The Horry Herald.

"BE TRUE TO YOUR WORD AND YOUR WORK AND YOUR COUNTRY."

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QUICK DEATH IN THE DYNAMO.

THE HANGMAN AND HIS GALLOWS RELICS OF A BARBAROUS PAST.

The Deadly Electric Chair of a Buffalo Physician, Who Has Been Searching for a More Humane Implement for the Infliction of Capital Punishment.

BUFFALO, N. Y., January 1—Dr. A. P. Southwick, of this city, who is a member of the commission to ascertain the most humane and practical method known to modern science for carrying the death sentence into effect in capital cases, is an enthusiastic investigator, and since the commission was created by the last Legislature he has spent considerable time in making researches. Circulars have been sent by the commissioners to many doctors, scientists, judges, lawyers and public men, with a view to learning their opinions on the subject. Among the questions asked is the following:

The following substitutes for hanging have been suggested to the commission. What are your views to each: 1, electricity; 2, prussic acid or other poison; 3, the guillotine; 4, the ga rote.

"I wish you would send one of the circulars to the *Star*," said Dr. Southwick to the correspondent this afternoon, "for I want the views of the newspaper men as well as those of other people."

"Do you believe in capital punishment, doctor?" was asked.

"I believe the death penalty is necessary," he replied, "for there is a class of people, a low order of beings, to whom it is positively necessary. I refer to people who come from a line of murderers, that is, men who have descended directly from families of criminal proclivities. The man who walks around ready to commit a wilful, premeditated murder should die. He belongs to a race that we want to wipe from the face of the earth. The laws are liberal enough, with the various degrees of homicide and manslaughter, to protect individuals who do it in the heat of passion or under intense provocation."

"And about women?"

"If the law is changed from hanging to death by electricity then it should and would be made to include women as well as men. Any discrimination between the sexes would make the laws unconstitutional."

"Have you studied Mrs. Druse's case?"

"I have not paid much attention to it except to know that Governor Hill has granted her a reprieve. I presume that his idea may have been to give the Legislature a chance to abolish hanging. At the time Governor Hill may have thought that our commission would recommend some substitute for hanging which would not excite sentamentalists so much as this barbarous relic of past ages."

"Would there be any objection to executing women with electricity?"

"No, sir; there would not. I think there would be the same prejudice that there is now, because hanging is a poor way of inflicting the death penalty."

"How would you use electricity?"

"Just see here," said Dr. Southwick, jumping up and seating himself in an armchair. "The condemned man can sit naturally in a chair like this, place his hands on the metal arms and converse with those around him. The metal plates would be connected with a powerful dynamo and at the proper moment somebody in another room would press a button, close the currant and the fatal shock would pass through the body of the subject. The charge would go straight through the heart and lungs and penetrate the system death instantly resulting. The expense of the apparatus with which to execute by electricity in this city would be about $150. Connections could be made with the electric light station, and the expense of an execution thereafter would be of little consequence. It would not cost any more than a cigar to kill a condemned man after that. It would not be necessary to maintain extensive and powerful machinery in all the prisons, and it would be vastly cheaper than hanging."

"You believe, then, in electricity?"

"Electricity is the coming power. Death is instantaneous and the body is not defaced. There is not the morbidness of a hanging, which is a relic of barbarism. Just see a recent execution here—Heman's I think it was—when the hanged man breathed fifteen minutes after the drop fell. Suppose it is instantaneous death, then see would rather have a lingering death.

"Have you considered poison as a means of executing criminals?"

"Prussic acid has been suggested, but neither that nor garroting has met with any favor. A few have advocated the guillotine, but I think it is a barbarous mode of causing death Hardly any one favors hanging in preference to electricity, the very system being barbarous, as is the method and paraphernalia used.

"Do you expect that your plan will be adopted?"

"I sincerely hope it will. If it is adopted by the coming Legislature other States will undoubtedly adopt it, and I think within two years that it will be all over the world. It would certainly be better than obliterating the death penalty, and in the case of a woman there would be much less objection to its operation than there is to hanging."

Dr. Southwick added that in England the same question had arisen, but no satisfactory substitute for hanging had been suggested. One of the commissioners suggested that various means be adopted and the condemned culprit be given his choice of deaths.

State Senator Daniel H. McMillan has written a letter to the commission, in which he says: "The principal objection to the present method is that it is primitive in its origin and barbarous in its effects. It lacks every element of exactness and precision. It is absolutely impossible to arrange a formula as to the size of the rope, the length of the drop or the heft of the weight and the distance of its fall, as these several elements must not only depend upon the size and weight, but the general build and make up of the convict. The want of exactness in these several elements sometimes leads to the mutilation of the body by severing the head: to unnecessary and severe suffering by the reason of the breaking of the rope, and also death by suffocation where there has been an improper adjustment. All these things combined to make hanging by the neck most brutal.

"I am heartily in favor of the application of electricity for the purposes in question, for the reason that it is simple, sure and painless. I think that if the places of execution were limited to two in this State, say one at Auburn and one at Sing Sing, the two State prisons, and that all convicts, as soon as condemned to suffer the death penalty, should be confined in one of those two prisons (depending somewhat upon the locality of the trial), it would be a vast improvement upon the present method of having the criminal confined in the county jail till the day of execution. * * * This, I think, would be sufficient to maintain all the terrors of the present method. It is two often the case that where the condemned is imprisoned in the county jail in the vicinity of his family or friends he is buoyed up with the hope that the 'saw or file' may aid in his escape, or that something will be done by his friends, who are continually about him, thus keeping up his spirits to the last moment in the expectation that in the end he will not be executed. This will in great measure be removed the moment the condemned is taken from his home surroundings and placed in one of the great State prisons at the places indicated. It is the certainty of punishment, more than swift or terrible punishment, that will prevent crime.

Regarding the machinery to be used, Senator McMillan says: "These executions could take place in the jail proper, in a room set apart for that purpose, with no appliances save that of a chair, with the hand-rest of each arm properly connected with an electric machine, in which the condemned might be seated and the connection made by strapping a hand to the hand-rest on each chair. There can be no difficulty whatever in procurring a currant of electricity of sufficient strength to paralyze the muscles of the heart by this method. Indeed, the current that is used in this city for electric lighting purposes is of sufficient strength to absolutely dismember the body of any human being, but a current of electricity of sufficient strength to cause instantaneous death by passing from hand to hand through the heart, will not mark the body in the least."—*New York Star.*

Practical, Sure Enough.

TOLEDO, O., Jannary 6.—About a year ago a romantic story was pblished of an Irish emigrant girl, named Annie O' Connor, who was working at a hotel here, receiving a letter from England, stating she was an heiress to vast estates. The story turned out afterward to have been a practical joke on the girl, but she was deluged with letters of marriage from all over country. Among the letters was one from James O'Keefe, a wealthy resident of Pittsburg, which resulted in a correspondence, and about ten days ago in a meeting. To-day informtion is received from Pittsburg that the couple were married there yesterday.

SHORT SKETCHES OF PROMINENT PROHIBITION LEADERS.

The Workers in the Temperance Cause Who Blaze the Way for their Followers,

The growth of the Prohibition party has been so rapid during the last ten years that instead of being, as formerly, the insignificant ghost of a theory, it now claims public interest as a factor in State and National politics. The St. John vote of 153, 128, and the more recent "dry" victories throughout the country give a decided interest to the party and its leaders.

Among the more prominent of these is Gen. Clinton B. Fisk, of New York, who is prophesied by his friends to be the next Presidential candidate of the party. He is in the prime of his maturity, being fifty-seven years of age. His army record was a brilliant one, and he has long been a devoted advocate of education and temperance. He is the founder of Fisk University, of Nashville.

John P. St. John, ex-Governor of Kansas, and the last Presidential candidate of the Prohibition party, was a Hoosier by birth. He was born at Brockville, Franklin county, Ind., February 26, 1833. All the schooling he received was in a country log school-house. In 1869 he moved to Olathe, Kas., and soon had acquired a lucrative practice throughout the State. In 1872 he was elected to the State Senate, and in 1878 became Governor. He was defeated for re-election and a few years afterward left the Republican party and became one of the most prominent workers in the Prohibition party. The prohibitory law of Kansas was passed largely through his efforts. In 1884 he became the nominee of the party for president, with William H. Daniel, of Maryland as his running mate.

Gen. Neal Dow, of Maine, is perhaps the best known of all the prohibition advocates. He is a man of great individuality, and, although the son of a Quaker, is full of fight. He is justly regarded the Nestor of prohibition legislation, and is the father and framer of the Maine prohibitory law. Away back in the '40s he was writing and making speeches for the prohibition cause, and at each recurring session of the Legislature he appeared with petitions for prohibitory legislation, and used his best efforts toward securing it. His "Act for the Suppression of Drinking Houses and Tippling Shops" was passed by the Maine Legislature in 1851, and signed by the Governor, June 2, of that year. Although nearly eighty years old he is still a vigorous man, and was his party's candidate for the Presidency in 1880.

The Rev. Dr. A. J. Jutkins, Corresponding Secretary of the National Committee, is a resident of and well-known character in Chicago. He was born in Washington county, New York, in 1829. He was a farmer's boy and attended school only in winter. He joined the Troy Methodist Conference in 1851 and continued preaching in New York State until 1867, when he moved to Illinois. Afterward he prearhed several years in this State, where he is well known, but returned to Chicago, which he has ever since made his home.

James Black, of Pennsylvania, enjoys the honor of being the first candidate of the Prohibition party for President of the United States. He was nominated in 1872 at Columbus, O., and had J. B. Russell, of Michigan, as an associate on the ticket. So quickly after that campaign did he drop from public notice that it is doubtful if one in fifty could now remember that he was ever a Presidential candidate. Though never having the great ability and reputation of Jeremiah Black, Pennsylvania's renowned jurist, James Black has been regarded in his State as a man of no mean attainments. He was born on a farm at Lewisburg, September 23, 1823.

Miss Francis E. Willard enjoys the distinction of being not only the most noted female temperance worker, but the best known woman public speaker this country produced. Her ideas are strong and advanced, her command of language and nicety of phraseology striking, her logic convincing, and her manner as a speaker and her eloquence such as to forcibly impress an audience. She has been identified since its organization with the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and is its chief officer. She is a member of the Executive Committee of the National Prohibition Committee, and her counsel has much to do in shaping its action. In her speaking, lecturing and work of organizing unions she has visited every State and Territory in the Union.

George W. Bain, of Kentucky, is one of the most eloquent temperance orators now in this country. Many believe him the equal of John B. Gough. He is a strong advocate of prohibition, but has not yet become widely known politically, for his appearance on the stump for the Prohibition party has been limited. Mr. Bain was born in Lexington, Ky., September 24, 1840. In youth he was a carpenter. He comes of Methodist antecedents, and has been prominent in that church, being for years Superintendent of Sunday-school and steward. He joined the Good Templars in 1868, and shortly afterward made his first public speech at Winchester, taking the place of J. J. Hickman, the Grand Worthy Chief Templar of the State, who was prevented from filling the appointment. His speech was so able that it gave him popularity at once, and he has been in demand as a temperance orator ever since. He has held the highest offices in the Good Templar order in Kentucky and delivered thousands of addresses and organized hundreds of lodges in various parts of the country.

Dr. A. B. Leonard, the recent Prohibition candidate for Governor of Ohio, is a member of the Cincinnati Methodist Conference, and lives at Piqua, O. He has been a strong temperance man for many years. As a public speaker he has great renown, which fact, possibly, may have had something to do in influencing Gov. Foraker to decline his challenge to a series of joint debates in the late campaign in Ohio. At the time both were running for the Governorship, Dr. Leonard was pastor of the church to which Gov. Foraker belongs.

Mrs. Mary Lathrop, *nee* Torrance, is Michigan's most noted prohibition advocate. She was born on a farm twelve miles from Jackson, April 25, 1828, and was educated at Marshall. She taught school in Detroit from 1862 to 1865, in which year she married C. C. Lathrop, Assistant Surgeon of the Ninth Michigan cavalry. She is a public speaker of great power, and has been duly licensed to preach in the Methodist church. She is President of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Michigan, and led the movement which secured an appropriation of $30,000 from the Legislature for a girls' reform school.

Judge Fontaine T. Fox has come to the front in the last few years as one of the boldest, most aggressive and uncompromising of the Prohibition leaders. He is a lawyer of distinction, and commands a lucrative practice, both in the State and Federal Courts. A life-long Democrat, he has absolved himself from all allegiance to that party, and devotes his steam-power political activity to the advancement of the temperance cause. At the last State election Judge Fox received nearly 40,000 votes as the Prohibition candidate for State Treasurer of Kentucky.

Waste in the Kitchen.

Waste in the kitchen is very often great from apparently trivial sources.

In cooking meats, the water is thrown out without removing the grease, or the grease from the dripping pan is thrown away.

Scraps of meat are thrown away.

Cold potatoes are left to sour and spoil.

Dry fruits are not looked after and become wormy.

Vinegar and sauce are left standing in it.

Apples are left to decay for want of "sorting over."

The tea canister is left open.

Victuals are left exposed to be eaten by mice.

Bones of meat and the carcass of turkey are thrown away, when they could be used in making good soups.

Sugar, tea, coffee and rice are carelessly spilled in the handling.

Soap is left to dissolve and waste in the water.

Dish towels are used for dish cloths.

Napkins are used for dish towels.

Towels are used for holders.

Brooms and mops are not hung up.

More coal is burned than necessary by not arranging dampers when not using the fire.

Lights are left burning when not used.

Tin dishes are not properly cleansed and dried.

Good new brooms are used in scrubbing the kitchen floors.

Silver spoops are used in scraping kettles.

Cream is left to mold and spoil.

Mustard is left to spoil in the cruse, etc.

Vinegar is allowed to stand until the tin vessel becomes corroded and spoiled.

Pickles become spoiled by the leaking out or evaporation of the vinegar.

Pork spoils for want of salt, and beef because the brine wants scalding.

Hams become tainted or filled with vermin for want of care.

Cheese molds and is eaten by mice or vermin.

Tea and coffee pots are injured on the stove.

Woodenware is unscalded and left to warp and crack.

When things go to D K how C D they become.

TWO BEEFSTEAKS.

How Emily Cooked the First, and the Struggles of Her Mistress With the Second.

Emily could roast joints and fowls, boil bacon and fry ham and chicken passably well when the full powers of her intellect were given to the task. Even John looked grave over the first beefsteak she cooked for us, one of two my father had sent up from Richmond.

"Murdered!" he uttered, turning over the leathery cinder with his fork. "Killed three times! First, by the butcher; secondly, with the hot fat; thirdly, by long cooking. A fried beefsteak is a culinary solecism. But," rallying angelically, "we can make a good breakfast without it, and you can give your *chef* a hint how to cook the other to-morrow."

My heart sank as it would not now if I were notified that I must prepare a royal banquet at twenty-four hours' notice. Like most young girls, I had thought raw flesh rather disgusting to sight and touch. I did not know veal from mutton in a market basket, and supposed that a round of pork and one of beef were cut from the same part of different animals.

The weather was cold, and the steak had been put in the store-room instead of the ice-house. After breakfast I went to this apartment, shut the door, removed the napkin from the steak, and *looked* at it.

It was rich red, with edging and splashes of clear white fat. Uncooked meat was such an uncompromising entity! Combinations of eggs, sugar, and milk; of eggs, butter, sugar and flour; of soaked isinglass, wine, sugar and lemon, effloresced into products as unlike the constituent elements as the tulip differs from the bulb. A steak would remain a steak, manipulate it as I might, yet must be made palatable. I knew how it ought to taste. I also knew what the calcined wreck on the breakfast table had not been.

John had banned a fried beefsteak as a "culinary solecism." Yet, closely following the directions for broiling beefsteaks on page 76 of "Miss Leslie's Complete Cooking" (bound in whole calf and a wedding gift) was a recipe, "*To Fry Beefsteaks.*"

"Beefsteaks for frying should be cut thinner than for broiling."

But John liked a thick steak such as the difficult study in red and white before me. Further down I read:

"Steaks when fried should be thoroughly done."

John's penchant for rare beef was pronounced. I turned my undivided attention to the foregoing recipe, which was a page long, and committed it to memory. After the manner of ignorant cooks, Emily despised "book receipts." I consulted them privately, and had already learned to entrench myself behind "my way" of doing this or that.

Our nominal breakfast hour in winter was 8 o'clock. At 7 A. M. I appeared in the kitchen, the dish of raw steak in hand. Outside the day was raw and lowering. The earth looked glum, the clouds drooped wearily. Within, the roaring fire ruddied smoky walls and rafters, sheets of steady flames vailed the chimney back, threw into strong relief two corpulent pots, and a tea-kettle swung from the crane. Em'ly deposited the sleeping child in the at my entrance.

"I was jes' gwine to call you. You don' keer fur a soon breakfuss, I recken? Takes better'n 'n hour fur to cook beefsteak, you knaw."

"A quarter of an hour is generally sufficient time to boil a beefsteak. For those who like them underdone or rare, ten or twelve minutes will be sufficient," quoted I, *verbatim et literatim* from Miss Leslie. Where is the gridiron?" before she could gasp her surprise.

"*Ma'am!*"

The nail on which I had hung it when the "castings" were unpacked, was empty. Em'ly had never seen it, nor, as presently appeared, any other gridiron. I described it minutely. Her memory refused refreshment.

"Ain' neber saw nothin' 't all like it, nowhar—I 'clar' 'for' gracious!"

Let me interpolate. When the ash heap behind the kitchen was carted away in the spring, the gridiron, rusted into usefulness, was found in it.

"Is dat what you was a talkin' 'bout?" said the imperturbable. "'Fo' de Lord, I 'clar I thought dat was a pan whar' done got split all to pieces!"

To return. Half an hour's search revealed rubbish and dirt enough to turn the stoutest stomach, but no gridiron. The frying-pan a quarter full of lard fizzee at the corner of the hearth. I ordered Em'ly to empty and wash it; then I set it on the coals and rubbed it with a bit of suet chipped from the steak. An idea, born of desperation had seized me. I would achieve a "broil" in the teeth of adverse Fate. I have done the same more then once since, when a gridiron was *non est.* Unfortunately my next step was to wash the steak in cold water and transfer it, still dripping, to the hot pan. It hissed and spluttered furiously, a cloud of white steam arising and floating up the chimney.

"Sprinkle a little salt over the coals," said Miss Leslie.

The generous handful I threw on seemed to dull the live glow, but that was not my affair.

"Turn frequently," was another order implicitly obeyed. I had no "steak-tongs," but a knife and fork did as well. I stooped to the low level of the noisy pan every two minutes by the watch laid on the table, and reversed the meat. It did not brown. The rich red changed quickly to a sudden white, and heat and hissing did not restore the florid complexion. At the end of fifteen minutes, I laid it on a hot dish, rubbed with raw onion, as Miss Leslie indicated, "sprinkled it with salt and pepper and put on it a piece of fresh butter."

"If it is liked, season them with a very litte raw shalot, minced as fine as possible, and moistened with a spoonful of water, and stir a teaspoonful of catsup into the gravy."

I marked the odious pallor of my *chef d'ouvre* with more than a little raw onion, added the catsup to the gravy oozing from the steak, covered it to keep it warm and drew a long breath.

"Done done a'ready?" Em'ly glanced around from the biscuits she was putting into the oven. "Look at dat, now! Folks boutchar" (about here) "ould 'a' had dat 'ar' steak on 'fo' day, dis mornin!"

"How savory!" said John, as he uncovered it at breakfast time. "There is nothing more appetizing than beefsteak smothered in onions!"

He cut through the "smothering" into the palid victim beneath. Reddish juice ran out freely to mingle with the catsup and gravy. The piece detached by the gash was gray-white for perhaps a sixteenth of an inch on each side, then of a bloody red, shading abruptly to a purplish heart, which last was barely lukewarm!

The Tartars cook meat by putting it between the saddle and the horse's back, before setting off on a long gallop. I could think of nothing else as I gazed in mortification unspeakable, chargin too deep for tears, upon the half raw mess to which fire had imparted a quiver horribly like the palpitation of lingering life!

This is "my way" (and Miss Leslie's of cooking a befsteak.

MARION HARLAND.

"Check."

No, my son, cheek is not better than wisdom; it is not better than honest modesty; it is not better than anything. Don't listen to the siren who tells you to blow your own horn or it will never be tooted upon. The world is not to be deceived by cheek, and it does search for merit, and when it finds it merit is rewarded. Cheek never deceives the world, my son. It appears to do so to the cheeky man, but he is the one who is deceived. Do you know one cheeky man in all your acquaintance who is not reviled for his cheek the moment his back is turned? Is the world not continually drawing distinction betwen cheek and merit? Almost everybody hates the cheeky man, my son. Society tires of the brassy glare of his face, the hollow tinkling of his cymballine tongue, the noisy assumption of his forwardness The triumphs of cheek are only apparent. He bores his way along through the world, and frequenly beter people give way for him. But so they give way, my boy, for a man with a paint pot in each hand. Not because they respect the man with the paint pots, particularly, but because they want to take care of their clothes. Avoid cheek, my son. You sell goods without it; and your customers won't run and hide in the cellar when they see you coming.—*Burlington Hawk-eye.*

Coincidences Extraordinary.

"It has deen remarked as a curious chain of coincidenes, that within the last nine months the Unnited States has been visited by a phenomenally cold winter, an unusual number of storms, and unprecedented drought, a cyclone and an earthquake. The January frosts reached farther South than ever before in the course of this Century. Cyclone pits were needed all the way from Oregon to Ohio. in fourteen counties in Western Texas the drought has thus far lasted for eighteen months, and is so far from showing signs of subsidence that hundreds of families are moving East, in the hope of regaining a country where it rains, once a year." Two months ago Dakota was visited by a hot air blast wich raised the mercury from eighty five to one hundred and ninety-two, Fabrenheit, then the Charleston earthquake."—*Ex*

Far better than the harsh treatment of medicines which horribly gripe the patient and destroy the coating of the stomach, Dr. J. H. McLeans Chill and Fever cure. Sold at 50 cents a bottle,

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THE NEW ENGLISH CABINET

If Lord Salisbury is a man who bears enmity in his heart he will surely never forgive Lord Randolph Churchill for the trouble he has caused. Exactly what induced the resignation of the eccentric and aristocratic demagogue has never been satisfactorily explained, but the character of the man is such that it seems unnecessary to search for any special reasons for any of his actions. The only wonder is that he remained as long as he did in a Cabinet which was not composed solely of himself. When the Cabinet was originally formed, it was almost impossible not to give Chhrchill a place, and yet it was as plain then, as it has been since that in so doing an element of discord was introduced. So much about Churchill is apropos in discussing the new cabinet, because it is remarkable rather for what it has not than for what it has, and Churchill is one of the most remarkable things that it has not.

Salisbury's original Cabinet was homogeneous, but not harmonious. In reconstructing it he sought harmony at the expense of homogeneity He thought that by forming a coalition of Conservatives and Liberal Unionists he would secure overwhelming strength in the House of Commons, and would be able to bid defiance to the Gladstonians and Parnellites. Men of different parties, yet having a common object and a common foe, he thought work together more cordially and efficiently than men of the same party, one of whom at least regarded his own ambition above all else, and others of whom had not the capacity to realize the exigencies of the situation.

The coalition idea, however, was a failure, for the reason that there must be two parties to a coalition, and the party of the second part, namely, the Liberal-Unionists, declined, as a party, to be represented in the ministry. The new Cabinet, therefore, remains a Tory Cabinet, and without special feature, except as to Mr. Goschen, who is not only a Liberal, but decidedly a man of mark abd of long experience in public affairs. He was in the Russell-Gladstone ministry, twenty years ago, and has since seen varied and extensive official service both at home and abroad. He is a man of ideas and purpose, and, as he has joined the ministry at Salisbury's earnest solicitation, it is to be presumed that the latter will permit him to shape the course of the Government in certain directions, in which he is more particularly interested. If so, it is not impossible that the Government will gain as much by the accession of Mr. Goschen as by the resignation of Lord Randolph Churchill.

The resignation of Lord Iddesleigh is regarded by all except his personal friends as an advantage to the Government; and of the new Tory members of the Cabinet is sufficient to say that they were taken up because Liberal-Unionists could not be induced to accept the positions to which they have been assigned.—*News and Courier*

In January, 1864, while Confederate troops were in winter quarters at Dalton, Ga., there came a big snowstorm, and 20,000 soldiers engaged in a regularly organized snow-balling. The Georgia and South Carolina troops took one side of a small stream and the Tennesseeans formed a line of battle, their drums beating, bugles blowing, colors flying and officers mounted. Every soldier had a knapsck full of snowballs. The Georgians formed and prepared to make the attack by crossing the branch. There were 10,000 men on each side, and the scene was very imposing. As soon as the Georgians crossed the branch they met a terrible fusillade from the Tennesseeans, who were at home in the snow. The commander of the Tennesseeans was captured, but a bold dash was made by the Tennesseeans and he was rescued. The Georgians and South Carolinaians, being unused to snow, were at a grea disadvantage, and were forced back across the branch, As the Tennesseeans crossed the branch they wet their snowball, and the next volley fired at the George and South Carolina boys was terrible in its effect. Passing on, the Tennesseeans captured the quarters and proceeded to loot the whole shabang, carrying off rations, tobacco, pipes, and everything else that did not belong to the Government.

To make cabbage pudding, one cup of white sugar, one egg, butter the size of an egg, one cup of milk, two cups of sifted flour and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Sauce—one tablespoonfuls of flour, one-fourth cup of sugar, make into a smooth paste with milk, and pour on hot water till thick enough and let it come to a boil, stirring constantly. Flavor to taste.

There are many accidents and diseases which affect Stock and cause serious inconvenience and loss to the farmer and in his work, which may be quickly remidied by the use of Dr. J. H. McLean's Volcanic Oil Liniment.