

BY E. B. MURRAY & CO.

## TEACHERS' COLUMN.

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### MORAL TRAINING IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

We heartily agree with a statement in the *Herald and Prexyter* that "something should be done to lift the public schools from their low moral condition," for they are in an alarming condition. True, this subject is being earnestly discussed by many of our prominent educators, and by the religious press, but too much can not be done toward placing the true condition and situation of our schools before the minds of the people. More attention must be given to this very important matter. The people of one section of the country must know that what is true of the low moral condition of their schools is also true of thousands of others, and that something imperative must be done.

If the children are to receive no moral instruction, or comparatively little, in the public schools, where are millions of the young going to receive it? Out of the 10,000,000 pupils enrolled in the schools of the United States, it is safe to say that 7,000,000 of them never receive moral instruction at home. Then, how are they to be reached? It is evident that a very small per cent. of the 7,000,000 are reached by the Sabbath school. Therefore, it plainly follows that if they receive any moral teaching, it must come from the public schools. Then, shall the children be morally instructed in our public schools? Or is it more important that all their training and instruction be intellectual alone? Shall we entirely abandon the Bible—banish it from the schools, the only place where a large majority of the children can be reached? But the Bible has already been banished from thousands of schools, or has never entered them. Only a few years ago it was thrown out of a great many from the fear of teaching sectarianism. This same principle, carried a little further, results in a laxness of morals which is becoming alarming. In fact, the state of public morals is not only fearful, but, we truly believe, is growing worse. Everywhere we see exhibited—in business, in politics, in social and family life—dishonesty, hypocrisy and all forms of vice. Much of this comes from a loose training of the children.

In the "Ordinance of 1787" a grand exhibition of wisdom is shown in the clause which says: "Religion, morality and knowledge being necessary to good government, therefore schools and the means of education shall be encouraged." This recognizes the fact that a good moral training is indispensable even to good citizenship, and places religion and morality before knowledge as indispensable factors in school instruction. But the tendency today seems to be to place them last and last, or omit them altogether.

We strongly approve some Boards of Education and Revision Committees for certain sections of the past few years. One great wrong we think they have committed is the revision of the school-books. The books needed revision, 'tis true, but that revision should have been for the better. No doubt the persons engaged in this work thought that they were making a much-needed improvement, but in regard to the school readers we think they have made a fatal blunder. Some improvements have been introduced into the readers, but that which far more than overbalances this good is the mistake they have made in throwing out, with seeming disdain, almost everything that savored of religion in the least, or that would even suggest an incitation of good morals. It looks as if they had been afraid that some poor child, who has never heard his parents speak of God, except to use his name in vain, might be impressed with a sense of duty and moral obligation by reading some of the choice selections of Christian literature which have been carefully called out. Greater evils than this will ultimately result from this complete secularization of school literature. Better that a little sectarianism should crop out occasionally, than to have no moral instruction in our schools. Under the present state of things "the degree of moral instruction depends on the teacher whose motive must be Christian duty, or the necessity of such instruction to enforce discipline." But there are thousands of teachers who have no realization of *Christian duty* in their work, and this class of teachers will largely increase as long as there is to be no more moral training in the schools than at present.

True, there are good many teachers who realize the importance and sacredness of their work, and believe that the *conscience* should be cultivated as well as the *intellect*. But this class of workers, we fear, is in the minority. It should not be so. None but Christian spirited men and women should ever cross the threshold as teachers, and I hope that every teacher who reads this will ask himself or herself the all-important question, "Am I a true Christian? Am I competent of my charge? Am I really fit to be placed up as a guide, a model copy, for the dear children entrusted to my care? Am I not accountable for all my impressions, good or bad, I make upon my pupils? And will I not be held accountable inasmuch as I inculcate those eternal, immutable principles of right or wrong?" These are questions of great moment, and every teacher should be able to answer them in the affirmative, and work accordingly. I quote from a good thinker, who says: "A grave responsibility seems to rest upon the teacher. It is not enough that he be a man of irreproachable character. Powerful for good as that silent influence may be, it is inadequate. A positive, daily, moral teaching is demanded."

All education is false (and dangerous, too), that does not include the equal and symmetrical development of man's three natures—the mental, moral and physical. All education should recognize this threefold purpose in its systems. And all teachers, educators, Christians, and the education and religious press everywhere, should advocate the speedy adoption of at least moral teaching. May as well talk of covering the head from the

body, still expecting to perform the glorious mission intended by God, as to talk of removing all moral training from the schools. But this has already been done in a great many places, and in every case the heart and head are allowed no connection. The heart, as well as the head, must be cultivated. It is very dangerous to separate the two. We can not have the perfect man in the sight of God without a true cultivation of these combined natures. The culture of the intellect alone becomes a "fruitful source of immorality." Don't trust it reader. It will not do. We can not amend God's laws. The heart must not be neglected. Give us back the Bible.—*Henry G. Williams in Herald and Prexyter.*

### A Blind Man on Memory.

From some Open Letters of peculiar interest to the blind by one of their number we quote the following from the *November Century*: "As partial compensation, in the midst of his many discouragements, the sightless pupil possesses one vital advantage over his companions. His memory, accustomed to seize and assimilate definitions, and miscellaneous information at a single hearing, acquires both a marvelous alertness and a phenomenal retentive capacity which enable him to master certain branches of study with singular ease and rapidity. Deprived of books and without any very ready and reliable method of making notes, he obtains a habit, often envied by the seeing, of appropriating instantaneously anything addressed to his intellect through his hearing. Hence the proverbially good memory of the blind person. His mind is his memorandum-book always at hand and always open.

"To the present writer, who never remembers having a lesson in anything read over to him more than twice, nothing is more amusing than a room full of school children, with fingers crammed in their ears, buzzing over a lesson of three pages for the fifteenth time. Equally incomprehensible is it to see a man making a note of a single address, or a lady referring to a shopping-list. Such observations force one to the conclusion that the art of writing, invaluable as it is, has been disastrous to the human memory. People have grown so to rely on a piece of white paper covered with black scratches, that if this be lost or misplaced, they are reduced almost to the condition of creatures without intellect.

"So marked is the advantage of the blind in this respect as almost to atone for their extra difficulties in others; that is, the sightless pupil will acquire scientific and philosophical studies with a rapidity which will counterbalance the greater amount of time demanded by his less facile methods of writing out exercises in linguistic and ciphering in mathematical branches; so that in taking the regular course at academy or university, he will require, all in all, neither more time nor more labor than the average student.

"Of not less value in after life is this extraordinarily trained and developed memory. It enables the blind to derive from lectures, conversation and general reading ten times the benefit of others, on whose minds a single mention of facts and thoughts makes little or no impression.

"Thus the law of compensation is seen working in all things, making good on one hand, approximately at least, what is wanting on the other; not by the special mysterious interference of Providence or other power with natural conditions and processes, for the benefit of the individual, as many claim, but by the inevitable sequence of cause and effect, by which senses and faculties become, through unusual training, abnormally developed and their value radically enhanced."

### Seeing a Man Hanged.

There are lots of people who want to see an execution simply for the purpose of being able to boast of it afterward. With such I have no sympathy whatever. I have never seen but one man hanged, and if I can help it I will never see another. It happened several years ago and I have never forgotten my sensations. I experienced nothing but a gentle feeling of curiosity until the condemned man was led into the jail yard. As he ascended the steps of the gallows I felt that indescribable sinking in the region of the stomach which makes one think there is nothing solid 'neath his anatomy below the collar bone. I tried to keep from observing his faltering steps and a painful look, but there seemed to be a magnet which drew my eyes to his face, his stricken countenance with irresistible force.

As the knot was finally adjusted I turned my gaze away and noticed that the rest of the spectators looked about as frightened as the man about to die. I couldn't keep my gaze concentrated upon any one object, but it roved over the assembly, and finally—though I tried to prevent it from doing so—rested far and square upon the face of the condemned man. His eyes met mine, and there was an appealing look in them that went to my heart and made me feel like a murderer myself. After that I could no more look away than I could jump over the court house. When the drop fell I sank to the ground in a dead faint. It was a horrible sensation, I can assure you, and I wouldn't go through it again for the world.—*Chicago Herald.*

### UNDER THE OLD ROOFTREE.

A Rich New York Merchant Tells of his Visit Home.

"Hello, Jim! Where have you been lately?" broke the other evening, to a portly, finely dressed man in the corridor of the St. James. The gentleman stopped, shook hands with his friend, and replied, "I've been home to see my old father and mother, the first time in sixteen years, and I tell you, old man, I wouldn't have missed that visit for all my fortune."

"Kinder good to visit your boyhood home, eh?"

"You bet. Sit down. I was just thinking about the old folks, and feel talkative. If you have a few moments to spare, sit down, light a cigar and listen to the story of a rich man who had almost forgotten his father and mother."

They sat down, and the man told his story.

"How I came to visit home happened in a curious way. Six weeks ago I went down to Fire Island fishing. I had a lunch put up at Crook & Nash's, and you can imagine my astonishment when I opened the hamper to find a package of crackers wrapped up in a piece of newspaper. That newspaper was the little patent inside country weekly published at my home in Wisconsin. I read every word in it, advertisements and all. There was George Kalloug, who was a schoolmate of mine, advertising hams and salt pork, and another boy was postmaster. By George; it made me homesick, and I determined then and there to go home, and go home I did.

"In the first place I must tell how I came to New York. I had a tiff with my father and left home. I finally turned up in New York with a dollar in my pocket. I got a job running a freight elevator in the very house in which I am now a partner. My haste to get rich drove the thoughts of my parents from me, and when I did think of them, the hard words that my father spoke to me rankled in my bosom. Well, I went home. I didn't see much change in Chicago, but the magnificent new depot in Milwaukee I thought was an improvement on the old shed that they used to have. It was only thirty miles from Milwaukee to my home, and I tell you, John, that train seemed to creep. I was actually worse than a school boy going home for vacation. At last we neared the town. Familiar sights met my eyes and, darn it all! they filled with tears. There was Bill Lyman's red barn, just the same; but, great Scott! what were all the other houses? We rode nearly a mile before coming to the depot, through houses where only occasionally I saw one that was familiar. The town had grown to ten times its size when I knew it. The train stopped and I jumped off. Not a face in sight that I knew, and I started down the platform to go home. In the office door stood the station agent. I walked up and said: 'Howdy, Mr. Collins?'

"He stared at me and replied, 'you've got the best of me, sir.'

"I told him who I was and what I had been doing in New York, and he didn't make any bones in talking to me. Said he: 'It's about time for you to come home. You in New York rich, and your father scratching gravel to get a bare living.'

"I tell you, John, it knocked me all in a heap. I thought my father had enough to live upon comfortably. Then a notion struck me. Before going home I telegraphed to Chicago to one of our correspondents there to send me \$1,000 by first mail. Then I went to Mr. Collins's back office, got my trunk in there, and put on an old hand-me-down suit that I use for fishing and hunting. My plug hat I replaced by a soft hat, took my valise in my hand, and went home. Somehow the place didn't look right. The curbstones had been dug up from the front yard and the fence was gone. All the old locust trees had been cut down, and young maples were planted. The house looked smaller somehow, too. But I went up to the front door and rang the bell. Mother came to the door and said: 'We don't wish to buy anything to-day, sir.'

"It didn't take me a minute to survey her from head to foot. Neatly dressed, John, but a patch and a darn here and there, her hair streaked with gray, her face thin, drawn, and wrinkled. Yet over her eye glasses shone those good, honest, benevolent eyes. I stood staring at her and then she began to stare at me. I saw the blood rush to her face, and with a great sob she threw herself upon me and nervously clasped me about the neck, hysterically exclaiming: 'It's Jimmy, it's Jimmy!'

"Then I cried, too, John. I just broke down and cried like a baby. She got me into the house, hugging and kissing me, and then she went to the back door and shouted 'George!'

"Father came in a moment, and from the kitchen asked, 'What you want, Caroline?'

"Then he came in. He knew me in a moment. He stuck out his hand and grasped mine, and said, sternly, 'Well, young man do you propose to behave yourself now?'

"He tried to put on a brave front, but he broke down. There were three sat, like whipped school children, all whimpering. At last supper time came and mother went out to prepare it. I went into the kitchen with her.

"Where do you live, Jimmy?" she said.

"In New York," I replied.

"What you workin' at now, Jimmy?"

"I'm working in a dry goods store."

"Then I suppose you don't live very high, for I hear tell of them city clerks what don't get enough money to keep body and soul together. So I'll just tell you, Jimmy, we got nothin' but roast sperberis for supper. We're poorer than Job's turkey."

"I told her that I would be delighted with the sperberis, and tell the truth, John, I haven't eaten a meal in New York that tasted as well as those crisp roasted sperberis did. I spent the evening playing checkers with father, while mother sat by telling me all about their misfortunes, from old white Mooly getting drowned in the pond to father's signing a note for a friend and having to

mortgage the place to pay it. The mortgage was due inside of a week, and not a cent to meet it with—just \$800. She supposed they would be turned out of house and home instantly, but in my mind I supposed they wouldn't. At last 9 o'clock came, and father said: 'Jim, go out to the barn and see if Kit is all right. Bring in an armful of old shingles that are just inside the door and fill up the water pail. Then we'll go off to bed and get up early and go a fishing.'

"I didn't say a word, but I went out to the barn, bedded down the horse, broke up an armful of shingles, pumped a pail of water, filled the woodbox, and then we all went to bed.

"Father called me at 4:30 in the morning, and while he was getting a cup of coffee I skipped over to the depot across town and got my best bass rod. Father took nothing but a trolling line and spoon hook. He rowed the boat with his trolling line in his mouth, while I stood in the stern with a silver shiner rigged on. Now, John, I never saw a man catch fish like he did. To make a long story short, he caught four bass and five pickerel and I never got a bite.

"At noon we went ashore and father went home, while I went to the Postoffice. I got a letter from Chicago with a check for \$1,000 in it. With some trouble I got it cashed, getting paid in \$5 and \$10 bills, making quite a roll. I then got a roast joint of beef and a lot of delicacies and had them sent home. After that I went visiting among my old schoolmates for two hours and went home. The joint was in the oven. Mother had put on her only silk dress, and father had donned his Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes, none too good, either. This is where I played a joke on the old folks. Mother was in the kitchen watching the roast. Father was out to the barn, and I had a clear conscience. I dumped the sugar out of the old blue bowl, put the thousand dollars in it, and placed the cover on again. At last, supper was ready. Father asked a blessing over it, and he actually trembled when he stuck his knife in the roast.

"We haven't had a piece of meat like this in five years, Jim,' he said, and mother put in with, 'And we haven't had any coffee in a year, only when we went a visitin!'

"Then she poured out the coffee and lifted the cover of the sugar bowl, asking as she did so: 'How many spoons, Jimmy?'

"When she struck something that wasn't sugar. She picked up the bowl and peered into it. 'Aha, Master Jimmy, playin' your old tricks on your mother, eh? Well, boys will be boys.'

Then she gasped for breath. She saw it was money. She looked at me then at father, and then trembling fingers drew the great roll of bills out.

"Ha! ha! ha! I can see father now as he stood there then on tiptoe, with his knife in one hand, fork in the other, and his eyes fairly bulging out of his head. But it was too much for mother. She raised her eyes to heaven and said slowly: 'Put your trust in the Lord for He will provide.'

"Then she fainted away. Well, John, there's not much more to tell. We threw water in her face and brought her to, and then we demolished that dinner, mother all the time saying, 'My boy Jimmy! My boy Jimmy!'

"I stayed home a month. I fixed up the place, paid off all debts, had a good time, and came back again to New York. I am going to send \$50 home every week. I tell you, John, it's mighty nice to have a home.

John was looking steadily at the head of his case. When he spoke he took Jim by the hand and said: "Jim, old friend, what you have told me has affected me greatly. I haven't heard from my home way up in Maine, for ten years. I'm going home to-morrow."—*New York Sun.*

How "Refined" Lard is Made and Sold Cheaper than the Pure.

CHICAGO, November 28.—It is reported that members of the New York Produce Exchange are signing a memorial Congress complaining about the adulteration of lard, and asking that legislation be had compelling manufacturers to stamp and label their products in such a way that every purchaser will know what he is buying. Inquiry made among a number of packers in this city to ascertain if any move of similar character was on foot in Chicago, disclosed the fact that many are in favor of such legislation, and would assist such a movement, but that there is no likelihood of its being started here.

John C. Hatley, of Hatley Brothers, packers and refiners, said: "I certainly should be very glad to see a movement of that kind in this city, although I do not think that the Chicago people will take the initiative in it. There can be no doubt that the trade in pure lard, or that article which is known in the trade as prime steam lard, suffered greatly from the adulterated article. All the packers make pure lard, which contains nothing but animal fat. A great deal of this is sold to the refiners, who use it in making their refined lard. This refined article is the one that all this complaint is about. It is sold cheaper than the pure lard is bought by the same firms, which goes to show that it is not pure. In making this refined lard the principal ingredient used is cotton seed oil, and, perhaps best of all, Mutton tallow has been found to assimilate very poorly with the pure lard, and is not used much. Now, cotton seed oil is, perhaps, just as wholesome as lard, but it is not lard. There is not very much money in it, even after this ingredient has been added, for it is pretty high priced. It is now worth about 51 cents a pound, while pure lard sells at 7 cents. I should think that fully 30 per cent. of the lard on the market here is of this refined kind. If there were some law to compel people to brand this lard at what it really is, it would reduce the sales of the stuff and make prices better. A large quantity of it is made here, but most of the stocks in Chicago are pure lard, as only a few packers are at the same time refiners, and the packer necessarily produces pure lard."

### A GOOD BILL.

Pensions for Confederate Soldiers.

The following is the full text of the Bill to pension Confederate Soldiers from South Carolina. It has passed in the Senate, and will doubtless become a law: SECTION 1. That the following persons, soldiers and sailors, now citizens of South Carolina, who were in the service of the State or of the Confederate States in the late war between the States shall be entitled to receive from the Treasurer of the State a monthly payment of five dollars, to be paid in the manner and on the terms and conditions hereinafter set forth.

SEC. 2. In order to obtain the benefit of this Act such soldier or sailor must show, first, that he was a bona fide soldier or sailor in the service of the State of South Carolina or of the Confederate States in the war between the States; second, that while in such service he lost a leg or arm, or received any wound causing a permanent disability incapacitating him from earning a livelihood; third, that neither himself nor his wife is the owner of property exceeding in value five hundred dollars as assessed for taxation; fourth, that he is not receiving an income exceeding the amount of two hundred and fifty dollars per annum.

SEC. 3. Before any soldier or sailor shall receive any part of the payment provided in this Act he shall make application in writing, addressed to the Comptroller General of the State, setting forth in detail the nature of the disabling wound, the company and regiment or battalion in which he served, and the time and place of receiving the wound, and showing that neither himself nor his wife is the owner of property, as hereinbefore specified, and that he is not in receipt of income as hereinbefore specified. Such application shall be verified by the oath of the applicant, made before any officer in the State authorized to administer oaths, and shall be accompanied by the affidavit of one or more credible witnesses, stating that they know the applicant was a soldier or sailor, and believe the allegations made in the applications to be true.

SEC. 4. Such application shall be verified by a certificate of the Auditor of the county in which the applicant resides, showing that the statements made as to property appear to be true from the lists of property as assessed for taxation, and it shall be the duty of the Auditor to furnish such certificate, if he shall so find the facts without fee or charge.

SEC. 5. The applicant must further procure the affidavit of two reputable physicians of the county in which he resides, showing that they have made a personal examination of the applicant and setting forth the nature of the alleged wound and the extent of the disability thereby caused, and such other details as in their judgment may be relevant to the application.

SEC. 6. Such application, with the accompanying papers shall be submitted to the Clerk of the Court of Common Pleas for the county in which the applicant resides, who, if he shall so find the facts, shall without fee or charge, certify under his official seal that he knows the parties whose names are subscribed to the several affidavits hereinbefore required or that upon inquiry he believes them to be citizens of the county and State, and worthy of belief; that the said physicians are in good standing and regularly authorized to practice in the said county, and that in his judgment the application should be granted. Or, if he shall find otherwise, he shall so endorse upon the said application, together with any matters known to him or found by him relevant to the case.

SEC. 7. The application, with the accompanying papers, shall be forwarded to the Comptroller General, who, with the Attorney General and the Secretary of State, shall constitute a Board to approve or disapprove such applications, any two of whom shall have authority to act. If the said Board, or any two of them, shall approve the application they shall so endorse thereon, and it shall thereupon be the duty of the Comptroller General to issue to the party entitled to receive the same his warrant for the sum of five dollars, on the last day of each month, beginning from the date of such approval and continuing until the last day of the following October, or until informed of the death of the party, which said warrants shall be paid by the Treasurer on presentation.

SEC. 8. The widow of any soldier or sailor from the State of South Carolina, who lost his life while in the service of the State or Confederate States, in the war between the States, while she remains unmarried, shall be entitled to receive the benefit of this Act, subject to the same conditions as to property and income as hereinbefore provided, and may make her application setting forth in detail the facts which entitle her to make such claim, and verified by affidavits and certificates hereinbefore provided, except the affidavits of physicians, and upon the approval of her claim, such widow shall be entitled to receive the same amount and in the same manner as hereinbefore provided.

SEC. 9. It shall be the duty of the Comptroller General to prepare and cause to be printed forms in blank, on which such applications, certificates and affidavits may be conveniently made, and he shall cause the same to be distributed in the several counties of the State, in such numbers and such manner as in his judgment may be necessary.

SEC. 10. Any person who shall discount, share or in any manner speculate in the claim or application of any soldier, sailor or widow, made under this Act, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction shall be punished by fine not exceeding \$100, or imprisonment not exceeding thirty days, or both, at the discretion of the court.

SEC. 11. The Clerk of the Court of Common Pleas shall keep a record of the applications endorsed by him, and any person having had his claim approved by the Board, as hereinbefore stated, may, during the month of November in each succeeding year, report himself to the Clerk of the Court of his county and obtain from him a certificate that he or she is the identical party named in the

original application, and is still entitled to receive the benefits of this Act, under the conditions herein provided. Such certificate shall be forwarded to the Comptroller General, and with the approval of the aforesaid Board, the Comptroller General shall continue the payments hereinbefore provided, until the thirty-first day of October following, or until notified of the death of the party entitled to receive the same.

SEC. 12. Any person who shall fraudulently personate any soldier, sailor or widow, for the purpose of obtaining the benefits of this Act, or who shall knowingly make or cause to be made any false or fraudulent application or statement, or by any false or fraudulent statements procure such application to be made, approved or paid, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction, shall be punished by fine not exceeding two hundred dollars, or imprisonment not exceeding six months, or both, at the discretion of the Court.

SEC. 13. All Acts or parts of Acts inconsistent herewith are hereby repealed.

Legalize the Primaries.

The State Legislature will have its hands full this session undoubtedly, but it will find time to consider the proposition to legalize primary elections, if it appreciates the danger to the Democratic party, and therefore, to good government which attends the present system. The following draft of a bill on the subject is submitted for the consideration of the Legislature:

A bill to authorize the officers or representatives of any political party to qualify their agents or managers of primary elections, and to provide for the punishment of frauds and false returns in regard to the same.

Be it enacted, by the Senate and House of Representatives of the State of South Carolina, now met and sitting in General Assembly, and by authority of the same:

I. That the officers, agents, or representatives of any political party, be, and the same are hereby authorized and empowered to qualify the agents and managers of any primary election ordered to be held by such political party, by causing the said agents or managers to be sworn before an officer, or officers of the State qualified to administer oaths, to the fair, true, and faithful conduct of such election, and that such agents or manager shall, and will, make true and faithful returns of such primary elections so to be held by him.

### HOW HE WAS ARRESTED.

The Curious Story that the Nobles of Aniston, Tell.

Special to the New York Sun.

ANISTON, Alabama, Nov. 25.—Jefferson Davis has had a good many narrow escapes, but one of them has never been told in print, and the chief factor in the affair has never cared to talk about it. Somewhere along in the family files the Nobles, an English family residing in Pennsylvania, decided to move southward. They selected Rome, Ga., as their objective point and started on their journey, after making the necessary disposition of their goods.

The Nobles had some family jewels and about \$4,000 in cash. How to carry these valuables safely bothered them not a little, but they packed the money and jewels in an old fashioned, English hand made chest and took them along. The travelers landed at Charleston and took the next train for their destination. Some extra fare was demanded, and in paying it, they had to open their chest and exhibit their treasure. Sharp eyes were on the chest and the glitter of the contents of the chest attracted attention.

As a matter of precaution, the chest was confided to Miss Mary Noble, who sat in a secluded section of the car with her back to the door. At Branchville, S. C., two gentlemen boarded the train. One was young, wiry man, and the other was tall and slender, past the meridian of life and of distinguished appearance. When Augusta was reached the two strangers went on to Atlanta, and the Nobles discovered that their precious chest was missing. The conductor was clamorously appealed to, and he instantly gave it as his opinion that "the one-eyed man had stolen it."

"He's a bad looking fellow," said the conductor.

The chest had evidently been snatched out of the rear window of the car, as the suspected man took his departure at a moment when Miss Noble's attention was fixed in some other direction.

After a consultation it was decided that Mrs. Noble and Miss Mary should proceed to Atlanta and cause the arrest of the supposed thief, while Mr. Noble and the others remained in Augusta awaiting, not very confidently, the result.

Mrs. Noble succeeded in tracing the two men to their stopping place in Atlanta, and identified them as soon as she saw them. At her request they were arrested and carried to police headquarters, where the astonishing discovery was made that the "one-eyed man was President Pierce's secretary by far, Jefferson Davis, and his companion was his private secretary.

Mr. Davis was in a good humor, and of course the two gentlemen were at once released with many apologies.

Before leaving Mr. Davis told Mrs. Noble and her daughter that he regretted their loss, and he tendered them \$200 in gold as an evidence of his sympathy. Mrs. Noble declined to accept the gift, but Miss Mary spoke up and said: "Yes, take it. That is some of our money that the old rascal took!"

Mr. Davis smiled and pressed the money upon Mrs. Noble, who finally took it, and carried it to her husband in Augusta.

Suspicion was then directed to the conductor, but his sudden death in the course of a few days stopped further investigation.

After the election of Mr. Davis to the presidency of the Southern confederacy Mr. Noble, then a prosperous contractor visited him at Montgomery and talked with him about manufacturing cannon.

Mr. Davis asked him several questions and then referred to the loss of the chest. He introduced Mr. Noble to Mrs. Davis and told the story of the arrest. Mrs. Davis laughed heartily over the incident and with her husband took quite an interest in the Nobles from that time.

Noble went to work and made hundreds of cannon for the Confederacy. Later he founded and built up the flourishing city of Aniston in Alabama. In the midst of his prosperity he is still devoted to the "one-eyed man" who was once supposed to be the author of his greatest misfortune.

### The Age of Aluminum.

The Springfield Republican reminds the public that, as we hear so much about the rich growing richer and the poor growing poorer, it is well, now and then, to take the testimony of elderly men who remember the good old times before the beginning of the changes now complained of. At the semi-centennial of Michigan in 1836, there was present a Massachusetts machinist, James Bartlett, long resident in Detroit, who made an address on the progress of machinery since Michigan became a State in 1836. In the course of it he narrated his own experience and that of his elder associates in the machine shops of Massachusetts half a century ago. His own recollections went back forty-five years, for he first began work in 1842, in a machine shop, employing about fifty men on cotton machinery for Lowell. He said:

"The wages of a machinist in this shop were \$1 to \$1.25 a day; one nabob of a pattern-maker received the great sum of \$1.50. They went to work at 5 o'clock in the morning and worked till 7.30 at night, with an hour for breakfast and three quarters for dinner. It was several years before we obtained eleven hours a day. It has now been ten hours a day for twenty-five years or more, and we grumble at that, though we may get more than twice the wages we did forty years ago, and we are hoping to get the same or higher pay for working eight hours. I know the condition of the machinist is better than it was when I first joined the guild; he has better pay, better houses, better education, better living, and I hope he will keep on improving for the next fifty years. Large machine shops were started before 1836; one in Lowell employed over 1,000 men on cotton machinery. Now the country is dotted with them. For my part, I don't want any more of the good old times. The present time is the best we have ever had, though I hope not the best we shall ever see. In 50 years we have reduced our hours of labor from 14 to 8 hours a day; our wages are doubled and the necessities of life are much cheaper. A barrel of salt which cost \$3.50 years ago has been sold in Michigan for 75 cents. The great curse of drunkenness is very much diminished. We live in better houses, better warmed and lighted, and we are better clothed; a high school education is in the reach of every child; books are free to all; the poorest laborer who meets with an accident in our streets will receive surgical aid that no king could purchase fifty years ago. Our great railroads distribute the fruits of labor so that families are impossible. Beef killed on the prairies is sent all over the country and supplies the markets of Europe. Fish from the salt seas and from our great lakes are eaten fresh all over the Continent, and tropical fruits are peddled round all our streets."

For particular classes of persons there has been a steady improvement, as is shown, and in the country, as a whole, there is progress out of proportion to poverty. But there is an increase in the hopelessly poor class. There are more rich Americans than in the old days, but there are, also, more Americans who are in the depths of misery and degradation, and through no special fault of their own.

The speculations of Mr. Bartlett concerning the future are almost startling in their apparent boldness. He says: "I see two things beginning to loom up which may completely change our whole system of manufacturing; and the use of coal and iron may become a thing of the past. The use of natural gas is in its infancy; but in the iron and glass works of Pittsburgh it has taken the place of 20,000 tons of coal a day. If it should be found inexhaustible; if, as some claim, it comes from the decomposition of water by the internal heat of the earth, and is thus liable to be found everywhere, so that we can get our heat without labor, it would be the greatest step the world has ever taken. Distributed through the entire world, one-fourth of every clay bank is composed of a metal, (aluminum) ductile and malleable in the highest degree, indestructible by acids, lighter than glass and much stronger than steel. When first made it cost many times its weight in gold. In 1878 it cost \$64 a pound; in 1884 it was furnished for \$4 a pound, and now it can be produced for \$1. We may see the day when it will be as cheap as iron. If this should happen, it would make more change in the world than the use of steam has made in fifty years. I prophesy that fifty years hence the machinist who takes up my subject and passes it along for another half century, will have for his text natural gas and aluminum."

Who shall say that this will not be? It is not as astonishing as what has been accomplished with steam and electricity. It is hard, nevertheless, to realize that there could be a Pennsylvania without coal mining and pig iron. The clay banks would take their place, under processes invented by enterprising Americans—probably Southerners—and iron become as useless as the flint arrow heads and stone chisels of our ancestors. The world do more!

Worth a Dozen Sermons.

There is an eight-year old girl in our town that exemplifies more faith in her life than is to be found on the front pages of the church, or even amongst the D. D.'s. Last Sunday she wished to go to church, but at the time for her to prepare, her mother said, "You can't go, for it is cloudy and raining now." The little girl said: "I'll ask God not to let it rain." She retired and prayed to the God of her little children and directly returned to her mother, saying, "I have asked God not to let it rain, and I know He won't. Let's go to church." In a short time the clouds rolled away, the sun shone out and the little girl went to church. That simple act of humble trust is worth a dozen wise sermons on the philosophy of faith.—*Carolina Spartan.*

—Geo. Rawland has been lodged in jail at Wallhalla to serve a thirty days sentence, at hard labor, for beating his mother-in-law on last Sunday night with a large family Bible.

—When does a man have to keep his word? When no one will take it.

—Young girls, if you desire to keep your beau on a string, don't bend him too much. Remember, that the strongest bow once broken cannot be restrung.

—It is easy to make light of a pound of candles.

### An Old Rebel "Rises" to Remark.

To read the war papers in the *Century* and in most of the Northern journals, and to believe the semi-historical tales that are beginning to find their way into print in the smaller magazines and newspapers, one would suppose that it was one of the commonest things in the world for the Confederate troops to be beaten in battle by their adversaries. And yet when the few remaining old soldiers of the army of Northern Virginia gather around their fires, as they do now and then, and the talk wanders off—as it almost always does—to the days when we went fighting after McDowell, and Banks, and Milroy, and McClellan, and Burnside, and Hooker, and Meade, and Grant, and Sheridan, and other heroes of those times, and we recall the sight of the long lines of feeing infantry that we saw at Manassas, and McDowell, and Winchester, and Cross Keys, and Port Republic, and Gaines' Mill, and Frazier's Farm, and Seven Pines, and Cedar Mountain, and Manassas again, and Fredericksburg, and Chancellorsville, and part of the time at Gettysburg, and in the Wilderness, and at Cold Harbor, and so on, and when we call to mind the piles of knapsacks, and grub, and blankets, and guns, and horses, and wagons, and such, that once were theirs and then ours, we cannot help thinking that history is beginning to get herself a little out of joint and that she needs keeping up a little in parts of her frame work.

And we sometimes remember the thin lines of gray that used to go surging over the masses of blue and that were so seldom surged over themselves; that we so bristled in attack and slow in defeat, and wonder if truth is never to come out of her well. We remember, and we don't, albeit with a feeling of pride that we don't wholly deny, even in these piping times of peace and reconciliation, that at Sharpsburg (Antietam our wise, better brethren call it) our little thirty-three thousand men in gray did have a pretty tough time in holding their own against McClellan's ninety odd thousand men in blue. And we have not forgotten how tremendous a battle was waged by our sixty-eight thousand against Meade's one hundred thousand. Nor does our memory fail to inform us of Sheridan and his sixty thousand running over our fifteen thousand in the valley in 1864.

But when we read the glorious accounts that are given to-day of the process and deeds of our willom multifarious foes, we feel like going a little into particulars for the benefit of the children that are coming after us. We want