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Interesting Facts in General Lee's History.

The Atlanta (Ga.) Index brings us a report of an address delivered recently in Georgia by General Pendleton, who was Chief of Artillery under General Lee, and since the conclusion of the war his pastor and intimate friend. We give some extracts:

WHY HE DID NOT EARLIER WITHDRAW FROM PETERSBURG

has been asked? To my knowledge he was perfectly aware, long before April, 1865, of the necessity for such withdrawal, and had fully resolved upon it. Several months before he privately expressed this to myself, as I believe he did to others in responsible positions. At any rate, I received from him secret instructions to send to a designated point far in the rear all surplus ammunition, and to make arrangements with the artillery as to the most difficult of sudden movement, for marching at one hour's notice. His plan being rapidly to move back, if possible, a position with the Southern Confederate army, that by quick and decisive action, one or the other of the Federals might be struck with effect. With this plan, however, there was interference, which General Lee deemed it less evil to yield than to disregard. Its nature may be inferred from a significant remark made by him to myself alone, the night of the 1st of April, 1865. Contemplating the thinness of his own line, its vast extent, and the feebleness of his entire force, he said, "General, if our cause fails, its epitaph may be written. Died of Congress and the Newspapers." The next morning that thin line was broken by the numerous masses that at length advanced upon us, and we had to withdraw.

THE MASTERLY RETREAT

tion began. It has been asked why even then so great a captain could not succeed in fleeing his much less skillful adversary? The reply is found in the utterly reduced state of his army, and of all Southern military supplies, with the superadded difficulties of inclement weather and deep roads.

Amelia Court House, on the Richmond and Danville Railroad, was duly reached; but supplies that had been called for, and were expected there, were not forthcoming, while a large number of persons from Richmond, only a few of whom, however, were reliable soldiers, were added to the crowd we had to provide for and protect.

For want of animals and forage a large amount of wagons, ammunition, &c., had to be destroyed, and the best dispositions possible were made for continuing with the remainder our retreat. Detachments of the enemy were by this time getting close. They had to be kept off with a portion of our force, while the main body and trains moved on. Thus by day, fighting had to be maintained all along, and marching, chiefly by night.

It will be readily understood under what immense disadvantages this was, at every step, accomplished, when the vast resources of the Federal commander are considered, the multitude of his troops, and the prodigious host of cavalry, comparatively fresh, at his disposal. That Gen. Lee succeeded as he did in so far from him, and in a considerable degree rendering such disaster as that to his rear divisions at Sailor's Creek, between Amelia Springs and Farmville, is one of the most signal evidences of his matchless power as a commander.

WHY GEN. LEE'S HEART WAS IN THE SOUTHERN CAUSE.

Has been called in question by some interested in maligning that cause. Let me mention an incident which speaks for itself.

Having reached Farmville, in Prince Edward county, on the morning of Friday, April 7th, our little army, crossed the Appomattox again, gaining the Northern bank, and destroying the bridges. Battle order was then formed and the enemy approaching greeted with cannon in position. One bridge below, however, had not been destroyed, and a corps of the Federal army pressed upon us from that direction. Giving my personal attention to the defence there, I met your own gallant fellow-citizen, General John B. Gordon, conducting the fight, as was his wont, with dash and vigor. A few words were exchanged. He informed me of a conference held some hours between himself, General Richard Anderson and others, in which it was determined that myself, as one intimately associated with the commander-in-chief, should be requested to see him, if in accordance with my views, and express to him our sense of the despatch of the situation

—and of the moral impropriety of continuing a struggle now clearly hopeless—every man killed under such circumstances being, as we thought, rather murdered than martyred. My impression being in the main of the same general cast, I agreed to see General Longstreet first, and next in command to General Lee. This accordingly was done. General Longstreet met the suggestion at first with his accustomed imperious resolution, objecting to any thought of discontinuing the contest, and adding that he believed his corps, or what remained of it, could "still whip," as he expressed it, "three times the number of Yankees." Admiring his spirit, I readily acquiesced, but suggested the inquiry whether they could withstand thirty times their number as they would have to do? He, in the sequel, fully agreed that General Lee ought to be communicated with, and I begged him to go in person and express his own sense of the situation, if for no other reason, to relieve the noble heart of the commander of the sense of isolation in his mighty responsibility. The veteran Lieutenant General, however, excused himself on the score of his being slow of speech, and requested me to represent him, with the rest, in submitting the statement of all this to General Lee. I gladly made this statement to the honor of General Longstreet, though differing with that officer, as to his recent course, wide as the poles.

General Lee was lying on the ground. No other heard the conversation between him and myself. He received my communication, with the reply, "Gracious heavens, I trust it has not come to that!" And added, "General, we have yet too many bold men to think of laying down our arms. The enemy do not fight with spirit like our boys still do. Besides, if I were to say a word to the Federal commander, he would regard it as such a confession of weakness, as to make it the occasion of demanding unconditional surrender, a proposal to which I will never listen. I have resolved to die first, and that if it comes, that we shall force through, or all fall in our places." I tell you, friends, General Lee was the boldest man in all that heroic band. The General went on, "General, this is no new question with me. I have never believed I could against the gigantic combination for our subjugation, make good, in the long run, our independence, unless foreign powers should directly or indirectly assist us. This I was sure it was their interest and duty to do, and I hoped they would regard it. But such considerations really made with me no difference. We had, I was satisfied, secured principles to maintain and rights to defend, for which we were in duty bound to do our best, even if we perished in the endeavor!" These were, as nearly as I can recall them, the exact words of General Lee, on that most critical occasion. You see in them the soul of the man; what his conscience dictated and his judgment decided, where his heart was.

THE SURRENDER.

Another illustrative incident, showing the man, occurred a few hours before the surrender. Engaged under his instructions the evening before, a mile or two beyond Appomattox C. H., in extricating an artillery command, of which one of my associates had charge and there exposed to capture, I was recalled by message from himself. It was I. A. M., Sunday, 9th April, before, through the darkness and danger, I succeeded in finding the General. His greeting, "good morning, General," and his fresh neatness of dress, as for some imposing ceremony, surprised me. General Longstreet was with him. After a few words as to the condition of things in front, where I had been, I expressed my surprise both as to the advanced of the night and at his full dress, and ventured to ask what it meant? His reply was, "I am to be General Grant's prisoner, and intend to make my best appearance."

Still it was not definitely settled. There was uncertainty whether his terms in response to General Grant's initial overture would be accepted, and if not, there was yet solemn work to be done.

The General, therefore, kindly urged me to get some rest, and at the dawn "to be governed by circumstances." Those circumstances at daylight were, active fighting along all our line. At no time during the war did the boys in "gray" more gallantly acquit themselves and with more of dashing alacrity than on that memorable morning driving the enemy before them at all points and actually capturing their artillery at the very last moment. Just before General Custard, of the Federal army, passed myself, near one of our batteries, under conduct of a staff officer of General Lee, with flag of truce, guns captured from the enemy were borne by me to the rear in triumph. Immediately, however, the order came to "cease firing." Honorable terms were conceded, and General Lee resolved to close the contest on the principles announced in his inimitable farewell address.

Monday, April the 10th, was devoted to settlement of details, and on Tuesday, 11th, the handful remaining of that gallant, victorious army, about 7,000 infantry and scarcely 10,000 of all arms, wasted by want under the aching system, and by the dropping off of men, hopeless, in night marches, suddenly yielded to, perhaps, twenty times their number, equipped with all the appliances of modern warfare—a spectacle of heroic constancy to principle, that conveys a lesson on Christendom will not soon forget.

Sadly friend bade with friend farewell; great tears coursing down cheeks far and near. And when their hand grasped in adieu that of my illustrious friend, grief choked utterance on my part, his own calm, deep eyes were full of overflowing, and his wonted melodious tones refused expression. Thus we parted, each to seek home as he had, and the great Southern Captain, if not "the foremost man of all this world," assuredly among the foremost of the species, went well high attended to the residence of his family in Richmond.

OF THE SECOND PART OF THE LECTURE WE GIVE A TOLERABLY FULL SYNOPSIS FROM THE SURRENDER TILL HIS ARRIVAL IN LEXINGTON.

The lecturer described the return of the great commander to his home in Richmond. Of the terrible changes which he found there upon his arrival. Of the smoking ruins on every street; of the presence of the enemy's soldiery and of the bitter humiliation of the once proud capital of a profligate State. Gen. Lee soon found that Richmond then was no home for him, and accepted the hospitality of a noble Virginia matron, who invited him and his family to live with her in her residence, situated on the waters of the upper James river. The lecturer then gave a brief and interesting description of the little town of Lexington, situated in the celebrated country known as the Valley of Virginia. He spoke of its beautiful situation in the centre of plains, as level as a carpet, as green as an emerald, and as fertile as the valley of the Egyptian Nile, called in ancient times by the poem-speak peak of the Alleghenies on the other by the azure crosses of the Blue Ridge. He told of its first inhabitants—the sturdy, industrious, faithful, liberty-loving Scotch-Irish—and stout blues for independence which they struck in the war of revolution. Of the seats of learning there—Washington College and the Virginia Military Institute—and the patriotism of the students and professors in each, who rushed to arms at the first tap of the drum, and nobly met the sacred soil of Virginia with the blood of gray-haired men and striplings of sixteen and seventeen. He told that soon after the evacuation of Washington, College was reorganized and a new step taken to rescue Lee from the upper James to Lexington to accept the Presidency of the Institution. When a formal proposal was made for him to consider the proposition before returning an answer. One evening several days afterwards, a solitary traveller, mounted on an non-gaily steed, rode across the mountains, and drew the little red jacket before night at the door of an inn in a little village just beyond the mountains. A few minutes afterwards an ex-Confederate soldier recognized "Marse Robert," and the news spread that Lee had arrived. The population of the village turned out en masse, surrounded the inn, and begged the privilege of touching the old hero's palm. The next morning he mounted his horse, rode quietly into Lexington, and up to the door of the college and dismounting announced that he had come to accept the position which he had been tendered. As soon as it was known that Lee was at the head of the college large numbers of students came to him from Stat. S. South of the Potomac, and in a short time there were in attendance more than three hundred and fifty young men, the flower of the Southern country who had come there to be moulded and trained in the school of Lee. The lecturer then gave an account of the

DAILY LIFE OF LEE.

Which we report in full, giving as it does, a clearer insight to the character of this great man than would volumes of history. General Lee, like most great men, was an early riser, always, winter or summer, leaving his bed before sunrise. His toilet was soon completed, for although a man remarkable for the neatness of his attire, he was also equally remarkable for its simplicity. After the completion of his toilet, a Christian duty—and one which he never neglected—was performed, that of praying to Heaven for guidance and assistance during the day. Descending to the sitting room the bell was rung which summoned the members of his household to family prayers, which the General always conducted himself. Breakfast then followed—a light and frugal meal, for the General was never a large eater. Breakfast over, he repaired to the college chapel—where he insisted upon having built as soon as he was elected President—where all the students assembled for prayers, which were conducted by the college chaplain. He then went to his office, and devoted the remainder of the morning to his business—conducting the correspondence of, and exercising a general supervision over the affairs of the college. When the hour for dinner arrived, he returned to his home. This meal was seldom eaten alone by Lee and his family, for he was the most hospitable of gentlemen, and the most genial of hosts, and any extra guests who came to Lexington, or a ranger who arrived with letters of introduction, was a sure invitation to a seat at his board. After dinner, his old and highly prized battle charger, and a gentler steed, bearing a lady's saddle, were brought to the door, and the General, accompanied by one or the other of his daughters, would start out for their evening ride. The General was fond of horse-back riding, and those acquainted with his habits while in the army, will readily imagine that but short time elapsed after his arrival in Lexington before he became perfectly familiar with every road and bridle path in the vicinity of the town. Nor was he more familiar with the roads and bye-paths than he was with the people who lived upon them. The farmers, the laborers in the field, and the little children on their way to school, soon knew and loved the good General and were his acquaintances and his friends. After tea, the scene in Gen. Lee's sitting room was well worth witnessing. Around the table were gathered the General and his family. The General, always fond of reading, was engaged with books and papers. Mrs. Lee, whom General Pendleton describes as the noblest of women and a fit wife for such a husband, was reading or painting. (Mrs. Lee has been a cripple from rheumatism for eight years and had to be wheeled about in a chair.) Seated near where were his daughters—the Misses Lee—generally engaged in needle work. When reading and work grew tiresome, they were put aside and conversation ensued until bedtime. When that hour arrived evening prayers were held; then he retired to rest.

LEE AND THAD STEPHENS.

Though a man who was very loath to give his views to the public, General Lee was a man who entertained strong and decided convictions upon political affairs. In private he would often speak of the Radicals in Congress, and their short-sighted policy toward the South, and say "poor men; they little know what mischief they are doing." Not long after his arrival in Lexington, he was summoned, greatly against his wishes, to appear before the Reconstruction Committee in Washington. On the morning after his arrival in the capital he went to the room of the committee, and took his seat before any of the members arrived. Shortly afterwards several members of the committee, whom General Lee recognized as gentlemen, entered the room successively and he entered into conversation with them. At last the door opened and looking up General Lee saw a dignified, morose and ill-natured countenance in the doorway—the physiognomy of Hon. Thaddeus Stevens. Walking up to where Lee was standing, Stevens extended his hand, but the General could not get his consent to recognize such a man, and proudly folding his arms turned his back upon the discomfited leader of the "God and morality party."

LEE'S LAST ILLNESS AND DEATH.

On the fatal evening, in the latter part of last September, General Pendleton, the pastor, called a meeting of the vestrymen of his church, of whom General Lee was one. The meeting lasted for several hours, and when it adjourned it was after dark. It was a very inclement night and when the vestrymen were dispersing one of them remarked to Lee, "We are sorry, General, to have kept you here so late on a bad evening. To which the General replied, "Oh! never mind me. I have but a few

steps to go and am enjoying very good health." He paid a canvassing the short distance which separated his residence from the chapel, he went to his house. His family, who were sitting around the tea-table awaiting his arrival, he left in the hall, and hat. Entering the dining room, without speaking, he advanced to the foot of the table and laid his hands, as if asking a blessing, when the attack came on. A cot was at once brought from the next room, on which he was placed and medical assistance summoned. After that fight he seemed to get better every day, and though he could not speak, the physicians thought that he would soon recover. He recognized any relative or friend who entered the room, and when his wife was wheeled in her chair to his cot side, would extend his arm and clasp her hands in his. And when his daughters passed near he would stretch forth his arm and draw them lovingly to his side. For several days this state of affairs continued, when one night—the night on which he died—a sudden change for the worse occurred and the physicians declared that General Lee had but a short time to live. And then one of the most affecting and heart-rending scenes occurred which has ever been witnessed. The dying soldier and Christian lay awaiting the approach of that grim and ghastly shade, the "King of Terrors," yet whose swift foot steps and remorseless eye had no terrors for him who trusted in the love and mercy of One, the master of Death. In her chair by his cot, and still clasping the hand that was so loyal and so true, was seated his grief-stricken wife. In an agony of sorrow his daughters knelt at his bed side with their young faces resting upon the bosom of their dying father. At the foot of the cot stood his son, Gen. Custis Lee, with his head bowed in woe and the hot tears coursing down his cheeks. A little apart stood his faithful friend and pastor, General Pendleton, his hand raised in prayer and his own voice choked with emotion, and his own eyes dim with tears. And thus, while wife and daughters, and son, and pastor, and friend, prayed for their agonized father to God, the eyes of the hero closed in eternal sleep, his great heart ceased to beat, and his soul winged its swift flight from earth to heaven.

THE DAY AFTER HIS DEATH A CONFEDERATE SOLDIER WHO HAD SERVED UNDER HIM, A GUILTY, BUT A WICKED MAN, BEGGED TO BE ALLOWED TO SEE HIS OLD COMMANDER.

He was taken into the room where the body lay and where one of Lee's daughters was watching by the side of the dead. The lady withdrew, and the rugged soldier gazed upon the cold features of the dead chieftain until, at last, overcome with emotion, he pressed his lips upon the marble breast of his General and exclaimed, "Would to God that I could live like Lee, and would to God that I could die like Lee!"

ANOTHER TERRIBLE WARNING.

A melancholy accident occurred at Tronon, N. J., last week, proving again how dangerous it is for youths to meddle with firearms. The victim was Henry L. Wright, a fine lad only eleven years old. It appears that he went with his father by named Ward to take Ward's father's dinner to the St. Vrain rubber works. The boys, after they had finished their errand, got possession of a gun of keys and straggled into a cloth room, where there was a gun belonging to a private wretches. The boy Wright snatched the gun twice, and as there was no cap on the nipple, he felt certain it was not loaded. He placed the gun against his cheek, saying that he would see if it would go off that way. He touched the trigger, and strange to say, the charge went off, blowing off his right cheek and tearing away the upper jaw, the charge lodging in his brain. Death was instantaneous. There were only the two boys in the room when the accident occurred. Deceased was a pleasant little fellow, and the accident has cast a gloom over the community.

GIRLS.—There are two kinds of girls.

One is the kind that appears best abroad—the girls that are good for all sorts of visits, balls, etc., and who chief delight is in such things. The other is the kind that appears best at home—the girls that are as full and cheerful in the dining-room, sick-room, and all the precincts of home. They differ widely in character. One is of an earnest abiding home—the other a transient abiding home—the other is a rumbance, in-piriting light and gladness all around her. The right kind of education will modify both, and unite the good qualities of both.

Helen, daughter of Dr. Chalmers, lives in a low house in one of the lowest quarters of Edinburgh, spending her life in endeavoring to help her miserable neighbors to improve their condition, giving special attention to drunkards and their families. The vilest of the vile with whom she comes into contact, treat her always with the greatest respect.

Useful Information for Merchants and Other Business Men.

The following comes from a respectable house in Suffolk county: AMANSSETT, Suffolk Co., N. Y. To the Editor of the Journal.

GENTLEMEN: Can you tell us how long a man may hold a check after receiving it and hold the parties responsible for the amount it calls for, if the bank becomes insolvent before it is presented, when there is no excuse but negligence for not getting his money for it? If you can give us an answer it will interest a number of the readers of the Journal in this vicinity. The Suffolk County Bank of Sag Harbor has become insolvent, and there seems to be different opinions as regards checks.

Yours truly, F. & E.

Answer.—The English common law on this subject has been defined very explicitly by many authoritative decisions. Lord Ellenborough says that a man is not obliged to neglect all other business that he may present a check immediately; but he can only claim a reasonable time. The highest English authority is thus summed up: "If a check be not presented within a reasonable time, the party on whom it is drawn will be justified in refusing to pay it; and the holder will lose his recourse upon the drawer." Exactly what is "reasonable time" must depend on the circumstances. In England, if checks are drawn upon a bank in the same place where they are issued, they must be presented "either that day or next day at furthest" to bring the holders certainly within the privilege. If the time extends beyond this, the prosecution there must furnish some evidence of having used the diligence, and prove that the default was not through his carelessness or neglect. In this country, legal decisions have established the principle that if the holder does not present the check as soon as the next day after he received it, the delay is at his own risk, unless he can exculpate himself of negligence by further proof. He may delay and still hold the drawer responsible unless the bank breaks and the drawer loses his funds. In that case, the loss being attributable to the holder's negligence falls upon himself, and he has no recourse upon the drawer. There is no doubt on this point, as the courts have settled it beyond dispute.

SOUTH AFRICAN QUARTZ.—The New York Tribune says: It is rather melancholy to read that the South African "diamonds," after due scientific examination, turn out to be "lumps of translucent quartz."

The best London lapidaries will have nothing to do with these worthless crystals. The mistake which it is averred has been made is not an uncommon one, and very large stones are always of doubtful value. We have seen it stated that the great Bazzillan diamond, once the pride of the Imperial collection, is a quartz crystal, and that it is now kept out of sight and not exhibited with the other crown jewels. We give the statement in regard to the South African "diamonds" as we find it, without vouching for its correctness. Letters from that region continue to assert the discovery of stones of enormous value, two of them, it is asserted, realizing \$500,000, while three others, it is declared, made \$750,000 in a week or two. But we caution to those tales with extreme distrust. The real jewels of diamonds are in London and the Dutch cities and it is easy for one who is not an expert to mistake a worthless crystal for a gem of purest ray serene.

A LIVE PRINCE COMING.—Alexis Alexandrovich, a real live Prince Imperial of Russia, third son of the Czar, will come to this country next spring. He is 21 years of age (born January 14, 1850), and has the rank of captain of the fleet and will do camp to the Emperor. He will be accompanied by Admiral Posietto, who superintends his studies. Prince Alexis has already been on a tour through Europe and Asia, and will travel through the United States.

A gentleman was pondering what to give a young lady friend as a Christmas present, and decided that it should be a ring. "Now, my dear friend, what kind of a ring would you like? It is so very puzzling, there are so many sorts." "Well, Mr. Smith, you know, don't like to make a choice in these matters—little delicate things, you understand; but really, if you insist upon it, why I should like an engagement ring dearly!" was the innocent reply.

The Edgefield Advertiser says: On Friday or Saturday last, in the neighborhood of Mr. Tillman Clark's, on the Charlotte, Columbia and Augusta Railroad, a negro man, whose name we have not learned, leaped from the platform of a car, struck his head against something, was run over, fearfully mangled, and died on Sunday.

The Spottwood Hotel in Richmond is to be replaced in Virginia granite.

Why Change Our Name.

The Abingdon Virginian says: With the Dunville Times we can see no good reason for "swapping horses" now, but God knows we are in favor of any name under which we can fight Radicalism most successfully. This thing of continually advocating the propriety of a change of the mere name of an organization, where there is no practical good to result from it, seems to us like ignoring the kernel and clamoring for the shell. Our principle reason for opposing the change for the time being is that all parties opposed to Radicalism can and will rally around the Conservative banner, while thousands of as good men and true as the sun ever shone upon would not brook the change, or at least give it but a lukewarm support.

It is a good motto sometimes to "let well enough alone," and this in our humble judgment, is one of the times. As we have said heretofore more than once, as far as we are concerned we don't care a straw what the name of the party may be called with which we act, so that its principles are just and patriotic and opposed to Radicalism; but there are thousands who do care, and we cannot see the propriety of driving them off or cooling their zeal. It is nothing to us what the party may be called in New York or Georgia, or any where else, so they advocate the principles we advocate and support the men we support. We are like the man who had hold of the tail of a colt in a swollen stream, and who replied, when told by a friend on the bank to let the colt go and grasp the tail of the mare, "This is no time for swapping horses!" Let us hold on to the best support we have till the danger is past.

And Accident on Mount Blanc.

A correspondent from Switzerland writes of recent fatal disaster in the vicinity of Mount Blanc: "A gentleman with his bride and lady friend, made the ascent to the Grand Mulets, which is six thousand five hundred feet above the Valley of Chamounix. The day was as fine as that when there, urged by the ladies, whom, with a guide, he left behind him, he started to make the ascent of Mount Blanc. Shortly after he left them, becoming cold, all three went out for a walk, tied together, as they always are, for greater security in the mountain excursions.

"Walking upon the ice and snow crust the guide offered his arm to the wife, who hardly accepted it when, owing either to the softening of the crust by the heat, or cracking from the weight, or the formation of a crevasse, both the guide and wife disappeared, the friends only escaping their fate by the breaking of the rope. Disappearing thus instantly in a place which did not seem dangerous, they have never been seen nor found, though eight of the guides at the risk of their lives, went into the crevasse 60 feet—in fact, made attempts until the Government forbade any more—as the lives of others were perilled for those that had been lost.

"The lady who was left screamed, and remained on the spot until the gentleman returned to find that he had lost his wife and bride in the enjoyment of full health only half an hour previously. Such are the dangers of ascending Mount Blanc, where no amount of foresight or experience can foretell the accidents which may happen at any time with loss of life to some or all of those engaged.

GOLD.—Says the New York Times: The almost uniform movement of the Gold Room, and the absence of excited speculation, either way, excite remark, and would seem to be accounted for, at least in part by the superior attraction, at present, of the Stock Exchange as the arena of speculation. Some of the old brokers in Gold no doubt feel that a percentage profit is scarcely worth looking after in the Gold Room, even on large sums when 2 1/2 per cent. a day is to be lost or won on a single hundred shares of Ohio and Mississippi Stock or Union Pacific Stock, involving an outlay of two or three thousand dollars, or 1 1/2 per cent. more or less in Lake Shore, Rock Island, or New York Central, by the employment of nine or ten thousand dollars on cash hundred shares.

A Knoxville, Tennessee, paper says: This is the way a couple of Knoxville sharpers served a greedy man from the country: He stepped into a saloon for "a little warm." A couple of "dead beats" put up a shrewd quarrel and requested him to hold their coats while they fought it out, intending on reclaiming their coats to accuse him of having "gone through" them. They walked into each other like wild cats, when they happened to observe that the coat holder was nowhere visible. There was some tall running and swearing done, but greeny has not returned to that vicinity since.

Auerbach and Spielhagen, the popular German novelists, are said to be private soldiers in the Prussian army.