

# The Orangeburg News.

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

GOD AND OUR COUNTRY.

ALWAYS IN ADVANCE.

VOLUME 3.

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NUMBER 11.

## THE HAUNTED WELL.

"He promised to bring me,"  
He promised to bring me."  
Chorused the wild, sweet thrush-voice of  
Margaret Lee, leaning from her cham-  
ber window among the vines, and look-  
ing with bird eyes all alert down the  
road that wound into blueeness among  
the hills.  
"What, pretty child?" asked a pleas-  
ant voice behind her.  
Margie turned, blushing brightly.  
"Oh, he didn't say, Auntie Nell, but  
it's something."  
And she then blushed brighter than  
ever under the kind eyes fixed on her.  
And while the hot, eloquent blood was  
prickling the white forehead, and burn-  
ing the bits of ears, Margie felt her face  
taken in her aunt's tender hands, and a  
kiss was imprinted on her mouth.  
"God bless you, dear, and grant you  
happiness!"  
It was the first direct reference Margie's  
aunt had ever made to her evident  
attachment, and the girl's heart leaped  
in her bosom, and then subsided, leaving  
her full of calm gratitude.  
"Was ever anybody as good as Aunt  
Nell?" murmured she, dropping her  
head upon the window sill, as soon as she  
was left alone. "I was a little afraid  
that she might not be satisfied; and then  
what would I have done?"  
The little fit of musing soon vanished,  
and she was again leaning among the  
vines, singing:  
"He promised to bring me,  
He promised to bring me."  
The sun went down over the "flowery  
heads of the hills"—the birds rose and  
fell in their long flights across the fields  
to their nests, the river took the amber  
and red of the west upon its burnished  
line, and the frogs began calling in the  
marshes. Still no horseman rode out  
from among the hills; Margie began to  
grow weary.  
"The lights of the west faded, the air  
grew sweet with the fragrance of some  
night blossoming plant, and cool with the  
heavy fall of dew. Still no hoof fall  
broke the summer silence.  
Margie grew restless at last, deserted  
her chamber, and went down to the  
porch. Soon two boys came along driv-  
ing a cow.  
"Jack hasn't got home yet, has he,  
Tommy?" she asked one of them, know-  
ing her question was useless.  
"No; he'll come past here, you know,  
when he comes," said Tommy, thwack-  
ing Bessie's sides as she kept halting  
among the roadside clover.  
They went on. Margie's face was se-  
riously clouded. A breeze rose and  
rustled among the trees. It made her  
nervous and lonely.  
"Aunt Nell," she said, going into the  
kitchen, "nothing could have happened  
to Jack?"  
"I think not, dear. Perhaps he went  
through the meadows from the brook."  
That was it, then. He had already  
reached home. A restful red flushed  
Margie's cheek. She stood a moment,  
smiling with the disappointment, and  
then going up stairs again, tore off the  
blue check neck and white apron, and  
went to bed to have a good cry. Margie's  
sorrows had been very few; she had  
not learned how to bear them.  
When she awoke, rather late, Aunt  
Nell was in her room.  
"Margie, dear, they say Jack Lane  
hasn't been home all night."  
Margie's face showed terror.  
"Yes, Margie, I'm afraid something is  
wrong?"  
"How do you know that he hasn't  
come Aunt Nell?"  
"His father sent up this morning to  
know if we had seen him. He had  
some money with him, and it was impor-  
tant that he should be back last night to  
take up a note. They are very much  
worried—his people. He wouldn't have  
staid of his own accord."  
"And he promised to bring me," began  
Margie, but stopped. The promise  
seemed of less importance now, somehow.  
All kinds of wild thoughts went through  
her head as she sprang up and began to  
dress. What could have become of  
Jack? Surely, she thought, combing  
out her clustering hair with her trem-  
bling hands, he had not been murdered  
for his money? Oh, no; he would soon  
come. It was impossible to believe the  
light dashed from his frank face. Noth-  
ing could happen to Jack. Still, as she  
dressed, she was trembling as in an ague  
fit.  
All that long day there was no news  
of him. There was nothing she could  
do. His father and brother went to

town. Before night they returned, bear-  
ing the news that Jack had left Lennox  
in the afternoon riding his good roan,  
and in good health and spirits. The  
most hopeful could no longer hope that  
no catastrophe had occurred. Some-  
thing fearful had certainly happened to  
Jack.  
And it seemed impossible to find a  
clue to the mystery. Horse and rider  
had completely vanished. There was no  
broken boughs or tracks of cracked  
horse-shoe, or lost glove to trace them by.  
What was to be done?  
When night came, Margie could hard-  
ly hold her head up for the weariness of  
crying. She sat on a low seat on the  
porch, resting her cheek on Aunt Nell's  
knee, listening and waiting for a sound  
upon the road.  
Suddenly the gate clicked. She start-  
ed up—there was a footfall on the walk  
—but it was only Jennie Barlow, the  
country gossip, coming.  
"Oh, Jenny! how could you scare me  
so," she asked impatiently.  
"Highly tighty! but our young lady  
is out of temper. Well, well, it is try-  
ing for you, Margie, but don't give up.  
I reckon Jack Lane is safe enough. 'Tis  
just some freak of his; or perhaps he's run  
away and gone to sea."  
"Nonsense," said Margie. "Jack is  
out of his jackets."  
"Well, Jack is old enough to be tol-  
erable steady—that's a fact—five and  
twenty. I remember when he was born.  
He'll have a right smart place when the  
old man dies, up on the Barrens there."  
"You speak as if nothing has hap-  
pened, Jennie," said Aunt Nell. "I  
think we have reason to believe that  
something has happened to Jack."  
"Don't you believe it. He'll turn up  
all right. Lots of trouble in this world  
is borrowed trouble. Lor, why, my hus-  
band never comes home when he says he  
will. I think it's a heap stranger what  
makes the music in the old well. Why,  
you can just hear the tunes. I used to  
hear tell of fables when I was little, and  
that's enough to make a person believe  
in them. You can't think anything  
natural makes music in a well sixty feet  
deep?"  
"Where is it?"  
"Why, old Durley's well in the mead-  
ow; no one uses it now; it's dried up, I  
reckon; but all the neighbors have been  
down there this morning to hear the  
music coming up out of it. I wouldn't  
believe it until I heard it for myself. I  
thought it was a cricket, or perhaps a  
bird got down there, but no cricket or  
bird that I ever heard, could jingle off  
"Annie Laurie," and "My Pretty Jane."  
You'd better go and see for yourselves."  
"What do you think it is?" asked  
Margie, when old Jennie had gone.  
"I don't know dear. We might go  
down and see; the moon is coming up,  
and I presume there will be others  
there."  
"Oh, Aunt Nell, I don't care about  
the well."  
"But you had better go, rather than  
to sit here crying, Margie. Let me get  
a shawl for you."  
So they wrapped up and went down  
across the fields. The air was very damp  
but it was a bright shining night. Be-  
fore they reached the old well, they saw  
a knot of people crowded about it. They  
stepped around slowly, though one or two  
wondered aloud, and some tried to laugh  
and said it was a trick—ventriloquism,  
or something of the sort. No one among  
the many doubters that there had been,  
disbelieved the tale then. The faint  
strains struck the ear quite plainly. It  
was like elin music, indeed.  
It was the "Mistletoe Bough" that  
was being played merrily enough as Mar-  
gie and Nell came up.  
Suddenly it stopped and another air  
was commenced. It was the more mod-  
ern love ditty, "Margie by my side."  
Sharply a violent scream from Margie  
sounded.  
"Oh, it's Jack! it's Jack!" she cried.  
"He's down the well. Bring ropes!  
Oh, I know it's Jack!"  
Everybody was aghast. Still the merr-  
y music tinkled its silver strains.  
"Oh, hurry!" cried Margie. "It's  
the music box that he promised to bring  
me once. He has fallen in the well.  
Some one must go down to him."  
"Perhaps she's right," exclaimed Farmer  
Brown. "Bring ropes, boys, from my  
barn yonder. I'll go down myself, if  
nobody else will. Hurry!"  
There was haste and excitement enough  
then. Before the ropes were prepared  
for the deep descent, Aunt Nell had

been to the house, and returned with a  
bottle of wine.  
"If it's Jack, he has lain there for  
more than twenty-four hours, and must  
be weak and exhausted. Take this down  
with you, Silas," said she to the younger  
man who had volunteered in old Brown's  
place.  
"All ready!—slowly," said Silas as  
they swung him down.  
They watched him descend, carefully  
guarding his lantern from the rocks. In  
a moment he had disappeared. Steadily  
the rope slipped through the men's  
hands; the coil upon the ground until  
it was spent. The signal for a wish to  
return—three jerks of rope—was not  
given.  
"One, two, five, ten, fifteen minutes  
passed. The men almost avoided each  
other's questioning eyes.  
"I'm afraid the foul air has killed  
him. Hadn't we better begin to draw  
up?" asked Brown.  
After a few minutes more, this was  
agreed upon. The rope came up slowly.  
Whether Silas was dead or alive, caution  
was needless; the sides of the wall were  
rough.  
Three quick jerks suddenly relieved  
their minds of the burdensome fear.—  
They made a little more haste then, and  
finally drew Silas Jones up alive.  
"Well," he said stepping upon solid  
ground, "Jack Lane is down there, but  
his horse has fallen on him, and he can  
just breathe, and that's all. I guess he's  
wound up that little music box for a  
signal, for the last time. I tried to give  
him some wine, but he can't drink.  
Some one must go down with me, and if  
that horse can't be drawn up, he must  
be cut away piecemeal, that's all. Jack  
won't stand it more than half an hour  
longer."  
Instantly there were a dozen ready to  
go down. Three only went, taking  
hatchets to cut away the horse, if neces-  
sary. His heavy flank was stretched  
across Jack's breast, Silas said, and there  
was no room in which to displace him.  
The watcher at the well's mouth  
were sick at heart long before the length  
of the rope came up again.  
Then Margie shrieked and covered  
her face. Ghastly, haggard, stamed  
with the clotted blood of the dead horse,  
on the breast of his sturdy friend Silas,  
rose Jack's face. He could not stand.  
They carried him home upon a stretcher.  
Taking a short cut across the fields  
the night before, his horse had tumbled  
head long into the well, which Jack had  
entirely forgotten. There, for twenty-four  
hours he lay, unable to call aloud, pa-  
tiently winding up the little music box  
with one hand, and listening to the merr-  
y tunes, with little hopes while he wait-  
ed death. He could hear the voices  
above him, in the pauses of the music,  
but not for his life's sake could he utter  
a cry with the fearful weight upon him.  
At his rescue the box was forgotten,  
but when recovered from his injuries,  
Jack went down the old well and found it  
to-day.  
"I did not know you were going to  
get me a music-box, Jack," she said.  
"It was long ago you promised; but  
when it began to play "Margie by my  
side," the truth somehow flashed over  
me. I understood it all in a moment.  
You always whistled that, you know, as  
you came down the road of an evening.  
It makes me cry now to hear it," yet  
smiling through her tears as he kissed  
her.

**Dolly.—A Western Drover's Story.**  
My name is Anthony Hunt. I am  
a drover, and I live miles and miles  
away upon the Western prairie. There  
wasn't a home within sight when we  
moved there, my wife and I, and now  
we haven't many neighbors, though those  
we have are good ones.  
One day, about ten years ago, I went  
away from home to sell some fifty head  
of cattle—fine creatures as I ever saw.  
I was to buy some groceries and dry  
goods before I came back, and, above all,  
a doll for our youngest Dolly; she had  
never had a store doll of her own, only  
the rag babies her mother had made her.  
Dolly could talk of nothing else, and  
went down to the very gate to call after  
me to "buy a big one." Nobody but a  
parent can understand how full my  
mind was of that toy, and how, when the  
cattle were sold, the first thing, I hurried  
off to buy Dolly's doll. I found a large  
one, with eyes that would open and shut  
when you pulled a wire, and had it un-  
der my arm, while I had the parcels of  
calico and delains and tea and sugar  
put up. Then, late as it was, I started  
for home. It might have been more  
prudent to stay until morning, but I  
felt anxious to get back, and eager to  
hear Dolly's prattle about her doll.  
I was mounted on a steady-going old  
horse of mine, and pretty well loaded.  
Night set in before I was a mile from  
town, and settled down dark as pitch  
while I was in the middle of the wildest  
bit of road I know of. I could have  
felt my way through, I remembered it so  
well, and it was almost like feeling it  
when the storm that had been brewing  
broke, and the rain pelted in torrents;  
five miles, or may be six, from home yet,  
too.  
I rode on as fast as I could, but all of  
a sudden I heard a little cry like a child's  
voice! I stopped short and listened—I  
heard it again. I called, and it answered  
me. I couldn't see a thing; all was dark  
as pitch. I got down and felt about in  
the grass—called again, and again was  
answered. Then I began to wonder. I'm  
not timid, but I was known to be a dro-  
ver and to have money about me. It  
might be a trap to catch me unawares  
and rob and murder me.  
I am not superstitious—not very; but  
how could a real child be out in the  
prairie in such a night, at such an hour?  
It might be more than human.  
The bit of a coward that hides itself  
in most men showed itself to me then,  
and I was half inclined to run away,  
but once more I heard that cry, and  
said:  
"If any man's child is hereabouts,  
Anthony Hunt is not the man to let it  
die."  
I searched again. At last I bethought  
me of a hollow under the hill, and groped  
that way. Sure enough, I found a little  
dripping thing that moaned and sobbed  
as I took it in my arms. I called my  
horse, and the beast came to me, and I  
mounted, and tucked the little soaked  
thing under my coat as well as I could,  
promising to take it home to mammy.  
It seemed tired to death, and pretty  
soon tried itself to sleep against my  
bosom.  
It had slept there over an hour when  
I saw my own windows. There were  
lights in them, and I supposed my wife  
had lit them for my sake; but when  
I got into the door-yard I saw some-  
thing was the matter, and stood still  
with a dead fear of heart five minutes  
before I could lift the latch. At last  
I did it, and saw the room full of neigh-  
bors, and my wife amidst them weeping.  
When she saw me she hid her face.  
"Oh, don't tell him," she said; "it will  
kill him."  
"What is it, neighbors?" I cried.  
And one said, "Nothing now, I hope.  
What's that in your arms?"  
"A poor, lost child," said I. "I  
found it on the road. Take it, will you.  
I've turned faint," and I lifted the sleep-  
ing thing and saw the face of my own  
child, my little Dolly.  
It was my darling, and none other,  
that I had picked up upon the drenched  
road.  
My little child had wandered out to  
meet "daddy" and the doll, while her  
mother was at work and whom they  
were lamenting as one dead. I thanked  
Heaven on my knees before them all. It  
is not much of a story, neighbors, but I  
think of it often in the nights, and won-  
der how I could bear to live now if I  
had not stopped when I heard the cry  
for help upon the road—the little baby  
cry, hardly louder than a squirrel's chirp.  
That's Dolly yonder, with her mother in  
the meadow, a girl worth saving—I  
think (but then I'm her father, and par-  
tial, maybe) the prettiest and sweetest  
thing this side of the Mississippi.

**Singular Attempt at Suicide.**  
An account of a singular attempt at  
suicide, by a woman, is given in the  
Louis Times, as follows:  
On Thursday morning, between eight  
and nine o'clock, Major Von Minden,  
who resides in the Fourth Ward went  
out to his well to draw a bucket of wa-  
ter. The well is full sixty feet deep,  
and the water is drawn up by an ordi-  
nary windless and bucket.  
When the bucket began to rise from  
the water, Major V. found it incredibly  
heavy—ten times as heavy as usual. He  
was surprised at this, but determined to  
see what was the cause, tugged away at  
the windless. Being blessed with a stout  
muscle, he slowly wound up the rope.  
As the bucket reached the top, Major  
Von Minden was surprised to see the  
hand of a human being clinging to the  
rope. He almost let go his hold in his  
surprise—but was enabled to continue  
the hauling process. Soon another hand  
appeared, then the head of a woman with  
her long disheveled hair dripping with  
water, and her garments saturated with  
cold fluid.  
Here was a genuine sensation, but  
Major Von Minden did not stop to won-  
der over it. He only reached over the  
well-box, and grasping the half-drown-  
ing woman, drew her safely out on terra  
firma. She was found half dead and  
too benumbed to speak, but after being  
thawed out by the stove managed to ex-  
plain the singular occurrence.  
She was found to be a Bohemian wo-  
man, about thirty years of age, who re-  
sides in the neighborhood. She was  
married a few months ago, but some of  
her neighbors having slandered her good  
name, it annoyed her so that she resolved  
to commit suicide. She says she jumped  
into Major V's well at 12 o'clock the  
night previous, head foremost, but the  
water was not deep enough to drown her,  
and after staying in the well all night,  
she got out the next morning  
at the first chance. The well is very  
narrow, and it is singular she did not re-  
ceive fatal injuries in the downward pas-  
sage, but she only cut her ankle slightly.  
Taken altogether, it was most singular  
occurrence, and it is a wonder the wo-  
man was not killed or she did not perish  
in the cold water.

**ENVOY.—** Saith Socrates, descending on  
evy coupled with malice: The greatest  
flood has the soonest ebb; the sorest  
tempet the most sudden calm; the  
hottest love the coldest end; and from  
the deepest desire oftentimes ensues the  
deadliest hate. A wise man had rather  
be envied for providence, than pitied for  
prodigality. Revenge barketh only at  
the stars, and spite spurns at that she  
cannot reach. An envious man waxeth  
lean with the fatness of his neighbors.  
Envy is the daughter of pride, the  
author of murder and revenge, the begin-  
ner of secret sedition, and the perpetual  
tormentor of virtue. Envy is the filth  
of the soul; a venom, a poison, or quick-  
silver, which consumeth the flesh, and  
drieth up the marrow of the bones.

**A SOUTHERN WOMAN.**  
Mrs. Scott Siddons, the actress, was  
lately telegraphed to in the West to  
know her terms for playing the part of  
Miranda in the "Tempest" at the  
Twenty-third street Opera House. She  
replied: \$1,000 a week; third of the  
house clear once a week; \$1,000 to  
break an engagement in St. Louis, and  
railroad expenses for three people from  
New Orleans." The manager replied:  
"Madam: Your terms are much too low.  
You shall have all that comes in the  
house; Mr. Fisk will present you with  
the opera house and 200 miles of the  
Erie Railway, besides what personal  
property he has accumulated in a life of  
toil and self-denial; also all that he may  
make for the next five years, which, if  
we may judge by the past, will be no  
inconsiderable amount. If these terms  
should not meet with your approbation,  
it may be possible to make Gould give  
up what little he has, that the light of  
your refulgent genius may not be lost to  
the stage."

An old Washington beau, who was  
engaged to a young lady, on applying to  
be confirmed in Church, recently, was  
refused by the Bishop. Who would not  
lay his consecrating hands upon a wig.  
On hearing of this the lady, who sus-  
pected nothing of that kind, broke the  
engagement.

La Cloche, a funny paper, was re-  
cently confiscated in Paris for speaking  
of "our venerable Empress."

**A True Woman.**  
A few days since the New York World  
indulged in some pleasant pasquinade  
over the speeches delivered at a festival  
of the "Sorosis"—a species of feminine  
foolery now prevalent in New York city.  
A lady reader, however—a genuine one,  
two, from the ring of her sentences—  
takes it seriously, and goes for the od-  
ior in the following gallant style.  
UNGALLANT EDITOR OF THE WORLD:  
SIR:—Hear me for my cause; I come  
to defend my sex, but not to praise them.  
Because one highflown lady indulged in  
transcendentalisms, why do you seize the  
opportunity to denounce female humani-  
ty as a class of "pretty little fidgets,"  
and "doddering, dismal little souls?"  
The great mass of women, O! Editor,  
are not members of Sorosis, nor admirers  
of Anna Dickinson. They do not be-  
lieve their wrongs, nor clamor for female  
suffrage; nor yet are their brains loat-  
ed in their chignon, nor their souls de-  
voted to dry-goods. They are the dutiful  
daughters, faithful wives and devoted  
mothers of the land. For every "fidget  
whose horizon is bounded by the nurs-  
ery or a milliner's shop," I will find  
you a male mortal whose horizon is  
bounded by a billiard saloon and a spree,  
or who devotes quite as much anxious  
thought to the cut of his coat, and the  
style of his unexpressibles, as the bell  
does to her train and panier. And for  
every man who "bears a cross and a bur-  
den in the doddering dismal little soul  
he has madly sworn to love and cherish,"  
I will find a true and devoted woman  
bound to a brutal or unfaithful, or  
drunken husband; bearing her burden  
patiently, though it drives the light  
from her eyes, and hope from her heart.  
I hope you will not think me vain if I  
cite myself as a fair example of the mass  
of my sex. I claim to be simply an  
average American woman, neither above,  
nor, I trust below the great majority of  
women. Well, I am a wife, and my  
husband, although possessing intelligence  
and information infinitely superior to  
mine, does not go to a club to escape my  
society, but spends his leisure hours at  
home. I am mother of three babies,  
and I take care of them. I dress ac-  
cording to my means, and sufficiently in  
the mode to avoid odium, but I don't  
care three Confederate cents what "the  
style" is, or is to be. Moreover, I am a  
constant reader of the daily World poli-  
tics and all. I took the latter study in  
order to be able to talk with my hus-  
band on subjects that interested him,  
but I dare say I am better posted on the  
state of the country than half the men  
who are playing billiards or muddling  
themselves with fusel-oil while I am  
taking care of my babies and making  
my husband's shirts. I declare I am  
not a "fidget," or a "doddering, dismal  
soul," and I furthermore declare that  
what I am the great mass of my sex are,  
while many are greatly superior. And  
I fling down the gauntlet to any one who  
undertakes to prove the contrary.  
Indignantly, yours,  
A SOUTHERN WOMAN.

A pack peddler, just at dark, entered  
a house in Green Garden, Illinois, and  
asked permission to stay all night, which  
was refused. He then asked to be al-  
lowed to leave his pack, and left. Be-  
fore the family retired one of the females  
had occasion to move the pack, which  
had been left in one corner of the sitting  
room, and discovered that there was  
something besides merchandise inside.  
The hired man was called, who com-  
menced to perforate the pack with bul-  
lets. He fired three times when a pier-  
cing shriek issued from it, and on ripping  
off the outside covering, a man with a  
large bowie knife and a revolver clutched  
in his hands, was found weltering in his  
blood. Two of the shots had proved fa-  
tal. The neighbors were alarmed, but  
no trace of the peddler who left the pre-  
cious pack could be found. It is sup-  
posed the intention of the man in the  
pack was robbery and perhaps murder.

**DISTRESSING OCCURRENCE.**—We are  
pained to record the death, on the 20th  
inst., of a little girl, aged about 10 years,  
by the name of Lillie Harris, daughter  
of Major N. S. Harris, near Clinton, in  
this District. The little girl, we learn,  
was caught by a falling tree near her  
father's residence, during a gale, and  
crushed instantly to death, it being ne-  
cessary to cut the tree in two before the  
body of the unfortunate little creature  
could be extricated. We deeply sympa-  
thize with the parents and friends of the  
deceased.—*Laurensville Herald.*

**When the Southern farmer, be he  
large or small one, will rightly compute  
the value of an acre, and set the proper  
worth by it, we may then expect that ma-  
terial and real wealth to the State that is  
only now imaginative. We call ourselves  
an agricultural people, and admit that  
the wealth of our State lies in its pro-  
ductions. To a great extent, we may  
say altogether, that as a people we are  
dependent upon our cotton, rice, tobacco  
crops for what money we make. As to  
our corn crop, we hardly feel like count-  
ing it in, if we judge from the thousands  
of bushels that are bought supply the  
demands of our people, and the thou-  
sands of dollars we send out of the State  
for that article alone; not counting the  
millions of pounds of bacon that we buy  
also from the West. Every man that  
cultivates a few acres of land, imagines  
that he must put half or two thirds in  
cotton as the only thing that will bring  
ready money. We could not have a  
word to say about planting cotton, if  
each acre planted brought a bag; but  
when we know that it takes from three  
to four acres of our worn lands to make  
a bag, we feel that it is labor and money  
thrown away, and that the farmer has  
never for a moment sat down and calcu-  
lated the worth of an acre well manured  
and well worked.  
An acre of land well manured, well  
taken care of, is worth from \$50 to \$60.  
An acre that will bring twenty-two  
bushels of wheat and thirty bushels of  
corn the same year, is worth \$100; and  
any pains-taking farmer can make an  
acre produce that. The manure drop-  
ped in stables or yards by horses, cows,  
hogs, sheep, &c., will manure one acre  
well. We speak of the small farmer,  
the man with but little stock. Care and  
economy are all that is needed to save  
manure; but so long as we drive along  
in our slipshod way of making and sav-  
ing manure, we may expect but poor  
returns from the soil. If the small far-  
mer could be induced to take half the  
pains the New England farmer does on  
his place, there would not be a farm in  
Baldwin county that would not be worth  
at least \$20 to the acre.  
But what we desire to call the espe-  
cial attention of our farmers to is the im-  
portance of manuring at least one acre  
well and planting it in something that  
will bring him \$100 clear. It can be  
done, and done easily, but there must  
be system about it. Let the small far-  
mer who reads this look at the nearest  
city or town to which he trades, and see  
what article of provisions sells readily.  
Take, for instance, sweet potatoes; every  
body eats them, and they have a ready  
sale; they keep well and can be sold by  
the wagon load or bushel, at from fifty  
cents to one dollar.  
A farmer knows how many bushels an  
acre will bring, and he knows that he  
can get a hundred dollars an acre, even  
at fifty cents a bushel. Take the ground  
pea; it will sell readily and bring a good  
price; take onions, take Irish potatoes,  
take peas. Put the acre in anything  
but cotton, and it will bring more money  
than cotton would. Much manure is  
sometimes saved and wasted by trying  
to manure ten or twenty acres, when it  
should have been put on one or five.  
Farmers get discouraged and say it  
won't pay to save manure, because they  
have tried it, and their crops were a  
failure, and failed because they tried to  
do too much with too little, just as a  
foolish housewife would try to make one  
blanket cover three beds.—*Southern Re-  
porter.***

**A SENSIBLE MAN.**—A young fellow  
in England has settled a breach of prom-  
ise suit, brought against him by a most  
eligible dame, in a new way. The dam-  
ages were laid at £5,000, and she gained  
them in full. Whereupon the defendant  
addressed the young lady a note, saying:  
"I have behaved infamously, but if you  
will only forgive and forget, we may be  
happy yet. The only objection which  
my friends had to you is now removed.  
They can say no longer you are without  
a penny, since you have £5,000 of your  
own." And she married him.

Judge Green has decided, at the April  
term of the Court of Common Pleas at  
Lexington, that the Homestead Act does  
not divest a lien secured by judgment  
obtained prior to the adoption of the  
Constitution. The decision was appealed  
from, and goes to the Supreme Court.—  
*Phoenix.*

Great activity is reported at all the  
American Navy Yards.