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THE FAIRFIELD HERALD

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Revelations of the Morgue.

She was dead. There in the Morgue, upon a marble slab, whose purity rivaled not the snowy whiteness of those chiseled features and icy tapering fingers, lay all that was a mortal of the poor suicide. Her features were the calm of peaceful sleep, the lips slightly parted as if with a smile of joy for her release from rapidly closing meshes. A cascade of golden hair fell gracefully from her classic brow, terminating in ripples of sunshine far below her waist. Her apparel hung in simple folds around her softly moulded limbs, half covering, half displaying a tiny foot encased in a quality garter. Who she was, whence she came, and what the cause which led her thus wily to throw a beautiful young life away, are among the inevitable mysteries that will be revealed only at the final day when all secrets shall be known.

Two fishermen plying their daily avocation in the river, had unfolded the dead body in their net, and, bringing it to the surface of the placid, deceitful waters, had, with mingled awe and admiration, delivered the beautiful remains to the authorities to be exposed in the Morgue for recognition. A strict search had revealed no token of this young creature's identity. Her delicate features and the exquisite texture of her clothing betrayed her high rank, but beyond this nothing could be learned. Pause! There was something else, a trifle, insignificant in itself, but furnishing a clue to the dreadful mystery. Upon her bosom, next her heart, lay a lock of hair, tied with a blue ribbon in a simple lover's knot. That was all. Could this little keepsake speak, what volumes it might disclose. As the reporter gazes upon it, his eyes grow dim, and weird pictures float across his brain. In fancy he sees a beautiful mission fitted up in luxury. Within he beholds loving parents whose eyes beam devotion for a daughter, the sunlight of the house. He sees this daughter, mingling in the giddy throng, light-headed as a bird. He sees a tall and handsome youth, with dark eye and handsome lip bending over this fair maiden whispering soft compliments and tender protestations, and knows by her heightened color that these airy nothings are not displeasing to her.

Again his eyes grow dim, and again clearing, he beholds a change of scene. Two young lovers are seated closely together in the cheerful glow of the sea coal fire, he still breathing protestations of love and tenderness, and she, her hand clasped in his, beaming with happiness and trusting confidence. Again the scene changes, and a shudder passes over him as the panorama reveals a new picture in strong contrast with all that have gone before. Once all was love, confidence and sunshine; now, all is remorse, misery and darkness. The tempter has prevailed and innocence has yielded to the wiles of the serpent. He sees this fair young creature, who had known no sorrow, experienced no cares, suffer all, woe, rushing madly from home, out into the street amid a busy throng too familiar with such scenes to notice her as she hurried with throbbing brain and crowding memories, on and on. She wends her way mechanically to that cold and silent river beneath whose gully rippling surface so many dread secrets have been buried. He sees her stop suddenly upon the brink, cast one last look upon that little lock of hair—for she cannot look to him y— and then, after offering a silent prayer for forgiveness to her Maker, retire whose awful tribunal she is to appear without preparation, with one long, lingering glance upon the world she leaves behind, she plunges boldly into the stream, and goes down, down, down, without a struggle, to rise no more. And the stream rolls calmly on, tolling no tales, and in its bosom bears thousands of human beings bright and happy, who perchance are traveling the same sad path to death. And the paternal home is desolate, and paternal hairs go down in sorrow to the grave. And the heartless tempter goes undetected, unseathed, to practise his wiles in other gardens of Eden.

And then the reporter starts, for his reveries is broken by the advent of another inhabitant brought to the Morgue; and as the mist clears from his eyes, he beholds the same dead body lying in all its beauty and all its mystery upon the icy marble before him. And as he leaves the room, he offers involuntarily, for he is unaccustomed to such things, a silent

prayer that even as the pure water is constantly trickling in a gentle stream upon this body to preserve it from decay until called for by friends, even so the pity of a merciful Father may bestow the erring, fluttering soul, freed from its tenement of clay, until such time as a loving Redeemer may call it to his bosom as a weary lamb—a poor unfortunate child, more sinned against than sinning.

The Wives of Eminent Men.

The wives of men of sentiment are always the most appreciative of women. Jean Paul represents Sabonkas as reading one of his beautiful imaginings to his wife, who listened with eyelids cast down and bated breath. As he closed, the sharer of his joys beamed forth with, "Don't put on your left stocking to-morrow, dear; I must mend that hole in it." So, when Sir Walter and Lady Scott were rambling about their estate, and came upon some playful lambs frisking in the meadow—"Ah," said Sir Walter, "it is no wonder that poets from the earliest ages have made the lamb the emblem of peace and innocence." "They are, indeed, delightful animals," answered her ladyship, "especially with mint sauce."

The First Veto.

Governor Chamberlain is an exact man! His first veto was announced on Friday, and was sustained by a unanimous vote. The reasons for vetoing the bill were: That a word had been omitted in the enrolled bill and afterwards inserted; that in three places the word Aldermen appears in place of the Aldermen, and that the last section of the act is ambiguous. This exactitude and determination to have things in order is refreshing and novel. The Legislature must look to their P's and Q's in future, and pay more heed than hitherto to 'readin', ritin' and 'arithmetick.'—News and Courier.

Remicide.

What is believed to have been a brutal murder, occurred at the penitentiary on Saturday afternoon. One of the convicts, Charles Barron by name, got into a difficulty with Corporal Bryant, of the guard, when the latter drew his pistol and shot Barron in the right side, from the effects of which he died in about twenty minutes. An inquest was held yesterday, and a verdict rendered that deceased came to his death by a ball from a pistol in the hands of Corporal Bryant. The homicide gave himself up to the officers of justice.—Phanix.

A Sad Suicide.

Mr. Nathaniel W. Lord, a young man well known in this city, shot himself to death with a pistol on Saturday. On the night preceding the disressing occurrence he requested a young friend who had been rooming with him not to remain with him as he felt restless. In the morning Mr. Lord was discovered lying in bed with his clothing on and dead. The bedding was saturated with blood which had flowed from wounds in the temple, through which a pistol ball had passed. The cause of the tragic act is said to have been business troubles, which unsettled his reason.—News and Courier.

A most wonderful and formidable volume, which has been twenty years in preparation, has just been issued by an enterprising London house. It is entitled the "Mercantile Directory of the World for 1875," and comprises over 3,000 quarto pages. It contains a register of the principal business firms throughout the world, and appears to have been compiled with great care and accuracy, and is brought down to the latest possible date. The United States and Territories are well represented. The volume also contains a glossary in several different languages of commercial terms, names of trades, &c., and is so classified as to render reference easy and ready.

A judge in North Carolina was a great stickler for forms. One day a soldier, who had been battered considerably in the war, was brought in as a witness. The judge told him to hold up his right hand. "Can't do it, sir," said the man. "Why not?" "Got a shot in that arm, sir." "Then hold up your left." "Got a shot in that arm, too, sir." "Then," said the judge sternly, "you must hold up your leg. No man can be sworn, sir, in this court by the laws unless he holds up something."

If the new senator from Wisconsin be not a democrat, call him by any other name; the three cardinal principles of democracy upon which he was elected will smell just as sweet.

A farmer sent an order to a London tradesman for a clock. He said he should prefer one made by Thomas Fagitt, as all the best clocks in the neighborhood had that name on them.

Fremont's Railroad.

THE MEMPHIS AND EL PASO RAILROAD FRAUD.

WASHINGTON, February 1.—The exposure of the Memphis and El Paso railroad corruption contained in the New York Sun to-day, has excited much interest among congressmen and others here. It has been well known here for a long time that the stock and bonds of this fraudulent corporation had found their way into the possession of members of the forty-first congress. A bill to incorporate the Memphis and El Paso railroad passed the house of representatives in 1869, and was pending in the senate when congress adjourned that year. During the following year General Fremont and his friends were here distributing freely what purported to be the stock and bonds of this corporation, which never could have any value unless congress should pass the bill and give the company the land grant for which they asked. It was in May, 1869, just after the adjournment of congress, that Fremont and his friends put their fraudulent recitals about on the Paris bourse, and received subscriptions to the amount of \$3,800,000. Baron Boleau, Fremont's brother-in-law, died in prison for the crime, and Fremont himself risks the same fate should he ever reappear in France. In 1870 Memphis and El Paso was in such bad odor that it was impossible to get the bill through. A new company, named the Transcontinental, was formed and chartered, and finally all the interests were merged into the Texas and Pacific company. Of the Memphis and El Paso, it is enough to say that it was the boldest and the biggest attempt ever made to procure a charter from congress by corrupt means. Had the bill passed congress and the road been built, members of congress would have realized large fortunes in payment of their support of it. The number interested in that way is put by old members at fifty or sixty. The two members of the house whose letters, printed in the Sun, show that they were among the most vigorous and most liberally paid supporters of the scheme—Morton C. Hunter and J. P. C. Shanks—are both republicans from Indiana; the latter is the chairman of the committee on Indian affairs and served on Fremont's staff during the war. Hunter was also in the army, and is a man of small calibre. Richard C. McCormick, who received 400 shares, is the present delegate in congress from Arizona. Winfield Scott Smith, who got 400 shares is the correspondent of the New York Evening Post, Boston Traveller and other papers. General B. P. Heintzelman is well known for his military record. There is great fluttering of members here to-night as to future revelations. Among those who will be badly compromised, it is said, is Gen. Schenck, our minister to England, who claimed, when the Texas Pacific was fully chartered, that the promises made to him by Fremont and his friends, should be made good in the gift of lands along the route.

In a Massachusetts village, there are three churches, the ministers of each bearing the name of Wright. One lives in the upper part of the town, one in the lower, and the third at the mills; so the people have designated their spiritual guides as "Upright," "Downright," and "Millwright."

The Shah of Persia, as given Herr Falkenberg, a Russian subject, a concession to construct a railway from Tabriz to the Russian frontier. If this line is carried out, it will be extended to Tiflis, and become the first railway connecting Asia and Europe.

When you hear a man say the world owes him a living, don't leave any movable articles, particularly any bank bills, lying around loose.

The Statesville (N. C.) Landmark tells of a colored woman in that town who gave birth to a colored child with white hands. By George that odd!

Up to the latest advices there had been 20,504 persons arrested in Paris for participation in the insurrection of the commune.

A Rochester flirt had an offer of marriage one evening, and rushing to the hall she called up stairs: "Mother! am I engaged to anybody now?"

"Now, children," said a school inspector "who loves all men?" A little girl, not six years old, evidently not quite well up in catechism, answered quickly, "All women!"

The radical papers call Andy Johnson an "Ego et Ego." That's good. "Oid two eyes"—one on the constitution and the other on the thieves.

The first book read and the last book laid aside by every child, it has end out of its mother.

Hebrew Ladies at their Toilet.

The first thing that would have struck us in examining the garde-robe of a Hebrew lady, would have been the quantity of dresses. In this great age of simplicity such a thing would naturally astonish us. Hebrew women were, indeed, fond of dress, and the luxury amongst them manifested in the richness and variety of dresses, and the quantity of ornaments and jewelry, was soon carried to such an extent that it became necessary to protest against it. There is no doubt that as the intercourse between the Jews and other nations increased the ladies felt no longer satisfied with the primitive simplicity. The fashions of the clever Egyptians, the elegant Phoenicians, and the luxurious Persians, were soon eagerly sought after and reproduced. Even patient Job got impatient at the dresses, and all of us have read that magnificent, bold denunciation of Isaiah, as with withering sarcasm he denounces the "women of the period" living for nothing else but dress and flirtation, and having but one desire, "to see and to be seen." Now, look first at the under garment; Ketonet tunica. It was worn by men and women, but of course, women had things made of the very best material. It was made of wool or linen, white or blue, now and then striped—and afterwards—thanks to the Persians—of a silky material. It was worn on the naked body, and a person wearing it is often described as naked, which, in the language of the nineteenth century, means that she was "in negligé."

The Eastern dresses are far very from being close fits, and the Ketonet was at first a loose garment, without sleeves, reaching down to the knees. But the Ketonet became gradually tighter. The Persians, who were the dandies of the old world, were them of considerable length, but not every one could afford this additional expense. It is supposed that the poor wore no other dress except the Ketonet. The second article to be found in the garde robe of wealthy people was the sadijn, translated fine linen in our version of the third chapter of Isaiah. I suppose that it was worn over the Ketonet. In the fourteenth chapter of the book of Judges the same Hebrew word is translated differently. Thirdly, some ladies wore a second under-garment, a long wide tunic, with or without arms, known amongst the Greeks and Romans, and worn also by the Phoenicians. It was made of costly material, and richly woven with flowers and figures. The part around the neck was covered with ornaments, the flowers were generally of the darkest purple, and the borders were trimmed with gold and brilliant colors. Next came the girdle to keep up the dress, so much thought of amongst all the nations of antiquity, as I need hardly remind the readers of Homer. It was made of different materials, according to the taste, or rather the purse, of the owner. The common girdles were of leather and very narrow. Some were of silk or gold, and ornamented with silver buckles; women wore them lower and more loosely than men. Small bottles with scents were often fastened to the girdle, and sometimes also an elegant pocket, in which money or things of value were kept.

The last piece of clothing I shall mention is the upper garment, a long wide mantle with a train that would delight our Western ladies. It seems to have been originally a square piece of cloth, somewhat like a big shawl. At first it was made of camel's hair, afterwards it was made of cotton. These were in the summer were of a light material, like our muslin, whilst for those in use during the winter a thicker material was generally chosen. The simlah was useful and ornamental. It was often used as a carpet or as a covering during the night. Hence the law of Moses, which regulated several things—for instance, that no mixture of cotton and wool should be used in the making of materials—commanded that if a man though poverty pledged his mantle it should be restored to him after sunset. The simlah was fastened with golden pins to the shoulders, whence it fell in graceful folds over the other garments. Some of the mantles must have been splendid; as I said before the garde-robe of a Hebrew lady was well filled. In the book of Judges the then living girls are thus described by Deborah, "a prey of divers colors of needlework." Her clothing is silk and purple," says Lemuel, The Phoenicians excelled in weaving, and dyeing, and were well noted for their dark blue and their purple. The Persians were noted for their silk. There is no doubt that the Hebrew ladies owed to them some of their most magnificent dresses.—Scripps' Poets.

Joseph W. Hobson, son of ex-Gov. W. W. Holden, of North Carolina, died at the residence of his father in Raleigh, on the 22d ultimo.

A "sovereign" prize fighter named William Thompson, known as "Bendigo," has recently attracted much attention in London as a speaker at religious meetings. He is now sixty-two years old, having spent nearly a quarter of a century of his life in the "ring."

It is related that Andy Johnson has a list of victims prepared, and when he enters the senate chamber he will sacrifice them one by one. He proposes, in the brief session following the 4th of March, to make way with Anthony, Cameron, Frelinghuysen and the two Murfrees, Conkling, Ferry, Morton, Vice-President Wilson and Sherman.—Cincinnati Commercial.

In some of the new styles there is no change. Poor Relatives are out the same as last year.

Brevities.

An attempt is being made to acclimatize beavers on the Island of Bute, off the coast of Scotland.

There are 45,774 white and 58,984 colored children who attend school in the State of South Carolina.

Lotta has presented San Francisco a fountain, which is to play for them when she can't be there herself.

A nephew of Stonewall Jackson married a niece of George B. McClellan, at Denver, the other day.

The postal card factory in Springfield, Mass., shipped 26,420,500 cards during the quarter ending on the 1st of January.

Encke's comet is coming, but it will not be seen for many weeks yet, as it is still several hundred millions of miles away in the dim and misty depths of space.

Mrs. Wm. B. Astor, whose husband pays \$259,000 in taxes, owns a million dollars worth of diamonds. She wears rosettes of diamonds on her slippers at parties. Mrs. Fitch's khedive gift is nowhere.

At Lyndon, Vt., one day last week a gentleman opened a fish hole in an eddy, and removed with his hands nearly 300 pounds of pickerel and suckers. The fish crowd up to the hole for fresh air, and are captured.

Peanuts are rapidly coming to the front as an article of trade. Ten years ago the crop did not amount to more than 150,000 bushels. Last year 2,000,000 bushels were raised, valued then at \$3,000,000. Philadelphia alone takes 600,000.

Nice country, New Mexico! There was more than the customary stir at Las Vegas the other day, when the stage coach, with four passengers inside came tearing into town. The driver, though frozen into a beautiful "stiff," was sitting bolt upright, with an awful grimace of the face and death-grip on the reins. The ghastly Jehu was helped down from the next day there was a big funeral at Las Vegas.

Some Strange Sleeping Down and out. The Wisconsin legislature have decided that Mr. Matt Carpenter shall retire to private life. It is a fitting occasion to drop a tear to his sweet memory.

He was appointed United States senator in 1869 and took his seat on the same day that Johnson stepped down and out of the presidency. It is a noteworthy coincidence that he will step down and out of the senate on the same day that Johnson will step up in again.

Parson Brownlow and Matt Carpenter entered the senate together—the one a hard shell Baptist who had never "belonged"; a special political party; the other a softshoed politician that had adapted himself by turns to every political party in existence since the hour of his birth. They will retire from the senate together.

During the war a famous tragedian played Richelieu before a large audience, among whom was Abraham Lincoln. The audience was mixed in its sympathies, but the actor, not wishing to fire their passions, altered the text of a famous line to read "Take away the sword; states may be saved without it." The circumstances were reported to Forrest. The gloomy giant uttered a curse. Meanwhile he played the same part, and one night, when Lincoln was once more in the front, thundered out the line with marvellous energy and emphasis: "Take away the sword; states CAN be saved without it." The point was soon and the applause shook the house.

The Bristol, (Va.) News, in making mention of the fact that eighty-five ex-rebels have already been elected to the next congress, says "they are expected to kill and broil for breakfast each morning a nice, tender, juicy, stall fed carpet-bagger, pay the confederate debt, revive slavery, blot out the star spangled banner, dig up the union cemeteries, pension confederate soldiers, legalize and arm the Ku-Klux, and crown Jeff Davis Emperor."

Death Behind the Scenes.

TERRIBLE REAL TRAGEDY IN A CHICAGO THEATRE.

The audience which laughed over the performance at Hooley's theatre last evening, little knew of the painful event which occurred behind the scenes before the curtain rose. Had any hint been given of the desperate nature of the accident which happened just as the orchestra commenced the overture, it is a question whether even the dropperies of Mr. Crane, forced, indeed, for once in his life, would have been able to keep the house in such a condition of excitement as it enjoyed.

The orchestra had, as said just opened the overture. The actors were below in their dressing rooms, preparing for the rise of the curtain. The stage was set in readiness for the commencement of the play, when a crash was heard that shook the entire proscenium, and was audible in front of the house. Noises of this kind, made by falling scenery and such things, are not uncommon, and no attention was paid to it below. One actor called out, "The steamboat has exploded too soon." Another remarked, "They are crowding in so fast, that they have to come through the roof," while similar jocular remarks were made. Those on the stage, however, were aware in a moment of what had happened. Before them, his skull mashed to atoms, his brains splattered over the broken flooring of the stage, with blood gushing from what remained of his eyes, ears, mouth and nose, was one of the scene shifters, John Goodwin. The alarm was given, and everybody gathered round. Mr. Crane had him carried below, and sent out for a surgeon, for the poor fellow's pulse still beat feebly. A minute later, and not a sign of life remained.

The unfortunate young man had evidently climbed to the carpenter's shed, some sixty feet above the stage, before the hour of opening the theatre, and had fallen to sleep. The first notes of the orchestra had awakened him, and he had risen to come down to attend to business. It was pitch dark upon the narrow platform upon which he lay; there was no guard rail; and in stepping forward he had gone in the wrong direction, and actually stepped off the platform, falling upon his head. The flooring of the stage was broken by the concussion.—Chicago Tribune.

Going It Blind.

Nothing could have been more unintentional. Gen. Schenck didn't mean to do it. He only innocently wrote out for the enlightenment of a noble English lady and her visitors, some of the rules of the game as it is played in America, and lo! in the draught he got a full hand of fame. It is a clear case of going it blind. Hear the honorable avoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary, as he explains it all himself in a letter to an inquiring friend in Cincinnati: "You wrote to ask the meaning of the ridiculous story about my having published a work on the 'Rules and Art of Poker-playing.' I will tell you what it all comes from. In the summer of 1872, while visiting with others at a country house in Somersetshire, the guests as is usual in English society, amused themselves in the evening with games at cards, and, as is almost as usual, the stakes were for pennies and six pence. They were anxious to learn the American game of poker, of which some of them already knew a little. I showed them how it was played. When I was coming away the lady of the house requested me as a favor to herself and other friends who thought it attractive and amusing, to write down some of the rules of the game, as it is generally played in America. I complied with her request as well as I could, on the very morning of my leaving her hospitable house, and thought little more of my act of politeness until she surprised me by sending me some copies of those rules, which a gentleman, another visitor, had printed for her, and for their own private use and circulation, on his own private printing press. It was intended as a compliment, and I am very sure that nobody can be more amazed or more annoyed than my friend, Lady W., and her family and guests, to find that they have thus unwittingly brought down on me the wrath and reprehension of so many good people in America."

It is said that a gentleman can't perform a simple act of civility like this without being talked about on account of it. Gen. Schenck wouldn't have thought it. In the course of the same letter the general complains that his life and conduct have been "grossly calumniated and misrepresented." We can't conceive why any one who wanted to calumniate Gen. Schenck should be at the trouble of misrepresenting him.

Writing Nonsense. Rabelais had written some sensible pieces, which the world did not regard at all. "I will write something," says he, "that they shall take notice of." And so he set down to writing nonsense and became immortal.

When an Indianapolis man had lost \$300 of his employer's money at faro, his spunky wife, pistol in hand, made the proprietor refund, saved her husband's place, and got one for herself in the same establishment, being generally and admirably talked about.

Prof. J. L. Jones, who has for some years past been connected with the Southern Masonic Female College of Covington, Ky., has been elected President of the Cokesbury Conference Institute, of South Carolina, the oldest school of note in the State.

True courage is cool and calm. The bravest of men have the least of brutal, bullying insolence, and in the very time of danger are found the most serene and free.

The Courier-Journal says that Sheridan is about as fit to manage affairs at New Orleans as a bob-tail bull with the delirium tremens in fly time is to take an invoice of stock in a wholesale grocery store.

Gov. Hartranft, of Pennsylvania, says in his recent message that the State will be stripped of timber in thirty years, unless pains are taken to check the waste.

A man stopping his paner wrote to the editor: "I think folks ought to spend their munny for a paynor, my dadda didn't, and everybody seed he was the intelligentest man in the country, and had the smartest family of boiso that ever dugged taters."

News Items.

Thirty-seven cases of small-pox have occurred in the Chicago poor-house.

The President will send a special message to Congress to-day regarding the South.

The strike among the Fall River, Mass., operatives continues; nearly 2,000 weavers and spinners, mostly females, have been idle a fortnight.

A fire was raging at the Shakers' Settlement, in Mount Lebanon, New York, yesterday. It commenced in the church, and it was feared it would be disastrous.

President Grant is a frequent visitor at the Washington theatres. A letter of the 31st says: "At the national theatre a night or two since he occupied his accustomed front seat in the private box, where he can be easily seen by the entire audience. During the course of the play there was considerable gagging indulged in by the actors, including allusions to the third term, military interference, etc., which seemed to delight the audience very much. Finally one of the players brought in the name of Grant, when another quickly replied, 'Andy Johnson will soon be in the senate and will take care of him.' At this the applause was perfectly uproarious, the men cheered, and the women waved their handkerchiefs, and it was a minute or two before order was restored. In the midst of all the commotion, the president retained his attitude unmoved, and not a change of expression flitted across his stolid countenance.

From the New Orleans Bulletin primer: "This is the picture of a soldier. He is a general. The general says: 'I am not afraid.' See how he struts. Do you not wish you were a general? It is a fine thing to be a general. * * * Here is the picture of a bandit. See, the general wants to do something to the bandit. Will he kill the bandit, or will he write a letter? No, he will not write a letter, he will send a telegram. * * * This is the portrait of a president. A cat can look at a president. The president can make a governor, and he can make a legislature. * * * Here is the portrait of a governor. The governor loves the bonds, and the governor loves the people's money; but the governor would not take the people's money for anything in the world. We have a de facto governor. He is a very good man. The people love him. He is very pious. He loves the president, and the president loves him. If your hair was kinky and your skin was black, you might some day be a governor. See, the general, and the president and the governor, are all running. What makes them all run so? Are they afraid? Yes, they are afraid of the bandit!"

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A thornless blackberry is among the novelties now before the public. Hoosier Thornless is the name given it.