

# The Anderson Intelligencer.

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BY E. B. MURRAY & CO.

## TEACHERS' COLUMN.

J. G. CLINKSCALES, EDITOR.

Our readers will, no doubt, expect some account, in this issue, of the proceedings of the Teachers' Association on last Saturday. They will please not forget that the Teachers' Column is printed on Friday of every week. We hope to give full account of proceedings next week.

Whatever may be your business, it is of the highest importance that you keep a set of neat, legible, comprehensible books. Thousands of men know not how they stand financially because they never take the pains to have a well-kept record of their business transactions. It is said that George Washington, while an humble citizen on his farm in old Virginia, before he was known as the father of his country, kept a set of neat books and could tell exactly what it cost him to raise every crop. Every field was named and charged with every load of manure and every day's work put upon it, and in the fall, credited with every bushel of corn or pound of tobacco it yielded. How many farmers in Anderson County take the trouble or pains to keep such records? How many can tell, even approximately, what it costs to raise a single crop? Many have so well advanced at school: would it not be a good idea to require these boys to keep the books for the farm? It would certainly be of great advantage to the boy, and might prove interesting and helpful to the farmer. It is no more important that a merchant have well-kept books than that the farmer have them; and the larger the farm, the more varied and extensive the business, the greater the necessity for such books. The cotton gin, the saw mill, the threshing, the grist mill, the little store, all come in for their share of attention, for their places in the book that shows the standing of the proprietor and the relation of the different branches of business. A copy of Messey's Single Entry Book-keeping would expedite business on many a farm and greatly facilitate its management. If the son is not competent or not careful enough to keep the books, entrust it to the daughter. Girls as a general thing write better, and are more accurate than boys. A copy of the book above mentioned might prove a blessing to you: get one and learn its simple and useful lessons.

Last week we remarked about the great necessity for better school-houses. Let us reiterate: we must have better houses before we can reasonably expect to have public schools of higher grade. Considering the small amount of money appropriated for the support of the public schools, and considering the admitted ability of our people to provide better houses with their own hands and means, it is unfair, unreasonable and impolitic to ask the District Trustees to build or repair houses by appropriating the public fund. As has been already suggested, let the good citizens in every neighborhood determine to take steps in this matter as soon as the crops are "laid by." Saw-mills are not scarce, and timber is plentiful, at least not so scarce that Anderson County can not afford an abundant supply for all the school-houses she needs: then, if you find it inconvenient to contribute of your means, consent and move to give three days' or even a week's work with your own hands to the improvement of the house your children are to occupy during the cold days of next winter. But again. In towns and cities, hot suppers and various other enterprises are frequently resorted to for the purpose of raising money to be expended in the improvement of church buildings. Why may not our friends in the country, with enterprising spirit, in a similar way procure funds sufficient to beautify their school-houses and make them comfortable? It can be done. Such an enterprise in the month of July or August would be a pleasant recreation for the many sprightly girls, young ladies and young men all over the County. We are earnest in this matter. Can't our teachers work up an interest that will lead to something of this kind? Talk about it. Talk to your neighbors and patrons. In every community, some man can be found whose heart throbs in unison with the teacher's touch. Be kindly, politely, but candidly. Don't put your finger in your mouth and whine about the dreadful condition of the house and the little progress the children have made in consequence thereof, until you have made at least one honest effort to better the condition of affairs. What neighborhood will put the ball in motion?

MR. EDITOR: Our school at Bethany Church, in Martin Township, has been flourishing in spite of the bad weather. We have forty-three pupils enrolled. We did not close January when public notice suspended, but fear we will be compelled to close the first of April. We practice Calisthenics, and find it very interesting to the children. Please say what geography you think best for beginners. Can't you favor us with a call? We would be pleased to see you. I do so much want to do my full duty in the school room. NETTIE HALL.

At prefer Cornell's Geography for beginners. After completing the first two steps in Cornell's, take up Maury's Manual, or Appleton's Geography; either is good.—Ed.

MR. EDITOR: It has been our intention for some time to let you hear from the Mountain Creek School, but felt a little timidity in attempting to do so. We have a full school, and are getting on nicely. We are at present devoting our energies principally to arithmetic. Of course, we find the black-board indispensable in this study; and it is used at every recitation. We also use it in teaching spelling, and find that it fully repays for the time consumed. Our most advanced pupils study Webster's Dictionary, and are required to mark the words. We have also adopted Dr. Lardner's plan of calling attention to words

## OUR NEW YORK LETTER.

[From our Regular Correspondent.]

New York, March 27, 1886.

"Free gospel services here and no collection"—such is the sign that floats in front of the Academy of Music, as we have not introduced the pass-book exercise, though only because we have not sufficient room for the class.

Some time ago you recommended Reed & Kellogg's "Graded Lessons in English" for beginners. We are using it, and find it superior to any grammar we have ever tried. The diagrams make it very simple; and the pupils learn to parse with remarkable ease and correctness.

We have daily calisthenic exercise, and it is quite an attractive feature of our school.

When you are visiting, come to see us. ALICE DAVIS.

MR. EDITOR: Having been a boy, a student, and a teacher, we are provoked to take issue with a writer in the Teachers' Column who, in speaking of stimulants for students, says, "the best stimulants for students are, 'the best stimulants are the teacher's cane.'" Let us look at this. Corporal punishment in the school-room, as an educator, is British because it tries to do by brute force what should be accomplished by a judicious use of the higher powers of our being, namely, the mind and heart. Do you train a horse by beating him? No; it is by kind treatment. A boy is much more than a horse, therefore gain his obedience by love, and if you want work done in the school-room, or desire to teach that he will be easier accomplished. The idea that knowledge is only obtained by coming in contact with the teacher's rod has been outlined a half century ago. Corporal punishment is contrary to all principles of human treatment, based upon the will, reason and higher feelings of our nature. Every child, old enough to leave its mother and attend school, has some will, feeling, reason and a sense of honor. Now if these muscular school teachers are lacking in the quality of brains and heart, which would equal to the honor, sympathy and love of their pupils, they will serve the country better by digging ditches or mauling rats.

To prevent an evil is worth ten thousand remedies after the evil is committed. Corporal punishment, in the main, is a remedy used by the short-sighted, lazy teacher. The successful teacher always has tact and forethought to see ahead far enough so as to use preventive measures, thereby saving his pupils and himself from this unpleasant, harmful task of using the cowhide. This cure-all of the uncivilized has been discarded by the greatest educators of the day as a barbarous practice. The most progressive State in the Union, in all that tends towards educating the masses, has enacted laws which are rigidly enforced against this method of punishment.

A teacher who can not inspire children by cheerfulness, firmness, earnestness and hard work, studying each pupil's disposition and mental capacity, thereby knowing just what he needs and when to give it, had better try some other business. Young man, young woman, if your whole mind, body, soul and spirit are not in this work, leave the field and try something else. True, your pay is a mere pittance, but remember you are dealing with human souls. Your position is even more responsible than that of a parent, because when the bell rings the child's will is yours completely. You feed only the mind and heart. Were not the hours of play given that you might still better prosecute your work, moulding and shaping the child's future destiny? In the home, a large part of the mother's time is spent in providing food and clothing for the children, so she teaches less. There is one sure road to success in a school-room: control yourself, keep every pupil under control, give them so much to do that they have no time to misbehave. Do that by working by putting your own brains to work to devise and put up methods that are practical. Other people's methods, unless made your own, will not succeed. A lazy man, or woman, is a curse to civilization. They have no right to wear out their clothes sitting around in a school-room at the country's expense, regarding the development of the minds of pupils who are soon to take the responsibilities of life as men, women and citizens. I give this last as a pointer for all school officers.

J. R. NEWTON.

## About Marrying Late in Life.

A man who marries late in life is in danger of marrying out of his generation, and generally contrives to select the person least in sympathy with him or his pursuits—one who cares more for his bank account than for his tastes of feeling, who has no association with his youth or heyday, and no reminiscences in common. Somebody, indeed, once remarked to Mr. Edgeworth that "no body but a fool would venture to make his first speech in parliament or marry after fifty." Both of which things Mr. Edgeworth committed, if we mistake not. But there seems to be no legitimate reason why a man or woman should not marry after fifty, or why they should seem ridiculous in so doing, other things being equal. Why should not one be as capable of love at fifty as at twenty-five? Has one a monopoly of love over another? May not one love better at fifty than younger, with a larger nature, enriched by thought and experience, deepened by failure or success? The love of twenty-five may be but a fleeting passion beside this other—a mere sham and glamour, subject to change and chance, which the next pair of velvet eyes may dispel. Balzac says that men are most dangerous to women after fifty; that is, their powers have ripened and mellowed, and they have learned better how to employ them; love is an ideal to them, and not a pastime; they have discovered what qualities they prefer, what of attractions are durable and independent of age or circumstance.—Harpers' Bazar.

It is beautiful to behold the sorrow-stricken air of the parent as he "gives the bride away," when you know that for the last ten years he has been trying his best to get her off his hands.

## LIFE IN THE COUNTRY.

Bill Arp and his Children Gardening.

Country life is getting variegated now. The spring has opened fairly and everything seems to know it. The willows are a palish green, the maples a maroonish red, and the peach trees are dressing up in all shades of pink and white. The hens are laying all around, and want everybody to take notice that there is one more egg in the nest. The guineas are cackling and chattering merrily and make as much to do over nothing as a parcel of school girls at recess. The turkey gobblers' wings are scraping the ground, and the gaudy peacock displays his tail with as much pride as a crazy woman displays her crazy quilt. The Indian summer's sun shines with a soft and subdued radiance, and the silver moon reflects the same gentle light by night. It is good time for a man to be at home and enjoy nature and see wife and children happy at the relief from a long, lingering winter, a hard winter, that brought us trouble and affliction.

I am gardening now and have lots of help. The children do all the stooping and planting, while I prepare the ground and Mrs. Arp kindly sees in the piazza and looks on, and that always hopes me up mightily, as Cobe says. Just so she is in sight we can all work a heap better, for if we don't she is apt to make a remark or two, and if she don't remark at all she looks at us with a peculiar tone of voice that is all the same. It is a fact that I can work a heap better when under the sunshine of her presence. All day I have been stretching the garden line and opening the rows through the mellow land. I want them straight, straight and the surface smooth and mellow. Then when the potatoes and onions and the peas and radishes and cabbages and early corn come up they look like a land carpenter had been at it. I like these long beds across a large garden for the plot can be used by a careful hand and save a world of labor. I did not use to mind digging, but now I dread all work that bends me low and strains my antiquated back. I love the perpendicular attitude the best, and so the children drop the peas and plant the onion sets, and the beets, and the radishes, and so forth, and tie up the grape vines, and rake up the scattered leaves, and prune the rose bushes, and laugh, and talk, and make a frolic and keep things lively while the paternal ancestor directs and walks around and mixes labor with rest and rest with labor in pleasant communion. Ever and anon the chickens slip in at the open gate or fly over the fence and go to scratching, and the children's dog grabs a hole just where he oughtn't and when we run him out he always takes down a fresh cover with his big feet and then I have to rake it over again. Last spring the pen folks eat up the young cabbage plant by plant, and to day they got over the onion sets and lifted them out one by one and laid them down again while we were at dinner. There is always some trouble about everything and the only remedy is to watch and work and be patient. Eternal vigilance is the price of a good garden as well as of liberty. I've lost a hand this spring, a good hand, for the well boy with the sick legs can do nothing but sit in his chair in the arbor and look on and cheer up Carl and Jessie, and tell them how to do. Sometimes he holds up by the lattice and says, "look at me," but he can't hold up long, and comes down prematurely with a heavy thump on his chair. Sometimes we prop him up on his crutches with his helpless legs for exercise but he gets about pretty well on his all-fours, and says he is just fixed to play bear with the little chaps, and he brags because his legs follow where he moves. His mother and I call him Ralph, but these children sometimes call him Mephi and sometimes Boshoh and Meph and Bosh and Mephoboth, the son of Saul who was lame in both of his legs. There is no limit to the rolicking mischief of children. They will "catch on" to all the slang that is going. I tried to break mine of saying "chaved" when one of them got "set down on," and so they compromised on "mastication." A stranger called to see me the other day. I heard one of the youngest chaps tell another that papa made a muck on him. Well, I reckon they will get over it after awhile. They have to take this disease just like having the measles. One of the girls told Carl that he had a dreadful temper and if he didn't mend it it would bring him into trouble, and the little rascal said: "Well papa says he had a dreadful temper too when he was a boy, but he got over it when he was grown, and I am not grown yet, you see."

He is the milk boy and first dose rate and we praise him. Fraise is a good thing in a family. I like to see myself that I dispense a good deal of it to the children when I know they deserve it. Praise for good deeds is worth more than scolding for bad ones. Old parents don't scold as much as young parents; but they look sad and show that their feelings are hurt. But still it is all right all around. The first children who come must have rigid management to mould them in the right way and the last will have the influence of their good example and not need much whipping. It is barefoot times now and Carl is happy. He can wade in the branch and Jessie looks on with sorrow for her mother says it is too soon for her and has put her off for a month. It makes me sorrowful, too, for I reckon I will never wade in a branch again. Too late, too late. Time isn't it? But I don't see why. If Ju'ge Bleckley can wade in a branch and give no shock to society or good manners I don't see why I shouldn't. Suppose we all break loose and wade in the branch—women and men, old and young, rich and poor. Let Judge Jackson and Joe Brown and old father Norcross and the like throw off the shackles and start out and the rest will follow. I would like to see them and their calves wading. I forgot myself yesterday and run after a rabbit before I thought about age and infirmity. I was in the woods with an ax and two boys and three dogs, and the dogs jumped a rabbit and he ran right

are not Civil Service reformers; large numbers of them have done the State service in some of her public institutions. The highest types of humanity in the Old Sixth Ward are the keepers of the whiskey-mills and the sluggers. In view of the revelations of the past few weeks thinking men are seriously asking themselves, is popular government a failure? One of the most instructive features of the week was the issuance of an extra with a full account of the fight between Jack Dempsey and Le Blanche the Marine. To have gone into any of the public places or hotels for several days before the fight, one would have thought that some great national affair was pending, which was to decide the fate of an entire people. Sporting men watched and reporters were on the alert. Bankers slipped off of chance. Bankers got excited by the finance committee as they had important business. Many merchants had sudden calls to the country, and not a few church professors were anxious. The original subscription of \$2,200 was made up by thirty gentlemen subscribers. Each paying \$75 for the privilege of seeing the fun. They sat up two nights. They were chased by the officers out of two States, and on the night of the mill they were out most of the night in a miserable little tug boat on the Sound, and then in the cold grey of a Winter morning they were landed on a barren island; and under an old shed they saw the two brutes pound each other out of all human shape for nearly an hour. Glorious amusement! happy country, fortunate people to possess such redoubtable champions! It is no use trying to deny it, Brooklyn, the city of churches felt as proud as a peacock of the performance of her distinguished son. I have no doubt but if Jack Dempsey had been put up for an Alderman within twenty-four hours after the fight, he could have been triumphantly elected in one half the wards in the city.

A pleasant young gentleman is now in the hands of the law, and it promises to be some time before he gets out. He is good looking, only thirty-three years of age, but he rejoices in the possession of no less than four wives, and very different from most persons placed in a similar position, he does not attempt to deny it, but seems to think that so many conquests were quite a feather in his cap. His first wife he married ten years ago. Three years of wedded bliss was all he could stand—so one fine day he vanished, taking the best of his wife's clothes, and she never set eyes on him again till she saw him behind the bars last Wednesday morning. For seven years she had been mourning the loss of her sleekish spouse and fine silk dresses, and in the hour of her desolation she swears that she would pursue the rascal to the end of the earth and jump off from him till she caught him. His next venture was with his landlady, to whom he owed a board bill, which he settled with a marriage certificate, and after a honeymoon of three weeks vanished with the lady's finger rings and a fine gold watch. A year or two after he met a young dressmaker, who by rigid economy for \$750, had saved the comfortable sum of \$700, which she intended to start business; she went into partnership with this gay Lothario; he got possession of her funds and she saw him no more. He then found on her; he forgot the address of the elder Walter—Samuel, before or after the war. This was the rock on which he split. She had been there before. Her forty-two summers had not been wasted. If she had a house and lot, and an account at the Savings Bank, she was eminently qualified to take care of them. Under pretence of buying some furniture, he got possession of \$250, and he suddenly disappeared; but Nemesis was on his track in the shape of a widow, and she went for him. She hunted up the other three wives—got all the proof together, and finally landed the gentleman in limbo on Saturday last. Moral: Don't fool with a widow.

Very truly yours,  
BROADBENT.

A New Cereal.

A New Jersey farmer can claim the glory of having brought into existence a cereal which may prove of incalculable value to the race. He has succeeded in making a cross between the wheat and rye plants. The propagation organs of the former are so guarded by nature that no other cereal can impregnate it. But this Jerseyman by removing the male organs from the wheat, and exposing the seed to the pollen of the rye plant, these experiments have continued for several years, and this spring there will be planted probably a hundred of these hybridized seed, which ought to produce over five thousand seed in the fall. Of course all agriculturists are aware of the immense importance of a new cereal that would combine the qualities of the wheat and rye plants. But it may be necessary to explain to those who are not farmers what some of these are. Rye can grow in poorer soil, and matures quicker than wheat. Good crops of it are raised on soils which have been impoverished by wheat growing. This is true of three-fourths of the arable soil of the United States. This new hybrid, if extensively grown, would give us an immense advantage over the rest of the world, for it could be raised almost anywhere in the United States, and so cheaply that we could undersell the world. Of course it is assuming that the seed would make almost as good flour as wheat and that it would be as easy to raise as rye. It is surprising that more attempts have not been made to improve the products of the soil. It is not possible that good weeds (for wheat and rye were once weeds) could be utilized for the intentions and labors of man? What wonders have been accomplished in the way of the improvement of fruits! Experiments are now making with Ramele grass which may give us a cloth almost as cheap as silk, or a wine, but as I said, nobody was surprised. If you look in the gutter for your rulers you cannot expect them to be immaculate. The untamest constituents of Jimmy Oliver and Patsy Walsh who hold their nightly orgies at Paradise Park (formerly the Five Points),

## HARD FACTS ABOUT FIGHTING.

General Officers Who get Glory While Privates do the Work.

As we, year by year, grow away from the war, and the number of men who carried a rifle or swung a sponge staff among the guns grows smaller, the country is flooded with mythical accounts of this or that officer's wonderful exploits of courage on such and such fields, and the rising generation is called upon to admire the gallantry of the warlike commanders of their ancestors. I protest against the further manufacture of sham military reputation. I know, and all soldiers know, that the greater portion of the stories now current must be false.

An officer dies and at once the newspapers and magazines are filled with accounts of his bravery and of the various deeds he performed, and how he saved the Union on such a battlefield. We are solemnly told that his presence inspired his troops, just ready to break, or already in flight, and they, nerved by a glance of his blazing eyes, reformed and rushed manly on the foe and snatched victory from defeat. This is not unmitigated rot.

The distinguishing characteristics of the American volunteer were his independence of thought, his want of reverence for those in authority, and his ability to take care of himself in battle and to correctly judge of his tide. He had no respect for any general who he did not believe to possess the qualifications essential to a great commander. Therefore none of our general officers inspired him at all. When the volunteer fought on the offensive he fought well and steadily as long as he thought there was a prospect of success. On the defensive he would fight to the death if he knew that it was essential to the safety of the army to hold the position he occupied. He would assault earthworks, it mattered not how strong they were, and he carried them if it was possible. But, having once seen the work at close range, and having thoroughly felt of its defender, and realized that the line could not be carried, he would not again make a determined assault.

Dr. John Marsba, F. R. S., writing from Cannes to the "London Times," gives the following well-considered advice in regard to coping with a not infrequent household accident:

A girl or woman who meets with this accident should immediately lie down on the floor, and so any one who goes to her assistance should insist, if she will sit erect, make her lie down, or, if needful, throw her down in a horizontal position, and keep her in it. Sparks fly upward and flames ascend. Ignition from below mounts with fearful rapidity; and, as a result well known to experts, the fatally or disfigurements in these lamentable cases is due to the burns inflicted on the body, neck, face, and not to injuries to the lower limbs. Now, the very moment that the person whose clothes are on fire is in a horizontal position on a flat surface the flames still ascend, but only into the air, and not encircling the victim. Time is thus gained for further action; and in such a crisis in a fight against fire a few seconds are priceless. Once in the prone position, the person afflicted may crawl to a bell-jug or to a door, so as to clutch at the one or open the other to obtain help. The draught from an open door into the room would serve to blow the flames, if any, away from the body; or, again, still crawling, the sufferer may be able to secure a rug or table-cover, or other article at hand, to smother any remaining flames. I say remaining flames, for as soon as the horizontal position is assumed they have no longer much to feed upon, and may either go out, or, as the phrase is, may be accidentally or intentionally extinguished as the person rolls or moves upon the floor. In any case, not only is time gained, but the injury inflicted is minimized. In the event of the conditions not being those of self-help, but of assistance from another, if it be a man who comes to the rescue, having first and instantly thrown the girl or woman down, it is easy to take off his coat and so stifle the diminished flames with this or some other suitable covering, the flames now playing upward from the lower limbs or lower part of the body of the prostrate female creature. If it be a woman who rushes to give aid, this last-named condition suggests that the safer mode of rendering it is to approach the sufferer by the head and fling something there over the lower part of the body, for fear of setting fire to herself.

In these fearful accidents, the horizontal position be assumed or enforced there would be, in short, comparative immunity and limited injury. If not, what must happen? The fire will mount; the flames (and it is these which do the injury) will envelop the body inside and outside the clothes, and then, indeed, they may be smothered by a coat or wrapper or rug while the victim is frightfully disfigured or doomed to perish.

For years I have urged these views while lecturing on injuries from burns, and once I had occasion to illustrate them practically, though in a comparatively trivial accident. Some dressings of a very inflammable character caught fire at the bedside of a patient in one of our surgical wards; they were promptly seized by a student, who threw them into the middle of the ward and endeavored to stamp out the flaming material. But this containing paraffine and resin adhered to his boots, and his legs were getting uncomfortably hot. To his astonishment, and to the unadvised surprise of every one in sight, I caught him by the collar of his coat and tripped up his legs. Instantly the flames became harmless, and were extinguished by a nurse throwing a jug of water on them.

I have often thought that on the approach of the winter season there should be at every school, whether board, voluntary, or private, whether for girls or boys, an address, if not an actual demonstration by means of suitable models, pointing out what should be done in these special calamities. If two upright models were prepared alike and simultaneously set on fire, one being taken down after two seconds and one after twenty seconds, or at any other two different times, the memories of children would receive a lasting and it might be a serviceable impression.

—When we stand by the seashore and watch the huge waves come in, we retreat, thinking we will be overwhelmed; soon, however, they flow back. So with the waves of trouble in the world; they threaten us, but a firm resistance makes them break at our feet.

—A leading society lady at the Catskills is the happy possessor of 177 different costumes, 11 trunks, two poodles and three mads; also a husband.

## Wonders of the Sky.

Gen. Johnstone Jones, son of Col. C. Jones, of York County, recently visited the Naval Observatory at Washington, and upon his return home wrote his father an interesting letter descriptive of what he saw there. We have been permitted to make the following extracts from the letter:

Remembering your suggestion as to looking at Saturn through the great telescope, I procured a letter of introduction to Commander Belknap from his son-in-law Dr. Westray Battle, who resides here, and called at the Naval Observatory. The Commodore received me kindly, and invited me to look through the telescope the first fair night. The night of February 9th was tolerably fair, and I visited the Observatory, and in company with the Commodore and his wife called upon Professor Hall, who has charge of the great instrument. I saw Saturn in Orion; Sirius; the Moon; the Pleiades; and the star Aldebaran. Of all these eight Saturn was the grandest and most beautiful; but the nebula in Orion the most sublime and impressive.

Saturn appeared a perfectly round, smooth ball, with well defined edges, as yellow as gold, and without scintillation. The sphere was encircled by two bright, flat rings of the same color as the planet, separated by a dark line, supposed to be empty space between them. All along the interior edge of the inside ring was a cloudy or vaporous appearance. The rings had clear cut edges and seemed to be solid bodies. In the black space surrounding these luminous bodies shone the eight satellites—each a brilliant star—a diamond point of clear, steady, silver-white light—at unequal distances from the rings. It appeared to be about the size of the full moon. The wonder of the spectacle is greatly increased when we reflect that it is 790 millions of miles distant from the earth, or 830 millions from the sun, and that it is more than fifty times as large as the earth. Compared to this ringed-wonder of the skies our planet is small, commonplace and insignificant.

The Pleiades under the power of the telescope spread out into about thirty beautiful stars. They seemed a handful of diamonds strewn on the sky, without order or system.

Sirius, the largest of the fixed stars, if not the nearest, was brilliant beyond description. It scintillated violently, flashing out a reddish, yellowish light.

The Moon seemed a great snow field, with the crater, the mountains, and the shadows of the mountains all plainly visible. These shadows, made by the distant sun, filled up with a feeling of indescribable awe. I had always thought the moon appeared dark under the telescope, but the only dark spots about it are the shadows of the mountains on the plains and valleys.

The most sublime spectacle is the nebula in Orion. It is a faint, whitish cloud, shaped like a ploughshare. In the centre are four brilliant stars—called the Trapezium—flanked by two stars that appear to be in the cloud—reined, as it were. Whether they are in this nebula matter, or on the other side of it, seem though it as through a veil, is an unsolved and most puzzling question. Of below the point, which jets out into the black, empty space, appear two beautiful stars, with no nebulous matter around them. This field of clouds must be many millions of miles in extent, and the stars each a great sun, the centre of some mighty solar system, perhaps. At this immense distance Saturn would not be seen at all, even with the greatest telescope; our own sun would appear but a small point of light—size of a star as it appears to the naked eye. When I see you again I will tell you more of these wonders of the sky. The subject is one all unfamiliar to my vocabulary.

—It is the man who can't raise the wind who does the most blowing.

## THE FINAL CONFLAGRATION.

It is a popular belief, more or less prevalent as a literal or free construction is given to the words of Holy Writ, that the world is one day to be consumed by fire. How this great final conflagration is to come about has puzzled the intellect and imagination of many devout people. Will our planet, imperceptibly decreasing its orbit with each circling year, finally fall into the sun? Or shall the earth be struck by some wandering comet, or gigantic aerolite, whose impact shall kindle a flame that cannot be quenched? Or shall some hitch in the machinery of the spheres throw the universe into inextinguishable confusion and consume suns, planets, stars and moons in one big blaze?

Such are some of the older theories on the subject. Later theories have invoked chemical agencies. A man is said to have committed suicide in California some years ago because he had discovered an agent that would transform water into fire. He had tried it on wells and ponds, and so impressed was he with the dreadful consequences that would ensue if he should be tempted to try it on the ocean, or to impart the secret to others through whose insanity or carelessness this destructive agent might reach the ocean, that he killed himself at once in order that his terrible secret might die with him.

All these theories, unfortunately, are invested with a vague uncertainty, are involved in a haze of misty fatality, that are very comforting to the victims of the terror that accompanies a belief in the literal burning up of the world. The earth has jugged along for many thousands of years without falling into the sun or making, so far as the wisest astronomers can judge, any approach such a catastrophe, that it seems reasonable to suppose that it will continue to jog along in the same old way at least until its present inhabitants shall have no concern in the question. The same may be said of the theories of cosmic collision and of a general wreck of the system of the universe. And as to the chemists, we may safely trust that if any of them finds a means of destroying the world it will not be used.

Recent events, however, furnish grounds for a new and very plausible theory in regard to the burning of the world, a theory that attributes the conflagration to well-known natural agencies—agencies which at present threaten to get beyond human control, and by which the world, and possibly the universe, may be destroyed, not only in our own time, but in the course of a few years, or even months. It will be remembered that within the past year what is known as "natural gas" has come into very general use in parts of Pennsylvania. This gas is obtained by boring through the surface of the earth into cavities where the gas has been stored by the processes of nature, and whence it escapes into the upper air as soon as an outlet is offered. The existence of these stores of gas in the earth was discovered by accident, and at first the wells were regarded as mere curiosities, the country for miles being illuminated by the flames of the gas that was set on fire at the mouth of each well as soon as discovered. It occurred to some one at length to utilize this gas, and means having been devised to regulate its distribution, the supplying of natural gas became a great business, extending to many cities and towns.

Just here the new theory takes hold. The mains get out of order, they leak, the gas escapes in great quantities, and instead of mingling with the upper air in a condition of innocuous density, it floats about in clouds ready to be exploded at the first spark and to set fire to everything with which it comes in contact. Already we read in dispatches from Murrayville, near Pittsburgh, Pa., that there is no chance of shutting off the gas, as the pipes are burned off close to the ground. One well is on fire, and the flames are shooting one hundred and fifty feet. If the other wells are ignited and the fire spreads to the gas which is floating in town, there will be a succession of explosions and fires. These people are moving their goods from their houses in Murrayville and along the line near the leak. Two of the Taylor family who were burned by a gas explosion yesterday are dead, and three other persons are expected to die." This already, in the very infancy, as it were, of natural gas. Gas wells have been discovered in Ohio, New Mexico and California, and will, doubtless, like oil wells, be discovered in many localities, perhaps in Europe and Asia as well as in this country. When we have a circle of gas wells extending from Pennsylvania through the Ohio Valley to the Missouri Valley, thence to the Pacific, and via Alaska and Behring's Straits to Siberia and on through Russia in Europe to Germany and even England, who knows what may happen? Even with the few wells now running, what would occur if the fire by some chance should be conveyed to the great gas wells in the bowels of the earth? Might not the sea be dried up and the mountains hurled from their foundations? Indeed, might not the earth be blown to fragments—converted, so to speak, into decillions of incendiary rockets for extending the conflagration to the rest of the universe? Who knows?—New and Courier.

Don't Do It.

Bill Nye says: "Don't attempt to cheat an editor of a year's subscription to his paper or any other sum. Cheat the minister, cheat the doctor, cheat anybody, everybody, but if you have any regard for future consequences don't cheat your editor. You will be up for office some time, or you want some public favor for yourself or some of your friends, and when your luck is a thing of beauty and a joy forever the editor will open upon you and knock your air-creme into a cocked hat the first fire. He'll subdue you, and then you'll end yourself by a driving idiot, go hire someone to knock you down, and then kick you for falling."

—Never judge men by appearances. A man may look as bold as a lion and be a major general of militia, and yet make his wife go down stairs first when he imagines he hears burglars in the house.

## THE FINAL CONFLAGRATION.

It is a popular belief, more or less prevalent as a literal or free construction is given to the words of Holy Writ, that the world is one day to be consumed by fire. How this great final conflagration is to come about has puzzled the intellect and imagination of many devout people. Will our planet, imperceptibly decreasing its orbit with each circling year, finally fall into the sun? Or shall the earth be struck by some wandering comet, or gigantic aerolite, whose impact shall kindle a flame that cannot be quenched? Or shall some hitch in the machinery of the spheres throw the universe into inextinguishable confusion and consume suns, planets, stars and moons in one big blaze?

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As we, year by year, grow away from the war, and the number of men who carried a rifle or swung a sponge staff among the guns grows smaller, the country is flooded with mythical accounts of this or that officer's wonderful exploits of courage on such and such fields, and the rising generation is called upon to admire the gallantry of the warlike commanders of their ancestors. I protest against the further manufacture of sham military reputation. I know, and all soldiers know, that the greater portion of the stories now current must be false.

An officer dies and at once the newspapers and magazines are filled with accounts of his bravery and of the various deeds he performed, and how he saved the Union on such a battlefield. We are solemnly told that his presence inspired his troops, just ready to break, or already in flight, and they, nerved by a glance of his blazing eyes, reformed and rushed manly on the foe and snatched victory from defeat. This is not unmitigated rot.

The distinguishing characteristics of the American volunteer were his independence of thought, his want of reverence for those in authority, and his ability to take care of himself in battle and to correctly judge of his tide. He had no respect for any general who he did not believe to possess the qualifications essential to a great commander. Therefore none of our general officers inspired him at all. When the volunteer fought on the offensive he fought well and steadily as long as he thought there was a prospect of success. On the defensive he would fight to the death if he knew that it was essential to the safety of the army to hold the position he occupied. He would assault earthworks, it mattered not how strong they were, and he carried them if it was possible. But, having once seen the work at close range, and having thoroughly felt of its defender, and realized that the line could not be carried, he would not again make a determined assault.

Dr. John Marsba, F. R. S., writing from Cannes to the "London Times," gives the following well-considered advice in regard to coping with a not infrequent household accident:

A girl or woman who meets with this accident should immediately lie down on the floor, and so any one who goes to her assistance should insist, if she will sit erect, make her lie down, or, if needful, throw her down in a horizontal position, and keep her in it. Sparks fly upward and flames ascend. Ignition from below mounts with fearful rapidity; and, as a result well known to experts, the fatally or disfigurements in these lamentable cases is due to the burns inflicted on the body, neck, face, and not to injuries to the lower limbs. Now, the very moment that the person whose clothes are on fire is in a horizontal position on a flat surface the flames still ascend, but only into the air, and not encircling the victim. Time is thus gained for further action; and in such a crisis in a fight against fire a few seconds are priceless. Once in the prone position, the person afflicted may crawl to a bell-jug or to a door, so as to clutch at the one or open the other to obtain help. The draught from an open door into the room would serve to blow the flames, if any, away from the body; or, again, still crawling, the sufferer may be able to secure a rug or table-cover, or other article at hand, to smother any remaining flames. I say remaining flames, for as soon as the horizontal position is assumed they have no longer much to feed upon, and may either go out, or, as the phrase is, may be accidentally or intentionally extinguished as the person rolls or moves upon the floor. In any case, not only is time gained, but the injury inflicted is minimized. In the event of the conditions not being those of self-help, but of assistance from another, if it be a man who comes to the rescue, having first and instantly thrown the girl or woman down, it is easy to take off his coat and so stifle the diminished flames with this or some other suitable covering, the flames now playing upward from the lower limbs or lower part of the body of the prostrate female creature. If it be a woman who rushes to give aid, this last-named condition suggests that the safer mode of rendering it is to approach the sufferer by the head and fling something there over the lower part of the body, for fear of setting