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THE BEWITCHING WIDOW.

Just before dark one evening, Tom Coutena came into the little office where Frank Worthington kept his dusty law books, and helped himself to a chair and a cigar, with a quite make-yourself-at-home sort of coolness which showed him no stranger to the premises.

"Well, Frank," said he, "we got through the last case to-day, and I'm ready to be off home to-morrow. You promised to go with me remember."

"No need to remind me of it, old fellow," laughed Frank. "I've endured the horrors of a boarding-house too long not to jump at the chance of country living awhile."

"You can be ready by morning?"

"Oh, yes. It won't take long to pack my kit. I haven't any Saratoga trunk to fill with flannels and furbelows."

"All right, then. We shall have a cousin of my mother's to go down with us."

"The deuce we shall! Tom, if it's a girl I won't go, by George! I got enough of traveling with girls last summer."

"You will go! I will never forgive you if you don't."

"Is the cousin of the feminine persuasion?"

"Yes, but she is not a girl. She is a sedate widow lady, who goes down to make an annual visit to us every Christmas."

"Oh, that alters the case. One of those motherly, middle-aged ladies who makes a fellow look respectable, as if he were traveling with his mother?"

"Tom repressed an inclination to laugh, and replied, soberly:

"Yes; no doubt Mrs. Cameron will appear like a mother to both of us."

"Mrs. Cameron; a good old respectable name. Has she any money, Tom?"

"Well, yes, a fair little fortune."

"And you may stand a chance in her will?"

"Possibly."

"Yes. Well, my boy, you are quite right to be attentive to your mother's elderly relative. No doubt Mrs. Cameron will be an addition to our journey."

"Decidedly," said Tom, feeling it about time for him to get out of that office, where he could indulge in a laugh, and rising as he spoke: "Meet us at the depot at seven in the morning."

"I will."

"Sharp seven, remember."

"Yes. And time and railroad cars wait for no man or woman, either. Depend on me, Tom, and just look after that elderly cousin."

"I'll do it."

"Good night, then."

"Good night, old fellow."

And as Tom went out, Frank arose, and began to put his office in order, and make some preparations for his Christmas journey.

He meant to be very early next morning, but over-slept himself, and reached the depot only five minutes before train time. He went hastily into the ladies room, supposing Tom would be there with Mrs. Cameron. There was, however, but one occupant, a bright-faced lady, in a stylish black and white traveling suit, with a long white plume drooping over a coquettish black hat. She turned a pair of saucy brown eyes upon him as he entered, glanced around, and beat a hasty retreat.

"Whew! what a pretty girl! Glad I don't have her to dangle after, and wait on," thought he. "Where the dickens is Tom?"

He hunted through the crowd, and just as the train was about starting found Tom on the platform.

"Oh, here you are! Be quick now!" hailed Tom. "I thought you were about to give me the slip, after all."

"No danger; I slept late, that's all."

They went in the car, and the ponderous wheels rolled off, and as they opened the door, Frank got a glimpse of the pretty girl with the white plume, seated inside.

"Did your cousin come?" he asked of Tom.

"Yes; I'll introduce you."

Tom marched straight down the narrow aisle to that very girl's seat, as she rose with a bewitching smile, he introduced:

"Mrs. Cameron, this is my friend, Mr. Worthington. My cousin, Kate Cameron, Frank."

Poor Frank! you might have knocked him down with a knitting needle. But he was gentleman enough to stammer some response to the beautiful lady's courteous greeting, and try to recover from his confusion as best he might.

Half an hour later, he and Tom stood together on the car platform, and then his wrath had vent:

"Tom Coutena, I'll never forgive you."

"You will. I had to deceive you so that you would not act like a fool, and disappoint me of your visit. But Kate will neither eat you up nor fall in love with you, so you needn't be scared."

"Don't expect me to pay attention to her."

"Hold on, there! She hasn't given you a chance yet. Kate is quite a belle in city society, and awful particular in her company. Sad dogs like you and I wouldn't stand a ghost of a chance."

"Humph! I don't know that she could do better!" growled Frank, instantly, with man's usual contrariness taking the opposite track.

"She might think so. I'm going to the smoking car, Frank. Come along now."

"No; I don't care about smoking now."

"All right. Just look after Kate till I come back, that's a good fellow."

"Now, Frank had not the least intention of looking after Kate, but when he approached her seat she looked up with such a frank, pleasant smile, and moved her shawl from the opposite seat to make room for him with such a cordial air, that he could not resist the temptation to sit down and enjoy her society. Not much of it did he get, however, for, after the first pleasant reception, Mrs. Kate betook herself to her book again, and never even looked at him. By way of revenging himself, Frank looked at her, and the prettier she grew.

"She's a widow," he thought. "She's not a day over one-and-twenty, if she's that. I wonder if she is Tom's sweetheart."

And strange to say, this reflection made Frank feel like grinding his teeth at the unconscious Tom, who sat calmly smoking his cigar in the smoking car.

The journey passed off without any incident, and without Mrs. Kate troubling Frank in the least for attention.

At the station they found a black boy awaiting them with a big sleigh, and a few minutes' breezy sleigh ride brought them safely to the door of Tom's home.

If Frank had found Kate Cameron pretty in her hat and traveling wraps, when she took them off and showed the slight form, with its graceful curves and arches, he thought her bewitching. Of course, he didn't care anything about her; but some way, there was a great relief to find a certain pretty little Minnie Brown, who was one of the holiday party, unmistakably occupying the position of Tom's sweetheart, and putting Kate out of the question.

Before they had been there three days Frank began to have an uncomfortable sensation under the side of his vest whenever Kate was near; and, Sunday morning, when she came down dressed in a bewildering suit of blue velvet, ready for church, he quite gave up, and

owned that he loved every inch of her, from the heels of her tiny boots to the tips of her little blue gloves.

Mrs. Kate was sharp enough very speedily to see how the land lay, but she never gave one sign that she cared a straw for him, and Frank tormented himself daily with hopes and fears, after the usual fashion of lovers.

The holiday visit was to close with a grand party on New Year's night, and all the young people in the neighborhood were invited in to assist in the merrymaking.

Late in the evening a silent figure sat by the library fire, having stolen away from the revelers below stairs to indulge in a moment's quiet reverie. Presently the door was softly opened, and the faint light glimmered on Kate Cameron's blue robes as she came forward and addressed the figure in the chair:

"Why, Tom, old fellow, what is the matter? Have you got a fit of the blues? Why, dear, it is worse than I thought it was!" laughed Kate. "Have you been quarreling with Minnie Brown?" "Tell me all about it?" And with cousinly freedom she laid her hand on his head.

The little hand was quickly imprisoned and carried to the lips of the silent figure, and then Kate stooped and looked into the face—not of her cousin Tom—but Frank Worthington. She gave vent to a low exclamation, and would have fled instantly, but Frank took good care to hold fast to his little white prisoner, and detain her.

"It isn't Tom; but don't go," he pleaded. "Stay with me, Mrs. Cameron—dear Kate! Tom don't love you half as well as I do!"

"How do you know?" whispered Kate, shyly.

"Because, Tom only loves you as a cousin, and I—O, Kate, I love you better than my life!"

"But you have known me such a little while."

"Yes; and might never have known you at all if Tom, the blessed old boy, hadn't deceived me, and made me believe it was an old lady who was to come down with us."

"I know, Tom told me all about it," laughed Kate.

"Did he? But you will forgive me, Katy darling, because I love you so, and learn to love me a little, won't you?" pleaded Frank, boldly throwing one arm around her, and drawing her down by his side.

"I'm afraid I have learned that already," whispered she, frankly.

And then—but neither you nor I, dear reader, have any business listening to love secrets in the fire-lighted library, so I won't tell you what, then. But I will tell you, that when the next New Year came, Frank and the bewitching widow were visiting at Tom's again; and she was a widow no longer, and they called her Mrs. Worthington.

Humors of the Sewing Machine.

There was Hubbard. He drove up to the door, unloaded a sewing machine, and said if we wanted a machine that would do all kinds of work, run easily, hem, tuck, ruffle, gather, braid, and be a thing of joy forever and forty days more, we shouldn't fail to buy the "Lightning Slinger." I bought it, and when after a week, he wanted a certificate, I cheerfully wrote one:

"This is to certify that I have had a 'Lightning Slinger' in my house for some time past, and I wouldn't be without it for twice its cost. It hadn't been in my house half a day before my son recovered from the whooping-cough, and my wife found a ten dollar bill on the sidewalk. I think it is the best machine ever made. I can't bear to go to bed and leave it."

He said he was ever so many times obliged, and he hadn't got out of sight before Kilroy drove up with the "Thunder & Blazes" machine. He began to sew at the other machine; said he had been terribly humbugged, and that his machine was the only first class machine in the market.

My wife began to cry, and he soothed her by offering to trade his machine—which he could sell for old iron—and thirty dollars to boot. We made the trade. He said the "Thunder & Blazes" would make any kind of a stitch, sew any kind of fabric, and out run anything but a locomotive. He came round the next week with a certificate all written out, and I signed it:

"This is to certify that I have gained ten pounds of flesh per day since purchasing your machine, and that my wife hadn't run it half an hour when her uncle died and willed her two hundred thousand dollars. Not one of the children has had a cold since the day the 'Thunder & Blazes' came through the gate. It plays easily, the strings are not liable to snap, the stops are easy to manage, and it is the only machine in the world that can be operated on by a red headed woman with a cork leg. I can stay out until eleven o'clock at night now, and my wife hasn't a word to say. Formerly she used four rolling-pins, costing two shillings each per week."

Then McManus came. I told him that we had the best machine in the market, and he asked to look at it. He hadn't fairly got his eyes on the "Thunder & Blazes" before he commenced to laugh.

"Ho! ho! ho!" he shouted as he dropped on a chair; "it will kill me, did you ever? ho! ho! ho!"

I sternly asked the cause of his hilarity, and he replied that Kilroy had swindled us, taken us in—cheated us stone blind. The "Thunder & Blazes" wasn't worth anything, he said—was an old machine, invented by a blind man and patented by a fool.

My wife began to weep.

"But," said McManus, "that was his machine, the 'Chained Earthquake.' It was the machine, and all other machines were base imitations. We might try it, and if we don't like it he would cut his throat with a brick-saw."

We tried it, and when he came with his certificate I signed it:

"This is to certify that your sewing machine has saved me 16 per cent. in fuel, and 20 per cent. in hay and corn since we purchased it. I licked an alderman, pulled a schoolmaster's nose and kicked a member of the legislature the second day after we got the machine. We hadn't owned it a week when I found where I could get trusted for meat and wool, and found a flour shed unlocked. It will saw anything from a leg of mutton to a New Hampshire mountain. There hasn't been a cloudy day since the machine first started, and the moon now rises two hours earlier and lasts all night. No one should be without it."

He took the certificate with a triumphant smile, and—

"But I must leave off here. Farnsworth has just called with the 'Five Jeweled Duplex High Low' machine; and he is telling me how we got swindled by McManus."

CORN.—Two million acres of corn have been planted this year in excess of last year's average. The increase is 6 per cent. of the whole crop. It is largest in the South in percentage, and in the West in acres. The condition of the crop is good in the West, and elsewhere variable. These facts are furnished by the Department of Agriculture at Washington.

The Diamond Worth \$25,000,000 that was found in North Georgia.

According to Dr. M. F. Stephenson, of Atlanta, Ga., who has published a little volume on the geology and mineralogy of that State, its mineral wealth, as yet only partially developed, is not to be compared with its future in the production of jewels, particularly diamonds. In the great belt of its platinic and metamorphic formation, extending in a diagonal line through middle Georgia to the line of its limestone formation in northwestern Georgia, are found five distinct outcroppings of fracolomite or elastic sandstone, the matrix of the diamond. In each of these ledges diamonds of greater or less value, according to Dr. Stephenson, have been found.

The most extensive of these ledges is in Hall County, in upper northern Georgia in a belt about thirty miles wide, running diagonally northeast and southwest about seventy-five miles. In every gold deposit or branch mine that has been worked in Hall County, splendid diamonds have been found by the gold washers, who, being ignorant of their value, have lost or thrown them away. A few of them have been sent to Europe to be cut and set, but the most of them have been lost. None were picked up except those without incrustation, and it is well known in Basil that only one-tenth of the diamonds there are without incrustation. In washing for gold all the large diamonds would necessarily be lost on account of the construction of the machines, or thrown away with the quartz gravel. Only such as passed into the triffles with the grains of gold and find sand were found in the panning after the day's work was finished. All those picked up in Hall County were found this way. Most of them weighed from two to six carats.

Three very large ones were found. The first was broken in pieces by the ignorant miners to see why it was so lustrous. The second was used by the boys of Gainesville for a long time as a middle man in playing marbles. But the largest was as large as a guinea egg, and partly encrusted, was lost soon after it was found by Dr. Loyd, the overseer of the Glade Gold Mine, a deposit about twelve miles northeast of Gainesville. This was ten or twelve years before the war.

In the four years of Loyd's oversight of this gold mine, he (Dr. Loyd) picked out of the panning every night after the day's washing about a half pint of pretty, shining stones, which he gave to his wife. Some of these the children took a fancy to for play things, and they of course were lost. Of course the children took a fancy to the largest and most brilliant. Those which they rejected, Mrs. Loyd put into an empty mustard bottle, and when the bottle was full she made a little bag and put in all that her husband brought home as a store of future playthings for her children. From the description of these it is inferred some of them must have been worth from \$20,000 to \$40,000 apiece.

The large one Dr. Loyd found not among the panning, but while working himself in the place of a sick hand. While raising gravel he found a stone just like the little ones, except that it was bright and shining only on one side, the other side being covered with a crust of brown. It was about the size of a guinea egg. As he was obliged to work very hard to keep the wheelbarrows filled with gravel for the triffles, he laid his pretty stone on the bank of the stream near by, at the root of a large gum tree. But at nightfall he was very tired and forgot the pretty stone.

Twelve years after that he was shown a rough diamond, and was instantly struck with its resemblance to the contents of the mustard bottle, and it struck him at once that the stones were diamonds. He was at that time keeping a hotel in Atlanta, his wife was dead and his daughter had married and removed to northwestern Georgia, taking from Hall County all the furniture they had during their stay at the mines, and with it an old cupboard, in which the bag of diamonds had been carelessly thrown. Dr. Loyd, convinced of the value of these stones, at once went to visit his daughter, but she had no remembrance of the bag or mustard bottle.

Faint with disappointment the wearied old man turned his footsteps to the site of the old Glade Gold Mine. The ground was under cultivation, and where the forest and the old gum tree formerly stood was a field of waving corn. He found the old heaps of gravel, and for weeks and months sifted the sands and grit, searching diligently for the lost diamond. But all in vain. At last, wearied and disheartened, he gave up the bootless search, and returned to Atlanta to die.

Dr. Stephenson says that there is not a doubt that this stone was a diamond, and if pure and of the size of a guinea egg, as stated, it was worth at least \$25,000,000. According to Dr. Stephenson, it is established beyond question that diamonds of great value have been found in Hall County, and that it requires only a judicious outlay of capital and labor to develop diamond beds in that County, and perhaps in other sections of the State, as rich as the diamond fields of Brazil or South Africa.—*N. Y. Sun.*

ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS ON THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.—The Hon. Alexander H. Stephens addressed the teachers and pupils gathered at a recent Sunday school re-union in Crawfordsville, Ga., and in the course of his remarks gave the following interesting personal reminiscences: "It is a source of high gratification to me to say to you all, and especially to these little boys, that the first awakening of such thoughts in my mind, as well as my first taste for general reading, was quickened and brought into active exercise in a Sunday school. It was at old Powder Creek, long meeting house, not five miles from this place, more than half a century ago, I became a pupil in what was known as a 'Union Sunday School.' The day I entered was a great epoch in my life. It was in the latter part of the summer that the school was opened, or when I entered it, and thought but a small boy at the time, still I had to do during the week. This was picking cotton or peas, or going to mill or other light work of like character. It was only at night, and by a pin-knot light, that I had any opportunity to study the lessons assigned me, and yet so deeply did I become interested in the questions of the Union Catechism that 2 o'clock often found me poring over chapters of the Bible set apart for the next Sunday's examination. To the impressions thus made I am indebted in no small degree for my whole future course in life, whether it be for good or for evil. If in the midst of any evil that has marred that course there is anything worthy of imitation, then it is due to that Sunday school and to that great cause which you to-day celebrate with inspiring mottoes, banners and music."

A very fat man, for the purpose of quizzing his doctor, asked him to prescribe for a complaint, which he declared was sleeping with his mouth open. "Sir," said the doctor, "your disease is incurable. Your skin is too short, so that when you shut your eyes your mouth opens."

A New and Wonderful Kind of Cotton.

Gustavo Adolphus, a correspondent of the *Chronicle and Sentinel*, who has been ruminating down in Southern Georgia and a few miles beyond the Florida line, tells a wonderful story about a new kind of cotton, which he thinks is destined to put all others to flight and revolutionize the entire cotton culture:

I rode several miles over the line, to see a new specimen of cotton, and I assure you of my astonishment when I predict an entire revolution in the present growth of that article, growing out of this Asiatic species, now being raised upon a small scale by Mr. Hyack Belyminger, at Soap Floating Springs, in Florida, six miles from the Georgia line. Two years since, Mr. Hyack received, in a letter from his brother-in-law, Mr. Michael Griggio, six seeds. They were obtained in the far-famed Casanare Valley, in Central Asia, two years since, in being the third year of cultivation, resulting in ten acres the present season. I at once suggested a name, which was prompted by its similarity to our orange tree, and the owner, Mr. Hyack Belyminger, being please with the same, it will hereafter be known as the Asiatic orange cotton. This cotton tree, having now its full growth, is about eight feet high, and will about match its size at the butt end with the leg of an old-fashioned split-bottom chair, tapering gradually to the top, and is of very enormous strength and elasticity, and which enables it to sustain the heavy weight of fruitage to which it is subjected. It is planted in hills, fifteen feet equidistant, to give room for its spreading branches, which run out on all sides six or seven feet. The leaf is the only feature closely resembling our common plant. I must reserve, however, for another letter, much that I desire to say, and speak only of the growth buds. They resemble very much in size and color a large green orange, only much larger, and are attached to the limbs by a strong stem, from one to two inches in length. When open, it contains at the base of the boll, in small cells, four or five seeds, which might be mistaken for small buck-shot. The lint, in picking, leaves the seed in the bur, which, of course, avoids the necessity of ginning, and is thrown, as picked, into packing machines, so that each day's gathering is compressed into bales the same evening. When within 100 or 200 yards of this field, I asked Mr. M. for a shot-gun to kill one or two white cranes, as it seemed to me there was an uncommon number of them perched about on small trees. "You will not have any use for a gun," he replied. "What you see is the four open bolls of cotton, and you are not alone in supposing them to be our beautiful cotton birds," and, sure enough, nearer observation proved him correct. The cotton hung pendant from the boll, three to four inches in rolls, as large as a full-grown Bologna sausage, five rolls to the boll. I looked in amazement, and could scarcely believe in the reality of what I saw.

I asked how much cotton will these ten acres produce. I was answered promptly, 100 bales, or a bale to each row of fourteen stalks. This, he continued, was the average production last year. I continued by desiring to know how much to the hand could be picked in one day, and was informed for grown men 450 pounds of lint, (there being no seed), or one bale, was regarded an easy daily task. Now, gentlemen, if what I have said is true, are we not rapidly approaching a new epoch in cotton culture? Five years will suffice to spread universally over the cotton area of the South this wonderfully productive species, and if it should prove lasting and not subject (as many new kinds have proven) to deterioration, it would not be unreasonable to estimate the American crop of 1880 at 12,000,000 bales, which could be more easily raised and saved than a crop of 3,000,000 at the present time. What mighty changes will necessarily follow, I leave for solution to more fertile imaginations than my own. One thing is certain—the poor will rejoice over all the earth, when a full suit of cotton clothes can be had at fifty cents. This will be one result, and babies can come along without apprehension as to scarcity of material to wrap them in.

What Shall We Do With Our Boys? We are getting a large crop of boys. They are growing up everywhere. We find them in the drawing-room, we run against them in the street. We do not see so many of them in the church as we should like to. But what shall we do with them? The vast majority of them cannot have a collegiate education, nor get further than the common school, and we are not sure that they are the worse for that. But they are growing up, and the question is, "What shall we do with Johnny?" Johnny wants to be a great sculptor, or he wants to write "Johnny pines" on an acre of canvas, or he wishes to be an author. But he does not wish to work on the farm, nor does he wish to engage in mercantile life. He does not like business, and the law is not to be thought of. And so Johnny lounges about the farm, doing odd chores at times, working on his marble, or his canvas, or re-writing his essay on the Relation of the Infinite to the Intangible. But what shall we do with him? We suppose there are a few families where the problem is not awakening solution, and nothing regarding which mistakes are committed. Let us say right here to each individual in this country, let me appeal that the road to fame in this country lies through the workshop, the store, or the farm. Nothing is more difficult in this country than the early pursuit of literature or the fine arts. If your boy has these tastes and even talent, if he is poor for it; but do not let them prove his ruin. Let him learn well and thoroughly some trade or else make a farmer of him or put him in a store, and then, when he shall have acquired the means of earning his own livelihood, let him at his leisure develop his tastes.

This, indeed, is the history of the success of our two greatest sculptors, one of whom is no longer living. One was an apprentice, and a good worker he was. The other went into mercantile business, and employed his odd leisure moments in fashioning bits of statuary. But now his reputation is world-wide, and orders come in upon him as thick as the summer leaves. Put Johnny to work. Whether he likes it or not, make him work; but, if possible, give him work, which he goes at willingly. A boy who will do nothing but chisel, or paint, or write poetry, or write essays, will scarcely, if ever, succeed at it. First, the farm, the workshop, the counting-house; after that, the marble bust, the painting, the epic, or the exhortation. Boys need discipline, the hard discipline, though it be, of life; and it is better that they should have real hard knocks at first than that they should have real hard knocks and the respect of others in the pursuit of that idleness which is as pernicious as it is disgraceful.—*Christian Work.*

There is a mule in East Wheeling, W. Va., who has kicked the roof of his stable every night for the past week, in addition to knocking the squeal out of a family of pigs.

A Tennessee man wrote his will on a paper collar, and it passed through the Probate Court as well as any other will, though a little unhandy about filing.

Grangers.

A great howl has been raised against our organization by the merciless monopolists, shoddy sharpers and predacious plunderers. No objection was raised by them to class combination and associations of other classes. Editors have had Press Associations; Doctors have held Medical Conventions; Merchants have established Boards of Trade; Insurance men have held Insurance Associations; Mechanics have had their Associations; so have the Lawyers, and even the Preachers consult on matters pertaining to themselves when they meet in Presbyteries and Conventions. Not a word of dissent has ever been uttered by the ring robbers about these things; but when the class that feels all other classes has an eye to its own interests, this is denounced as an atrocious crime. There is a Russian fable that illustrates the point so well, that we will give it without comment, and let all draw the moral for themselves. The story is, that the sheep, on one occasion, got together and resolved that they would no longer allow the wolves to eat them without resistance. This meeting was a secret one, but the result was soon apparent, for that very night the sheep formed a circle and put the ewes and lambs in the centre, and the rams with their sharp horns on the outside. So when the wolves came to get their supper of tender lamb, they got instead thereof murderous thrusts from the antlers of the bucks, and went off in a great rage, and sending word to all the wolves in that section, they held a mass meeting and passed resolutions, a copy of which has been preserved, and we now publish them:

CONVENTION OF WOLVES.

"WHEREAS, The sheep, being moved and instigated by the Devil, have formed a secret class association to prevent us lordly wolves from eating them, their wives and little ones, therefore,

"Resolved, That we lordly wolves, in council assembled, do denounce this atrocious and abominable association for favoring class legislation, and for seeking to array against us, not only the sheep, but all other classes upon which we have hitherto fed and fattened.

"Resolved, That nature has given us jaws and teeth peculiarly adapted to mutton, and an appetite which enjoys its flavor, and therefore, the sheep, in refusing to let us eat them, are plainly resisting a great law of nature.

"Resolved, That there is a tenderness and juiciness about lamb and well-fed mutton which are peculiarly suited to the stomach of the lordly wolf, and therefore, it is wicked and unnatural for the sheep to refuse us their flesh and blood, which would constitute to us, and to us alone, a feast of reason and a flow of soul."

"Resolved, That we denounce all secret associations to which we do not belong ourselves, and which are contrary to the interests of lordly wolves, as dangerous to the government, and hostile to His Majesty, the Lion.

"Resolved, That we will call the attention of His Majesty to this diabolical secret association, and petition him to send an army of jackals to put down this rebellion of the sheep against the ancient and inalienable right of the wolves to eat them.

"Resolved, That the proceedings of this meeting be published in the *Wolf's Organ*, and that our Treasurer be instructed to present the editor thereof with a choice leg of mutton."

The Old Flag.

Nobody has any particular hatred for that piece of bunting called "the old flag," but the vast majority of Southern people will not grow enthusiastic over it, so long as it is the symbol of wrong and oppression. We do not understand that the old soldiers of the Confederacy have "accepted the results of the war" as illustrated in South Carolina, Mississippi, Alabama, Arkansas and Louisiana. Col. C. T. Good, at the Athens Commencement, spoke the overwhelming sentiment of the South, when he said:

"We are urged on every hand to accept the situation—to accept the results of the war. This, with certain limitations and upon certain conditions, is right. The danger to be apprehended is, that in accepting the so-called results of the war, we accept the overthrow of the Constitution and of American liberty. In my judgment, the South is now the great enemy of constitutional government. My severer foe that the great principles purchased by the blood of our ancestors are not dead, but are as undying as civil liberty itself. If we remain true, the Government must return to them."

"I would leave to others to accept the situation. As for me, I prefer to gather with her true sons and devoted daughters, around the couch of our stricken father, whose rich, exuberant bosom I have drawn life and strength, and assist to send the life-giving blood once more to her paralyzed limbs, to rekindle the mantling blushes of health upon her pale cheeks and restore her to her pristine beauty, the pride of her children and the admiration of the world!"

These are our sentiments. When justice shall have been done and fraternity restored, then the old flag will be hailed with enthusiasm at the South, and not until then. If these are Falstaffian sentiments, make the most of them.—*Augusta Constitutionalist.*

WHAT A BLIND MAN SEES.—Nature struggles hard to make up for any defect in the senses, and she gives to the blind a certain power to see when the eyes give no help. A blind man says:

"Whether within a house, in the open air, whether walking or standing still, I can tell, though quite blind, when I am opposite an object, and can perceive whether it be tall or short, slender or bulky. I can also detect whether it be a solitary object or a continuous fence, whether it be a close fence or composed of open rails, and often whether it be a wooden fence, a brick or stone wall, or a quick-set hedge. I cannot usually perceive if much lower than my shoulders, but sometimes very low objects can be detected. This may depend on the nature of the objects, or of some abnormal state of the eyes; but not directly affect it, as the sense of hearing has nothing to do with it, as when the snow lies thick on the ground objects are more distinct, although the feet fall cannot be heard. I seem to perceive objects through the skin of my face, and to have the impressions directly transmitted to the brain. The only part of my body possessing this power is my face; this I have ascertained by suitable experiments. Stopping my ears does not interfere with it, but covering my face with a thick veil destroys it altogether. None of the five senses have anything to do with the existence of this power, and the circumstances above-named induce me to call this unrecognized sense by the name of 'Facial Perception.'"

While a youthful couple were being joined in wedlock in a justice's court, in New York, the daisier rather astonished a number of spectators by suddenly breaking out with, "I want to know whether we are to keep house or board, before going into this thing?"

The New Jury Law in the U. S. Courts.

At the recent opening of the U. S. District Court at Greenville, District Attorney Earle brought to the attention of Judge Bryan, the late act of Congress, requiring as a qualification of jurors, that they should be able to read and write; and the presiding Judge delivered his opinion at length, urging the necessity of such a law, and fully sustaining the wisdom of its provisions. The juror, he said, was an independent judge, upon whom the law imposed certain duties, coupled with certain privileges. Any juror could prevent a trial or conviction in any civil or criminal case, and it was all important that he should have the intelligence to pass upon the matters which should come before him. He should be able to read the note or bond, of whose genuineness he was called upon to judge, and not be forced to depend upon his neighbor, to arrive at his conclusions. The object of the law was to do equal justice to the citizen, and this could only be done through the agency of an intelligent jury; and the first step to this requirement was the provision that they should be able to read and write. The law was based upon equal rights, and required the performance of equal duties. It applied to all, Republicans and Democrats, white and colored, Americans and foreigners, and the Judge expressed the hope that his brethren, without distinction as to color or caste, would look upon this as a Republican law, requiring intelligent jurors, North, South, East and West. No one should undertake a duty for which he is incompetent, and the right to office is based solely upon the ability to perform the duty. Intelligence is a prerequisite here, and without it no one should pretend to sit in a jury box, and draw pay for services which he is unable to perform.

We can only regret that the considerations which have been so well presented by the learned Judge in behalf of the late change in the Federal law, have not commended themselves to our own legislation, and that the educational qualification which is exacted of jurors in the Federal Courts, is not required of jurors in the State Courts. How few of our colored jurors are able to read or write, yet they are called upon to exercise high judicial functions, and to pass in judgment upon the dearest rights of the citizen. It is a burlesque upon free institutions to confer privileges upon those who are unable to perform the corresponding duties; and to make those judges of law and of fact who are totally unfitted for the position. If the trial by jury be, as has been said, the Palladium of our liberties, it is, as at present constituted, a mockery and a delusion. We trust that the example which has been set by a Republican Congress will be followed by our own Legislature, and that the educational qualification required by jurors in the Federal Courts, will be made equally essential in the State Courts.—*Abbeville Press and Banner.*

WILL PUMPKIN SEED KILL CHICKENS?—

Those feeding pumpkins in the Fall or Winter to stock, will be careful not to let the chickens eat the seed, as it will make them sick, and generally kill them. I experienced it. Last Fall, when I fed pumpkins to my milk cows, the chickens would eat the seed, and I did not care. I thought if they would eat pumpkin they would eat less corn, but I soon found out the result. I soon observed sick chickens about the place, crawling and lingering about, but did not know what was the matter until one day a neighbor lady came to my house and we got to talking about sick chickens. I told her that we had some on the place that could not walk; whenever they attempted to walk they would fall over backward. She asked me if I fed pumpkins. I told her I did feed them to the cows and the chickens would eat the seed; and the lady said that was the cause of it; the pumpkin seed are too fat and tough for them to digest. If any one has chickens affected with it, let him coop them immediately, give them plenty of shelled corn and gravel. This will often cure them and clean out the pumpkin seed.—*Rural World.*

A SERMON ON TOBACCO CHEWING IN

CHURCH.—The oppressed tobacco-chewers of Wooster, Ohio, can't have any peace, even in church. A preacher there has now begun a war upon them. "Sunday week he discoursed on the 'hoggishness' of chewing in church, and after pointing the offense in all its enormity, proving conclusively that every man who chewed the weed in church was a dog, a villain, a rascal, and a knave, he paused in his sermon, looked at his hearers steadfastly in the face, and said: 'Now, I want no more such dirty practices here. If any man chews tobacco in the house of the Lord next Sunday, I shall call him by name in open church.'"

BED BUGS.—A correspondent: "After fighting them eight years, I learned from a girl who had served as chambermaid in a large boarding house that bugs could be entirely exterminated for all time. I immediately followed her directions, which was to take grease that was melted out of salt pork, to melt it, and to keep it melted (the vessel can be kept in a pan of coals), and to put it with the feather end of a quill in every place where I could find a bug. It is necessary to see that the bed covers are entirely free from the pests, and I will warrant there will be no more trouble. It is more than thirty years since a bug has been seen in my house."

WEST AND SOUTH.—The Cincinnati *Enquirer*, which is the Democratic organ of the West, makes the following announcement: "The West and South will take a hand in the next Presidential canvass, and their candidate will not be a specie resumptionist; but, on the contrary, will favor the payment of the bonded debt in greenbacks, and a considerable increase of the circulating medium. The money power of New York has chosen its last President and gained its last victory."

AN ENGLISH DINNER.—The Danbury man says: "One English dinner in the inexperienced American stomach will produce that night, twelve cross-eyed lions; eight bears, with calico tails; eleven giants, with illuminated heads; one awful dog, with twelve legs, and fourteen bowlegged ruffians chased by a host of piratical caulkflowers, mounted on saddles of beef, roasted. Any respectable chemist will corroborate this statement."

A citizen of a country town, noted for his dishonesty, was lately taken very ill, and becoming alarmed, sent for a clergyman, who came to see him, and laid down the divine law to him with great faithfulness and emphasis. The sick man was much affected, and said, "Well, parson, I think you're right, and I've made up my mind that if I get well I shall in live the future principally honest."—*Chicago Tribune.*

A Pennsylvania toper swore off six years ago and has put a penny into a box for every drink he would have taken. He counted his box the other day, and found he had missed 1,287 drinks.

A Burlington, Iowa, man bought a