RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION.—ONE DOLLAR and FIFTY CENTS per annum, in advance. Two DOLLARS at end of year. ONE DOLLAR for six months.

Subscriptions are not taken for a less period than six months.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.—One Dollar per square of one inch for the first insertion, and Fifty Cents per square for subsequent insertions less than three months. No advertisements counted less than a square.

Liberal contracts will be made with those wishing to advertise for three, six or twelve months. Advertising by contract must be confined to the immediate business of the firm or individual contracting.

Obituary Notices exceeding five lines, Tributes of Respect, and all personal communications or matters of individual interest, will be charged for at advertising rates. Announcements of marriages and deaths, and notices of a religious character, are respectfully solicited, and will be inserted gratis

Anderson Intelligencer.

BY E. B. MURRAY & CO. — ANDERSON, S. C., THURSDAY, JANUARY 3, 1878. — VOL. XIII--NO. 25.

LEGAL ADVERTISING.—We are compelled to require cash payments for advertising ordered by Executors, Administrators and other fiduciaries, and herewith append the rates for the ordinary notices, which will only be inserted when the money comes with the order:

Citations, two insertions, - - - - $3.00
Estate Notices, three insertions, - - - 2.00
Final Settlements, five insertions - - - 3.00

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In order to receive attention, communications must be accompanied by the true name and address of the writer. Rejected manuscripts will not be returned, unless the necessary stamps are furnished to repay the postage thereon.

☞ We are not responsible for the views and opinions of our correspondents.

All communications should be addressed to "Editors Intelligencer," and all checks, drafts, money orders, &c., should be made payable to the order of E. B. MURRAY & CO., Anderson, S. C.

VEGETINE

Purifies the Blood, Renovates and Invigorates the Whole System.

ITS MEDICINAL PROPERTIES ARE

Alterative, Tonic, Solvent and Diuretic.

VEGETINE is made exclusively from the juices of carefully selected barks, roots and herbs, and so strongly concentrated, that it will effectually eradicate from the system every taint of **Scrofula, Scrofulous Humor, Tumors, Cancer, Cancerous Humor, Erysipelas, Salt Rheum, Syphilitic Diseases, Canker, Faintness at the Stomach,** and all diseases that arise from impure blood. **Sciatica, Inflammatory and Chronic Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Gout and Spinal Complaints,** can only be effectually cured through the blood.

For **Ulcers and Eruptive Diseases** of the **Skin, Pustules, Pimples, Blotches, Boils, Tetter, Scald-head** and **Ringworm,** VEGETINE has never failed to effect a permanent cure.

For **Pains in the Back, Kidney Complaints, Dropsy, Female Weakness, Leucorrhœa,** arising from internal ulceration, and uterine diseases and **General Debility,** VEGETINE acts directly upon the causes of these complaints. It invigorates and strengthens the whole system, acts upon the secretive organs, allays inflammation, cures ulceration and regulates the bowels.

For **Catarrh, Dyspepsia, Habitual Costiveness, Palpitation of the Heart, Headache, Piles, Nervousness and General Prostration of the Nervous System,** no medicine has given such perfect satisfaction as the VEGETINE. It purifies the blood, cleanses all of the organs, and possesses a controlling power over the nervous system.

The remarkable cures effected by VEGETINE have induced many physicians and apothecaries whom we know to prescribe and use it in their own families.

In fact, VEGETINE is the best remedy yet discovered for the above diseases, and is the only reliable **BLOOD PURIFIER** yet placed before the public.

PREPARED BY

H. R. STEVENS, Boston, Mass.

What is Vegetine?

It is a compound extracted from barks, roots and herbs. It is Nature's Remedy. It is perfectly harmless from any bad effect upon the system. It is nourishing and strengthening. It acts directly upon the blood. It quiets the nervous system. It gives you good, sweet sleep at night. It is a great panacea for our aged fathers and mothers, for it gives them strength, quiets their nerves and gives them Nature's sweet sleep, as has been proved by many an aged person. It is the great Blood Purifier. It is a soothing remedy for our children. It has relieved and cured thousands. It is very pleasant to take; every child likes it. It relieves and cures all diseases originating from impure blood. Try the VEGETINE. Give it a fair trial for your complaints; then you will say to your friend, neighbor and acquaintance, "Try it; it has cured me."

VEGETINE for the complaints for which it is recommended, is having a larger sale throughout the United States than any other one medicine. Why? **Vegetine will Cure these Complaints.**

Cannot be Excelled.

CHARLESTOWN, MASS., March 19, 1869.

MR. H. R. STEVENS: Dear Sir—This is to certify that I have used your "Blood Preparation" in my family for several years, and think that, for Scrofula or Cankerous Humors, or Rheumatic Affections, it cannot be excelled; and, as a blood purifier and spring medicine, it is the best thing I have ever used; and I have used almost everything. I can cheerfully recommend it to any one in need of such a medicine.

Yours respectfully,
MRS. A. A. DINSMORE,
19 Russell Street.

Gives Health, Strength and Appetite.

My daughter has received great benefit from the use of the VEGETINE. Her declining health was a source of great anxiety to all of her friends. A few bottles of the VEGETINE restored her health, strength and appetite.

N. H. TILDEN,
Insurance and Real Estate Agent,
No. 49 Sears Building, Boston, Mass.

Prepared by H. R. STEVENS, Boston, Mass.

VEGETINE IS SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

T. C. GOWER & CO.,
Greenville, S. C.,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

DOORS, SASH, BLINDS,
MANTELS and SHINGLES,
STAIR WORK, NEWELS,
HAND-RAILS and
BALUSTERS, LIME,
CEMENT and
LATHS.
GLASS, in any quantity.

TEMPLE'S IMPROVED

PORCELAIN LINED PUMP,

Sewer and Drain PIPING.

The most complete establishment in the up-country from which to procure

BUILDERS' SUPPLIES.

Send lists for estimates.

☞ Thankful for past favors from the people of Anderson, we respectfully request a continuance of the same.

T. C. GOWER & CO.,
Greenville, S. C.

Nov 8, 1877 17

UP WITH THE TIMES!

THE undersigned hereby notifies the citizens of Anderson and vicinity that he has moved his BOOT and SHOE SHOP from his old stand in the Benson House to new quarters on Main Street, near the Market. I am prepared to manufacture fine and substantial Boots and Shoes for ladies and gentlemen, at shortest notice, and guarantee the prompt delivery of work at the time appointed. I will call at residences to get measures for ladies' orders when desirable.

The friends of
MR. R. F. MCKINNEY
will find him at work in my shop, where he will be glad to see them, and continue to do their work.

I have on hand a lot of substantial Kip Boots, of my own manufacture, suitable for winter wear, which I will sell cheap for cash. Give me a call, and examine my stock and prices.

R. Y. H. NANCE.

Oct 25, 1877 15 3m

TOBACCO STORE.

I HAVE just opened a NEW TOBACCO STORE in the

East End of Masonic Building,

Where I offer to the public **all grades of Chewing and Smoking Tobacco,** at prices to suit the times. Experience teaches that a regular tobacco house is the place to get the best Tobacco at the lowest price. Thankful to the public for past favors, I solicit their trade in the future. Give me a call before buying.

T. J. LEAK, Agent.

Nov 15, 1877 18 3m

WILHITE & WILLIAMS,
Anderson, S. C.

BUISTS' NEW CROP TURNIP SEED,
MASONS' FRUIT JARS,
DRUGS, MEDICINES,
CHEMICALS, &c.
PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES,
DYE STUFFS, PERFUMERY,
LAMPS,
WINDOW GLASS,
And DRUGGISTS' SUNDRIES,

Cheap for Cash.

July 19, 1877 1

Flour, Flour.

WADE HAMPTON, and other celebrated brands of Tennessee Flour, for sale by A. B. TOWERS & CO.

Tale of Two Thanksgivings.

It was Thanksgiving-eve. The dusk was falling fast, and something else beside the dusk, namely a fine cold sleet, which coated the side-walks with a slippery crust, and smote the face of each wayfarer with little stinging slaps, as who should say, "Take these, with Winter's compliments; he is just behind, and sends his card on thus by me." Thanksgiving-eves not infrequently are of this uncomfortable pattern. It may be nature's happy device for enhancing by contrast the cheer and comfort of the season, making the fireside seem brighter, the dinner more tempting and savory. But how about those who have no firesides or dinners?

Jenny Forde belonged only in part to this destitute class. She had a fireside, so far as a stove with an open grate about eight inches across deserves to rank under that cozy name. "The Blue-bell of Scotland," the stove called itself. "Adopted into use among our best Fifth Avenue families," its advertisement stated, "and deservedly a favorite in the very highest circles." Jenny was proud of her stove. She was quite sure that no one not an expert would suspect its useful qualities, or detect the handy little oven hidden away behind among the ornamental twirls and scrolls, or the place for potatoes and pudding dishes beneath the iron cage on top. To-night she had popped on an extra lump of coal in honor of the season, and the little room fairly glowed with warmth and that redolence of scorched blacking which is the property of little stoves all the world over. The shade was pulled down over the window, the lamp set unlit upon the table, and Jenny, in her Connecticut rocking-chair, was seated for the unwonted luxury of an idle half hour. Later she must sew. This lazy interval was her holiday treat, the only one within her means, poor girl. There was no one to tempt to the extravagance of a Thanksgiving feast or to share it, and to spend time and money in feasting herself alone was an idea which would never have entered into her frugal and modest mind.

Yet it was not an unhappy face which the fire glow caressed as the big rocker swung to and fro, each movement marked by a soft thud, thud, on the uncarpeted floor. Jenny's characteristic was a round softness of form and feature, which would make her look girlish to the end of her life. Her shrewd blue eyes beamed with a kindly gleam; her mouth, though its corners showed care-worn lines, trembled easily into a smile. There was a pleasant attraction in the plump little figure, always so trimly clad and neat, in the childish fingers, with their deep needle pricks. Every body felt it, from babies who cried to come to her, to the ladies who supplied her with sewing. Jenny was a favorite, and this evening—nay, this hour—was to bring proof of the fact.

For, as she sat, there came a knock at the door—a loud, important knock—and a tall form entered, impressive in capes and buttons, whom Jenny recognized as the resplendent coachman of Mrs. Meredith, a gentle little widow, and one of her best patrons.

"Person here named Forde—Miss Forde?" inquired the dazzling vision.

"Yes; that is me," said Jenny.

"Then here's for you. Compliments of Mrs. Meredith, and she hopes you'll have a pleasant Thanksgiving."

"Oh, thank you, Sir; and please thank Mrs. Meredith."

With a nod he of the capes and buttons departed, leaving Jenny face to face with a big basket which he had set upon her table. From under its cover an unmistakable drumstick protruded.

"I do wonder if it *can* be a turkey," thought Jenny, as she lifted the cover.

Sure enough it was a turkey, pillowed on celery stalks and sweet potatoes, and mounting guard, so to speak, over a mould of jellied cranberry. And what besides? A golden brown circlet, with edge of flaky white. Who can mistake a pumpkin pie? Oh, kind Mrs. Meredith!

The room seemed to have suddenly grown brighter and warmer, as Jenny, after putting away these treasures, returned to her chair and the fire. How pleasant it is to be remembered! What a happy little woman—yes, for all that had come and gone—what a happy little woman she was! So deep were her pleasant thoughts that she scarcely heard the second knock which fell on the door—a low, timid one, as from the hand of a child.

"Come in," she said, dreamily. The door opened a little way, a cold wind swept in from the staircase, but no one entered.

"Well, why don't you come in?" she called out. No one answering, she jumped up and went to the door.

A little thinly dressed girl stood in the hall. She was strangling a sob in her apron, and at the sight of Jenny seemed half inclined to run away.

"Oh, please, Miss Forde," she faltered, "would you lend mother a lump of coal? She's got one of her bad headaches—and the fire's went out—and it's so cold—and Alice and me don't know what to do." Another sob rounded the sentence like a period.

Hard-hearted as it sounds, Jenny's first impulse was to refuse. She did not know these neighbors of hers, and, "Once begin, you never know when it will stop," crossed her mind. Another look at the sweet wan face of the child changed her determination.

"Yes," she said; "come in, and I'll lend you a bit. Have you brought something to carry it in?"

"Oh, please, I'll take it in my hand." Such a mite of a hand!

"That won't do at all," cried Jenny. "My coal is all fine; there are no large pieces. Here, I'll take my scuttle and throw some on your fire. You're Mrs. Denis' girl, I think?"

"Yes 'm."

So down stairs they went, and the little guide opened the door of a bare room, and revealed Mrs. Denis lying on the bed under a huddled heap of clothes, and a still smaller child sitting, with tear-glazed cheeks, beside the almost extinguished fire. The room felt alarmingly chill, and when Jenny spoke there was no reply, and the figure on the bed looked so white and motionless that her heart gave a loud thump of fear.

Hastily mending the fire, she ran up stairs, filled a saucepan with hot water from her own kettle, and hurrying back, began to bathe the head of the sick woman. To her great relief, Mrs. Denis presently opened her eyes, and feebly muttered, "Oh, that feels good."

"I'm glad it does. Here, I'll dip the cloth in the hot water again for you."

"Is it you, Miss Forde? It's mighty kind you are."

"Oh, it's nothing," in a business-like way. "Don't talk. Keep quite still, and your head 'll be better soon."

"It begins to be better already," whispered Mrs. Denis, after a few minutes' stillness. "My headaches always go off quick at the end. But you are standing all this while. Nanny, bring a chair, Nanny."

"It don't hurt me a bit to stand," declared Jenny. "I'm used to it. Sometimes, when I'm cutting out work, I keep on my feet for half a day at a time, and never mind it."

"Ah, it must be good to have plenty of work!" sighed Mrs. Denis. "I've seen the people going up stairs with their bundles, and I'd have envied you, perhaps, only it was something to be glad for that there was some one had all she could do, even if I hadn't."

The patient sweetness of this speech touched Jenny. She could not speak quite steadily as she asked, "Have you no work at all?"

"Next to none. I did a petticoat for Mrs. Mallory—that's in the basement, you know—and I tried some of those slop overalls from Riggs. But it's a hard man he is, and only fourteen cents a pair; and what's that for a day's work? I'd take any thing, though, almost, that I could get, for I want it sore for the children's sake."

"Now you must not talk—you really mustn't," said Jenny, alarmed at the flush which had risen in the pale cheeks. "Do try and go to sleep. I'll look to the children's supper. Don't worry yourself about anything, and to-morrow, when you're better, we'll talk about work, and see what can be done."

All her warm little heart was alive now.

"What a selfish thing I am!" she meditated, when, after making the children comfortable for the night, she went back to her own fire and work. "I almost refused that poor baby the coal. Jenny Forde, I'm afraid you're no better than a Pharisee. You've got into a habit of passing by on the other side—looking out for number one, and letting other people take care of themselves. You may call it minding your own business as loud as you like; I say you're a pig." And her philanthropy broadening under this self-rebuke, a bright thought just then came to her.

"Why not?" she said. "Mrs. Meredith's turkey is big enough, I'm sure. It's a burning shame that I should have so much, and they nothing. I'll ask 'em all up to dinner, and give them one nice Thanksgiving, as sure as my name is Jenny Forde."

It was like a fairy dream to the Denis children when next day Jenny came down stairs with her invitation. And what a dinner it turned out to be! What a traditionally delicious turkey! what lovely cranberry! what a pie! Ah! no one can thoroughly enjoy such a meal, save those to whom dinners do not come every day. It is impossible.

During the long evening Jenny learned the history of her new friends. It was the common story of widowhood and poverty, with one brighter feature—a sailor brother, who had been "so kind."

"Poor Jim! if I only could know where he is to-day!" sighed Mrs. Denis. "It's fifteen months since he sailed, and never a word all that time, Miss Forde. He left all his back wages for us—the blessed boy that he is. It's his heart's blood he'd give me and the children if he could. And it's well off we'd be at this moment if it wasn't for that sorrow of a savings-bank, which went and broke with all in it. He doesn't suspect the straits we're in, and it's I am glad, for he'd fret sorely, Jim would. His ship is a China trader, Miss Forde. Second mate he sailed this time, and he's half promised the first mate's place if he goes again. His employers think the world of him. And why not? for there's no one like Jim."

"How good turkey is!" said Nanny, who was drying the time-honored wishbone before the fire. "It's quite done, Miss Forde, I think. May I wish it now?"

"Yes. Take hold of one end, and I'll take the other. Now we must each wish. I wish your Uncle Jim would come home quick, and safe and sound."

"Why, that's my wish too!" screamed little Nanny, as the bone cracked and flew asunder.

But neither wish was granted. Week followed week, month succeeded month, but no Uncle Jim appeared, neither was his ship heard from. And still the friendship begun that Thanksgiving-day between Jenny Forde and her new friends, throve and flourished. It was not in Jenny's nature to do any thing by halves. By her aid Mrs. Denis procured work enough to keep the wolf from the door, and innumerable were the kind offices which her helpfulness enabled her to do for the widow and her little ones. The children took her into their heart of hearts. "Aunt Jenny" was their name for her, and they loved her next to their mother. And strange to say, with all this added work and new interest, Jenny's own life seemed brighter and easier than usual. "Everything turned out well" for her that year. Little bits of good fortune came her way, a new lightness of heart and satisfaction possessed her. "He that watereth shall be watered." Jenny did not know it, but that immortal truth is as real now as when in days of old, angels came down in visible shape and ministered to the necessities of men.

So passed the winter, the spring; and summer spread her mantle early over the land, and all went happily with the little hive of workers. But one afternoon in August a sad thing happened. Jenny slipped on a bit of banana skin—one of the many bits which dot summer pavements—fell, wrenched and sprained her shoulder, and broke her right arm. Luckily she was near home, and was carried there at once. The accident was disposed of in three lines in next day's paper, but not so easily by the party most concerned. A long illness was followed by a weary convalescence. Sewing was out of the question; Jenny's friendly patrons were out of town; there was no one to offer help; and what with weakness and discouragement, rent falling behind, and a doctor's bill looming portentously ahead, our brave little woman felt her courage sink as never before in her life.

What could she have done without the Denises now? This was a question she asked herself a dozen times a day. Morning after morning Mrs. Denis brought her bright kind face to Jenny's bedside, made her tea, brushed her hair, straightened the room, and cheered her with the hopeful words which mean so much to the desponding invalid. Hour after hour Nanny sat, patient as an old woman, beside "Aunt Jenny," watching her eye, and ready to fly at a moment for whatever was needed. Even little Alice would climb the stairs with a glass of "real cold" water, a flower, a kiss to make her well, or a new rhyme culled from her picture-book, which she was sure would "amoose" the dear neighbor. These visits were the sole cheer of those dark days. The little seed sown in kindness had indeed brought forth fruit a hundredfold.

"Sure and it's a pleasure you would not deny me," Mrs. Denis would protest in answer to Jenny's tearful thanks. "It's always been you and you before, and I never thought I'd have the chance to so much as turn my hand over for you. It's clear pleasure, it is."

The "clear pleasure" lasted into October; then matters began to mend. Jenny could help herself a little at last. Her employers came back, and various little kindnesses followed their return. But the once nimble fingers were stiff and weak, and Thanksgiving found her still unable to sew for more than a few minutes at a time. Mrs. Meredith was in Europe; no one happened to think of the little seamstress, and altogether things were in sorry contrast to the bright holiday of last year.

Again Jenny sat in her rocking-chair on Thanksgiving-eve, idle now from necessity, not of choice. She looked sad, but brightened when Mrs. Denis' step sounded on the stair. It was a quick, glad step, and Mrs. Denis burst in with the joyful face of a bearer of good tidings.

"Oh, Jenny!" she panted, "never was anything like it! It's a turkey has come to me myself this time! Mrs. Read sent it, for the darling she is!—an elegant turkey, and an elegant heap of potatoes as well. We'll have our Thanksgiving after all; and if you're agreed, we'll eat it up here, for my room's but a cold one, and I daren't risk you to come down."

"How nice! how pleasant! But how very kind of you!" said Jenny, half crying.

"Kind! Why, yourself did it, you know. It's you last year, and me this, that's all."

It was impossible to resist such open-hearted gladness, and the feast proved even merrier than that memorable one of a year ago. Jenny contributed some red-cheeked apples to take the place of the missing pie; the room was warm and bright, the children alive with fun and frolic. Jenny, pale but cheerful, lay back in her chair, enjoying the jokes and contributing a soft treble to the laughter. Altogether it was a pleasant scene.

"Now the wiss-bone!" cried little Alice. "Nanny pulled it last time, so it's my turn now. Will you wiss with me, Aunt Jenny?"

"Of course; and I shall wish just exactly what I did then," declared Jenny, holding her end of the bone with the fingers of her left hand—"Uncle Jim, and may he get back safe and sound!"

"Uncle Jim," echoed Alice.

A deep sigh followed. Jim's ship was overdue, and Mrs. Denis had fears in her mind which she did not like to put into words.

Crack! went the wish-bone, and, as though the sound were a signal, rap! rap! fell upon the door.

"Come in," cried the whole party, startled, they hardly knew why.

"Is there— They told me below Mrs. Denis was here—" began the new-comer, but his voice was drowned in a joyful shriek.

"Jim!" "Uncle Jim!" "Oh, Jim, here at last!" And Mrs. Denis and the children flung themselves upon the stranger.

"Avast there! I can't breathe for you all," cried he at last. "Whatever will the lady think of such doings? I'd beg her pardon, only there's no speaking, you throttle me so." And shaking aside the children, Jim—a handsome, bronzed fellow, with merry blue eyes—made a polite bow to the rocking-chair and its occupant.

"Lady!—why, that's Aunt Jenny," explained little Alice. "It was she fetched you back, Uncle Jim—she and me, with the wiss-bone, you know. She wissed, and I was just wissing myself, and just then you came."

"Yes, Jenny knows all about you," Jim," said his sister. "And I'm glad it is in her room you found us. She's been the comfort of life to us all this year back, Jim. I was clean beat with discouragement and trouble, when she came and heartened us, and found me work, and put the bread into our mouths again. I'd have died without Jenny, I think."

"And what would I have done without you?" protested Jenny. "They've all been caring for me this three months back, ever since I broke my arm, Mr.—Jim; caring for me just as if I belonged to them. Oh, you don't half know how good your sister is. How shall I ever get on without her when you take her away?"

"We won't go away; we'll never leave you, Aunt Jenny," began Alice. Jim had seated himself with a niece on each knee, and his eyes full on Jenny, who was prettier and younger-looking than ever since her illness. Sailors are proverbially inflammable. He stated afterward that that first ten minutes did *his* business; but all he said was, in a deep chest tone, "I hope I'll not do anything to displease you, miss."

Why make my tale longer? Happiness can be summed up in few words. Jim went to sea again after a while, but he staid long enough to win and wed his wife. Jenny and Mrs. Denis, sisters now in law as in affection, share a little home together, and are entirely happy, except for a tendency to wake up and listen anxiously on windy nights. Jim, first mate now, on the high-road to be captain, is due at home about this time, and, if not before, will certainly appear on Thanksgiving-day, because, as little Alice says, "The wiss-bone will bring him. He came the minute it broke, you know, Aunt Jenny—the very exact minute. We'll pull hard this time, and make it go crack! and then, just as it breaks in two, Uncle Jim will open the door—I know he will."

Help Your Wife.

In these money-loving times the American nation is in danger of injuring their race by over-working their wives. Let the farmers especially pause and consider whether they are not committing this sin. Many a good man has killed his wife in this way. He is so taken up with his own work on the farm, that he never thinks what his wife is doing, so his meals are ready and the household affairs run smoothly. When his day's work is done, he sleeps soundly and is rested for another, little dreaming that his faithful wife is laying awake because her back aches, and her limbs ache and jerk from the over-strain of the day's work; when morning comes, she has it all to do over again, whether rested or tired.

I have seen some families, and they were good people too, in which I have thought it would be a blessing if the husband could break his leg, and be obliged to sit still in the house, when he could count the five hundred and one times his wife walked from her kitchen to her dining-room, and then with pencil and paper, calculate the number of miles of walking he could save her by putting them closer together. He might not be able to pick up the spring and put it at the kitchen door, but if he were studying the subject very hard, it would occur to him, that he, or one of his men, could bring her a few buckets of water before he started to his work, thereby saving her the walking and the hard strain of carrying water. (It would not take many weeks under this arrangement to make a well at the kitchen door appear a necessity; yet his poor wife has been carrying it for years, whether tired or not.) Nor do I believe that there are any of our farmers so stupid that they could not study out many ways to help their wives, with very little trouble to themselves and at small cost.

When the husband has done his part faithfully, and the work is made made easy enough not to weary his wife, she *must* have some recreation along with the work, to rest her mind. As you, Mr. Editor, pleasantly remarked on this subject: "One who is occupied is never dreary, but that occupation, like a well-set table, must have variety. Beans eighteen times a week, and three times on Sunday, will, in time, induce us to wish that beans were somewhere else except in this world." So, the man who wishes his wife to be his counsellor and friend, as well as his cook, must see that she has time to rest her mind as well as her body, and indulge her taste for the beautiful, which is one of woman's instincts, and cannot be denied her without dwarfing her capacities.

Let the wife remember, it is the good her work does, rather than the amount of it, that measures her usefulness in this world. The woman who takes time to say a pleasant, encouraging word to the little child she meets, and sends it on its way happy; who will listen to and sympathize with the sorrow that is weighing down her neighbor's heart, and by praying with her for help from God to enable her to bear her trials, sends her home to her husband and little ones with a happy heart, strengthened and encouraged to take up her daily burdens, which before seemed too much for her; who is always happy and bright when her husband comes in and has leisure to wait upon him when he needs it or to sympathize with and support him if any trouble weighs him down. This woman is doing more good in the world than if she had all her house in perfect order, the last button sewed on, and plenty of clothes made ahead to last for years—I do not say she must not sew or attend to her housework—not at all; but let these be laid aside whenever she can find an opportunity to do a good deed, which will be a blessing to her here, and a treasure in Heaven, where thieves do not break through nor steal.—*A Lady who Loves a Country Life, in the Southern Planter and Farmer.*

☞ A Louisiana Granger is opposed to railroads. He says when he goes to town they always bring him home so quick he hasn't time to get sober before he arrives.

☞ We see seventy-five cent shirts advertised in our city papers. We shall never insult our manhood by getting into as cheap a rag as that. No! rather let us continue to deceive an unsuspecting public with a paper collar skillfully pinned on to the collar of a good, close-buttoned vest.

GEN. FOREST'S PECULIARITIES.

Some Readable Stories About the Salient Points of his Character.

Forrest's funeral was an impressive one, and, strangely enough, there was only one Confederate uniform in the procession, and that was worn by the occupant of the hearse.

"While," says a correspondent, "the old soldiers and Confederate officers of Memphis fairly worshipped him, he was unpopular with a large portion of the community, who feared and disliked him about evenly for his ferocity and reckless temper."

The correspondent adds that he came of a terrible family, his six brothers all being fighting men, and one of them, Bill, a desperado, the only man of whom the General ever was afraid. Forrest was one of the greatest slave dealers of the South, and it is said that he was kind to his negroes, that he never separated members of a family, and that he always told his slaves to go out in the city and choose their own masters. There is no instance of any slave taking advantage of the permission to run away. There were some planters in the vicinity of Memphis to whom he would not sell slaves at all, because they had the reputation of being cruel masters. As a soldier his arbitrary ways and impatience of control were always involving him in trouble with his superiors. He ruled his men so that they feared him more than they did the enemy, and yet confided in him as though he were incapable of an error or a fault. The war ruined him, and he set to work rebuilding his fortunes. He bought an island plantation on the Mississippi, below Memphis, and contracted with the city for the labor of all her petty criminals at ten cents per day per prisoner. He put up buildings and made the island a reformatory, and managing the plantation with his demoniac energy, was on the way to make another fortune when the malaria of the island atmosphere struck him down.

Age did not make his temper any milder than it had been, for the correspondent tells how he ordered a suit of clothes from a Memphis tailor, and after letting them lie in the shop till they were moth-eaten, cursed the tailor most vehemently for a swindler, and pulled out a pistol, roaring out his intention of shooting the dealer like a rat. But he did not shoot, and next day, in cooler mood, went round to the tailor and made him an apology so thorough and humble that it was almost painful to listen to.

Forrest was in many desperate encounters, one of the most desperate being his fight with Gould, a lieutenant whom he had charged with cowardice. As the General was sitting unarmed and twirling a small penknife in his hand, Gould approached him with a loaded pistol in his pocket, and giving him the lie, pulled the trigger. The hammer caught in the lining of Gould's pocket, when Forrest grabbed him with one hand and, opening the knife with his teeth, literally disembowelled his antagonist ere he could do more than slightly wound the General with another discharge of the pistol.

Forsest never acknowledged himself to have been placed "in a bad fix," except once. General Chalmers and a merchant in Memphis, named J. C. Davis, had some small disagreement, which inspired Chalmers with a strong desire to "go and see him." On the way Calmers met Gen. Forrest and asked the General to go there along with him. Forrest went, ignorant of the real state of affairs. Scarcely had the two Generals arrived at the head of the stairs leading to Davis' business office, when the door was suddenly flung open and Davis knocked Chalmers from the top of the stairs to the bottom. The next instant he presented a heavy revolver at Forrest's head, explaining:

"And this is what I've got for you—two Confederate Generals coming to whip one man!"

"Hold on! hold on, Mr. Davis!" cried Forrest, "there's some mistake here! I didn't know there was any trouble between you."

He was glad to get away, and began to inquire what sort of a man that J. C. Davis was. Folks told him Davis was one of the most quiet, peaceable men in town.

"Well, he may be peaceable," returned Forrest, "but he put me in the tightest place I was ever in in my life."

Yet he never showed any ill-will to Davis afterwards, evidently admiring his pluck.

REMARKABLE MINUTE WRITING.—Disraeli, in his "Curiosities of Literature," records the following, among other instances of wonderfully minute writing: Peter Bales, a celebrated caligraper in the reign of Elizabeth, exhibited the whole Bible in an English walnut shell no larger than a hen's egg. The Harleian MSS., 530, give the following account of it: "The nut holdeth the book; there are as many leaves in his little book as the great Bible." This "unreadable volume was seen by hundreds of thousands." Huet proved that the "Illiad" in a nutshell, which Pliny states Cicero to have seen, was by no means an impossibility; in fact, he demonstrated that it could be done. A piece of vellum, about ten inches in length and eight in width, pliant and firm, can be folded up and inclosed in the shell of a large walnut. It can hold in its breadth one line which can contain thirty verses, and in its length 250 lines. With a crow-quill, the writing can be perfect. A page of this piece of vellum will then contain 7,500 verses, and the reverse as much—the whole 15,000 verses of the "Illiad." And this he proved by using a piece of paper, and with a common pen. The thing is possible to be effected; and if, on any occasion paper should be excessively rare, it may be useful to know that a volume of matter may be contained in a single leaf.

A SOLDIER'S FATE.

A STORY OF TWO BROTHERS.

On last Sunday, says the *Chronicle and Constitutionalist*, a citizen of Augusta, a modest, unassuming character, but a brave man and a good member of the community, died in this city and was buried on the following day. We allude to Mr. Cicero Harris, at one time driver of one of the street cars, and at the time of his death in the employ of Mr. G. H. Kernaghan. We find the following in reference to him in the Louisville (Ky.) *Daily Evening News*, of October 1, 1877:

"Fifteen years ago, when the eyes of the young men of Kentucky were turned toward the South in its day of need, there left this county, in company with many others, two brothers who cast their lot with the South as members of the First Regiment of Kentucky Cavalry, under command of Colonel Ben Hardin Helm, who afterward died at Chickamauga leading the First Kentucky Brigade of Infantry, the grandest brigade that ever fought a battle. These brothers were model soldiers, brave almost to rashness, and always at their posts. The younger had a hard fate. In 1863, when the army began its retreat through Tennessee, he was shot in the foot while the regiment was being charged by the enemy, but never murmured, fighting on, until, almost fainting from loss of blood, the comrade by his side first learned that he had been struck.

"After weary days of suffering he recovered, rejoined his command, and, when Stoneman was making one of his raids, was again cruelly wounded, only to again recover and rejoin his regiment. Sherman swept down to the sea, the two brothers still fighting with their command all through that terrible and hopeless campaign. At last, in 1865, Bentonville, N. C., was reached, and here they fought their last fight side by side again. The elder brother had never been touched in battle. At the picket stand a few days after the battle, he drew his gun toward him by the muzzle; it exploded, the ball entering the knee-cap, necessitating amputation. Delirious, in two days he died, and was laid to rest by his comrades.

"Exactly one week afterward the younger brother, dismounting from his horse, carelessly set down his gun; it exploded, and made a ghastly wound in the side and chest. Sherman was pressing forward, the Southern army was receding, and all that could be done was to leave the poor fellow to die, as all were sure he must do very soon, in the hands of the enemy. That was in April, 1865. Two weeks ago the maimed and crippled hero of more than a hundred fights walked into the law office of an old comrade in this city. After having been reported to all his friends and relatives as among the dead, he had still survived, and, though his body is marked all over with the terrible scars of battle, he is kept alive by the indomitable spirit that marked him ever as one of the bravest men in his regiment. These words are written by one who rode by his side when he received his first wound, and no member of Company "B" of the First Kentucky Cavalry of the C. S. A. but will recognize in the dead brother rash, brave and impetuous John Harris; in the living one, the no less brave Cicero Harris. His life has been a modest one, but is filled with incidents more startling than are told in fiction. Every old comrade will hope that he may live long in the midst of the circle he has made happy by his return."

Human Nature Among Ants.

Wars among the ants have very much the same causes as among men. It is a piece of territory that is coveted, and the stronger tribe goes out in force, vanquishes and ejects the weaker; or it is the possession of its flocks and herds, which one colony wishes to wrest from another; or in the slave-making species, a colony requires a new relay of servants to relieve it of all care. In this case a number of *Formica rufa* or *Formica sanguinea* muster and advance against a nest of *Formigra nigra*, after a desperate battle—for the red ants are very brave, and the black ones though cowardly, are fighting for their young—the aggressors, who are almost always victorious, bear off the eggs of the black ants to their own nests. When they hatch out into perfect insects the slaves take upon themselves the whole care of the colony; they tend the young, take charge of the nest, and even feed and carry about their lazy masters, who will often die of starvation rather than help themselves, even when food is close at hand. The slaves, however, have something to say in the nest. They detain their masters when they desire to go out on a slave-making expedition, till after the time that the males and females of the negro colonies shall have taken flight, so that the species shall not be exterminated. When the red ants come home without booty, the slaves treat them with contempt, and sometimes even turn them out of doors. They are willing to work for their masters so long as they can hold them in respect.

In these combats the ants often manifest a singular resemblance to human beings in the effect which battle produces in the case of raw recruits. An ant which at first seemed fearful and hesitating, after a time becomes excited and shows a frenzy of courage, recklessly throwing away its life without accomplishing anything. When an ant which has reached this condition of insensate fury happens to fall in with a body of self-possessed workers, they quietly lay hold of it, several of them holding its different feet, gently touching it all the while with their attennæ till it calms down and is able to "listen to reason."—*Scribner's Magazine.*

☞ A very plain girl has one consolation—though not a very pretty young lady, she will, if she lives long enough, be a pretty old one.

Whoa, Ball!

For twenty-three years old Jake Willard has cultivated the soil of Baldwin county, and drawn therefrom a support for himself and wife. He is childless. Not long ago Jake left his house in search of a missing cow. His route led him through an old worn out patch of clay land, of about six acres in extent, in the centre of which was a well twenty-five or thirty feet deep, that at some time, probably, had furnished the inmates of a dilapidated house near by with water. In passing by this spot an ill wind lifted Jake's hat from his head, and maliciously wafted it to the edge of the well, and in it tumbled.

Now Jake had always practiced the virtue of economy, and he immediately set about recovering the lost hat. He ran to the well, and finding it was dry at the bottom, he uncoiled the rope which he had brought with him for the purpose of capturing the cow, and after several attempts to catch the hat with a noose, he concluded to save time by going into the well himself. To accomplish this he made fast one end of the rope to a stump hard by, and was quickly on his way down the well.

It is a fact, of which Jake was no less oblivious than the reader hereof, that Ned Wells was in the dilapidated building aforesaid, and that an old blind horse, with a bell on his neck, who had been turned out to die, was lazily grazing within a short distance of the well.

The devil himself, or some other wicked spirit, put it into Ned's head to have a little fun, so he quietly slipped up to the old horse and unbuckled the bell-strap, approaching with slow, measured "ting-a-ling" to the edge of the well.

"Dang that old blind horse!" said Jake, "he's a comin' this way, sure! and ain't got no more sense than to fall in here. Whoa, Ball."

But the continued approach of the "ting-a-ling" said just as plainly as words that "Ball" wouldn't whoa.—Besides, Jake was at the bottom resting, before trying to "shin" it up the rope.

"Great Jerusalem," said he, "the old cuss will be a-top of me before I can say Jack Robinson. Whoa! Dang you, whoa!"

Just then Ned drew up to the edge of the well, and with his foot kicked a little dirt into it.

"Oh, Lord!" exclaimed Jake, falling upon his knees at the bottom. "I'm gone now—whoa. Now I lay me down to sleep—w-h-o-a, Ball—I pray the Lord my soul to—w-h-o-a, now. Oh, Lord, have mercy upon me."

Ned could hold in no longer, and fearful Jake might suffer from his fright, he revealed himself.

Probably Ned didn't make tracks with his heels from that well. Maybe Jake wasn't up to the top of it in short order, and you might think he didn't try every night for two weeks to get a shot with his rifle at Ned.

Schneider's Tomatoes.

Schneider is very fond of tomatoes. Schneider has a friend in the country who raises "garden sass and sich." Schneider had an invitation to visit his friend last week, and regale himself on his favorite vegetable. His friend Pfeiffer being busy negotiating with a city produce dealer on his arrival, Schneider thought he would take a stroll in the garden and see some of his favorites in their pristine beauty. We will let him tell the rest of his story in his own language:

"Vell, I valks shust a liddle vhile roundt, when I sees some of dose dermarters vot vos so red und nice as I nefer dit see any more, und I dinks I vill put mineself outside about a gouple-a-tozen, shust to geef me a liddle abbedite vor dinner. So I bulls off von ov der reddest und pest lookin' of dose dermarters, und dakes a pooty goot bite out of dot, und vas chewing it oup pooty quick, ven—by chiminy! —I dort I had a peese ov red-hot goals in mine mout, or vas chewing oup dwo or dree bapers of needles; und I velt so pad, already, dot mine eyes vas vool of tears, und I mate vor an "olt oken bucket" vot I seen hanging in der vell, as I vas goomin' along.

"Shust den mine vriend Pfeiffer game oup und ask me vot mate me veel so pad, und if any of mine vamily vas dead. I dold him dot I vas der only von ov der vamily dot vas pooty sick; und den I ask him vot kind of dermarters dose vas vot I hat shust been biting; unt, mine cracious, how dot landsman laughft, und said dot dose vas *red peppers* dot he vas raising vor bepper-sauce. You pet my life I vas mat. I radder you give me feefty tollars as to eat some more of dose bepper-sauce dermarters."

NELLIE'S IDEA OF PRAYER.—Little Nellie, who was only four years old, no sooner saw work laid aside, than she ran to her mother's knee and claimed a seat there. Mrs. Lee lifted her to her lap, and went on busily thinking of her duties and cares.

For awhile Nellie amused herself very quietly by winding a string in and out through her fingers; but presently she began talking to herself in a low tone:

"When I say my prayers, God says, 'Hark, angels, while I hear a little noise.'"

Her mother asked her what that noise was:

"A little girl's voice. Then the angels will do just so," (shutting her mouth very tight, and keeping very still for a moment,) "till I say Amen."

Isn't this a sweet thought? I wonder if the children who read this story of little Nellie have ever thought how wonderful it is that God always hears their prayers? He hears the softest prayer of the little child kneeling by the bedside. There is never too much singing or too many praises there for him to hear a little girl's "noise."

☞ Ladies would make good railroad conductors, as they know how to manage trains well.