

The Anderson Intelligencer.

BY E. B. MURRAY & CO.

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TEACHERS' COLUMN.

J. C. CLINKSCALES, Editor.

Messrs. Levy Martin and E. E. Parke have been appointed trustees to fill vacancies in Martin Township.

Prof. J. M. Lander is appointed to take the place of his brother, Prof. W. T. Lander, on the Board of Trustees for Williamson School District. Mr. Lander does well whatever he undertakes, and we confidently expect the good work already begun by his brother to be carried on to completion.

Miss Emma L. Cox, of Honea Path Township, has gone to Greenville Female College. Miss Cox feels that she ought to prepare herself better for the work to which she is devoted. Our best wishes attend Miss Emma. May she take a firm stand in her classes and get all that the College can give her.

We now have on hand a Trustees' Record Book for every Board of Trustees in the County. Will some member of each Board please call at this office and get one. We do hope the trustees will take more interest in the management of the public schools than has been their custom heretofore. It is getting things down to a fine point when a trustee gets his own consent to sign any certificate in the field and that, too, with a lead pencil. Every Board ought to have at least one regular meeting every month. We furnish them the books and desire them to do business in a business-like way. With a few little pains, a neat book can be kept an intelligent report be made at the close of each year. The books are so arranged that a complete record of the transactions of the Board can be kept. Again, we insist that the Secretaries of the Boards call for books sometime during the month of October and get ready for business.

We are truly glad to hear of the successful meeting held at Bishop's Branch, Miss Newton, the teacher, gives us a very pleasant account of it, and cheers us particularly when she mentions that subscription taken up for the purpose of putting a new roof on the house. That looks like business. When people get a work in a straight-forward way like that, it means something. And how many of our teachers have tried a similar plan for raising funds for the improvement of their school-houses? Have your patrons been called together? Do they really know what a bad condition the school-house is in? Let us learn a lesson from Miss Newton, and make an effort to get the patrons of each school together at least once during the session.

We congratulate Miss Newton on her efforts to organize a District Association. How easy and how well it would be for the teachers and trustees of a district to meet one Saturday in every month! Nor is it a bad plan to invite the patrons to meet. Let them attend and see what is being done for the improvement of their children. The trustees have to meet, or ought to meet, once every month to transact the business of their office, and the teachers and patrons, we are sure, would be glad to meet them. It will give the School Commissioner great pleasure to meet the Association organized in any township. The township association has been tried in Hopewell and Williamson, and has worked well. We would beg to suggest, however, that it might be best to meet on Saturday. The teacher with whom the meeting is held can easily arrange with one of her classes to be present on Saturday, so that any new plans or methods of instruction may be known. After considering the matter well and thoroughly, we are strongly of the opinion that such an arrangement would work well, and do most heartily recommend it to the teachers and trustees of the various townships.

Reading over the above, we find we have used both the words township and district. In this case it matters not, however, since our school districts are continuous with the townships.

Mr. Editor: Bishop's Branch School opened Aug. 9th. The number of pupils soon became so large that it was necessary to put in six new benches. The house was alive with youthful brains seeking expansion, and innocent souls reaching after the untold and the unknown. This was a most delightful state of affairs, but all things earthly must pass away, and many of these, though my pupils, were earthly enough to leave their nimble fingers summoned to the cotton field. However, after spending six weeks in mathematics and opening our next section's work, which happens to be geography, we have been greatly built up and encouraged by a public meeting at our school house, the afternoon of September 23. The school made no attempt, whatever, at an entertainment, or exhibition, but opened the exercises by singing; then a report of each pupil's class standing during the session was read publicly. After this, a distribution was made of all the essays written and duplicated since school opened. The audience, having scrutinized the essays, next gave attention to a chorus, "On Our Way to School," sung with calliothence. This was merely an introduction of the feature of the meeting—

an address by Prof. C. W. Moore, of Central High School. He gave us a pithy lecture on mathematics, fraught with such valuable information that any synopsis would convey an inadequate idea of its instructive merits. Every teacher in the State would be benefited by reading it. He is willing to encourage all teachers and pupils who are trying to help themselves. He promises good Mr. J. R. Newton, who will teach at Liberty. Mr. J. P. Glenn added much to the pleasure of the occasion by his genial presence. He favors the Association, and will give valuable aid having had considerable experience as a teacher. Several female teachers in adjoining townships have expressed a desire to join us if we organize. Now, the weight of responsibility rests on Messrs. W. P. Holland and J. P. Smith,

as we could not organize on account of their absence. If either of these gentlemen will call a meeting of teachers and trustees, a profitable organization can be formed. The patrons made good use of the occasion in getting on foot a subscription for putting a new roof on our house. TRACHERS.

Mr. Editor: In response to your call to teachers who attended the Institute, to give some of the benefits which they derive therefrom, I will attempt to present to the readers of the Teachers' Column a few of the advantages which I derived. Now, that I attempt it, I find it more easily to appreciate the benefits of the Institute than to express them.

In the first place, let me say that contact with such teachers as Drs. Lander and Klemm, Miss Leonard and Prof. Morrison, and a knowledge of their ideas of what true teaching is, make me love the profession more and fill me with a desire to do more faithful work. In fact, I have a more exalted opinion of my work, and feel that I have chosen a profession of which I need not be ashamed. I used to feel differently. I recognize the responsibility which rests upon me, and am better prepared to take hold of the methods and aids which these educators have found out, by experience, are the best. I have learned that real teaching does not consist in how many text books may be crammed in a given time, but that it consists in leading the child to observe and think for himself, and thus cultivate the faculties and expand his mind. Take for instance Dr. Klemm's lectures on "Concentric Studies." When he showed us so beautifully how it is possible to teach "every branch of study the first year of school," and thus train every faculty of child in unison, instead of teaching spelling first term of school, reading second, writing third, "an ciphering," and lastly a long list of unnecessary grammar rules, I feel that I had heard nothing more than these talks would be amply paid for the time devoted to the Institute. When, however, we start with this knowledge of what to teach, and add Dr. Lander's and Klemm's exercises illustrating how to teach numbers, Miss Leonard's languages lessons, and Dr. Klemm's and Prof. Morrison's talk on school discipline, we think that we can begin our next year's work better prepared to accomplish some thing. The Institute has taught me how little I really know. Miss Leonard has shown me that I knew comparatively nothing about teaching language or grammar. Her instructions have not only directed us how to teach it, but she has given us a practical course of study in language, something that we can take hold of. The same may be said of the other teachers in regard to the other branches. In fact the Institute has lifted us out of the old rut and marked out a better road for us to travel.

Let those of us who were fortunate enough to have attended the Institute not allow the wheels of our instruction to slide back into the old ruts. These are some of the benefits of the Institute, but as I stated at the outset, one must attend a session of the Institute to fully appreciate its advantages. I hope that another year it will be unnecessary for any one to write up the Institute work, but that all the teachers of the County will go and see for themselves.

The House that Jack Built.
This is the house that Jack built.
This is the keg that lay in the house that Jack built.
This is the beer that was put in the keg that lay in the house that Jack built.
This is the man with his pocket shorn, who drank the beer that was put in the keg that lay in the house that Jack built.
This is the maiden bright and young, who married the man with his pocket shorn, who drank the beer that was put in the keg that lay in the house that Jack built.
This is the preacher who heard once warm, who married the maiden bright and young, who drank the beer that was put in the keg that lay in the house that Jack built.
This is the bottle with contents strong, that seduced the preacher who heard once warm, who married the maiden bright and young, who drank the beer that was put in the keg that lay in the house that Jack built.
This is the saloon over which we mourn, where was filled the bottle with contents strong, that seduced the preacher who heard once warm, who married the maiden bright and young, who drank the beer that was put in the keg that lay in the house that Jack built.
This is the voter uninformed, who licensed the saloon over which we mourn, where was filled the bottle with contents strong, that seduced the preacher who heard once warm, who married the maiden bright and young, who drank the beer that was put in the keg that lay in the house that Jack built.
This is the Abolisher long since gone, who instructed the voter uninformed, who licensed the saloon over which we mourn, where was filled the bottle with contents strong, that seduced the preacher who heard once warm, who married the maiden bright and young, who drank the beer that was put in the keg that lay in the house that Jack built.

—The various New York Labor parties are calling each other all the hard names in the vocabulary, the bone of contention being the 700 or 800 election inspectors to whom one of the so-called Labor parties is entitled under the law. There are three of these organizations now—the Union Labor party, the United Labor or Henry George party, and the Progressive Labor party, which nominated John Swinton for secretary of state on Wednesday. Friday was the Swinton party's day before Judge Patterson in Supreme Court chambers. The lawyer who represented the Progressives said that the "George party is a mushroom party. Its theories are Mr. George's personal hallucinations."

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INTERESTING TO FARMERS.

Capt. D. K. Norris on the Necessity of Diversified Crops.

The following interesting and valuable paper was read at the recent Farmers' Encampment at Spartanburg:

I appear here, Mr. President, in response to the call that has been made upon me to discuss with you the necessity of diversified agriculture.

I take it to be a reasonable duty on the part of every citizen to contribute of his opportunities to the public good, and if, by my appearance here, I may say or do something that will in the least help my brother I shall feel gratified, and at the same time conscious of only doing my duty.

Indeed, it affords me peculiar pleasure to affiliate with those in whose bosoms the same aspirations are felt; in whose work the same impulses are quickened, and whose proclivities are nurtured by the same desires.

I take no notice of the fact that one similar occasion we were denied the pleasure of your presence among us, but shall strive in the future as in the past, without soreness or jealousy, to discharge the duties which fall to my lot according to my ability.

I appreciate the difficulty of satisfactory discussion of this subject. There are so many factors that enter into its consideration, such as exceptional marketing facilities, variations of soil and climate, the topography of the farm indicated, the profitableness or unprofitableness of certain crops, with the present necessities of the farm, as well as the inherent bias or prejudice of the individual; that it is not possible to lay down any certain rules, or procedures, or practices.

Figures never taught a greater life than when by their use it is made apparent that we can buy our provisions cheaper than we can raise them, and in many instances our horses, mules, and other daily necessities.

With a comprehensive diversified agricultural system we are in a position to successfully meet the great obstacles that lie in the way of our prosperity.

It can be shown that in Egypt for ages the same crops have been annually grown on the same soil, but the revivifying inundations of the Nile are not present; in Italy and the tide-water lands of our State a constant succession of grass and grain in the former case and of rice in the latter is profitably practiced, but it is owing to the fertilizing influence of irrigation, and in some of the level lands planted in cotton in this State a continual succession of the same crop is not only admissible, but perhaps prudent.

These and similar exceptions do not at all lessen the necessity of change of crops on our lands, generally, as a means of soil preservation. The sterility of our soil is the principal cause of our poverty, and a constant question nothing in our practice so certainly and rapidly brings to light this impoverishment as successive clean crops under our burning suns on undulating lands.

When we grow grass and grain, as well as corn and cotton, our lands are not only made to produce remunerative returns in money, but these diversified crops will of themselves improve their fertility, and when manure is applied to each of these crops and cultivation is judicious, the ratio of improvement is surprising.

Again a general practice of diversification would result in an overwhelming crop of any one kind, glutting the market, but would tend to keep down disastrous fluctuations in prices. Consider also the advantage of varied culture as proven by experience—for instance, a prime hand will cultivate easily acres in cotton and four in corn more or less, and the same labor will cultivate six acres in cotton, six in corn, and four in small grain, thereby greatly economizing that expensive item, labor.

We know too well, from bitter experience, how unfortunate it is to place our dependence upon any one crop; too much or too little rain, rust, worms, low prices or other unpropitious circumstance leaves us at the end of the year disheartened, disheartened, ruined. Whilst a judicious diversification, which is the true basis of all healthful and permanently prosperous farming, would have likely met the seasons and resulted in comparative success.

The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars, but in ourselves, that we fall. Other advantages might be adduced to show the supreme importance of a diversified agricultural practice generally, but I hasten to consider the subject as applicable to individual farmers. The true definition of the subject here is quite different from that in the former case. No one man would undertake to grow cotton and jute, wheat and grapes and tobacco, barley and silk, rye and wool, rice and pork, corn and grass, sorghum and milk, turkeys and eggs, fruit and truck and the thousand and one products of which our State is capable. The rehearsal dissipates his energies and he is lost in bewilderment, or if one so foolish could be found what would you say of him?

advantage of the above facts, yet it must be allowed that every farmer is the best judge of the variety of crops suited to his peculiar circumstances and surroundings. Still, worthy Master and Mr. President, as eternal as any law "write where stars are lit," let him obey the teachings of dear-bought experience and grow all of those crops which will make his farm self-sustaining and his independent. Grain and grass, roots, hay and live stock and then all the cotton possible.

This practice is altogether practicable, as is evidenced daily by numbers of our successful farmers; it gives a sensible rotation, it provides against the vicissitudes of the seasons, it economizes labor and largely offsets the ruinous effects of low prices for any one product. In my humble opinion we have these crops in red spring wheat, rust-proof oats, potatoes, Indian corn and similar crops, Bermuda grass, tall meadow, oats and orchard grass, red and white clover and peas, well bred stock, whether of horses, cattle or hogs, and last, as a strictly money crop, cotton. I take no stock, gentlemen, in the sickly sentiment that is paraded by certain writers in agricultural journals against this, our best money crop. In our State, favorable as it is to its production, we cannot dispense with it.

It is not cotton versus live stock, grass and the cereals, but cotton in connection with these branches of diversified agriculture. So far as my observation and experience go the attempts to discard its cultivation have proven unhappy failures and at last the mistaken man is forced to acknowledge his error and return to the practice of the best farmers of the State.

I do not undervalue the importance of truck farming, dairying, grape and fruit-growing to those who are fortunately near non-producing centers, or have easy and quick communication with larger markets, nor do I feel that I am called upon to discuss these exceptional crops. It is with the average farmer and the standard crops of the State that we are concerned. Whilst wheat and oats, corn, grass, clover, peas, live stock and cotton, with the rotation which their cultivation develops, may not be perfect as a system, I am confident in asserting it as the best known practice of our most successful farmers.

Desperate efforts have been made from time to time by individuals, by the State and by the United States, to introduce other crops into our list of profitable ones, but so far with notable failure, with some of the most promising.

Tea has been abandoned after strenuous and expensive efforts have been exhausted to acclimate and otherwise adapt it to our agriculture.

Silk has even been an alluring but deceptive phantom leading its votaries to disappointment and loss.

Tobacco seems to be less profitable than cotton, whilst sorghum, as a source for sugar, has been pronounced by competent experimenters so absolutely a failure that it would take a special act of congress to get sugar from it at all.

What we require is a more general use of the crops now known to us rather than a multiplication of many doubtful ones. We have profitable crops, both for market and home consumption. If, however, a real want is felt in this line, I rejoice with you that the State has opened its leathery eyes to our necessities, and has ordered experimental stations to test for us these untried novelties.

But, Mr. President and worthy Master, there is one crop wanted to perfect our agricultural system, and upon its speedy and universal introduction hangs very much the material prosperity of our State; that crop is a crop of educated farmers and I appeal to you gentlemen of the two societies, to aid us in our endeavors to secure to our languishing agriculture and impoverished State this crop, which promises to infuse new life into our ranks. I speak for myself, and for the people whom I have the honor to represent, that it is our highest aim, and from which we will not recede until in South Carolina it is possible for the sons of farmers to receive an agricultural education in keeping with that provided for her other sons; in which will be considered no longer necessary for him to abandon his hereditary calling to preserve his dignity, or that of his alma mater.

Chivalry of Phil Kearny.
Our recent correction of the statement about the death of General Phil Kearny may create a desire among some of our readers to know more about him. He was one of the most gallant and chivalrous soldiers ever born on American soil. After his appointment to the 1st U. S. Dragoons from the profession of law he was soon afterward sent by the government to Europe to report upon French cavalry tactics. He entered the military school at Saumur, where he was awarded the cross of the legion of honor for his conspicuous gallantry. On his return to America he served in the Mexican war, was breveted for gallantry and lost his left arm at the City of Mexico. He again went to Europe, was in the battles of Magenta and Solferino and was again decorated with the cross of the legion of honor by Napoleon III.

At the battle of Seven Pines the Sixth S. C. V. made a gallant charge as was ever known in American history. Colonel John Bratton, the commander, was wounded and captured. He gave up his sword to Phil Kearny and was sent to Fortress Monroe. In a few days the sword was returned by General Kearny who complimented Colonel Bratton upon the gallantry of the Sixth, saying he would not retain the sword of so gallant an officer who had the honor to command so gallant a regiment. He also sent him a check for \$250 (we believe was the amount) and requested Colonel Bratton to draw on him for such further sums as he might need during his imprisonment.

Phil Kearny did not belong to the Foraker crowd which is still pursuing sectional hate, but he was a true soldier who could and did respect a gallant adversary. We venture to say that no Confederate soldier who fought has to this day ever cherished or expressed an unfriendly feeling for the dead soldier.—Abbeville Medium.

THE CAPTURE OF FLORIDA.

Prohibitionists Surprise the Land of Flowers.

TALLAHASSEE, Fla., September 27.—From Columbia and Baker counties on the north, through Suwannee, Clay, Alachua, Marion, Orange and Sumter to Levy on the Gulf and to Brevard on the Atlantic, the sale of liquor is now prohibited, with half a dozen elections on hand and more in prospect. This practical sweep of the State by the Prohibitionists has been as unexpected as it is complete, mixing up not only the political parties, but wiping out the color line in such a manner as to work confusion to the state-makers.

That prohibition would ever be reached in this State was never seriously considered. The natives are so far removed from the current movements in the North that they were not supposed to take much interest in it. The negroes have not been in the habit of training with the white leaders. The great travel from the North suggested the advisability of keeping well stocked barrooms in order that as much money as possible might be retained here. The temperance workers were unknown and without influence, and when they sought such legislation as would permit elections by local option for the suppression of the liquor traffic it was not only readily granted as the easiest method of getting rid of a set of cranks, but these alleged cranks were permitted to frame their own law. This, as will be seen later on, is the cause of wailing and gnashing of teeth among the liquor men to-day.

In half a dozen counties elections were brought on under the local option law. While the political hustings were deserted the churches were filled. Strange to say, in the land of bitter hatred between the races, engendered during the Tilden campaign of 1876, white preachers, often accompanied by white female workers, went down into the colored churches and prayed with a vim for the abolition of the liquor traffic. The negroes were at first amazed, and then the amazement turned to pleasure when they found that their votes were courted by the whites. Colored men of prominence were appealed to to take their stand not "by" but as "members of the better classes."

In other words, the idea was carefully spread forth that "the Lord hath made His people one." The liquor men, on the other hand, relied on the want of interest among the natives, the "cupidity of the Yankee settlers," and the well-known love of the negro for liquor to defeat prohibition. They introduced the Texas letter of Jefferson Davis to influence the Ex-Confederates, but this was offset by a letter written by Mr. Davis to a friend in Hamilton County, in which he declared that, while opposed to State prohibition, he believed in the right of every community, acting for itself, to remove nuisances and to promote local order.

As the elections passed off, one by one, the liquor men were treated to a series of surprises. Alachua County, a second Congo region, where negroes are as thick as fleas, went dry by a clear negro majority. Orange County, the great center of Yankee immigration, voted to keep liquor out. The Ex-Confederates of Santa Rosa and Franklin found room under Jeff. Davis's local option letter to save their State rights scruples while running out what the preachers characterized as "the rum devil." Thus to date fifteen elections have been held, and of these twelve have voted dry, namely: Franklin, Santa Rosa, Suwannee, Baker, Polk, Columbia, Alachua, Marion, Clay, Brevard, Orange, Gadsden and Levy.

Three counties failed to give a dry majority, and it was here that the liquor men found how badly they had been deceived by the Prohibitionists in the framing of the law. The Act provides that one-fourth of the voters of a county, by petition to the commissioners, can have an election within thirty days. A such election is held it is by districts. If the county should go "wet," but one or two districts should happen to vote dry, they are so declared, notwithstanding the general result in the county. On the other hand, if the county should go dry, but several districts should go "wet," the rule is reversed, and the wet districts are declared "dry." This makes the Prohibition cause an ever-increasing factor. It can always win, but never loses.

Other elections are rapidly coming on. Hillsborough County will vote on the 30th, and it is a foregone conclusion that the Prohibitionists will win. Lee and Pasco counties will vote on the 10th of October, and Bradford will vote four days later. In these counties the antics are practically making no fight, owing to the combination of church, negro, Confederate and Federal.

Petitions for an election are being circulated in the county in which St. Augustine is situated, and the old Spanish stronghold will surrender to the ideas of New England. In many other counties petitions are being signed up, so that before the winter is over it is confidently expected that nine-tenths of Florida will be as "dry" as a whistle.

The last great fight will be in Jacksonville, and the Prohibitionists will win. This is owing to a variety of causes. The liquor element in Jacksonville is strong and influential, but it has played a disastrous part in local politics. The boldness of the gambling halls and the houses of prostitution has called down on several occasions the indignation of the people. They are tired of the efforts of the whiskey ring and its peculiar allies to gain and hold power, and will vote for anything which will cripple the enemy. When Jacksonville shall have been reduced, Florida will still be marshy enough, but exceedingly dry to a man who wants a drink.

The Orlando Record, speaking for the effect of the new law, says: "The strictest observance of the law should now be enforced and no drug stores, barrooms or whiskey selling soda rooms should be allowed to exist. Every good citizen should consider it his bounden duty, no matter how strongly he may have been impressed with the lack of wisdom displayed in voting the country dry, to quietly and willingly

acquiesce in the decision of the majority of his fellow-citizens in the matter, and do all in his individual capacity to uphold the officers in the enforcement of the law and the punishment of its violators. Let us have a fair test of its efficacy in order that at the end of its two years' trial we may be able to judge of the effect its enforcement may have upon the moral and material progress of the county. The Record proposes to follow carefully the workings of prohibition in this county, and should its adoption prove beneficial, no more ardent advocate or supporter will be found than this paper, while, on the other hand, should the enforcement of these provisions of the local option law retard the progress of Orange County the Record will strenuously fight for its abandonment."

Had Respect for His Religion.

Recently a colored preacher met a deacon of his church in Hartwell, and the following colloquy ensued: "Look here, Deacon Jones, what's dis here hearin' 'bout you?" "Bout who?" "You?" "Yas, you—dat's what I said."

"Me?—tain't so, I don't care w'at you heard."

"I heard dat you went ober de creek to de frolic night befo' las'."

"In co'se I went to de frolic—w'at's dat?"

"An' I heard 'um de mouls ob two or 'twee witness dat you shook yo' boots."

"How's dat?"

"I heard dat you danced, Brer Jones, actilly danced, an' you a deacon in de church—how dar' you carry yo' 'ligion to sich a place as dat?"

"Stop right dar, Brer Snowdown—what I naber carried yo' 'ligion wid me?—dat's a lie—nearer dat. I did dance a set or two, and dat's de Brer's trufe, but den I naber carried my 'ligion to de frolic; I left it at home."

"Naber carried yo' 'ligion wid you?"

"Cosse not, I w'atcher take me for? I left it home, t'atler you. Don't ketech me carryin' my 'ligion to a dance—Ise got too much respect for my 'ligion dan dat;—naber niggards do, but dey ain't got no sense, an' deir 'ligion don't mount to much now, an' dey oughter to be turned out ob de church."

"Dat's all right, Brer Jones. Ise glad to heah dat you is got so much respect for yo' 'ligion; but look yer, my good brudder, you better be careful how you leave yo' 'ligion 'round loose—don't mine some 'tweening niggab' 'come 'long an' st. I 'fo' you gets back fum de frolic. Listen to a friendly word of caution 'um yo' Pasture, Brer Jones, an' put yo' 'ligion under lock an' key when you lef' um at home. Frolic dees' way up yo' 'ligion—dat's my sperence, Brer Jones."—Hartwell Sun.

The Trap Did the Work.

An old widower in this city has a fine patch of turkeys, which very few can boast of hereabout on account of the drought, and he also has a neighbor who is, we believe, a widow. She owns a fine lot of chickens, and they fly over the fence and depredate on the widower's turkey greens. He expostulated with the lady and begged her to chop her chickens' wings. This she positively refused to do, and the widower set a trap in his turkeys, caught several chickens, clipped their wings and threw them over the fence. The woman didn't like the operation, and she determined to break up the trap. One morning last week she got up while it was dark, sealed the fence and sought for the trap. She found it and the neighbor soon found her. She was caught in a steel trap, and the way she sent up a most unusual yell that would have caused a Comanche chief to hide his head in shame. It aroused that was the matter. He quickly relieved her, and the steel trap is gone, but the chickens don't eat his turkey greens any more. They don't speak, either, and she won't look over that way.—Sumter, Ga. Republican.

Spartanburg Snake Story.

From Spartanburg Herald.

Mr. Editor: Your paper stated two weeks ago that an uncommon snake—viz: a horn snake—was seen on the streets of Spartanburg on Wednesday afternoon. It is a great pity, we think, that it was not preserved and given to some museum, as we do not suppose that there is a specimen of the horn snake to be found in any museum North or South, or anywhere else. The strange stories that are told about it and the fact that Mr. McCrary's testimony in regard to its mode of locomotion during its progress in this county, and should its adoption prove beneficial, no more ardent advocate or supporter will be found than this paper, while, on the other hand, should the enforcement of these provisions of the local option law retard the progress of Orange County the Record will strenuously fight for its abandonment."

Whilst at various times in our life we have seen, and frequently seen, mention made in the papers of quite a number of other kind of snakes, this is the first time we ever remember to have seen the horn snake mentioned. It must be as you say—exceedingly rare—and as this, from its size, was probably a young one, there may possibly be one or more in the neighborhood where this was found. If any of our farmers should come across another we hope for the interests of science the specimen will be preserved. The horn snake, we are informed by some early historians, did exist in Carolina, but was so rare that its existence came to be regarded as almost a myth. Logan, from whose history of Upper Carolina we will give some facts or extracts, says: "Around the history of the horned serpent there hangs an obscurity which, perhaps, no research will ever fully clear away. Some, indeed, have wholly denied that such a reptile was found on the continent. Others admit its primitive existence and describe it as a curious and harmless creature. There are others again who, while they regard it as having once belonged to the catalogue of our native serpents, describe it as an antidote of venom whose fatal energy no antidote was ever known to master." Baitram, the botanist and naturalist who traversed the upper part of Carolina about the close of the revolutionary war, confounds the horn snake with the bull snake. There were, however, two distinct native serpents of Carolina, both known to the people of the upper country. While they were acquainted with the bull snake, "the old people had seen and talked much of the horn snake also, whose sting they dreaded as the visitation of death."

Lawson, who traversed the upper part of the State about 1718, says: "Of the horn snakes I never saw but two that I remember. They are like the rattlesnake in color, but rather lighter. They have exactly like a goose when anything approaches them. They strike at their enemy with their tail and kill whatever they wound with it, which is armed at the end with a horned substance like a cock's spur. This is their weapon. I have heard it credited by those who have seen they were eye witnesses that a small locust tree about the thickness of a man's arm, being struck by one of these snakes at ten o'clock in the morning, then verdant and flourishing, at four o'clock in the afternoon was dead and the leaves red and withered. Doubtless, he hit it with its tail, they are very venomous. I think the Indians do not pretend to cure the wound." Logan says in reference to the above: "This singular statement of the old surveyor in relation to the locust tree could scarcely have ever come to the knowledge of the good but plain people living on Coronaca and Wilson's creeks; yet there is still extant in that region a tradition in which it is related that many years ago a man in the lower part of the district, or in Edgefield, being closely pursued by a horn snake, took refuge behind a tree when the enraged serpent, rolling swiftly after him like a trundled hoop, plunged its horny sting deep into its trunk where it was made fast, and so diffused its venom into the circulating sap as to destroy completely in a few hours the vitality of the tree."

"No," the Indian fell on top of me, with fingers still locked in my hair, and over and over we rolled, clear across the room."

"The room?"

"Yes, the bedroom. You see, it was an ugly dream, and in my desperation I grabbed my wife, and she retaliated by entwining her fingers in my hair. In our desperate struggle we rolled out of bed, and after we awoke my wife held on by her deathlike grip until I had explained. Then we both laughed until the echoes stirred up the whole Rio Grande valley, forgave each other, and went back to bed. That was the most desperate fight in which I ever took a hand, but I have been in far more dangerous ones."—St. Louis Chronicle.

Only One Requirement Lacking.

An old gentleman of wonderful vigor for one who passed four score years was stopping at Harrogate. He was a widower and a man of large wealth. Widows as well as maidens enjoyed his society, for he was witty and wise. One day he was introduced to a young lady, the lady remarked—

"Are you married?"

"Oh, no, I am susceptible though," replied the venerable one.

"By the way, my dear young lady," added he, "are you married?"

"I am not," she replied; "and I have made up my mind I never will be unless I can get a good catch—a man with brains and money."

"Then," said the old gentleman, "you are after money with a husband. Well, I've plenty of money, and brains enough to look after it. How would you like such a young man as myself?"

"I like you very well. You are sensible and, I believe, rich; but you lack one—just one—only one requirement, so far as I am able to judge."

A Thrilling Adventure.

"What was the closest place you were ever in, in your frontier experience?"

"The conundrum fired by a Chronicle reporter at Captain Jack Crawford, 'The Poet Scout.' The scout ran his fingers through his long, black hair, reflected a few moments and replied: "Well, I'll tell you, but you mustn't give it away in print. It occurred about a year ago, when Geronimo was on the war path with his murderous Apaches. I was out deer hunting near a range of mountains west of my home, and about noon unsaddled my horse on a mesa, or piece of high table land, and after picking the animal out in the grass sat down to eat some cold lunch from my saddle pocket. After finishing the lunch I concluded to let the horse graze for awhile and leisurely strolled out on a long arm of the mesa, the sides of which were very precipitous—a sort of perpendicular wall extending for fully 500 feet to the plain below.

"I stood there gazing from the giddy height for several minutes, and then looked up. Imagine the uneasy feeling which crept along my spine when I saw a row of at least thirty painted savages between me and my horse. There I was, utterly unable to defend myself, my rifle and pistols back with my saddle, a great precipice on three sides of me, and that band of Indians in front. To jump over the cliff would be certain death; to rush upon the Indians unarmed and single-handed as certain in result, and if I remained where I stood it would be only a matter of a few moments before they would advance and kill me.

"I never was worse scared in my life. My blood seemed to freeze in my veins, and my long hair stood up like a ship's mast. To me it seemed there was absolutely no escape from sure and terrible death. I observed that the Indians were holding a discussion among themselves, and soon saw them drawing lots. I at once divined their purpose. They had discovered that I was entirely unarmed, and were drawing lots to see which one should advance and dispatch me with a knife. The lot fell to a stalwart warrior with a hideously painted face, and with a long knife in his hand he advanced toward me.

"If ever a man made good time in reeling off a prayer I did it just then. I think I must have beaten the record by several points. I thought I knew that I must die, but just when I was about to give up in despair a cold calmness came over me, and I resolved that the fiend should not murder me without a struggle. When he got near me I sprang upon him with the ferocity of a tiger, and we were soon engaged in a desperate hand-to-hand struggle. The savage band stood quietly enjoying the sport, for they knew I had no weapon. During the struggle I observed to my horror that we were nearing the edge of the cliff, and almost before I could realize it the savage grasped me by my long hair, bent me backward, and over we went, down down to certain death on the rocks below."

"And