

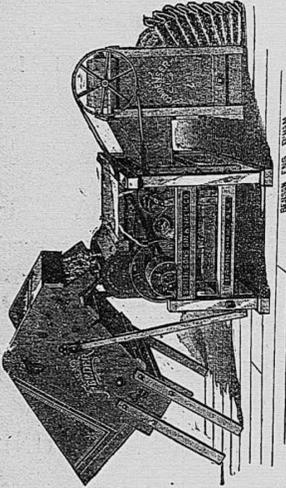
The Anderson Intelligencer.

BY CLINKSCALES & LANGSTON.

ANDERSON, S. C., THURSDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 11, 1890.

VOLUME XXV.—NO. 10.

THE NEW SMITH GIN, With Feeder and Condenser.



WITH REVOLVING HEAD.
THE BEST GIN MADE—embracing all improvements, and
correcting faults in others.

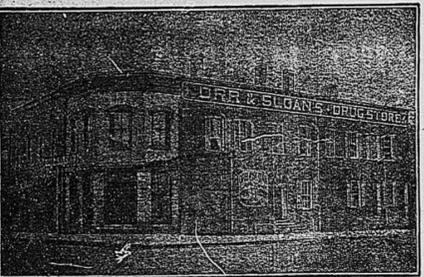
A PERFECT GIN!
THE ACME POWER COTTON PRESS.

THE BEST, CHEAPEST AND MOST PRACTICAL
COTTON SEED CRUSHER MADE.

BUY DeLOACH SAW MILLS.
A Four-horse Engine Runs Them.

HEADQUARTERS FOR FARM MACHINERY.

SULLIVAN HARDWARE CO.



\$5.00 \$5.00 \$5.00
REMEMBER that we offer our usual Premium of FIVE DOLLARS for the Lar-
gest Turnip raised from our Seed and brought into our Store by 15th November.
ORR & SLOAN.

HERE IS YOUR CHANCE!

WAGONS,
WAGONS,
WAGONS,
AT YOUR OWN PRICE.

I HAVE determined in the future not to handle Wagons, and for the next few
weeks I will offer the Wagons I now have on hand at Manufacturer's prices. Come
early and see me. I still keep on hand a big stock of—

BUCCIES, PHÆTONS, CARTS, ETC.

MY LIVERY STABLE

Is always open and ready for business.

J. L. McGEE.

ANDERSON
FOUNDRY AND MACHINE WORKS.

R. F. DIVVER, Proprietor.
Builder and Repairer of all kinds
of Machinery. Dealer in
Machinery Supplies.

I HAVE established a FIRST CLASS FOUNDRY in connection with my MA-
CHINE WORKS, and can supply you with any kind or style of CASTINGS, from
a pair of Fire Dogs to a Fine Iron Store Front. I also have a—
GIN REPAIRING DEPARTMENT,
Where your old Gins can be repaired at short notice. I have a supply of good
workmen, always ready to do your work, and will do it promptly. I am—
Manufacturers' Agent for all kinds of Machinery,
And keep on hand a large supply of BRASS GOODS, PIPING, FITTINGS,
OILS, &c. Also, New and Second hand ENGINES always on hand.
Come and see me.
May 8, 1889

FRESH GOODS.
REMEMBER, we sell Fresh Goods. We do not buy large bills, but small bills,
and in that way keep our stock, and have it all always fresh. No old, stale
goods.
We Buy all kinds Country Produce for Cash or Barter.
E. W. TAYLOR & CO.

TEACHERS' COLUMN.

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

A good many papers have been discussing Andrew Carnegie's statement that the colleges were not serviceable in fitting men for a successful business career. They have hurried to the rescue of the colleges, as if powder was to be exploded under their foundations. Now we do not believe the colleges will lose a single student by the remarks of Mr. Carnegie. He stated results, and inferred that the college was not needed. We think his facts are good, but his reasoning bad. We should put it thus: If college men fail, it is because the college has not done for them what it should do. Education pays everywhere—but there is a great deal in the colleges that is not education. There is a vast amount of poor teaching in colleges. There are men who are college professors who ought to go and learn the first principles of teaching. We think the most successful men as teachers (say in high schools) should be selected by the colleges. They too often furnish roosting places for the sons of the patros of the college.

WHAT SHOULD HE DO?

The other day a teacher heard of a two thousand dollar position. "Just the place he wanted." He did not stop to inquire if it was just the place that wanted him, but made application, post haste. A little questioning showed that he was utterly incompetent to fill the position. He had a certain accumulation of facts which he regarded as a sufficient stock in trade, but the business of teaching he knew nothing about. It was suggested that he spend three years at a normal school in order to qualify himself for the position he coveted. "Three years! He hadn't the time for that," but if he could just get the position and the salary for a few years, then he would see about attending the normal school "to top off with."

Sad mistake! It wasn't the "topping off" that he needed; he lacked the foundation. This is the trouble with nine-tenths of the people in every walk of life who are full of complaints that the world does not appreciate them. They are on tip-toe waiting to be called up higher; instead of listening to the inner voice that is continually calling them to better work and higher purposes.

The best positions do not go by favoritism, there is work to be done; men and women are wanted who can do it; not those who can think about it, and talk about it, and tell how it ought to be done, or how they would like to try it, or how much more they want at the salary than the one who is getting it. If you aspire to a higher place than you hold, don't waste time in talking, but qualify for the place; learn to do the work better than it is done and prove to the world that you can do it. You think that is the hardest task—to make the world believe in what you can do; no, it isn't. That is quite a job to be sure, but the very hardest thing of all is to do the work; to study, to think, to plan and dig away laying a solid foundation of training and capability—in the shifting sand of day-dreams and idle wishes. No man ever wished himself in to anything worth having. Few men ever worked honestly, intelligently, persistently to fit themselves for a position that was not glad to get them as soon as ever they were ready for it.

It signifies nothing that a thousand men are struggling for every single position; the man are not big enough; if you want the place you must be bigger than the man who is there now. You must grow so fast that your present place won't hold you. You must be so full of heat that something has got to crack; like a handful of corn in a popper.

"Shape, shake, shake. What does the man amount to? Shake, shake. Must be poor stuff; fetch the shovel, fetch the poker. Once more shake. Pop! Pop! Pop!!" Off comes the cover. Get the biggest dish in the house. It won't hold it all!

If you think the stuff is in you, shake, poke up the fire, and expand.

You see a boy to day; you see him in ten years. Why is he so much older than you expected to find him? It is a good question.—W. D., in *Practical Teacher*.

A Stupendous Task.

The present cannot boast of things remarkable beyond the precedent, for we do not read that when Alexandria was laid out "in the form of a plethron, or military cloak," to an architect named Dincrates was assigned the arrangement of the gardens, and he conceived the daring project of carving Mount Athos into a statue of Alexander, "with a city in the right hand and a reservoir in the left." But they knew not of the merits of the Cicuchona tree of those yet undiscovered primeval forests and fever and ailments thinned the ranks of soldiers and slaves. A bottle of Dr. Westmoreland's Galisaya Tonic would have been as nectar to them. Its medicinal virtues that alleviate debility, prostration, restore lost appetite, cure dyspepsia, invigorate the system, eradicate blood and malarial poison and ward off chills and fevers, would have brought fresh laurels to the marches of those conquering legions. It is for sale by all druggists.

A Disappointed Editor.

Arkansas Traveler.
Some time ago a rich old man, who was dying, sent to great haste for the editor of this paper. The editor knew that the old fellow had no relatives, and fondly mused as he went along over the probability of a large inheritance. "I'm glad you've come," said the old man in a deadly whisper. "Come closer." The editor approached. "You know that I have worked hard, and that I have earned every cent I have. Some time ago, you remember, I subscribed for your paper for six months. There is just one more number due me, and as I am dying, and can't wait till your next issue comes out, just give me a nickel and we'll call it square."

ARP IN CAMP.

Where He is Away From Care and Toil.
Atlanta Constitution.

I don't want a lodge in some vast wilderness as the tired poet did, but it is good for a man to get away from town and society once in awhile. Get away from newspapers and politics and business and town talk. Get away to some secluded, attractive spot and rest. A man can read the newspapers until he gets drawn in and absorbed in politics and gets excited and becomes an offensive partisan and gets to abusing folks, and like Carlyle exclaims: "England has a population of thirty millions—mostly fools." He calls to mind the old time, honored maxim, "Vox populi vox Dei," and mutters his disgust by changing it from Dei to diaboli and lunatici and other hard words. When he gets to that state of mind he had better quit the turbulent haunts of men for a few days and commune with nature and nature's God. The more politics, the less work. Look round the town and see who are the principal formers of political excitement. They are the gentlemen of leisure, the gentlemen who have nothing else to do. Some of them are the genteel vagabonds of society who never do a lick of work, but are supported by their kin. Of course, we have to have some of that sort to make up society, but I could never see why. The man who has to work all day absent much time and inclination for politics, and I have noticed that the best farmers are the most lukewarm politicians. When a man works hard all day he is too tired to read about or ride three or four miles at night to attend a meeting. I know some farmers who have quit their farms partly much and keep on the warpath hunting office, and I do hope they will get it, for their diligence deserves success. The trouble, though, is that office is scarce and the wanters are many, and so that gets up strife and contentions. These disturbances agitate the body and are not good for the soul, but in due time they will subside and everything be calm and serene.

I was ruminating about this while reclining "sub tegmine fagi," which is nearly all the Latin I remember. Our tent is pitched right at the foot of a mountain, and within ten feet of a crystal spring that gushes from its base. Laurel bushes and ivy and mountain ferns adorn the rocky sides just over the spring, and a grassy glade spreads out below it and follows the little stream to the river. Right in front of us looms up a higher and darker and steeper mountain that shuts us in from sunlight for half the morning. It is covered close with pines and fir trees, except where an occasional cliff shows its barren wall and invites you to the top of its dizzy precipice. This mountain seems awful near, but between us and its base flows the wide, foaming current of the Blowing, dashing and sparkling over the shoals, moaning and complaining its way with unremitting sound, and seeming to sing the poet's song—

Men may come, and men may go,
But I go on forever.

Does the water never get tired? The little stream that starts from Lake Issaca has 4,000 miles to go before it reaches the gulf, and it takes a year to make the long journey—a year by day and night, and then finds no rest, for its waters are mingled with the restless sea whose waters cast up mire and dirt and are ever moaning to the shore.

It is a peaceful luxury to recline in a camp chair and survey the majesty of nature and listen to her song. Up the stream and down and in the coves that separate these lofty mountains, are the ruins of a once happy and prosperous settlement. The immense furnace which breathes fire no more. The long high walls of machine-shops and foundries and four mills are still standing—standing in their stony strength without floors, or roofs or timbers. Pines and sycamores and blackberries have grown up inside and outside, and wild vines have covered the walls, until in many places the ruins show nothing but the huge doors and long lines of open windows.

The shadows of evening bring over the scene a wild, weird look of desolation that calls to mind Hood's "Haunted House." The tempest with its spoils had drifted in, Till each unwholesome stone was darkly spotted As thickly as the leopard's dappled skin, With leaves that rankly rotted.

Over all there hung a shadow and a fear, A sense of mystery the spirit haunted, And said as plain as whisper in the ear, "This place is haunted!"

In the coves and dells and along the foothills the humble working people lived in wooden houses with massive stone chimneys. The firebrand of war destroyed these humble homes, but the chimneys are there, secreted among the trees and vines as if ashamed of the work that man had done and hiding from the light. I have visited these ruins often, but find many sentiments I never found before. I found one near thirty feet in height, and it was embowered and hidden in succulent vines, whose autumn fruit attracted us to its hiding place.

Memory goes back thirty years, when the busy hum of machinery was heard all along the narrow neck that lies between the foothills and the river. Hundreds of strong arms and cunning hands were here earning honest money by honest toil, when old Mark Anthony Cooper lived near them, and like a prince and a patriarch cared for them and directed and governed them and was proud and happy and kindly in his work. He was the pioneer of the iron business in Georgia, and had there been no war would have left a monument more durable than marble. How grandly did the old man submit to the inevitable. How serenely did he bow to the course of events. I looked upon the staid marble that he erected in honor of the friends who had given him aid and encouragement. What a commentary upon life! There are thirty-eight notable names upon the marble, and they are all dead. The great enterprises that their money built up and nourished are all in ruins. The workmen are dead and their children scattered. But the everlasting hills are there with their mineral treasures, and the same beautiful river still murmurs as it flows:

Deafness Can't be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give one hundred dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that we cannot cure by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.
P. J. OHENEY & CO.,
Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Men may come and men may go, But I go on forever.

When a man sits in his arm chair and ruminates upon these things, how perishable seem the work of human kind. How insignificant the passing excitement of politics. How pregnant with vanity is man's ambition for power and place. How puerile the contentions of political leaders. Thirty years will find them in their silent graves or in the serene and yellow leaf of old age, forgotten if not forgiven, and a new set will be in their place, dancing to the same music and singing the same old song for office. Verily, it is better for a man to cling to the small, sweet pleasures of his home and fireside, look after the children and grandchildren, work and toil and enjoy rest and food and sleep; seek but few friends, and treasure them when found. Work while the day lasts, for the night cometh when no man can work.

Lions in Harness.

The very spirited illustration of three lions driven across by a man standing erect in a Roman chariot is familiar to most residents in London. It portrays, without the usual absurd exaggeration of mural art, an entertainment which is given daily at the French Exhibition at Earl's Court.

In the centre of a large circular space, which has been used during the past few years for the display of the Indians of the Wild West, the sports of the Roman amphitheatre, etc. is erected a smaller circle, securely surrounded with iron bars, having at the back an enclosed building containing dens. The "open season" of my last passed us into the private recesses of this prison house, the oldest being about 3 years of age. These consisted the trained troupe, and there was also a younger scholar who had just been added to the collection. The education of this one was just commencing, and he still retained the feline characteristics to such an extent that any approach to familiarity was met by a snarl which displayed the unshed milk teeth of the owner, looking as sharp and needle-like as those of a puppy.

The training of these young lions rarely occupies less space of time than twelve months, and is chiefly accomplished by kindness. Mr. Darling, their trainer, informed me that he regarded force as not being desirable, as it excited the animals to rebellion and was not conducive to obedience, whereas trained under the system adopted, each animal knows its name and answers to it. So successful are the methods employed by Mr. Darling that he has never been bitten by the animals during the time he has had them in hand.

In addition to the lions the collection includes two huge Bavarian boarhounds, which take a very prominent part in the performance. After this introduction to the performers I took my seat with the audience to witness the exhibition. Mr. Darling and his assistant entered the arena with the lions and one of the dogs; the former at the word of command leaped up upon pedestals and arranged themselves in pyramidal groups. While in this position Mr. Darling placed the ends of two scarfs in the mouths of the lions, forming festoons, over and under which the lions then mounted a tricycle, working the pedals, moving the front wheel with its feet, while the boarhound was pushing behind. The chariot was then brought forward; one lion entered readily between the shafts and two others took their places at either side, one prying rather refractory, but after sundry growls he submitted to the stronger will of the trainer, who mounted the chariot and drove the trio round the circle.

The performance is very distinct from that of the lion tamers in general, who rule their charges with rods of iron, and prod them with points worse than the stings of scorpions, utilizing the fear and terror of the animals at the superior power of man. Mr. Darling, on the other hand, is very familiar with the members of his troupe. The manner in which he took hold of the forelegs of one of the largest and pulled him down from his pedestal when he was not sufficiently quick in descending was amusing.

The lions are of African descent, but, like the majority of the species now in menageries, have all been born in captivity, and familiarized with man from their birth. Whether they will retain their docility as they advance toward their full size remains to be seen; but at present they offer the most complete specimens of trained lions that I have ever been the writer's fortune to witness.—*From the London Field*.

YOU DOO IN THE FORESTS.

Both White and Colored Flocking to Maxwell's Magician.
SAVANNAH, August 29.—Maxville, a hamlet in Florida seven miles south of Baldwin, on the Florida Central and Peninsula Railroad, is becoming famous for that place the past month or two. The town has a store and three houses, and the surrounding country is sparsely settled. Ordinarily no more than three or four passengers a week would make up its quota, but when the number increased to seventy-five, and then to one hundred and fifty, the persons under whose notice the increase came began an investigation. Your correspondent made a flying trip to Maxville yesterday, and interviewed Dr. Lisha Wilkinson, the great magic healer and voodoo of the negroes for hundreds of miles around.

The reporter arrived at Maxville at night, and had to ride a mule back two miles through the deep pine forests before reaching the doctor's habitation. On the way a camp of some fifteen or more colored people was passed, who, the guide said, had come from Northern Georgia to consult the doctor. They were all ranged around a big fire holding an excited consultation, and examining a big sheet of paper that one of them held. As the reporter approached they ran off into the woods, and nothing could induce them to converse with him. The guide said that this was the usual custom, the paper being some kind of magic voodoo or spell the doctor had given to them, and they thought that if strangers saw it it would lose its force and power. The party approached the house and the newspaper man went in. A short, stout man, with one eye bandaged, approached him, saying, "I was expecting you," and shook him by the hand. This upset the reporter, and for a moment he stood still looking at the celebrated doctor. His rugged, tanned face was one of shrewd determination, and his small gray eyes twinkled with unusual force. A slouch that was over his gray-white hair, while a rough flannel shirt, jeans trousers without suspenders, and big brogans completed his costume.

"Doctor," said the reporter, "I've got rheumatism the worst way in my back. What can you do for me?" The doctor motioned for him to bare his back. He did so. The doctor then ran his open hand over the bare flesh in circles and then did the same, using his index finger also. An uncomfortable feeling soon manifested itself, and it seemed as if that finger was a piece of red-hot iron. He stopped shortly and abruptly told the reporter to resume his clothing. Taking up a small square of pasteboard ruled into four squares, with the numbers 1, 10, 16, 54 in them, he gave that to the reporter and told him to read those off backward every night as he retired for a week, and after that the rheumatism would never be felt again. The reporter expressed his gratitude, and then had a long conversation with the "healer."

He said that this power to cure by touch any disease, wound or hurt was bestowed upon him when a young man by an utter stranger, and that he has practiced it for sixty years. "I can cure dropsy, rheumatism, cancer, etc. by looking at the patients, sometimes not even touching them," said he. "I can't say what this power is, but do all I can to cure them, and succeed when lots of doctors have given up the job. I can make absent and separated couples return to each other, make a woman love you, and find stolen and lost property. I know to day that you were coming." The reporter soon found out that the old fellow would not give any real details of his work, and so sought out some of his neighbors.

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"What do the niggers say about him?" repeated one of the old settlers. "Why they come hundreds of miles just to see him on all sorts of business. I have known them to come from the Carolinas, Georgia, Alabama, and from all parts of the State. They camp out when they come here and won't have anything to do with white folks. I've seen many a queer proceeding in their camps while here, dancing around the fire, 'voodoo' practice, and all that sort of mummerly. They think the world of him, and they will go without their last dollar to pay him a big sum. You see, he doesn't charge them anything. Oh, no! He knows a trick worth two of that. He tells them to 'compliment' him, and they strive to see who will give him the largest and most expensive 'compliments' in the way of money. I've known him to take in from \$50 to \$100 a day for days together. They go to him for fetishes to make some woman look upon them, for 'spells' to injure an enemy, or even to kill some one. He will look on one of them when brought before him and tell him to go back home, and that he will be well when he gets there.

"But the whites are helping 'Outlaw' to fill this fraud's coffers. He gets from fifty to two hundred letters a week, many of them enclosing money, asking for advice. He cannot read a line and these letters are simply opened, the money taken out, and the letters burned. He has never been known to answer a letter of any kind, even by proxy. He assures his dupes that he can treat them as well when they are at home as when near him.

"White women from New York, Chicago, Cincinnati, and other places visited him here last winter, and this summer hundreds of white ladies from towns within 200 miles have gone through the mummeries that he sometimes practices. He is worth many thousands of dollars gained in this way. He has no bank, but buries his money in the ground near his house and such is the reputation of the place that it would be a bold robber that would defy the 'doctor's' spell and try to secure it."

Several negroes expressed themselves in the utmost awe of the old doctor and his spells. One said that his wife had run off with another man, and that the doctor had changed her mind so that she returned home in a month. Another had lost a span of horses, and the doctor found them hundreds of miles from home. Still another had been bitten by a rattlesnake, the doctor put his hand on the

THREE NARROW ESCAPES.

A Travelling Railroad Man Tells a Thrilling Story.

New York Sun.
"I have been a travelling employee of different railroad companies for over twenty years," said George Coffee, now "lost car agent" of a western railroad, and in all that time I have made but three attempts to ride any part of one of my trips or spend any time on a locomotive. My first attempt was made some years ago, my second one last February, and my third only a week ago. If I live to be a travelling railroad man for a hundred years I'll never make a fourth attempt. I'll tell why.

"In the summer of 1875 I was making a trip over the Erie Railway. On my way east I had to stop at Lackawaxen. I got through my business there and met at the depot an old friend of mine, Doc Fuller, an Erie freight engineer. He was waiting for orders to pull out, on his way to Port Jervis. His train stood at the station and he expected to be able to get ahead as soon as his locomotive had finished taking water. He asked me to ride as far as Port Jervis in the engine cab with him, as the express train I was waiting for would not be at Lackawaxen for two hours. As we were talking Fuller got his orders, and I walked with him to his engine. He got into the cab and I followed him.

"Just as he was pulling the throttle open the telegraph operator at the station came running to the engine, shouting to me that he had a telegram for me. The engine was then moving. I seized the telegram, read it and found orders in it for me to go to Scranton the next day. I bade my old friend good by, and jumped off of the locomotive."

"While I was sitting at the hotel at Lackawaxen a couple of hours later, the news came that Doc Fuller's engine had exploded a few miles west of Port Jervis, and that Fuller, his fireman and the flagman of the train, who was riding on the engine, were all killed. The news was too true. The three men were literally torn to fragments and were scattered for hundreds of feet around. Scarcely a splinter of the locomotive was left. That was the first instance on record of a locomotive boiler exploding while the engine was running. I was terribly shocked at the fate of my friend, and my thankfulness for the telegram that saved me from the same death may be imagined.

"I had no inclination or cause to be a passenger on a locomotive from that time until one day in February last. I was on a business trip over the Baltimore and Ohio road, and found myself laid up at the little station of Denwood. I was all through, but there was no way to get anywhere else for half a day, except by way of a freight train, which ran by the station at about four miles an hour. When it came along I recognized Al Cunningham as the engineer. He hailed me, and without a moment's thought or hesitation I jumped on the step and climbed in the cab. I had no sooner done so than George Divine, the conductor of the train, came out of the telegraph office with orders, and stood waiting for the caboose at the end of the train to come along. He discovered me and shouted:

"Hello! You're just the man I want to see? Get off and wait for the caboose!" "I jumped from the engine and got on the caboose as it came along. I had scarcely reached the platform before the little train and everything in tow was shaken by the most tremendous explosion I ever heard. The train stopped with a jolt. I hurried from the cab with the rest and ran forward. I never saw such a sight. All that was left of the locomotive was the driving wheels and truck. The track was torn up for rods, and cars that stood on switches in the yard were battered to pieces by the flying parts of the locomotive that were hurled on all sides. We of course thought that Cunningham and his fireman had been torn to shreds, when what was our surprise to see Cunningham coming out of a field 200 feet from the scene of the explosion at one side of the track. Several ran to meet him and found that, although he had been buried headlong through the air and landed in the field seventy yards away, he had scarcely a scratch upon him. His fireman was found two car lengths back. He was lying on the hind end of the boiler with the cab upside down over him. He was not badly hurt. That explosion was the second one on record of a locomotive while in motion, and it was the most miraculous one as to harmlessness to life in the history of railroading. What my fate would have been if I had not been so opportunely called out of this cab I am not prepared to say, but I was entirely satisfied that I had been in the caboose at the time of the explosion instead of in the locomotive cab.

"A week or ten days ago I was in Susquehanna, on the Erie railway, and went to Lansboro, a mile below, at the foot of the Starucca viaduct, to have a good view of that stupendous piece of masonry from below. While there I walked to the station of the Albany and Susquehanna railroad, and there, with his locomotive on a switch, I found an engineer acquaintance named James Morgan. He told me he was waiting for the fast express to pass and asked me to get in the cab with him and see the flyer whizz by. I got in the cab, but then, remembering that I had important letters to get off east on the Erie and had not a moment to lose in getting back to Susquehanna, I got off mechanically to see it approach, and was thunderstruck to see Engineer Morgan jump for his lever and start his engine ahead, all steam on. The engine rushed forward. The siding was short and ended at a high embankment overlooking Starucca creek. It didn't take me three seconds to see what was the matter.

"The switchman had failed to turn back the switch when he led Morgan in from the main track. Morgan had discovered the fact. There was nothing to get the express from running on the siding right behind him. If Morgan was out of the way, the engineer of the express train could stop his train with the air brakes and avert disaster. If Morgan's locomotive stood in the way, a collision that would undoubtedly cause much loss of

life would result. Morgan did not hesitate a second. He drove his locomotive ahead to the end of the switch and beyond. It was hurled down the high embankment, and tumbled bottom side up in the creek. The express train and its human freight were saved. Poor Morgan was taken unconscious, from the wreck of his engine, and I hear that he died the same night.

"I hadn't the nerve to write my important letters that night. I had escaped three times from death on locomotives, and I then and there took a vow never to make another attempt to ride on a locomotive, or even get aboard one. I am superstitious enough to believe that to do so would simply be tempting fate, and that I would not escape again."

Should "Mother" be Spelled With a Capital?
We have received a dainty little note written in the small, somewhat cramped hand of a nice-year-old little woman, who writes us to know if a capital should not be used when writing the word "mother."

Should "Mother" be Spelled With a Capital?

We answer—yes, a hundred times yes, if that strengthens it. Your mother is more sacred to you than all the conventional rules of composition; more precious than any rule of rhetoric; more obligatory than all grammars. By all means spell mother's name with a capital. As she is now, may she ever be, higher than a mayor, more dignified than a governor, more commanding than a general, more honorable than a senator, more exalted than a President, a king, an emperor, or any potentate.

Spell mother with a capital, for the use of capitals is to bring out more prominently, to show reverence, respect or honor, and a mother should receive all these.

Let your heart dictate, as it has, the use of capitals when writing names; and what applies to mother is equally applicable to father, for though his love may not be so expressive, it is just as deep.

"Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee;" and one way that our sweet little correspondent can honor father and mother is by writing their names with capitals.

There is no love like mother's love—none so quick to forgive and forget, none so patient with weakness and folly, none so ready with the cloak of charity.

Write mother with a capital "M." Friends may desert you; relatives may pass you by; unnoticed, the world may look with scorn upon you, but mother never. Her love is unchangeable unless it is intensified by your exclusion.

Never let an opportunity pass to show your reverence, love, honor and obedience to your parents.

You ask if you should spell mother with a capital. We have given you our answer, and as you reflect the love of a loving mother, in the days to come when you have grown up and taken your place in the exalted ranks of motherhood, may you have as affectionate a daughter as your mother has.—*American Citizen*.

Women as Inventors.

It was a California woman who invented a baby carriage, which cost her \$50,000; while to Mrs. Catherine Greene, the wife and widow of Washington's ablest officer, is due the honor of inventing the cotton gin, which is one of those distinctly American inventions, the value and importance of which have been recognized by the whole industrial world. A horse-shoe machine, which turns out completed shoes, was the invention of a woman; and also the reaper and mower, the ideas of which came into the brain of Mrs. Ann Manning, of Plainfield, N. J., to whom is also accredited a clover cleaner. Mrs. Manning seems to have stimulated the inventive genius of her neighbors, for a few years after her reaper and mower was patented Mrs. Elizabeth Smith, of the same State, took out a patent for an improvement on the machine, being a device for changing the knives without stopping the wheels.

One of the most complicated machines ever made is that for the manufacture of reinforced bottom paper bags. It is so curiously ingenious that how it was contrived passes the ordinary comprehension. It was the invention of Miss Maggie Knight, who, from it and other inventions in the same line, realized a large fortune. A street-sweeper of great merit was devised and patented by a New York lady, who had a costly dress ruined by the mud splashed on it by a defective machine.

Most remarkable of all is the invention of Mrs. Mary B. Walton, for denuding the sound of car wheels. She lived near the elevated railroad in New York, and was greatly annoyed by the roaring trains passing her house. The most notable machinists and inventors of the country had given their attention to the subject without being able to furnish a solution, when a woman's brain did the work, and her application, proving perfectly successful, was adopted by the elevated roads, and she is now reaping the rewards of a happy thought.