

The Anderson Intelligencer.

BY CLINKSCALES & LANGSTON.

ANDERSON, S. C., THURSDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 31, 1889.

VOLUME XXIV.--NO. 17.

DO PEOPLE REALLY EVER EXCEL THEMSELVES?

One is tempted to believe so while looking through the Tremendous Stock of Ladies' and Children's Goods with which Miss Lizzie Williams has just returned from Northern Markets.

The taste and care displayed in the present selection surpass even her greatest successes in the past, and her reputation as a skillful Buyer, which has heretofore been unequalled, seems, if possible, to increase in strength greatly, to the delight of her customers, who are benefited more than herself.

To see to admire! And to hear a quotation from prices is to wonder! Such Style! Such quality! And in return for such a small amount of money! Was he like ever seen before? If not, come to the—

Ladies' Store!

J. P. SULLIVAN & CO'S.

INVITATION!

We extend a cordial invitation to any of our Friends who come to the City to call in and see us. They certainly owe it to themselves to let no chance pass by their Merchandise Right!

We have a Full Line of

STAPLE AND SEASONABLE GOODS!

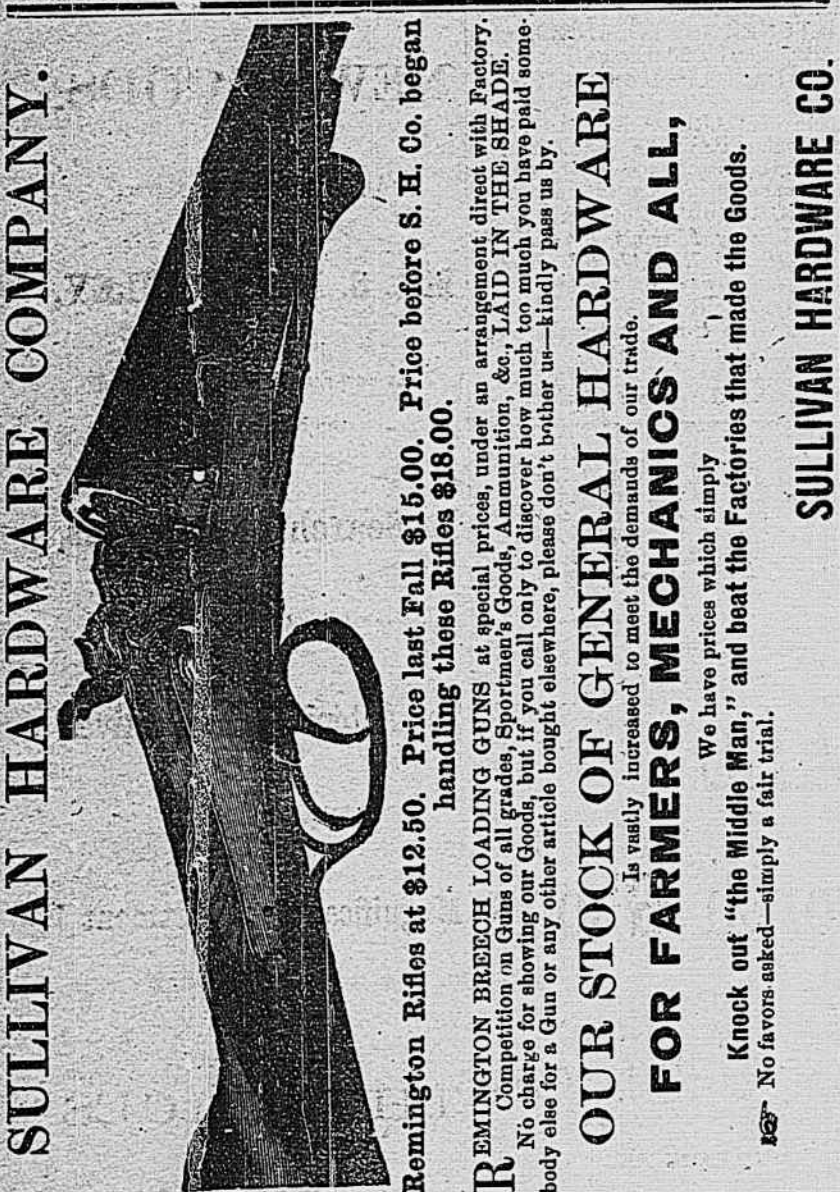
PRESENT indications warrant the belief that a large Fall trade will be realized, and we have never before since our start in business used more caution in buying and selecting our stock. Discounting every dollar's worth of goods that come into our house, whether it be Groceries or Dry Goods, which enables to meet any and all competition.

Come, in, then, and you will find us with our hands out of our pockets. Come in, and if we don't give you cause to congratulate yourselves, why, we'll apologize, for we are here to do business, and whatever is not right we will make right.

With thanks for past patronage, we remain,

Respectfully yours,

J. P. SULLIVAN & CO.



Remington Rifles at \$15.00. Price before S. H. Co. began handling these Rifles \$18.00.

REMINGTON BREECH LOADING GUNS, at special prices, under an arrangement direct with Factory. Competition on Guns of all grades, Sporting Goods, Ammunition, &c., LAID IN THE SHADE.

No charge for showing our Goods, but you can only discover how much more than you have paid some body else for a Gun or any other article bought elsewhere, please don't bother us—kindly pass us by.

OUR STOCK OF GENERAL HARDWARE FOR FARMERS, MECHANICS AND ALL.

Knock out "the Middle Man," and beat the Factories that made the Goods.

No favors asked—simply a fair trial.

LAMPS.

We have already received a big portion of our large stock of Lamps for this season, and they are constantly arriving:

- Library Lamps,
- Stand Lamps,
- Students' Lamps,
- Church Lamps,
- Parlor Lamps,
- Store Lamps,
- Kitchen Lamps cheaper than ever before.

PAINTS, PAINTS, PAINTS!

We have the largest and most complete line of Floor Paints, Carriage and Buggy Paints, Mixed House Paints, Enamel Paints in all shades, White Lead and Oil, Brushes, all sizes, from 10c up.

Drugs, Patent Medicines, Brushes, Combs, Toilet Articles

Of all kinds, including Perfumery, Fine Soaps, Face Powders, &c.

We will take pleasure in showing you through our big stock. Call early and get a look at our elegant line of Lamps.

WILHITE & WILHITE.

HEADQUARTERS FOR GROCERIES.

OUR Establishment is now full and running over with the best selected stock of

FAMILY and FANCY GROCERIES, CANNED GOODS, TOBACCO, Etc.,

ever brought to Anderson. We invite you to inspect our goods, and we guarantee please your taste as well as your purse. Just received a big lot of—

TEXAS RED RUST PROOF OATS.

McGEE & LIGON.

TEACHERS' COLUMN.

All communications intended for this Column should be addressed to D. H. RUSSELL, School Commissioner, Anderson, S. C.

Will some of the pupils answer this question? Why does a ball of paper suspended from the ceiling of a heated room move about?

At the recent examination there were about ten whites and thirty colored, and of these not one received a first grade license, and the teacher who came the nearest to getting a first grade was a negro. It is not pleasant to us to write these things, but facts are stubborn things, and we want the people to know the facts.

It is true that in one or two of the branches, History and Geography, the questions were unfair, and were so regarded by all the Board, but like to be no more unfair for the whites than for the negroes. They were questions outside of the line of the text books and of what the teachers are required to teach every day, but they were not outside of what every intelligent man and woman in South Carolina is supposed to know, but they were not, strictly speaking, questions on the branches taught. For instance, one question was: "Explain the Hampton campaign, its significance and its results." No history yet printed tells any thing about it, and all the information to be had about it is from old newspapers or from tradition. Another was: "How many provisional Governors has South Carolina had since 1865, and their names?" The same is true of this as of the first question, and in this connection we would like to call upon the first and second grade teachers of the County to answer this question. What say you? Let's have your opinion.

We wish the teachers of the County to send us their opinions on the following question. We will publish a consensus of their answers: "Name three points of similarity between the State and the National Government." We do this for the reason that the questions for the semi-annual examinations are parking more and more of the nature of questions on Civil Government, and those teachers who have come before the Board have shown a deficiency on questions of this nature that is to be regretted. Our institutions are founded upon the popular will, and these young boys now in the schools under the care of the teachers need to be trained to exercise the highest function of sovereignty, that of casting a ballot, and they should have an intelligent comprehension of our system of Government. There are many things not found in the text-books that should be taught the children, and this of Civil Government is one of the most important. An education is lamentably incomplete that does not qualify for the duties and responsibilities of life, and a great many points on which the pupils will need instruction the teacher must find outside of the common school curriculum. The teacher should not be an automatic machine, wound up like a clock to pour into the pupils for six hours a day a little reading, writing and arithmetic, but he should be like a fountain from which they themselves may be able to, in some measure, quench their thirst for knowledge.

Recently a teacher presented her articles to a patron of her school for his signature for another year. He declined to sign upon the ground that the public money ought to go for the tuition of his children, four in number, for the whole term, eight months. This man pays less than ten dollars school tax, and yet he expects his entire tuition for eight months to be paid with less than ten dollars. In other words, if he sends four children eight months at a dollar apiece a month, it would amount to thirty-two dollars, and he expects the State to pay the bill with less than ten dollars! What is the right name for this? Surely our friend has not looked at the matter from the right standpoint. If all his neighbors thought the same way how would they get a school? We have no hesitation in saying that no good teacher can or will attempt to teach a school for just what public money there is in it, and to expect a teacher to teach an eight month school for the public money alone, is to ask her to devote a portion of her time and services to the public. The public schools do not average one hundred dollars apiece all over the County, and an eight month school at this price would not average more than twelve dollars and fifty cents per month, and this would not board and clothe the teachers. No, no, friends, do not try to see how low you can let the contract, nor put your teacher on starvation wages, but be just and liberal in your dealings with the teacher, so that she, realizing that she is well-paid, may be encouraged and stimulated to give you valuable service for your money. Poor pay, poor teach.

"Well, I guess I'll not sign the article, but I'll send to school if you get a good teacher," said one neighbor to another recently when presented with an article for a school next year. And yet that same man says he is interested in having a school, interested (?) in the education of his children! How, pray? Where is the evidence of it beyond a simple statement of it? Men who are interested in a thing and believe in it will back their judgment with their money. This man believes in his farm and is interested about it, and he puts time and labor and money all into it, he gives evidence of his faith by his works, and when it comes to making up a school and he is asked to sign for one or two scholars at a dollar a month he says "No, I'll not sign, but I'll send." He is leaning upon his neighbors, and is depending upon them to do for him that about which he ought to lead a helping hand himself. In most communities a school cannot be made up unless all hands unite and pull together, and no good teacher will undertake to teach a school if all should say "I'll not sign, but I'll send." If you want a school and consider it worth anything to you and your community say so in dollars and cents, and say just how much you think so. In one or two instances

THE SOUTHERN FARM.

A Batch of Practical Agricultural Information.

Capt. E. H. Waller and Mr. J. A. Weatherbe, two progressive farmers of Orangeburg, who have tried the Bailey cotton, have made the following report of their experiment:

We will speak of the origin as we get it from the Bailey Cotton Company, of Raleigh, N. C. During the summer of 1888 Hector C. Bailey, a colored man, living in Harnett County, N. C., near Tillington, discovered on the banks of the Cape Fear River a plant resembling cotton. The growth and leaf of this plant being so peculiar he determined to watch it closely. In the fall he found that it had produced cotton, the fibre of which was remarkable for its length, and very fine and silky in texture. He carefully saved the seed and planted them next season at a safe distance from other cotton. In the season of 1887 he planted a quarter of an acre with these seeds. Each year the parent plant was exactly reproduced in all its peculiar characteristics.

So well known in Harnett and neighboring counties had this cotton become that in November, 1887, Bailey refused an offer of \$86 per bushel for the seed, as this had proved to be such a valuable kind of cotton, both on account of its yield and the superior quality of the lint. In 1888 Bailey planted two acres with the seed he had saved.

In the fall of 1888 this cotton produced on only fair land, without extra manuring, two bales to the acre, and of the same long and fine fibre. In November, 1888, Bailey sold his entire crop of seed and the right to sell the same to the Bailey Cotton Company, who offer them now to the farmers of the country and guarantee that they are genuine.

THE ADVANTAGES.

It opens more regularly and evenly than other cotton. The peculiar formation of its leaves allow the sun and air to have free access to the bolls and ripen them early at the same time.

Second. Its staple is as fine and silky and nearly as long as the sea island cotton.

Third. It is more easily picked than the sea island or any other cotton of the same grade.

Fourth. It yields more lint per acre than sea island. It produced two bales to the acre in the fall of 1888.

Fifth. It is the only variety of cotton that can be successfully raised in the interior capable of competing with the sea island in staple, and it should command a high price.

THE PECULIARITIES.

First. The leaves are different from all other varieties and form one of its most remarkable peculiarities.

Second. It has very small seed.

Third. It has usually nine seed to the boll.

Fourth. The bolls of this cotton are larger than those of ordinary cotton.

Sixth. Having tested it and never having it attacked by rust, Bailey believes it to be rust proof. It has never been known to be attacked by cotton worms, though it is not claimed to be proof against them.

In the early part of this year we met an agent traveling in this country trying to introduce this new variety of cotton, but was going away without having any one to take hold of it, and we were somewhat interested, and from the fair proposition made by the agent and testimonials in his possession thought it a good cotton, superior in many ways to the ordinary cotton, and from all we can see of it up to this date think it will do all that is claimed for it, and should further developments warrant, we will offer the seed to the planters of this and Barnwell County, which is the extent of our territory.

We would be glad to show the plant to any one who is interested in the advancement of the growth, and would be glad to have them come at once. The crop of Mr. J. A. Weatherbe is in the corporate limits, so any one who can see it at any time they are in the city. Should any one wish to come from a distance by notifying either of us we will take pleasure in meeting them at the depot and carry direct to the field. This invitation is to all and every planter in any part of the State to come and look and see this peculiar cotton growing. If it is all that is claimed it will be the cotton to plant, and will be a great advantage to the industry.

There has always been a great demand for a superior staple to the ordinary short cotton, and if this variety should fill the grades between the best of the short staple and the lower grades of sea island, based on present prices, we think there will be a value of at least 15 cents per pound, as the mills want just such a class of cotton to mix with the manufacture of certain fine goods, which to reduce the price they would use this variety instead of sea island, at probably 10 cents more on the pound. The farming interest of our country is making vast strides upward and onward, and should this cotton continue to do as well in the future as it has up to the present it will have done as much towards advancing their interest as anything could possibly do. We will, from time to time, make known any change that may occur which would alter the statements made in this communication.

The vein of ore in the Treadwell mine, Alaska, is 404 feet wide, and extends along the mountain three-quarters of a mile. The mine produces \$100,000 in gold bullion monthly, about 40 per cent. of which is profit.

BILL ARP.

He tells of His Boyhood and Its Trials.

Atlanta Constitution.

I wish I was a boy and had as much man's sense as I have got now. It makes me right sad to see Carl and his schoolmates plotting and planning for their Saturday frolics. I want to go with them, but I can't. I see them cleaning out their guns and loading up their shells and putting the printer dog and talking so merrily about the birds they are going to kill, but I can't go. I want to climb a walnut tree and shake the limbs and hear the music of the walnuts rattling down. I want to go chestnut nutting and cut off the top limbs with a hatchet or if the trees are large and tall show my skill in knocking the burrs down with sticks as I used to do on the old academy hill. We boys used to take our bundle of sticks with us to school and hide them under the house until playtime. I want to go 'possum hunting and hear the music of the dogs on the track and the welcome bark when they had track one of the sulky varmints up a 'simmon tree, or a black gun or under a clay rock. What a glorious frolic it was to cut him down or dig him out, and then split a stick for his curly tail and shoulder him, and move on for another victim. I want to go coon hunting and see the fight. I want to go rabbit hunting in the snow. I want to climb a muscadine vine and hunt for black haws and May poms. I want to go to the mill and run a horse race back and cry "school butter" as I pass the country school house on the way. Then the boys would lay for us the next time and surround us and attack us with sticks and rocks and thrash poles and the way we ran the gauntlet was thrilling. I think of all these youthful frolics when I see these boys start out and I want to go, but I can't, I'm too old, my time's out, I couldn't keep up. The spirit is willing but the flesh is weak, very weak. It makes me puff and blow to run or fox trot a hundred yards now. My legs are overloaded with corpulence but my arms are all right. I can chop wood on a wagger with most any young man and win it.

I was looking at the races at Piedmont yesterday and it carried me back to the good old times when we boys used to mount our nags and ponies and slip down the Covington road to the race tracks—not your round course nor an oval, but two long straight parallel tracks about ten feet apart and the bushes cut away like the right of way on a railroad. From long use the tracks had worn into two little narrow paths, and the horses had nothing to do but keep them. We always rode bareback, and it made good riders of us. It was a rough young life in those days—rougher than it is now, for we didn't wear shoes much, nor coats, nor undershirts, nor drawers, and a homemade cap or a seakins cap would last two or three years, and then be handed down to the next boy. Sore toes and stonebruis and burrs in the feet or splinters in the fingers were common to every boy, for there was no aristocracy then. Three yards of nankin and a shirt and a pair of galluses set a school boy up pretty well for summer, and a suit of country jeans and a pair of shoes was mighty fine for winter. Our mother cut our garments and made them, and it didn't cost more than five dollars a year for a boy, all told. But now it takes about three suits a year of store clothes for the boys. Then there are ten dollars more for hats and shoes. And there are collars and cuffs and cravats and handkerchiefs and gloves and gold buttons and so forth. I went into a store in Atlanta yesterday to buy me a coat and a young man measured me and got out a coat and I put it on and he said it fit me beautifully, and I said it didn't and he said it was not the fault of the coat but my shoulders were awkwardly built. I asked him if he thought I was deformed, and he said no, not exactly deformed, but out of the proportion, and so I departed those coats. I tried another store, and they jerked me into a bobtail cutaway, and said it was just splendid, I looked so nobby and genteel. I told him I wanted a frock coat—a black cloth frock coat and he curled up his lip and said that nobody but lawyers and preachers wore them now, and they didn't have any size. So I departed those coats and kept on trying until I got what I wanted, but had the sleeves cut off a little to suit my arms. Mr. ARP told me to buy her a hat—a black velvet hat with bright, modest trimming, and so I crowded in among the women and told what I wanted. They sized me up pretty quick and sized my pocket-book, and showed me a hat that I thought would do, and asked me \$18 for it. They hurt my feelings, and I departed those coats. A friend met me and I asked him if such things had gone up that way on account of the Exposition, and he said he reckoned not, and took me to another place where the same hat or another one just like it, was offered for \$9, and as I didn't think it prudent to go home without the hat, I bought it. It looked like a black velvet hat to me, but when I got it home it had changed to a bottle green, which my wife said no—that black would match a dress of any color, but green wouldn't. And so I had to take it back and change it, and now everything is calm and serene. It has been a long time since she had a nine dollar hat, and it does look extravagant, but she says maybe it is the last one that I will ever buy for her for her heart has been fluttering very strange of late. I told her that mine had too, and I reckon we would both pass away simultaneously and not be separated at all.

We had a big time at the exposition. There were folks and people innumerable. Thousands and thousands, and all of them were sober and none were sad. A wondering countryman said to me: "Stranger I never seed as many people in all my life, and there's nary two alike." Another man said: "I can see now why land has gone up so. God Almighty ain't makin' any more land, but keeps on makin' people." Betsy Hamilton made an assault on me in the Agricultural Hall around and charged me with calling her Aunt Betsy.

"Your Aunt Betsy" said she. "The idea of such a patriarchal specimen of antiquity, as you are presuming to call such a young blooming beauty as I am Aunt Betsy. Aunt Betsy indeed!" The people began to gather around to see the fight, and so I surrendered and apologized and begged forgiveness, and retreated in good order with no loss on our side. Not long after that I met Kil. Warren and mentioned Aunt Betsy, and he brightened up and said: "Where is she? I must see her. She and I were schoolmates when we were children." In a quiet, unconcerned way I asked Kil how old he was and he told me, but I shall not mention it for the present, I'm going to keep that as ammunition to prevent another assault. Well, well, I do love Aunt Betsy—that is as a father or a brother, and I'll never call her Aunt Betsy again.

My wife and children and grand children were all delighted with the great show at the exposition. We took the grand rounds and I pointed out the great men on the grand stand and explained the Wild West show, and we visited the Indians' camp and saw J. Comanche Bill and Mrs. Comanche Bill, and that reminds me of the letter I received the day before which is as follows:

MR. BILL ARP: My husband and I desire to thank you for your kind allusion to our show. We have long known you and are much pleased at your appreciation. I take especial delight and pride in the success of the exposition as I am a Georgian by birth, and my longings to set foot on our making the pleasant engagement. If Mrs. ARP is not a literary myth we shall be delighted to meet her and yourself when you visit the exposition. I beg you to accept the enclosed bill (ten dollars) for the benefit of those soldiers' graves. With cordial regards I am

MRS. COMANCHE BILL.

This nice—that's all right. There's no Injun gift about that. When I was a lad and one day gave another something and took it back again we called it Injun gift and made faces at him for his selfishness.

And this reminds me to say that Miss Mary Waring, of Clement, has in the art gallery of the exposition a beautiful oil painted folding genius, and it is to be raffled for the benefit of those same soldiers' graves. Miss Maude Andrews has it in charge and wants everybody to take a chance. If you don't draw it your money will not be lost.

THE RICHEST EX-SLAVE.

The wealthiest colored man in the South since the war, who has born a slave and set free by the emancipation proclamation, was Ben Montgomery, of Mississippi. He belonged to Joseph Davis first, and then to Jefferson Davis. For years before the war he was the Secretary of Hon. Joseph Davis, Jefferson Davis' elder brother. The Davises were large planters and owned the "Hurricanes" estate, consisting of three cotton plantations at the extreme lower end of Warren County, Miss., and about eighty or ninety miles below Vicksburg. There were between 12,000 and 15,000 acres of the finest land on the Mississippi river in these plantations and over 750 slaves.

All the letters respecting the business of these places for thirty years were written by Ben Montgomery. He frequently went to New Orleans on business for the Davises and carried with him once \$90,000 in money. He traveled with Davis all over the North, and could have run away fifty times had he wished. But he remained loyal to the last. The Davises were noted for their kindness to their plantations, probably, than any planters in the South, excepting the Hamptons. They kept a physician always on the places and in every way cared for their "colored people," as the slaves were frequently called. When Jefferson Davis and his brother Joseph left their homes, one as the President of the Southern Confederacy and the other as a brigadier-general, they put everything under Ben Montgomery's charge. He made the crops of 1861-62 and 1862-63, about 3,000 bales of cotton, and shipped it to New Orleans and sold it to foreign buyers for gold. This money he carefully sent to Davis. In 1865, when the slaves were emancipated, Davis sold the "Hurricanes" to Montgomery for \$300,000 in gold. When the federal "agents for the protection of abandoned property and lands" came to take possession of the Hurricanes, they found Ben Montgomery with a title so strong that it could not be upset and they left him in peaceful possession.

After the war he continued to plant these places, making every year from 1,100 to 2,200 bales of cotton, besides an abundance of corn and hay. In 1876 there being a balance due on the payments, Davis took the property back, but left Montgomery in charge. These places now yield a handsome income to Davis, who lives on the Mississippi shore at Beauvoir, but visits his old home once a year. Whenever he goes back to his former residence, all the old time negroes within fifty miles come to see "Old Mars Jeff." When Ben Montgomery died, in 1881, Davis went to his funeral, and there was no sinner mourner than he who once had the fate of a people upon his shoulders, as the grave of his old and life-long friend, though his slave.

The first cannon which came into use after the discovery of the explosive properties of gunpowder, during the 14th century, were called bombardiers. They consisted of iron bars bound together with hoops of the same metal. The first cannon balls fired from these primitive weapons were round stones. It is a mistake to suppose that breech-loading guns were not tried recently. They were made when cannon first came into use, but were soon abandoned because no one knew how to make them strong enough. Among the early cannon were culverins, which were made four times the length of a man, the early artillerymen having conceived the idea that the longer the gun the further it would carry.

CAPTAIN JOHN MONTOSH KELL: "The engagement between the Alabama and the Kearsarge guns lasted an hour and a quarter before the Alabama began to sink. The Kearsarge guns were throwing eleven inch shells into us and wiping our men from the deck like chessmen from a board. The mangled limbs so covered the deck that I had to have them thrown overboard in order that the crews might work the guns. The shells had struck several times by the side of one of our big guns, and one of them had cut down nine of the gun crew. Then a shell struck the breast of the gun and dropped down on the deck with a short time fuse burning rapidly.

HEROIC DEEDS.

Old Soldier's Recount Acts of Bravery in War Times.

Atlanta Constitution.

Have you ever thought of braving a hard soldier "what was the bravest thing you ever saw done during the war?" That is just what the Constitution asked a number of old soldiers on yesterday. And here is the result, and a very pretty collection of gallant things it is, too!

GOVERNOR GORDON was asked the most conspicuous example of bravery he ever saw on the other side.

"The finest exhibition of courage I ever saw on that side," said he, "was at Sharpsburg. It was the major who led their men against us. They had three or four lines, and he brought them up against us three or four times. We broke them as they came up, and when a line was broken he would put a fresh line in front of the broken one and bring them up again. In this way he brought them up until they were all broken. Then he tried to lead them up again but they would not come. I had told my men to hold their fire and I could see him gesticulating and urging his men on, but to no purpose. Finally he walked out about a third of the way, stuck his sword in the ground and stood in front of us with his arms folded, now and then looking over his shoulder at his men as if to say, 'I am going to stand here till I die or bring you up,' and they did come at last about two-thirds of the way. I tried hard to find out who he was, but I was knocked senseless about that time and never saw him again. The men said the last thing I said before I fell was, 'No don't hurt that man.'"

"Now give us one on our side," said the interviewer.

"I could give you a thousand that would make your hair stand on end," said the Governor, "but I cannot give you one: it would do injustice to ten thousand."

CAPTAIN W. H. HARRISON, who was on Gordon's staff in the army, tells the following:

"It was at Harper's Ferry, a short time before the surrender, and my company had been out all night on picket. Just at daybreak, when we began to see where we were, a man, named Miles Thornton, looked over his head and saw a pear tree full of ripe pears.

"Captain, let me go up and get some of them pears," said he.

"I told him to go ahead, if he wanted to, but he might get shot."

"Oh, no, I won't," he said, and began climbing the tree. A Yankee gunner on the other side of the river saw him, and just as he reached out his hand for a pear a shell went through the top of the tree about six feet over his head.

"Look out, Thornton," said I, "don't you see the yankees are shooting at you? They'll get your range in a minute, and the next shell will knock you out of there."

"Oh, no, cap'n," said he, "I won't get hit, just let me climb up where that shell went through." And the fellow climbed up and plucked a pear from the very spot where the shell had gone through.

"That man was shot through the left leg soon after that. It was badly broken, but he got two muskets for crutches, and was hobbling off the field when another ball struck his left elbow and broke his forearm all to splinters, so that he had to be amputated near the shoulder. He was captured and taken to Baltimore, and in less than a month from the time he was shot he had whittled out a wooden leg, which he used for years. He sat up in bed, and with his one hand and the stump of the other arm managed to draw the piece of wood down with his pocket knife until it was in the shape of a wooden leg, with a long piece that came up to his hip, and was held in place by a leather strap. That was his tax receiver of my country for several years, and died since the war."

JUDGE W. L. CALHOUN: "At Vicksburg our men were all heroes. They had been through a severe campaign, and every man who lacked grit had fallen off by the wayside long before the siege. I saw one example of desperate courage. A half dozen men were out in the trenches in front of our works, and a party of twenty of the enemy made a rush to capture them. They surrounded and captured them, but there was one man who would not surrender. With a dozen men pointed at him he defied them, and shot his lieutenant dead. The next moment his body was riddled with bullets, and the yankees buried him and put a stone to mark the spot where a brave man died.

"I saw another instance of dare devil daring which had a ludicrous end. When the enemy had just come up they brought out a little rifle piece and began out a little rifle piece and began shooting at our works. Lieutenant B. F. Walker got up and danced on the parapet, making all sorts of gestures at the gunners who were throwing shells over his head. I saw that they were getting down nearer to his range and told him they would take him off in a few minutes if he did not get down. 'No, they can't hit me,' he said, and as he could see the flash of the cannon he dropped down every time and escaped the shells. The first thing I knew Walker came tumbling down with the whole top of the parapet and a shower of clay. The thing was so ludicrous that I could not help laughing, though I thought he was killed. In a few moments he came crawling out of the clay and brushed himself off, a very crestfallen individual."

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ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

— There are 339 cotton mills in the Southern States.

— Mrs. Stonewall Jackson is said to be writing her husband's biography.

— Governor Biggs, of Delaware, made a big pile of money on his peach crop this year.

— The Japanese hitch their horses in the street by tying their forelegs together.

— Wild geese are flying southward several weeks earlier than usual. A sign of an early winter.

— It takes a smart man to tell a good lie, but nearly all men grow smarter the longer they are married.

— Many have an idea that they are serving the Lord when they are meddling with what is none of their business.

— The Knights of Honor have paid to the families of deceased members in the past sixteen years of their existence, \$27,500,000.

— It is not putting things in the right place that bothers a man so much as finding the right place after he has put things in it.

— The Baldwin Locomotive Works have recently turned out, for the Northern Pacific railroad, their ten thousandth locomotive.

— Railroad men say that more cars are being built at present than ever before, owing to the great corn and wheat crop in the West.

— The late King of Bavaria left debts which will be paid off at the rate of \$275,000 a year. The last payment will be made in 1905.

— It is stated that over 17,000 horses are slaughtered for food every year in Paris, and of this quantity two-thirds are used for sausages.

— The longest distance over which conversation by telephone is daily maintained is about seven hundred and fifty miles from Portland, Me., to Buffalo, N. Y.

— Statistics furnished by manufacturers of Massachusetts show that 85 per cent. of the workers in that State receive wages ranging from 75 cents to \$1 per day.

— According to the preliminary report the receipts of the patent office for the year ending June 30, 1889, were in excess of the expenditures to the amount of \$186,000.

— The heavy frosts last week did great damage to the tobacco crop in Kentucky and the Virginia. The loss in one county alone in Kentucky will amount to 500,000 pounds.

— It costs four hundred thousand dollars a year to keep up Central Park, New York. The land originally cost the city six million dollars, and is now estimated to be worth one hundred million.

— The average annual death rate in America from cholera, yellow fever, smallpox, typhoid fever, diphtheria and scarlet fever, all combined, does not reach the enormous total of deaths from consumption.

— A carriage maker of Armstrong county, Pa., has lately shipped to Persia a carriage, packed in boxes to facilitate transportation across the desert on camels' backs. The freight bill was about one hundred dollars.

— The well-known ladies are publishing articles on the subject, "What We Would Do if We Were Men." It is to be hoped that one of them will be sufficiently practical to say that she would learn how to sharpen a pencil.

— Horace Sebring, who poisoned an entire family at Three Oaks, Ind., for the purpose of securing property in order that he might marry a girl who refused him because of his poverty, has been sentenced to twenty-five years' imprisonment.

— Edward Bellamy, in "Looking Backward," says that one hundred years hence the servant girl question will be solved, and housekeeping will be conducted without servants. This is encouraging, but one hundred years seems like a long while to wait.

— The Campaign that is now being carried on in Ohio is said to be one of the bitterest and most heated ever known in the history of the State. Both parties are thoroughly aroused and making desperate efforts. There is no telling what the result will be.

— The growing of cigar leaf tobacco is proving a very successful industry in Florida. Her soil and climate are well suited to the growing of the weed. There are five large plantations containing 100 acres each and the yield, which is now being cut and cured from these plantations, is estimated at 5,000,000 pounds.

— A teacher put the following question to a young Sioux: "How do you parse, 'Mary milks the cow?'" The last word was disposed of as follows: "Cow is a noun, feminine gender, third person and stands for Mary." "Stands for Mary! How do you make that out?" "Because," said the intelligent pupil, "if the cow didn't stand for Mary how could Mary milk her?"

— The Australian government is building a fence of wire netting 3,000 miles long to divide New South Wales and Queensland, in order to keep the rabbits out of the latter country. Australia is keeping not less than \$125,000 per year to keep the pests down in what are known as crown lands. The offer is still kept up to \$100,000 to any man who will produce something that will exterminate the pests.

— John Jacob Astor died worth \$40,000,000 after beginning on a salary of \$2 a week for beating fur in a damp cellar. The \$40,000,000 left by him in 1848 has grown in 40 years to \$200,000,000. The Astors know the value of money, and never waste or spend it uselessly. The habits of the elder Astor were as regular as a Dutch clock. His only recreation was a game of checkers; his only beverage was a glass of ale after dinner.

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