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JOHN SMITH.  
John Adderson, my Jo John, ye were my first acquaint'.

Captured by Telegraph.

During the winter of 1869, I was employed as night operator in the railroad office at D—, Iowa. The principal road between Chicago and Omaha runs through D—, and the great irregular night trains, and constant collision resulting therefrom, rendering the position of night operator by no means an easy one.

One stormy night, not far from eleven o'clock, I sat at my desk—and for a wonder idle. The wires had not called for some time, and I was leaning back in my chair listening to the wind outside and reflecting upon the loneliness of my situation.

Finally, tired of thinking, I picked up the evening paper and glanced listlessly over its columns. Among other things I read the detailed account of a fearful tragedy that had occurred fifty miles up the river on the previous night.

All these thoughts went through my mind with the rapidity of lightning as I went to the battery. Lynch regarded me from the corner of his uncovered eye with a suspicion that made me shake in my shoes.

"\$500 reward will be paid for information leading to the capture, dead or alive, of Tim Lynch, the ringleader of the Mathews tragedy. Lynch is a remarkably large man, six feet four inches in height. Eyes greenish gray, with a deep scar over the right eye. Hair wavy black, and beard of same color. When last seen he was dressed in Black Kossuth hat, faded army overcoat, pants of gray jean, and heavy boots. The above reward will be paid to any one furnishing positive information of his whereabouts."

At the very first instant I finished reading the advertisement, there occurred the most remarkable coincidence that has ever come under my observation. I heard a heavy tread on the stairs, and there entered—Tim Lynch! The moment I set eyes upon him I recognized him as perfectly as though I had known him all his life.

to be mistaken. I was as certain of his identity as though he had pulled off his hat to show the scar, and told me his name.  
"To say that I was not alarmed at this sudden and unwelcome intrusion would be untrue. I am not a brave man, and my present situation, alone with a hunted murderer, was by no means reassuring. My heart beat violently, but from mere force of habit I arose and asked him to be seated. While he turned to comply I succeeded in conquering my agitation to some extent. He drew a chair hastily toward me, and sitting down threw open his coat displaying by so doing a heavy navy revolver stuck in his belt. Then he freed his mouth of a quantity of tobacco juice, and spoke:  
"Young feller," he said, motioning with his head toward the battery, "that thar mesheen is what year call a telegram, is 't?"

"Well," I answered with a faint smile, intended to be conciliatory, "that's what we send telegrams by."  
"Wal, I want you to send a message to a friend o' mine out in Cohoe. I tell you aforesh and I hant got no collateral. But I kinder guess you'd better trust me young feller." (Here he laid his hand significantly on his belt.) "I'll fetch it to-morrow on his convenient."

I hastened to say that the charge could just as well be paid at the other end by his friend.  
"Umph! Plagney little you'll get o' Jim I recon. Howsundever, perceed."  
"What is the message, and to whom is it to go?"  
"I want you to tell Jim Fellers, o' Cohoe, that the bull quit here last night and ther sheep'll be close on his heels."

As he delivered this sentence, he looked at me as if he expected me to be mystified. If I thought it best not to appear so, and I said carelessly:  
"I suppose you are a dealer in stock and this is your partner? Ah, sir, the telegraph helps you fellows out of many a sharp bargain."

"Yas," he answered, slowly, evidently pleased with the way I took it. "Yas, that's 'um. I'm sendin' down a lot o' stock. Bought it dog cheap over in Genesee, yesterday. Farty bay I earned you see?"  
I turned to my instrument. What was to be done? Though ours was a railroad office, we often sent business messages; and if I did as usual now I should probably get rid of my unwelcome visitor without further trouble. But in the short conversation with him I had somewhat recovered from my first alarm, and I now conceived the idea of attempting the capture of Tim Lynch.

"I was only a poor salary operator, trying to save enough to marry in the spring. Five hundred dollars would do me a great deal of good just now—to say nothing of the cost of the thing. But how was it to be accomplished? Here I was alone in the depot with a man big enough to whip his weight in such men as I was several times over. Any attempt to secure him singlehanded was not to be thought of. But could I not excuse myself, and going out fasten him up? No; well I knew from the distrustful look in his face that any proposal of mine to leave the room would be peremptorily objected to by him. What then?"

"Why, simply this: I would telegraph to the down-town station. But alas! That very day the connection between the two offices had been out for repairs. It was seldom used at any time of course. But what of that? It was only a question of a few seconds more time."

All these thoughts went through my mind with the rapidity of lightning as I went to the battery. Lynch regarded me from the corner of his uncovered eye with a suspicion that made me shake in my shoes. As I sat down he arose and came to my side.  
"Look a here, young feller," he nestled in my ear, and his breath was sickening with the fumes of liquor, "perhaps you mean far enough—I hope ye do, for yer own sake. But I don't understand about these tellygrams, and I just want to tell ye that yer'd better be sguar"—for by the Eternal God of ye go back on me, I'll stretch you on this yer floor as stiff as ever I did a man yet!—and I felt the cold muzzle of his revolver on my cheek. Perhaps my voice trembled a little, but I was still unmoved in my resolution, as I replied:  
"Never fear, sir; I'll tell him all about the stock." He muttered something to himself, and still remained standing over me.  
You have heard perhaps how much character and expression a telegraph operator can put into his touch. Why there were dozens of different operators communicating with our office, and I could tell in the instant, without ever making a mistake, who it was signalling. You could tell if a man was nervous from his telegraphing as well as you could from his handwriting. The call that I sent hurriedly across the State to Conway bluff, must

have rung out upon the ears of the operator like a shriek.

"C. B. Are you there?" was what I asked, and almost instantly came back a reply in the affirmative. Then with a trembling and I rattled off my message:  
"For the love of God, telegraph to our down town office, at once. Tell them that Tim Lynch is within two feet of me, and they must send help!"

A short pause, as though my message occasioned some surprise, and then came the response, "All right," which assured me I need not repeat.  
"Wal," growled the deep voice of Lynch, "are you going to send my message?"  
"I have sent it sir."  
"What! does all that tickin' mean what I told you?"  
"Yes, and if you will wait fifteen or twenty minutes, you'll get an answer."

"Wal, I do mean as I want an answer, Jim he'd do mean it's all right."  
"But I'll tell you soon whether he's there or not. Sit down."  
So Lynch reluctantly took a seat, looking around at the doors and windows once in a while in an easy way. I was determined now to take him at my cost; and I verily believe I should have planted myself in his path had he insisted upon going now.

"TICK, TICK, TICK," the battery called out, and I listened to the message. "Keep cool. Good has gone for the poles, strange it was, wasn't it? That I should see there and talk through two hundred and fifty miles of space with a man not half a mile from me."  
"What's that si'ently?" inquired my companion, as the ticking ceased, and I replied that the clock at Cohoe had just written it off the message and sent it out. He was satisfied and settled back in his chair, where in a sudden silence, his jaw going up and down as he chewed his weed.

"O, how slowly the minutes creep on. The suspense was terrible. I sat and watched the minute hand of the clock, and five minutes seemed as many months. My companion seemed nervous too. He moved uneasy in his chair.  
"An't it about time ye hearded from Jim?" he asked.  
"No; I shall get word from him in a few moments now," I answered, and fell to watching the clock again. Five minutes more passed. Lynch got up and began pacing to and fro across the room. At length he paused and said:  
"I don't believe I'll wait any longer. I've got to see a man down at the Pennsylvania House, and he'll be in bed. I don't get far pretty soon."  
"Hold on a moment and I'll see what they is up to," I cried hastily, and I touched the key again. "Make haste, I shall see him if you do not. Not a moment to spare," was my message, and straight away came the reply, short but encouraging.  
"A squad of police started for the depot five minutes ago," Thank Heaven! They ought to be here now. I looked at Lynch and thought of the five hundred dollars.

"Wal, what's the word?" he growled impatiently.  
"Your friend is coming," I said, for want a better reply.  
"Comin' comin'?"  
"Comin' to the office of Cohoe. He probably has an answer for you."  
"An answer for me? Jim Fellers? What should he answer for?" Lynch, stood in stupid thought for a moment and then he looked at me with a dangerous light in his eye.  
"Look a here, young feller," he cried, "it's private opinion you're lyin' to me. And ye are"—here he uttered a horrible oath—"T'ent yer skulkin' here out. I don't know anything about that thar mesheen, but I swear Jim Fellers hant got nothin' to answer. More likely he'd git up and scatter when he heard that message!"

He stood glaring at me as he uttered these words, his hand on his revolver. I cannot account for it. I remarked, I am a timid man by nature. But this action only made me bolder. Everything depended upon keeping him a few seconds longer. It must be done at any cost. I tried a new plan.  
"What do you mean, sir?" I shouted rising, "by coming into this office and talking in that style? Do you think I'll endure it? Leave this room at once, sir, or I'll—and I advanced threateningly toward him.—My unexpected attitude seemed to amuse him more than anything else, but it silenced his suspicions. He put his hands in his pockets and delivered a loud laugh in my face.  
"Wal, yal my buntum, ye needn't git so cantankerous. Who'd thought such a little breeches as you had such a snik? Haw! haw! haw! Why, I could chew ye up 'bout makin' two bites of ye."  
"Well, sir," I said, still apparently unmolested, "either sit down and hold your tongue, or else leave the office," and he good naturedly complied.

Once more we were sitting listening to the ticking as the minutes dragged their slow length along. Would help never come. Three minutes more. Great heavens! The suspense was becoming intolerable, I must go to the stair and listen if I die for it. I arose and took a step towards the door, but a voice stopped me.  
"Hold!" shouted Lynch, standing upright, all his suspicions aroused once more; "ye can't go out of that door afore me, come back here!"  
"Sir!"  
"Come back here or by the Eternal"—and the pistol muzzle looked me in the face. He stood now half turned from the door and I was feeling it. Slowly, without a particle of noise, I saw the knob turn and a face under a blue cap peep in. Thank God! help had come. I felt a joy uncontrollable come over me. I must keep the murderer's attention an instant longer till some one could spring upon him from behind. I walked straight up to him, but his quick ear caught a movement behind. As he turned with an oath I sprang upon him, and here down his arms just as the revolver went off, the ball burying itself barbaressly in the floor. Before he could free himself from my grasp, half a dozen others were upon him and he was quickly secured.

The next morning the papers were filled with glowing accounts of the capture of the murderer, and praises of my conduct. The principal business men of the town made up a purse of five hundred dollars and presented it to me; and this, with the reward that was paid me the following week, enabled me to get married at Christmas. But I shudder at the remembrance of that half hour I spent alone with Tim Lynch; and I don't think one thousand dollars would tempt me to go through it again.

Ten Tons of Bermuda Grass Hay to the Acre.  
Outside of the subject by which the strange was impressed during the recent meeting of the National Grange, in Charleston, there was one which escaped the general observer. The visitors from abroad visited the Phosphate Works, and were struck with their magnificence and value. But adjoining the Stone Phosphate Works, and on the farm belonging to that Company, there was an eighth of an acre of poor land, which if properly cultivated, will be of more value to South Carolina, and indeed the whole South, than these works, employing a capital of \$1,000,000. This fragment of an acre was visited and examined by the writer in company with Dr. St. Julien Ravenel, the discoverer of the value of the Phosphate beds. What Charleston and the whole agricultural world owe to the discoverer and the discovery, time alone will be able to tell. It must be estimated by millions of dollars. This gentleman, whose modesty is equal to his merit, has made another discovery, or rather put imperfectly ascertained facts into an exact shape, the results of which though not so wide spread as those of the Phosphate discovery, will be of equal value to the whole of the worn lands of the South.

The Southern planter has dreaded Bermuda or joint grass as a pest. Whole plantations have been sold for a song because they were infested with it. Large tracts of land, with comfortable houses upon them, near Charleston, are now lying idle for the same reason. They cannot be sold to enough to pay the taxes on them. Their owners are driven away to the city to seek a meagre and hard earned subsistence, by engaging in mercantile pursuits, for which their whole previous lives have rendered them unequalled.

The eighth of an acre, to which reference has been made, is in Bermuda grass. It is poor land. The adjacent soil will not produce a remunerative crop of cotton or the cereals, without heavy manuring. Last spring Dr. Ravenel had this piece of ground well tilled up by a narrow plough, applied fifty pounds of Ammoniated Phosphate to it, then harrowed and rolled. The result was at the rate of ten tons to the acre of well cured hay. This hay is exceeded in value by no other in the market. It is relished by horses, cattle and sheep. Clover and timothy both waste, as many of the dried stems are rejected by live stock. There is no waste in Bermuda grass hay, as the stems are fine and tender. The writer was informed that on this farm (of the Stone Company) some spotted mules were supplied with Bermuda grass for bedding, and their racks well filled with Northern hay. The Bermuda grass bedding was eaten up before the Northern hay was touched.

This hay was carefully analysed by Dr. Ravenel. The result of the analysis was an average in four cuttings of twelve per cent, albumenoids, or flesh forming properties, and 6.50 of ash or mineral matter. The amount of ammonia was large, the precise quantity not recollecting. This analysis shows that as animal food, and as a manurial substance, it is equal to the best, and superior to the most of the Northern grasses.

This crop, ten tons to an acre, is enormous. The intelligent Superintendent of the Stone works, when asked if he was sure the weight was accurate, replied "yes, if there was truth in the scales."

In the best hay section of this country, two tons of hay to the acre is an excellent crop. A meadow that will produce this amount in the older States will usually command \$200 per acre, as the hay crop will pay a handsome interest on this sum. The average will, however, not exceed one and a half tons per acre.  
Here we have ten tons to the acre. If hay is worth in Charleston thirty dollars per ton, and five dollars per ton is allowed for expenses, we have two hundred and fifty dollars net profit per acre. And the result from land absolutely thrown away because it is infested with this grass.  
If we suppose that there may have been something accidental in this extraordinary crop of ten tons, and diminish it one half, to five tons, this would give more than one hundred dollars net profit, deducting fertilizer, say eight to ten dollars.  
C. W. HOWARD, in the Rural Carolinian.

It appears from statistical reports that considerably less cotton is now sent to England from the United States than was sent from this country before the war, while the supply from Brazil and Egypt has more than quadrupled. For the first five years preceding the war Great Britain imported 3,541,000,000 pounds of cotton, of which 4,345,000,000 came from this country, and 289,000,000 pounds from Brazil and Egypt. During the war years, 1862 to 1866, inclusive, the supply from Brazil and Egypt increased to 789,000,000 pounds. During the last five years Great Britain imported 7,629,000,000 pounds, of which 4,077,000,000 pounds came from this country, while 1,289,000,000 pounds came from Brazil and Egypt. These two last countries stepped in to supply in part the deficit arising from the blockade of the Southern ports, and the advantage they then gained they seem to be still improving.

Explaining more particularly why the exportations of cotton from this country have fallen off, the Baltimore Star attributes the deficiency to the commercial policy of the country, which is different from what it was before the war. Under our tariff policy the planters and laborers have to pay a third more for all manufactured articles than they would have to pay under a more enlightened commercial policy. It is this as much as any other thing that has caused the absolute as well as a relative decline in our exports of cotton.

The Young Astronomer.  
[Christian Advocate,—April 28.]  
Every boy and girl ought to know the never-setting stars. We have learned the Great Dipper, and the Little Dipper. Let us to-night, learn another constellation, part of which can be seen by us at any hour in the year. Let us start from Megrez, the star in the Great Dipper where the handle joins it. Now go from this star to the North Star, (about thirty-two degrees) and keep straight on about thirty-two degrees farther, and we reach a star of about the third magnitude. This is Caph, in the constellation Cassiopeia. This fine constellation you will remember then, is always on the opposite side of the North Star, from the Great Dipper. So that if the Great Dipper is to the right of the North Star, Cassiopeia is just as far to the left. If the Great Dipper is above the North Star, Cassiopeia is just as far below it. Cassiopeia, too, is shaped something like a Dipper, that is four stars form a kind of square, and a fifth star make a crook ed handle to it. It is usually compared to a chair, and hence called Cassiopeia's Chair. Others think it looks like a W, with the prongs pulled wide apart. You can make what you please out of the several stars of third magnitude lying near Caph.

But there is a beautiful star of the first magnitude over in the east, which we must see when we can, for it is not among our never-setting stars. Indeed, no star of the first magnitude is found among the stars which are always above our horizon. The brilliant star in our east to-night at eight o'clock, is Arcturus. If you will notice, you can see that it is nearly pointed to, by the two last stars in the handle of the Great Dipper. A line from Mizar to Benetnash, prolonged for about thirty degrees, will pass not far from Arcturus. This brilliant star is in the knee of Bootes, who is represented as whipping the Great Bear around the Pole. His body now extends northward from Arcturus, nearly parallel to the horizon, his head reaching nearly to the Dipper handle. You can watch Arcturus now for months.

Some of the beauties of our winter nights, Pleiades, Aldebaran, and others, are soon to be lost in the light of the setting sun. But others are rising in the East to take their places.

Can you now add Arcturus to your list of stars that you really know? Is the word Arcturus found in your Bible? Read the ninth chapter of Job. In what other place is it found?

THE GREAT CYCLONE.  
Terrible Destruction and Loss of Life in Georgia.

The storm of Saturday last which struck Columbia, although sufficiently violent here, appears to have been only the tail end of a cyclone equal in fury to that of March last in Georgia and portions of Edgeland. The Constitutionalist, of Augusta, devotes many columns to details of its ravages.  
As near as we can get at it, it entered Georgia in Harris county, several miles north of the point where the one last March crossed the Chattahoochee from Alabama. It then swept with desolation and ruin through Merriwether, Upson, Henry, Butts, Newton, Morgan, Greene, Oglethorpe, Wilkes and Lincoln, and then, crossing the Savannah, entered South Carolina, and over Edgeland, Lexington and Richland counties.

The course of the wind was thus a little north of east. As in the previous cyclone, the storm seemed to rise and pass over certain sections and then descend with fury upon the earth again. The track was about two miles wide and its whole length about 500 miles. In some sections of Georgia it leveled every house and uprooted every tree for ten miles at a stretch, and then passed over, without doing a harm, twenty or thirty miles. The wind must have traveled at the rate of more than 100 miles an hour.  
We gather from the Constitutionalist enough to warrant us in saying that millions of dollars' worth of property in houses, barns, fences, crops and timber have been destroyed, that probably forty lives have been lost, and hundreds of men, women and children have been injured.

As an instance of its power we give the following:  
At Maxey, on the Georgia road, when the cyclone struck the place, a justice's court was in session in Bechtelwell's store. The hour was between 3 and 4 o'clock P. M. The edifice was at once wrenched from its foundation, the stock of goods within it being scattered to the four winds of heaven. The falling timbers caught and crushed to death Mr. G. W. Maxey, a negro man was lifted in the arms of the tempest and borne fifty yards and his brains dashed out against a huge pine stump. Quite a number of persons were more or less seriously wounded—some allege at least twenty. The breadth of the cyclone was from a quarter of a mile to a mile and one fourth when it crossed the railroad. Every building but Mr. Brightwell's dwelling house was destroyed.  
Bardstown, Greenboro, Covington, Rutledge, Waynesboro, Crawfords, West Point and many other small places were injured. Men and women were caught up and carried hundreds of yards; bows were carried in one instance two miles and dashed like a stone to the ground; parts of a horse were taken seven miles, and the veranda of another was landed entire three-quarters of a mile.—Union Herald.

A Relic for Centennials.  
South Carolina can contribute a relic of royalty to centennial exhibitions in the mace used by the sergeant-at-arms of the senate on great occasions. It attracted a good deal of notice at the inauguration of Governor Chamberlain, when it was first used since reconstruction. In "Drayton's Memoirs" a note thus speaks of it:  
"This mace is now the only remnant of official royalty among us. Lord William Campbell would have taken it with him when he took the great seal of the province, but it was fortunately beyond his control. It is made of silver, gilded over with gold, and is said to have cost two hundred guineas. It is about four feet long, and of some considerable weight; being surmounted with the crown and great seal of England, around the verge of which are the two faces of the provincial seal of South Carolina highly embossed, and other ornamental devices. This mace was mislaid for many years, but was discovered in one of the banks at Philadelphia, where it had been lodged for safe keeping, and is now in the secretary's office at Columbia, in South Carolina."

FOR A STRAIGHT DRINK, GIVE ME WHISKEY.—A Washington correspondent declares that Grant is exceedingly fond of absinthe. It is very likely he is; but it there should be but one liquid left upon the whole face of the earth, he would be mighty sorry it wasn't whiskey.—Courier Journal.

It is now proposed to re-establish whipping posts in Canada, on no ground that imprisonment is not an effective punishment for hardened criminals.