

Edgefield Advertiser.

THOS. J. ADAMS, PROP'R.

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VOL XLVI.--NO. 36.

CHARLESTON AS A SWINNER REPORT.

The Hospitality of Her Citizens.

DOWN AT THE BATTERY. IN THE PHOSPHATE BEDS.

AMONG THE CONVICTS.

A Pair of Edgefield Trunks.

CHARLESTON, July 30, 1881.

To the "up-countryman", as they call us, I can imagine no more pleasant resort in mid-summer than Charleston and Sullivan's Island, with their invigorating sea breezes, delightful art and artesian baths, magnificent drives and promenades, beautiful flower gardens, splendid fountains, and, best of all, their courteous and hospitable citizens. "Welcome" is the greeting to the stranger here, and he is indeed a stranger to every kindly impulse whose heart does not respond in gratitude to the open handed hospitality of our neighbors by the sea.

Notwithstanding there is at present a scarcity of visitors, yet many people from the interior of the State may be met every afternoon, leisurely promenading the streets, or quietly sitting under the shady oaks at the Battery, calmly contemplating old ocean wonders, and the tidal waves roll majestically on and play familiarly in the lap of earth.

At this season our landlors cater not to so many guests as when the leaves bud or when they fall, yet he does it with exceeding grace, and so solicitous for your welfare that he invariably sees to it that you fare well. Indeed a glimpse at the early market will convince the most skeptical that no one goes hungry in Charleston. Fat beef, mutton, pork, fish still fluttering on ice, fowls of various kinds, every variety of vegetable known to our favored clime, and fresh fruits from every part of the world, in either side of the great market house. What ever else is needed to serve the inner man can, I am informed, be found where liquids are usually dispensed, and I am told too that the distance between these places is not so great that one is likely to grow thirsty on the way side. This much for Charleston. And yet I feel in a business point of view her interests are lagging. Notably the large wholesale houses that adorn Hayne Street are mostly vacant, and the thrifing trade that a few years since gave this part of the city such prominence has vanished. Vacant business houses are too often found in other parts of the city also. All this could be greatly remedied if her good citizens would only extend as a little more aid in the completion of the Edgefield, Trenton and Aiken Railroad, thereby throwing a great influx of trade directly under her control, which, by existing circumstances, is diverted from its natural channel into other quarters.

The great backbone of Charleston now, and that which affords employment to thousands of her people, is a safe investment for her capital, a royalty to the State, and a benefit to mankind generally, is the phosphate industry, which is simply immense.

As a description of the process of mining and preparing this important factor of our fertilizers for market may be new, and perhaps interesting to many of our readers, I will venture to give a brief but imperfect sketch of the operation as conducted by our enterprising Trenton neighbors, Messrs. Cahill & Wise, who have handled in the last year over \$100,000 worth of the raw material, and have now lying at their wharf over 3,500 tons, worth, at the present valuation at least \$800,000. There are no less persons than our genial "Mon" of mercantile fame, and jolly John Cahill, who has invested in railroads, and farms, and pigs, and every manner of thing from which his indefatigable energy and thrift could squeeze an honest penny—not for the love of holding on to the filthy lucre, however, but merely for the fun of making and circulating it, that the hearts of others might be made glad. Three years ago he went to Charleston with "every little monkey in any fact, none," but armed with an inexhaustible will—a never yielding resolution—he digged and digged, sometimes up, sometimes down, a pendulum as it were, "twixt a smile and a tear," but always hopeful, always buoyant, and always working, till now the scales of fortune turn deviously in his favor.

The kind of work done by these gentlemen may be denominated surface mining, as contradistinguished from another large branch of the same industry operated by dredge boats, with appliances by which the rock is taken from the river bed. Nor do they pay a royalty to the State, as do the river miners, for, as the property upon which they work is owned by private parties, the royalty of course goes to them.

Their works are situated directly on the Ashley, and about fifteen miles

from the city. We reached them by taking the morning train on the S. C. R. R., to a station just opposite the works, and four miles distant. These four miles were quickly driven in a splendid double buggy, behind a pair of spanking trotters. Our friend John "controlled the ribbons," and as we sped like lightning through the beautiful forest, the tall trees, draped in dark moss, saluted us graciously. John prides himself on his driving; he does drive fast and as he looked sour that morning, and is larger than either the Major or myself, through fear alone we loudly praised him, but at a distance we do not hesitate to say that as a driver Blind Tom would outrank him, as every stone and stump in three feet of the road will testify.

"The works," with its vast machinery, four miles of iron railroad, storehouses, stockade, and other necessary outbuildings, presents the appearance of a busy and prosperous village. The "pits" extend out for several miles, and as it is here the work commences, we will go there at once, and follow it up. The phosphates, consisting of phosphate rock and phosphate bones, are found in strata which extend outward from the river for some distance and are situated from two to five feet, and often at a greater distance from the surface of the ground, while occasionally they are found immediately on the surface. They are from a few inches to several feet in thickness. To ascertain whether the rock exists in convenient depths from the surface, and in sufficient quantities to justify mining, the soil is probed by a sounding rod. The locality for operations being determined upon, the work commences by assigning each miner a pit five by twelve feet in extent. Where free laborers are employed, they receive for mining each pit from 20 to 25 cents per diem, or \$1 to \$1.25 per day. Upon one side of the pit the earth is thrown out until the rock is reached, which is thrown upon the opposite side. So much soil adheres to the rock that at a casual glance it seems to be clove of dirt, without any apparent value. This rock is now thrown into the dumps, and conveyed by horse power along the railroad until it reaches the washer, when it is dumped into a box some twenty feet in length, through which a large cylindrical shaped shaft revolves horizontally. This shaft is set with a great number of immense flat iron teeth, which are so arranged after the manner of threads on a screw—as to be constantly moving the mass of rock slowly towards their place of it. In the meantime the same steam engine which serves to keep this part of the machinery in motion, also operates a powerful force pump which distributes the water through various apertures in the piping, and at points equally distant along the shaft, at the rate of fifteen hundred gallons per minute, so that the rock receiving this tremendous force and volume of water is, by the time it leaves the washer, as clean as if each piece had been boiled and sand papered. It is now thrown into the common pile, and awaits the arrival of some boat, which landing at the company's private wharf, not more than one hundred yards distant, is quickly loaded by dumps running upon an inclined tram road recently built by Captain Bellingier, of your town. The boat delivers the rock to the grinding mills, which like the mills of the gods "grind slowly, but exceedingly small." Here we lose sight of it until spring, when it comes to our farmers in the shape of guano, creating the biggest rush and the greatest stretch on earth.

Besides the free laborers employed, Messrs. Cahill & Wise have nearly a hundred State convicts, who, it must be said in justice to these gentlemen, are well treated, well fed and clothed, well physiced, and moderately worked. They look fat and hearty. There is no sickness amongst them, and accommodations for their wants and security are most ample. A stockade constructed by plank and pickets eighteen feet high, encloses a building of sufficient capacity to comfortably accommodate more than two hundred persons. It is well ventilated, with twenty-four large windows filled with sash, and, in winter, is heated by a large heating stove. A cooking stove, of dimensions sufficient for 250 people, cooks their rations, and a stream of water, issuing from a well through the force pump, runs continually in a trough through the enclosure. A five acre garden, under the personal supervision of Major Wise, has been well seeded and thoroughly cultivated, and despite the drought that has prevailed in that section, has been made to yield an abundance of substantial vegetables. Peas, greens, bacon and corn-bread formed the convicts bill of fare when I was there, with beef every other day, and all this is given in quantities that would seemingly satiate the most ravenous appetite. These fellows are lucky indeed to have fallen into hands so generous and humane. Some of them are "trusties," and are free from shackles and other painful evidences of crime. One of them is chief engineer, another supervises the washing

machine, and still another drives the double buggy, and that too in a manner that betokens less jeopardy to life and limb than when his big master holds the reins.

Yours truly,
BREM. FOX.

For the Advertiser.
An Article Which Deserves Not Only Reading, But Careful Study and Serious Reflection.

EDITORS ADVERTISER.—In these times of awakening, when the South is said to be assuming her new garb, and consequently the great question of education is becoming of such wide importance, there certainly is one thing that ought to be brought prominently before the minds of our community, and especially the young men and boys who live in and about our village; and that is the evident and indisputable need of a Public Reading Room and Library in our town.

Let every obedient person read the signs of the times, and he will find that with all our boasted patriotism and spirit in the fierce political campaigns that have swept over our State, we are beyond a doubt in the rear guard of the rapidly advancing civilization around us, as regards public tone, sentiment and esprit de corps. And those of us who are old enough to recall the days when Edgefield had the finest bar in the State, when she led society, and sent forth some of the very best representatives of South Carolina. Contrast those days with the state of her affairs now. See her citizens divided into cliques and clans, the inevitable consequence of the absence of culture; the restless and degrading character of her young men; and her youth and boys growing up in absolute ignorance. Where such facts force themselves upon us, it is time to pause and to tremble for the future. This is no croaking.

The beauties and benefits of a Reading Room in a little town, every honest and fair minded man will admit. But the possibilities of establishing one lie not in talking and writing about these, but in going about in the right way and succeeding. Therefore the appeal comes directly to the young men to put their shoulders to it, for it is very much to be feared that our older citizens have fallen into a lethargy as it were, and have drilled into themselves certain effects and decomposed ideas which must not be appealed to. For speak to them on the subject, and every one will say: "What an excellent thing it would be, but then you can't get up such a thing in Edgefield." Well, how are we to ever do anything if such notions are prevalent? It is a noted fact in the history of our town, since the war, that it is almost next to an impossibility to keep up a good school more than one year, at the utmost two. Right here too where there ought to be one of the very best academies in the State.

The natural consequence of such management is that most of our boys get an extremely meagre school education. Then they go to work, and argue that if they can make enough to live on and have good time, that is sufficient. Hence the indifference of the clerks, merchants, farmers and others to such a movement as we propose. To say that they can't derive any benefit from it, is simply an absurdity. To say that they haven't money or time, is equally absurd and foolish, for the time and money which the majority of the young fellows in the village throw away playing pool, billiards, gaming, &c., &c., could be far more profitably employed in keeping up with the current and leading ideas and issues, as found in the best newspapers and magazines. And then too, they would get more of the real essence of life, more real enjoyment in an hour's reading every day than all of the excitement and so called pleasures which they go there with.

If, therefore, education is the greatest blessing, and the great essential to human existence, as well as true enjoyment, and if, furthermore, a public Reading Room furnishes wonderful facilities at comparatively little expense, for men of all ages and the humblest mind, of what can be possibly argued against it, and why in the name of common sense can't we establish one in our village? If we can't, then we are bound to believe, although it is a deep reflection upon "us," that it is purely from general "carelessness."

The plan is simple and easy, if ten or a dozen persons will go at it in the right spirit, viz: Organize, have an Executive Committee, a Secretary and Treasurer (both in one) and a Reading Room Officer, who shall attend to all mail matter, and be alone sad to all correspondence. One of the empty rooms in the *Advertiser* building could be easily procured. Subscribe to many of the leading papers and magazines and have them on file. The subscription list would gradually increase, and a library be formed. Perhaps two or three of our rich fellow citizens would give a neat amount to start with. It would only cost each member, at the outside, \$5

a year, and surely we could all afford that for the benefit we would derive. Right in our sister town Abbeville, only a little larger than Edgefield, the young men have besides an excellent Reading Room and Library, a Literary Society, and what is the result? The admitted fact that Charleston and Abbeville lead the State in society, culture and intelligence. This was the position of our own ancestors; then:

"Why not the self-same mould bring forth the self-same men?" It remains with us; we must keep abreast with the times; and to do this we must, every boy and man, read and digest the current ideas, &c., &c. Aristotle has well said, thousands of years ago, that "all who have meditated on the act of governing mankind, they realized that the fate of empires depends on the education of the youth." We are living in a Democracy, and the great beauty of our government is that learning and Democracy are coupled together as twin sisters. The rudest soil is softened by learning and enthroned by Democracy. We can all aim high, and take hope and encouragement, for learning makes the humblest mind worthy to sit on a throne. Democracy places it there. Learning would elevate man through Democracy. Democracy would elevate man by learning. This their noble emulation we must all recognize, and above all believe that nothing in the heaven above or the earth beneath is of real value that does not contribute to the welfare of and elevation of man. We must away with that pernicious doctrine that can be seen creeping into our very midst: "Every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost." What an existence. We must help others and thus help ourselves. People will talk a great deal about such things, but a lick must be hit somewhere and this is done.

PRO BONO PUBLICO.

The Gary Memorial Committee.
The second meeting of the Gary Memorial Executive Committee was held in the Court house on Monday, the 1st instant. Hon. Geo. D. Tillman called the committee to order, and the Secretary, Capt. L. Charlton, read the proceedings of the last meeting, which were adopted.

Reports of Committees were then called for, and Capt. Charlton, Chairman of the Committee on Photographs, read a number of letters from artists in Augusta, Columbia and Aiken. Mr. Peete, of Aiken proposed to furnish 500 life size photographs, 20 by 24 inches, at \$3.25 apiece. This proposition was favorably considered and the Secretary was instructed to invite that gentleman to meet the committee at its next session on the first Monday in September.

The committee on the publication of a memorial volume asked for further time to report which was granted. The following named gentlemen were then appointed as canvassers for their respective townships to solicit and collect funds:

- Washington—W. R. Merrivether, Evan Morgan.
- Talbert—John E. Talbert, W. F. Martin.
- Cooper—W. D. King, M. A. Watson.
- Wards—B. E. Nicholson, Mark Toney.
- Wise—J. C. Swearingin, O. F. Cheatham.
- Colliers—W. E. Prescott, W. L. McDaniel.
- Merrivether—Dr. H. A. Shaw, J. W. Bunch.
- Norris—J. C. Watson, F. F. Wise.
- Mobly—H. F. Watson, Thomas Whittle.
- Huies—John B. Davis, Belton Davenport, A. P. West.
- Blocker—Capt. Felix Lake, Jr., J. R. Beall.
- Rinehart—J. G. Ehrbridge, F. M. Trotter.
- Collins—O. F. Culbreath, A. J. White.
- Mos—A. R. Nicholson, H. Hill.
- Pine Grove—J. S. Smyly, J. A. Holland.
- Coleman—Gary Coleman, Charles Carson.

The following resolution was then unanimously adopted:
Resolved, That each member of the Executive Committee of the Gary Memorial Fund in Edgefield County, be earnestly requested at once either to appoint two canvassers for his Township and report their names to Capt. Charlton, Secretary of the Committee, or to decline the position of member of the Executive Committee to which he has been appointed in perfect order that the organization may be perfected.

The Committee then adjourned to meet again on the first Monday in September, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon.

The Peterson Memorial Fund.

MESSES. EDITORS—Will you please allow me a small space in your columns, to give a synopsis of our last Conference Meeting at Red Bank Baptist Church, on 16th of July, the object of which was to take into consideration the erection of some suitable memorial to our departed and highly esteemed Brother, the Rev. Jas. P. Peterson.

At previous meeting a committee had been asked from the churches to which Bro. Peterson had ministered in the past, to join with us. In response to this invitation, the following were present: From Good Hope, Bro. G. Lewis; Chestnut Hill, Bro. W. W. Odom; Mt. Zion, (Newberry) Bro. J. C. Stewart; Rocky Creek, Bro. W. S. Allen; Ridge Spring, Bro. J. W. Salem, Bro. H. A. Williams; Pine Pleasant, Bro. N. N. Burton.

Brother Lewis, Odom, Allen and Williams made feeling remarks as to the propriety of erecting a suitable monument over the remains of this true "Soldier of the Cross."

Bro. Burton moved and it was carried, that we ask the churches here represented to join with us in trying to raise \$100, with which to carry out our object.

Motion, by Bro. W. S. Allen, that a committee of five be appointed in this church, to be known as the "Peterson Memorial Committee," carried.

Motion, by Brother Burton, that a committee be appointed in each of the several churches here represented to report to the "Peterson Memorial Committee" at this church on our Conference Meeting day in October next.

Committee of five, in accordance with motion of Bro. Allen: James A. Carson, Chairman; Jos. H. Edwards, Treasurer; Jas. H. Watson; John F. Daniel; Secretary; Benj. F. Lewis, Corresponding Secretary. Sub-committee of ladies to co-operate with us. Mrs. Louisa Watson, Mrs. Belle Padgett, Mrs. Octavia Wright, Miss Fannie Jennings.

It is understood that this Committee will forth to collect what money they can towards the "Peterson Memorial Fund."

A contribution, however great, however small, from any brother or sister of our own, or of other denominations, or from friends, members of no sect, who feel a kindly interest in the subject, will be thankfully received. Jno. F. DANIEL, Secy.
MAY 25, 1881.

man, reported to be of miserly habits, who, doubtless inadvertently swallowed a wedding ring known to be of considerable value, and choked to death in the process. This would naturally have seriously inconvenienced the bride had not her brothers—two practical men—been present. With great presence of mind the brothers removed the choked bridegroom to the rear of the church, where they recovered the ring with their hunting knives, and pressing an eligible young man into the service, enabled their sorrowing sister to be happily married, after a delay of only ten minutes. Still, one instance like this does not compensate for the many cases in which swallowed rings have produced suffering and inconvenience, and it is no wonder that the custom of holding the ring in the mouth has become obsolete.

The freedom of divorce which prevails in many of our States must inevitably render the wedding ring unpopular. Every time a wife is divorced she naturally wishes to take off her ring. If it is made small enough to remain safely on the finger, it is very apt to become so tight at the end of two or three months of matrimonial felicity that it cannot be removed. Hence, with a view to contingencies, the Illinois wife always has her ring made several sizes too large for her, and keeps it in place with a smaller ring, technically known as the guard-ring. It is evident, however, that that guard-ring is liable to become permanently fixed on the finger, so that this device, specious as it may appear, is really needless. The only remedy is to abolish wedding rings altogether, and to omit from the marriage ceremony all allusion to the ring.

The wedding ring is a survival of the period when marriage was held to be a sacrament, and was supposed to be of eternal duration. Now that we have rejected this belief, and hold that marriage is a business affair, a temporary partnership, the impropriety of clinging to the symbolic ring is manifest. In the place of it, the Western reformers now propose to substitute a neat and inexpensive bracelet, made so as to admit of a dozen modifications of pattern, and thus suited to be used half a dozen different times. It is to be placed on the bride's wrist the day before the wedding, so as to avoid all chance of its being mislaid, and the wedding service is to be changed in such a way that, instead of mentioning a ring, the clergyman will merely refer to "the bracelet annexed to the bride, and marked Exhibit A." Being provided with a clasp, the bride can take the bracelet off at any time, and as it is not very valuable intrinsically, the husband is saved from the temptation of melting it down and selling it the week after marriage. It seems as if this admirable substitute for the wedding ring would meet all reasonable demands, and we may expect to see it universally adopted throughout the West as a very early day.

"Let's strip the light fantastic toe," said the chiroprapist to his patient.

Two heads are better than one on a letter that weighs over half an ounce.

Communism finds should be sent to the remote recesses of the Why-it Mountains.

The lion is generally regarded as the king of beasts, but the Romans called the ox the lion.

The feet of most persons swell more or less on warm days; hence the term good corn weather.

The quickest way for a man to prove himself insane is to make a will that doesn't suit his relatives.

The man who went to see the board fence retired when he heard the fence rail and saw the plank walk.

There is a true saying that the bung-hole of an untrifling man's barrel is where the snigt ought to be.

SENTENCED TO BE HANGED.

Four Men Convicted for Burning the Greenville Academy of Music.

[Greenville (S. C.) News.]
Wm. Dodson, Pleasant Adams, Richard Bates and Joseph Burton were next called. They arose to their feet as they were called, all of them except Dobson riveting their attention upon the presiding Judge. Dodson glanced about the room, looked up and down, and finally became still, with his eyes looking blandly downward and his head drooping slightly forward. Burton, Adams and Bates had each a palmetto fan, which they used almost all the time during the Judge's remarks, but each of them seemed to pay earnest attention to what he was saying. They were calm while Dodson was restless with his eyes occasionally wandering. Adams and Burton held their heads erect, the former leaning forward, as if to catch every syllable of the sentence. Bates hung his head to one side, while a bland expression pervaded his face.

Judge Hudson's remarks to the prisoners before pronouncing the sentence were extended. He spoke of the law making arson a capital offense, the cause of its enactment having been the frequency of incendiary burning in the State. A jury had twice convicted them of the crime with which they were charged, and in this instance certainly the jury was one against which no charge could be made on account of race prejudice. The prisoners had been defended with commendable zeal, and nothing had been left undone, no stone left unturned to satisfy the jury that they were innocent. The verdict of the jury could not have been otherwise than it was. Their counsel might make an effort for a third trial, but in his humble opinion investigation in their case was at an end. Referring to the crime of which they were convicted, he said the circumstances were utterly destitute of mitigating circumstances. Judge Hudson exhorted the felons to prepare to meet death—to meet their God. While there was life there was room for repentance, and what time they had on earth they should spend in repenting of the dark deed they had done. Concluding, Judge Hudson said: "The sentence of the Court on Judge Black had finished with them. And so, honestly discounted and as a tribute to superior truth, they were significantly silent. But "Bob" Ingessoll will level in the new publicity given him and continue to rail at his Creator because being a mountebank and huckster, he knows that in the infinite multitude of fools there will always be a sufficient number to pay fifty cents a head to bear him blasphemous like a London fishmonger and play antics like some of Darwin's apes. That he will ever make a serious effort to answer Judge Black we think improbable; but should he do so, it will only be to sink himself lower in perdition and tempt a thunder-stroke that will stop his mockery. The "old man eloquent" very seldom has to deliver a second blow. But it may be necessary in this case, since nothing is so hard to silence as a monstrous egotist who thinks nothing of arraying his microscopic personality against the Lord of All that is."

When the sentence was being pronounced a breathless stillness prevailed in the densely jammed Court room. At its conclusion, 1:45 p. m., Dodson fainted down, and lay for some time in an unconscious trembling condition. He subsequently recovered consciousness and had to be carried to the jail, being unable to walk. A reporter for the *Daily News* visited him late in the afternoon. He was found sitting on a stool in the passage by the front window, languidly fanning himself. He is rather a "fancy looking" boy, his hair being elaborately greased and combed, but his head hung on his breast, and when spoken to his eyes moved about vacantly, while he seemed unable to force words through his lips, and his hands trembled continually. He said in answer to all questions, "I don't know, sir," or "I don't know, I can't tell nothing about it, sir," without regard to the relevancy of the answers. He spoke in a husky whisper, almost inaudible.

The other three were sitting around the door of their cell at the southwest corner of the jail. Bates was diligently reading psalms from a Bible on his knees, Burton was leaning back in his chair fanning himself, and Adams sat opposite Bates with his bare feet resting on a bar of the cell door. Burton spoke first, protesting innocence, and declaring his belief that they were in the hands of God, and that if it was His will they should die for the lies told on them, he, Burton, was ready to go right now. Bates looked up from his Bible reading to give his experience with Curtin, and Adams followed, smiling mean while, with a similar story. All three said they didn't blame the jury, except for behaving Maddox. They said they did not suppose their appeal would help them much, but declared their belief that sooner or later the guilty parties would be discovered, even if it was not until after their death. All said they were preparing for the worst.

A scientific editor exclaims, "What shall we drink?" He might wait, if somebody asks him up.

Judge Black and Bob Ingessoll.

Never since its inception has the *North American Review* contained any articles as notable as those in this month's number, by Robert Ingessoll and Judge Black. The former in a much more dignified tone than his rival lectures, gives his reasons for disbelieving in God and Christianity, while the latter, challenged to do so, replies in defence of the faith. Ingessoll's article is specious, florid, spicy and a popular rash of the great masters of infidelity. To the ordinary and unthinking, not to say sensual, mind, the objections made by the doughty Colonel are forcible and unanswerable. Hitherto, the ministers have advanced against this adversary in a metaphysical, polemical and technical style, that did not altogether satisfy the gastric-sensibility of Judge Black, with a clear conscience of the fraud before him, and a perfect understanding of his methods, and with a superior arsenal of facts, backed by the most luminous logic and style extant, took Ingessoll fairly by the throat and holds him up as a political charlatan and a sordid skeptic, who has neither principle nor profundity. Artisticly, the great Judge, who confronted Stanton, Wilson and Gardiel, in the arena of discussion, and struck them dumb, has performed the same surgical operation upon Ingessoll. There is not a point made by Ingessoll that he evades, and not one that he does not annihilate and turn against his opponent. For the wise and otherwise, but especially for the thousands poisoned by Ingessoll's wit and satire, those articles of Judge Black's will prove a saving antidote. It is learned, but it is within the meanest comprehension, it is systematic in statement, but as pellucid as crystal. Besides the tawdry tinsel of Ingessoll's Chinese pagoda, the mighty pageant of Judge Black's argument towers like the Parthenon or the dome of St. Peter. Somebody once exemplified the defeat of one statesman by another as the tread of an elephant on a mouse. This thought and image will occur to all who, after reading Ingessoll's screed, peruse the ever-sweeping process of Judge Black's reply. But for its length and the existing heat, we could cordially recommend that our ministers to-day would read it from their pulpits in lieu of other sermons. We at first determined to print copious extracts, but forebore at last, because nothing could be omitted in justice to the author and his masterpiece. If Col. Ingessoll had any real conscience or decency, he would retire from the contest, as Henry Wilson or James A. Garfield did, on other memorable occasions. They at least knew that the bad causes they advanced had no longer a leg to stand upon when Judge Black had finished with them. And so, honestly discounted and as a tribute to superior truth, they were significantly silent. But "Bob" Ingessoll will level in the new publicity given him and continue to rail at his Creator because being a mountebank and huckster, he knows that in the infinite multitude of fools there will always be a sufficient number to pay fifty cents a head to bear him blasphemous like a London fishmonger and play antics like some of Darwin's apes. That he will ever make a serious effort to answer Judge Black we think improbable; but should he do so, it will only be to sink himself lower in perdition and tempt a thunder-stroke that will stop his mockery. The "old man eloquent" very seldom has to deliver a second blow. But it may be necessary in this case, since nothing is so hard to silence as a monstrous egotist who thinks nothing of arraying his microscopic personality against the Lord of All that is."

"Hoi! where did you get them trousers?" asked an Irishman of a man who happened to be passing with a remarkably short pair of trousers. "I got them where they grow," was the indignant reply. "Then, by my conscience," said Pat, "you've pulled them a year too soon!"

Green cucumbers are not connected with any secret society, but they can teach you many grips and signs.

Gumarabic dissolved in whiskey will keep the hair curled in damp weather. A little sugar dissolved in it has the same effect on the legs.

Clary.—"O! Charley, you naughty boy! I saw you throw your cigar away just as I came around the corner." Charley—"Why didn't you say you saw it? How was I to know?"

The *New York Herald* says an estate of \$2,000,000, left by one Brown, is awaiting claimants in England. "Brown! Brown!" seems to us we had an Aunt Bill Brown over in England once.

No remedy has been found for fever and ague which proves so uniformly successful as Ayer's Ague Cure.

You may not be able to tell exactly how far the comet is from the earth, but you may be reasonably certain that it is too far off to interfere with your telling the truth once in a while.

It is the pride of America that she offers an opportunity to the humblest to become great. We know a boy who was so poor 25 years ago that he had to secretly borrow a loaf of cake from a passing baker's cart to keep himself from starving, while now he is one of the best shoemakers in Sing Sing.

"A Daniel come to judgment." "Prisoner, have you ever been convicted?" "No, your honor." "Well, you're going to be. Sit down till the case has been decided."