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The Constitutionality of the Homestead Law.

The Charleston News publishes the following communication, from one of the ablest lawyers of the State, in which the constitutionality of the Homestead Act is denied. His views will be read with interest and deserve consideration:

Our Judges have rendered decisions upon this Act greatly at variance with each other. Some of these have been published. As *visi prius* decisions, they have no general authority, and had better not be published, as they are calculated to mislead and disappoint. The writer of this has little doubt but that our Supreme Court will declare this Act unconstitutional, so far as it is retrospective, as impairing the obligation of contracts. No authoritative decision can be found to sustain the Act. The decisions of other States have no authority. If the Acts construed are similar to ours, then they are entitled to consideration—nothing more. Often the grounds of such decisions are entirely different. Georgia, for instance, has a different constitutional provision, and the action of Congress upon that Constitution was different from that upon the Constitution of any other State. It is argued that at the adoption of our Constitution, South Carolina was not, in the purview of the United States Constitution, "a State." This question has passed the stage of argument, for the United States Supreme Court has decided the precise point in Texas vs. White, 7 Howard, p. 726. I would call especial attention to these words in that decision: "The obligations of the State as a member of the Union remained perfect and unimpaired. It certainly follows that the State did not cease to be a State." This decision must have escaped the notice of some of our Judges, for they are bound by it. It is argued that the homestead provisions of our Constitution are made of force by becoming, by adoption, an Act of Congress. Now, Congress could not give any State the power to do what the Constitution has forbidden. This proposition cannot be seriously controverted, and is conclusive of the point raised. But Congress did not assume (as is asserted) to make the Constitution of this State an Act of Congress. Read the Act, XV, United States Statutes, p. 73, and nothing can be found therein in the slightest to justify the assumption. The preamble recites that "whereas the people of South Carolina have framed a Constitution of State Government that is Republican. * * * Therefore, be it enacted that South Carolina shall be entitled to representation in Congress." After all the stress that has been laid upon the action of Congress, those who read the Act will be surprised to find that there is nothing else in it bearing at all upon this question. What, now, did Congress enact? Nothing, beyond allowing this State representation. And suppose we call the preamble an enactment, then what follows? Why, that the constitution is Republican. Nothing more. Will any Judge pretend that any legal enactment is covered by the word "republican"? Or to come more closely down, that this sanctions the homestead clauses. Suppose, however, that Congress had enacted, (as is assumed, without any foundation in fact,) that the Constitution of South Carolina should have the force of an Act of Congress. This would not sustain a homestead provision antagonistic to the Constitution of the United States, for the Constitution of 1868 itself provides that nothing in it "in contravention or subversion of the Constitution of the United States can have any binding force." (Article I, Section 4, and the "oath," Article II, Section 30.) Let us hear no more about Congress having given its authority to a measure which is so directly in contravention of the Constitution of the United States. But, *mirabile dictu*, the Constitution of South Carolina does not make a retrospective homestead provision. I challenge any one to point out the clause. Article I, Section 20, and Article II, Section 32, make no provision that the exemption is to apply to antecedent indebtedness. Authorities can be cited, *ad nauseum*, that in the construction of constitutional or statute law, all provisions are presumed to be prospective, unless the contrary be expressly enacted. Neither secession, then, Congress or the Constitution of 1868, authorized a retrospective homestead law. Nothing is now left but the naked Act of 9th September, 1868, XIV Stats., p. 19. The provisions of that Act are retrospective. The Act of 1868 at once falls as impairing the obligation of contracts, by virtue of the prohibition of the United States Constitution, and by the prohibition of our own Constitution of 1868. (Art. I, Sec. 21.)

Do we hear any one bold enough to say that a retrospective homestead exemption does not impair the obligation of contracts, and is not violative of the Constitution of the United States? If so, we merely reply by citing the decision of the United States Supreme Court, (which is binding upon our Judges,) in the case of the Planters' Bank vs. Sharp, wherein, after deciding (as quoted by one of our Judges) that States can pass laws exempting a homestead and tools, &c., the court makes this qualification, which, we think, ought not to be overlooked, having a slight bearing upon the question. "Again, State insolvent laws, if made like this law, to apply to past contracts, and stop suits on them, have been held not to be constitutional, except so far as they discharge the person from imprisonment. When so restricted, they do not impair the obligation of the contract itself, because the obligation is left in full force and actionable, and future

property, as well as present, subjected to its payment. Where future acquisitions are attempted to be exonerated, and the discharge extended to the debt or contract itself, if done by States, it must not, as here, apply to past contracts, or it is held to impair their obligation." This case, then, goes to the extent of not only not allowing an exemption to be made of property which a debtor owns, but not even what he may hereafter acquire, as affecting "past contracts." This extract from the case will be found in 6 Howard, page 328, where the court sustains itself by ten authorities.

Let us not tamper with the law and JUSTICE.

HOMESTEAD DECISIONS.—Some three weeks, or more, ago, one Christian Meyer absconded from this town taking with him some valuable property, and leaving various ones of his creditors here unpaid. Last week the wife of the said Meyer prepared to follow him, and had all their household goods hauled to the depot for transportation in a freight train. One of the creditors of Meyer took out an attachment under the Act of 1868. The furniture was attached in the freight cars marked to Atlanta, Georgia.

The wife of the absent debtor comes before Judge Thomas and asks for an order dissolving the attachment on the ground that the articles are exempt from attachment, levy or sale under the Constitution and "The Act to determine and perpetuate the homestead." The Judge grants the order; and the next day the lucky wife takes the cars with her furniture and other household goods to join her husband in Atlanta, Ga., and set up a homestead there.

Another case. A Bill is filed by an Administrator to marshal the assets of his intestate's estate for the payment of debts. A minor son, 16, years of age, answers by guardian *ad litem* and claims that a homestead should be admeasured to him out of the lands of his deceased father. He is not the head of a family—has no one but himself to occupy the homestead if laid off. The accounting of the Administrator has not yet been had; the debts against the said estate have not yet been proven; the Court, therefore, could not know that the lands of the intestate would have to be sold for the payment of debts. Yet the Court grants an order for the homestead to be admeasured to said minor son.

Now it is plain to us that these decisions are very far beyond either the letter or spirit of the Homestead Act. And it is because we regard the homestead exemption as a wise law, and wish to see it established and acquiesced in by all, creditors as well as debtors, that we regret to see such stretching decisions, as will necessarily have the effect to bring the law itself into disrepute. The approaching session of the Legislature, together with the action of the Supreme Court, will, we have no doubt, set at rest the many points of doubt now involved in the construction of this beneficent law.—*Chester Reporter*.

THE RADICAL PARTY.—Some one has drawn up a very correct bill of indictment against the Radical party. It is one that can be sustained by facts and figures. In this bill of indictment the Radical leaders stand charged with—calling themselves Unionists, they have conspired and maintained disunion. Affecting economy, they have given us the costliest government on earth. Prating of virtue, they made it the most corrupt. Clamoring for equal rights, they have proscribed more people than any monarch in Christendom. Invoking freedom, they established and maintained the darkest despotism in eleven States. Professing toleration, they proclaim acceptance of their creed the alternative of ostracism and disfranchisement. Howling about purifying the government, they have made dishonesty and office-holding identical. Preaching principle, they subsist by passion and prejudice. Deploring caste, they elevate blacks above the whites in two-thirds of the country. Magnifying loyalty, they trample out every worthy principle of our system. Claiming statesmanship, their officials are either conspirators or thieves. Lauding independence, they are the servile slaves of a party caucus. Pretending to invite criticism, they stifle freedom of debate in Congress, by partisan rule, and drown it elsewhere in blood. Insisting upon peace, they prolong the old strife to stir up a new one.—*Sav. News*.

—The Dismal Swamp, on the boundary line of Virginia and North Carolina, is every year affected by the drought, so that the surface takes fire and burns until extinguished by autumn rains. This year, on account of the long continued dry weather, the conflagration is of unprecedented magnitude, and has already burned for a distance of 16 miles, from northwest to southeast. Several fine farms have been burned out, and on fields formerly rich with crops nothing is to be seen but acres of ashes, the pits in some cases being 15 feet deep. The surface of the swamp consists of decomposed vegetable matter, held together by the roots of water plants. Though a slight shower may extinguish the conflagration on the surface, yet in many instances the fire continues to burn underneath, and thus forms extensive hollows. The bed of Drummond Lake, in the centre of the Swamp, is supposed to have been burned out in this way, many hundred of years ago.

—Why do women spend so much time and money on dress? asked a gentleman of a belle. "To worry other women," was the diabolical reply.

—Editors ought to be able to live very cheap—they get "bored" for nothing.

Editorial Correspondence of the Charleston Daily News.

PENDELTON, S. C., September 28.

It cannot be said that Pendleton is thriving in appearance, for the only new structure in the village is a cotton gin and press, completed a day or two ago. The streets are not as well paved as they might be, nor are the houses as outwardly fresh as paint and pence could make them; but changing times have not taken away from the village the pure elastic air, nor have they deprived the Blue Ridge of one whit of their solemn or tender beauty.

Much of the society which made this one of the pleasantest neighborhoods in the State still remains, and the seaboard is represented by several prominent families. Pendleton cannot now claim the wealth and brilliancy of the days before the war; but the people are gentle in manner as in blood, and look forward with confidence to the time when the village may see its own again. And, indeed, it must be a cosy place wherein to spend the weary summer days. All the good things of life may be had in abundance—except in drought years—and if my Pendleton friends will throw off a little of their disinclination to praise themselves, and will encourage some competent person to open a good hotel, this place may have next year a comforting array of visitors. The Air Line Railroad, which is expected to touch every village in the North-west, will, it is believed, pass through Pendleton. This will give the people rapid communication with Georgia and North Carolina, and may encourage the advent of

COTTON MANUFACTURERS, who will find in this vicinity water power enough to run all the mills of New England. What may be accomplished by cotton mills in this State is again illustrated in the case of the Pendleton Cotton Factory, which is situated about three miles from the village. This factory was built in 1836, and is 160 feet long by 60 feet broad, giving employment to about fifty hands and consuming 1000 pounds of cotton daily. The present proprietors, William Perry & Co., have put in new machinery since the war closed, and are making arrangements to put up machinery for weaving plaids and woolen goods. The Pendleton Factory, in spite of the high price of cotton, is paying dividends of five per cent. a quarter, or at the rate of TWENTY PER CENT. per annum. There is not, in truth, any spot in South Carolina, where the water power can be had, where a cotton mill might not be worked to handsome profit, while the Northern mills at the same prices would lose money. The difference in our favor is made up by the lower cost of the raw material, wages and food, and by the saving in waste, cost of transportation and other like expenses.

AN INDIAN STORY.

There are in this section, as I suppose you know, a number of creeks called the "One Mile" Creek, "Five Mile" Creek, "Six Mile" Creek, and so on to "Ninety-six Mile" Creek, now the name of a station on the Greenville and Columbia Railroad. These creeks obtained their names in this way. During the Cherokee war of 1760, the British garrison at Fort George were cut off from their supports, the nearest fortified place being at Ninety-Six. It was discovered that the Indians intended to make an attack in force at a certain time, and there was no hope of succor unless the garrison at Ninety-Six could be informed of the perilous condition of their comrades. The country was overrun by hostile Indians, and all hearts were faint, when an Indian squaw, who had at a distance become enamored of one of the officers, volunteered to carry the momentous dispatch to the distant fort. The squaw set out, following the old Indian trail, and as she crossed the creeks on the way, she named them according to their distance from the point of departure. "One Mile" creek was one mile from Fort George, and so on to the end. These distances are nearly correct by the present high road. The legend says further that the devoted woman ran the ninety-six miles in a day and a night, and that Fort George was saved.

FOR THE SUMMER VISITOR.

Pendleton has many attractions, and not the least of these are the moderate rates of board and the low rents. One of the best houses in the village, with, I believe, ten rooms and a lot of eleven acres, is rented for one hundred dollars a year. Other houses, suitable for families, are rented at sixty dollars. A large number of refugees lived in this place during the war, and have since moved away. There are no new comers of any consequence, and the little demand for house-room keeps rents at the rates I have named.

A CHOICE SCHOOL.

Pendleton has also a school for young ladies, conducted by Miss Warley, a lady of large experience and ripe culture. The institution is spoken of on all sides as one in which the pupils study rapidly and learn thoroughly, while, by constant companionship with their teacher, they attain a moral dignity and elevation of sentiment worth in itself far more than any ordinary education. For young girls growing up to womanhood, Miss Warley's school is all that could be desired, and I am pleased to learn that the number of pupils is steadily increasing.

—A photographer in one of the country towns in Massachusetts was recently visited by a young woman, who with sweet simplicity asked, "How long does it take to get a photograph after you leave your measure?"

—Law is like a sieve; you may see through it, but you must be considerably reduced before you can get through it.

An Exposure of Official Ignorance.

Some two months ago, we published a letter from the Commissioner of Agriculture in this State, and which originally appeared in a Cincinnati paper. We called attention to his extravagant assertions at that time; but did not enter into details concerning the stupidity and ignorance of this official, believing that our readers would detect his manifold errors without any assistance. This letter has recently been published in other newspapers, and a correspondent of the Columbia Phoenix thus exposes the reliable statistician:

Henry Sparrick, Esq., Commissioner, &c.

Sir:—Your remarkable communication in the Cincinnati Commercial, of the 13th September, republished in the Columbia Phoenix, of the 24th of the same month, demands an exposure of its absurdities at the hands of some practical man, who knows, which evidently you do not, something of the productions, and average harvests of your State. Without questioning the motive that prompted such an extraordinary epistle—whether it were an attempt at Munchausenism or whether it was to inform the readers of the Commercial, that South Carolina had a Bureau of Statistics, and that *ego* was Commissioner, or whether you believed the present "black and tan" General Assembly had a "lively appreciation" of our agricultural wants, not heretofore entertained by our Legislature—I simply inquire, where did you get your statistics? You assert that your only reliance has been the census reports of the United States. Can you, from those reports, get a single idea published as a fact in your letter?

You say, "over 100 bushels of corn and 60 bushels of wheat have, with ordinary cultivation, frequently been made to an acre in this State." Has your credulity induced you to publish your total unfitness for the office you presume to fill? Where have you ever known such yields to be harvested in this State "frequently," even with "extraordinary labor?" Several years ago, one gentleman in Winnsboro produced fifty bushels, perhaps, of wheat, on a single experimental acre; another in Cokesbury grew a 100 bushels of corn, and a third in Columbia produced, by irrigation, 200 bushels of corn. But that similar crops have ever, at any time, in any portion of the State, been produced upon more than a single acre, with most extraordinary preparation, and excellent seasons, is all news to the planting interest of South Carolina.

You further state, that since the war, "by good ploughing and a moderate use of manure, 300 bushels of corn have been gathered in the same area. Under my personal observation, 212 bushels were made on one acre, within the corporate limits of this city last season, on land that can hardly be classed ordinary." Pray tell us who grew this wonderful crop? Have you not been Van Winkleized? Ten years ago, I think, Dr. Parker grew this identical crop in Columbia.

But you proceed: "Prior to 1860, our average harvest per acre, according to the official reports of the United States, was 600 pounds of cotton, 25 bushels of wheat, 40 bushels of barley," &c., &c., and this too, "despite the carelessness of slave labor," &c.; and "since the war, this average has been largely increased." Is this shameless ignorance on your part, or is it a willful misrepresentation? Such an average yield has never been made on any two plantations in any District in the State, and if it is so reported in the official reports of the United States, it only proves their utter unreliability.

The planters of South Carolina will agree with you, that "we are blessed in the distribution of the seasons," and that our climate and soil enable us to grow any crop produced elsewhere on the earth's surface, within the temperate zone. But they beg you, when you represent abroad the interests which they cherish so dearly, that you will do so truthfully. Do not invite the energetic immigrant to see what you never saw in South Carolina. His credulity is of a different stamp from yours, and he will be driven off rather than induced to come, by your exaggerations. He comes to make a living by honest labor, you make yours—well, it matters not how. The land owners of South Carolina appreciate the advantages presented by her soil and climate to the immigrant, and "with open hands they hold them out, and invite the children of every section and clime," (save Africa's sunny sands,) to come and enjoy them. But at the same time, they protest against having their average yields misrepresented abroad by one so ignorant of their agricultural statistics as he is of the Yeepees of Tartary, and as little entitled to be their spokesman as he is to the enjoyment of his annual salary fleeced from them by unjust taxation.

A PLANTER.

—Recently, Mrs. Denny, a resident of Princeton, Ky., purchased a lot of duck eggs, carried them home, and, for convenience, placed them in her bureau drawer, where they remained undisturbed for some days, when her attention was called to the bureau by an unusual noise therein. Upon pulling out the drawer, to her utter astonishment, she found three young ducks hatched out and scratching around for freedom.

—A Sunday school teacher was giving a lesson on Ruth. She wanted to bring out the kindness of Boaz in commanding the reapers to drop larger handfuls of wheat. "Now, children," she said, "Boaz did another very nice thing for Ruth; can you tell me what it was?" "Married her!" said one of the boys.

The Decline in Cotton.

"We do not regard it as by any means certain," says the Columbus Enquirer, and we fully agree with it in opinion, "that the great decline that has been brought about recently, is based upon conditions that will continue to affect the price during the season. The staple has been hurried to market, and the receipts to date are far ahead of receipts to corresponding dates of late previous years. But there is so much cotton remaining to be gathered as usual at this time of the year? We are sure that there is not in Georgia and Alabama, and we doubt much whether there is in other States. Not only has rust destroyed a considerable portion of the plant in many localities, but the severe drought has prevented the formation of the later bolls, and there is now literally no "top crop" on cotton that with more favorable seasons would now be full of young forms and bolls. The state of the weather that has prevented this later growth has hurried the maturity of the earlier cotton, and planters have taken advantage of it and of the high price to get all the cotton they could to market. There will soon be a check to this, for the lack of a "top crop," and then we will see receipts falling off, at least in this part of the cotton region. We do not advise planters to hold on to their cotton—when they can get remunerative prices. But it is to their interest so to regulate the supply on the market as not to give rise to erroneous estimates of a large crop."

There is no doubt, says the Savannah Republican, but that our Columbus contemporary is correct in his diagnosis of the present true state of the cotton market. The planters themselves are the cause of it, in hurrying their crops, many of which are already more than half gathered, into market in advance of the business season. The extraordinary dry and hot weather of the past six weeks has caused a premature development of the crop, and the price being high, the planters strained every nerve to get it into market, and the consequence is unparalleled receipts. This fact has alarmed only the ignorant dealers in cotton. Nobody else dreams of a large crop, or one reaching even three million of bales. It is the premature movement of the staple, rushing in large quantities into the ports of the South before the principal purchasers have entered it or even made their financial arrangements for the season's work. Nor would they buy now if they were here, at a fair price to any great extent, for there is no shipping to enable them to send it forward. Under these adverse circumstances, while cotton has almost stood still in Liverpool, having declined but an eighth of a penny, or half a cent since the 10th instant, we have the remarkable exhibit of a decline of five cents for the same period in New York, and about the same in Savannah and other southern markets.

In view of these facts, and the short supply in Liverpool and Manchester, it is evident that the planters have the remedy in their own hands. We think they have nothing to fear from delay, and can well afford to "wait for the wagon." Let them cease to press their crops upon the market before it is ready to receive and forward them. The principal buyers in all the Southern markets have not yet returned to their posts from the summer vacation, and when they do, money and ships will come along with them, prepared to enter upon the season's work.

DISINFECTANTS.—Some one says that noxious effluvia are absorbed in an incredibly short space of time, if two or three onions are cut in thin slices, and put on a plate, to be renewed every six hours. This is just as true as that the smarting from the scratch of a pin becomes instantaneously unfelt if the person is knocked down. The only safe, healthful and effectual method of keeping a sick room "sweet," is to keep everything scrupulously dry and clean; instantly remove every article of clothing or bedding which has an atom of dampness or moisture upon it; do not allow even pure water to stand a moment in the apartment; let the fireplace be always kept open, with a frequent and free admission of the pure and the fresh air from out doors. This should be done every two or three hours during the twenty-four. It is the pure air that sick people want, not an atmosphere loaded with the fumes of onions, for in a pint of air they displace just as many particles of fresh air as would burst sugar, cologne-water, or the sulphuretted hydrogen of the out-house; for be it remembered, it is not the odor which does the mischief so much as the deficiency of nutritious particles of the atmosphere which it takes the place of. The greatest humanity we can show the sick is to secure to them the most important remedies ever known—to wit: quietness, cleanliness, and pure air. These alone would cure three-fourths of all our diseases, but we will not use them; yet they are everywhere attainable, and cost nothing but a little trouble.—*Hall's Journal of Health*.

—A Western paper is responsible for the following: It is said that a cup of coffee is a sure barometer, if you allow the sugar to drop to the bottom of a cup and watch the bubbles arise without disturbing the coffee. If the bubbles collect in the middle, the weather will be fine; if they adhere to the cup, forming a ring, it will be rainy; and if the bubbles separate without assuming any fixed position, changeable weather may be expected.

—A Cleveland dry goods firm has at last found a remedy against loafers on their corner. The following sign hangs in their window: "Wanted a few more loafers to stand on this corner."

The Great are Dying.

Recently three distinguished men have passed away—Hon. John Bell, of Tennessee, Senator Fessenden, and General Rawlins, Secretary of War. The latter is said to have been the only friend of the South in Grant's Cabinet. Now that he is gone, the duty of trusting to God for protection is more apparent. "Vain is the help that man supplies" at best, but when those that are friendly are taken out of the way, then we must say with the Psalmist:

"God is our refuge and our strength, In straits a present aid."

Gen. Sherman is the successor of Rawlins, *pro tem.*, and if he is disposed to make amends for the evils he has inflicted on us, the way is open; let him show a friendly hand.

Senator Fessenden showed himself a man in the impeachment of Andy Johnson. Doubtless he had a very poor opinion of A. J., but he had too good an opinion of his own character and uprightness to be influenced by party considerations to give an unrighteous decision against the President. He will be honored for his stand in this matter, while those who could stoop to a mean act, to carry party schemes, will be condemned by posterity, if not by the present generation.

If Mr. Bell had been the only candidate in opposition to Mr. Lincoln for the Presidency, Lincoln would have been defeated, and the war with all its horrors, would have been postponed indefinitely. But it appears to have been so ordered that three candidates were to take the field and weaken each other, and so open the way for Lincoln and the war and the ultimate overthrow of the Government.

But let us hope for the best. Though the great men die, God lives and reigns, and may defeat the schemes of the weak and wicked.—*A. R. Presbyterian*.

THEY WON'T TROUBLE YOU LONG.

Children grow up—nothing grows so fast as children. It was but yesterday, and that lad playing with tops, a buoyant boy. He is a man and gone now. There is no more childhood for him or for us. Life has claimed him. When a beginning is made it is like raveling a stocking, stitch by stitch gives way until all is gone. The house has not a child in it—there is no more noise in the hall—boys rushing pell-mell: it is very orderly now. There are now no more skates, sleds, balls or strings left scattered about. Things are neat now. There is no delay for sleepy folks; there is no longer any task before you lie down of looking after the children and tucking up the bed clothes. There are no disputes to settle, nobody to get off to school, no complaint, no importunities for impossible things, no rips to mend, no fingers to tie up, no faces to be washed, or collars to be arranged. There was never such peace in the house! It would sound like music to have some feet to clatter down the front stairs! Oh, for some children's noise! What used to ail us, that we were hushing their loud laugh, checking their noisy frolic, and reproving their slamming and banging the doors.

We wish our neighbors would only lend us an urchin or two, to make a little noise on these premises. A home without children! It is like a lantern and no candle; a garden and no flowers; a brook and no water gushing and gurgling through its channel.

We want to be tried, to be vexed, to be run over; to hear children at work with all its varieties. During the secular days this is enough marked. But it is the Sabbath that puts our homes to the proof. That is the Christian family day. The intervals of public worship are spaces of peace. The family seems made up that day. The children are at home, and you can lay your hands upon their heads. They seem to recognize the greater and lesser love—to God and to friends. The house is peaceful, but not still. There is a silence that echoes in the ear. There is too much room at the table, too much at the hearth. The bedrooms are a world too orderly. There is too much leisure and too little care. Alas! what mean these things? Is somebody growing old? Are these signs and tokens? Is life waning?

THE LITTLE GIRL AND THE KING.—The King of Prussia, while visiting a village in his land, was welcomed by the school children of the place. After their speaker had made a speech for them he thanked them. Then taking an orange from a plate, he asked: "To what kingdom does this belong?"

"The vegetable kingdom, sire," replied the little girl.

The king took a gold coin from his pocket, and holding it up, asked, "And to what kingdom does this belong?"

"To the mineral kingdom," said the girl.

"And to what kingdom do I belong, then?" asked the king.

The little girl colored deeply, for she did not like to say "the animal kingdom," as he thought she would, lest his majesty should be offended. Just then it flashed into her mind that "God made man in His own image," and looking up with a brightening eye, she said: "To God's kingdom, sire."

The king was deeply moved. A tear stood in his eye. He placed his hand on the child's head, and said, most devoutly: "God grant that I may be accounted worthy of that kingdom!"

Thus did the words of a child move the heart of a king. Little children will learn from this that even their words may do both good and harm. A pert word from a child may wound the heart of a mother; a loving one may make it glad. My little children, let your words be kind, true and right.