

# The Anderson Intelligencer.

BY E. B. MURRAY & CO.

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## TEACHERS' COLUMN.

J. G. CLINKSCALES, EDITOR.

It is indeed gratifying to notice that many county papers over the State are starting Teachers' Columns. They will accomplish good, if the teachers will use them.

Do the teachers think they are treating us exactly right when they allow us to do all the writing for this column? We expect you to ask yourself that question and answer it honestly.

Don't forget that a little taught well and learned perfectly is better than a great deal poorly taught and imperfectly learned. A child's improvement is not marked as in olden times by the number of pages he goes over, but by the amount of information and strength he gets from each page.

The measles have broken into several of the schools as well as into us. We regret exceedingly they caused us to miss the firm weather of last week. Friends and patrons, however, keep us pretty well posted, and we are well up with the working of some schools that we have not yet had the pleasure of visiting.

We are sorry to learn that Mrs. Elrod has been called from her school at Grange Hall, Pendleton Township, to the bedside of a sick relative in Charleston. Mrs. Elrod has had a large school, and has shown herself to be a teacher of the right stamp. We hope she may soon be permitted to return to her work.

The day we visited Miss Tallie Krow's school, Miss Tallie was at home quite sick. Her sister was bravely holding the fort, however, and presided with a dignity that would have done credit to a teacher of longer experience. The house is not very inviting as it is approached, but we found the interior somewhat above the average. We are glad to know that Miss Tallie is well again and at her post.

Miss Ellen Browne, who taught several years very successfully in this County, is now teaching in Orangeburg County. Miss Ellen, we hope, will not fall so much in love with her new home as to forsake Anderson entirely. We are grateful for the good work she has done in this County, but are not yet ready to give her up. Of course, she will attend the Institute at Williamston this Summer.

Miss Minerva Drake, who has taught so acceptably at St. Paul, Brandy Creek, during this session, is now in charge of a school at McCormick. We are sorry to lose Miss Minerva from this county, but of course can not console her for leaving one position for a better one. Miss Minerva will attend the Institute next Summer, and, though now not one of us, will receive a warm welcome from all her fellow-teachers in this county.

We are glad to know that so much interest is being manifested in the execution and improvement of school-houses. All over the county the people are moving up on that line. For the present a rented house is used at Neal's Creek. The patrons and friends interested have decided to erect a good house and to take such other steps as will secure a permanent first-class school. We hope Miss Harkness will consent to drive down stakes there and build up such a school as that community needs and deserves. We found her working faithfully, and, to all appearances, accomplishing good results.

The Berea school is flourishing. The teacher is young but womanly and progressive, combining the rare qualities of sympathy for the little ones and the ability to enforce proper discipline. Her scholars were unusually prompt in answering the questions we gave them, and gave evidence of a growing desire to learn something from every thing that transpired. We noticed an organ there, but it was bored up, and Miss Campbell told us that the Sunday School preferred that it should not be used by the day school. We regret that. The organ can be used for a good purpose in the school and the purchasers would be well paid in its general elevating influence on the community, even if the children were the instrument used. If music is good for the Sunday School, it is better for the day school, where it would be used five days in the week instead of two. Come brethren, be liberal, be liberal. Those are your children, your Sunday School, your day school. Don't keep the organ boxed up!

Some one has said that soap is a great civilization. We are not the least disposed to question the truth of the statement. We have learned that the presence of a wash pan with soap and towel at a school house door means something. If cleanliness is next to Godliness, there is certainly no better place to teach that lesson than in the school-room. How a woman, or a man, of refined taste can teach a school of forty dirty boys (the girls are not so bad) we can't understand. It is natural and right for a boy to get dirty—to get his hands as black as the pots—but it is right and ought to be as natural for the teacher to make them wash themselves. The boy who gets his hands badly soiled while playing is simply setting out the part of a boy, but there is no excuse for allowing him to remain in that condition from noon until night when water is so plentiful and soap so cheap. Why not make soap and towel and hand basin articles of school furniture? The plea of cost can not be put up. In most of the schools it is just as when this writer was a school boy whose mother had great trouble to keep him neat—when recess is ended and the shout of "books" is heard on the playground, every fellow breaks for the spring, some to drink, a few to wash their hands after playing "ball pen" and "roly hole," while the rest go to no other reason than to prolong recess as long as possible. Those who pretend to wash at all, wet the dirt on hands and face just

## MAD SPECULATION IN LAND.

How the Tide has Risen in Birmingham.

(From the New York Times.)  
BIRMINGHAM, Ala., February 21.—If there is any distinction in having been shaved by a barber worth a quarter of a million dollars, I can claim it. He is a black man, is this barber; he used to be a slave. Napoleon Abernethy, that is his name, and he lives and shares down in Montgomery. Birmingham real estate has made him his riches. Along with another tonsorial artist of the Alabama State capital he "homesteaded" some of the acres on the mountains close beside Birmingham, just before the land-speculating craze got under way here; a superannuated brother was given a cabin and put in charge, while the owners themselves went on bartering the good natured Montgomeryites. Two or three hundred dollars was the amount that the partners invested. Five or six years ago they were offered \$100,000 apiece for their interest. A year later the offer rose to \$100,000, and that was doubled a month or two after, and so on upward rose the figures till about twelve months ago \$150,000 cash was put at their disposal if they would consent to hand over their land titles. Last July the \$150,000 rose to \$200,000, by Thanksgiving it was \$300,000, and Christmas brought along the rounded figure of \$400,000. Now \$500,000 is offered for the tract. They sell it, expensive, and it would not pay to make cotton by such system.

To prepare cotton land after cotton is to run out the stalks with a four or five-inch shovel or bull-tongue first. In running your furrow, if there are large stalks, use two mules, then one will walk in each alley; but if there are small stalks and light land, one furrow with one horse will do. The horse walks on the top of the stalk bed. Now, if you wish to plant below a level, throw back the first furrow, or stalk row, until the alley is cleared out. This gives a good chance for deep plowing. Apply your fertilizer in the alley, and plant on two furrows. This gives you an opportunity of planting any height or depth you choose, and the land that was not fertilized last year is fertilized this. If there is any fertilizer left from last year's fertilizer, the roots get it when the plant is large and at fertilizing time. When planted in the same place continually, the middle of the row becomes very poor, and the long roots that have gone to that part have nothing to feed on when they most need it.

The system of reversing the row every year is more like broadcast fertilizing, which is the popular way to fertilize lands to make them rich. Mr. Dixon was wrong when he said, plant on a bed and cultivate level with a large flat-sweep. It can't be done without too much root pruning. Roots of cotton should never be cut. The only way to keep from cutting them is to plant for that purpose. Use a planter that puts every seed in the bottom of the furrow, and one that does not allow the wind to blow the seed from the furrow on to one side. The Dow Law and all planters of that build are worthless. For instance, the Dow Law goes in a swinging motion and puts part of the seed shallow and part deep, and makes an irregular stand. A perfect stand is very essential in cultivating a crop. Many a farmer is ruined by not having his cotton come up so that it can be worked before the grass takes possession. I will tell you later how to cultivate it on my level or low system.—J. A. Paterkin, in the Weekly News and Courier.

Not unfrequently great loss of life and property is prevented by some one giving notice to an approaching railroad train of a bridge swept away, a broken rail or a slide. Occasionally the danger is so imminent and so much activity and nerve are required that proper warning may be given and disaster averted, and the person doing this is not only thanked, but also liberally rewarded. One who would see the danger and fail to use every effort to avert it would be looked upon as culpable. Equally proper is it and equally obligatory for those who see relatives, friends or neighbors indulging in a course of life likely to bring shame and ruin upon themselves, to warn them of the inevitable result of what they are doing and to seek to rescue them before it is too late to effect deliverance. Examples of the beneficent effects of such timely interference are many.

We know a gifted lawyer of large practice, in another State, who had received the best education that commonwealth could give, had made his mark as a law student, was surrounded at once with the best class of clients, and had a father one of the leading attorneys in that entire region, an elder in the Presbyterian church, a man of large influence, and respected by all. The young man seemed to have only one failing—at times he would become intoxicated. One day an old gentleman of large business connections, and who was in the habit of drinking a little himself but not of getting drunk, met him in a distant city and detected the odor of liquor on his breath. Taking him by the hand, the old gentleman said: "Do you wish to become a lawyer of high standing and large income? Do you wish to be a respectable and esteemed citizen? Do you wish to be the worthy son of an honored father?" To each question the young man replied sincerely: "Yes, yes." "Then," said the old man, "there is but one thing for you to do. Quit drinking at once and forever. If you do not, you are gone." The young man thanked him, and from that time until now he has not tasted liquor. In the meantime he has become a member of the Presbyterian church and an elder, and has a larger law practice than any other man of his age in that State. The warning so faithfully given was the means of checking him in his downward career and of starting him upon a career of success and honor.—Presbyterian Banner.

Charles Johnson, of Griffin, Ga., says that he has a cat that, through fear, gets black to gray from grief at being separated from his children, to whom it was greatly attached.

## George N. Gilmer, of Lowndes County,

a few years ago bought 120 acres of Government land on Red Mountain, overlooking Birmingham; he paid \$250 an acre for it. In November, 1885, he wanted to sell out the entire tract for \$13,000 and offered a Montgomery lawyer \$1,000 commission to find a purchaser at that price. The lawyer could not do it, and Mr. Gilmer perforce held on. Now it has a market value estimated at from \$200,000 to \$300,000. Mr. Gilmer still owns it all save a small portion he let go lately at \$4,000 an acre.

Joshua Morris, of Montgomery, was obliged to take a quantity of Birmingham land for a debt of \$10,000 in 1885, and everybody thought he had a bad bargain, and repeated offers to sell at what it cost failed to find a purchaser. Last fall he sold out at \$50,000, and recently the new owner refused \$75,000 for it.

Three young lawyers got an option on 300 acres of land a mile or two out of town at \$1,000 an acre, organized a land company, made out a map cutting up the tract into building lots, and sold out for \$450,000 before they were obliged to pay down a single penny of the original purchase money. It would be easy to go on multiplying instances of this sort till not a line of space in the New York Times was left to let further description in. The Elyton Land Company, as I have heretofore explained, paid \$25 an acre for all the land that is within Birmingham's limits. It is indicative of the upward movement of the company in the town's centre went at the rate of \$97,000 an acre. The Alabama Great Southern Railroad was offered land as a gift for its shops in the early days of Birmingham and failed to take possession. The same land is marketable for \$500,000 now. I have seen given the names of a score of men who came here prior a half dozen years ago who are now reputed to be worth fortunes of \$10,000,000 each, all made out of Birmingham real estate. There is a social organization here called the Alabama Club, with a membership of 150 young men; a man with a lead pencil and a genius for statistics calculated for me yesterday that each of the 150 members was worth, on an average, at least \$40,000, all made out of real estate buying and selling. Boys who cannot raise a match can raise \$25,000. Business building lots range from \$500 to \$1000 per front foot all over town. Residence lots are valued from \$2,000 to \$5,000 with 25 feet front in the less desirable parts of the town; in the "residence district"—to borrow a local descriptive phrase—\$400 or \$600 a front foot is not considered in any sense excessive.

But there is after all—and I do not know why there should be any need for disguising it—a vast deal of unneeded in all this rampant furor of speculation. Do not, dear Northern reader of conservative ideas, do not deceive yourself into the supposition that when a man talks about \$1,000 or \$1,000,000 down in that way he necessarily means that much cash of any other certain amount of cash. He means nothing of the sort. It would be an overstatement, indeed, to claim that as much as 10 per cent. is paid on the average. Against the land that originally cost \$100,000 the Elyton Land Company today holds \$5,000,000 of mortgages. Notes pay for land. Men with no substantial collateral whatever give their notes and have them accepted here for fabulous sums. John buys a lot with \$100 cash and his note for \$900. He sells to Joe for \$200 cash and notes for \$1,300, accops in the \$100 cash profit, and figures out that his real profit is \$500. Andrew comes along, takes the property, pays in the same way, and so the merry-go-round makes everybody happy and rich. But, what a future there is here for the lawyer. Birmingham's real estate transactions could stop right here and there would be litigation enough ahead to last a century through, so tangled are titles here already. Cash value is a myth. Only the greenback pays out dollars when he knows the market value of the promissory note. The whirlwind cometh sure; we won't have to wait long for it; mark that prediction. Men buy and sell land of whose location and appearance they have not the faintest idea.

And far over on the mountains outside of the city limits, three, four, six, eight or a dozen miles from town, the "boomers" have marked up "values" till there is nothing akin to anything but shame in it. Away out in the woods, where natives are still hunting bear and deer and shooting wild geese, tame geese are "investing" in building lots—"choice sites," as the postical prospectus names them. I have learned of very many instances where farmers have mortgaged their farms, where merchants in neighboring towns have quit business, and (by scores on scores) where clerks and young men managing plantations have run away from this legitimate business to come here and take part in the hurly-burly speculation that has the promise, they imagine, of panning out millions for every sixpence invested. And in every instance, according to the local chronicle, has been fruitful so far of handsome profits.

Here is a true story: Three years ago a New Yorker came here with \$1,000. He bought an acre and a half of land. He sold out for \$2,000, and a little later bought an acre of it back for the same sum that he had sold the acre and a half for. On up it went, and he got \$4,000 for his acre. He bought back afterwards one-half of it for \$6,000, and so went on through half a dozen transactions till now he owns but a wee bit of a strip of that original acre and a half, and for that he has paid \$80,000. He counts his fortune at just that amount, and though as yet scarce a single building is on that ground that was not there when he originally paid \$1,000 for it, he believes that he has made a profit of \$79,000. As a fact he has but a few lumps of clay where he has a field full of it. Well, he has some notes; but—but—but—there is a time that the prophets tell about when there may be a weeping and a wailing and a gnashing of teeth. And the gentleman may find that in the end he can raise more potatoes on an acre and a half than he can on a 25 by 50

foot strip; and there will be a generation or two, I reckon, who will have the chance to do the potato act before anything like residences jam up against one another here. Still, if Birmingham goes right on growing in population as she has in the last half dozen years, there may be a need for building lots out where our New Yorker is in about Anno Domini 2844—or soon after.

## My Boyhood.

If I were a boy again, endowed with the same wild passion for plucking watermelons in the dark of the moon, I would, no doubt, fall a victim to that overmastering passion as I did before; but, looking at it as I do now, I would be wiser. Boys can not, however, have the mature judgment of manhood through the experience and the rheumatism that go with it. So it is better than in our childhood we may be able to eat a raw turnip with safety, and know something later on in life. I notice a great change in myself while comparing my present condition with that of my boyhood. Then I had no sense, but I had good digestion. Now I haven't even the digestion. The hurrying years have carved over my sunny head till they have worn it smooth, but they have left a good deal yet for me to learn. I am still engaged in learning during the day and putting arnica on my experience at night.

Childhood is said to be the most glad-some period in our lives, and in some respects this statement may be regarded as reliable, but it is not all joy. I have had just as much fun in later years as I did in boyhood, though the people with whom I have been thrown in contact claim that their experience has been different. I hope they do not mean anything personal by that.

I do sometimes wish that I could be a boy again, but I smother that wish on account of my parents. What they need most is rest and change of scene. They still enjoy children, but they would like a chance to select "the children with whom they associate."

My parents were blest with five bright-eyed and beautiful little boys, three of whom grew up and by that means became adults. I am in that condition myself. I was the eldest of the family, with the exception of my parents. I am still that way. My early life was rather tempestuous in places, occasionally flecked with sunshine, but more frequently with tribulation. I was not a very good roadster when young, and so retribution was most always just in the act of overtaking me. While outraged justice was getting in its work on me, the other boys escaped through a small aperture in the fence.

That is another reason why I do not yearn to be a boy again. When we ran away from school to catch chubs, and when we built a fire to cook them, and the fire got into the tall, dry grass and burned four miles of fence and sixteen tons of hay for a gentleman for whom I had a high regard, and I went back to put out the fire, the other boys escaped and have so remained ever since.

A just retribution has never had any difficulty in overtaking me and walking up and down over my shoulder. When a party of us had been engaged in gathering Easter eggs in the barn of a gentleman who was away from home at the time, and he returned just as we had filled our pockets with the choicest vintage of his sun-kissed hens, the other boys escaped while I was occupying the attention of the dog, and I had to slide out of the second story of the barn. It is still fresh in my mind as it were. I was my father's rest at that time, and it was larger than was necessary. My father was larger than I at that time, for I was only nine years of age and had not arrived at my full stature. In sliding down the batten I discovered that the upper end of it was loose, and that my darning vest had slipped over it, so that I got down about four feet I hung with the board bolted inside my bosom, and the scrambled eggs oozing out of my knickerbockers.

The batten had sprung back against the barn in such a way as to prevent my unbuckling my vest, and while I hung there on the side of the barn like a coon skin, the proprietor came around and accused me of prematurely gathering his eggs.

I had heard truth very highly spoken of by people who had dabbled in it more or less, and so I resolved to try it in this instance. So I admitted that such was the case, and it was the best thing I could have done, for the man said, "I had been so frank with him, he would take me down as soon as he got his other work done, and he was as good as his word. After he had milked nine cows and fed nine calves he came around with a ladder and took me down. He also spanked me and set the dog on me, but I did not mind that, for I was accustomed to it. To hang on the side of a barn, however, like an autumn leaf, trying to kick large holes in the atmosphere, is disagreeable.

This incident cast a gloom over my whole life. It has also reconciled me to the awful decree that I can never be a boy again.—Bill Nye.

An Absent-Minded Groom.  
Not a thousand years ago a gentleman from a distant city wedded a fair daughter of Athens. He had been considered by his friends as a confirmed bachelor until he fell a victim to the charms of this fair maid. He was also noted for his absent-mindedness. This was displayed when the minister was performing the marriage ceremony. When it became his duty to place the ring on her finger he drew a silver quarter from his pocket and handed it to the bride, to the consternation and confusion of all parties. That afternoon, when he embarked on the train with his bride for a tour, and the conductor came around for tickets, the groom found that he had bought only one ticket, forgetting that he had doubled his expenses and responsibilities that day.—Savannah News.

It is said that women dress extravagantly to worry other women. A man who dresses extravagantly generally worries his tailor.

## SOUTH CAROLINA TOBACCO.

Result of the Examination by an Expert of the Samples of Tobacco Raised in the State Submitted for a Prize—A Good Exhibit—Hints for the Future.

From the Columbia Register.  
The Senate Chamber in the Agricultural Building looked like a tobacco warehouse yesterday; filled as it was with open boxes of more or less fragrant samples of the leaf, all grown within the limits of South Carolina, and entered in competition for the prize of \$100 offered for the best tobacco grown in the State.

All day yesterday Mr. E. M. Pace, of the Banner Tobacco Warehouse, Danville, Va., an expert in all relating to tobacco and as good a judge of its quality as can be found, was busy inspecting the thirty-seven samples submitted and in making up his report as to the merits or demerits of each, and deciding which was entitled to the prize offered. His report is given below in full, and contains, in the answers and suggestions given on matters in the reports accompanying the exhibits, much valuable information:

Rev. Benjamin Allston, Plantersville, Georgetown County—Cuba seed very unsuitable to soil; result very poor.

T. J. Moore, Spartanburg County—If this is a fair trial would abandon the project.

Jefferson Stokes, Midway—Sorry stock.

T. J. Duckett, Clinton—Orinoco seed; should have made better results; but should be cured in barn; very common.

Louis Bradwell, Aiken—Color good enough, but evidently spoiled by air curing. Hester seed is susceptible of good lemon color, if allowed to mature on the hill and properly cured by coal or fires.

W. F. Baker, Horseboro—Some of the leaf shows richer color, but very badly assorted.

John F. Hightower, Lima—The general character of the folio shows bright color, but mixed in assorting.

Alexander G. Clarkson, Wateree—The Hester seed shows up well, and result good as to quality. We awarded this the second best tobacco exhibited. Cuba seed very unsuitable, being coarse and bony.

J. J. Davis, Seneca City—Thin, poor and without body. Mark it very well sold at fifteen cents.

L. C. Thompson, Liberty Hill—Better results might have been made if properly cured by fires or coal. Hester seed is susceptible of bright lemon color, but not by process you indicate.

E. S. Horry, Grahamville—Without substance, and would advise the sale to Beaufort cigar-makers at best prices. It would not pay freight to ship to a tobacco market.

E. R. McTeer, Green Pond—Result from Orinoco seed should have been good, being in the shade will do for Burley, but no other tobacco; light and chaffy. Sell where you can. It will not pay freight to ship to a tobacco market.

Ed. B. Smith, Marion—Hester and Hyer are good seed and good results should follow proper cultivation, but must be cured by fires or coal fire. Hanging in open air won't do, except for Burley, and that can't be successfully raised in this section. There is no value to any tobacco used, it's bought by fancy. Take any offer you can get, and unless you have some assurance to improve, discontinue the raising. This tobacco will not pay freight charges to a tobacco market.

J. D. Fooshe, Cororaco—Orinoco is a good seed, Color undesirable; body fair but coarse and bony; tie in bundle six to eight leaves. Should class this as common, and will bring \$3 to \$4 per hundred in a tobacco market.

Jas. McCutchen, Church—You should be satisfied. Cuba seed don't suit your soil; very inferior; sell at any offer; it will not pay freight to ship.

## Stuck to the Farm.

Had we the ear of every young farmer in the Southern States, we would say to him, and repeat it over and over again, "stick to the farm." Enable your calling. Educate yourself for it, and by judicious experiments, close observations and untiring labor and pains taking, make it the source of mental improvement, pleasure and profit. When we say education in the schools and colleges, though we think that in these far more attention should be given to the branches connected with agriculture. We mean that the young farmer should, by a judicious course of reading and thinking in the intervals of labor, acquire the intelligence that is indispensable in his calling. Let him read attentively short elementary works in geology, chemistry and plant physiology. The necessary books can be got for not more than two dollars. Having laid the foundation in these, let him continue the course through life by subscribing for one or two good newspapers. We don't mean agricultural papers which treat of nothing but the one subject, but good weekly newspapers, from which he can store his mind with information on all topics. Nearly all the leading weeklies have a department devoted to agriculture, conducted by a competent editor. A society of young farmers in each neighborhood would be a most valuable adjunct.

J. C. Foster, Lancaster—Your tobacco shows good handling and is well cured; fair body and color, and stands third on the list of tobacco exhibits. The topping should be decreased instead of increasing as the season advances. Try topping higher and secure brighter color. It will pay you better. Unless you make it fine you are left as to price.

J. W. Earle, Holland's Store—Never ship your tobacco when you can realize such prices for your stock as indicated in your report. No market I know of will pay you one fifth of 25 cents for it. It's common.

E. N. Chisolm, Rowesville—Common, coarse and green. Unless you have hopes of improvement my advice is to discontinue the raising. This won't pay to ship.

Ben. S. Williams, Brunson—Better results should have followed from Hester seed. The sample was so rotten it was hard to tell what it was; saw enough to say it was very common and won't pay you to ship.

J. C. Griffin, Pickens—Leaf, thin, papery and poor; no body nor substance. Don't hesitate to sell to nobody nor pronounce it fine. There is no market of my knowing which will pay warehouse charges and freight.

John R. Spearman, Silver Street—Better results should have followed planting Hester seed. If this is a fair trial, my advice is to discontinue raising. You lose money by continuing the business.

Samuel S. Sarvis, Socaster—Sample exhibited is very common, and of a nondescript sort, neither fish, flesh or fowl—that is to say, neither a filler, smoker or wrapper. Very common; not worth freight to any tobacco market.

We close this report by stating the prevailing low prices of common and nondescript tobacco, raised by the planters of Virginia and North Carolina the past year, and now being marketed, is our reason to discourage rather than encourage the raising of the common sorts in this State. The markets of the country are filled with such, and prices are now low, and a large portion of the tobacco exhibited here to day would not pay freight and warehouse charges on any of the tobacco markets in Virginia or North Carolina.

## \$500,000 in an old log Hut.

KEYPORT, N. J., February 19.—John I. Schenck, the old Monmouth County hermit, is slowly dying at the home of his brother, to whom he was taken about nine months ago. The hermit is nearly 80 years of age, and for nearly fifty years lived in seclusion, allowing no one to cross his threshold. Just before his removal to his brother's home he had been suffering from a stroke of paralysis, and had it not been for the timely visit of his brother he would certainly have died at the time for want of nourishment and care. The near neighbors had noticed that he had not been out for several days, and, suspecting that he was sick, sent for his brother, who found him very low. After his removal an investigation of his hut was made. In a little shanty which was built in a thicket was found an iron box containing papers worth \$100,000.

In other corners of the tumble down building was found quite a large quantity of gold and silver coins. Under one of the beds in his two story rookery which answered for a home was found an old wooden stocking filled with money.

The interior of the building very much resembled a museum, there being many curious articles hung upon the walls. In all about thirty muskets and guns were counted. On attempting to take one down Mr. Schenck was astonished at its weight. Upon examination he was rather surprised to find it filled up with \$10 gold pieces. In all nearly \$50,000 in money and valuable papers were found concealed around the hut and outbuildings. The old hut is daily visited by many sightseers. This ancient, tumble-down building is hardly two stories high, with an old-style roof slanting nearly to the ground. There are four rooms, the largest being eight by fifteen feet. The staircase is made from an enormous oak log, with deep notches cut in it. Much of the furniture was made from oak trees cut on the farm.

Not Sharp Enough For Church People.  
It is related of a well-known Macon man that he recently went to Griffin and attended church with a young lady on whom he was very sweet. When the contribution box started out on its rounds the young man took a five dollar gold piece out of his vest pocket and displayed it in such a way that the young lady saw it. She mildly rebuked his extravagance, but he said he often contributed that much especially when in strange churches. Watching his chance he slipped the gold coin into his pocket and slyly took out a silver quarter which he slyly dropped into the box when it reached him. This fixed the impression on the young lady that he was generous and held the church in high esteem. At the close of the services, as was the custom of the church, the amount in the box was announced. The total was \$8.75. Griffin has no charm for the young man now.

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E. N. Chisolm, Rowesville—Common, coarse and green. Unless you have hopes of improvement my advice is to discontinue the raising. This won't pay to ship.

Ben. S. Williams, Brunson—Better results should have followed from Hester seed. The sample was so rotten it was hard to tell what it was; saw enough to say it was very common and won't pay you to ship.

J. C. Griffin, Pickens—Leaf, thin, papery and poor; no body nor substance. Don't hesitate to sell to nobody nor pronounce it fine. There is no market of my knowing which will pay warehouse charges and freight.

John R. Spearman, Silver Street—Better results should have followed planting Hester seed. If this is a fair trial, my advice is to discontinue raising. You lose money by continuing the business.

Samuel S. Sarvis, Socaster—Sample exhibited is very common, and of a nondescript sort, neither fish, flesh or fowl—that is to say, neither a filler, smoker or wrapper. Very common; not worth freight to any tobacco market.

We close this report by stating the prevailing low prices of common and nondescript tobacco, raised by the planters of Virginia and North Carolina the past year, and now being marketed, is our reason to discourage rather than encourage the raising of the common sorts in this State. The markets of the country are filled with such, and prices are now low, and a large portion of the tobacco exhibited here to day would not pay freight and warehouse charges on any of the tobacco markets in Virginia or North Carolina.

## \$500,000 in an old log Hut.

KEYPORT, N. J., February 19.—John I. Schenck, the old Monmouth County hermit, is slowly dying at the home of his brother, to whom he was taken about nine months ago. The hermit is nearly 80 years of age, and for nearly fifty years lived in seclusion, allowing no one to cross his threshold. Just before his removal to his brother's home he had been suffering from a stroke of paralysis, and had it not been for the timely visit of his brother he would certainly have died at the time for want of nourishment and care. The near neighbors had noticed that he had not been out for several days, and, suspecting that he was sick, sent for his brother, who found him very low. After his removal an investigation of his hut was made. In a little shanty which was built in a thicket was found an iron box containing papers worth \$100,000.

In other corners of the tumble down building was found quite a large quantity of gold and silver coins. Under one of the beds in his two story rookery which answered for a home was found an old wooden stocking filled with money.

The interior of the building very much resembled a museum, there being many curious articles hung upon the walls. In all about thirty muskets and guns were counted. On attempting to take one down Mr. Schenck was astonished at its weight. Upon examination he was rather surprised to find it filled up with \$10 gold pieces. In all nearly \$50,000 in money and valuable papers were found concealed around the hut and outbuildings. The old hut is daily visited by many sightseers. This ancient, tumble-down building is hardly two stories high, with an old-style roof slanting nearly to the ground. There are four rooms, the largest being eight by fifteen feet. The staircase is made from an enormous oak log, with deep notches cut in it. Much of the furniture was made from oak trees cut on the farm.

Not Sharp Enough For Church People.  
It is related of a well-known Macon man that he recently went to Griffin and attended church with a young lady on whom he was very sweet. When the contribution box started out on its rounds the young man took a five dollar gold piece out of his vest pocket and displayed it in such a way that the young lady saw it. She mildly rebuked his extravagance, but he said he often contributed that much especially when in strange churches. Watching his chance he slipped the gold coin into his pocket and slyly took out a silver quarter which he slyly dropped into the box when it reached him. This fixed the impression on the young lady that he was generous and held the church in high esteem. At the close of the services, as was the custom of the church, the amount in the box was announced. The total was \$8.75. Griffin has no charm for the young man now.

## Stuck to the Farm.

Had we the ear of every young farmer in the Southern States, we would say to him, and repeat it over and over again, "stick to the farm." Enable your calling. Educate yourself for it, and by judicious experiments, close observations and untiring labor and pains taking, make it the source of mental improvement, pleasure and profit. When we say education in the schools and colleges, though we think that in these far more attention should be given to the branches connected with agriculture. We mean that the young farmer should, by a judicious course of reading and thinking in the intervals of labor, acquire the intelligence that is indispensable in his calling. Let him read attentively short elementary works in geology, chemistry and plant physiology. The necessary books can be got for not more than two dollars. Having laid the foundation in these, let him continue the course through life by subscribing for one or two good newspapers. We don't mean agricultural papers which treat of nothing but the one subject, but good weekly newspapers, from which he can store his mind with information on all topics. Nearly all the leading weeklies have a department devoted to agriculture, conducted by a competent editor. A society of young farmers in each neighborhood would be a most valuable adjunct.

J. C. Foster, Lancaster—Your tobacco shows good handling and is well cured; fair body and color, and stands third on the list of tobacco exhibits. The topping should be decreased instead of increasing as the season advances. Try topping higher and secure brighter color. It will pay you better. Unless you make it fine you are left as to price.