

Edgefield Advertiser.

THOS. J. ADAMS, PROPRIETOR.

EDGEFIELD, S. C., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1893.

VOL. LVIII. NO. 43.

PECK'S BAD BOY.

BY GEO. W. PECK.

Copyrighted 1893 by the American Press Association.

CHAPTER XI.

HIS PA IS "NISHIATED."

"Say, are you a Mason or a Nodfellow or anything?" asked the bad boy of the grocery man as he went to the cinnamon bag on the shelf and took out a long stick of cinnamon bark to chew.

"Why, yes, of course I am, but what set you to thinking of that?" asked the grocery man as he went to the desk and charged the boy's father with half a pound of cinnamon.

"Well, do the goats bunt when you nishiate a fresh candidate."

"No, of course not. The goats are cheap ones, that have no life, and we muzzle them and put pillows over their heads so they can't hurt anybody," said the grocery man as he winked at a brother Odd Fellow who was seated on a sugar barrel, looking mysterious. "But why do you ask?"

"Oh, nothin, only I wish me and my chum had nuzzled our goat with a pillow. Pa would have enjoyed his becoming a member of our lodge better. You see, Pa had been telling us how much good the Masons and Odd Fellows did and said we ought to try and grow up good so we could join the lodges when we got big, and I asked Pa if it would do any hurt for us to have a pillow lodge in my room and pretend to nishiate, and Pa said it wouldn't do any harm. He said it would improve our minds and learn us to be men. So my chum and I learned a goat that lives in a lively stable. Say, did you know they keep a goat in a lively stable so the horses won't get sick? They get so the smell of the goat, and after that nothing can make them sick but a glue factory. I wish my girl boarded in a lively stable. Then she would get used to the smell."

"I went home with her from church Sunday night, and the smell of the goat on my clothes made her sick to her stomach, and she acted just like an excursion on the lake and said if I didn't get off her she wouldn't never go with me again. She was just as pale as a ghost, and the perspiration on her lip was just zif she had been hit by a street sprinkler. You see, my chum and me had to carry the goat up to my room when Pa and Ma was out riding, and he blatted so we had to tie a handkerchief around his nose, and his feet made such a noise on the floor that we put some baby's socks on his feet. Gosh, how a goat smells, don't it? I should think you'd have some strong stomach. Why don't you have a skunk or a mule for a trademark? Take a mule and anoint it with limburg cheese, and you could nishiate and make a candidate smell just as bad as with a gosh darn milderewed goat."

"Well, my chum and me practiced with that goat until he could beat the picture of a goat every time. We boarded a buck beer sign from a saloon man and hung it on the back of a chair, and the goat would hit it every time. That night Pa wanted to know what we had done up in my room, and I told him we were playing lodge and improving our minds, and Pa said that was right. There was nothing that did boys of our age half so much good as to imitate men and store by useful knowledge. Then my chum asked Pa if he didn't want to come up and take the grand bumper degree, and Pa laughed and said he didn't care if he did just to encourage us boys in innocent pastime that was so improving to our intellect. We had shut the goat up in a closet in my room, and he had got over blatching, so we took off the handkerchief, and he was eating some of my paper collars and skate straps. We went up stairs and told Pa to come up pretty soon and give three distinct raps, and when we asked him who comes there he must say, 'A pilgrim who wants to join your ancient order and ride the goat.'"

"Ma wanted to come, up too, but we told her if she came in it would break up the lodge, 'cause a woman couldn't keep a secret, and we didn't have any right to the goat. Say, if you never tried it, the next time you nishiate a man in your Mason's lodge you sprinkle a little kyan pepper on the goat's beard just afore you turn him loose. You can get three times as much fun to the square inch of goat. You wouldn't think it was the same goat. Well, we got all fixed and, Pa rapped, and we let him in and told him he must be blindfolded, and he got on his knees a-laffing, and I tied a towel around his eyes, and then I turned him around and made him get down on his hands and knees, and his back was right toward the closet door, and I put the buck beer sign right against Pa's clothes. He was a-laffing all the time and said we boys were as full of fun as they made 'em, and we told him it was a solemn occasion, and we wouldn't permit no levity, and if he didn't stop laffing we couldn't give him the grand bumper degree."

"Then everything was ready, and my chum had his hand on the closet door and some kyan pepper in his other hand, and I asked Pa in low bass tones if he felt as though he wanted to turn back or if he had nerve enough to go ahead and take the degree. I warned him that it was full of dangers, as the goat was loaded for bear, and told him he yet had time to retrace his steps if he wanted to. He said he wanted the whole business, and we could go ahead with the menagerie. Then I said to Pa that if he had decided to go ahead and not blame us for the consequences to repeat after me the following: 'Bring forth the royal bumper and let him bunt.'"

"Pa repeated the words, and my chum sprinkled the kyan pepper on the goat's

mistake, and he sneezed once and looked assy; and then he set the lager beer goat raring up, and he started for it just like a cowcatcher and blatted. Pa is real fat, but he knew he got hit, and he grunted and said, 'Hell's fire, what you boys doin'?' and then the goat gave him another degree, and Pa pulled off the towel and got up and started for the stairs, and so did the goat, and Ma was at the bottom of the stairs listening, and when she looked over the banister Pa and Ma and the goat were all in a heap, and Pa was yelling murder and Ma was screaming fire, and the goat was blatching and sneezing and bunting, and the hired girl came into the hall, and the goat took after her, and she crossed herself just as the goat struck her and said, 'Howly mother, protect me!' and went down stairs the way we boys slide down hill, with both hands on herself, and the goat rared up and blatted, and Pa and Ma went into their room and shut the door, and then my chum and me opened the front door and drove the goat out."

"The minister, who comes to see Ma every three times a week, was just ringing the bell, and the goat thought he wanted to be nishiated, too, and gave him one for luck and then went down the sidewalk blatching and sneezing, and the minister came in the parlor and said he was stabled, and then Pa came out of his room with his suspenders hanging down, and he didn't know the minister was there, and he said curse words, and Ma cried and told Pa he would go to hell, and Pa said he didn't care, he would kill that kussid goat afore he went, and I told Pa the minister was in the parlor, and he and Ma went down and said the weather was propitious for a revival, and it seemed as though an outpouring of the spirit was about to be vouchsafed to his people, and none of them set down but Ma, 'cause the goat didn't hit her, and while they were talking redlight with their mouths and kussin the goat inwardly my chum and me adjourned the lodge, and I went and staid with him all night, and I haven't been home since."

"But I don't believe Pa will lick me, 'cause he said he would not hold us responsible for the consequences. He ordered the goat himself, and we filled the order, don't you see? Well, I guess I will go and sneak in the back way and find out from the hired girl how the land lays. She won't go back on me, 'cause the goat was not loaded for hired girls. She just happened to get in at the wrong time. Goodby, sir. Remember and give your goat kyan pepper in your lodge."

"As the boy went away and skipped over the back fence the grocery man said to his brother Odd Fellow: 'If that boy doesn't beat the devil, then I never saw one that did. The old man ought to have him sent to a lunatic asylum.'"

CHAPTER XII.

HIS GIRL GOES AWAY ON HILL.

"Now you get right away from here," said the grocery man to the bad boy as he came in with a hungry look on his face and a wild light in his eye. "I am afraid of you. I wouldn't be surprised to see you go off half cocked and blow us all up. I think you are a devil. You may have a billygoat, or a shsgun, or a bottle of poison concealed about you. Condemn you, the police ought to muzzle you. You will kill somebody yet. Here, take a handful of prunes and go off somewhere and enjoy yourself and keep away from here," and the grocery man went on sorting potatoes and watching the haggard face of the boy. "What ails you anyway?" he added as the boy refused the prunes and seemed to be sick at the stomach.

"You see before you a shadow."

"Oh, I am a wreck," said the boy as he grated his teeth and looked wicked.

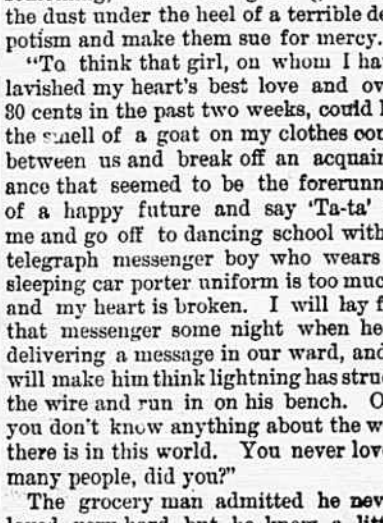
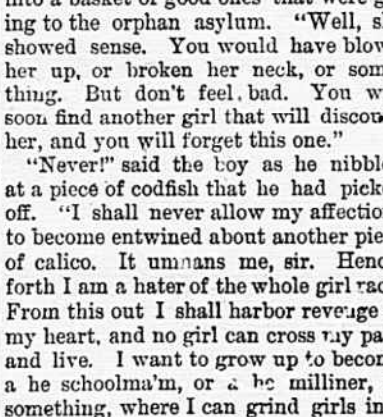
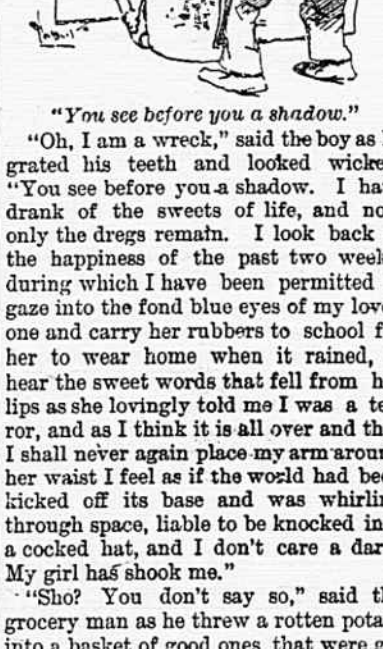
"You see before you a shadow. I have drank of the waters of life, and now only the dregs remain. I look back at the happiness of the past two weeks, during which I have been permitted to gaze into the fond blue eyes of my loved one and carry her rubbers to school for her to wear home when it rained, to hear the sweet words that fell from her lips as she lovingly told me I was a terror, and as I think it is all over and that I shall never again place my arm around her waist I feel as though the world had been hickered off its base and was whirling through space, liable to be knocked into a cocked hat, and I don't care a darn. My girl has shook me."

"Sho? You don't say so," said the grocery man as he threw a rotten potato into a basket of good ones that were going to the orphan asylum. "Well, she showed sense. You would have blown her up, or broken her neck, or something. But don't feel bad. You will soon find another girl that will discount her, and you will forget this one."

"Never!" said the boy as he nibbled at a piece of codfish that he had picked off. "I shall never allow my affections to become entwined about another piece of calico. It unmans me, sir. Henceforth I am a hater of the whole girl race. From this point I shall harbor revenge in my heart, and no girl can cross my path and live. I want to grow up to become a he schoolmarm, or a G. P. milliner, or something, where I can grind girls into the dust under the heel of a terrible despotism and make them sue for mercy."

"To think that girl, on whom I have lavished my heart's best love and over 80 cents in the past two weeks, could let the smell of a goat on my clothes come between us and break off an acquaintance that seemed to be the forerunner of a happy future and say 'Ta-ta' to me and go off to dancing school with a telegraph messenger boy who wears a sleeping car porter uniform is too much, and I will lay for that messenger some night when he is delivering a message in our ward, and I will make him think lightning has struck the wire and run in on his bench. Oh, you don't know anything about the woe there is in this world. You never loved many people, did you?"

The grocery man admitted he never loved very hard, but he knew a little something about it from an aunt of his who got mashed on a Chicago drummer. "But your father must be having



a rest while your whole mind is occupied with your love affair," said he.

"Yes," said the boy, with a vacant look, "I take no interest in the pleasure of the chase any more, though I did have a little quiet fun this morning at the breakfast table. You see, Pa is the contraryest man ever was. If I complain that anything at the table don't taste good, Pa says it is all right. This morning I took the sirup pitcher and emptied out the white sirup and put in some cod liver oil to taste of it, and I told Pa the sirup was sour and not fit to eat. Pa was mad in a second, and he poured out some on his pancakes and said I was getting too confounded particular. He said the sirup was good enough for him, and he sopped his pancakes in it and fired some down his neck. He is a gaul durned hypocrite, that's what he is. I could see by his face that the cod liver oil was nearly killing him, but he said that sirup was all right, and if I didn't eat mine he would break my back, and by gosh, I had to eat it, and Pa said he guessed he hadn't got much appetite, and he would just drink a cup of coffee and eat a donut."

"I like to die, and that is one thing, I think, that makes this disappointment in love harder to bear. But I felt sorry for Ma. Pa ain't got a very strong stomach, and when she got some of that cod liver oil in her mouth she went right up stairs sick on a horse, and Pa had to help her, and she had no morralgia all the morning. I eat pickles to take the taste out of my mouth, and then I laid for the hired girls. They eat too much sirup anyway, and when they got on to that cod liver oil and swallowed a lot of it one of them, a Nishish girl, she got up from the table and put her hand on her corset and said 'Howly Jaysus!' and went out in the kitchen as pale as Ma is when she is powder on her face, and the other girl, who is Dutch, she swallowed a pancake and said, 'Mine Gott, I've done it!' and she went away and laid on the cobble; then they talked Irish and Dutch and got clubs and started to look for me, and I thought I would come over here."

"The whole family is sick, but it is not from love, like my illness, and they will get over it, while I shall fill an early grave, but not till I have made that girl and the telegraph messenger wish they were dead. Pa and I are going to Chicago next week, and I'll bet we'll have some fun. Pa says I used a change of air, and I think he is going to try and lose me. It's a cold day when I get left anywhere that I can't find my way back. Well, goodby, old rotten potatoes."

Feed the Fatherless.

Thanksgiving Day is coming, So is Christmas!

Good times are these to remember the needy and deserving poor.

Who are more needy or deserving than the orphans.

There are more than a hundred of them in the homes of the Thornwell Orphanage, Clinton.

They come from almost every Southern and several Northern and Western States of the Union; their parents were of at least ten different denominations of Christians. But here, they are all of one family, trained in ways of usefulness and piety fitted to do good work for the world by the lessons they receive.

This home is under the care of Presbyterians. But it is in no sense local, neither does it confine its benefits to children of that faith.

It is provided for by voluntary gifts. There is no appropriation to its support by any ecclesiastical or charitable body. Individual gifts alone are its dependence.

For eighteen years, it has been in existence, growing continually in numbers; in that time it has trained many orphans for usefulness. In all that time, God's people have not allowed the fatherless ones to suffer.

Gifts of money or provisions may be sent directed simply to "Thornwell Orphanage," Clinton, S. C., or to Dr. Jacobs, its presiding officer.

Don't forget the orphans on Thanksgiving Day and Christmas. They need your help, reader.

The Discovery of Coffee.

Brooklyn Eagle.

Toward the middle of the 15th century a poor Arab was travelling in Abyssinia. Finding himself weak and weary he stopped near a grove. Being in want of fuel to cook his rice he cut down a tree, which happened to be covered with dried berries. His meal being dried and eaten, the traveller discovered that these half burned berries were fragrant. He collected a number, and on crushing them with a stone he found the aroma increased to a great extent.

While wondering at this, he accidentally let the substance fall into a can which contained his scanty supply of water. Lo, what a miracle! The almost putrid liquid was partially purified. He raised it to his lips. It was fresh and agreeable, and after a short rest the traveller so far recovered his strength and energy as to be able to resume his journey.

The lucky Arab gathered as many berries as he could, and having arrived at Aden in Arabia he informed the mufti of his discovery. That worthy was an inveterate opium smoker, who had been suffering for years from the influence of the poisonous drug. He tried an infusion of the roasted berries and was so delighted at the recovery of his former vigor that in gratitude to the tree he called it camaha, which in Arabic signifies force.

THE WANDERER.

It was on the fast express between Charlotte and Atlanta. I was very tired and eagerly adjusted myself as best I could in the first vacant seat I reached. The train pulled out of the Charlotte depot on time to the minute. The day had been bitter cold and gusty. It was in the depth of winter and there had been a heavy fall of snow for twenty-four consecutive hours. But as twilight peeped over the western horizon the snow flakes ceased their wanton play. And nature disturbed the heaven inspired calm save the "clack-clack" of the great iron trucks as they leaped from one steel rail to another bearing to distant points the precious burden of a score of souls.

From the car window I could see the great drifts of snow flashing like splendid diamonds in the light of the moon. The streaks of cloud had slowly melted into the infinite azure of the deep blue sky, and fiery constellations lit up the heaven's light spangled chandeliers.

As the train dashed along groups of trees like so many skeletons draped in dazzling cloaks of snow, rose weird and ghostlike before my eyes and quickly glided past; supplanted by another and still another in quick succession, until the whole scene reminded me of one vast panorama of the dead returning from the grave. I saw a far off line of Blue Ridge bluffs that glistered like the waves of a frozen sea hushed in eternal calm. And where the sky dipped into them there rested a luster that was sublime. Above the din and noise of the train could be faintly heard the melancholy sighs of the winter wind.

As the train stopped at the little way station along the road passengers shivering with cold would enter the car and endeavor to seat themselves on the velvet cushions nearest the heated stove.

It was a night fit for the gods. With this chain of thought flitting through my mind, I unconsciously lit a cigar and was quietly enjoying the smoke when a remark from the conductor reminded me that I was not in a smoking car. He also suggested that a gentleman would not indulge in tobacco in the presence of ladies.

I thanked him for his information and got up and left.

As I slammed the door of the car behind me and started for the smoking room of the Pullman, my foot was hardly planted on the platform of the bounding coach before I was greeted with a voice that seemed to come from the trucks of one of the cars.

"Hello mister, how is your health?"

"Well, I will swear!" was my inaudible response as I looked towards the truck of the sleeper and saw by the glimmering moonlight the outstretched form of a ragged tramp. His face haunted me even now. I think he was the most forlorn, dejected, woe-begone specimen of humanity I ever laid eyes on. He was certainly the pride of trampingdom. There was nothing in either his face or his dress to indicate that he could now lay any claim to a better life. His large, baggy trousers bore marks of a rough, dirty life. Covered with the dirt and filth so incident to such an existence they had grown exceedingly rusty; and judging from their appearance, they had seen "long and active" service. The old coat he wore showed every sign of age and decay. Without regard to the coldness of the night, it presented numerous holes to admit the chilling wind to his shivering and unprotected skin. His slouch hat lay over his shoulders and thoroughly, though not very gracefully, covered his otherwise unkept neck. Underneath its flaps shone a pair of eyes that flashed even with intelligence. There was something in his looks that seemed to indicate that he had known better days. Ill-usage, it is true, had almost crushed the better feelings of his nature, but had not destroyed them. Though his voice and manner were characterized by a provoking but good-natured insolence, to me there was something about him that seemed to show that he had not lost all regard for the better qualities of his better nature.

"What are you doing down there?" I inquired, as soon as I had sufficiently recovered from the unexpected surprise.

"Ridin'," was his ready and nonchalant response.

"Where are you going?"

"Nowhere."

"What is your name?"

"Well, that's a leading question and your deponent declineth to answer."

"How do you account for the life you are leading?" I asked as I looked at his dirty yet handsome face.

"I don't account at all. I never run any account. I think it is bad policy. So did the men from whom I tried to get credit."

"Well, what do you want?"

"A whole kitchen."

"You must be hungry?"

"Well, I should smile. I have been chewing the little end of bitter reflection for the last two weeks and I think a change of diet would improve my health."

"Ain't you cold?" I inquired as he drew himself up into an uncomfortable position with the evident intention of trying to warm himself.

"Oh, no! Just come down and try it. You talk just like I was a fool and you another."

"Well, you needn't get so fresh," remarked.

"I ain't fresh. If you don't believe me look at these clothes. There is nothing fresh about them, is there?" While he thus spoke he pulled open three or four patches and laid bare his dirty skin.

Although he presented a pitiable spectacle, I could not keep back a merry peal of laughter as I noticed the comical expression that played about his youthful face. He spoke the truth. He didn't look fresh a bit. On the contrary, his condition was pathetic, as I recalled my tart remark, an omnipresent conscience half smote me with a stinging rebuke. Perhaps he had a mother who was at that hour shedding tears of bitter anguish for her wandering boy; longing for his return, and the safety of her child.

"Why don't you return home?" I asked, as a sigh escaped my lips. In a moment a look of melancholy gently stole over his countenance.

"Home, stranger? Alas! I have none to return to."

He paused as if unable to continue; his voice quivered, and with his dingy coat sleeve brushed away tears that had crept into his eyes.

"Two years ago I was happy, living in a little country home in Missouri, with a loving mother and brother and sisters. I was wild, as most boys are. One day, in a torrent of rage, my father ordered me from home. Oh, stranger, you little know what a scar a blow from a parent leaves on the heart of a child. I left and have never returned—perhaps never will. Since that time, with blasted hopes and a blighted future I have been drifting around the world. You know the rest without my telling you. It has been one long and dreary pathway from better to worse until the last round on the ladder has been reached and I can go no further. They shun me like a leper, even when I asked for bread to stay my hunger. Among my associates I am esteemed in proportion to my depravity and perversity. No advice have I received save to encourage me to theft and murder. God has never yet made the heart—"

The cars jolted, and before I could utter a word of warning, the unfortunate being fell from the trucks.

A faint cry.

A moan, prompted by the agonies of death, was heard above the noise of the flying train. I frantically reached for the bell cord. But too late! The giant wheels had done their work.

We found him lying in the middle of the track, horribly mangled.

"Mother! Mother!" he was faintly gasping.

Fearful as had been the ravages of his fell destroyer—terrible as the penalty of his worthless habits—blighting, blasting, scorching, scathing, withering, wasting as they had been to everything bright and noble within him—still they had not destroyed all. One sense remained and rose grandly among the ruins. He thought in his last moments of his mother.

"When he felt the shadow of death hovering about him, his

face lost its bronze; his tongue forgot its familiar oaths, I gathered him in my arms.

"Stranger," he whispered, "have you got a mother?"

"Yes—God bless her," I responded in a prayerful tone as I remembered her dear, sweet countenance.

"So have I," said the tramp, as he feebly attempted to wipe away the blood that was trickling down his horribly gashed face. "I was thinking of her for the first time in a year just before I fell from the truck. In an hour I shall be dead. You will live and you will see me day, perhaps, go to my old home. Will you seek out my mother and tell her that in my last hour I asked her forgiveness—I wanted to hear her voice—prayed for the motherly touch of her hand on my blood-stained brow?"

"I will," was my muttered reply, as tears began to steel down my cheeks.

"And say to her good thoughts crept into my heart—that I prayed—that I remembered her as the dear old mother who, prayed at my bedside and taught me heaven. Say that—"

He was dead!

The passengers gathered closer about him.

Some eager to do him kindness after he was gone.

"But too late!"

"All aboard!" cried out the conductor, as the trainmen hurriedly placed the mangled form in the baggage car and closed the door.

The whistle blew. The huge iron monster war again started on its endless journey.

Perhaps to find some new victim.

After all, the world might have made it easier for the poor boy.

But he was only a tramp.

J. H. TILLMAN.

Nuggets.

Chambers' Journal.

The largest nugget ever found in California was discovered in November, 1854, at Carson Hill, Calaveras county. It weighed 180 pounds. Another weighing 149 pounds was soon afterward found at the same place.

In August, 1869, W. A. Farish, A. Wood, J. Winstead, F. Clevers and Harry Warner were partners in the Monumental claim near the Sierra Buttes, in Sierra county. During the last week in that month they discovered a huge nugget, which weighed 1,593 ounces Troy. It was sold to R. B. B. Woodward, of San Francisco, who paid \$21,637 for it for exhibition purposes. It was afterward melted and realized \$17,655. Sierra is justly famed for the nuggets it has produced. It was in this county, at a spot known as French Ravine, that a nugget valued at \$23,000 was found in 1850.

The biggest nugget of gold ever found in Shasta county was discovered in 1870. One day three Frenchmen, two of whom were named Oliver Longchamp and Fred Rochon, drove into the old town of Shasta in search of a spot to mine. They happened to have some business with A. Coleman, a dealer in hardware. The three asked him where was a good place to mine. He carelessly pointed in a northerly direction and said: "Go over to Spring Creek." They took his advice and located a claim on the creek about eight miles north of Redding, and in a few days one of the party picked up a nugget worth \$19,000.

New Kind of Cotton.

The Anderson People's Advocate says: We have received a sample of a new variety of cotton and the seed from the same that is something remarkable. This cotton was raised by a negro in Corner Township and was ginned by B. A. McConnell. 7,400 pounds of cotton were picked from the field which made seven bales, weighing 475 pounds each, or an average of 1,057 pounds seed cotton to each 475 pounds of lint. The seeds are the smallest we ever saw, and any one can inspect the sample of lint and seed by calling at this office.

Boats for the Sufferers.

The Columbia Register of the 3d inst., says: When Governor Tillman visited the storm sufferers on the coast in September he found that many people who depended upon fishing and such like for a living had lost their boats. He therefore ordered fifty boats made, which has been done and he has been informed by Lieutenant Beardsley of the marine service on the coast that fifty families are now using the boats which are a great help to them. The boats were paid for out of the funds contributed for the relief of the sufferers.

FOR THE THOUGHTFUL.

SELECTED.

The strongest thing on earth is a holy life.

Good actions are like sheep, apt to follow one another.

When you look for an angel don't look at yourself.

When we lift on somebody's else burden, God takes our own.

Mahomet admitted bees to paradise, but barred out the hornet.

God is not surprised at anything that men do, but the devil often is.

No man will ever be celebrated for his piety whose religion is all in his head.

There is no place in the Bible where God has promised to make a loafer happy.

Some men who start out to set the world on fire, give up at the first thunderclap.

It is in his book on the Lord's Prayer, that Archbishop Farrow gives to the world this remarkably clear exposition of the meaning of religion. The more years pass on the deeper becomes my conviction that religion does not mean and has nothing to do with many things it is taken to mean. It does not mean elaborate theology. It does not mean membership of this or that organization; it does not depend on orthodoxy in matters of opinion respecting which Christians differ. It means a good heart and a good life. Right conduct, a holy character, these are the tests of the only sort of religion which is of the smallest value. All else will vanish, this will remain. Love, joy, peace, long suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance, these are the only fruits of the Tree of Life which are genuine.

First and Second.

St. Louis Globe Democrat.

Nevada is second in gold.

Colorado is first in silver.

Missouri is first in mules.

Louisiana is first in sugar.

Connecticut leads in clocks.

Kentucky is first in tobacco.

South Carolina leads in rice.

Mississippi is second in cotton.

Alaska ranks first in sealskins.

Tennessee is second in peanuts.

Maryland is second in fisheries.

New Jersey is first in silk manufactures.

Georgia is second in rice and sweet potatoes.

The two Dakotas lead all the states in wheat.

North Carolina is first in tar, second in copper.

Iowa is first in hogs, second in corn, hay, and oats.

Virginia is first in peanuts and second in tobacco.

Rhode Island is second in cotton and linen goods.

Massachusetts is first in fisheries, second in commerce.

Michigan is first in copper, salt, and lumber, second in iron.

Ohio is first in sheep and wool, second in petroleum and steel.

California stands first in gold and grapes, second in sheep and wool.

Georgia exports every year over \$1,000,000 worth of watermelons.

Texas is first in cattle and cotton, second in sugar, sheep, and mules.

Illinois is first in corn, oats, pork, distilled liquors, and railways, second in coal, wheat, and hogs.

New York is first in manufactures, printing, hops, hay, potatoes, buckwheat, and cows, second in salt, liquor, and railways.

Tobacco Knocks Out Cholera.

London Telegraph.

From investigations at Greenwick it appears that the cholera bacillus does not like smoke. It shares the feelings of the tribe of cannibals who petitioned an Evangelical society to send them missionaries who were members of the Anti-Tobacco Society. The authorities at the work-house where cholera recently broke out have discovered that male inmates who had been great smokers, or who had been in the habit of chewing tobacco passed unscathed through the epidemic. Nearly every man was or had been a smoker, and the statistics show that only eighty-three males were attacked as compared with 150 females. It was found that when a man was seized with the disease it took a very mild form. Several old Irishmen in the work-house who smoked before their admission and now, when they could manage it, had all escaped. No one of them had been attacked.

A Blood Month.

The old dwellers in England called November the wind month; they also called it the blood month, because it was a time of killing many cattle for the household and the altar. We find a long line of Englishmen who speak bitterly of the next thirty days; there is Warburton, with his "dreadful month of November," and Thomas Hood, with his poem beginning:

"No sun—no moon!
No morn—no noon—
No dawn—no dusk—no proper time of day—"

HOW I LOOK AT IT.

Et yo' reck'n's fur to go it jes' precisely as you please,

An' de Master from His girdle will on-hitch the gol'n keys,

W'en yo' step across de threshold uv de mighty bimbeby,

An' tell yo' yo' is welcome to de mansion in de sky,

Deer's mistake somewhar.

Et yo' scater yo' wile oatses in the Maytime uv de year

Wid a notion dat October'll fill yo' barn, my honey dear,

Dat de oatses in de furer's go'n to change to yaller corn,

Better hark to Master Gabriel, who's a-shoutin' from his horn,

"Deer's mistake somewhar."

Dere's a warnin' rolls from Siny, rolls a-thun'rin' right an' lef

An' yo' better listen careful, for it's tended for yo'se'f;

Et yo' s'pose dat de angl' w'ot is makin' in up yo' count

Go'n to mixify de figgers so yo' won't pay full amount,

"Deer's mistake somewhar."

Et yo' feel de tremblin' fingers grip de fingers of yo' Frien;

Et yo' trab'l in de fores' to de clearin' at de en

Ever lovin' like a lover dat is loyal an' is true,

Ever trustin' in His power for to see yo' safely froo;

No mistake dat time.

—The Independent.

POPULISM DEAD.

At Least in the South, Says Col. O'Ferrall.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 15.—Colonel Charles T. O'Ferrall, who has just been elected governor of Virginia, has been in the city for a few days closing up his congressional business with the departments. He says that he will continue as a member of Congress from the Seventh district until the eve of his inauguration as governor. It is expected that Jason Brown, of Indiana, the senior Democrat in the House Committee of Privileges and Elections, will succeed Col. O'Ferrall as chairman of that committee. Col. O'Ferrall says that he thinks the Populist movement is ended, at least in Virginia and the South and best days in the West. The contests of the future, he thinks, will be between the old parties.

One or Two.

Barwell Sentinel.

There seems to be one settled fact in the politics of this country—either the Democratic party or the Republican party is going to be successful in all elections and rule. The Populists, or Third party folks, are not as far into it as the leaders imagined they were. Every test they make of their strength comes so short of all expectations that the party grows more and more insignificant. The State of South Carolina may contain a few Populists, and out of this few there are not many who understand the nature of the principles they have caught on to and are advocating. Because a man is a Reformer, or a Tillman man, it is unjust to class him as a Populist. This is a grave error. We know Reformers, or Tillman men, right here in Barwell County who will stick to the flag of Democracy as long as there is a shred of it left. In other words, they want their reformation to come through the hands of the Democratic party. We believe that if any attempts are made to carry South Carolina into the Third party, there will be as many Tillman Democrats as were seen in 1876. These people have a little more knowledge of Populist leaders than many suppose, and we cannot believe that they will consent to cast their political future with such a clan. We have had warning after warning—warning with a life experience in it—and, like Virginians, we cannot afford to disregard it at any time. When the solid Democracy of the South is broken the old enemy, the Republican party, will come in, adorned with experience and various implements for erecting bomb proofs, and then the people of South will be forever shut out and oppressed. The star of Democracy in South Carolina has shown too bright to be so suddenly dimmed by an insignificant meteor which burst and came to nothing!