THE ADVERTISER.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1879

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FAIRBROTHER & HACKER,
Publishers Advertiser.

Which Shall it Be.

The Democratic party has got to be voted down or whipped down.

It is simply a question whether it will allow itself to be fairly beaten at the polls or compel its own extermination on the field. Its existence has become a standing menance to liberty in this country.

The time for mealy-mouthed palaver about this question has passed. The shameless violence, cowardly vengeance, dastardly and contemptible course of the party in Mississippi stamps it as a public enemy, a rotten, virulent sore, that must be eviscerated and destroyed if decency and liberty would thrive in this country.

The *Inter Ocean* pleads not now for the Republican party. It can put its complaints on broader grounds than mere partisanship.

The men who are ousted, at the point of the bayonet, from participation in the rights of American citizens, are not this time Republicans. They are Democrats, who dared to question the infallibility of the party, and who have in consequence been marked for slaughter. But the principle of personal liberty, sacred whether it be Democrat or Republican who suffers from its infringement, requires vindication as much when the former's rights are assailed as when the latter is the victim.

The action of the Democratic party in Yazoo, Miss., is simply subversive of all political liberty. The men who are guilty of forcing their neighbors to agree with them upon points of political policy, and who compel A, B, and C to support, even for local offices, the persons selected by the mob, are worse than the religious knights of the rack and thumb-screw who flourished in the days of the Spanish inquisition. The latter tortured men in the deluded thought that they were saving immortal souls while killing the mortal bodies; they flourished, too, in dark days, when human liberty was unborn, when enlightened reason was yet in the womb of darkness, and when the motto, "the king can do no wrong," was almost universally recognized.

But the nineteenth century savages in Mississippi grow, thrive, brow-beat and murder in a republic where political equality is enjoined by the supreme law. They persecute people for opinion's sake in the land dedicated to liberty of thought. They torture and destroy, not for the ultimate benefit of the victim, but because the victim happens to entertain views not in perfect harmony with their own. And they do all this, mind you, in defiance of the Constitution; in defiance of a national law; in defiance of a President pledged to enforce and uphold that Constitution and those laws; in defiance of justice, decency, and the most common instincts of manhood and fair play.

And what does the great party to which these gentry belong have to say about the spectacle presented? Nothing. Now and then an independent Democratic newspaper, like the Vicksburg *Herald*, ventures to protest against the wrong, but from the party, at large, come only nods of approval and encouraging signals to continue the good work of shot-gun proselyting for the Democracy.

We wonder if there is a decent Democrat in the Union who can read of proceedings like those of the bulldozing mob in Yazoo without a sense of burning shame that he is lending his aid to place in supreme power the party permitting such wrongs?

A letter from a number of citizens of Yazoo City, addressed to a prominent lawyer of Vicksburg, asking his advice, gives a picture of the state of affairs there which is humiliating, indeed. After recounting the scenes attending the withdrawal of Captain Dixon, the Independent candidate for Sheriff, under threats of death they say:

Now, sir, is there no remedy for us? Is there no source to which we can look for protection in our rights? They now threaten to compel every prominent Independent candidate to pledge his support to their party, or burn our houses, and drive us from our homes. How is this for a free country?

What is the answer to this appeal? We find it in the proceedings of a mass meeting held at Yazoo City on the 4th ult., and reported in the Democratic paper of that place, the *Herald* of the 5th. The address "to the country" goes on to state that—

This man (Dixon) was the originator and leader of this race issue, or so-called Independent party, assuming first the name of Independent Democrats; and was a candidate for Sheriff of the county. The people felt that if this course on the part of Dixon continued that it would sooner or later culminate in actual and bloody conflict.

Why conflict? Who wanted to fight? Could there be any trouble which was not brought about by refusing to submit to the arbitration of the ballot? Who was it that proposed to decline such arbitration and precipitate the dreaded "conflict?" But the address continues:

To avert these calamities, and from an instinct of self protection, and to save the reputation and character of the country, to avoid more strife *many citizens* did assemble here on the 25th of July. They simply, through a committee, demanded that he (Dixon) should leave the county.

That's all. These brave, fair-minded, and eminently patriotic gentlemen scorned to be severe with their erring fellow citizen. "They simply demanded that he should leave the county." They only asked that he should abandon his home, forsake his family, sacrifice his business, and become an exile from the place where he was born and reared. And what for? For what crime? Why, for daring to run as an independent candidate for a county office in a local election.

But if the above is insolent, the closing part of the "address" exhibits a craven fear and a lying cowardice which is even more contemptible. It is as follows:

That we may not be misunderstood we now declare that we are now and have ever been in favor of equal rights to all men before the law; that the colored man is secure in the enjoyment of all his rights, and that the step taken by the white people was in the interest of white and black alike, and that it had no political significance, as the question was one of self-preservation; the Democracy of this county being at all times willing to submit to the ballot box all political issues fairly presented.

Take into consideration that there were two tickets in the field prior to the assembling of "many citizens," and that after such assemblage there was but one, and the value of the assurance above given is apparent.

There are no more abject poltroons than the men who band together in fifties and hundreds to assail and murder one man. These Yazoo cowards, having displayed such tremendous courage in ordering an unprotected citizen from their midst, becoming apprehensive that they may be called to account from some unexpected quarter, and so lie, stupidly and palpably, in their effort to relieve themselves of responsibility. Five hundred of them having set upon and conquered one man, so exhaust their warlike natures that they cannot stand to the consequences like men, but begin whining and begging for quarter in advance.

And this is but a picture of a policy which has been inaugurated in almost every Southern State. Republicanism has been killed by it; now the turn of every man who dares to differ from the Democratic party has come. Whether the Yazoo system is to become national is a question submitted to the North to answer. Democracy fosters and encourages it, and so we say again, as we said at the beginning, the Democratic party has got to be voted down or whipped down. An organization which permits no votes to be cast, where it has the power, except those favorable to its own triumph, can never peaceably assume the control of this country.—*Inter Ocean.*

Those who are familiar with the process of making flip by sticking a red-hot poker into the mug will understand how the ancient dwellers in the Swiss lake villages boiled water when they had no vessels that would stand the action of fire. A great multitude of stones, splintered by the process of being heated and then dropped into the pot of water, have this summer been found by excavations made in a turf moor near Seeberg, Canton Berne, which was the site of one of these prehistoric villages. Among other "finds," there are specimens of very primitive pottery, made entirely by hand and baked before an open fire, a bent basket-handle, exactly like those in use now; hatchet handles, exceedingly well made; bone chisels and arrow-heads; a pair of forks, evidently intended for eating purposes, fashioned from the metatarsal bone of a stag, and bone hair-pins without number among the flint tools and weapons of war.

Among the bones of animals found on the turf moor are those of the dog, the badger, the common otter and of the wild ox and the bear, which last indicate that the lake-dwellers were bold and skillful hunters as well as ingenious tool-makers.

If Andrew Jackson were alive today he would be the most stalwart of Republicans. His dying regret was that he did not hang John C. Calhoun. And why? Because Calhoun promulgated the treasonable doctrine of state supremacy. That's just what the Democratic party is doing to-day. That doctrine is the seed that produces secession. Andrew Jackson Democrats are Republicans to-day, at least all who were Democrats from principle then. Some cling to the old name without regard to the principles or action of the party. Where is the Democratic leader to-day who is heard to say, "By the Eternal, the Union must and shall be preserved." They are nowhere to be found. Their cry is for state supremacy, and effort is to tear the states asunder, and weaken the general government. Nullification and secession are upon their banners, inscribed there by their loud actions. Republicanism to-day means the preservation of the Union. Democracy is disunion.—*Exchange.*

TO PLASTER A CISTERN.—It is of importance that a cistern should be properly plastered in order to make it tight and lasting. A correspondent gives the following directions: Procure one barrel of water-lime as new as possible, and two barrels of clean sand without gravel or small stones; in a large box of a convenient size mix one part of lime to two parts of sand while dry. When thoroughly mixed, pour in water till it is thin enough to spread, and spread it evenly over the whole cistern. This done, close up the cistern and leave it a week or two to dry. Then mix another pailful of lime with two pailfuls of sand, as before, but make it thin enough to be put on with a white-wash brush; put on this last coat and the job is done.

Cause of Stunted Trees.

The stunted, scraggy growth of the underwood in a forest is generally attributed to the fact that the smaller trees are overshadowed by the taller ones, and thus deprived of the light and air necessary to their developement. But M. Grandeau, professor in the French School of Forestry, says that this stunted growth is caused by the larger trees acting as conductors, depriving the smaller ones of electricity. To test this view, he tried an experiment.

In April 1877, he took two tobacco plants, each weighing 3½ grammes, and having four leaves. They were both planted in boxes containing mould of identical quality, and placed side by side in a position favorable to their growth.

But one of them had placed over it a cage, consisting of four iron rods, one metre fifty centimetres high, joined at the top and covered with wire gauze, which permitted the free circulation of air, light and water, but completely protected the plant from atmospheric electricity.

They were left uninterfered with until the middle of August, when the results obtained were as follows: The plant in the open air had attained a hight of 3 feet 5 inches, while the other was only 2 feet 4 inches; the former weighed 270 grammes and the latter 144 grammes; when dried, their respective weights were 30 grammes and 15½ grammes.

Similar experiments made with maize and wheat gave precisely analagous results, so that M. Grandeau has come to the conclusion that the electricity of the atmosphere is equally necessary to vegetation as sunlight and air.

Sarsaparilla.

Yesterday afternoon a red-faced young man belonging to an excursion party called into a Woodward avenue drug store and softly asked the soda fountain boy if he was out of any particular kind of syrup. The boy made an investigation, and replied:

"We are out of sarsaparilla, but——"

"That's all right—all right—you wait a minute," interupted the young man, and away he went.

The boy took the empty reservoir from the fountain and replaced it, and in about two minutes the young man returned in company with his girl and four other people, evidently all friends. Walking up to the fountain he said:

'I'm going to take sarsaparilla in mine, for the doctors all recommend it, and if he hasn't any sarsaparilla I won't take nothing. What do you say?"

"Oh, we'l take the same," they replied.

The young man began to smile and and his left eye began to draw down, but what was his horror to see the boy draw off six glasses in succession and push them to the front, where they were eagerly drained of their contents! He tried to give the boy a look of mingled hate and murderous intent, but the lad was too busy to notice it. He felt in all his pockets, brought up watchkeys, pennies and peanuts and finally laid down twenty-seven cents and whispered to the boy:

"That takes my pile, and if I ever catch you out-side of town I'll lick you to death!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Lime Kiln Club Deficiency.

At the last meeting of the Lime Kiln Club, Judge Sunflower Truax Chairman of the committee on foreign relations, announced that he had a delicate mission to perform. He had been requested, by the new janitor to state that there was a deficency in the cash accounts of the old janitor. The Treasurer's books showed that the janitor should turn over to his successor the sum of thirteen cents, whereas he had only turned over eight. Brother Gardner requested the ex-official to step forward and explain, and he stood up and said:

'I tole the new janerter all about it, an' he had no bizness to raise dis fuss. Dat five cents was lost down a crack in de flo' out in de ante-room, an' de Treasurer should report it as cash on hand.'

'Kin dat five cents be sawn down dar under de flo'?' inquired the President, and being informed that it could be, appointed a committee of two to "sawn it" and report. The result was the acquital of the old janitor of the serious charge of embezzlement. The committee reported that they could see the nickle under the floor, and that it could be recovered any time a carpenter was called in.

An Alleged Cure for Rattlesnake Bite.

Myron G. Collins, of Tennessee, claims to have discovered a cure for rattlesnake bites. Drs. Eve and Shacklett, of Nashville, according to the *American*, made a test of the medicine. Collins let a rattlesnake bite him on the wrist, and at once applied to the wound and took inwardly a decoction of mosses from oak and hickory trees. He suffered from nausea, and his pulse and temperature were excited, but within an hour he had completely recovered. The bite of the same reptile speedily killed a dog.

New Cure for Neuralgia.

For the benefit of sufferers from neuralgia, we give Edison's recipe, as published in the *Drug Reporter*, a high medical authority: Chloroform two ounces; chloraidhydraie, two ounces; alcohol, one and a half ounces; camphor, one ounce; sulphuric ether one ounce; sulphat morphine, six grains; oil pepperment, two drams. Shake thoroughly. For outward application only. This remedy is said to be remarkably successful in curing or deadening the pain of that terrible disease.

What Boys Should be.

FIRST:—Be true—be genuine. No education is worth anything that does not include this. A man had better not know how to read—he had better never learn a letter of the alphabet, and be true and genuine in intention and in action, rather than being learned in all sciences and in all languages, to be at the same time false in heart and counterfeit in life.

SECOND:—Be pure in thought, language—pure in mind and body. An impure man, young or old, poisoning the society where he moves with smutty stories and impure examples, is a moral ulcer, a plague spot, a leper who ought to be treated as were the lepers of old.

THIRD:—Be unselfish. To care for the feelings and comforts of others. To be polite. To be just in all dealings with others. To be generous, noble, and manly.

FOURTH:—Be self-reliant and self-helpful even from early childhood. To be industrious always, and self-supporting at the earliest proper age. Teach them that all honest work is honorable, and that an idle, useless life of dependence on others is disgraceful.

When a boy has learned these four things, when he has made these ideas a part of his being—however young he may be, however poor, or however rich—he has learned some of the most important things he ought to know when he becomes a man.—*Rome Arts.*

TO MAKE APPLE TREES BEAR.—We frequently see statements in the papers, says the *Rural New Yorker*, of inquiries if there is any way of making apple trees bear fruit on alternate years or every year.

Many years ago a friend of mine had a dozen apple trees that were bearing heavy crops of apples every other year. He wished to have fruit every year, so he took a long pole—the trees were large—and gave them a heavy beating on the side, or half of the tree, just as the fruit was about the size of hickory nuts, knocking off every fruit on the south side of the tree. The result was, as I saw for several years, that these trees bore heavy crops on one side one year, and the next year a heavy crop on the other side, so that for many years he had plenty of apples for home use every year. His trees stood in a rich soil that was annually cultivated—no grass sod to cover the roots. It is now about time to try the experiment.

To render any enterprise successful, we must be willing to work earnestly, patiently, continually. Spasmodic effort never did, and never will, lead to triumphant success. When we embark in any new enterprise, we must be prepared to work and wait—wait for the reward of our labor. The farmer must plow, and plant, and till, waiting through long days of unfolding, for the bloom and ripening of the grain, ere the harvest may be gathered. In every department of life it is the same. Then, if we find no pleasure in the work we do, but count it hateful drudgery looking forward with weary, longing eyes, to the far-off harvest time only for reward, how many miserable, unhappy days we must endure.

It may be true that the course of true love never did run smooth, but if we judge domestic felicity by this standard—*i. e.*, by the way of smoothness—we arrive at the inevitable conclusion that in most cases love is very thin indeed. At any rate it is always logical and grammatical, in proof of which assertion we give these lines:

"A kiss," said youg Charles, "is a noun we allow;
But tell me, dear, is it proper or common?"
Lovely Mary blushed deep and exclaimed,
"Why, I vow,
I think that a kiss is both proper and common."

Good strong coffee is the best antidote and protection from alcholic drinks. It is a corrector of indigestion, promotes healthy circulation, and there is actual nutriment in a cup of coffee. Coffee and mules were the dependence of the American soldiers during the rebellion. If either had given out the result would have been in doubt. The men and women who have so abused their stomach that they do not enjoy a delicious cup of Java are to be pitied, as they are deprived of one of life's luxuries.—*Inter Ocean.*

Frederick William IV, of Prussia, once upon a time stopped at a little railroad station where a deputation, headed by the mayor of an adjacent village, awaited him with an address. Just as the mayor braced himself up to deliver his oration, "a neighboring ass did sing both loud and clear." A frightful silence ensued, but the King did not long delay in breaking it with the paternal and graceful remark: "One at a time, gentlemen; one at a time."—*Paris Paper.*

Western Union telegraph office, 8 o'clock in the morning: Operator received the following;

"Christ. (abbreviation for Christian) died at eleven o'clock last night."

Rushes to the manager: "What shall we do about this, Mr. Langhourn?"

"About what?"

(Reads the dispatch.) "Why, that infernal idiot at the New York office has been holding this for nearly 1,900 years.—*Indianapolis News.*

An art critic going into a gallery in a state of mild inebriation, to criticize some pictures, sees himself in a glass, and, taking out his note-book, writes as follows: "First room, head of a drunkard, no signature, has a great deal of character; red nose remarkably truthful. Must be a portrait from life; think I have seen that face somewhere."

There's many a man whose highest ambition is to successfully contest a seat on a nail-keg in a cornergrocery.—*Indianapolis Sentinel.*

Immense.

Sauntering up to the counter he began to harpoon the eatables at the free-lunch table, and as he stowed away the articles under his vest, he began, in a tone of melancholy sadness:

"Gentlemen, my actions may seem ill-bred, but with a half-starved man, hunger must be satisfied before good manners can be attended to."

The bar-tender reached for a club, and told the apolegetic stranger that if he wouldn't leave at once he'd go for him.

"My dear sir," resumed the gaunt-looking new arrival, with a deprecatory wave of the hand and a child-like smile that was spoiled by his having a mouthful of pickled cabbage to attend to; "I can understand your astonishment at what may seem impudence on the part of an entire stranger, and I am not offended at the anger it causes you to display. But when I say that I am a poor, homeless, wandering refugee from the fever-stricken city of Memphis—"

Five schooners of beer were laid down upon the counter with a simultaneousness that showed prompt decision, and five panic-stricken men perambulated toward the door with a unity of action that was admirable. The man behind the bar had vanished into airy nothingness, and as the weary stranger polished off the free lunch, and gathered in schooner after schooner until, beer-laden, he ambled toward the street, that saloon was as bare as the upper lip of a 16-year-old youth.

And the poor, homeless, wandering refugee from the fever-stricken city of Memphis, footsore and woe-begone, turned into Beekman street with the dazed, sad counteuance of one whom life had left nothing worth living for. As he passed into Theater alley, two shabbily dressed tramps approached him, and inquired in accents of anxiety:

"Well, Bill, how does the new racket work?"

The poor, homeless, wandering refugee from fever-stricken Memphis, who had so suddenly descended to plain "Bill," laconically replied with a deflection of the left optic:

"Immense!"—*Puck.*

A Man With a Tail.

A drunken man was swaying unsteadily in the street last night, when a dog with a tin pan tied to his tail ran between his legs. The collision was so forcible that the man was upset, and the dog ran out minus a piece of its tail. The man got up bewildered, rubbed the bruised end of his spinal column, picked up the dog's tail and then soliloquised: "This is (hic) unfortunate! Never before knowed or suspected I had such a thing as a tail till I go an' fall down an' break it off. Might've made a (hic) fortune 'zibitin' myself as a man with a tail. There'd been millions in it—millions (hic) in it! Jes my luck. Whenever I get a good thing its always gone before I (hic) find it out."

Good things to have handy where there are horses: White lead for bruises or breaks in skin, saddle galls, etc. Bathing whisky with about 2 oz. hartshorn and a little camphor, for sprains, stiffness, etc. Leaf lard for cuts. Coal oil applied to a light strain is also good.

The following is given as a Louisville turfman's remark to the clergyman who told him that he must prepare to die in a few hours: "Well, when I'm dead and you're dead, and I'm an angel and you're an angel, and I've got wing's and you've got wings, I'll bet you $10 I can outfly you."

A Massachusetts woman was so jealous of her husband's first wife that when he died she refused to allow him to be buried beside her. She remarked to the undertaker at the funeral: "I ain't agoin' to have that woman a leanin' on Jim's arm at the resurrection day, if I can help it, you bet."

Three girls of the Methodist persuasion having met together, concluded to pray for the welfare of their lovers; but the first one had not gone very far along in her petition when it was discovered that they were all engaged to the same man. The religious exercises were at once terminated.

"No, sir," said the gentleman from Pittsburg, "I was not in the war, but my brother was, and he was wounded." "Ah, indeed! Seriously wounded?" "Yes, sir; he was shot in the horse.—*Boston Courier.*

The American Bible Society has distributed 32,226 copies of the Scriptures in Texas during the last twelve months. The Texans love the Bible. They use it for gun wads.—*Norristown Herald.*

Contentment is better than riches, but it will not go so far when it comes to traveling for pleasure.—*Picayune.*

The old lady who kissed her cow was not more dizzy than the daughter who kissed a regular calf.

It is strangely singular how much the boy with a pair of new suspenders bates to wear a coat.

Why is a ship the politest thing in the world? Because she always advances with a bow.

To fall in love with a fleshy girl may be considered a case of in-fat-uation.

Case of rapture—Where a lover is wrapped up in his girl.

The man with a marble brow ought to have a cool head.

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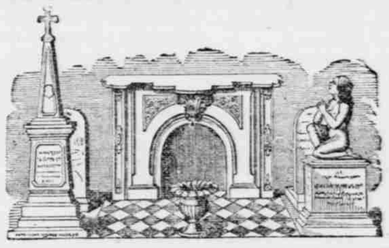

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