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## Selected Story.

### THREE TIMES.

"Come, Helen dear, go with us to the meadows to come home with brother John—do!" and Lilly Leslie's voice grew pleading as she watched the sober face of the girl who stood in the door looking down across the cool green lawn that sloped away from the house toward the river.

"I wish school was not done. Is that what makes you so sober to-day?" questioned Amy, in a whisper, as Lilly stood looking wistfully towards the meadows. Before the young governess answered, Lilly called:

"Will you come, dear Miss Helen, and meet brother John? There he is."

Helen Arnold shook her head, and the two girls ran down to meet the tall, sturdy young man, who seemed to bring with him the scent of the hay that lay freshly out in the meadows. The beauty and brightness of the summer seemed doubled as he came up across the lawn, listening eagerly to the clear happy voice of the girls.

Helen Arnold stood in the doorway, waiting with a trembling yearning to un-say the hasty words of yesterday, but he gave her no opportunity—passing in at the side door, and seeming not to notice her.

All day, as Helen Arnold had toiled in the little school-room, she had thought of John Leslie, and wished (oh, how earnestly!) that she had waited before saying that "No," which she did not mean.

She began to feel how lonely life would be, even among the pleasant sights and sounds of the country, and that her buoyancy and brightness of spirit during the long, happy summer had not been all on account of the pleasant and healthy surroundings. She went into the house, and up to her room to hide her sad face, as she brooded over unpleasant thoughts.

One of life's golden opportunities had been afforded her, and she had cast it aside, and now it was gone forever. This was the last day of her engagement as governess, and she would soon be at home, and he would soon forget her. But perhaps he might give her a chance yet to return a different answer.

A blush mantled her pale cheek, and the blue eyes grew strangely dark and bright, as she went to the mirror to arrange the gold brown hair that fell over her neck in graceful curls. She smiled as she saw reflected the faultless picture, and with a new hope went down to join the family at the evening meal.

John sat in his accustomed seat, very quiet, as usual, but his eager eye drank in the exquisite loveliness of the young girl's face and figure as she came round to her place.

Perhaps he read in her downcast, tender eyes, the change that had come over her, but he gave her no intimation of it, and after supper, when the children romped about her and called on brother John to place a wreath of wild flowers on her head.

He showed no signs of emotion or embarrassment, but talked to her as coolly as if she too had been his sister. Helen was a little angry. Is it a wonder? for she thought he had been trifling, and that she could not bear it.

A fire blazed up in her deep blue eyes, and burned brightly on her soft cheeks. John watched her beautiful face and varying color, and gloried in his triumph; but, ah! when was glory not bought too dearly? He leaned over her and touched lightly her soft hand.

"Did you not mean yes? I know you love me. We shall be very happy."

"Impudent? Do I not know my own mind? Love you?"

Anger prompted the words, and as soon as they were uttered, she wished they were unsaid; but John Leslie could not know it; and if he had, perhaps he would not have forgotten her. His face grew very pale, and he turned away without a word.

Years passed away, and fortune favored John Leslie. He became a successful merchant, and there was a mark for matrimonial speculation; but still he troubled not his head about marriage. At last the pleasant, insinuating mamma, who talked to him so sweetly and affectionately about the dear girls, who were their greatest treasures, got to saying unkind things about the "cross old bachelor" behind his back.

Of what use was it, to be sure, to always behave so prettily to such a reserved old fellow? He seemed to care nothing at all for ladies?

Lilly thought surely at her wedding with Dr. Maynard, brother John would come out of his retirement, and make some of the marriageable ladies of her acquaintance happy thereby, and he did; but it was a short-lived happiness, for it was a long time before he again left his business.

The truth was—but the young ladies did not seem to know it—if John Leslie had wanted to marry any of them, or all of them together, he would have asked them. Being well satisfied to let things take their course, he did not trouble himself much outside of his business, but plodded steadily onward.

Now, when he went out to Dr. Maynard's, he had the little Lillian to caress and talk to, as well as her proud and happy mamma, and he went off often than before the baby came. One day, while baby sat on her uncle's knee, Mrs. Maynard said:

"My old friend Helen Arnold is coming to stay awhile with us, John, and I want you to run out as often as you can, for she is so quiet and reserved that I wish you to stir her up a little. You need not be afraid of her talking too much. She never does that."

John tossed the baby, and baby's mother was so much pleased to see the little one's delight, that she forgot her brother did not reply. However, it was several weeks before he ventured to Dr. Maynard's again. Then it was only after an urgent

entreaty from Lillian. "We are so lonely," she wrote. "The doctor is away; and though Helen is the best friend in the world, and baby loves me so dearly, I want you to come out. I miss my dear old brother John. Do come by the next train. I will send to meet you."

Helen Arnold sat at the piano singing softly and touching the keys lightly; and Lillian played with the baby, and laughed at her cunning ways one minute—the next looked out of the window, and fretted at John's delay.

"Dear me! I don't see why he doesn't come!" and she went to the window for the fiftieth time, and had almost begun to imagine that something had happened, when she suddenly whirled around with a cry of delight.

"I was looking at a beautiful picture," said John, in the doorway; and as she sprang forward, he caught her in his arms and gave a return for the caresses she showered upon him. Before she had time to think of Helen, baby set up a cry of delight, too, of course. She was such a knowing child; and her frightened mamma took her up to the nursery. After she was quieted and petted a little, she was left with Susan, and Lillian ran down to the drawing-room to see "dear John," wondering all the while if he would be polite to Helen.

"Good gracious!" This was all she said, as she opened the door aghast. What do you suppose she saw? There was John, brown, handsome John, sitting on the sofa, smiling and apparently very happy; and Helen Arnold, with a crimson face, sat quietly in the shelter of his arms.

"Come in Lillian, darling. I want to tell you about it. I have proposed," said John. "Proposed!"

"Yes," said John. "This is the third time."

Lillian laughed, and as she came up to her brother, he drew her down beside them. Then he told her all about it, and added:

"This time she has not said no; and we will have a happy home, too, will we not, dear Helen?" And he turned his beaming face from his sister to look at the lovely one upon his shoulder, growing thinner and paler than when he saw her last, but now most sweet and womanly, as he drew the encircling arm closer about her.

He did not seem to think that there was any danger of a "No," nor did she, judging by the confiding look she gave him, at the same time, saying, softly:

"I always thought you would ask me again, and so I waited."

John's face was but the reflection of the happiness within, as he answered:

"It seems a very foolish thing to do, but yet I am not sorry I proposed three times."

Lillian laughed and ran up stairs to the baby.

**FORGOTTEN.**—Generation after generation have felt as we feel, and their feelings were as active in life as ours are now. They passed away as a vapor, while the nature wore the same aspect of beauty as when our Creator demanded her to be.

And so likewise shall it be when we are gone. The heavens will be as bright over our graves as they are now around our path; the world will have the same funeral wind on its way, and the atmosphere for offspring that she has now for our children, and that she has now for our children.

A little while and this will have happened. The throbbing heart will be stilled and we shall be at rest. Our prayers will be said, and the grave cloths will be thrown in, and our friends will all return, and we shall be left behind to darkness and the worm. And it may be for some short time we shall be spoken of; but the things of life will creep in, and our names will soon be forgotten.

Days will continue to move on, and laughter will be heard in the very chamber in which we died, and the eye will glisten again with joy, and even our children will cease to think of us, and will not remember to list our name. Then shall we have become, in the language of the Psalmist, "forgotten and clean out of mind."

**AN AWFUL STORY.**—There was an awful little girl who had an awful way of saying "awful" to everything. She lived in an awful house, in an awful street, in an awful village, which was an awful distance from every other awful place. She went to an awful school, where she had an awful teacher, who gave her awful lessons out of awful books. Every day she was so awful hungry that she ate an awful amount of food, so that she looked awful healthy. Her hat was awful small and her feet were awful large. She went to an awful church, and her minister was an awful preacher. When she took an awful walk she climbed awful hills, and when she got awful tired she sat down under an awful tree to rest herself. In summer she found the weather so awful hot, and in winter awful cold. When it didn't rain, there was an awful drought, and when the awful drought was over, there was an awful rain. So that this awful girl was all the time in an awful state, and if she don't get over saying "awful" about everything, I am afraid she will, by and by, come to an awful end.—*Methodist.*

A chaplain in Arkansas says that a man buying furs was conversing with a woman, at whose house he called, and asked if there were any Presbyterians around there. She hesitated a moment, and said she guessed not, "her husband hadn't killed any since they lived there."

It takes three hundred and twenty rods to make a mile, but the devil and two other radicals are enough to make one Union league.

Butler says, "he never takes things back." This is discouraging to the people before New Orleans who lost spoons.

## Politics and News.

From the Cincinnati Railroad Record.

### The Great Southern Road and its Route.

Those, who like ourselves, have felt a deep and tireless interest in the possible future of a GREAT SOUTHERN ROAD—for the benefit of, and created by the imperious need of Cincinnati, rejoices greatly that one step, and a great one, has been taken towards that object. The "Ferguson Bill," (as it is called,) has been passed by the Legislature of Ohio, and is supported by the highest legal talent to be entirely Constitutional. This act gives power to the City of Cincinnati to borrow ten millions of dollars, and make the road. The Constitution forbids cities to hold stock in a railroad and to aid Railroad Companies. But in this case, the city will make the road, and it is believed, there is inherent power in the city to do this. The steps to be taken, as we read the law, are: 1. To fix the termini of the road, one of which must be Cincinnati; 2. To have a vote of the people, authorizing the construction of the road; 3. The appointment, by the Superior Court of five Trustees, who are to have charge of the funds and the work; 4. The actual construction of the road.

In our opinion, each of these steps should be taken as speedily as possible. For in spite of anything, there will be great delay in completing the work. Some discussion must be had on the route, and three weeks' notice of a vote must be given. It will be six weeks before the full authority of the city will be given. After that several weeks must elapse in surveying the route, which ought to be done in the most careful manner; and then the funds must be raised, probably in Europe. Thus, much time will be consumed. Besides all this, the public mind is now ready for action; and by reason of this, a tide which taken at the flood leads on to fortune; but, if not taken at the flood may lead to a very different place. In every aspect of the case, we had best urge the matter on.

The first step taken is to select the termini. Cincinnati is one. The selection of the other is in fact, the selection of the whole route, and on this we make a few remarks. What is the object of the Southern Road? It is not to make a South-western road, nor a South-eastern road. The former we have by the direct road to Louisville, connecting with Nashville and Memphis; the latter we shall have by the Chesapeake and Ohio Road, now making. The object in view, therefore, is not to attain what we can attain by other roads; but it is to make a direct SOUTHERN TRUNK LINE, which will give us not only the trade of East Tennessee, but of North and South Carolina, and Georgia; and with the exception of the western portion of Georgia, we can have the whole trade of that region with the West. Now, where should this Trunk line go to secure this great prize? That is the great question; and it seems to us not very difficult to settle; and let us examine it step by step:

1. When the Southern Road was first planned in 1834, and was proceeded with in the following two years, till the great convention of 1836, it was intended to go to Knoxville, thence to be connected with the main line in South Carolina, to go through the Rabun Gap in Georgia, the route now called the "Blue Ridge Railroad" route, and which South Carolina is now engaged upon with great earnestness. Knoxville was then the only objective point with Cincinnati. Now, let us examine where the Blue Ridge Railroad will go? The Blue Ridge goes to the north-western corner of South Carolina, and there enters the north-east corner of Georgia (Rabun county,) and then passes the Rabun Gap into the Valley of the Little Tennessee, towards Kingston, about 40 miles below Knoxville. Now, let us mark this point. But, in the meantime observe, that if the Trunk Line Road were to strike, say Kingston, on some point making a connection with the Blue Ridge Road, that would be a direct line to the South, and would strike two great seaports, Charleston and Savannah; for, let it be remembered, that Savannah is making what is called the Savannah Valley Route, which goes up on the East side of the Savannah River, till it joins the Blue Ridge Railroad in the extreme north-eastern corner of South Carolina. Thus, a main Trunk Line, which would strike the Blue Ridge Road near Kingston, would secure a direct Southern road to both Charleston and Savannah. We should kill two birds with one stone, which is certainly desirable.

2. Now, let us look at the system of North Carolina roads. North Carolina has been many years building up a system of railroads, whose western central point is Asheville. Thence, the plan has been for more than thirty years to go down the Valley of the French Broad to Knoxville, and that would be easily done. Knoxville is forty miles above Kingston. An interval then of only forty miles from the junction of the Blue Ridge Road, its main trunk would have a connection with the whole system of North Carolina Roads; and that system spreads out through the whole of North Carolina, and reaches Wilmington at one point, Fayetteville at another, and Beaufort at another. In fine, a railroad from Cincinnati to Knoxville, would reach the whole sea coast from Norfolk to Charleston. In our opinion this will be the most important connection made by the whole Southern Road, and therefore ought not to be endangered by carrying the point of junction too far West.

3. We must now turn to the Alabama connection. From Selma almost north, a railroad is made 130 miles, whose northern point will ultimately be Chattanooga.

This road would connect Chattanooga, and also Knoxville, with the whole of Alabama. Hence it is urged, that the main trunk line should be made to Chattanooga. But it will be seen by consulting the map, that this will be fully 50 miles farther than there is any need whatever of doing; and that will cost at least a million and a half of dollars; a thing that should not be thought of, when it is wholly unnecessary; for, observe, that there is a good railroad from Chattanooga to Knoxville; touching all the points to which the main trunk can be carried. Hence, it is unnecessary and impolitic to carry the road farther South, or West, than a point at which direct communication can be made with the Blue Ridge Railroad. After a review of the whole ground with the map before us, we conclude that, the original plan of a DIRECT TRUNK LINE to Knoxville, or at farthest west, to near Kingston, connecting with the Blue Ridge Railroad, is the true and best plan for Cincinnati. The real object is to make a direct Southern Trunk Line, which should connect at the most central point with the North Carolina system of railroads, with the Savannah Valley Railroad now making; and with the Selma, and Mobile Road. All this can be done by a trunk line carried either to Knoxville, or so some other point within 40 miles of it. To do this will require,—1. The purchase of the Kentucky Central, and—2. The making of 160 miles of new road, at a cost of \$40,000 per mile—\$6,400,000. The total amount of money required will be nearly, if not quite the \$10,000,000, which the law authorizes the city to raise. The work can be done, and every mile of it finished within two years. Suppose it done, what will it do? In our opinion the benefit to Cincinnati is almost incalculable. It gives her the trade of an immense country, in which she can have no rival, so far as the exchange is for Western products. Now, that whole trade nearly goes to other cities, at double the distance. By this trade, Western products will be laid down in the Southern Atlantic, much cheaper than can be now. So way say,—HURRAH! FOR THE SOUTHERN RAILROAD! Uge it on! Make it quick, and wait not for another generation to do what is inevitable.

**National Convention.**  
The Savannah Republican, after showing the absurdity of the proposition to establish an imperial government as a remedy for existing and prospective evils, suggests the assemblage of a national convention, composed of delegates from all the States, for the purpose of revising the Constitution of the United States, and so clearly establishing the metes and bounds of the several departments of Government, that there may not be any excuse for conflict or any room for contention hereafter.

To give a fair statement of the proposition, we extract the following from the article referred to:

"But" (says the Republican,) "there are still further steps in the work of reformation, and which must be taken in order to place the government on a permanent basis and make it in fact the guardian of the rights of the States and people, as well as the effective executive of its own legislative powers. It will not do to simply turn out the radicals and set up the Constitution as our rule of government. Experience has proved that that instrument—with all its faults the greatest monument of political wisdom the world ever saw, in view of the circumstances attending its origin—is inadequate to afford the requisite protection against ambitious and designing men, to determine the exact relations of the States to the Federal Government, and of the several departments of the latter toward each other. It is also defective in that it does not provide a finality to political disputes, especially on the subject of delegated and reserved powers. There should be a peaceable end to controversies, and some definite mode for bringing it about. Our history thus far has been but a series of party contentions, not so much upon questions of national policy as upon points of constitutional interpretation. We have had a written Constitution—drawn up in the plainest of English—and yet the country has never been able to determine satisfactorily what it means in its most vital provisions. There can never be either peace or permanency under these antagonistic constructions of the fundamental law, and the country should unite to establish a common arbiter, and all agree to abide by its awards, leaving the final, inalienable, natural right of revolution the only recognized mode of resisting the same.

"It is therefore desirable, after a complete restoration of the Union shall have been effected—all the stars restored to the constellation—that a convention to be composed of delegates from all the States, equitably apportioned, be held at the earliest day practicable, for the purpose of revising the Constitution by the lights of experience, and accommodating it to the condition and wants of the country. In that way alone, can these disputed questions be brought to a satisfactory solution. War settles no principle. Might cannot make right. The only effect of such agencies is to set up the award of force, the effect to last only with the cause. Consent is the only final, effective stoppage to all controversy and cavil. Nominate it in the bond, select a common board of arbiters, pledge ourselves to abide their decisions, and all will be well. And in making provision for such a tribunal, we would remedy the cowardly abdication of power by the Supreme Court by giving it jurisdiction over all questions, without exception, arising under the Constitution, and upon which the representatives of the people in Congress cannot agree to the satisfaction of their respective constituents.

"It is a notorious fact that since the organization of the government until the secession of the Southern States, when the fundamental law practically ceased to exist, by far the greater portion of the time of the national legislature has been consumed in discussions of disputed questions of power under the Constitution, and not one has ever yet been finally settled. Take away this fruitful source of wrangling that has occupied the talents and consumed so much of the time of the country, and almost the entire attention of our legislators can be directed to great questions of national policy which most intimately concern our material and intellectual progress as a people. So entirely have the minds of Congressmen been diverted from these questions involving so much that is truly great and valuable in statesmanship, that so intelligent citizen who has visited their halls within the last fifteen years, can have failed to be mortified by the disgraceful displays of ignorance on almost every question of practical policy. Money-making and the "nigger" have been their sole studies for a generation past, and, as a general rule, they are as ignorant of politics as the Hottentots are of our revealed religion.

"We shall recur to this subject at a future day, and in the meantime would express the hope that the press of the country will turn their attention to the points suggested, and do what they can to inspire the public with the importance and pressing necessity of a change."

**SOUND DOCTRINE.**—The Providence (R. I.) Journal, a conservative Republican paper, at the conclusion of a well-reasoned article in opposition to further amendments of the Constitution on the subject of negro suffrage, expresses the following wise opinions:

"It is never too wise to engrave mere abstractions upon the Constitution nor is it wise to change it at all unless for some great benefit to be secured. The frequency with which changes have been recently proposed has been mischievous in its effect. The people, not without reason, have become alarmed at the prevailing readiness to alter the fundamental law of the land. They see that by these frequent changes which are proposed for temporary ends the Constitution itself is gradually wear-

**Important Decision of Chief Justice Chase.**  
In the United States Court, at Richmond, on the 10th instant, Chief Justice Chase delivered an opinion on an appeal from Judge Underwood's decision in the District Court declaring null the sentence of Judge Sheffy of the State Court, on the ground of Sheffy's ineligibility under the Fourteenth Amendment. The case was that of Caesar Griffin, negro, sentenced to the penitentiary for shooting a man.

The Chief Justice read the opinion of the Court, holding that a State Government in Virginia had been recognized all during the war by Congress—first at Wheeling and then at Alexandria. The action of that Government in dividing the State had been recognized by the Federal Government, and Senators and Representatives elected by that Government had been allowed seats in Congress. It was under this Government that Sheffy had been appointed, and he was, therefore, a legal Judge, as far as State government was concerned. The question now came up whether, being ineligible, he was absolutely removed by the operations of the Fourteenth Amendment.

The United States District Judge has decided that he was; but upon the examination of questions of this sort great attention is properly paid to the argument of inconvenience, and a construction which must necessarily occasion great public and private mischief must never be preferred to a construction which will occasion neither in so great a degree, unless the terms of the instrument absolutely require such preference. The opinion here shows the anarchy which would be produced in a State by declaring past legal proceedings void. It then considers the character and intent of the third section of the Fourteenth Amendment, which are declared to be punitive. It is clearly against the provisions of the Constitution, which deny to the legislative authority the power to deprive any person of life, liberty or property, without due process of law, or to pass *ex post facto* laws, and these, if there were no other grounds, are reasons for seeking another interpretation of the amendment than that asked by the prisoner's counsel. The Fourteenth Amendment is not self-enforcing, and needs farther legislation of Congress to enforce it; and two months after the judgment now being revised was delivered, Congress passed a joint resolution providing for the removal of all ineligible officers, showing that persons then holding office were held to be *de facto* officers, and also providing the means for their removal by the military. The Court said the Supreme Court had unanimously concurred in the opinion that a prisoner sentenced by a Judge *de facto*, though not a *Jure de jure*, could not be reached by *Habeas Corpus*.

The decision of the District Court is reversed, and Caesar Griffin remanded to the State authorities.

An editor never leaves any money at home for fear of fire, and never carries any with him for fear of robbers, nor deposits it in any bank for fear of speculating officers.

The Louisville Journal ungraciously says that woman, with all her beauty and worth, should remember that man was the chief matter considered at the creation. She was only a side-issue.

A beggar woman coming into a house where Nellie was sitting alone, asked for charity. "Charity!" said Nellie, "I guess we are most out."

ing away, and that the Government is likely to become at length a very different Government from what it was at the beginning. Experiments in legislation are mischievous enough in their effects upon a people, but they are harmless in comparison with experiments upon the Constitution. The practice of change once begun is in danger of going to excess, and the facility of change once established diminishes the sanctity of any obligation which the Constitution imposes, and imperils any guarantee which it contains. It is better to endure here and there an imperfection than to incur the risk of having our whole system of government destroyed by too many attempts to improve it."

**The Investigating Committee.**  
The Columbia correspondent of the Charleston News gives the following insight into the workings of the committee appointed by the Legislature to investigate affairs in the Third Congressional District:

The committee, consisting of Crews, Smalls, Bryant, McIntyre, Elliott, Wright and Buck—five representatives and two senators—appointed by joint resolution of the General Assembly to investigate the alleged election frauds in the Third Congressional District—have now been in session one week. They have, thus far, done little else than examine the testimony already taken by Hoge, and digest a plan of procedure for their further investigations. The resolutions under which they act originally embraced also the Fourth District; but by an oversight the fourth was omitted. What is the real aim of this investigation seems hard to decide: No measure of State polity is to be furthered by it. It seems, therefore, to be merely supplemental to the constabulary scheme over which Hubbard presides; and, if so, evidently declares the insufficiency, or incompetency, or both, of that scheme. A member of that party, who stands high among the judicial functionaries of the State, after a conversation with the chairman of this committee, told me that probably the main object of the measure is—six dollars a day to these seven committee men. My own idea is that its object is to gather material for the next political election campaign of the State—in 1870. The judicial functionary, just referred to, learns that Crews announces their purpose to be to sift thoroughly that whole Reid-Hoge contest. Crews throws out intimations that the parties found to be guilty of the alleged outrages are to be brought to justice at whatever cost, and even if to do so required the last levy of Scott's famous negro militia, and the last gun of his "two thousand stand of arms of the most approved pattern," and the last cartridge of "the usual complement of ammunition" so liberally voted for by the General Assembly to preserve the peace and dignity of the State aforesaid. In fact, Crews talks Draconian, although he looks anything but sanguinary.

It would be manifestly unwise to anticipate any misdirection in the discharge of their duty by this committee, and all good citizens unite in the hope that they will quietly draw their six dollars a day, and do the State no other serious detriment. But it is equally manifest that any hectoring and wholesale arresting of good citizens, upon poorly established testimony, will be greatly detrimental, and may be disastrous in the highest degree.

This political tampering with the administration has always marked the worst governments of the world. The Guffin-Scott *bruit* about enlistments in Abbeville; the very recent Sanders affair at Monck's Corner, and this Crews' meddle—all are of the same character; all are reaches of incompetent authority towards unwarranted power.

**GEN. JORDAN, THE COMMANDER OF THE CUBAN EXPEDITION.**—General Thomas Jordan, who has gone out in command of the expedition to Cuba, is an old West Pointer, and one of the most accomplished officers of the late Confederate army. He served as chief of staff to Gen. Beauregard during the first three years of the war, and was with him at Charleston and Vicksburg and Virginia. He had been living in New Jersey, near the city, until the beginning of the Cuban outbreak. Since then his presence at various places on the coast, and particularly at Charleston and New Orleans, has been noticed, and is always in connection with some rumored movement in favor of the Cuban cause.

General Jordan is a man of medium height, spare in form, and with a quick nervous manner. He has an intellectual head and features, and fine eyes, and when off duty is exceedingly courteous in demeanor. During his military days in the South, though, he was often accused of brusqueness, and had the reputation in the army of being a Martinet. That he is a thorough soldier by instinct and education cannot be questioned. He saw and participated in some of the hardest fighting of the late war, and aside from his own merit, had the advantage of a long, personal, intercourse with Gen. Beauregard, who was certainly one of the first engineers of the war. If Jordan has half of a chance in Cuba he will make himself famous.—*New York World.*

In well fed fowls the difference will be seen not only in the size and flesh of the fowls, but in the weight and goodness of the eggs; two of which go farther into domestic uses than three from hens poorly fed.

An Irishman says, "that the best remedy for baldness is to rub whiskey on your head until the hairs grow out, then take it inwardly to clutch the roots."