Elocution," a work which has been very strongly endorsed as a valuable aid to both students and teachers. Mr. Lawrence will return to the stage next season, when he will produce a romantic Russian drama, entitled "For Her Sake." He will begin his tour at the Leland Opera House, Albany, N. Y. He has been favorably known for many years as a teacher of elocution and instructor in dramatic art, and his skill in this direction, added to his early experience upon the stage, affords strong foundation for his hopes of success.

TALK WITH SAVILLE.

The Beautiful American Girl Who Has Triumphed in Paris. "Entrez!" or rather "come in," the latter with the slightest of foreign accents, and Madame Frances Saville rises from the piano and laughs merrily as she shakes hands. Frances Saville, the adored Traviata of the Parisians, the Juliette, who a few weeks previous stood before a vast audience at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, friendless and comparatively unknown, and had by the sheer force of her silvery voice, inimitable art, and that something more which means "I conquer where I will," unlocked the enthusiasm of a strange audience, has a puzzling face. As she stood up to receive me, a huge basket of yellow chrysanthemums on the piano behind her form a background against which her face and figure are outlined. She is not very tall, but slight, supple, and upright. The small shapely head is thrown back—a trifle defiantly, so I thought at first, but I afterward learned that it was the natural attitude of a brave, fearless woman. "I think I am courageous," she said, later on. "I fear to undertake nothing, and when I undertake, I succeed. I never had a horse I could not conquer, and I ride like a bushrunner." And then the face which had grown strong and masterful breaks into ripples. "You have a very pretty dimple." "One! I have two—that I know am I not right?" and she laughs again, this time at herself, for Mme.

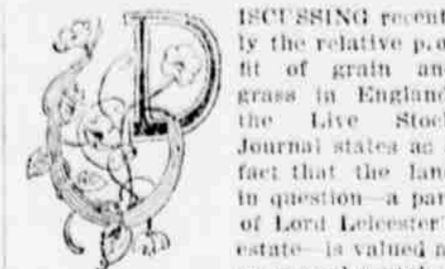
Saville has a keen sense of humor and possesses the rare talent of enjoying a good laugh at her own expense. It is an easy matter to feel at home with the great prima donna, and we sit together and talk like old friends. She is, above all, sympathetic. Her face has a French cast, and she speaks, as I noted before, with a slight accent. "I am only half French," she confessed, and then she adds proudly, "I am an American, really. I was born in California, although I passed many years of my life in Australia. It was there I learned to love outdoor sports, I shoot, I swim, I hunt—and ride the bicycle," was suggested.

"No, indeed! Ah, if a woman could see her back as she rides a bicycle, it would cure her." As she speaks the corners of her lips twitch humorously, and she throws her head back something after the manner of a young steed snorting the air. Her head is crowned by a wealth of golden brown hair that seems almost too great a load to carry. I glance at a beautiful portrait of Juliette awakening from her sleep in the vault; the heavy tresses hanging in disorder almost sweep the ground. With a quick interpretation she answers my unspoken question: "Yes, all mine, and a terrible burden," and then she proceeds to relate a tale of the first and only time she wore a wig. "Such a beautiful golden wig for Marguerite. I admired myself in my long braids, and I was very happy. But after the opera the impressario came to me and cried: 'What have you on your head?' Take it off; take it off. It is horrible! I took off my beautiful golden wig, and never since have I worn one." One cannot give the inimitable manner in which Saville tells a little story against her-

FARM AND GARDEN.

MATTERS OF INTEREST TO AGRICULTURISTS.

Some Up-to-Date Hints About Cultivation of the Soil and Yields Thereof—Horticulture, Viticulture and Floriculture.



DISCUSSING recently the relative profit of grain and grass in England, the Live Stock Journal states as a fact that the land in question—a part of Lord Leicester's estate—is valued at an annual rental of "no more than 7 shillings an acre (the free, at the present time)." This would be only \$1.75 an acre, with local taxes paid by the landlord. If this is anything near a fair sample of English rents for averaging farming, it would seem to leave a fair margin for the renter. It would be considered a very low rent for good land in this part of Ontario; and our best land, well cultivated, on shares, will pay the owner several times that much.

One trouble with English farming is that the methods are antiquated and the expenses too great. The results are good, so far as yield is concerned—much better than the average in Ontario—but the labor bill is proportionally higher. While labor is cheaper there, the labor cost of a bushel of wheat, or a ton of hay, or a pound of butter is more in England than in this country. We don't produce so much per acre; but we produce more—probably two or three times as much per hand. Here is where the English farmer is handicapped much more than in the rent he pays. It is a matter of regret that it is so. English farming should be a very attractive business, with a reasonable margin of profit. It gives employment and support to a much larger population proportionately than ours; and a better support to or at least a more dignified and more leisurely life for the farmer himself than in any other country. It will be a matter of profound regret if he is forced by competition to adopt the high pressure system of work, and the low scale of living which is too common here. But apparently he must do that or abandon the business, at the present price of agricultural produce, to pay the present labor bill, support the manager, or farmer, in his present style of living, and leave any thing at all for rent.—Farm and Home.

Setting Apple-trees. (From the Farmers' Review.) In reading your issue of December 11 I struck a very interesting article on "Planting Orchards" signed "William Gray." While his article contains many excellent points which I most freely endorse, it contains one that I would most seriously condemn, viz., "The tree top should incline to the west several inches." He further states that the prevailing winds are from the west and that nearly all the orchard trees are found leaning east. This may be the case with him, but in all this great northwest the prevailing winds are from the northwest and our trees lean, not to the east, but to the northeast. I have examined thousands of orchards in Wisconsin, Minnesota and Iowa and have almost invariably found the older trees leaning and growing to the northeast. He says they lean east by west winds. I claim to have any amount of evidence in our township that they lean northeast and not from the force of wind from the southwest, but from the direct rays of the sun. This I reported in our book report of 1878. When everybody claimed this leaning was caused by the southwest winds I took a bold stand then and was considered much beside myself by my best friends, who tried then to keep me from arguing the question there, as it would be sure to expose my ignorance. It is impossible with the limited space I am given to branch off and reason all these points in one short article, but if objected to by any I will try to make my position as clear as sunshine. We have eight orchards in our grove here on the east side, open on the east, closely shut in on the south and west by tall timber. All these trees lean seriously to the northeast except the row that stands near the grove on the south side of the field. The trees in the west side row, too, are found nearly upright, caused by the shade they receive from the sun by the grove. If anyone doubts my position let him go about and examine and he will be most thoroughly convinced by his own convictions. I do not say the southwest winds never set the trees over to the northeast. The wind does this sometimes, but not any oftener than they are set over to the southeast by the northwest wind. These are exceptions to the general rule.

I have found trees leaning in every conceivable direction. But as a rule they lean and grow to the northeast. The time was when this talk was called Gaylord's theory and weighed little. At this time (in 1879) I wrote to a noted professor in Michigan to learn what caused our trees to lean or grow over to the northeast. His reply was then it was caused by the heavy southwest winds. This was about seventeen years ago, but I venture to say now that not a professor in the northwest could be found to utter such a conclusion. If there are any we hope they will come to the rescue, as this old-fogy notion is now most thoroughly exploded.

The best I can do in this short article is to state a few facts very briefly and defer the rest till some future reply. A tree standing erect and in the open sun without anything to prevent the direct rays from striking its trunk will be injured. It is a fact that the direct rays of the sun will scorch the bark of a tree and the trunk will be injured. It is a fact that the direct rays of the sun will scorch the bark of a tree and the trunk will be injured. It is a fact that the direct rays of the sun will scorch the bark of a tree and the trunk will be injured.

Stage Notes. Paul Bourget is writing a one-act play in prose for the Comedie Francaise. The title is "The Screen." Shakespeare is so popular in Italy that a sanguine Italian actor announces "Hamlet" is almost sure of a success. Though a failure in Christiania and Copenhagen, "The Second Mrs. Tanguer" has been successful at Stockholm.

Herr Sudermann's latest play, "Happiness in a Corner" (Gluck im Winkel), has just been produced at the Burgtheater, Vienna. The discovery of stage

No time-piece could show more truly. But if a tree leans from the sun, from any time from sunrise till sunset, the dead line will appear on top or facing the sun. There are unnumbered amounts of evidence, even in our own township, to prove this beyond all possible doubt. These being facts, then how shall we set our trees so as to best make them self-protective? We will set our trees here (now) leaning to the sun at about 1 o'clock—not later. Up till quite recently we have been setting and advising setting at half-past 1. This is a little too much, we think, as we now find here and there trees that have been set over as far as 2 and 3, and in almost every case trees thus grown will show injury, even as far east as sunrise or from 8 in the morning. There were a few trees in a small plot I found years ago leaning, one northwest backed on southeast, one leaning north backed on south, one leaning southeast backed on southwest; one stood close to the north side of the fence, stood upright and sound. This gave me evidence in a nutshell; and since I have examined thousands of trees and universally find the same conditions, producing the same effect. Set leaning to 1—no later—and don't you forget it. Edson Gaylord.

Rennet. The most important factors in cheese manufacture are the preparation and use of rennet; next that rennet be of the proper sort. Ten or twelve years ago rennets brought as high as 20 cents apiece. Today the majority of them sell for only ten cents apiece. What has caused such a decline in prices? Because home made rennets, generally far superior to those of which I am about to treat, figuratively speaking, are going out of date.

American farmers are acquiring the habit of using a great many imported rennets. They are especially used in large factories. They are generally marked "Bavarian," whether they came from Bavaria or not, for not all of them came from that country any more than they do from the requisite kind of animals. Swine, sheep and goats furnish not a small number of the cheese rennets on the market. These being often poorly packed and then neglected so that they become both wormy and mouldy, cannot help affecting the quality of the cheese.

An experienced cheese-maker, of course, may have had luck occasionally, just the same as the farmer's wife with her butter. Pure milk and good rennet, however, are the principal things to commence with. The chief difficulty lies in what is termed alkaline bacteria, which possesses the power to melt the curd, and thus deprives a considerable amount of the solids from entering into the composition of the cheese.—Albany Journal.

"Small Farmers."—I find this is a phrase which is disliked by many, but it is better to be a good and successful small farmer than an unthrifty and unsuccessful large farmer. We often see business men begin in a limited way and do well until they get aspiring. No sooner have they made a little money than they spread out, buy a larger stock of goods, partly or chiefly on credit, and indulge in "great expectations" which fail of realization. Many a man can manage a smaller business who gets out of his depth when he tries to conduct a larger one. Or, in the fluctuations of trade, the times are not so good, he cannot sell the larger stock he has got together; before times improved many articles become unfashionable and go down in value, and the issue is bankruptcy. In like manner, many farmers who succeed in a small way, go into this, that, and the other thing until they get a bigger burden on their shoulders than they can carry.

A Gas Tree.—A gas tree was discovered in the southern part of Washington county, Pa., in a very curious way. Hunley Gouch and his son were chopping down an old and hollow tree, when they thought as they struck into the hollow that they smelled the odor of gas. The son struck a match and applied it to the hollow, which the ax had opened. Instantly there was an explosion and the young man had difficulty in escaping without serious injury. The tree continued to burn until its bark was burned off. The ax, which was left in the tree, had its handle burned. It is likely that digging near where the tree stood will show a large and valuable supply of gas. It is likely that the gas in the tree had been slowly accumulated through apertures in the soil not big enough to release a large quantity at a time.—Ex.

Roots of Clover.—A German authority says that the root and stubble of a good crop of red clover weigh over three tons per acre when air dry and contain 180 pounds of nitrogen, 77 pounds of phosphoric acid and 77 pounds of potash, all of which is placed when turned under, in the most available form for growing crops. We call attention particularly to the large demand which clover makes on the soil for potash and phosphoric acid. If the resulting crops are removed from the soil one can easily see how clover can be used for soil robbing as well as restoring fertility. It is this fact that has given rise to the English proverb, "Clover without manure makes the father rich and the children poor."

Forest and Prairie Fires.—A great menace to farming in the west are the forest and prairie fires. Farmers have got to learn that every big fire does immense damage to their growing crops; it heats the air, and draws up the surface so that water will roll off it and not be absorbed by it. Burning the straw and cornstalks on the field is one of the worst practices that farmers can adopt, and they reap the evil results of it every time. Vegetable matter burnt is lost, but when turned under the soil it is not only saved, but it makes the soil more productive. It is a fact that the soil in this country, failed this year, is the best of the soil in the world.