

The Anderson Intelligencer.

BY OLINKSCALES & LANGSTON.

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TEACHERS' COLUMN.

J. G. OLINKSCALES, EDITOR.

Sickness in our family prevented our attending the examination of the Home Path High School last Thursday. Friday we went down to Hones Path, and though somewhat "under the weather," had a most delightful day.

It is interesting to attend the closing exercises of a school like that. The school itself is suggestive. What are the possibilities of a school composed of young men and young ladies, boys and girls, and conducted by teachers of unquestioned ability? What are the possibilities of the school? What the possibilities of the pupils?

Mr. Watkins is doing a monumental work there. He is grounding himself in the minds and hearts of pupils and patrons. He grows steadily but surely, and the people of that community have the good sense to appreciate him and support him. It is not often that a little village of that size is blessed by such a school as that found at Hones Path.

Finally the smallest towns have the most schools, make the biggest fuss and accomplish the least good in the way of education. Not so at Hones Path. Approaching the old maxim, "In union there is strength," they pull together as one man, they hold up their teacher's hands, and settle his bills promptly and without grumbling; they cheer him by giving him kind words and looks of approval; all these things have run their school up to 175 pupils. What little town of that size anywhere can beat it? We say, "Hurrah for Hones Path!" and "Hurrah for the surrounding community!"

Once a people can be united, great results may be expected to follow. Divide them, separate their forces, encourage tickling and tattling, and death stares any enterprise in the face at its very inception.

A large and representative audience attended the closing exercises of Mr. Watkins' school Friday. To us the occasion was an enjoyable one. The hearts and homes of those people are always open to any one interested in the cause of education. Every family came Friday with well-filled baskets, and no one was allowed to go away hungry. Before dinner, Dr. Charles Manly, President of Furman University, delivered a very forceful and appropriate address to the school on "What to do with vacation." The doctor made his points clear and distinct, and held the attention of his youthful auditors from beginning to end. Those boys, we guarantee, "will die the elephant" or "make him go slow."

After Dr. Manly's address, this writer talked to the patrons of the school, and urged upon them the importance of a still greater appreciation of the school and the good work it is doing.

The Hones Path school has closed a most prosperous year. The radius of the circle of its influence is increasing with every succeeding session. And why should it not? Mr. Watkins does not content himself with what he has accomplished and throw himself back on his own laurels; no, he is a teacher that can learn something and is anxious to learn. He is an Institute man, an Association man, a progressive man, and the consequence is inevitable—a first class, high grade school, the pride of the community in which it is located, and one of which the whole County may justly be proud.

Does the teacher sufficiently value his calling? Is there any that is more noble than his? The great spirits that have lived on this earth, have they not been teachers? Make a list of the moving forces of the world, and it will be found that they have been teachers. True, they have not always been over a school, not always heard recitations. They have, however, attempted to turn people to correct thinking; to develop their powers, and make them more capable of understanding the world and its Maker.

MRS. ARPS SOAP

Used to Wash the Faces of Federal Soldiers.

The Rev. Mr. Bradwell is a good man, a good citizen and a good preacher. He is a colored man with a form and face that attracts attention. He is the presiding elder, and was well-raised by a Savannah gentleman and has the manners of a gentleman. He is my neighbor, and we like him, for he sets a good example to his race. Congress has just passed a bill to pay him nearly four thousand dollars for four bales of cotton that Sherman's bummers picked up and carried away to keep for him and forgot to return. The bill was passed unanimously, and we are glad of it. A thousand dollars a bale is a right fair price for cotton. That claim was allowed because Mr. Bradwell is a colored man, and it shows the kindly feelings of the people both North and South to the colored race. Maybe this is the beginning of the great restoration. Maybe our white folks will come next and get some of the surplus that is in the treasury.

If they will pay us what they owe us and took from us with malice aforethought we won't say a word more about the tariff nor internal revenue. I see there are a lot of claims being filed from the South, and I wonder if the claimants were Union men so called, or our members of Congress just taking them up promiscuously. If they are all Union men they are getting pretty numerous of late, and I reckon will get more thicker, more denser, as Coble says, but the Union men are rarely—quite rarely. Well, the fact is, we were all for union on fair principles. A few wanted to fight just for the fun of the thing, but not many. Most of us just wanted to secede—to dissolve the partnership—that's all. We never proposed to invade their territory nor interfere with the government at Washington. We never hankered after a fight, and we never believed there would be any. I hollered and shouted with the boys for secession, but when the fighting came on I quit hollering and became as gentle as a sucking dove. Most everybody would have compromised but the women and the men, but we were in for it and had to fight or back down. We never invaded their territory and if they had let us alone we would have let them alone, and so I don't consider myself responsible and therefore they ought to tote fair and settle up. My wife lost a barrel of soap that we left in the smokehouse and she wants pay for it. It was good, old-fashioned lye soap, made in the dark of the moon. General Vandiver occupied our house and used up all that soap in six weeks. He must have been an awful dirty man. I wasn't doing very much fighting then—I was running—and that was our principle business for several months, just dodging around with no rest for the soles of our feet. The fool invader kept us a trotting. I met a friendly yank the other day who was with Sherman perusing this beautiful country. A mutual friend introduced us, and asked him if he didn't know Bill Arps. "Bill Arps," said he. "Bill Arps, the Roman runaway. Why, yes, of course. I never saw his face before, but his back is quite familiar." I met another one, the next day, who said he was up in the valley with General Banks, and monkeyed around Stonewall Jackson, until he could run a deer. He said that Banks was Jackson's commissary, and the boys thought it was cheaper to feed old Stonewall than to fight him, and so they always fought a runaway, and when their wounded men got to the hospital, the surgeons always turned them over face downwards, to see whereabouts in the back they were shot. "We were the backbone of the army," said he, "and always fell fighting with our feet to the foe and our face to the ground. Stonewall Jackson was a spirit—a Joan of Arc—and we never knew where he was, or when he was coming."

I have been miring up with a good many of our Northern brethren of late, and like them, if they are fair samples, will take a carload and make a contract for more. I believe they will pay Mrs. Arps for that barrel of soap, with compound interest. The fact is that nobody but liberal-minded, conservative people will come down here from the North. The mean, bigoted, fanatical class, who were born hating us, don't want to come, and they are not coming, blizzard or no blizzard. That's all right. We will have a select population after while, and get up a cross that will harmonize the sections.

One of these friendly folks stopped here last Tuesday and looked at our pile of iron ore that is in the front yard near the depot, and asked where it came from. We pointed to the hills and mountains all around us—"Why, don't you do something with it?" he said in surprise. We told him we hadn't been in a hurry about it; that a man by the name of Sherman came along through this country and burned down all our furnaces, and it turned us so mad it took us twenty-five years to get over it, but we have swaged down right smartly now, and are going to do something. He came round to a town meeting that night and took twenty shares of stock in our new furnace and paid the first installment west away, and said we would hear from him later. His name is Quincy, and he lives in Chicago. So it seems that the first cash money for our furnace came from Chicago, and Mr. Quincy said that Sam Jones could get there and get a hundred thousand dollars of stock taken in two days, for he is very popular in Chicago, and all that was necessary was for him to say that he lived here and knew the quality and quantity of these ores. But our furnace is now assured and will be built right away. We will let some outsiders build furnace number 2, and then come the rolling mill, and stove factory, and the railroad to Gainesville, and the waterworks, and electric lights, and a brass band to boot our horn. Aleck Williamson says his next ambition is an iron tower on Pine mountain high enough for us to look around at all our suburbs, such as Atlanta and Rome and Chattanooga. Since Cartersville has got on a little boom, Aleck steps as high as a

blind horse, and is pricing himself by the front foot, which is a number twelve. Sam Jones is a boomer, too. He made a rollicking talk the other night and drew six thousand dollars of stock out of the boys in a few minutes. One fellow got behind a post and bid, but Sam got him and nailed him for five hundred. He got two men to quarrel with to which had taken the most stock according to means, and he stoked 'em at one another until he made them both double. I never saw such a man to loosen up like I never saw before. He ran over here from Rome that evening and ran back next morning to work on the Romans.

Tom Miller made a talk. He began soft and sweet and low, like the gentle rumbling of far distant thunder. Nearer and nearer the storm came and finally was precipitated upon us with a terrific outburst of "Give me liberty or give me death," and then the furnace was considered built. It was a good, old-fashioned town meeting, and Mr. Quincy made the best speech of anybody, for he had the money in his hand instead of his pocket. Hurrah for Chicago. When a yank is clever he is the cleverest man in the world, but when he is mean he is the meanest. I was powerful mad the other day when I learned that contemptible cuss Higgins or Wiggins or Piggins or whatever his name is, had written and published a history of the war in which he had Jefferson Davis caught in the woman's clothes, and that the book was actually used in the Ward seminary at Nashville. I was mad enough to fight and then he went to the States and he had a hundred times and now raised and being crammed down the throats of our children. Hurrah for those girls who refused to recite it. Higgins or Wiggins or Piggins is a knave or a fool, and I don't care which. That is one thing our Northern brethren had just as well to know and never forget—that the South is just as jealous of the honor and good name of Jefferson Davis as the North is of Abraham Lincoln. We reverence Mr. Lincoln, and never fall to do honor to his memory, and if he dignified himself in a Scotch cap and cloak on his way to Washington, it makes no difference with us. I never believed that story and an glad that our folks didn't start it. I reckon that all these lies and slanders will wear out after while and the next generation will get at the bottom of facts about all this business and pay Mrs. Arps or her heirs for that barrel of soap. I hope so.

Yesterday was the maternal birthday. I won't say how old she is, but I know she was trotting around when the stars fell. I gave her five dollars to buy a summer coat for me, and another five to buy a parson. I stuck a hollyhock in her rear hair and kissed her on her alabaster forehead. She wiped the kiss off but let the flowers stay. BILL ARPS.

Big Business in Bees.

Elison the Bee Man from Stateberg was in town yesterday with a load of honey. He says that he has been quite busy lately in filling orders for bees and queens. He had an order for a short time ago from a man in Pennsylvania for 400 pounds of working bees and 400 queen bees. He could only undertake to fill one-fourth the order in the time specified, and he just finished that a few days ago. He says that he has indicated that he may want 1,000 pounds of best next season, and a proportionate number of queens.

Many of our readers may be curious to know what a man would do with so many bees, and will state for their information, that he keeps a big business in the North, and that many aparies have as many as 1,000 hives. Owing to the extreme cold weather, however, the bees are housed in cellars during the winter, and they do not commence raising brood as early as in our climate. It is important when spring begins to have a stock of old workers ready to take in the harvest money, and it has been found that it pays to ship them from the South, and thereby save several weeks time.

The bees are put up in wire cloth crates, holding several pounds each, and with sticks across for the bees to support themselves upon, and are shipped by express. The queens are shipped by mail in small cages made of a piece of board about two inches square with a hole bored into it and covered with wire cloth, and they seldom fail to reach their destination all right after several days confinement. On account of the timidity of expressmen, and careless handling, Mr. Elison suffered more loss than he expected in the transportation of the 100 pounds of worker bees; but he thinks he can remedy that hereafter by making the packages smaller, which will obviate the danger of suffocation, when the bees are thrown from their support into a pile by careless handling.

Greek Met Greek.

It is not safe in an intelligent gathering to make remarks under cover of a foreign language, which we do not wish to have understood by persons present. Especially they had better be left unsaid.

A Russian lady had been invited to dine with M. de Tallyrand at the time when he was Minister of Foreign Affairs, but was unfortunately detained an hour beyond her time. The furnished guests were in the sulks, and kept looking at their watches.

SOME UGLY HABITS.

Freaky and Idiosyncratic Ways of Men and Women.

Chicago News.

"Just look at that girl!"

"Yes; it is Miss Blank. What about her?"

"Don't you see her tongue?"

"Oh, yes. Isn't it perfectly dreadful? They say she always sticks it out like that when she's thinking about anything."

The young woman in question was promenading the east side of State street early one morning, attired in a bewitching costume, and a pensive expression, while the tip of her little tongue protruded between two lips of the description known to novelists as coral. "Yes," said one of her feminine acquaintances, "she always does that when thoughtful or worried. It's one of those terrible habits which, when once contracted, stick closer than a million brothers. Miss Blank began it when a child, and no one ever took the trouble to break her of it. Now, poor girl, it mortifies her terribly to be told about it, though of course she is anxious to cure herself. But then nearly every one has some curious little habit which he would be very glad to break if he could; some trick more or less unpleasant, caused in the first place probably by nervousness. We all know the man who tugs at his mustache and the one who is perpetually pulling up his collar. Then there is the girl who is always rubbing one eye as if in search of a stray eyelash, and the man who can't be quite happy without some bread or less fragile article to twist and bend and turn about in his fingers. Anything and everything from your finest lace handkerchief to your new and extremely delicate paper cutter is sacrificed to the demon of nervousness which possesses him, and yet you can't find in your heart to rob him of his plaything. He is quite happy and at his ease so long as he is allowed to twist and twist as much as he wants to, but bereft of the temporary object of his affection he would be abjectly miserable, and you know it. Many a man can talk fluently and well while winding something—anything—about his fingers, who, without it, would be constrained, awkward, silent.

"One of the most annoying forms of this disease is the incessant tugging which some people keep up on their knees or the table or whatever happens to be the most convenient as a key-board. I have noticed that musicians usually indulge in this habit, and it is a very trying one, though I don't know that it is worse than 'twiddling your thumb.' You don't know what that is? Why, clasping your hands with the fingers interlaced and then moving the thumbs slowly, very slowly round each other. Nearly all old English people are addicted to this habit, and look upon it as a refuge from ennui during times of enforced idleness, such as that 'bird' man's holiday, when it is too dark to work or read, and yet not dark enough, according to English notions, to light the gas. At this time of day an old English woman will sit 'twiddle her thumbs' so many times from right to left, and then so many times from left to right, until one begins to think he has discovered the secret of perpetual motion. The habit gains such a hold upon men that they are unable to sit unoccupied for a moment without immediately beginning to 'twiddle.'

"Of course, every one knows people who bite their nails, and nearly all of us can remember some girl who has destroyed what was intended for a pretty mouth by a senseless fashion of biting, or rather gnawing at her lip. This is one of the most difficult habits to break, and at the same time one of the commonest. If you want to see how widespread it is, just go out one of the State street dry goods establishments about 11 o'clock any fine morning. Monday morning is best, because Monday is the favorite shopping day. Didn't you know that? Oh, yes, it's a fact. Any floor walker will tell you that more business is done on Monday morning than any other time during the week—that is, in the big shops. Of course, in the cheap ones Saturday is the great day. Why should Monday be popular? Oh, I suppose it is the reaction after Sunday's enforced idleness. On Sunday one can't shop, and when one wakes on Monday morning it is so delightful to feel that all restrictions are removed, and that there is nothing to prevent one from shopping all day if inclined to.

THE UGLY RESULTS.

"I always go myself on Monday, and as a rule, meet nearly all my friends, and half of them, I notice, invariably bite their lips when considering anything seriously. When a woman asks: 'Do you think this silk will not cut?' or 'Conditionally informs the counter that she is afraid sixteen yards won't be enough,' she nearly always bites her lip, and a very ugly and injurious fashion it is. If the lower lip is the one attacked, the pretty curve is in time destroyed and the fullness flattened out, while if the upper lip is ill treated the results are almost worse, for it becomes lengthened in a very unbecoming manner. Then some women bite the inside of their lips, at the side, just at the 'gusset' of their mouth, and this ends in a chronic pout, and a girl who is so given to pushing back her hair behind her left ear that she has worn a bald spot there."

Will you suffer with dyspepsia and Liver Complaint? Shiloh's Vitalizer is guaranteed to cure you. For sale by Hill Bros.

A debt of gratitude is too often compromised at about ten cents on a dollar. —Cattarrh cured, health and sweet breath secured, by Shiloh's Cattarrh remedy. Price 50 cents. Nasal Injector free. For sale by Hill Bros.

Sleepless nights, made miserable by that terrible cough. Shiloh's Cure is the remedy for you. For sale by Hill Bros.

That hacking cough can be so quickly cured by Shiloh's Cure. We guarantee it. For sale by Hill Bros.

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A Chapter on Blackberries.

BLACKBERRY SHORTCAKE.—Prepare a dough as for soda biscuit, only putting in double the quantity of shortening. Roll an inch and a half thick, and after baking split, butter on both sides, and having mashed the berries raw with sugar, in all that can be laid on. If raised crust is preferred, knead enough flour or lard into common bread dough to make it very short, divide into two parts; butter the top of one less than an inch thick; butter the top of one piece, lay the other on it, and set in favorable place to rise. When very light, bake. The two crusts will easily separate from each other, and if the under one is lightly picked up with a fork it will better absorb the juice. Pile between the blackberries crushed white sugar, and eat with sweetened cream.

BLACKBERRY FRITTERS.—Make a batter of sour milk or cream as for pancakes, only quite stiff. If cream is used allow one more egg than for sour milk, then stir thick with blackberries. Have ready a kettle of hot lard; dip a tablespoon into the lard; then drop a spoonful of batter into the lard; the grease will prevent the batter from sticking to the spoon and will let it drop off in nice oval shapes. Eat with syrup.

BLACKBERRY CAKE.—One teaspoonful of rich sour milk or thin sour cream; one teaspoonful of soda, one or two cupfuls of sugar, a pinch of salt, and flour to make a thick batter; stir in one, two or three cupfuls of blackberries. The quantity of sugar and soda depends on the quality and quantity of the fruit.

OLD-FASHIONED BLACKBERRY PUDDING.—One quart of blackberries, one cupful of molasses, one teaspoonful of soda, a little salt, and flour enough to make a thick batter. Boil in bag from one and a half to two hours, or steam in a mold.

ANOTHER PUDDING.—One pint of milk, two eggs, a pinch of salt, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one half the quantity of soda (or two teaspoonful of baking powder), sifted with enough flour to make a thick batter. Stir in one pint of berries. Steam one hour in a buttered dish or mold.

BLACKBERRY FUMBLE.—Stew three pints of berries with one of sugar. To a teaspoonful of ground rice, arrowroot or corn starch, add enough water to soften it (or good flour will do). When the berries have stewed about fifteen minutes, stir in the rice, and continue stirring till thick. Eat cold with sweetened cream.

BLACKBERRY JELLY.—Bruise the fruit, put in a thin cloth, and allow to strain over night. Next morning add half a pound of sugar to each pint of juice; boil twenty minutes.

ANOTHER WAY.—Gather the fruit when perfectly ripe and in very dry weather. Put the berries in a jar and set the jar in hot water, keeping it boiling until the juice is extracted from the fruit. Pass it through a fine sieve or jelly bag without much pressure. For every pint of juice add fourteen ounces of sugar, and boil in a clean preserving pan five and twenty minutes, carefully taking off the scum as it rises to the surface. Place it hot in small jars and cover it down with thin tissue paper, dipped in brandy, and brown paper over it. Keep it in a cool place.

BLACKBERRY JAM.—To each pound of ripe fruit (very ripe), stewed in a porcelain kettle, add one pound of best loaf sugar, and mash the contents fine with a strong iron or wooden spoon, while still upon the fire. When well mixed and boiled fifteen minutes longer, stirring well the meanwhile, fill small jars or glasses, and set away.

In any of the preceding recipes raspberries may be substituted for blackberries, as may also strawberry. The jelly made of blackberries is, however, particularly useful in dysentery and other similar complaints, and the following recipes are also useful in the same complaints:

BLACKBERRY SYRUP.—Make a simple syrup of a pound of sugar to each pint of water; boil until it is rich and thick, then add to it as many pinches of the pressed juice of the blackberries as there are pounds of sugar; put half a nutmeg grated to each quart of the syrup; let it stand until cold, then bottle for use. A tablespoonful for a child, or a wineglassful for an adult is the dose.

BLACKBERRY DRINK.—To twelve quarts of the berries put two quarts of clear water, with five ounces of tartaric acid dissolved in it. Let this stand forty-eight hours; then let the juice drip through a flannel cloth or sieve without pressure. To a pint of this juice put a pound of sugar and bottle forthwith. For the month of each bottle a piece of cloth, and let stand about ten days. Then cork the bottles and use when desired, remembering the acid is never used alone, but always diluted with two-thirds its quantity of ice water. The juice of strawberries, raspberries, currents or Morilla cherries may be prepared in the same way.

BLACKBERRY VINEGAR.—One quart of blackberries to one of sharp vinegar. Let them stand a day; squeeze out the juice; add to this, two days in succession, as much fruit as the vinegar will hold. To each quart of the vinegar thus prepared put two pounds of sugar, and boil from five to ten minutes. When cool, bottle and seal. This will be found a pleasant and cooling beverage in hot weather, when mixed in the proportions of two-thirds water to one of the vinegar.

—According to a law recently passed by the Legislature of Ohio, the infliction of the death sentence has been transferred from the county, where the deed is committed or trial conducted, to the penitentiary of the State. In the State penitentiary all the hangings in the State are to be made hereafter. The hangings in the penitentiary are to be private and the time usually unpublished. The hour generally fixed upon is to be the night.

Georgia's Wild Hermit.

ATLANTA, GA., June 2.—Harris County is absorbed in a sensational mystery which was unearthed near here yesterday. A mile West of Hamilton, on a high and rugged peak of Pine Mountain, is an Indian fort, built of stone, and, owing to the ruggedness of the mountain, approachable on only one side. Its high, thick stone wall and its peculiar situation made it "a stronghold for the Indians in time of war. For many years it has been remembered by only a few hunters and old settlers, so deeply was it buried in the mountains. Recently, however, the neighbors, who had been attributing the loss of live stock to the sheep dog and the deaf dazy, have had cause to suppose the old fort to be inhabited by thieves.

Tuesday night B. C. Wilton passed near the mountain on his return from a neighbor's house and heard the piteous cries of one of his goats as it seemed to be carried up the mountain side to the old fort on the summit. Investigation disclosed signs of habitation, and resulted in a band of half a dozen neighbors yesterday forcing an entrance and capturing a man in the most abject state of barbarism. He showed fight, and was felled to the ground twice with the butt of a gun. With great difficulty his hands and feet were secured and tied. He had no weapons, and was dressed in nature's garments. A thick, stubby hair had grown all over his body; his full, black beard reached to his waist, and his long, unkempt hair hung down his back and about his shoulders. He had been black eyes that seemed unaccustomed to the light of day, and since his capture he has not uttered a sound. He seems a buzzard. Approaching the tree and striking a match he discovered a negro sitting on one of the limbs. He was taken in charge and brought to Atlanta, where he gave bond for appearance.

Who this mysterious person is or how long he has been cut loose from civilization no one knows. Some of the older settlers talk of a young man, Richmond Sykes, who dazed this part of the country away back in the sixties. He is described as tall, slender and straight with intensely black hair and eyes, silken black mustache and soft white skin. His dress was scrupulously neat, and he was the picture of a handsome man. He was a man of leisure, had no visible means of support, but was never without money. He claimed to have a plantation and slaves in Virginia and one in Mississippi. For two years he was the star of the aristocratic society that adorned this section, and most fathers looked on his attention to their daughters with favor. One afternoon he called to see a lady for whom he had many times shown a preference. For two hours the interview lasted, then he left, wearing a strong look of despair. His landlady noticed that he refused to attend supper as usual, and that night he disappeared and was never seen by the people of this place any more. Those who remember the young man are inclined to think that they have found in him the person of the prisoner captured yesterday at the old fort. However, this is mere conjecture, and it is doubtful whether or not the real truth will ever be known and the mystery cleared up.

The Centre of Population.

For one hundred years the point which represents the centre of the republic has been steadily moving due Westward along the thirty-ninth parallel of North latitude. Its average rate of progress has been about five miles per year. In 1800 its location was eighteen miles West of Baltimore; in 1820 it was well on the Western side of the Shenandoah Valley; in 1830 it had reached the highest ridge of the Appalachians; in 1850 it had passed the mountain barriers and was following the course of the Little Kanawha through West Virginia; within the next ten years it had, by a rapid march of more than eighty miles, reached a point over half way across the State of Ohio; in 1870 it was within fifty miles of Cincinnati; in 1880 it had entered the valley of the Miami; in 1890 it will probably be found well within the boundaries of Indiana. That sooner or later this central point which represents the Westward "course of empire" in the United States will reach a turning place, is absolutely certain. Should its progress continue for another century it would at the end of that time be more than half way across the State of Missouri. But this is not likely to be the case. Each succeeding century shows a slackening up in the rate of advancement Westward, and finally the direct forward movement must cease. Bearing in mind the narrow vision and the mistaken forecast of our early legislators, it seems hazardous to conjecture with regard to future probabilities. Yet there is good reason to believe that not for many years will the nucleus of the country's population pass beyond or even reach the Mississippi River.

Money Value of a Wife.

Let a man become a widower and he soon learns what the financial worth of a wife was to him. When he is compelled to hire the food cooked, the garments made or mended, the washing and ironing done, he finds that about one-half of his income is required to meet these expenses. Who saved this expense before? Let the cold fingers and the silent lips in the graveyard bear testimony. The family purse should be as accessible to a faithful wife as to the husband. What man would consent to become a partner in a company in which his brother partner should alone have control of the company's funds? There is no one thing more degrading and depressing to a hard working wife, than to feel that she must beg like a tramp for every cent she spends beyond her food, which as truly belongs to her as though she earned it by a domestic or shop girl.

Underground Distillery.

ATLANTA, GA., May 28.—Last Friday, in the lower part of Dawson County, one of the most unique distilleries ever run was captured, and with it an aged colored man named Abe Strickland. Deputy Marshal Boice had wind of the fact that an illicit distillery was in operation in that county, and on Friday set out to locate it. But so ingeniously was it conducted that it was with the greatest difficulty the establishment was found. About dark he came across an open field in cultivation, and to his surprise a small stream of smoke was issuing from the ground. Approaching the place where the smoke was belching up he found a small stovepipe protruding about two feet from the surface, and near by a small hole in the earth from which a well constructed pair of steps conducted below. The deputy marshal on reaching the bottom discovered that he was in a pit about twelve feet in depth and about thirty feet square. The bottom was neatly floored, while the top was covered with fence rails and red clay. In one corner was a pipe which caught the water oozing out of the earth. In the rear of the pit was a tunnel which extended twenty feet into the earth, and the pipe ran into this.

The deputy marshal went into the tunnel and a distillery was found in full operation, but no one was to be found on the inside. On leaving the pit the deputy marshal, satisfied that some one must be in the vicinity who was running the corn-juice manufactory, began to look around for the person. Near by a small black hickory tree in which a peccanibush was spied, which resembled a buzzard. Approaching the tree and striking a match he discovered a negro sitting on one of the limbs. He was taken in charge and brought to Atlanta, where he gave bond for appearance.

Crazy About Witchcraft.

ATLANTA, June 3.—William Emmond, one of the wealthiest farmers of Murray County, Ga., and a man of considerable intelligence, has gone perfectly crazy over witchcraft. He employs a number of hands, and has never shown a weakness except on this one subject. He came home a few evenings ago and discovered a green stick standing against his door, which someone had left there on purpose, and before it could be moved he went into convulsions. It is said that a few marks made on the ground in front of his door, if given a peculiar turn, are sufficient