

WESTERN TOBACCO.

A Formidable Enemy to the Growers of Connecticut—Wisconsin Grows a Leaf Which Is More Ruinous than the Importation of Sumatra—What a Hartford Dealer Says About It.

(Hartford Ct. Telegram.)

The tobacco growers of this State, in convention assembled on New Year's day, discussed the importation of Sumatra tobacco, and all agreed that it was ruinous to the tobacco-growing interests of the State and of the adjoining tobacco-growing States to have Sumatra imported to this country, except under a very heavy duty. Resolutions were adopted calling for the reversal of Secretary Folger's decisions on the construction of the statute relative to the importation of Sumatra. By this decision cases containing less than 85 per cent. of Sumatra wrappers are admitted for a duty of 35 cents per pound. Tobaccos dealing in this foreign tobacco are in the habit of importing large amounts of Sumatra in cases which contain less than the prescribed percentage. By this means they make a large profit on the importation and handle so much of it that they deal but little in the native leaf.

In conversation with James M. Bissell, a dealer in this city, he said that there was a tobacco grown which interfered more with the sales of Connecticut seed leaf than Sumatra.

"What tobacco is this?" was asked Mr. Bissell.

"Wisconsin," was the laconic reply.

"Why, the New England association in a resolution invited the Wisconsin growers to unite with them in waging war on the importation of Sumatra."

"Yes, I know," was the reply, "but nevertheless the Wisconsin tobacco is a much more formidable enemy of the Eastern growers than Sumatra."

"How is that?"

"Because they can grow and pack an acre of tobacco in that State for less than it costs to manure the ground here. The soil is particularly adapted to the growing of tobacco, and it needs but little care. It therefore involves but little expense in raising tobacco there."

"Is the tobacco grown of a quality which satisfies the ordinary consumer?"

"I have sold several cases of it, and it has always given satisfaction. The seed used is Havana and grows well. It is a long, light Havana and grows well. I have known five pounds of this leaf sufficient to wrap 1,000 cigars."

"How many pounds of Connecticut tobacco does it take to wrap an equal number?"

"It varies. In an ordinarily good year from twelve to sixteen pounds will suffice, but I have known the time when it required from twenty to twenty-five pounds."

"What price does a Wisconsin grower get for his tobacco?"

"The price varies from 5 to 12 cents per pound. The extreme cheapness of its raising renders it very low in value."

"For how much does Connecticut tobacco sell?"

"Connecticut leaf ranges in price from 12 to 25 cents per pound. The average price obtained for a good clear leaf is 10 cents."

"You said that Havana seed was used in Wisconsin. Is there any used in Connecticut?"

"Some has been used there, but it has not been fully cultivated. I have sold some cases of Connecticut tobacco grown from Havana seed, but it was not satisfactory. The leaf does not burn well, and consumers complain of cigars made of this leaf."

From this it will be seen that our Connecticut tobacco growers have a home production which endangers their products much more than Sumatra, which is so great a bugbear to them. If a finer leaf can be grown at less expense, and give perfect satisfaction to the consumer, than any that is grown in Connecticut, then it is time that attention was turned to Wisconsin.

Lincoln as a Wrestler.

Of the many stories and incidents told and written illustrative of the character and career of Abraham Lincoln, his abilities as a wrestler have never been brought to light. Lincoln really prided himself upon being a good wrestler, as evidenced by a story the writer has often heard related by Maj. Walker, of Lewiston, Ill.:

"I was a member of the Illinois Legislature (says Walker) in 1838, at which time the State capital was located at Vandalia. One day while Lincoln (who was also a member) and I were sitting together engaged in friendly bantering conversation relative to our athletic accomplishments, Abe boastfully said, as he struck his knee with his clenched fist: 'Walker, I can throw down any man in the Legislature.' I replied: 'Abe Lincoln, you can't do it. I am not much of a man myself, but I will wager a bottle of champagne that my colleague, Jonas Rawalt, can down you so quick that it will make your head swim.'

"Done," said Lincoln, eagerly. Rawalt was informed of the wager; arrangements were made, and the next day Jonas Rawalt, Abraham Lincoln and myself walked out upon the open prairie east of Vandalia, and preparations were made to test their physical powers. Rawalt was a powerfully built man, but Lincoln eyed him closely, as they stripped like school boys, for the encounter, and informed him, with a merry twinkle in his eye, that he was going to 'down' him. After having taken off their coats and vests, the word was given and they clinched. For a few moments there were interesting evolutions performed by both parties, at the end of which time the long legs of Lincoln described a half circle above the head of Rawalt, and he was thrown violently to the ground. Abe slowly scrambled to his feet, straightened up his tall, gaunt form, grasped Rawalt by the hand, and shaking it vigorously, said: 'There is one man in the Legislature that I can't down.'

Maj. Walker (a robust old man of 80) still lives in Lewiston, Ill., and always laughs heartily as he relates the above little incident. Jonas Rawalt is an old resident of Canton, Ill., and no doubt often tells his grandchildren, with

pride, of the time he "downed" Abe Lincoln.

Siege of Vicksburg Incidents.

During the siege of Vicksburg many amusing incidents occurred. A few will be recounted:

One of our soldiers, an Irishman, was on guard one night in the front trenches. These advanced trenches ran so near the enemy's line that the picket guards could sit at night, when it was still, talk across from their rifle-pits. Pat was easily annoyed, which the rebel guards discovering, commenced blackguarding him. After plaguing him about other matters they began to tease him about the worthlessness of the shells fired from the Union mortars on the gunboats. As a rule it must be admitted that these shells did no great damage. Among other things the rebels told Pat that "the only harm the shells have yet done is to kill two miles and lame one old woman." Just then through some strange accident a shell happened to come from the river dropping and bursting among Pat's tormentors, injuring two or three and causing the balance to scamper for dear life. Ere the sound of the bursting shell had died away the shrill voice of Pat was heard crying: "There, ye infernal cusses, but that in ye have sack and shaw it, will ye, ye blathering blackguards!"

Another about the mortar shells is this: When Gen. Bowen, the Confederate officer, first came out under a flag of truce, on the 3d of July, to treat for terms of surrender, he suggested that hostilities cease during the negotiations. The Union officers readily acquiesced, but mentioned the difficulty of getting orders to the gunboats in time. "Oh, well," he replied, "that is of no consequence; never mind the gunboats; they never harm us any."

One day, toward the end of the siege, one of the Confederates cried out to our soldiers, saying, "We are going to have a new General." "Ah, indeed," was the reply, "and who is he?" "General Starvation," coolly replied the comical Confederate soldier. To appreciate this it should be remembered that the rebel soldier was at the time almost starved; with him it was an empty-stomach joke.—"Army Life," by A. C. Marshall.

Beauty and Genius.

"Then you rate beauty as a valuable stage quality," said the reporter.

Here Miss Morris looked serious and said: "I once told a little English actress, a friend of mine, who was to make her first appearance in America in an unimportant part, how I had suffered on account of attacks on my personal appearance. As she expressed a disbelief in the possibility of such a thing, I said: 'I will prophesy just what will be said of you on your first appearance. There will be a few lines commenting on your personal appearance, and, at the very end, the critic will say a word of your art, but your body will come first.' It was just as I said.

"Beauty carries a long way on the stage as elsewhere; we have shining examples of it daily, and the homely women must suffer everything in the way of jeers. No matter what the art, the critic first looks at the 'presence.' It is difficult for a conscientious student to accept this, but a few years of constant repetition forces it forward."—Interview with Clara Morris.

Good Walks.

There is nothing so much needed about many houses as good walks in paths that must be used daily. There is hardly an excuse for not having them, when either brick, gravel, or timber can be had. A good walk through muddy yards can be easily and cheaply made by placing poles side by side, a short distance apart, and then filling the intervening space with gravel, or with broken corn-cobs, or with sawdust. Oak planks will last many years, if turned over occasionally, and this also counters warping. One of the best walks through a level barnyard can be made by cutting off short pieces from logs, foot or more in diameter, and setting them upon end in a shallow trench. Such a walk from the barn to the kitchen will always be clean, and there will be less to disturb the temper of the women folks of the household, to say nothing of the good effect upon the men folks who take pleasure in lightening the labor required to keep everything neat and tidy within doors.

Drummers.

"How many drummers are there in this country?"

"Last year there were more than 60,000. This took in the men that are around selling on commission. Some traveling men get as high as \$10,000 a year and expenses. They are few in number, however, and generally represent a dry-goods or fancy-goods establishment. Lorillard has a man that he gives \$10,000 and allows \$6 a day for expenses. Quite a number of men receive \$5,000 and \$3,000 a year. The average salary, however, is \$1,500 and expenses. The latter will average about \$6 a day for men who make all kinds of towns. Those who stop at cities of size only have to have more, as their railroad fares amount to considerable."

Use for Tin Cans.

A correspondent of the *Ohio Farmer* advised the placing of old tin cans on the fire until the solder melts and they can be pulled apart. Then take the large pieces of the can and wrap them around the fruit trees it is desired to protect from mice, pressing the edge of the tin firmly into the ground. The mice will be discouraged by the tins, and will turn in another direction.

How He Doubled His Trade.

Mr. Benj. W. Paton, pharmacist, Globe Village, Mass., says that the mimosa pain-cure, St. Jacobs Oil, has greatly helped his other business, and the sales of the remedy have doubled in one month.

He keeps a large supply always on hand. Officers of the Army and Navy pronounce St. Jacobs Oil to be the greatest pain-cure of the day.

One of San Antonio's (Tex.) citizens bears the name of Hellborn.

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HYPochondria.

The Mysterious Element in the Mind that Arouses Vague Apprehensions—What Actually Causes It.

The narrative below, by a prominent scientist, touches a subject of universal importance. Few people are free from the distressing evils which hypochondria brings. They come at all times and are fed by the very flame which they themselves start. They are a dread of coming derangement caused by present disorder, and bring about more suicides than any other one thing. Their first approach should be carefully guarded.

EDITORS HERALD: It is seldom I appear in print, but I could not do so without revealing myself in possession of truths the revelation of which will prove of inestimable value to many who see these lines. Mine has been a trying experience. For many years I was conscious of a lack of a want of nerve tone. My mind seemed sluggish, and I felt a certain falling off in my natural condition of intellectual acuteness, activity and vigor. I presume this is the same way in which an innumerable number of other people feel, who, like myself, are physicians, lawyers, professors, etc. Thousands of others, I paid no attention to these annoying troubles, attributing them to overwork, and resorting to a glass of beer or a milk punch, which would for the time invigorate and relieve my weariness.

After awhile the stimulants commenced to disagree with my stomach, my weariness increased, and I was compelled to resort to other means to find relief. If a physician is suffering he invariably calls another physician to prescribe for him, as he cannot see himself as he is, and calls a physician to advise him, and he advised me to try a little chemical food or a bottle of hypophosphite. I took two or three bottles of the chemical food with no apparent benefit. My lassitude and indisposition seemed to increase, to my distress me. I suffered from neuralgic pains in different parts of my body, my muscles became sore, my bowels were constipated, and my prospects for recovery were not very flattering. I stated my case to another physician, and he advised me to take five to ten drops of Malaria's sanguineous tincture, two or three times a day, for the weariness and distress in my stomach, and a blue pill every other night to relieve the constipation. The morphine produced such a deathly nausea that I could not take it, and the blue pill failed to relieve my constipation.

In this condition I passed nearly a year, wholly unfit for business, while the effort to think was irksome and painful. My blood became impoverished, and I suffered from incapacity, with an appalling sense of misery and general debility, and of course, I could not sleep at night, and was troubled with irregular action of the heart, a constantly feverish condition and the most excruciating tortures in my stomach, living for days on rice water and gruel, and, indeed, the digestive functions seemed to be entirely destroyed.

It was natural that while in this condition I should become hypochondriacal, and fearful suggestions of self-destruction occasionally presented themselves. I experienced an insatiable desire for sleep, but retiring would not bring me to sleep, and I would toss and turn, and be unable to fall asleep. I had no appetite, and my digestion was not good. I was compelled to take a walk every day, from five to ten drops of Malaria's sanguineous tincture, two or three times a day, for the weariness and distress in my stomach, and a blue pill every other night to relieve the constipation. The morphine produced such a deathly nausea that I could not take it, and the blue pill failed to relieve my constipation.

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Among the numerous friends that called on me was one who had been afflicted with similar symptoms, and he was compelled to retire to perfect health. Upon his earnest recommendation I began the same treatment he had employed, but with little hope of being benefited. At first I experienced little, if any, relief, except that it did not distress my stomach as other remedies or even food had done. I continued its use, however, and after the third bottle could see a marked change for the better, and now after the fifteenth bottle I am happy to state that I am again able to attend to my professional duties. I sleep well, nothing distresses me that I eat, I can sleep from day to day without feeling of weariness or pain; indeed I am a well man, and wholly through the influence of H. H. Warner & Co.'s Tippencanoe. I consider this remedy as taking the highest possible rank in the treatment of all diseases marked by debility, loss of appetite, and all other symptoms of stomach and digestive disorders. It is overwhelmingly superior to the tonics, bitters, and dyspepsia cures of the day, and is certain to be acknowledged as the best remedy for all stomach and digestive disorders.

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