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Mind and Matter.

THE WONDERFUL POWER OF READING ANOTHER'S THOUGHTS.

John B. Brown, a beardless young gentleman twenty-two years of age, whose home is in Council Bluffs, Iowa, has excited a good deal of curiosity the last few days by his exhibition of "mind reading," at the Sturtevant House in New York City. Mr. Brown is highly charged with some mysterious power which gives him control over the thoughts of others. He does not claim to be a Spiritualist, and distinctly says that prophecy is not a part of his art. He takes the hand of another and thus establishes a chain along which the magnetic current flows. Brown's mind is passive, or at least it thinks only the thoughts which the brain thinks with which it is in systematic contact. The thoughts of the subject whose hands he holds are photographed to his own brain; and hence the subject can have no escape from the operator or receiver. You may hide an article in any out-of-the-way place, and if you will concentrate your thoughts upon the thing, Mr. Brown will take your hand and lead you directly to it. You may write down the name of any place or individual and Mr. Brown, although not in the room when you made the writing, will quickly spell out the name for you. By means of a copper wire he can establish a current between himself and yourself, and receive the brain messages. He is the battery and you are the instrument. He has been put to very severe tests by the sceptical journalists and scientists of New York, and has acquitted himself in such a way, that the greatest doubter cannot hesitate to believe in his powers. He does simply what he says he will do. He is a riddle to himself as he is to all who have seen him operate. That his power is great is undoubted, but just what it is a question which the wisest cannot answer. The *New York Times* says:

Yesterday Mr. Brown gave a private exhibition to a select company, including several representatives of the press. The place chosen for the experiments was a large parlor and bedroom in the Sturtevant House. He explained beforehand that he was obliged to use a certain amount of machinery. This latter consisted of the letters of the alphabet printed on a piece of pasteboard, and a long piece of brass wire. He did not have the utility of which will be explained hereinafter, but he exhibited the printed letters. The latter were strung around the walls of the parlor, and Mr. Brown commenced his interesting exhibition. He stated, in the first place, that any individual in the room might hide an article anywhere in the house, and that, if certain conditions were complied with, he would certainly point out where it was hidden by reading his thoughts. A gentleman in the company left the room, and returned in a few minutes. Mr. Brown then blindfolded himself with a linen handkerchief, took hold of the gentleman's left hand with his own right hand, and after a few eccentric movements, namely, pressing his hand several times over the gentleman's arm and across his forehead, the two left the parlor, followed by the company, and proceeded to search for the hidden article. The gentleman submitting to the experiment was led, or rather pulled, by Mr. Brown through the corridors of the hotel and into a half dozen chambers until one was reached about a dozen drawers, and a "bureau" with one particular drawer, said: "You will find it here." The hidden article, a pocket knife, was found in the drawer. The gentleman said that he had followed the course which Mr. Brown had taken before he hid the knife, and expressed himself as much astonished. The next test was made by a gentleman who went into an adjoining apartment and selected a rosette in one of three damask curtains, as an object upon which to concentrate his thoughts. Mr. Brown, preparing himself as before, led the gentleman to the window curtain, and after a minute's hesitation over a tassel, placed his hand upon the rosette. The gentleman stated that he had at first thought of the tassel, but had finally concluded to choose the rosette. Mr. Lewis Leland, of the hotel, asked Mr. Brown to tell him the name of his birth-place. The latter, blindfolding himself and taking the hand of Mr. Leland in the manner before described, led him around the room, and pointing to the printed letters of the alphabet suspended on the walls, spelled out the name "Langrove." This is a small town in Vermont, and the birth-place of Mr. Leland. In the same manner, Mr. Brown picked out the letters of the alphabet, spelling "George," the Christian name of George F. Rowe, a reporter of his brother, who was present, and also the name of a town in Turkey, denominated "Abeh," where one of that company was born. In the latter test Mr. Brown missed. In the letter e, which the gentleman making the test stated was probably wrong, he felt that he had himself hesitated over it while mentally spelling the word. Another test to which Mr. Brown was subjected was made by a gentleman who fixed his thoughts upon a watch-seal worn by Mr. Leland, which was quickly pointed out as the object selected. Mr. Brown volunteered to read the thoughts of another without coming in direct contact with him, but through the medium of a third person. To do this he blindfolded himself as before, and while taking the hand of a third party—the latter placing his hand on his (Brown's) forehead, the man whose thoughts were to be read took hold of the wrist of the medium of communication, and so the three proceeded around the room until the object was pointed out, or the letters spelling the word thought of were spelled out from the alphabet. The reporter of the *Times*, desirous of making this test, did so, together with Mr. Leland. The metallic tag hanging to the key in the door was the object selected for a concentration of thought. After his usual preparation, Brown immediately led the way to the door. When he reached it, he felt around it for a few minutes, and the *Times* reporter, believing that the secret was lost, allowed his thoughts to be directed to other objects. As these objects presented themselves to his mind, Brown would immediately lead him and his companion to them. At last a violent effort was made to concentrate attention exclusively on the key-tag, and Brown at once led the way to it. This test satisfied the reporter that the workings of his mind had been implicitly followed by Brown, and that every deviation from a direct course was due to the thoughts of other objects which would persistently obtrude themselves. Mr. Brown is ignorant of the cause of his wonderful power. He believes that spiritualism has nothing to do with it, and regards professional spiritualists as humbugs. In the experiments yesterday he was obliged to lead those making tests around the room by the hand. If provided with a brass wire, the person testing his power could take hold of one end of the wire and remain in his chair. He is not infallible, however, in the use of the wire, and prefers to hold the hand. It does not appear that Mr. Brown's gift can be made very useful, although he says that by the means of it he has discovered the guilt of several criminals in the West. He says also

that he is able to sometimes read the thoughts of others sitting near him, but cannot remember them for any length of time. He believes that in the course of time his powers of thought reading will be so strongly developed that he will be able to express the thoughts of others without the use of this alphabet.

The Plow—What the Ancients Knew about This Useful Implement.

The plow is, *par excellence*, the emblem of agriculture, and its history, both authentic and mythological, possesses a peculiar interest. The period at which man first began to cultivate the soil for the purpose of making it produce sustenance of himself and his flocks is so remote as to be lost in the obscurity of the past; but that it was at an early period is clear. It is also generally admitted that the ox and cow were in this age used as native farmers, and it is asserted that men and women captured in war and reduced to slavery were employed in this way before the ox was trained or the cow became accustomed to the yoke; for war, and its off-spring, slavery, are older than agriculture.

The earliest plow was a pointed stick, with which the primitive man used to break up the soil. This was a slow and laborious process, and one day thought came to one wiser than his fellows that the forked limb of a tree might be made efficient for this purpose. Acting upon this thought, he formed a plow by cutting a forked limb from a tree and sharpening one of the prongs, so that it would penetrate the soil. It took two persons to use this implement—one to draw it, which he did by a bark-rop or rawhide trace, and one to hold and push it into the ground. This, the first plow proved a great success, and was for a while thought to be the *ne plus ultra* of improvement in that line. In the course of time, however, some ingenious laborer began to question the perfection of this simple contrivance, and finding a limb of some other different shape, he constructed an improved plow. The fogies shook their heads and muttered "humbug," but the progressive men adopted it, and it ultimately superseded the earlier device. Ages went by before the forked sickle-plow was succeeded by another, composed of several pieces of wood held together by mortises and pins. This improved from time to time, until it approached as near perfection as it was possible for a plow composed wholly of wood.

The Romans were probably the first to use iron in the construction of the plow. The plow that Cincinnatus followed was a rude affair, with no iron in it except the point and share. The Greeks have a myth which is interesting in this connection. Prosperine, a daughter of Ceres (goddess of agriculture), was abducted by Pluto while she was in the forest gathering flowers, and was installed as queen of the lower regions. Ceres, inconsolable at the loss of her daughter, wholly neglected the agricultural interests in her search for the missing goddess. The result was that the whole earth eventually became a barren waste. Jupiter and the other gods implored her to return to Olympus and resume her duties as guardian of agriculture, but in vain. She could think of nothing except her lost daughter. Jupiter now visited Pluto and persuaded him to permit Prosperine to revisit the earth and remain eight months each year, and then return and spend the other with him. Ceres consented to this arrangement, and at once returned to Olympus. Before going, however, she instructed Triptolemus of Eleusis in the art of agriculture, and giving him his own chariot, drawn by dragons, commanded him to travel over the whole earth and distribute seed corn to its inhabitants. Triptolemus was the inventor of the plow. The Greeks held two feasts a year in his honor, one on account of the distribution of seed, and the other because he invented the plow, without which the seed would have been of little use.

Little improvement seems to have been made in the plow used by the Greeks and Romans for over two thousand years, and indeed it was a most clumsy affair, as recently as fifty years ago, being only a wedge clearing the soil and compressing the subsoil.

It may be predicted that before many years some Yankee Triptolemus will revolutionize the plow by constructing one that shall combine the functions of both the plow and the harrow, and possibly other and valuable adjuncts not now anticipated. With all due respect to the great plowmakers, it must be admitted that the mechanical idea embodied in the plow as now constructed is imperfect, and it is time this was recognized and correct principles incorporated in its construction, that it might meet the demands of this progressive and utilitarian age. Some attempts in this direction have already been made, but they, like all first attempts to embody a new idea, have been only partially successful. It is a recognized axiom of modern times, that "American genius and perseverance know no success as failure," and it is confidently expected that success in this department of mechanical invention will soon be achieved.

A WONDERFUL MACHINE.—A correspondent of the *Vicksburg Herald* gives an account of a new invention now in practical operation in the Mountain Cotton Mills, near Bolton station, on the Memphis and Charleston Railroad, which, if it proves to be all that is represented, must have a more important effect upon the production and manufacture of cotton than even Whitney's cotton gin has had. It does away with the ordinary process of ginning, converting the cotton just as it is taken from the field into thread of superior quality. It costs only \$250, and is attached to the ordinary card stand. It is said that the specimens of thread made by this extraordinary machine have been sent to nearly all the Northern manufacturers, and have been pronounced stronger and more lustrous than that spun by the ordinary method. It is claimed that the thread spun by this means will sustain fully one-third more weight than a thread of equal size made of cotton that has passed through the processes of compression and the complicated machinery of common cotton mills. The great importance of the invention, however, consists in the fact that by its cheapness and simplicity it may be introduced into common use, the natural result of which will be to transfer the whole work of cotton spinning from manufactories to the field, thus effecting a great saving in the cost of packing and transportation, and in other expenses.

—One of our fashionable youths donned his first silk hat and cigar Saturday evening. He got along well enough with the cigar, but he had to give up the hat—it made him sick at the stomach.

—Dr. Cuyler wants all the young ladies to band together and say, "No lips shall touch my lips that have touched a bottle." Rather rough on the fellows that were brought up by hand.

—We cannot find room for the song sent us, beginning, "Fill up with wine your flowing bowls." The spelling is not correct.—Exchange.

The Transit of Venus.

The current year will become a notable one in the annals of science, because of the phenomenon occurring on the 9th of December, which is known to astronomers as the transit of Venus. More than one hundred years have elapsed since the last occasion of this transit. Another will transpire in 1882, for according to the respective motions of Venus and the earth these transits, when they do happen, occur in couples and at short intervals, but there will then be no other transit until the year 2004.

The phenomenon alluded to is the passage of the planet Venus between the earth and the sun, in such a position with regard to the earth's orbit, that Venus is seen to move like a round black spot over the sun's surface. The importance of this phenomenon in a scientific point of view, may be judged from the fact that it affords astronomers the best means of measuring the distance of the heavenly bodies, and of obtaining their weights and dimensions.

The observations of 1769 have formed the basis of all the accepted facts of modern astronomy, so far as the computation of distance, etc., is concerned. Of these data it is that we have all learned from our early years that the sun is distant from the earth more than ninety million of miles, that Mercury, the planet nearest to the sun, is 38,800,000 miles away from it; that the distance of Venus from the sun is more than 68,000,000 of miles and so on.

But it is a singular fact, that notwithstanding the care with which the observations were made in 1769, and the frequency with which these observations and the calculations based upon them passed under the examination of the most distinguished astronomers, it was discovered only a few years back, that certain errors had crept into the reckonings, by which the sun's distance was overestimated by about four million of miles. This error has necessarily affected all the other computations, so that for nearly a century, as one writer has put the matter, the distance of all the heavenly bodies was over-rated by over four per cent, and their weights by more than twelve per cent, and these inaccuracies will be found in the best authorities on the subject, except those that have passed through recent additions.

The discovery of such errors, under the severe processes by which modern research is conducted, has led to increased anxiety on the part of the scientific world to secure the most perfect accuracy in every detail connected with the next transit. It will therefore be watched with the greatest care by astronomers all over the world, their observations will afterwards be compared, and the results finally given to the world, will, it is hoped satisfactorily settle the questions involved. The recurrence of a transit in 1882 will afford an opportunity of devoting renewed attention to any point or points that may be left in doubt by the transit of 1874; and in the present state of scientific knowledge, we may expect a much nearer approach to positive accuracy than was possible in the last century.

The points of chief importance in making observations of transits, are the moments of ingress and egress of the planet—that is, when its black shadow first appears in contact with the luminary; again when the whole of the dark surface is fully projected, and lastly, when the planet reaches the sun's opposite margin, begins to disappear, and finally vanishes. All these points are noted and timed by different observers all over the globe as far as practicable, and afterwards compared one with the other, give the data for a perfect record of the transit, and for the important results already mentioned.

The transit next December will be invisible in those parts of the earth where its phenomena could be most easily observed. It will however, be visible in Northern India, China, Japan, and other points in Asia, Australia and New Zealand, the Mauritius, and other out-of-the-way places, and to all these points expeditions will be sent by the Governments of the United States, Great Britain, and other nations. The reason of this great variety of stations, apart from the fundamental necessity that observations should be taken at parts of the earth as widely different as possible, is, that the state of the weather and condition of the atmosphere at some of the places may not allow of a clear view of the passage of the planet over the sun's disc; and therefore, if observation should altogether fail at some points, it will undoubtedly be successful at others.

A Case to be Decided by Death.

As by a recent decision of the Supreme Court of the United States, it is held that parties who purchased the confiscated real estate of Confederate sympathizers have only a life tenure therein, successful attempts have been made by many of the former owners to make terms with the present holders. The value of a life interest in an estate is by no means definite. It is to be measured by the reasonable probabilities of life which attaches to the former owner. But possibilities or expectations of life often prove deceptive. With the most robust, life is uncertain, and few of the former owners of confiscated property are at present less than fifty-five or sixty years of age, and hence their reasonable expectation of life is comparatively limited.

One old and worthy resident of New Orleans happens to have been the possessor of a number of pieces of real estate which passed into the possession of others under the confiscating hammer. With all save one of these purchasers he has succeeded in making satisfactory terms. That one stands aloof, and will neither give nor take.

The former owner said to him: Your tenure is uncertain. I may die any day, and it will end your claim at once. All the most it cannot exceed half the appraised value of the property. Let it be appraised, and I will give you half the amount of the appraisement for your quiet claim, or take half of said amount and complete your title.

This very reasonable proposition was refused. The former owner then indirectly proposed the wager of battle, even going so far as to offer five hundred dollars bonus for a fight. But he who holds the bird in hand has no fancy for an arbitration of that character. He shrewdly argues: "If I am killed, I shall have no further use for the property, and if I kill my adversary my life tenure at once ceases. With any result I must be the loser. No fight for me on such unequal terms."

The matter, therefore, is referred to the Supreme tribunal, which has special control over vital statistics, and the question now is— which, in the course of nature, will die first, the present or the former possessor? The race is that of two lives, and the property question is the stake.

—A young fellow in a Western town was fined \$10 for kissing a girl against her will, and the following day the damsel sent him the amount of the fine, with a note saying that the next time he kissed her he must be less rough about it, and be careful to do it when her father was not about.

The Angel Turned Demon.

Many years ago a celebrated Italian artist was walking along in the streets of his native city, perplexed and desponding in consequence of some irritating circumstances of misfortune, when he beheld a little boy of such surprising and surpassing beauty, that he forgot his own trouble and gloom in looking upon the almost angel face before him.

"That face I must have," said the artist "for my studio. Will you come to my room and sit for a picture, my little man?"

The little boy was glad to go and see the pictures and curious things in the artist's room; and was still more pleased when he saw what seemed to be another boy that looked just like himself smiling from the artist's canvass.

The artist took great pleasure in looking at that sweet face. When he was troubled, irritated, or perplexed, he lifted his eyes to that lovely image on the wall, and his beautiful face and expression calmed his heart and made him happy again. Many visitors to his studio wished to purchase that beautiful face; but though poor, and often in need of money to purchase food and clothes, he would not sell his good angel, as he called this portrait.

So the years went on. Oftentimes as he looked at the face on glowing canvass, he wondered what had become of that boy.

"How I should like to see how he look now! I wonder if I should know him? Is he a good man and true or wicked and abandoned? Or has he died and gone to a better land?"

One day the artist was strolling down one of the fine walks of the city, when he beheld a man whose face and mien were so vicious, so almost fiend-like, that he involuntarily stopped and gazed at him.

"What a spectacle! I should like to paint that figure and hang it in my studio opposite the angel boy," said the artist to himself. The young man asked the painter for aims, for he was a beggar as well as a thief.

"Come to my room and let me paint your portrait, and I will give all you ask," said the artist.

The young man followed the painter and sat for a sketch. When it was finished and he had received a few coins for his trouble, he turned to go; but his eye rested on the picture of the boy—he looked at it, turned pale and burst into tears.

"What troubles you, young man?" said the painter. It was long before the young man could speak; he sobbed aloud and seemed pierced with agony.

At last he pointed up to the picture on the wall, and with broken tones that seemed to come from a broken heart, said to me to sit for a picture, and that angel face is the portrait.

"Twenty years ago you asked me to sit for a picture, and that angel man; so bloated, so hideous, that women and children turn away their faces from me; so fiend-like that you want my picture to show how ugly a man can look. Ah! I see now what vice and crime have done for me."

The artist was amazed. He could scarcely believe his own eyes and ears.

"How did this happen?" he asked.

The young man told his sad and dreadful story; how being an only son and very beautiful, his parents petted and spoiled him; how he went with bad boys and learned all their bad habits and vices and came to love them; how, having plenty of money, he was enticed to wicked places until all was lost; and then unable to work, and ashamed to beg, he began to steal, and was caught and imprisoned with the worst criminals; came out more depraved to commit worse crimes than before; how every bad deed he performed seemed to drive him to the point to attack it. If they would once lower their horns and show fight there would be such a scattering and such a clambering over fences as we have seldom seen.

Let the three hundred and fifty churches recognize their power to control instead of their right to squabble, and make a dead set at one evil after another and we shall soon have such a clean city that half the politicians and ring-masters will go West. Less clutter and more march is what is wanted just now.

Preaching and Practicing.

The following article taken from the *New York Herald*, is well adapted to other localities as well as to New York City:

There are about three hundred and fifty churches in New York, with sittings for nearly or quite three hundred thousand people. This is a very credible exhibit so far as architecture is concerned. It shows conclusively enough that there is sufficient moral energy concentrated in all matters of social importance, if it is earnestly and properly used. But the Church is asleep most of the time, and the world is wide awake all the time. The churches make hollow in religion and the world really believes in business. The consequence is that the business force of the community is to the moral force as ten to one. If the men of wealth and social position, who regularly attend divine worship and nod their sleepy amens to every dull point of the sermon, would wake up and go to work, they would be backed by the people who sit in the side pews or hide in the gallery, and by their combined efforts two-thirds of the iniquity of this city could be abolished before the summer solstice.

The criticism which the confessed man of the world makes on the church-goers is at once just and sharp. They are perfectly willing to sit in the shade, under the elm trees in the vineyard, but if there is any hard work to be done the Lord must hire some one else. Indeed, they keep so very shady about their religion that it is not easy to find out if they have any. They pray from their pews on Sunday, and prey on their neighbors all the rest of the week. There is about as much human nature in the Church as there is out of it. People are very willing to listen and unwilling to act. It is one thing to shout "Glory, hallelujah!" and quite another thing to manufacture the raw material in one's business. It is easier to make a long prayer than an honest bargain.

Here is a matter we have looked at from the standpoint of social economy many times, and never yet found any satisfactory solution. No one doubts three hundred thousand church-going people can command votes enough and political influence enough to shape this city according to their own will, and yet they not only fail to do it, but seem to be actually afraid to undertake it. They groan about evil and they pray for power to subdue it, and then, instead of keeping on the watch for the answer, they regard it as a foregone conclusion that they will get it, and anon fall to fighting among themselves about the number of gallons of water it takes to baptize a man properly, or about the right of a woman to preach in their pulpits.

We once saw a big boy who had been sent into the pasture to drive the cows home. There were at least a dozen cattle, any one of which might have been cut up into three or four big boys. They were entirely ignorant of their power, however, which fact was the basis of the boy's courage, and its only basis. He picked up a huge stick, yelled with all his might and rushed at them as though he were about to annihilate every one of them. They demurely fell into line and marched with solemn faces, as though they belonged to an oppressed race, towards the barnyard. If those cows had turned on the big boy he would have dropped his club and made tracks for the nearest fence. As it was, he was afraid of them, and they were afraid of him; but he knew their fear and they did not know his.

The churches—let us not be irritable about that herd of cows. They irritable at the time at the world which, in the comparison, is only a small boy with a big club, and do not dare to attack it. If they would once lower their horns and show fight there would be such a scattering and such a clambering over fences as we have seldom seen.

Let the three hundred and fifty churches recognize their power to control instead of their right to squabble, and make a dead set at one evil after another and we shall soon have such a clean city that half the politicians and ring-masters will go West. Less clutter and more march is what is wanted just now.

Barking Up the Right Tree.

Although farmers are sometimes dubbed with the cognomen of grumblers, yet methinks that as a class they accept of their situation with as much sangfroid as those engaged in other pursuits. The Patrons of Husbandry, if I am rightly informed, are laboring zealously to educate the farming community, and elevate their calling to an honorable and profitable position as compared with other pursuits of the country. They aim, as all honest, intelligent farmers do, to break up, or put a check upon moneyed monopolies, cheaper transportation, and regulate the manufacturing interests of the nation. In short, to regulate the laws of trade, that the farmer can receive as fair a percentage upon his productions as that of any other calling or pursuit. Is it justly demanded that the farmer shall give two bushels of wheat to sell the third? Does common sense teach us that it is right and just for a farmer to pay \$125 for a mowing-machine that cost only \$50 to manufacture? We are told that it costs a round sum of money to advertise and get agricultural implements into the market. If a manufacturer has a good tool which the farmers need and must have, it takes but little time to introduce it, if sold at a reasonable percentage above cost. But should the farmers be called grumblers because they ask manufacturers of agricultural implements to sell at a profit of twenty-five to thirty per cent, when farmers, as a mass, do not realize over three or five per cent on the capital and labor invested in producing the necessities of life for man and beast?

Who, we ask, are better entitled to fear remuneration for their labors than those who labor, both mentally and physically, to produce the life-sustaining element for countless millions? If these are grumblers, I thank God that they exist, and may they increase and multiply till they reach from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the lakes to the gulf, or from Maine to the Rio Grande.

TRAVELING ON THE FARM.—Did any of your readers ever think of the amount of travel it takes to raise a crop of corn? I never saw an illustration in print, and I thought I would give you one. I have a twenty-acre field, forty by eighty rods. To break this up would take one hundred and sixty-six miles; harrowing it, about forty miles; furrowing out, ninety miles; planting, forty-five miles, if with a planter, and if dropped and then covered, ninety miles; and for each plowing of two furrows in a row, ninety miles, or five plowings, four hundred and fifty miles. Thus you will see it takes about eight or nine hundred miles of travel to raise twenty acres of corn, not counting going to and returning from the field. Besides, there is replanting, thinning, rolling, etc.—Indiana Farmer.

—An inventive genius in Ohio proposes to furnish horses with false teeth, so as to conceal their age.

Old Hickory's Pistols.

"D," who has been writing some interesting reminiscences of the Franklin, (Ky.) *Patriot* contributes this to the last issue:

I saw some time ago a brace of dueling pistols, in the possession of Thomas Rutherford, of Sumter county, Tennessee. They were steel barrels, fluted within, and highly ornamented with silver. The history I received of them was as follows:

Many years before the brilliant triumphs of the war had lifted General Jackson high above all competitors into the Presidential chair as Chief Executive of the nation, it was his custom to have some one to take his place in the dirty street broils which might come up. At the time to which I refer, one Ferguson was the man, a regular knock-down and drag-out sort of a fellow, dreaded by all who were ever so unfortunate as to come in contact with him. A uncle of Colonel Rutherford, by the same name, visited Nashville to sell a fine pair of match horses. Ferguson offered to purchase them on a short credit and to give General Jackson as security. This arrangement was made, and the horses were his. Before Mr. R. left Nashville he learned the character of the man with whom he had traded, and was told that if he ever asked for the money or note he had received for the horses Ferguson would whip him.

It happened that Rutherford was a rough customer—nothing suited him better than a ground scuffle in defense of his rights, and so he was impatient for the day of the coming conflict. Early on the morning the note fell due Rutherford visited Nashville—saw the same man F., and presented his note for payment, telling him at the same time what he had heard of him, and further said to him that, if he didn't pay the money right away, without a murmur, he would thrash him like a dog. A word and the blow followed. Never was a man more soundly thrashed than Ferguson was on that occasion; in fact, he was supposed to be dead for a time. This aroused the General's sympathies for his man who had received such a cudgeling, and to resent it was his first impulse, but in a fit of bluff he would be only a child in R's hands, so he challenged him to a fight a duel the next morning, distance ten paces. Though R. had no experience with firearms, he instantly accepted the challenge.

At the appointed hour all parties were at the place of rendezvous. All preliminaries made, the distance measured, the positions taken, the words one—two—at this juncture, Jackson, who was a dead shot, having eyed his antagonist closely, saw there was no finching in him, but that he was as cool and deliberate as if nothing unusual was occurring, stepped forward and addressed Rutherford as follows: "By the Eternal Sir, I would despise myself to sacrifice such noble material as you are made of. Sir, please accept these pistols from one who ever admires true courage and pluck, such as you have to-day demonstrated; and accept them from me as evidence of my high appreciation of you as a man who dares to defend his rights."

General Jackson paid the money due on Ferguson's note. Ever afterwards the Rutherford family have been Jackson's warmest supporters, and none lamented his death more than they. The pistols will be kept in the family forever as priceless souvenirs.

Some Modern Sayings.

"Honesty is the best policy," unless you can get about \$50,000, and effect a settlement at fifty per cent.

Honor thy father and thy mother, particularly about circus time, when you don't know where to raise fifty cents.

Never run in debt when you can avoid it. It is much better to go stubbing around in a broadcloth coat than to be in debt for a suit of Scotch mixed.

Let your motto be "Liberty or death," and if it comes to the pinch, take the most of it in liberty.

Remember the poor. If you know of a family who are out of provisions and fuel, keep them in your thoughts until you meet Smith or Brown, and then tell them that they'd better make a donation. If they hold off, tell them that "He who giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord." It is very easy to remember the poor. I can remember cases twenty years ago.

Respect old age. If you have a maiden aunt forty years old, and she is passing herself off for a girl of twenty-three, there is no call for you to expose her. The more you respect her age and keep still about it, the more she will respect you.

Never marry for wealth, but remember that it is just as easy to love a girl who has a brick house with a mansard roof and silver-plated door-bell as one who hasn't anything but an Auburn head and an amiable disposition.

Love thy neighbor as thyself. Borrow his plow, hoe, or horses whenever you can, but if he wants to borrow yours tell him that you're very sorry, but you were just going to use them yourself.

Be guarded in your conversation. There are times when you may freely express your opinion of a political candidate, but you had better wait until his friends are over in the next county visiting.

Remember that appearances are often deceiving. Many a pale, thin young lady will eat more corned beef than a carpenter. Because you find her playing the piano in the parlor, it is no sign that her mother is not at the corner grocery running in debt for a peck of potatoes.

Restrain your temper, particularly if a policeman is in sight. Fits of anger hasten death. If a man should call you a horse-thief and you should get highly indignant, it would cut your life short by several days; and if it was in Texas, and there was a vigilance committee handy, it might cut it short altogether.

Rise with the lark. That is, during cold weather, as soon as the lark rises, waken your wife and tell her that it is time to build the fire. If she makes any objections, you can refer her to a dozen works on the benefit of early rising. Any man who cares a cent for his wife's health will take pride in hearing her around the house at daylight of a winter's morning, getting up a red hot stove and warming his socks and boots.

"O gracious no," exclaimed Mrs. Marrowfat to Mrs. Quags, raising her hands and speaking in a very excited tone. "She was so ill when her new bonnet came home, that she couldn't get up; but, dear sakes! Jane, that didn't matter nothing, for she just put the hat on and lay with her head out the front window the whole afternoon."

A Delaware man was arrested for murder, proved that on that night and at the hour of the murder he was at home mauling his wife, and this fact saved him. A word to the wise is, and so forth.

—"For a young woman to begin to pick lint off a young man's coat collar" is said to be the first symptom that the young man is in peril.

MARK TWAIN.

—A Vermont debating club is now struggling with the question, "Which eats the most chickens, ministers or owls?"