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MA'S OLD BEAU.

BY CARL BRENT.

The recent relations concerning deed forgeries, at a criminal trial in Chicago, have reminded me of an incident that occurred a few years ago in the vicinity of St. Louis, which seems to me worth relating.

Clara and Mary Merwin, sisters and orphans, were in the sitting-room of their pleasant home on the edge of a village near the Missouri. Their mother had been dead several years; their father had lately died, leaving them an estate, as they supposed, of the value of some forty thousand dollars. But they had learned quite recently that the property was encumbered to such an extent that they were likely to be deprived of it all. This discovery, as may be supposed, filled them with sadness and anxiety, and they were seated in silence, unable to converse, to work, to do anything but brood over their great misfortune.

While they were thus occupied with sombre thoughts, a buggy drove up in front of the house, and a man alighted, and the buggy drove away. This man must have been a little on the shady side of fifty, to judge from his gray hairs, although his face was fresh and unwrinkled. He was dressed with remarkable neatness, and his manner indicated briskness as well as precision. In one hand he carried a small valise, and in the other an umbrella, and he stepped quickly to the door and rang the bell. In a few minutes he was ushered into the presence of the young ladies.

"I'm obliged to introduce myself," he said, smiling and bowing in a courtly manner—"Abner Pierce. Here is my card—professional card. You will perceive that I am a lawyer in St. Louis, and presumably a respectable man. Don't be afraid; I am not here to hurt you, but to help you. I have the honor to call myself a friend of your family; that is to say, although it is many years since I have seen any member of said family, I always had the highest possible regard for your now sainted mother, and nothing could please me better than to be of some service to her children."

"We are happy to meet you," murmured Clara. "Thank you. I happened to hear—no matter how—that you were in trouble, and have come up here in the belief that I can assist you. I hope you will feel that you can trust me. I am actually an honest man, although a lawyer, and I mean well, although I may express myself clumsily."

"I am free to admit," said Clara, "that we need assistance and advice, and that we have not known to whom to look for it."

"Very well. It is a good thing, no doubt, that I have come. Now sit down and tell me all about it."

Clara Merwin, who was the elder of the orphans, and the leader in everything, told how she and her sister had taken out letters of administration upon their father's estate, when a man of whom they had never before heard put in an appearance, and presented a mortgage, with bond included, executed by the late Mr. Merwin, upon all his real estate, for the sum of forty thousand dollars. Not content with prohibiting them from attempting to sell anything, he had tied up their money in bank, leaving them absolutely penniless. They had used their credit, but tradesmen were becoming impatient, and some had refused to supply them any further without pay.

"That is a bad case," said Mr. Pierce. "You need money, that is the first thing to be attended to. You must let me act as your banker until I get you out of this scrape, and that won't be long, I hope. How much do you owe?"

"More than one thousand dollars," answered Clara.

The old gentleman counted out two hundred dollars from a well filled pocket-book, and handed it to her.

"For your mother's sake," he said, when she refused to receive it, and he forced it upon her in such a way that she could not help taking it. He then accepted the young ladies' invitation to make their house his home during his stay, and went in to dinner with them.

"Is there any place where I can smoke?" he asked, when they had returned to the sitting-room.

"You can smoke here," said the impulsive Mary. "Pa always smoked here, and we are used to it."

So he took a meerschaum and some tobacco from his valise, and was soon puffing away with an air of great contentment.

"I can think better when I smoke," he said. "Did you have any legal advice in the matter of that mortgage, Miss Merwin?"

"Yes, sir," replied Clara. "Our lawyer said that it was a plain case against us, although it was strange that we had never heard of the mortgage before."

"Very strange. What is the name of the man who holds it?"

"William Campbell."

"Hum. A good name, but a bad man, I am afraid. When and where can I see him?"

"He will be here this afternoon," answered Clara. "He proposes, if we will make him a deed of the real estate, to give up the bond and mortgage, leaving our money in bank and the rest of the personal property."

"Very liberal. Introduce me to him when he comes, as an old friend of the family, and not as a lawyer."

erty," said the old gentleman, "and am satisfied that it is not worth more than the amount of the mortgage, and it would probably bring much less if sold at foreclosure. Your offer is a liberal one; but I must first look at the mortgage. This appears to be correct," he continued, when he had examined the instrument. "It is properly acknowledged and the signature is undoubtedly that of Philip Merwin. I suppose the young ladies will have to go to the county seat to execute the deed."

The girls' countenances fell at this sudden surrender on the part of their champion.

"This reminds me," said the old lawyer, "picking up the mortgage again, of an occurrence that fell under my observation in Tennessee. Not that the two cases are alike, as the Tennessee case was undoubtedly a fraudulent affair; but there was a similarity in the circumstances. Don't look so down-hearted, young ladies. What will be must be, and it is useless to cry about what cannot be helped. As I was about to say, a man died in Tennessee, leaving a widow and one daughter. The widow was about to administer upon his estate, when a man who was unknown came forward, and presented a mortgage similar to this, and for exactly the same amount. It was examined by lawyers who were familiar with the signature of the deceased, and pronounced correct. Although there was something strange about the affair, they could find no flaw in the instrument. It was particularly puzzling to one of them, who thought that he had transacted all the law business of the deceased. He got hold of the mortgage and brought it to me when I was in Nashville. I happened to have in my possession a very powerful magnifying glass that had been presented to me—the most powerful single lens I have ever seen. With this I examined the mortgage, and soon discovered that 'forty' had been raised from 'four.' There was no mistake about it. I could easily see the marks of chemical erasure, and the difference, in pen and ink, between the 'raised' and the rest of the instrument. How the rascal got into the Register's Office, I don't know; but the record there had been altered in the same manner. He ran away, and it was not considered worth while to follow him. Strange circumstance, wasn't it, Mr. Campbell?"

Mr. Campbell was fidgeting uneasily in his chair, and made no reply.

"Here is the glass," continued the old gentleman, taking it from his pocket, "and you can see for yourself how it magnifies. Now, as I look at this 'forty'—why, bless me! the same signs are visible that I saw in my Tennessee mortgage! I think you will be obliged to drop this, Mr. Campbell. My Tennessee man's name was William Bell, and he has added a Camp to it since he came to Missouri."

Campbell, his face red as flame, reached out his hand for the document.

"I believe I will keep this, Mr. Campbell, for fear of accidents. What do you think you could take it by force? Here is something that shoots five times. Going, are you? Very well; I don't think you will be molested; you will leave this part of the country, and never return to it. It is barely possible that the estate of Philip Merwin may really owe you four thousand dollars. If so, I advise you not to try to collect the debt, as such an attempt would land you in the penitentiary. Good night, Mr. Campbell, and farewell."

"What is it? What does this mean?" asked Clara, as Mr. Pierce, rubbing his hands and smiling, bustled around to fill his pipe.

"Are you so dull, my child? Why, the fellow is a swindler, and has been found out. I guessed as much when I first heard of the affair, and was sure of it when you told me his name. You will soon be able to pay me my \$200, and then we will straighten up matters. Thank you, Mary, you are very kind to give me a light."

"Do you mean to punish him?" asked Mary.

"It would hardly pay. We could put him in the penitentiary, but you might lose four thousand dollars by the job. By trying for forty thousand, he has lost the four that may have been justly his due. He will be far from here by morning. I have no doubt, a good riddance to him. Ah, this is comfortable. I know that I feel better, and I hope that you do."

The girls were sure that a great weight had been lifted from their minds and hearts. William Campbell, alias Bell, decamped, and Abner Pierce stayed a week with the orphans, during which time he arranged all their affairs satisfactorily, and won their lasting gratitude and love.

"How can we ever thank you for all you have done for us?" said Clara, when he was about to leave.

"It was for your mother's sake my child. And for her sake, if I can ever help you, all I have is at your service."

Abner Pierce has visited the orphans frequently since the event above narrated, and they have always had a cordial welcome for "ma's old beau."

NAMING CHILDREN.—A child has a right to his individuality, to be himself and no other; to maintain against the world the divine fact for which he stands. And before this fact father, mother, instructor, should stand reverently, seeking rather to understand and interpret its significance than to wrest it from its original purpose. It is not necessarily to be inscribed with the family traditions. Nature delights in surprises, and will not guarantee that the children of her poets shall sing, nor that every Quaker baby shall take kindly to drab bonnet or a broad brimmed hat.

The very naming of a child, his individuality should be recognized. He should not be invested with the dust of cognomen of some dead ancestor of historical celebrity, a name musty as the grave clothes of the original wearer—dolefully redolent of old associations—a ghostly index finger forever pointing to the past. Let it be something fresh; a new name standing for a new fact, the suggestion of a history yet to be written, a prophecy to be fulfilled. The ass was well enough clothed in his own russet, but when he would put on the skin of the lion, every attribute became contemptible. Common-place people slip easily through the world, but when we find them heralded by great names we resent the incongruity, and insist upon making them less than they are.

George Washington selling pea nuts, Julius Caesar as a boot-black, and Virgil a vendor of old clothes, make but a sorry figure. Leave to the dead kings their purple and ermine, to the poets their laurels, and to the heroes of the earth, sole possession of the names they have rendered immortal.

Let the child have a name that does not mean too much at the outset, but which can fill with his individuality, and make by-and-by to stand for exactly the fact that he is. —Victoria Magazine.

An advocate in Paris appeared at the bar wearing his mustache, and the President called his attention to the fact that mustaches were forbidden. "Well," said the advocate, "I never knew before that the sword of justice was a razor."

A New Orleans Reminiscence which Surpasses Fiction.

The readers of this paper may possibly recollect the circumstances of a fatal duel, widely published at the time, which occurred on the 3rd of April, 1874, on the old dueling ground on the sandy stretch of shore fronting Bay St. Louis. The participants were Arlette Bienvenue, a broker, and Andrea Phillips, a lawyer, of New Orleans. It was on the same spot where the fatal bullet of Rheist of the *Procyone* sped to fight the gallant spirit of the intrepid policy, the ground on which the rifle shots of Badger and Carter were exchanged; where Scott and Campbell met; and where many a previous bloody episode had expiated a real or imaginary fault.

Aside from the fatal termination of the meeting, the contest between Phillips and Bienvenue would not have been unusually remarkable, but for the fact that it was the final scene in the tragic wedded lives of three women—sisters—whose husbands fell by the hand of violence, incited by the evil courses of their wives.

Born of reputable creole parents these sisters were inheritors of vast wealth and a staid name, and distinguished for personal beauty in a land where the loveliness of women was proverbial. Tenderly reared and brilliantly educated, with possessions that rivaled in extent and excellence in value a German principality, it is not surprising that they became the flattered belles of society, and were the boast and pride of the merchant and planter beaux in all the wide coast country. That these brilliant progenies of the haughty aristocracy of the old regime should be destined to exercise the fatal influence they exerted, on the men who loved them, and made them their wives, is indeed surprising. But they were firs from their cradles. Born to admiration their lives were spent from youth to maturity in an atmosphere of fictitious sentiment and unreal passion. They looked upon men as merely the ministers of pleasures, and as the mediums through which their flattered vanity might grow and expand, as the flower blooms in the warmth of the sunshine. All the aims and duties of life were bounded by the ambitions of society. Admiration to them was appreciation. Taught to regard their individual pleasures as superior to all considerations of convenience to others it is not surprising that selfishness, indifference and folly became the mainsprings of their actions.

Not is it astonishing that they exercised the fatal influence they did upon men. Their beauty was glorious. The youngest was the living type of the other two. As the writer saw her but a little over year ago, she rises before his vision now: a tall, graceful, slender woman, a lithe willow form of splendid contour and exquisite symmetry. The oval tinted face glows with health and is radiant with intelligence. Deep slumberous black eyes unfathomable in their depths, which a word can kindle with excitement or make aglow with passion; a queenly woman, regnant in youth, grace and the empire of men's hearts. The rich coils of hair, black and intense, were wound above the low broad forehead and formed a raven like crown to the dusky splendor of the dark Egyptian face. Not even the star-eyed enchantress of the Nile was more wondrously beautiful. Men passed to look at her, and women sighed with envy as she passed. What she was in her youthful bridehood, had been imperfectly described; what her sisters were in their matured and splendid womanhood the enthusiast's imagination alone can picture.

And now for the story of their lives. The oldest sister was married to Dr. Sharp, of Tuscaloosa, Ala., a polished, graceful gentleman, whose love and devotion might have contented any woman less prone to the allurements of society and the admiration of men than his wife. It was in the first year of the war, and the most brilliant society in the south was gathered at Mobile and New Orleans. With an appetite that led to fever heat by a few months' abstinence from social pleasures, she plunged recklessly into a whirlpool of gaiety. The married flirt wears no armor of innocence. Her love of admiration is pitted against man's duplicity and cunning. She staked and lost. From folly there is but a step to imprudence, and that step was taken, despite a husband's jealousy and sense of honor. The end was inevitable: a challenge and duel, and her husband fell pierced to the heart by the bullet of her seducer. There was no pity for a woman like this; society repelled her, her friends discarded her, and she fled to New Orleans to lead the life of adventures.

The second sister shortly afterward married the son of a distinguished journalist in Mobile. The fate of her elder sister was no bar to a career of similar folly. Society received her with open arms. Wealth, influential connections and alliance with a distinguished family obscured for a time the recollection of a sister's imprudence. But genius soon grew weary of her name. From one folly to another she passed with fatal haste and seeming indifference, until in a fatal hour her husband learned that the woman he loved, the wife that he idolized was a thing to be hissed and scorned, the plaything of the idle passions and illicit love. It broke his heart. With the downfall of his idol, his reason wavered, and he perished by his own hand. The recollection of that sad suicide is still a mournful memory in Mobile. Eyes that are unused to weep shed tears in recalling the virtues of one of the truest and noblest gentlemen the South has ever seen. But for all his brilliant talents, and the promise of a splendid future, he died the victim of a woman's perfidy.

The youngest sister became the wife of Bienvenue, a young broker of New Orleans. Rich, beautiful and accomplished, she was at once a leader in society. Courted, flattered and adored, she had engulfed her sisters. Men lavished praises upon her—women hated and smiled upon her. What cared she! beautiful, reckless, heartless and indifferent to all alike, she cared only for that social admiration which was the sunshine of her life. Her large fortune gave her an income in her individual right. This gave wings to her extravagance and enabled her to contract bills in her own name. One of them—a milliner's bill—over due, suit was brought and execution issued which Mr. Phillips the lawyer, had levied for satisfaction upon her carriage and horses. In an interview subsequently had with the lady, regarding the settlement of the bill, words which she construed into an insult, were charged upon the attorney. Her husband resented it—a challenge ensued—and then the fatal duel, on that sad April morning when a husband's life ebbed away in purple tide upon the lonely beach, the last unhappy victim of the fatal sisters' folly and extravagance.

It is doubtful if an event so startling, had shocked society for a many a day. The thread of the strange lives these sisters led, came suddenly into view, and men thought of it with awe and wonder. What fatality was in their destiny. Yet they do not mind it. Thrown by the perversities of their fortunes out of the pale of society they once honored and adored, they drifted with the ebb of the retreating social waves among the reefs and breakers of the city, and now like social drift weeds are cast and tossed with the froth and foam of its currents. Of pleasant evenings they may still be seen on the promenade—clad in the richest attire of fashion, and radiant with beauty, but despite their loveliness, are mere "Wrecks on time's dark waving throne Wrecks on life's wild heaving sea."

On Repentance.

The *News and Courier* recently contained an editorial extremely laudatory of Governor Chamberlain, commending in very warm terms the manly stand taken by the Governor in his contest with the thieves of his party. We heartily concur with our contemporary, in its praise of the Governor's present position. He is engaged in a noble work and is achieving success, for both of which reasons we admire him. The *News and Courier* also touched upon the past record of Mr. Chamberlain, and expressed regret for the accusations it made against him during the last campaign. It withdraws all its charges, and expresses its conviction that one who has acted as Mr. Chamberlain has since his election, could not possibly have been guilty of the offences charged against him as Attorney General—that the election of Judge Reed; the good appointments made, and the various vetoes put upon noxious bills, are utterly inconceivable with any theory of association with fraud in land commissions, sinking funds or financial bonds.

Now, we do not propose to argue the question as to whether or not Mr. Chamberlain has been guilty in the past. We are so well pleased with his present course, that we care not to take a retrospective glance at his early history. But we wish to say a few words upon an abstract question, a question involved in the assertion of our contemporary. Is there such a thing as repentance? Do men always continue in the life they have begun, or do they, as the preacher sometimes "experiences a change?" This is a grave question, involving the present happiness and future safety of millions of human beings. It is therefore a constant theme of reflection; and because of the manifold advantages attending the existence of such a fact as repentance it is almost universally accepted.

We are told that "While the lamp holds out to burn, The vilest sinner may return."

We are told also that we are unclean—a mass of wounds and bruises and putrefying sores—and that we must repent and be saved. How can we repent if the theory of our contemporary, "once pure, always pure," be true? There is some mistake somewhere, but the question perplexes us, and we leave it to be fought out by the ministers and our contemporary. In the meantime we will continue to believe in the existence of divinely given repentance, a most comfortable and gratifying doctrine.

There are many distinguished instances of repentance. The thief upon the cross has furnished materials for thousands of sermons. It has never been argued that because he received permission to enter into Paradise he had never been guilty of larceny. Contend that he was always a pious man, or that he was not saved, and a standing argument for death by repentance will be destroyed, to the manifest terror of millions of miserable sinners.

The Apostle Peter was the rock on which the mighty Christian Church was built, and yet he has never been denied that when the cock crew he committed a grievous sin, a genuine *malum in se*. Paul was the bulwark of the early church, and yet before he saw that great light on the way to Damascus, "he made havoc of the church," and breathed out threatenings and slaughter against those very disciples of the Lord, who afterward hailed him as their chief. From the chief of sinners he was by repentance metamorphosed into a pillar of the church.

Who would believe that Ignatius Loyola, the founder of the Jesuits and the most ascetic monk of his time, was once a gay, rollicking soldier, or that the hero of Agincourt had ever been a poor companion of the beastly Falstaff, or that Martin Luther was once a submissive servant of the Pope, or that John Newton, the eminently pious divine, was once a debauchee, a rake, and a slave? Who would dream that Beast Butler was once a secession democrat, or that Frank Moses had hauled down the flag from Sumter, or that Smiling Colfax had ever taken stock in credit mobliler, or that Susan B. Anthony had ever rested her weary limbs on Theodore's knee? And yet they say those are facts, stubborn facts. They can be explained only upon the hypothesis that there is such a thing as repentance, and that individuals suddenly awakening to the fact that they have been sinning, forthwith resolve to lead a new and better life, and to make some reparation for the injuries they have inflicted on others by sins either of commission or of omission.

For the reasons given above we cannot accept the abstract proposition advanced by our contemporary. Repentance may be a delusion, but it is nevertheless a fond delusion, and we must cling to it the more especially that it is an absolute necessity for us to do so. And whether Mr. Chamberlain be a penitent or a just man that needs no repentance, we will continue to stand by him through thick and thin just so long as we believe him to be striving faithfully and earnestly for the welfare of South Carolina. And may we never have cause to repent this adherence. —Windsboro' News.

PASSING THE CROWD IN.—A well-known drummer for a dry goods house who chanced last summer to be in a Maine town where the circus was to show that night, made a bet that he could pass every one of a party of thirty who had come over from a neighboring town into the "show" without paying a cent. The wager being accepted, the party was marshaled, and proceeded to the tent, where the doorkeeper was busily engaged taking tickets from all who passed through the aperture in the canvas. Coming up with his crowd the drummer rushed up to the ticket-taker with his hands full of cards, and said: "Just count these men as they pass in, ending the one with the straw hat."

"Certainly, sir," and the Cerberus went to work: "Five, ten, fourteen, eighteen," etc., as they passed him and mingled with the crowd, till the straw hat was reached, when he shouted "thirty-one," and turned round for the tickets. But the polite individual who had made him enumerate, had vanished, while the party who was stopped before he had mingled and melted into the indistinguishable mass of the crowd inside, proved to be an innocent countryman who had legitimately procured his admission pastedboard. The ticket-taker couldn't leave his post, for the ingress of regular spectators was pressing, so he made the best of it, and said nothing. He had learned a lesson, however, that made him take tickets first, and count afterward, for the future.

An observing writer says no true woman will ever marry a man so tall that she cannot reach his hair.

Nominations for Office—The Stumbling Block to Good Men.

The Baltimore *Sun*, perceiving, as many another sentinel on the watch-tower does, that much of the trouble, financial and otherwise, in nearly all communities, proceeds from the election of unfit men to office, endeavors to solve the problem of nominations. Our Baltimore brother indicates what we know to be the truth, in a majority of cases, that political offices are looked upon as spoils to be scrambled for and obtained at any sacrifice of dignity. Now and then, communities are plunged into such depths of misfortune by wire-workers and ward-politicians that it requires a combined effort upon the part of good citizens to purge the community of dominant rascality. It is cunningly and plausibly objected to this view that many of the better classes of the community do not, as a rule, take sufficient personal interest in political affairs. But to this answer is promptly given, that, in many of the larger cities of the country, the obstacles thrown in their way, by those who hold the reins of party and work its complicated machinery, are almost insuperable. Before the Social Science meeting at Detroit, Professor Kent, discussing the wretched demoralization of American politics, used these forcible and marrowy words:

"A reason why the best men are unwilling to become candidates for office lies in the fact that caucuses and conventions are often so managed by politicians, that a good man cannot receive a nomination unless by the means which are distasteful, if not dishonorable. The first necessity generally is self-seeking, and this is one of the things most unpleasant to good men."

"A still greater reason why it is hard to find fit candidates for offices filled by popular election is found in the services expected of a candidate during the preliminary canvass. Prior to an important election the saloons in our great cities overflow with intoxicating liquors, purchased at the expense of the candidates. Constant demands are made upon the candidate's charity, with the implied assertion that their contributions are necessary to obtain votes. They must become almost literally all things with all men, religious with the religious, dissipated with the dissipated, filthy with the filthy, corrupt with the corrupt, in order that by all means they may win votes. This kind of electioneering is usually deemed necessary by the political managers, and there is no doubt it is often very effective. It is evident that such electioneering must be impossible for all high-minded men. No poor man who is honest can afford it."

Luckily for many of our Southern cities, though not all, the kind of trickery portrayed by Professor Kent has not grown to monstrous or invincible proportions. But we have the germ of future troubles, and the people most concerned in wise government should be warned in time of the possible approach of the monster and prepare themselves against him in his infancy, rather than wait until Hercules shall be grown to his full stature, ribbed in iron and armed with a club of brass.

WOODEN HAND GROWING OUT OF A GRAVE.

On Monday our city was unusually excited by the exhibition in the *Courier-Herald* office of a hand of wood which grew out of a grave near Yorkville, in Gibson county. It was brought into our office by Capt. G. S. Andrews of that county, who gives us its history. William Herron was out walking with his wife one Sunday evening not long ago, and in passing an old, neglected graveyard near the public road she saw a gum bush with a bunch of mistletoe on its top, and requested her husband to get it for her. He cut the top off the bush, and commenced breaking off the mistletoe, when, to his surprise and terror, he discovered that the wood underneath presented the perfect form of a human hand. Capt. Andrews, hearing of the wonderful discovery, went to the house of Mr. Herron, who, feeling rather uncomfortable over the thought that he cut it from a grave, and perhaps having some theory as to its super-natural significance, very willingly let Capt. Andrews have it. The bush from which it was cut was six feet high, and the hand was on the top, pointing upward, presenting the position of the minister's hand when pronouncing a benediction. It is about the size of a six-year-old child's hand, with long, slender fingers like those of a parrot very much emaciated by sickness. The wood has enlarged formations on each finger and the thumb, representing and corresponding with the joints of the human hand. The most remarkable feature about it is the natural appearance of the nails. They had a kind of flesh color, and the rest of the hand, where the bark had been entirely removed, looks ghastly white. Mr. Andrews says the grave from which it was cut it is supposed to be the grave of a very devout Methodist minister by the name of Butcher, who was buried there many years ago. —*Jackson (Miss.) Courier-Herald*.

"TICKETS, SIR."—This was the way it happened in a town not far from Elmira: "One of the regular attendants at Central Church is a railroad conductor. He is regular, not so much from any personal inclination for Calvinism, as from the fact that he has a first-rate Presbyterian wife who keeps him in the way he should go. A few Sundays since one of the deacons was absent, and our conductor was requested to pass the plate. Of course he consented. For the first dozen pews everything passed off well. There was a regular liberal shower of nickels and dimes, and the railroad man watched sharp, but couldn't see that anybody 'got away,' without responding. Finally he came to a seat where the occupant was either basted or disinclined, for he shook his head but made no attempt on his pocket. The conductor looked at him sharply, but no cash appeared. Then he nudged his shoulder, and softly called, 'Tickets, sir!' Again the man's head waggged horizontally, but the stamps didn't come. 'Pass, then,' whispered the conductor. Still no response. Just as the railroad chap was about to call up the fireman and brakeman to help pitch the impudiculous worshipper out of doors, the regular deacon came in and relieved his prey. The conductor says 'he believed in running a church the same way you would a railroad train—if a man won't pay, or hasn't a pass, let him git.'"

A venerable deacon, who has often helped to throw oil on troubled waters, was asked by a friend whether church troubles are due most to pastors or to people. After a few moments' consideration, he said: "Sometimes the fault is on one side and sometimes on the other, but often on both sides, and if I was called upon to share the blame between them, I should say that each of them deserved a two-thirds share."

The report of a wedding in Kentucky concluded in this wise: "The bride was far from being handsome, but her father threw in a span of horses and seven mules, and the bridegroom was satisfied."

Hon. M. C. Kerr has returned to his home in Indiana from a prolonged tour through the Southern States, greatly improved and entirely restored to health.

News Items.

Gov. Allen predicts a Democratic majority of 70,000 in Ohio at the next autumn election.

A woman was recently arrested for selling some colored people in Boston a liquid warranted to make them white.

Hon. F. A. Miles, an ex-member of the State Legislature, died at his residence, in Marion County, on the 16th instant.

The Spartanburg papers announce the death of Col. W. W. Harris, one of the oldest and most respected citizens of that town, in the 88th year of his age.

Lake Erie was covered with ice as far out as the eye could reach, on the 12th of this month. Navigation on the lakes had not been resumed at that date.

Judge Jeremiah S. Black, of Pennsylvania, will deliver the oration at the unveiling of the statue to the late Bishop Campbell at Bethany College, W. Va., in June next.

About one hundred and thirty bodies have been recovered from the wreck of the steamship Schiller off the Scilly islands. Among them is the body of a lady having a gold ring marked "Hermann Zinkeisen."

An election has been ordered by the County Commissioners of Spartanburg for the 31st of May, to decide in favor of or against a subscription of \$150,000 to the Spartanburg and Asheville Railroad.

The Southern Memorial Association of Washington has adopted a resolution that all soldiers of the Federal and Confederate armies be invited to join in decorating the graves at Arlington on the 1st of June.

The income of the New York *Herald* last year was \$1,700,000, and James Gordon Bennett received \$600,000 for his share of the profits. The young man contrives to live after a fashion in this megare income.

Gen. W. F. Bartlett, who made himself famous by that speech at the Lexington centennial celebration, is President of an iron company, whose furnace is located five miles from Richmond, Va. He is about thirty-six years of age.

The Cincinnati *Price Current* thinks there is little prospect that we shall ever again have a supply of coffee at as low prices as prevailed before the war, on account of the demoralized condition of labor in Brazil, which is caused by the abolition of slavery in that country.

Edward C. Marshall, son of the late Chief Justice Marshall, is a clerk in a pension office at a salary of \$7,200 per annum. Mr. Marshall is seventy years of age, resides in the city of Alexandria, lost all of his property during the war, delicate in health and resembles his father.

It is officially announced in Maine that any woman who has been ordained to preach for any recognized denomination, on proof of such fact and proper recommendation by any persons personally known to the Governor, will be appointed to solemnize marriage in any part of the State.

Advices from various sections of Missouri, Minnesota, Kansas and Nebraska seem to confirm the reports of the appearance of the grasshopper thus early in the season, and the apprehension daily grows stronger that these pests will again destroy the crops in several sections of the West.

Missouri has issued a proclamation calling upon the people of the State to observe Thursday, 3rd of June, as a day of fasting and prayer, and invoke the interposition of Divine Providence to avert the grasshopper plague and its consequent evils, with which the State is seriously threatened.

The Alabama Press Association have accepted the invitation of their New York brethren, to participate in an excursion through the latter State. Rendezvousing at Decatur, June 3, the excursionists will proceed on their Northern tour by the way of Nashville and Louisville to Buffalo, New York.

Mrs. Lincoln, the widow of President Lincoln, has been sent to an insane asylum, upon the petition of her son Robert. She attempted suicide by poisoning the day after she was adjudged insane, but the mixture given her at the drug store was harmless. Her property amounts to \$75,000, which she is incapable of managing.

The monument which is to be erected next month over the grave of Edgar A. Poe, in Baltimore, is the result of a movement begun ten years ago by the school teachers of Baltimore. It will be a monolith of Italian marble, with a bust of Poe in bas relief, and the simple inscription, "Edgar Allan Poe, born in 1809, died in 1849."

In the first Masonic Lodge of Jerusalem, it is said, the master is an American, the past master an Englishman, the senior warden a German, the junior warden a native, the treasurer a Turk, the secretary a Frenchman, the senior deacon a Persian, and the junior deacon a Turk. There are Christians, Mohammedans and Jews in the lodge.

Ex-Gov. Powers, of Mississippi, was recently made foreman of the grand jury in Noxubee county, which was composed largely of negroes, and they found an unusual number of true bills for larceny. After the grand jury had concluded their labors, the ex-Governor discovered that one of his brother jurors had relieved him of a pocket-book containing \$75. The fellow that got the pocket-book is certainly the grand juror of the period.

An interesting decision upon the homestead law was recently made in Charleston. Judge Reed held that, under the constitution and laws of this State, a homestead exemption exists and is valid against a mortgage executed to secure a bond; that the only exceptions to such a bond are where the bond or contract sought to be enforced was either for the purchase money, taxes or improvement; and that in all other cases the homestead was good. An appeal will be taken to the Supreme Court upon this decision.

Mrs. Mary L. Lincoln, widow of the late President Lincoln, has been adjudged insane in the County Court at Chicago, and will be removed to the hospital at Batavia, Ill. The legal proceedings were based on a petition filed by her son Robert, seeking forth that his mother had property exceeding \$75,000 in value, and was incapable of managing her estate. After the verdict of the jury declaring her insane, Robert took the hand of his mother affectionately, and she exclaimed, "Oh, Robert, to think that my son would ever have done this!"

BRECKENRIDGE'S ESCAPE.—The escape of Breckenridge after the surrender of Lee was quite romantic. Accompanied by Col. Wilson, of his staff, he made his way to Florida, where the two refugees were joined by Col. Taylor Wood, the brother-in-law of Jefferson Davis. Securing a small skiff, they boldly embarked, near Key West, for Cuba, and succeeded in reaching the port of Cardenas, near Havana, in safety. From thence Gen. Breckenridge proceeded to Europe, and finally took up his residence in Canada. The last years of his life were quietly spent in Kentucky. General Breckenridge leaves one son who bears his name, and another, who, curiously enough, was christened "Owen County," in honor of the county which secured the election of his father to Congress in 1853, in the contest with Gov. Letcher.