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FERGUSON'S AVENGERS.

A STORY OF PARTISAN DAYS.

'This for the gallant Ferguson!' The foregoing five words had instituted a reign of terror in one of the loveliest districts of the Palmetto State—a district watered by the Catawba and Paeolet rivers and their gentle tributaries.

In the month of September, 1780, Cornwallis detached the notorious Col. Ferguson to the frontiers of North Carolina for the ostensible purpose of encouraging the Tories of that region to take up arms for the king. Ferguson's force consisted in part of the most profligate and abandoned characters of the partisan days, and his march was marked by atrocities of the most shocking description. The hardy men of the Carolinas, Kentucky and Virginia rose against the marauders, and, led by Boone and other backwood's worthies, gave them a decided defeat at King's Mountain. Ferguson was slain in the battle, and his fellow-forgivers, numbering about one thousand, were nearly all captured or killed.

This conflict revived the hopes of Southern patriots, and forced Cornwallis to return to Charleston discomfited and cast down.

'We shall have rest now,' the patriots said, after the battle. 'Ferguson, the dreaded, is dead, and the few Tories who escaped with their wretched lives are not strong enough to do us harm.'

Everywhere in the vicinity of the battle field, the Americans breathed freer, and the loyalists in whose interest Ferguson had marched to his death, curbed their loyalty and in secrecy swore revenge.

But the settlements were soon to learn that the victory of King's Mountain had nerved the arm of a foe more terrible than any which they had hitherto known.

The existence of the new terror was discovered by a boy one morning about a fortnight after the battle. He found the family of Archibald Melton murdered in their own house, and to the corpses had been pinned a paper bearing these words:

'This for the gallant Ferguson!

This terrible atrocity aroused the country, and the excitement was quickly heightened by the finding of the body of another murdered patriot. On the cold breast which had been pierced by pistol balls, was the pallid paper and its words of terrible import, and the country knew that a fearful vengeance would be taken for King's Mountain.

During the week that followed the discoveries I have mentioned, the work of the Avengers was terrible. They fell upon patriot houses at the dead of night, and left on the bosom of their victims the five words which had already terrorized the country. It was vain that the patriots summoned their cunning and energy for the capture of the band of demons, which, as it had been discovered, numbered, six men, mounted on black horses. They came and went like ghosts but always left behind the terrible sentence which had made their existence execrable. At times they fell upon their hunters, and left them by the roadside, marked with the signs of vengeance. Fear began to paralyze the Carolinians; many abandoned their homes for the sake of their families; and it is probable that the entire district would have been depopulated in a short time, had it not been for the courage of one woman.

Her name was Alice Beauchampe.

It was a dark night in the last week of November, when the heroine of my story left the house of a friend. Her own house, which had been deserted for several days, was not far away, and she had determined to return to it for the purpose of securing an article of apparel left behind in the recent flight.

Before she set out on her journey, she was warned of the dangers that environed it; but she smiled, and declared that she did not fear them. She could enter the house through the kitchen, in the rear, find the garment without a light, return safely to her friends.

The path she had often traversed was barely discernible, but she made good headway and reached her home without incident. The silence of the grave hung about the forsaken place, and the lifting of the latch sent a chill of terror to the young girl's heart. Through the kitchen, across the deserted parlor and up the stairs, she crept up to the room where she had left the object of her nocturnal quest. The drawer of the old bureau yielded without noise, and Alice was drawing forth the garment when the voice of men fell upon her ears.

She started, dropped her prize, and with her heart in her throat crept to the window that overlooked the porch in front of the house.

She could see nothing, for the night was too dark; but the voices of men mingled with clanking of bits, continued to salute her ears.

'This is old Beauchampe's house,' said one. 'It has been deserted for several days. The daughter, frightened by the manner in which we treated her father, has fled somewhere for protection.'

These words drove every vestige of color from the listener's face; they told her who the men below were, though she could not see even the outlines of their persons.—One week prior to their visit, her father, one of the King's Mountain heroes, was found dead in a palmetto grove, and the words of Ferguson's Avengers lay on his breast. Then she had deserted her home, knowing that the hand that had struck the father, would not spare the daughter.

Well might the lone girl tremble when she found herself so near the dreaded scourgers of the country, and she did not move until she heard the front door opened by a kick, and heavily booted feet in the room below.

Then the calm thought of her situation drove fear from her heart, and Alice Beauchampe prepared to perform one of the most

daring deeds of the Revolutionary War. The noise in the house increased, and oaths and rude jests preceded and followed the lighting of a fire on the hearth.

Alice, who had longed for a sight of the dreaded six, crept to a spot near the bureau where there was a crack in the floor. Then applying her eyes to the peep-hole, she saw six wild looking men directly beneath her.

They were, beyond doubt, the Avengers of Ferguson's death, for several masks lay on the table, along with three or four bottles of wine which they had taken from some patriot's cellar. Tall, rough-looking fellows they were, armed with pistols, carbines and sabres, the kind of men who never court the smiles of mercy or listen to the pleading of innocence. Just such fellows as they were Alice had supposed them to be, for she had seen many of the prisoners taken at King's Mountain, and she longed for the presence of a band of patriots.

There were true men in South Carolina at that time who would have given their right arms for a chance to exterminate the Avengers, and Alice knew where a little party of patriots lay, but, alas, they were not very near.

'We'll rest here and finish that wine,' said one of the leaders of the band, whose face told that he had already imbibed freely. 'Bring in the poultry and on old Beauchampe's hearth, we'll prepare a feast.'

At his command one of the men left the house but soon returned, bearing with him a duck and several chickens, from whose freshly wrung necks the warm blood was dripping.

'How's the horses?' asked one of the Avengers, as the man flung the poultry on the table.

'Standing like rocks,' was the reply. 'Such horses as they are don't need watching, and besides, there isn't a rebel within ten miles of this place.'

'Why, there's the widow Hartzell.'

'I didn't think of her,' was the reply.—'How bitterly old Hartzell hated us, but we caught him at last.'

'And presented him with a breast-pin! He! Ha!'

And the laugh went round the room. Alice Beauchampe did not wait until the laugh was ended; while yet it filled the house with devilish echoes, she glided across the room to a window that looked out upon the dark palmetto grove.

There was no sash in the window, and the cool winds of the night kissed the pallid cheek of the partisan's daughter. For a moment she tried to pierce the darkness beneath the window, but failing in her endeavors, she crept over the sill, resolved to attempt to force an entrance to the room on the ground was not great and the daring girl alighted without injury.

Now she was free to make her escape to the friend she had lately left; but immediately a fight in that direction was not her intention.

'Heaven aid me!' she murmured, as she glided around the old house and approached the horses which the Tories had left tethered to a small tree a few yards from the door.

A glance in the room revealed the forms of the Avengers discussing the wine and watching the roasting of the fowls. They did not fear danger, for their horrible deeds had completely terrorized the country, and under the sway of their lawlessness it was fast becoming a desert.

Alice counted them before she touched a single rein; and then in a brief period of time she loosened the horses and quietly led them into a small copse not far away. The steeds did not refuse to obey her guidance, and when she had reached the copse, she struck them with a whip which she had found beneath a saddle. It was a smart blow that she administered, and the horses started forward and disappeared in an instant.

Thus in a few moments, Ferguson's Avengers had been deprived of their horses.—Flushed with triumph, Alice Beauchampe returned to the house, and again looked into its hilarious tenets.

She now held a pistol in her hand—a weapon which a holster had granted her, and she crept to the edge of the porch before she halted. There was a flash of vengeance in the dark eye of the partisan girl while she gazed upon the party beyond the threshold. Once or twice she raised the weapon, but lowered it again, as if playing with the life of the leader of the six, whose burly form was revealed by the light of the fire.

She saw the fowls smoking and well burned, placed upon the table, and watched the greedy men crowd around for their share. Their tongues and movements told her that stolen liquor was doing its accustomed work on all save the giant, who had superintended the cooking of the late repast. This man appeared perfectly sober, and the angry glances which he often cast at his comrades told that he did not sanction their conduct.

'Come! enough of this!' he suddenly cried, rising from the table, which had been dragged to the middle of the room. 'Get up, boys, and let's be going. I told you at Wiley's that you had wine enough, but you must bring some here and drink yourselves stupid. Tom Scott and you Blakeson, I am ashamed of you! What could we do if a gang of rebels should catch us in this condition? You know the mercy we would get, and yet you sit there as caprices as statues—drunk as old Bacchus himself!'

Then an expression of contempt passed over the man's face, and stopping he cried:

'Up! up! the rebels are coming?'

But his cry of alarm did not infuse much life into the men at the table. One or two heads were raised, but the drunken leer that made the faces hideous enough to provoke a smile even from a mad Tory.

'Men!' he sneered contemptuously.—'Dogs, every one of you. I've a mind to ride down to the Paeolet swamp and tell the rebels hiding there that the men they

hate are in their power.' I have thought that I commanded men, not drunkards! and he struck the table with the butt of his pistol, but could not rouse his stupid followers.

The next moment, with an oath on his lips, he strode to the door, which he jerked open, and stepped upon the porch.

'Curse such dogs as I lead!' he hissed. 'I suppose I must lead the horses up and tie each fool in the saddle.'

He was stepping from the porch for the purpose of attending to the horses, which he supposed were still tethered at the tree, when a form rose before him and he started back with a gasp of terror.

'Who in the mischief?'

'Alice Beauchampe!' was the interruption of the apparition. 'The daughter of the old man basely murdered by your hands! Down on your miserable knees, Godfrey Lang, and beg for the mercy you have never granted others. Down, I say!'

Perhaps the shadow of the window sash did not permit him to see the pistol that was clutched in the hand of the fearless girl, else his rashness might have been curbed.

'Kneel to you? Never!' he cried.

The weapon which he raised dropped before the flash that followed his words, and with a groan of pain he staggered back to drop dead among his drunken comrades.

Alice Beauchampe, amazed at her own courage, stood silent amidst the smoke of her own pistol. She saw the bacchantes try to shake off their torpor at the sight of their stricken leader, and one rose to his feet to fall as soon as he needed support.

'Now for the swamp!' she cried, with triumph, and the next minute rushed from the disgusting sight.

An hour passed away and the drunken Tories began to recover; their chief, who dropped to the floor, seemed to sober them with his cold face and staring eyes, and when they had all recovered their scattered wits, the foe they dreaded was upon them.

Alice Beauchampe's voice had fired the hearts of the patriot band for vengeance. On her way to the swamp she had encountered the partisans who had captured one of the flying horses, and were following the trail.

The conflict between patriot and Tory was brief and almost bloodless.

The five Avengers were made prisoners and sued like cowards for the mercy they had never granted to a living being.

I need not describe the scene that followed. Suffice it to say that the trees in front of Alice Beauchampe's home bore the strangest fruit that ever hung from a living limb.

The vengeance of the patriots was as complete as it was terrible, and when the glorious sun rose again, the dreaded men of the lovely district had ceased to frighten people with their name.

Alice Beauchampe, whose courage had led to the extermination of the avenging band, became the heroine of the day, and after the termination of the hostilities wedded a lieutenant of Marion's men. Her heroism is venerated, and her gallant exploit narrated daily by hundreds of her descendants in the Palmetto State.

UNCLE WILLIAM ON "DIPPING."—Dear Children: I was at church last Sunday.—Nothing strange about that, since I have been going to church pretty regularly for forty years, or thereabout. Yet I saw something that was very strange to me—something that I had never seen before.

A brother invited me to go with him to dinner. I got in his wagon to ride.

Besides the man and his wife there were three young ladies in the wagon. I noticed all of these had sticks about as large and as long as your little finger, sticking out of their mouths. I noticed that they kept spitting like their mouths were sore.

Then there was a dark streak reaching from one side of the mouth to the other, circling under the lower lip, in the shape of a new moon.

Presently one took out her stick, which had a swab on the end, dipped it in something and put it back in her mouth again. Then it occurred to me, that this is what is called "dipping." So it was.

I soon found out that I was in a neighborhood of regular "dippers."

I had a conversation this morning with a good woman, the mother of three children, who is herself a "dipper." She said, "it is wrong; and as you do not use tobacco, I cheerfully receive your reproach; but they who chew and smoke ought not to condemn us." True.

"They who live in glass houses ought not to throw stones."

Dipping, like smoking, drinking, playing cards, etc., is a social evil. I do not say it is worse than other evils. But I do say it is vile, dirty, filthy, wicked, wrong.

Let me beg my nieces, who have commenced dipping to quit it. And those who have never done such an ugly thing to promise me they never will.

There are but few things that would pain me more than to see my own daughters engage in this vile practice.

Please, my little ladies, keep these ugly sticks out of your mouths.—St. Louis Christian Advocate.

A darkey came to town yesterday driving an ox named Hayes. While he was in a store making some purchases a farmer came up with a wagon load of fodder and stopped in front of the darkey's cart. The ox pulled up to the fodder and commenced eating it.—In a few minutes the darkey came out, and seeing Hayes as he was trying to get another bundle, yelled at the top of his voice: 'Whaffer iz yer eatin' dat dar fodder? Yer kno's taint yone! I sed de berry day dat I nand' yer Hayes dat yer waz gwine tek sunnin' dat nebbor b'long'd ter yer!' He drove off, giving the ox the full benefit of a returning board.

THE EMPTY CRADLE.

Sad in the heart of the mother
Who sits by the lonely hearth,
Where never again the children
Shall waken their songs of mirth.
And still through the painful silence
She listens for voice and tread,
Outside of the heart—there only
She knows that they are not dead!

Here is the desolate cradle,
The pillow so lately pressed,
But far away has the birdling
Flown from its little nest.
Cooing the lullabies over
That once were her babe's delight,
All through the misty spaces
She follows its upward flight.

Little she thought of a moment
So gloomy and sad as this,
When close to her heart she gathered
Her child for its good-night kiss.
She should be tenderly cherished,
Never a grief should she know,
Wealth, and the pride of a princess,
These would a mother bestow.

And this is the darling's portion
In Heaven—where she has fled;
By angels securely guarded,
By angels securely led.
Brooding in sorrowful silence
Over the empty nest,
Can you not see through the shallows,
Why it is all for the best?

Better the heavenly kingdom
Than riches of earthly crown;
Better the early morning glow;
Than one when the sun is down;
Better an empty casket,
Than jewels besmirched with sin;
Safer than these without the fold,
Are those that have entered in.

[The Scotsman.]

COTTON GROWING AND FOOD.

It is now a settled thing that war is to break out between Russia and Turkey in the course of a few days. Should the struggle be confined to these two powers, we need not apprehend very serious results to the cotton producing industry, although the effect will be depressing. Russia consumes in her manufactures at least four hundred thousand bales of cotton and Turkey is a pretty large consumer of cotton goods.—Both these countries will be crippled in these particulars by the war.

But it is a very general idea abroad that other powers will probably be drawn into the struggle in spite of themselves, and that there is real and serious danger that a general explosion may follow in which all Europe will become involved, and the political map of the continent be a good deal changed before quiet is restored again.

It is unhappily the case that this is coming, (if it comes,) at a time when all the nations. Every one of them is head over heels in debt, and cannot carry any more. Russia and Turkey are already bankrupt. Austria and Italy are in not much better condition, and Germany, France and Great Britain, cannot safely increase their liabilities.

There is no telling what disastrous financial results would therefore, follow a general war. And it is certain that the common people, in poorer food, in scantier clothing, in higher taxes, in lighter supplies of all the comforts of life, the production of which makes trade active and bring labor, and raw products in demand. Any such catastrophe would probably put the cotton product back in magnitude and demand half a generation.

Now, the possibility of such a result is worthy of serious contemplation by the cotton producing people of the South. They may well remember that the cotton crop they are now planting will most probably be a large one—not far from five millions of bales, as we believe; and that it may very possibly have to seek its principle market in a continent racked by the convulsions of war, and dependent to a far greater extent than usual on the surplus food product of America for subsistence.

Such a state of things will make cotton worthless to producers, and if the latter are compelled to rely upon it to procure their food supplies, it will not be easy to escape inconvenience and suffering. It is a conjunction of facts and possibilities which no prudent man should lose sight of, and which should stimulate every farmer to active efforts to render himself independent of other sources for his food supplies.—Macon Telegraph.

UNREELING A PULL-BACK.—A most amusing scene was witnessed on K street the other day. A lady with a vigorous pull-back and an elaborate polonaise was walking up K from Fourth street. In that unaccountable outside pocket which the fashion prescribes shall be trained to the rear and hung as low down as possible upon the last named garment, she had a new, full spool of thread—just purchased evidently. An end of this escaping from the open pocket, caught the eye of a K street gamin—a six or seven year old specimen. He deftly caught the end, and holding to it, found that it reeled off without the promenade being aware of it. He at once squared himself, sailor fashion, in the middle of the walk, and as she "paid off" he "hailed in" band over hand, to the infinite amusement of half a hundred men who witnessed the operation. In a brief time the line reached clear up to Fifth street, from near Fourth, and as the lady stepped out on the flagging to cross the street, the end ran off, and she went on with the empty spool, blissfully unconscious of the merriment behind her back at her expense. The cruel men—and by this time a hundred had seen the process—then began to speculate upon the look of blank astonishment which must have overpowered her countenance, when on reaching home, she found the spool empty, which she could ascert was full when she purchased it.

The conversation turns upon the fastidiousness of the times. "Why," says a member, "they'll so say marriage is improper." "No, no," replies Douglas Jerrold, "they'll always consider marriage good breeding."

AN EPIDEMIC OF MURDERS AND SUICIDES.

PARIS, March 20.—Paris to-day has a sufficient number of horrors to satisfy the most morbid of natures. Simple murders are the most common place of occurrences, and so we are to be congratulated on the extraordinary number of extraordinary crimes, which are constantly occurring. If we seek parricide, there is the case of George, who murdered his mother the other day in the Rue de la Providence. He was a lazy ne'er do-well, who, after taking all his mother's money away from her and spending it in a night's debauch, cut her throat because she had no more to give him. Louis Pigue has just killed his brother for calling him a "gamu." The disposition which murderers make of the bodies of their victims—such as cutting them into minute pieces, burning or distributing them over a great area—is also notable, but even what, with apparent lightness, is called "Affaire Billoir," or "l'affaire Moyaux"—although the French do not connect with the word "Affaire" the levity which attaches to the English "affair"—is far outshone by the epidemic of suicide which has of late set in and assumed most remarkable proportions. Le Gaulois newspaper considers itself justified in saying that before long, if things continue as they are at present going, the journals will have to issue supplements which shall be devoted simply to chronicling the number of self-murders that are committed from day to day. Here is a notable case: Day before yesterday a respectable dressed, white haired gentleman, apparently about sixty years old, presented himself at the tower entrance of Notre Dame, and asked the concierge if a good view of Paris was to be obtained from the tower on a clear day. Of course he was answered in the affirmative, and so, giving the keeper fifty centimes, he mounted to the gallery and at once threw himself headlong into the parvis, horribly crushed and mangled by the fall.

Formerly suicide was mainly confined to the great cities, and especially to Paris, but now it has extended its works into the rural districts and is noticed in all the telegraphic dispatches to the newspapers. The suicides leave behind them such notices as "I kill myself because life bores me," and they desert the ranks of life for the most trivial and inconsequent of reasons, except the "spleen" which came to us from England with jockeys and water-proofs. A rich young fool falls in love with an actress, and spends money on her. Presently he learns that she is unfaithful to him, so he purchases a nicely-mounted revolver, goes to her home, makes a speech as near as possible like one taken from a novel by Dumas fils, bursts into the room, and blows his brains out. A young girl gets into a tiff with her family, and anon is found hanging from a beam in her father's barn. Another falls in love with a man who in his youth has been condemned by some magistrate as a thief. She pardons his youthful indiscretion, and the two are happy as doves. Then the father discovers the truth about his proposed son-in-law, and naturally enough objects to having in his family a forcat libere. The lovers do not hesitate; they kill themselves. Such are the true stories of the day, and I doubt very much that this recklessness of life is due to books like "Joseph Noirel's Revenge," and to the sensational plays, so much as it is to the levity with which nearly all the journals deal with the most serious matters. An atrocious murder is the cause of puns and jokes, and every crime is treated in the same way. It is to be hoped that before long some means will be found to stop the epidemic of crime, and especially of suicide, even if the measures of the Middle Ages should be called in.—N. Y. World.

AN EDITOR WHO LOVES BABIES.—We love babies, and also anybody else who loves babies. No man has music in his soul who doesn't love babies. Babies were made to be loved, especially girl babies—when they grow up. A man isn't worth a 'shuck' who doesn't love a baby, and the same rule applies to a woman. A baby is a spring day in winter, a hot-house in summer, a ray of sunshine in frigid winter, and, if it's a healthy, good-natured baby, and if you are sure it's yours, it's a bushel of sunshine, no matter how cold the weather. A man can not be a hopeless case so long as he loves babies—one at a time. We love babies all over, no matter how dirty they are. Babies were born to be dirty. Our love for babies is only bounded by the number of babies in the world. We also have sorrowful feelings for mothers who have no babies. Women always look down-hearted who have no babies; and men who have none always grumble and drink and stay out nights, trying to get music in their souls; but they can't come it. Babies, are babies, and nothing can take their place.—Acheson Patriot.

SAVE THE SOAPSTUBS.—However deplorable washing day may be to the household (and the careful house mistress or tidy maid has it in her power to greatly modify its discomforts,) to the garden it is a very bountiful day. Our hungry and thirsty grapes and flowers are glad of every drop of wash water, and will repay every bit of fatigue it may cost us to give them this fertilizer. If the sun is shining hot when we go out to dispense our favor, it is best for us to dig a slight trench not far from the root of the plant, and pour the water into it, and cover again with the top soil. This makes the water go farther, and at the same time does not tempt the rootlets to the surface of the ground. No better liquid can be prepared than the soapstubs from the "woolen tubs" as they are sure to nourish the roses—if any of the liquid rests upon the foliage of the plants, wash it off by syringing smartly—plants always pay for this extra care.

A greased dog cannot run so fast as a boy in a collar who hears his mother say she must go down and wash & CO. after the preserves.—D. C. 1, East Union.

SELECTED RECIPES.

TOMATO CATSUP.—Take a half bushel ripe tomatoes; cut up and boil till done; rub through a sieve; to this add half cup of salt, one pint vinegar, one of sugar, and cloves, cinnamon, pepper and allspice, each one tablespoonful; boil one hour; bottle and seal.

TOMATO CHOWDER.—Soak one peck green tomatoes in salt water over night; chop fine and add a few onions, one cup mustard seed, with pepper, cloves and cinnamon; boil sufficient vinegar to cover up the mouths of the jars, and you have an excellent pickle.

TOMATO PRESERVES.—Scald and peel smooth, round, ripe tomatoes; to seven pounds add five pounds sugar; let stand all night; drain off the juice, boil and skim; add the tomatoes; boil twenty minutes; skim them out into jars; boil the syrup till just enough to cover them; as it cools pour it over the tomatoes, and you have one of the nicest preserves.

PICKLED PEACHES.—Rub the peaches smooth and steam until done; stick a clove and a bit of cinnamon in each, and put in a jar; boil vinegar to cover, adding one pint sugar to each quart. These pickles will be good in one week, and are very nice.

ICEING THAT WILL NOT BREAK.—The whites of three eggs beaten very stiff; add one pound white sugar, with one tablespoonful corn starch; float the top of the cake as soon as taken from the oven; put on the icing with a steel knife wet in warm water.

DELICIOUS BROWN PUDDING.—One cup Graham, one of meal, one of sugar, one of cream, one of raisins, one-half of sweet milk, one egg, one teaspoonful soda; stir all together and bake one hour; with sauce this is a delicious pudding.

LIFE IN TEXAS.—A new comer in a Texas town always enjoys himself. After spending a short time looking around the place, he grows weary and finally asks the clerk of the hotel if there is any chance of having fun that day. And the clerk, scratching his head a moment says: "Well, I dunno; reckon we can get up something for you before night. Haven't been shot at yet, have you? No! Oh, well, you will be soon. Just loaf around the streets a little while, and even if you ain't shot at yourself, you can dodge the bullets intended for some other person. Maybe you might object to its coming in that way, sort o' second hand, you know; and if you do, why wait a little while and I'll go out with you, and I guess we can get up something real good." The new comer then says: "I am studying the time table for the evening time of the next train, and not even the clerk's promise to let him carry the revolver that he shot a man with last week can keep the guest in town over night. Scene at a hotel—"Good morning, stranger, it looks like rain?" Stranger—"I think not." A shot is heard, and the stranger is rolled out of the back door.

Moral—Texas is a fine grazing country.

HOW TO RAISE TOMATOES.—The French mode of raising tomatoes is as follows: As soon as a cluster of flowers is visible, they top the stem down to the cluster, which soon pushes strongly and produces another cluster of flowers each. When these are visible, the branch to which they belong is also topped down to their level; and this is done five times successively. By this means the plants become stout dwarf bushes, not above eighteen inches high. In order to prevent the stems from stretching, the stems are stretched horizontally along the rows; so as to keep the plants erect. In addition to this, all laterals that have no flowers, and after the fifth topping, all laterals whatever, are nipped off. In this way; the ripe sap is directed into the fruit, which acquire a beauty, size and excellence unattainable by other means.

Mrs. Ann Eliza Young, the rebel of the harem, in her "Wife No. 19," tells of a cousin who married a Gentle. The girl's parents were devoted saints, and grieved over their daughter as one dead. The disconsolate father consulted the oracle of the Lord, who gave him the following godly advice: "Put Hatten out of the way, it is a sin and a shame to have so good a woman dragged around the world by a Gentle." Of course the voice of the Lord spoke in his chosen servant, and in a few days came the startling news that this audacious outsider had been killed by Indians.

Dancers will be interested to know that several new contortion figures have been introduced at private assemblies in Paris.—One of them is called "La Poste." The gentlemen wear armlets, with bells attached, and on these the name of a post town is written, as "Poste de Montigny," "Poste de St. Cloud," &c. Fancy cards, bearing corresponding names, are distributed among the ladies, each of whom calls out the name on her card, and thus obtains a partner.

It is a noteworthy fact that whenever one of our former correspondents expresses himself as comfortable and happy, with no creditors pressing him, he explains the fact by saying "plenty of corn and meat of my own raising." That's the secret of it. Show us a man that raises plenty of corn and meat for his own use, and we will show you a splendid, jolly fellow, beloved by his neighbors and popular wherever known.—Prestis Pleader.

Man wants but little here below nor wants that little long; is a libel: Man wants everything he can see, or hear of, and never is willing to let go of his grab. Whenever you find a man who is thoroughly satisfied with what he has got, you will find either an idiot, or won who has tried hard to get some more and couldn't do it. The older a man grows the more watchful he becomes; as his hold on life slackens—his pinch on it grows grippier.—Josh Billings.