Mr. Henry Lineberger is visiting his little brother Lewis, in Varna, Ill.

We are sorry to learn of the feeble condition of Mr. George Kauffman.

Mr. Pleasant Stewart has rented his farm, and will move to West Delavan.

Elder Vandervoort wil commence a series of meetings in the Christian church to-morrow evening.

Miss Nannie Paul, a young musical pupil of Miss Mollie Dernell, is a rising prima donna in our village.

Miss Mollie Da nell's contemplated trip to the Cresent City as a rest from her musical labors, has been defered for the present, and will be found at the usual hours at her studio.

Mr. Ed. Lackey, who has been visiting his brother at Mexico, Mo., and sight seeing in the west, returned yesterday to Braidwood, Ill., his future home.

We are confidently informed that Mr. Thomas Jeffrey, Frank McReynolds and A. Jewett each will open a first-class provision store in the near future.

Mr. Jacob Frohm has sold his farm to Mr. William Thompson; consideration, $400. Mr. Frohm will move on to Mr. Ayresman's farm till fall, and then he'll see what there is in Nebraska for him.

Mr. Joseph Lineberger, who has been doing the singing for the Good Templars, sang his last song a few nights ago, and in the future he'll take the advice of the Bulletin, vote the democratic ticket straight, often and late.

Miss Mamie Tyner, an Omaha belle, who has been here visiting relatives, departed for her home yesterday. Miss Mamie is a second Jersey Lily, and during her stay in our village it seems she has disturbed the hearts action of one or two of our bloods.

Mr Hulvey has sold his butcher shop to Mr. Dave James. Mr H. moves to Bloomington, and in the future you'll call on Mr James for your bovine, as it is said he can cut a first-class steak nearer the horns than any man that ever dispensed the cloven foot in our town.

The young people of Stanford enjoyed surprising Miss Ida Lineberger at her elegant home a few evenings ago. The Misses Field, Reeser and Beearth were the leading spirits in the movements after the saluting peculiar to ladies when they meet. They were received by Miss Ida with that grace and ease that would tend to captivate the most fastidious.

One of our Springtown belles sorrows because it is said that we refused to acknowledge that we ever knew her. The accusation if true, would be an unpardonable sin, but we emphatically say we do know you and have been pleased always that it was our privilege to know you, and the happiest thought of all is we know we shall know you in the sweet bye and bye.

COVEL.

Mr. Odd Lash is home on a visit.

Mr. Hefner, of Lexington, visited at Mr. A. P. Hefner's last week.

Rev. Brush, of Bloomington, will preach at the Union church next Friday evening at 7 o'clock.

Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Campbell, of Bloomington, spent last week with friends and relatives here.

Mr. H. C. Sheitz and mother, who have been visiting in Indiana, returned home on Sunday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Stubblefield treated about forty of their friends and relatives to an elegant dinner last Saturday.

The heaviest ice storm that has visited our place for twelve years came on Friday night and Saturday. At the present writing the trees are loaded with the ice, and shade and fruit trees are badly broken down.

SHIRLEY ITEMS.

Mr. Charley Warlo spent Sunday here.

Miss Sallie Offit is in your city this week.

Ta Owen has returned from Chicago this week.

Brown and Gray, of your city, was visiting friends here last week.

There was a little combat in our, town but it turned out not very serious.

The two o'clock passenger train, when leaving here, the end car jumped the track.

We are having plenty of snow and ice. The sleet has done great damage to the fruit trees.

There was preaching at the Christian church on Sunday at 11 a.m., by brother Nenhorn.

SOUTH DOWNS.

Mrs. Rupe is very sick.

W. Hoover smiles and says it is a girl.

W. P. Jones, town collector, has made his appearance.

The sleet has done great damage to the timber and groves.

J. Arnold came near losing his best grey mare on Tuesday. He turned her out in the pasture to exercise with halter on. The chain came unfastened and dropped down about one foot, which she reached over a fence and caught it in a harrow that was sitting by the fence, which she jerked over the fence and over the pasture promiscuously, and when found was standing still, holding up the half of a 72-tooth harrow with the chain. The mare came out all right, except a few cuts near the point of the shoulders and one in the neck.

LE ROY.

Our coal shaft is in statu quo.

Protracted meeting has closed in the city. Leon Kazar was married to Miss McGowen one day last week in Bloomington.

Freeman has sold his interest in the hardware store on the corner to his partner.

Johnnie Alsup is with us at present, he having left the country hotel for a while.

E. S. Howard has sold his furniture establishment to his partner, Robert Hallowell.

Several school teachers in this township could not get to their schools on Monday.

Protracted meeting at Rucker chappel still continues, and much interest is taken in it.

We had no mails whatever on last Saturday, and they have been very irregular ever since.

Several fine photograph views of buildings and door yards were taken on Sunday, Monday and Tuesday, in the city.

Our telephone wire is broken in many

and we hope that all the present subscribers of the daily will continue with Mr. Battershell, and that he may be able to add new names to the list.

LITTLE BROWN MEN.

Not "Child-Like and Bland," but Rude, Brutal and Disobliging.

They Murder Their Sick, They Dishonor Women, and They are the Slaves of Superstition.

E. V. Smalley in The Century.

There is a mistaken notion in the east that the Chinese are always humble and submissive, and much put upon and abused by the whites of the Pacific coast. There was a time when the hoodlums of San Francisco maltreated the Asiatic immigrants shamefully, but that time has gone by. Now the Chinaman appears to be as secure in his rights of person and property as anybody. Instead of being deferential and timid he is often pushing and insolent. He does not give way in the street. He hustles you as rudely as an English navvy. A body of Chinese laborers marching down a narrow street will crowd ladies into the gutter. The Chinese merchants, doctors, and others belonging to the better classes, are as polite as Frenchmen, but the masses of the Chinese population on the Pacific coast are rude and brutal. The chief thing in their favor is their habit of personal cleanliness. The railroad laborers, who are the poorest and most ignorant class, wash themselves from head to foot at the end of each day's work. All classes are frequent customers of the barber, who gives minute attention to their heads, faces, ears and necks.

Among the commonlaborers there is little sympathy for sick and injured comrades. If a man is likely to become a burden, the other members of his gang want to get rid of him as soon as possible. It is commonly believed by the white bosses on the railways that the Chinese doctors put sick men out of the way by poison when they think they cannot be speedily cured. A case was told me in Oregon of a Coolie railway laborer who had an arm broken. It was set by the company's doctor, and was doing well, but the man's comrades insisted on bringing a Chinese doctor to attend him. The doctor came from a distant camp and gave the patient a dose. In an hour the poor fellow was dead. In such cases there is no investigation; nobody cares that there is one Chinaman less. The death of a cart-horse is of much more consequence. One great difficulty the employers of Chinese labor have to contend with is the superstition of these queer people. Their religious worship consists chiefly in propitiating the malevolent spirits of the dead. If a Chinese domestic fancies there is a ghost in the house he departs at once, and leaves an inscription behind to warn his successors. It often happens that a family will be unable to keep a servant longer than a single day. Man after man will come and go without giving any reason for his abrupt departure. At last the warning sign is found in the kitchen or the servant's room and expunged; then there is no more trouble. Not long ago two Chinamen were killed in Oregon by the premature explosion of a blast on a new railway line. One of their fellow workmen declared that just before the explosion he saw two devils come to the opposite bank of the river, and heard them talking. Thereupon the whole gang of forty men dropped work, and could not be induced, by threats or persuasions, to return to the spot. It was necessary to send them to another part of the line, and bring on a fresh gang who had not heard of the occurrence.

It is commonly supposed in the east that the Chinese make excellent servants. Some of them do, no doubt, but I met no housekeeper on the Pacific coast who did not say she would greatly prefer a good white woman, if one could be obtained, to the best Chinaman. As a rule, the Chinese domestic servants, while they do faithfully, and in a machine-like way, what they agree to do, and are shown how to do, they are stubborn and disobliging if asked to go outside of their regular day's routine of labor. They insist on having their evenings to themselves and on leaving the house to gamble and smoke opium with their comrades in some dirty den. If, for any reason, breakfast is wanted at an earlier hour than common, the mistress must get it herself. The greatest trouble with them is, however, to teach them to show the same deference to the mistress of the house that they show to the master. They despise women as a lower order of beings, and cannot understand, until they have been some time in this country, how a woman can rightfully have authority in a household. The only reason the Chinese are valued as house-servants on the Pacific coast is because white service is scarce and very bad. Knowing that they can always get situations, the few white women who go out to service are, as a rule, arrogant, lazy, and incompetent.

Early Slavery in South Carolina.

John Fiske in Harper's Magazine.

Accordingly, in South Carolina, the negroes were worked to death, and the relations between the slave and his master were very different from what they were in Virginia and Maryland. The negroes in South Carolina were simply heathen savages; wedlock was almost unknown among them; they were kept in brute-like ignorance, and were often treated with barbarous cruelty. Consequently, instead of becoming softened in disposition and partially civilized, like their brethren in Maryland and Virginia, these negroes were as ugly and ferocious as any tribe of savages in Africa. Like the dog that is used to being kicked, they were always ready to snarl and bite. They were a dangerous class of society, prone to commit crimes of violence, and to run away or rise in rebellion when occasion offered. In the course of the eighteenth century there were several alarming insurrections, which were suppressed with atrocious barbarity. The planters lived in perpetual terror. A sort of standing army, in the shape of a well drilled militia 8,000 strong, was kept continually on duty, and part of the business of this militia was to visit all the plantations and search the negro quarters for concealed weapons. They were also authorized to flog any stray negro they might chance to meet, without stopping to ask questions. For the murder of a master or overseer negroes were sometimes burned at the stake, or exposed in an iron cage and left to starve.

bush.

"Well," said he, "look at Vanderbilt. I can take you to men here who used to loan him $2.50 to $5 to bet on the horse races at Long island, where he used to take himself surreptitiously, keeping a sharp eye to see that the old man was not around, for Bill had to run away, and never had more than enough money to take him there, as Vanderbilt believed that you would spoil a boy if you gave him anything to spend. Indeed, some of these men say he never paid them back those little sums he borrowed, but it must be that he overlooked it. Now he is probably the richest man on the earth. From the beginning of his days he had a gambling tendency, and did not care a cent to see the races unless he could bet on them. Hence he is still a speculator, and keeps the old man's fortune active, selling it here and investing it yonder. Take him for all in all, he is a pretty smart fellow for a little beginning."

"Then," said my friend, "look at Jay Gould, who is the most remarkable genius in finance in either world. The career of that man will be like an enormous comet that came and stood in the sky for a number of years, after he is dead."

"What did he begin life with?"

"Why, small sales up and down Broadway, and over the very pavement where he now drags his little legs, with his eyes on the ground brooding speculations?"

"Well, don't be in a hurry, but give me another instance?"

"Well, look at the Mills family. Here is D. O. Mills, worth, I expect $30,000,000, and a very prudent and careful man in everything he does. He kept a little grocery somewhere up the Hudson river. He had a cousin, Joe Mills, who was opening oysters in Fulton market, and if you watch Joe to this day you will see him draw his coat-cuff across his nose, a habit he acquired when he was in the market with his oyster-knife in that hand, and when the cold drafts used to freeze a drop on the end of his nose Joe would pull his hand across it. He got a little money there; and when D. O. Mills wanted to go to California, and could not raise $300 for that purpose, he went to his cousin Joe to borrow it. Joe went down to the bottom of his pocket and let him have the money; and I dare say D. O. went out in the steerage, and began in the smallest way, and finally left the coast its most successful man.

"Then look at Commodore Garrison. He was a Dutch boy, brought up in the Highlands of the Hudson river. He became a kind of a common workman on vessels, and finally on steamers, and so worked his way along to be the purser and captain. Then California was annexed and bloomed into gold, and Garrison became the rival of Vanderbilt."

"Well, what was Jim Keene, or the first heard of him?"

"He was a milkman in one of the early towns of California, driving his milk-wagon into the place, and serving his customers with milk. Keene, however, does not hold the position he did here a few years ago. It is said he has had great losses, and has even had to mortgage his Newport residence."

The Ways of the Land-Grabber.

E. V. Smalley in The Century.

The pre-emption feature of the land system should be abolished altogether. Under it the gigantic wheat farms of Dakota have been formed. The owners first bought the alternate sections of land from the railroad company, and then placed their own hired men upon the government sections to pre-empt, purchase and transfer them. Six months' real, or pretended residence in a six by nine shanty is sufficient to perfect a pre-emption claim. The claimant then gets his patent by paying $2.50 an acre if within the limits of a railroad grant, or $1.25 if not, and he can at once sell out to the speculator or the "bonanza farmer." The public land laws ought to make the way of the land-grabber a hard one, and preserve the arable portions of the public domain for actual settlement and cultivation in small tracts. The "bonanza farm" system secures the cultivation of large areas, but only by the hired labor of men without families, who leave the farm as soon as the crop is harvested. Ten thousand acres tilled on this plan will support, as permanent residents, perhaps half a dozen families of employes, who look after the machinery, animals, and buildings. If divided into small, separate holdings, the same tract would sustain a hundred families, raising less wheat, perhaps, but more children, to become good citizens of the republic.

Discovery of Wild Native Potatoes.

San Francisco Chronicle.

At a meeting of the Academy of Sciences, Professor Davidson presiding, J. G. Lemmon, of Oakland, read a paper on the discovery of the native potato in the Chiricahua mountains, Arizona, which he believed to be those from which the potato of the present time is derived. He gave a long review of his travels through Arizona in the quest of the plant, to which he devoted two seasons, and during which time he met with various adventures. In places he found the wild potato in large quantities, especially where the ground had already been broken, the vines growing up like weeds with the crops. He claimed that, though small as a hazelnut, the potato was worthy of cultivation, as all the essence of the large potato of the present time was condensed into the small wild one. He exhibited three Colorado beetles which he had found in his search.

For Anti-Tobacco People.

Music and Drama.

This was a club dialogue and its sequel: Q.—"What are you smoking?" A.—"An imported Havana." Q.—"How much does it cost?" A.—"A quarter." Q.—"How many do you smoke a day?" A.—"Half a dozen." Q.—"How long have you smoked?" A.—"Thirty years." Advice—"My friend, with that amount of money you could have bought a house on Fifth avenue." The parties quitted the Brunswick and strolled up town. As they came near the Windsor, the smoker asked: Q.—"You never smoke?" A.—"Never." Sarcastic reply—"Then point out your house."

Journalistic Enterprise.

San Francisco Bulletin.

In the editor's room of one of the Dublin newspapers there is a memento that is unique in its way. It is a telegram in a neat frame, and was sent to the editor by a genius of a reporter a few weeks ago in the following words: "Please keep column open for dastardly outrage to be committed at eleven o'clock to-night."

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