

The Anderson Intelligence.

BY E. B. MURRAY & CO.

ANDERSON, S. C., THURSDAY MORNING, JANUARY 21, 1886.

VOLUME XXI.--NO. 28.

OUR NEW YORK LETTER.

[From our Regular Correspondent.]

NEW YORK, Jan. 15, 1886.

While the joybells were ringing ushering in the New Year—while the shouts of glad children were awakening every household in the city, as they surveyed the rich treasures that Santa Claus had left them, a poor woman in her garret, in one of the poorest streets was slowly dying of starvation. She knelt down by her bedside on New Year's Eve, so goes the story, to say a parting prayer for the old year went out, but the grey light of the 1st of January, 1886, as it broke through that attic, found her still kneeling there, but dead; no sign of food or money, scant furniture, and a tattered dress were all that remained of her life story; yet she had been a wife and a mother. Little ones had prattled about her knees and nestled in her breast, and she had fought the battle of life as bravely as she could; but home, husband, children and friends had drifted away from her, one by one, till at last she found herself alone, and she too passed into the great beyond. Did he who watcheth the sparrows fall behind the last prayer that she uttered and in mercy knit her away? If so she had a Happy New Year; happier far than the millions she leaves behind her. And now comes the question, is there actually any need of anybody suffering for food in this great city? On Christmas morning a poor widow sat with her two little ones unable to pay her rent, and to get any Christmas dinner. Santa Claus had passed that poor chimney by the night before; and no drums or trumpets gladdened the eyes of widow Morris's babies. The reporter of a great daily newspaper found them out and told their tale of woe within twelve hours that lone widow had her cupboard full of all sorts of good things, and a respectable bank account beside. Thousands, if necessary, would have been ready to relieve her. But notwithstanding our proverbial charity and the magnificent organizations of which this city is full, the hard fact stares us in the face that there is still untold suffering, and the dreadful fact that twenty-one bodies lie unclaimed in the morgue, tells a story of woe more eloquent and forcible, than ever was uttered by human tongue or written by mortal pen.

I was strolling down Broadway the other day and stopped in front of the Hoffman House. This you will doubtless remember, is the hostelry kept by E. S. Stokes, who killed Jim Fisk. A dapper young man stepped up to me and placed in my hand a copy of The Bar. I stepped into the Hoffman and took a look in the looking glass to see if there was any advertisement on the end of my nose that entitled me to such attention, and I assure you on my honor there was not; but looking over the paper I find it devoted to the beer and whiskey interest. Let us look this thing squarely and honestly in the face. What are temperance people doing? In New York City there is at the present time not a single temperance meeting or a single temperance orator that commands popular attention. A short time ago New York had Mr. Sawyer at the Cooper Institute where he conducted the Sabbath meetings for years, but the devil tripped up his heels and he fell, to the great grief of all who knew him. In Brooklyn, Oliver Cotter a reformed whiskey seller, became the terror of his former associates, and many a one he had fined or sent to the penitentiary for violating the excise laws, but the devil got after Oliver Cotter; he disguised himself in a bottle of whiskey, he got inside of Oliver, and one very dull morning he found himself among the drunks in the police court. This certainly was an exceedingly bad showing for prominent temperance apostles. But while the prohibition champions fall by the wayside, the whiskey interest grows stronger and more defiant every day, and why should it not. It makes our Governor, our Legislature, our Aldermen and Supervisors—our Sheriffs, our constables and police. The man who keeps the saloon on the corner is a more potent factor in our local politics than the most eminent clergyman in the city. Two policemen were tried last week, one for robbing a man and the other for assaulting with intent to kill, and the excuse of both was that they were drunk. The policeman O'Conroy, now serving out a life sentence for clubbing an innocent prisoner to death, gave it as an excuse on his trial that he was drunk. Prohibition will not become an accomplished fact in New York in the present generation, and as long as the prohibitionists run separate candidates, just so long will we have free run, Sunday and holiday in this city and State. The policeman who feels his position in danger, if he complains of a violation of the excise law, is going to keep his eyes and his mouth shut, especially when he knows that in addition to his other advantages, it is to him free whiskey and money in his purse.

I dropped into the business men's prayer meeting at the old John street Methodist Church, on Tuesday last. The services were conducted by Rev. Mr. Percot, a Baptist, at one time supposed to be like Paul, the straightest of his sex. The meeting was well attended by respectable business men, the only peculiar thing about it was that there appeared to be no particular need of it, as every man was a Christian in full fellowship, who had made his calling and election sure. I believe I was about the only sinner in the church, and of course felt very uncomfortable.

We are rejoicing in an operative revival which is full of promise for the future, and if we have to pay a good price for a soprano or a tenor, at least, we have the satisfaction of knowing that the money will be spent on this side of the water. And now for a little bit of musical gossip that has never before got into the papers.

When the late Doctor Danrosch was alive, there was a strong feeling of rivalry between him and Theodore Thomas. The Doctor, like Mr. Theodore, was a thorough musician, and he always resented Mr. Thomas' rather aristocratic ways. For before the doctor arrived in

the country Theodore Thomas had set himself up as a sort of musical dictator, from whose *ipso dixit* there was no appeal. Doctor Danrosch sought to counteract Mr. Thomas' influence in musical circles, and he inaugurated one of the most magnificent series of concerts at the Seventh regiment armory, there had never been heard in the country. The result was not only an artistic, but financial success, and Doctor Danrosch retained his influence up to the day of his death, having founded first-class German opera in this city where it promises to remain. When Doctor Danrosch died the baton fell from his lifeless hand into that of his son Walter, and the German opera still continues—Wagner's Meistersinger, which was produced on Monday night, being the crowning glory of the operatic season. There was a great gathering of fashionable and financial magnates; the handsome face of our ex-President being seen in the boxes, and everybody was asking why on earth he has not got married.

But you must not imagine that all the world and his wife were at the German opera at the Metropolitan Opera House; by no manner of means. On the same night Theodore Thomas produced Götter comic opera, Tamara, at the Academy in English. We have here a musical enthusiast, Mrs. H. B. Thurber, wife of a wholesale groceryman and a lady distinguished in fashionable and musical circles. The dream of her life has been first-class English Opera, which would enable the American public which loved music to dispense with the service of the borders of vagabond foreigners who have fairly devoured our substance in the past. Theodore Thomas and the English opera scored a great success, everything like a fair seat costing two dollars and a half, and choice seats were five and ten dollars, so that notwithstanding the discovery that we have native talent in abundance, we are not yet prepared to order opera at fifty cents and a dollar.

I see O'Donovan Rossa is an applicant for a place in the Brooklyn yard. President Cleveland had better keep an eye on the Irish Boanerges or he may be blown blowing up our entire native wild dynamite. A remarkable and sensational feature of the week has been the Dixie ball at the Metropolitan Opera. An actor named Dixie has been amusing the patrons of a little theatre on Broadway, called the Bijou Opera House for a year and a half in a burlesque called Adonia. Mr. Dixie and his manager Mr. Rice have made a handsome fortune by the venture, but in consideration of his distinguished services and the obligations under which he had laid the public, Rice got up a ball at the Metropolitan Opera House. Tickets, \$5.00. Boxes fifty. Of course there was a jam; all the fast people in town were there, and hundreds went just to touch elbows with theatrical people of the stage. Finally the thing was managed so that Dixie and his manager got a pocket full of rocks.

At the sale of pews in Beecher's church this week the premiums fell from \$55,304 in 1875 to \$15,400 in 1885. Stocks are again on the ragged edge, one day strong and the next day weak. The weather which a week ago was like a pleasant spring is now wintry enough to suit an esquimaux dog or a polar bear.

Very truly yours,
BROADBENT.

A Deserted Bride.

BARNETT, January 20.—On the evening of Tuesday, December 29, near Williston, S. C., at the residence of Robert L. Wade, of two of his daughters, aged respectively sixteen and twenty-four, were married, the former to a young man named Addison, and the latter to Walter Stroud, a man about twenty-five years of age, and by trade a blacksmith. Both couples bade their friends adieu and started for Vicksburg, Mississippi, where it was supposed they intended to locate. They reached Thomson, Ga., the following day, Wednesday, where they halted and put up at the Knox House, and remained until Friday, January 1, when they boarded train No. 1, and got off at Barnett with the expectation of finding accommodations. Failing to do so, after spending several hours, Addison and his wife returned to Thomson by fast train to spend the night, and Stroud and his wife went to Sharon on the Washington branch.

In separating, the baggage of the party, consisting of five trunks, was checked to Atlanta, and it was agreed between them that they would all meet the following morning at Barnett, and proceed westward by fast train. When Stroud and wife reached Sharon they stopped at the Edwards House, and the next morning Stroud informed his wife that he would return to Barnett and meet the other couple and would return on the next train. He carried with him a small black valise, and when he arrived at Barnett purchased a ticket to Union Point and joined Addison and his wife and has not been heard of since, but it is supposed that he went to Atlanta, as the baggage belonging to himself and wife has been claimed there, and he was in possession of the checks. It was very hard for the lady to realize that she had been deserted by her husband after being married only a few days, and when she was enabled to view her position in its true light she wept bitterly, and remarked that she would prefer death to having to return to her parents' roof under such circumstances.

She was left without a dollar and among strangers, but she has been kindly treated and will be furnished with the necessary means to return home. The father of these young ladies, R. L. Wade, is a respectable farmer, and the father of thirteen children. Walter Stroud is the son of the Rev. W. H. Stroud, a Baptist minister, who has lived for some years in the vicinity of Williston, Aiken County, and is the father of two children. He is poor, but respected where he is known. In 1875 he removed from Langley, S. C., to Atlanta, Ga., where he located for awhile, but finally returned to Carolina.

BARNETT, GA., January 5.—Walter Stroud returned his wife's trunk from Atlanta by express to-day, and wrote her, saying: "I know I have treated you badly. I am straggled, and it is best that I should never meet again. I lingered a few days to gather my things together, and was spending my last hour with my uncle and his family, when our friend, the Professor, came suddenly in the room with a dazed look, saying: "General Randolph's check has been returned."

MAJ. GEN. RANDOLPH, U. S. A.
BY ANNIE KENDRICK BENEDICT.

[The following sketch is a true one. Every incident in connection with General Randolph has come within the experience of a friend.—AUTHOR.] I was a young man of leisure. My physician had prescribed a vacation, and I was taking it in a Summer boarding house among the hills, in company with an uncle and aunt and some pretty cousins.

One of these cousins was Alice Brantley. She was an orphan, my uncle's ward, and she added to the attraction of a lovely disposition and a strong character. This is not a story of my courtship, or I might tell how the grape vines were laden with their purple harvest, the apples were showing their golden color through the leaves—in short, how I had lingered far beyond my convalescence, all for the joy of sitting in the light of Alice's eyes and listening to her low voice.

But the time was coming when we must separate. She was poor. I had my own name and fame to make in the world. Wanting a position as governess, she had replied to an advertisement from a lady in the South. Her application had been accepted, money had been sent for her outfit, and she was busy about her preparations.

Alice and I were together under a big apple tree one morning, she stitching away on some of the numberless garments that women think they must have if they are going to make a journey. I lazily lay on the ground, trying to make her stop to eat the golden fruit with which I was peeling her, when my uncle came near with an open letter, which he threw into Alice's lap.

"An glad you will read it, and in answer to my inquiries told me that Dr. B., a well known divine from one of the large Eastern cities, who knew my uncle well, had written introducing Major General Randolph, of the Confederate Army, who was to come through our town, and would accompany her to her destination.

We thought no more of it, except that I remember the inward course I visited upon a stranger to do the task that would have been so delightful to me. Mrs. B., to whom she had engaged herself as governess, also sent a letter of introduction, and we only awaited his coming.

Well I remember the morning that he arrived. We were sitting on the broad piazza in front of the house as he walked up the drive with my uncle. He was a man of about medium height, rather slight, but giving the impression of great activity. His whole bearing was that of a soldier. He had a remarkable face, way brown hair brushed back from a high forehead, fair complexion, eyes that changed with every change of motion, now laughing, now pathetic, now keen and sharp, now earnest, now really sinister or wicked. His grey traveling coat and handsome brown valise became him, well, and his slight hair, of the finest softest felt gave him a distinguished appearance.

With air of good breeding won by a man of the world he acknowledged the introduction which my uncle gave in passing, and went to his room to remove the dust of travel.

His coming marked an era in our quiet life. It was the last week in August. Many of the Summer boarders had fled, and those that remained were perhaps the most cultivated who had been with us. In those hazy days of late Summer and early Autumn there was little to do but to sit on the piazzas and watch the changing lights on the hills. General Randolph was here and there and everywhere. I have seen much of the world since, and Alice, my wife, is a keen judge of men and things, but we can both freely say that he was the most fascinating man we have ever met. He had a keen intellect and was brilliant in conversation. His fund of information seemed endless; he would sit on the piazza an hour at a time, twirling the little cane which he always carried, discussing a favorite author, or telling a funny story or a pathetic incident of his army life. We asked no greater pleasure than to watch the lights and shadows of his wonderful eyes.

The ladies were charmed with him; one of my cousins mixed his brandy and water nightly, and a rich young widow, who had many suitors at her feet, received his attentions with evident pleasure. But he had the tact which made no one jealous or unhappy in his presence. Not a pang crossed my mind in thinking that Alice would travel with him. He was my ideal of a Southern gentleman, and my only feeling was one of pleasure that Alice would be so well taken care of.

He formed a special friendship for a gentleman who had a school in the neighborhood. I remember that one evening as we sat in the parlor he asked this gentleman to purchase for him a number of books during a visit to New York. He wrote down from memory the titles of at least one hundred of the best books, and our friend readily promised to do as he desired and give the privilege of his discount. The General also proposed to bring his brother to our friend's school, and offered a generous subscription to aid him in his work.

He stayed two weeks and then left for a few days. He was expecting to return and bring his brother, then take Alice on their journey. He came back, but his brother was not with him. "Harry came to the depot," he said in explanation, "but was suffering so much from a fever on his head that I had not the heart to insist on his coming. He will be here in a few days."

He and Alice started. He had left a substantial check in the hands of our friend, and we were all sorry that we might never meet him again. I lingered a few days to gather my things together, and was spending my last hour with my uncle and his family, when our friend, the Professor, came suddenly in the room with a dazed look, saying: "General Randolph's check has been returned."

We could not believe our ears. General Randolph dishonest! Impossible! My uncle telegraphed at once to his clerical friend in the East. Alas! Dr. B. knew no such man. He was blind and wrote by means of a secretary, so that his signature had been easily forged. I was crazy, maddened! Alice had gone with him! Where? Oh, where? I took a detective and started in search of her. I gathered my own savings, the bank furnished more money, and I determined to find him and bring him back to justice dead or alive.

We followed them to New York, but they had left the day before. We traced them by means of a small cane which he had left to be marked at a jeweller's store. It was to be engraved: "From Randolph, of Virginia, to Dush, of Kentucky," and was to be sent to Lexington, Kentucky. We followed them to Cincinnati. I recognized his handwriting on the register of one of the hotels in an assumed name. As I pointed to it the clerk laughed and said: "I'd like to collar that fellow. He played us the nearest bit of roguesy that I've seen for many a long day. He went to the theatre one night and brought back with him a chap that he picked up there. They were as thick as hops. They must room together. I had charge of the safe, and as they came to the desk to get the key, your friend said to the other in the airiest tones—you know what a way he had his own: 'Yes, I knew it.' 'Now, you must excuse me, sir; but of course we never met each other before, and I think it would be better to leave our valuables in the safe over night. I have a package of papers beside me that is worth a good deal, and with your permission I'll take a check for it.' The other chap did the same, leaving a watch and quite a sum of money. Now, what do you suppose that infernal rogue did? Early in the morning, before the other fellow was awake, he slipped his hand into his pocket, got out the check, dressed himself, came down and handed it over to the clerk (a different one in the morning, you know), and received the watch and the money, leaving his friend his package of papers, worthless, of course. You may be sure we haven't seen him since."

We then visited the chief of police, who conducted us to the rogues' gallery. I hate to live over again the distrust of human nature that entered my soul that day when in a conspicuous place I saw the handsome face and brilliant eyes of our friend Randolph.

"He is one of the biggest rogues in the country," said the chief. "He has been in prison twice for forgery, and has done more petty crime than any man I know of."

We traced them in one slight way and other, to Buffalo. There, in one of the first class hotels, to my joy, I found Alice. She said that General Randolph had gone out for a few minutes, and they were to leave that evening. He had taken her even to the town where she had expected to go; showed her the house of Mrs. B., but regretted to find that the lady was still in the North on her Summer trip. Alice had been treated with perfect courtesy, but rather by the power of his magnetism than in any other way he had got her on the cars and taken her to Buffalo. We subsequently concluded that his purpose in taking her was to make her of use in counterfeiting. She was a fine penman, and that was one of his diversions.

She promised the officer to board the train that evening, as had been agreed upon, and after it was in motion, to point out General Randolph. She did so, and thus was he delivered up to justice. On the return home he escaped once, but was recaptured.

After he was fairly locked in the jail I went to see him. He looked haggard, but met me with all his polished ease of manner. "It is all a mistake," he said; "all a mistake. It will be right soon. I heard you were searching for me, and was traveling to find you."

"Strange," I answered, "that we were looking so hard for each other and couldn't come together. I hope the matter may be righted, as you say."

But it never was righted. He was tried and sentenced to Charleston State Prison for seven years. I have heard since that he played insane and was released, and that he was afterwards feted in one of our smaller cities as Governor of Arkansas.

Perhaps one of the few truths that General Randolph ever told was that his brother had "a felon on his hand." The many questions that will arise in the minds of my readers I cannot answer. I have given the facts; you must form the theories.

—One of the most felicitous illustrations of that evangelistic oddity, the Rev. Sam Jones, is that in which he likens some bombastic men of small account to a little steamboat which he used to meet on a Southern river. This vessel had a very small boiler and a very big whistle. When the whistle blew the boat had to stop, for the boiler would not furnish steam enough for the engine and the whistle at the same time. The comparison is applicable to many of the most noisier of reformers and workers. While they are trumpeting what they have done, their work, such as it was, comes to a halt.

—A very loquacious lady, calling one day to consult her physician, talked on and on with such volubility that the latter could not get in a word edgewise. Growing impatient, he at length told her to put out her tongue, which she did. He then said: "Now, please keep it there until you have heard what I have got to say to you."

"Don't."

It has been many years since Punch delivered the oracular bit of advice "to young people who are about to get married," which it summarized in the one cautious, emphatic and peremptory word, "Don't!" And perhaps no single piece of advice that was ever given has been so often and so earnestly quoted, or has been so persistently disregarded. In a slightly modified form, there is no doubt that Punch's counsel embodies a vast deal of prudence and wisdom, and that it should commend itself to the matrimonially inclined. The reason why it fails to be accepted in so overwhelming a majority of cases, therefore, must be an unusually strong reason, and one deeply rooted in human nature. Herein lies the difficulty. It is no doubt safer and better to bear the ills we have than fly to others that we know not of; but there is a spirit in man, and in woman, especially in young men and young women, which irresistibly impels them to hope for better things than the things they have; and no ill ever seen so certain of its occurrence as the ills from which they chance to suffer at any given time.

The loving mother who once enjoined her daughter never to get married, was promptly met by the argumentum ad mulierem of the daughter's own existence, which argument, it must be conceded, was conclusive to the daughter's mind. And when that perverse young woman was further reminded that the mother spoke from experience, what more natural, as we say, than that the daughter should entertain and express a desire to encounter like ills in order to qualify herself, by like experience, to give like counsel to some future day. Thus it goes, from generation to generation; and thus it happens that making a womanhood make so slow advance towards a state of perfect wisdom—because the knowledge we so painfully acquire in a lifetime dies with us, and those who come after us must needs begin the spelling-book at a, b, c, and will insist upon regarding the story of the boy up the apple tree, of the oak that was gored, of old dog Tray, and so on, as the very best advice that can be given to the young.

And yet Punch was more than half right. With a slight qualification, the best advice to give to young people who are about to get married is "Don't," and that qualification may be briefly expressed in the one word "unless." The formula then becomes "Don't—unless;" and in this shape it is the very best advice that can possibly be offered and accepted under the circumstances.

Love is well enough as a motive for marriage, and there should be, as there can be in truth, no marriage without it. But that they love each other, however fondly or foolishly, is not a sufficient reason why two young people should haste to be married. For it must not be forgotten that Cupid has wings as well as wings; that beatitude and bacon, happiness and howling, go hand in hand; and that there are few things more conducive to the development and persistence of exalted sentiments than the gentle influences of a coal fire, with the knowledge that the bed is full behind the door, and a strong reed in the cellar.

It is easy to say, before marriage, that these things are of the world, worldly, and are not worthy to be considered in comparison with the mere happiness of being and abiding with him or her, as the case may be. But, unfortunately, we live in a material world; lovers are not spirits, and after marriage, if not before, they must eat and drink and dress like other people, or suffer because they cannot. Love has wings as well as wings, and there is an old saying that when poverty comes in at the door with its train of trials and privations, we become aware of certain bright pinions fluttering at the casement, and the danger is that, ere we are aware, the gentle guest who has dwelt with us awhile may take his flight, never to return.

It is not wise to incur so great a risk unnecessarily. It is better to pause beforehand and count the cost of even a wedding; better not to get married at all, than to marry in haste and repent at leisure; better to wait than to wish, when too late, that you had waited. It is better, far better, dear young friends, to go on loving truly and faithfully, and madly if you be, than to marry without reason and without prudence, and cease loving forever after.

If you will not consider these things before marriage, depend upon it you will be compelled to consider them after marriage. Recklessness in regard to any important step in life never yet precluded reflection and regret, when that step had been desperately or impatiently and unwisely taken. Be sure your folly will find you out, and if you are a young man, don't begin life with the dearest woman on earth by placing her in a position which will inevitably entail disappointment and, perhaps, misery upon her for your selfish sake. If you are a young woman, on the other hand, it is not necessary to lose your head merely because you have lost your heart. He may be the very best and handsomest and most affectionate lover in the world, as he probably is; but, if he cannot offer you a home; if he have not a certain profession or calling that will enable him to provide for you as well as for himself; if say nothing of others who are not usually taken into account; if he cannot take care of you as well as love you, don't, earnestly entreat you, don't impose upon him a burden which he cannot bear, even if that burden be your sweet self, and so assure for both of you, in advance, the loss of the very happiness that you seek.

Examples of the danger of disregarding the advice which we have thus fully and freely given, and which, perhaps, you have received before from those who love you best, are not wanting. The dismal story of young lives blighted by ill-considered and imprudent marriage is told almost every day. Do not fancy that your case would be any better under the same circumstances. If you are contemplating so serious a venture, stop and consider. If you are about to get married—unless you are fully prepared for the duties and trials of marriage!—heed the word of wisdom, and "Don't"—*Charleston Sunday News.*

EDUCATION IN THE SOUTH.

The Nation's Duty to the Colored People Plain and Imperative.

The reconstruction policy that followed the late civil war extended suffrage to a million or more of freedmen who were entirely uneducated as a class and entirely untrained in any of the responsible duties of citizenship. There was every reason why the Southern States should deny education to a servile race, as education could only endanger the tranquillity of slavery, and it is not surprising that the poorer class of whites in the South present a larger percentage of illiteracy than is found in the North, where free schools have been established for half a century.

It is too late to inquire into the wisdom of enfranchising the colored men who were freed from bondage and clothed with all the prerogatives of citizenship. That has been done and it will not be undone. There is special force in the argument, now that the passions of sectional strife have perished, that suffrage should have been limited to the standard of intelligence, but it is too late. The South has the power to practically disfranchise the colored citizens, but it will not be done, because the limitation of voters would be foiled by a corresponding limitation in representative power in the popular branch of Congress and in the Electoral College.

Universal suffrage, regardless of race, condition or property, is now the irrevocable policy of the Republic, and that compels us to look squarely in the face the appalling fact that ninety per cent. of the whole colored vote of the South cannot read the ballots they vote, and twenty-four per cent. of the white voters of the same section are equally ignorant. In South Carolina more than one-half of all the voters, white and black united, cannot read their ballots, and in Mississippi, Louisiana and Georgia, only a small fraction more than one-half of all the voters can tell, from their tickets, for whom they cast their votes. These statistics are furnished by the official census reports of 1880.

It must not be assumed that the Southern States have been remiss in enlarging facilities for popular education since the war. On the contrary, considering their resources and their extreme necessities, they have greatly surpassed the North in their efforts for the education of both races. The good work was hindered by the profligacy of carpet-bag rule, that collected school taxes and promised education to the colored race, but wasted or stole most of the school revenues. Since the reconstructed States have been allowed their own rule they have made marvellous strides in popular education. South Carolina, where war left its legacies of dire vengeance and desolation, pays nearly half as much for free schools as does Pennsylvania, and employs more colored teachers than are employed in all the Northern States combined, while Mississippi, the only Southern State in which the colored race predominates, offers better advantages to colored pupils for higher education at the cost of the State than does Pennsylvania.

The plain duty of the nation is to give its voters, with whom are lodged the sovereign powers of the Government, the highest possible standard of intelligence, for only in intelligence and virtue is there safety for free government. How the problem is to be solved; how education can be so diffused as to rescue the masses from the domination of ignorance, is a question of the gravest moment. Earnest men have proposed a comprehensive scheme of education by the General Government, of the country halls at the scores of millions necessary to carry it into effect, and many hesitate at any system of governmental power in the South that could be prostituted to partisan ends; but the facts that a full million and a quarter of voters in the South are unable to read their ballots; that the whole nation has pledged its faith to the improvement of the freedmen, and that every intelligent citizen of every section is immediately interested in elevating the standard of intelligence among those who may control the destiny of our institutions, speak trumpet-tongued for enlarged educational facilities in the Southern States. They have done their part generously, and will doubtless multiply and extend their schools as rapidly as their resources shall be increased; but they are unequal to the great work, and the nation should extend a helping hand in justice to itself as the exemplar of popular government among the peoples of the earth.—*Philadelphia Times.*

In a Trance for Seventy Days.

COLUMBUS, NEB., January 12.—News has just reached here from a farm house several miles north that Minnie Dishner, Nebraska's sleeping beauty, recovered consciousness on Sunday, January 3, the seventieth day of her hystero-cataleptic trance sleep. The roads have been impassable until the present time and the news of her recovery could not be received before. The girl fell into a trance, from which she has now revived, October 26 last. During this long interval she had lain in all appearances lifeless, with the exception of respiration and pulsation. When Miss Dishner awoke her mind was apparently clear and unimpaired. Her appetite and general feelings were good, but her arms and legs were paralyzed. She says she was conscious during the whole time of her protracted trance, but, though she exerted her utmost power to evince her consciousness, she could not move a single muscle. She said she had no physical pain until the fortieth day of her sleep, when the electric battery was applied. Since then she has suffered a thousand agonies of body, and at times it seemed as if her mind would give way under the strain, and she now complains of terrible physical sufferings in consequence of the shock to her system. The doctor in attendance says, however, that she will recover in a short time and will also regain the full use of her limbs.

—One firm in western Massachusetts last year made 130,000 drums, using half a million feet of lumber, 35,000 sheepskins, 2,000 pounds of cord, and tons of other things.

A Battle with Wild Hogs.

Few men are aware that there are such things as wild hogs in this country, but such is the case, however little the fact may be known.

Not long since Jim Reynolds and myself were on a deer hunting expedition on one of the numerous bayous that jut into Red River, in the South-eastern part of Arkansas. We had with us two dogs, and were trailing along the bank of the bayou—the dogs some two or three hundred yards in advance. All at once the dogs began to bark and there arose the greatest commotion imaginable. It did not take us long to determine the cause of all this commotion, as the dogs soon gave in sight fighting and retreating toward us.

Attacking them was a drove of wild infuriated hogs, some of them so large and ferocious that a grizzly bear would be little more formidable. To say that they would strike terror to the bravest heart is but to make an assertion that would receive immediate credence if the reader should be ever brought face to face with them.

What was to be done? Here they came, with a deafening and unearthly noise, their every bristle projecting forward, eyes reddened with rage, froth dripping from their long tusks, ready to rip open any one or anything that offered combat.

We stationed ourselves by the water's edge so as to be ready to take to the bayou in case of our guns falling to pieces. When they were about fifty yards from us we encouraged the dogs to stand their ground, and so they did for a short time until one of them was struck by a very large bear, and literally ripped open, the poor creature's entrails falling to the ground before he expired. The other dog then beat a hasty retreat toward us, closely followed by these mad-demoniacs.

We were armed with double-barreled breech-loading guns, one barrel rifled and the other shot, rifles 38 calibre and our shot cartridges contained No. 2 shot. The remaining dog had been disabled that we could expect but little if any assistance from him. It was all he could do to take care of himself, and rather questionable about his being able to do that for any considerable time.

I suggested to Reynolds that we give them a volley from our four barrels at once, and perhaps it would so discomfit them that they would retreat. This we did when they were about two rods from us, and, although we felled some three or four to the ground and crippled others, they seemed more enraged than ever, and were on us before we could reload our guns. The only thing left for us to do was to take to the water (and very fortunate was it that we had water to take to) and we immediately did. Abandoning our guns, we plunged in and swam to the opposite shore, the live dog taking kindly to our example.

The bayou at this point was about four rods wide. After crossing, we each selected a tree which would be easy to climb in case the hogs should cross after us. Several times I imagined that they were about to cross, but the dog now having ceased to bark and lain down, while we concealed ourselves behind the trunks of large trees, their rage seemed to abate, and they presently moved off down the bayou.

Some little time after they had disappeared among the thick timber of the bottom, we swam back to our guns. After making an examination of the hogs we had dispatched, we concluded that we had had all the bottom hunting that we desired that day, and struck out for the lands.

We learned that these wild hogs abound in considerable numbers along the bottoms of Red River and tributary streams in this locality. These hogs belong to the "razor back" breed and grow to an enormous size, feeding principally on the mast of the bottoms and adjacent uplands. We were also informed that had it not been for our dogs they would probably not have given us any trouble, but would quietly have withdrawn on our approach.

The tasks of the largest one that we killed (an old boar) projected fully four inches from the jaw, curving outward and upward from their base on the upper jaw, and upward and outward on the lower jaw. They are frequently hunted in the fall and winter after the mast has fallen, and they have become fattened on it, and make, it is said, fair bacon.

Were it not for the fact that the hog cholera makes frequent ravages among them, the bottoms would swarm with them, and it would be dangerous to travel there. As it is, one feels safer at a distance than among them, especially if you have dogs with you, which they are certain to attack if they come within sight. In the drive that we encountered there were fully thirty, the greater number of them large, and most have been four or five years old. I presume, also, that overflows destroy very many of them.

If there is anything to be dreaded more in the words than an attack of wild hogs in considerable numbers, I have yet to learn what it is.

Thought He Could See Clear Through.

A specialist in throat troubles was called to treat a Boston lady, who manifested so much interest in his surgical instruments that he explained their uses to her. "This laryngoscope," said he, "is fitted with small mirrors and an electric light; the interior of your throat will be seen by me as clearly as the exterior; you would be surprised to know how far down we can see with an instrument of this kind." The operation over, the lady appeared somewhat agitated. "Poor girl," said her sister, who was present; "it must have been very painful." "Oh, no, not that, not that," whispered the Boston lady; "but just as we fixed his instrument in place I remembered that I had a hole in my stocking!"—*New York Sun.*

Jones and Small.

CINCINNATI, January 12.—The meetings inaugurated by Sam Jones at Trinity Church are attended twice a day, despite the worst weather known here for 17 years, by crowds larger than the church will hold. No larger crowds can be accommodated outside Music Hall, and the weather forbids its use for the present. The press of the city favor the movement, and urge Jones to strike and spare not. Very full reports are given, and general interest in the community is widespread and deep. The Christian cooperation were never better anywhere for success. It is likely that double meetings will be necessary hereafter, Jones and Small preaching simultaneously.

—A Pittsburg woman having included in her complaint against her husband that "he had kissed her in 1882, and she hadn't seen him since," the New York Herald says some women evidently expect their husbands to hang around the house and make love to them all the time.

The Gallant Dead.

We extract from "The Campaigns of Stuart's Cavalry," by H. B. McClellan, Richmond, the following touching incident which occurred in the late war near Brandy Station:

"Butler had now secured a good position, covering the road to Brandy Station, and where he might expect soon to be reinforced by the 4th Cavalry. Moreover, he threatened the enemy's flank, should he advance towards 'Chulpepper Court House.' The one gun that had followed Colonel Wickham from Brandy Station was now available, and Butler proposed to make a stand. But while in the road, side by side with Captain Larley, (of General Stuart's staff), the horses' heads in opposite directions, a shell from the enemy struck the ground near by, ricocheted, cut off Butler's leg above the ankle, passed through his horse, through Farley's horse and carried away Farley's leg at the knee.

"The Hon. John T. Rhett addresses his narrative, from which I have already largely drawn, to the Hon. M. C. Butler; and thus describes a scene which, for knightly courtesy and heroism, cannot be surpassed: "After we crossed the stream the enemy placed a gun in full view of us all. While they were so doing you ordered us to retire. As we were moving off I was turned in my saddle looking backwards, I saw the artilleryman fire the