

# The Anderson Intelligencer.

BY E. B. MURRAY & CO.

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## TEACHERS' COLUMN.

J. G. CLINKSCALES, EDITOR.

### MONTEAGLE ONCE MORE.

Our readers doubtless have enough of Montague on paper, but we feel disposed to risk a few more remarks. Since our first article appeared, we have been delighted to hear three of our teachers say they intended to go to Montague next summer. We would be rejoiced to know that there were three of Anderson's teachers at that great educational center in one season. Up to this time, South Carolina has sent very few representatives there. We do not think it is because our teachers are indifferent to the advantages offered by that wonderful place. We would believe that the absence of South Carolinians is attributable rather to poverty than indifference.

How delightful it would be if we had a home at Montague for the South Carolina teachers. Mississippi has one; why may not South Carolina have one? There the teachers of Mississippi live in the same house as one family. We did not have an opportunity to enquire into the cost, but presume that by such arrangement the cost is made considerably smaller. The cost of living at such a place is one of the first things to be considered. Not many teachers have more money than they know what to do with. We have never met many of that kind in Anderson County, and it may be of some consolation to our teachers to know that few of that kind visit Montague.

We were impressed with the great earnestness of nearly everybody there. There were no flippant, frivolous girls there whose chief aim in life is to "kill time and have a little fun." The ladies were earnest, intelligent, dignified, showing a degree of culture one rarely notices in an average assembly.

Prof. Tigert conceived a grand idea when he spoke of the teacher as the medium through which the learning of one generation is transmitted to another. "But for teachers," says Prof. Tigert, "the world would roll back into primitive ignorance and barbarism." Looking at the teacher as an important personage, then, it is a grand sight to see an assembly of teachers whose very countenances bespeak a longing for knowledge and for the power of handing down to the next generation the jewels of thought that a life worth living and quicken the sensations of the young.

Again we say we are glad to know that three of our teachers think of going to Montague next summer. May we not hope that others will conclude to do the same thing? We have tried to mention as many as possible of the advantages to be had by going to Montague. One thing more which we had almost forgotten, no one is allowed to disturb you after 9 o'clock at night by loud talking. One of the regulations is that if you do not retire at 9 o'clock, you must at least keep quiet in deference to the comfort of others who wish to retire early.

Our readers need not infer from the fact that this 9 o'clock rule is observed, that there is no courting there. No, no; why, there have been three marriages there already this summer. And I can't tell how many more there may be before the close of the session. Teachers don't get too old to court any sooner than other people. Besides there is everything in the surroundings at Montague to develop the sentimental in one's nature. Every breeze, every flower, every rock whippers of love and youth and life. Why not court? Why not love? One may be studious, one may be thoughtful, one may be learned without being dead to the God given emotions of the human heart. Why, bless you, on the mountain there is beautiful "Lovers' Walk," that lovely, shaded walk over which two teachers may promenade with impunity. Then there is "Cooliey's Hill," a place which affords a very grand and beautiful view, and there, too, is lovely "Table Rock" from which the view is simply charming. Would you have the sentimental developed? Go to Montague.

That our readers may fully understand what may be learned at Montague, we copy the following paragraph from the *Montague Annual*, 1887: "Special private instructions may be obtained in art, music, elocution, oil painting, law, chess painting, embroidery, short-hand, stenography, kindergarten, etc., for the particulars and prices of which, reference is made to the details of these different schools."

We think we have not been extravagant in our opinion of the Montague Academy. We give below the opinion of Mrs. Angus Campbell, Editor *Gleaner*, Memphis, Tennessee: "What do you do at Montague? Nothing. Anything. Everything. For one blessed week after reaching those cool heights we luxuriated in idleness. The first feeling is of exquisite relief at having escaped the heat, roar, dust, and overstimulating grand city streets. I loved my brain in cool calm, I bathed my soul in bliss and balm. To lounge within the fluttering curtains of a tent and dream to the music of wind-swept chestnut-trees overhead; to sit in your cottage doorway, content to breathe that air and study the picturesque landscape; or, sitting your hat, to follow fearlessly any one of a dozen forest paths leading to some bubbling spring or fern-draped dell, or to the mountain verge where, perched on a jutting crag, you may sit for hours oblivious of all but the enchanting scene unrolled like a map far below you; to saunter homeward in the night full careless of dews or miasma; to enjoy your supper and your bed with the fresh zest of childhood; and such is the sweet idleness of resting time on Montague. But a few days of blissful passivity and the spirit of the place begins to lay hold upon you. Montague managers are full of *bonhomie* as the air of ozone. The big family is cordial as well as cultured, and you soon feel entirely at home. The social and intellectual atmosphere, like the physical, is exhilarating without being exhausting. 'I like your Southern Characteristics,' said Prof. C. last year, 'better than the original in some respects. There is more genuine good fellowship, and then you seem to have more time; a fellow don't get so tired.' Tired! No (unless you go as a student, a teacher, or a reporter); but built up, soul and body; energized anew—to return betimes to your place in the work-a-day world with stored up electricity to last till—the robins nest again. Then you will come again for fresh supplies. And how easy to come again. One may spend the evening at home in Memphis and dine next day on Montague; may stay a full month, have a royal good time, and return to business a new man, all for less than cost of a ticket to the seashore or the Adirondacks, not to speak of the saving of time and fatigue. Not sufficient change of climate? Well, a mile is a good way—when you are going straight up! Oddly enough, too, by some occult law of gravitation, one "mile-up" magnet draws amazingly, as the sun does water, perhaps, attracting only the pure element. It is a fact that Montague is a fast becoming a great intellectual and moral center, the annual trying place of our brightest and best people. There was only one mean man there last year, and he left by next train! An enthusiast, am I? I've been there! Ah, Montague is our own, and we love it. It is a strength and a blessing to our southland, and we thank God for it!"

## OVER THE FIELD OF MANASSAS.

A South Carolinian's Visit to the Old Battle Ground.

MANASSAS, VA., Aug. 8, 1887.—What was known as "Manassas Junction" during the war, is now called Manassas—a beautiful little town of about 700 people, and 32 miles from Washington City. A large hotel stands near the depot filled with summer visitors from Washington, Baltimore and other large cities. Many families from Washington spend their summers here—the heads of the families remaining in the city during the week and spending their Sundays out here—being only an hour's ride. The houses are painted with considerable taste, and white wash here) and many of the buildings and situations are handsome. The high hill upon which our regiment bivouaced in 1862, is now the magnificent summer residence of a rich brewer of Alexandria, Va. There are still here a few remaining signs of our army when it was the headquarters of Beauregard in 1861. Many of the old earth works still remain; the large walls called "Fort Beauregard" now standing in the beautiful grounds of the rich brewer mentioned above.

About half a mile off is an unfinished cemetery, where many Confederate soldiers are buried. The citizens undertook to enclose and beautify the spot with their own means, but had to stop for want of funds. The ground is partly enclosed with a large walk of red free stone, but has never been finished. The graves have had wooden head and foot boards, but they are nearly all now scattered over the ground—the most of them being marked "unknown." Among those still standing I noticed the names of S. D. Jones, company I, 3rd S. C. vols; N. W. Gantry (or Gamble), company E, Hampton legion; Wm. Corbin, 4th S. C. V.; W. A. Lacose, 9th S. C. V.

The citizens are making efforts to finish the cemetery and remove all the soldiers who now lie scattered over this section of country, into this enclosure, and place a large monument in the center, with the coat of arms of each State represented by the dead. The State of Virginia has donated one thousand dollars towards the fund, and application will be made to each of the States for a contribution. I know that our patriotic representative, Col. Miller, will give this matter his best attention at the proper time. There is no better place for such a cemetery than on the famous spot. It was here that South Carolina shed her first blood in defense of the "Lost Cause," and the bones of many of her sons are scattered over these plains. Here she should erect a shaft to their memory; it would at least be some consolation to the hearts that are yet bleeding for their loved ones, and show that the State had not forgotten the devotion with which they yielded their lives.

It is the belief of many, that the battle-field of Manassas are here at the junction, but it is a mistake. The scene of these battles is about 7 miles from the Junction and is a northerly direction. Taking the train of the Manassas Gap Railroad we left it 5 miles out at station called Wolfhouse. From here he could be given away; he was my wife's carriage horse, consequently too valuable to kill. I had two other horses afflicted in the same way, breathing and then thumping in the flanks with a nervous jump. Old "Mat," at the end of a week, was much improved, and at the close of the month he did good service in the carriage. In about six months he was impressed in Mansfield by a Confederate officer and assessed at \$500, and a few months later the actual amount was paid to me by the quartermaster at Alexandria, La., when sugar by the hoghead and cotton by the bale were worth twenty cents a pound. The other two horses were cured by the same remedy.

Ucle Billy Toombs. WASHINGTON, Ga., Aug. 23.—To day the body of Uncle Billy Toombs was buried in the colored cemetery here in the presence of a large number of the best white citizens as well as of almost the entire colored population. Prominent among those present were the members of the family of the late General Robert Toombs. Uncle Billy was born eighty-seven years ago the slave of Major Toombs, and was 11 years of age when the major's son, Robert, was born. Billy was assigned to duty as boy in waiting to the baby, and took great interest in his development. When young Mr. Toombs grew up and married, his father made him a present of Billy, and ever after the closest friendship existed between the two. Billy accompanied his master to Washington, to the fashionable watering places and to Europe. In this way he became familiar with many distinguished people.

Before the war Billy had an intense hatred for the Abolitionists, refusing to countenance them in any way. When the war was over and the Toombs family had gathered once more at the old family mansion, Billy returned there, too, as well as the rest. "You are free now," said General Toombs to him. "I'll never be free from old master," said he, "but I will follow you all my life." To this General Toombs replied: "Very well then, I'll take care of you."

Ever after Billy was the most devoted of servants, looking after his master's interests as though they were his own. When General Toombs died two years ago he left full provision for Ucle Billy's maintenance, and no mourner at the General's grave shed warmer tears than the faithful old African, who lingered there long after the crowds had melted away. Ucle Billy will be remembered as the only African who absolutely refused to accept his freedom.

ONE HUNDRED AND ONE. NEWBERRYPORT, ME., August 25.—Miss Phoebe Harrod was 101 years old to-day. The event was celebrated by a religious ceremony, in which the old lady, who retains much mental and bodily strength, took part. Rev. Mr. Merton, who is 84 years old, conducted the services. Half the present were over 75 years of age. Letters were read from many absent friends.

## Successful Beyond Expectation.

Senator Brown's father, who, just after the war of 1812-1815 with Great Britain, in which he was a soldier, moved to Bedford county, Tennessee, near Selbyville, and lived there for several years, used to be fond of telling an anecdote which occurred, we believe, at the home of one of his neighbors. It seems that the party's hogs had been getting into his own field destroying his corn, etc., and at last, becoming considerably out of patience with them he determined that he would adopt a ruse which he thought would probably stop their depredations, at least for a time. Accordingly, this plan was put into operation a few mornings afterward, when some one came running up to the house and stated that the hogs were in the corn again.

Going down with several of the boys, he managed to separate a big old boar, which was generally the ring-leader in the mischief, from the rest of his comrades, and drove him up to the house, and succeeded in corralling him in a pen. He then went into the house and got the skin of a bear, which he had shot only a few days before, and bringing it out, managed with the help of the boys to get the boar down and tie his legs together until they could succeed in fastening the bear-skin around him, which was done in a pretty snug manner, there being enough of open space left in front for him to see through tolerably well. He then laced his legs and turned him out of the pen and started him down toward the field where the rest of the drove had been left for a few minutes.

The hog was very much frightened by the noise of the appendage which was fastened to him, and broke for his comrades as fast as his legs could carry him. The farmer and his boys followed to enjoy the fun, which came pretty quickly. The rest of the hogs saw what they thought was a bear coming toward them, and stamped in great consternation for the place where they had gotten through the fence into the field. They scampered in wild confusion to the fence and disappeared in the forest with the old boar following the others, but still somewhat in the rear.

The farmer and his boys laughed hilariously at the ludicrous sight, and observed it as long as it was possible, and then went back to the house. That evening, however, none of the hogs came up as usual. Accordingly, after waiting for a while, they went out and began calling that, but the shrill sounds with re-echoed chorus died away in the surrounding forest without calling forth a single responsive grunt or squeal. They now began to suspect that the joke had been worked further than they thought; but hoping that the hogs would come up next morning, went back to the house, and after eating supper, retired.

The next morning came, however, but still no hogs. They then commenced a search for them, but could not find a single one of the drove anywhere. The farmer accordingly took his horse and rode down through the country in the direction in which the hogs had gone; after searching and calling all day could not find them.

The ensuing day he met a party who had come from the neighborhood of Duck River, some thirty miles distant, and who, after some talk, said to him that he had seen the most laughable sight of the day before that his eyes had ever rested upon. The farmer, with some interest, asked him what it was.

"Why," said he, "away down near Duck River I saw a drove of about fifteen or twenty hogs running for dear life, and about one hundred yards behind them was another one following as fast as his legs could carry him. I didn't at first know it was a hog, because he had a bear skin around him; but I soon discovered how it was. Somebody or other had fixed him that way, and the other hogs thought it was a bear and were trying to get away, and he was trying to catch up with them and join them."

The joke was not nearly so funny to the farmer, who, we believe, never did get back squarely any of the drove.—*Tennessee Gazette.*

## The Two Kings.

You might have had your pick of a thousand bordermen and found none to equal him. You might have selected from every herd of wild horses on the prairies and found none to match the coal black steed. It is 10 o'clock in the day as they follow the blind trail along the Little Colorado.

To the west are the White Mesa Mountains, the home of the grizzly and the cinnamon—the hiding place of the great gray wolf—full of gloomy canyons in which death lurks—here and there a valley in which the bones of white men lay bleaching in the noonday sun.

To the east the plains, cut through by Indian trails—washed and gullied by the cloud burst—heaved into fantastic shapes by the awful power of the earthquake. The courage which separates man from kith and kin and the world to dwell with himself amidst hourly dangers is not to be questioned. Men who die bravely on the battlefield would draw back in fright after one look into a mountain canyon at high noon. They are awed at the very thought of the terrible trail which rent the great hill asunder. The darkness which falls into the rift tells of a thousand dangers. The faint echoes which reach the ear seem to tell you to fly to a place of safety.

Watch the pair—horse and rider as they slowly pass. There are four ears to listen, four eyes to watch. No artist could picture more grace and strength and confidence. The rifle is ready with its deadly bullet—the muscles of the horse quiver at the thought of a long run in which he will leave the wind behind. There is danger, but both are ready. There is wild excitement in knowing there is danger.

Just here a wedge-shaped ledge of rock crowds down almost to the river. Once past it and there is an acre of grass land, an open basin in which the violets and pansies bloom as if to smooth some of the mountain wrinkles of age away. Here the bare scamper and play; here the black-tailed deer come to feed. It is as if, after a night of fury and destruction, Nature relented as day came again and crowded back the rocks to create this basin as a peace offering.

The hunter's horse has scarcely trampled the violets under foot when from the opposite side rides forth another horseman. It is an Indian chief. The proud features of the eagle designate his rank. The manner in which he sits on his horse proves him a king. None but a king could ride that horse—his eyes flashing, his nostrils quivering, his muscles standing out like wires!

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## Transplantings.

It is not nature's design that a tree should be transplanted; the seed is sown, the tree springs up and there it stands until age and decay brings it to the ground. The seeds are carried from place to place by the streams, the birds, and animals, and the tree is soon ready to do its share toward perpetuating its species.

Man is not satisfied with this slow and uncertain method of distribution. By care and protection he propagates many plants where only a few, if any, would naturally grow. Then to distribute the plants where he chooses to have them, he resorts to the process of transplanting, and it is only surprising that it can be carried on so successfully under all circumstances as it is.

A tree or shrub, to be successfully transplanted, must undergo a certain amount of preparation in the nursery or greenhouse. In nature the roots of a tree continue pushing outward in search of food and moisture and become after a few years very long and widely extended, with the young or feeding roots at the extremities, so far away from the tree and so twisted among the stones in the soil and among the roots of other trees, that it is not possible to get them, and when the tree is dug nothing but stiff stubs, bare of fibres, are presented. A tree in this condition has little chance of living, for the fine fibrous feeding roots are very necessary. They are obtained in the nursery by frequent removals or root-prunings.

When a root is cut off it begins immediately to heal by forming granulations between the bark and wood; from these granulations spring numerous fine roots. In four or five years the stronger ones of these push off away from the tree, and must be again cut by pruning or transplanting to keep them within bounds. If the trees are carefully dug two or three years after this root pruning process, it will be seen that all the fibrous roots will be obtained as they do not extend far from the tree. Then with proper care in after transplanting and root-pruning, the fibres will be so numerous and closely packed that the soil will be retained among them and the tree may be removed with a heavy ball of earth attached to the roots. This gives them protection from the action of the sun and drying winds, and makes success more certain than with such care as trees usually receive. A tree or shrub in this condition is much like a plant taken from a pot where it has been growing.

Several days ago S. stranger made his appearance at the Union Depot and asked Officer Butron how long before the Grand River Valley train would go out. "In about twenty minutes," was the reply.

"Then I'll have time to get a drink, won't I?" "No, sir; you still have fourteen minutes to spare."

"That's good, and I guess I'll go back for a little brandy."

"When he again returned he felt in good spirits, and ascertaining that he still had six minutes to spare, he said: "Now, that's what I call liberal, and I'll lay in one more drink."

## War Governor Wise.

It seems a fact that history repeats itself. The phrase, "Let her go, Gallagher," that has been going the rounds lately in the Southern papers, reminds us of an incident that occurred in Washington a good many years ago when the Hon. Henry A. Wise, a member of Congress. While engaged in conversation near the statue of Washington, on the east front of the Capitol building, a strange looking genius approached us and asked "If we could tell him the meaning of the statue opposite—the man with extended arm and a ball in his hand, looking directly in the face of the statue by which we were standing?" and also asked, "Who the statue represented near us?"

Mr. Wise looked intently at him for a few moments, and being satisfied that he was really seeking information, explained to him who the statue represented. The man with extended arm and ball in his hand represented Christopher Columbus, the discoverer of America, and the ball in his hand illustrated his theory that the earth was round and by sailing due west he could circumnavigate the globe, or rather he would find a new continent to balance the one they knew all about. The statue by which we were standing represented George Washington, known as the "Father of his Country."

Mr. Wise called his attention to the subscription: "First in Peace, First in War and First in the hearts of his Countrymen"—which had evidently escaped the stranger's attention, but there is no name or inscription on the statue of Columbus, and he or any one else could be reasonably excused for asking to whom the statue was erected and the meaning of the ball in the hand. But Mr. Wise continued by calling the attention of the stranger to the right arm of the Washington statue, extended with the hand open and looking directly in the face of Columbus, about 120 yards distant—Columbus looking as in the act of throwing the ball at him. Mr. Wise said it reminded him of boys playing cat, (base ball was not known in that day), and he almost fancied he could hear George say, "Let her go, Christopher, I will catch her!"—*From the Ansonian Hot Blast.*

A writer in the *Sunday Herald* says the Confederate bond committee in London is again very active in some movement. The reasons for its being are kept a close secret. It has been a matter of great surprise on this side that shrewd, clever capitalists, mostly wealthy Ireland, are procuring large sums of money and time in procuring so vigorously what seems to be so helpless a scheme. These people believe there is something in it, in certain, but how they can ever expect to realize anything from the United States is the astonishing feature. As nearly as can be ascertained the committee controls by ownership or by proxies, bonds representing \$90,000,000 in various kind of securities, issued by the Confederate States, and are making elaborate plans for realizing something upon them. Even if the Southern States were willing they could not pay a penny for these bonds under the constitutional amendments, but the South is having about all it can do to take care of its present indebtedness without loading each State up with \$85,000,000 more. The committee says it means to ask the United States to pay them, but that it is nonsense of such a bald character that it receives no other sentiment than derision. As the matter develops further, perhaps the real object may appear.

Silly Silbance. Two Utica girls wasted precious hours composing the following silly story. Sweet Sarah Sawyer's sickly sister Susan sat singing sweetly. Square Sam. Seaward's son Sam strolled smoking, sorrowfully seeking sweet Susan. Suddenly spying said Susan sitting. Sam slouched slowly, stealing sunflowers, scaring sweet Sarah. Susan starting, screamed: "Sam, Sam, sing some Sankey Sunday-school songs." Sam sang successfully.—*Times Herald.*

There are 60,000 colored Knights of Labor.

## Trouble Ahead.

It seems to us that a parallel may be drawn between the overthrow of the Roman system of civilization and our modern system more nearly than at first sight might be supposed. The Goths, Vandals and Huns that we have to contend with are not at a distance, but in our own midst. They are the dissipated and disorganizing elements of society. In the past, so far as our own country is concerned, there has been no opportunity for them even to make the pretense of an attack; but in the last few years a marked change has taken place in this respect. The power of the inventor has increased both morally and numerically, though the numerical increase is offset by an augmentation on the other side.

While the assailants have become more formidable, the defenders of society appear to have lost, we will not say strength, for their preponderance in force is as undeniable as ever; but something of the nerve and spirit required to make their superiority tell. We have gained in wealth and luxury, but we have lost in tenacity of moral purpose. The old assurance that the right would win, the old willingness to fight for it, and, indeed, to die for it, are somewhat blackened of late. The public mind needs bracing up. It must recover its steadfastness and confidence, or it will suffer a deterioration that in some ways will imperil the public security.

It needed centuries of slow corruption to undermine the Roman civilization and thus bring about its downfall; but in the days of railroads, telegraphs and printing presses, movements proceed more rapidly than they did 1,400 and 1,500 years ago. The change that has taken place in the United States in the last half century might have required for its making ten times that period in the earlier part of the Christian era; and, as in all things we are greatly influenced by public action in Europe, it would be hard to say to what extent an extensive and successful socialist outbreak in Europe should one occur within the present generation, might find a response on this side of the Atlantic.—*Boston Herald.*

The Darlington News says: "For some time past the family of Mr. W. D. Newell, who lives about three miles from Lamar, have been unaccountably and seriously sick. Thinking at last that the water they were drinking might be the cause of the trouble, Mr. Newell had his well cleaned out, when there was brought to the surface a package carefully tied up and containing certain substances which a physician pronounced poisonous. Mr. Newell thinks there is no doubt that this package was placed in his well by some malicious person with a view to exterminating the whole family, but who it was that committed such a diabolical act has not yet been discovered. Since the removal of the package, the whole family have recovered, and Mr. Newell has taken steps to prevent a recurrence of this dastardly outrage by placing his well under lock and key."

A very sad double suicide or suicide and murder, occurred in New York several days ago. Mrs. Malonia R. W. Payne and her daughter, Miss Anna M. Payne, were found dead in bed on Friday evening. They were lying side by side and had evidently died together. Each of the girls was found with one of her arms severed. Several letters were found stating that they were without friends, and that they had determined to die. It is thought that they both took laudanum, and that then lying down the mother severed the artery in her daughter's arm and then cut the artery in her own arm. Mrs. Payne is said to have been insane.

The reserve power lying in a negro's head and neck is well known, but never was it shown so clearly as on one evening last week. A pair of mules hitched to a load of lumber became unruly and refused to pull. The negro driver tried orders and threats, and whip, and kicks to no purpose, when finally, overcome by rage, he lowered his head in approval of goat fashion and let drive a wild-directed series of butts at the head of his principal tormentor. Overcome by the strange and unaccounted mode of warfare, the mule at once succumbed and became perfectly manageable.—*Timonian's Messenger's Friend.*

The Hampton Guardian says "Reed Glover, colored, who lived in the Black Creek section, was cutting timber down on Briar Branch, a tributary of Black Creek, and was alone. As he was not put in an appearance at the coroner's search revealing his dead body under a towering pine tree, which he had commenced to cut, and from which a limb had fallen on his head and instantly killed him. It is a most remarkable fact that his skull was not crushed, but the blood gushed from his nose and mouth, showing how severe the concussion must have been."

The establishment of the Carolina spoke and handle factory has opened a market for the finest woods around that section and the farmers are turning to opportunity to advantage. At the factory yesterday fifty wagon loads of oak and hickory were delivered, for which Charles Brothers paid out \$25.—*Charlotte Chronicle.*

## Confederate Bonds.

A writer in the *Sunday Herald* says the Confederate bond committee in London is again very active in some movement. The reasons for its being are kept a close secret. It has been a matter of great surprise on this side that shrewd, clever capitalists, mostly wealthy Ireland, are procuring large sums of money and time in procuring so vigorously what seems to be so helpless a scheme. These people believe there is something in it, in certain, but how they can ever expect to realize anything from the United States is the astonishing feature. As nearly as can be ascertained the committee controls by ownership or by proxies, bonds representing \$90,000,000 in various kind of securities, issued by the Confederate States, and are making elaborate plans for realizing something upon them. Even if the Southern States were willing they could not pay a penny for these bonds under the constitutional amendments, but the South is having about all it can do to take care of its present indebtedness without loading each State up with \$85,000,000 more. The committee says it means to ask the United States to pay them, but that it is nonsense of such a bald character that it receives no other sentiment than derision. As the matter develops further, perhaps the real object may appear.

Announcing Engagements. When a couple are engaged there is seldom any reason why all the world should not know it, and therefore the new fashion of announcing engagements just before a prominent ball and having the ladies and gentlemen congratulated by their friends is to be commended. To be sure, if the engagement is afterward broken, the thought of these public congratulations would be embarrassing; but if the fashion tends to prevent promises of marriage being lightly given it will serve good purpose. The girl who might say "yes" when asked to marry, with the mental reservation that if anything better comes along she will contrive not to keep her word, will think twice about it if she has to go through with such a form. Marriage engagements are frequently too lightly entered into and too lightly set aside. The engagement should be nearly as sacred a contract as the marriage itself, and it should be such an engagement that both parties would be proud to have it known among all their common acquaintance.

The Kansas City Times publishes answers received to inquiries sent out through Kansas and Missouri as to presidential preferences. In Missouri 270 answers were received. Of these 251 were for Cleveland, three for Thurman, one for Wade Hampton and the rest scattered. The republicans sent 261 answers, of which 125 were for Blaine, 77 for Sherman, 51 for Lincoln and the rest scattered. In Kansas 326 democrats answered as follows: Cleveland 206, Thurman 7, Hill 6, the remainder scattered. The republicans sent 302 answers, of which 151 were for Blaine, 86 for Sherman, 44 for Lincoln and the remainder scattered.

Slakes. MARQUETTE, MICH., August 29.—A mischievous workman named Polk, in the big mill at Ontonagon, placed a small garter snake upon the shoulder of a fellow-workman named Hollis yesterday. The man was busy and the reptile made the circuit of his neck before he noticed that something was wrong. Then he crained his neck and met the flashing eyes and vibrating tongue of the snake within two inches of his nose, and with a yell of horror, threw up his hands and rolled upon the floor in a dead faint, and is very low from the effect of the shock.

A negro servant down in North Carolina was fond of his glass. His master tried to break him, but it was no use. One day the master read of a whiskey drinker who tried to blow out a candle and he burnt all up. The master called for the glass. The master, satisfied that he was about to take the pledge never to drink another drop of liquor, handed him the glass, but Ned took a solemn pledge never to blow a candle out again as long as he lived!