The Watchman and Southron.

[illegible] WATCHMAN, Established April, 1850. "Be Just and Fear not--Let all the Ends thou Aims't at, be thy Country's, thy God's, and Truth's." THE TRUE SOUTHRON, Established June, 1866.

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SUMTER, S. C.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

[illegible] insertion $1 00

[illegible] insertion 50

[illegible] contracts, or longer will [illegible] which subserve private [illegible] and for advertisements [illegible] notices of respect will be [illegible] and notices of deaths pub[illegible] contracts for advertising [illegible] Southron, or apply at

N. G. OSTEEN,

Business Manager.

[illegible] said Mr. Wheaton, [illegible] Wheaton's face flushed scar[illegible] looked up at him, and, if I [illegible] a sharp reply got up as [illegible] that she choked it [illegible] part her lips. She [illegible] at me, but I looked [illegible] Mr. Wheaton all [illegible] unconscious of the [illegible] made in one ten[illegible] Then Mrs. [illegible] something about [illegible] and slipped out of the [illegible] ventured to [illegible] business [illegible] it concerned the [illegible] Well, since opera[illegible] was one with [illegible] acquaintance, [illegible] woman wit was at [illegible] I remember thinking [illegible] it was, at least in [illegible] she said was not non[illegible]

[illegible] Wheaton had gone out [illegible] moment or two of silence; [illegible] Mr. Wheaton and [illegible] and I presumed a [illegible]

[illegible] 'How long have you [illegible]

[illegible] ten years next May,' said [illegible] A year from next May, if we [illegible] spring, will be our silver [illegible] And yet it seems but yes[illegible] said I were sleighing [illegible] moonlight that Christmas [illegible] away from home for my [illegible] much to the chagrin and [illegible] of my sisters, because I [illegible] greater attractions at Lucy [illegible]

[illegible] I wonder,' said I speaking slowly [illegible] and as it were to my[illegible] I wonder if that Christmas holi[illegible] you would have spoken to Lucy [illegible] as you spoke to your wife just [illegible]

'How?' said Mr. Wheaton; and [illegible] sharply upon me.

'Nonsense!' I repeated; and I threw [illegible] my voice all the vigor and the [illegible] there had been in his. It [illegible] hazardous experiment, but Tom [illegible] were old friends; and at all [illegible] there was no drawing back [illegible]

He looked at me sharply for a mo[illegible] and I looked at him; then his eyes went back to the fire. 'Shoh!' said he, speaking to himself. 'I won[illegible]' and then quickly turning back to me, 'Do you suppose she minded it?'

'What did she get up and go out for without a word in reply?' I asked.

'To get her scissors, I believe,' said he.

I laughed at him. 'It is taking her a long time to find them,' I replied. 'Yes, she did mind it. If you had seen the quick flush in her face, and the quick look, first at you and then at me, and the choking at the throat, and the nervous movement of the hands you would not have doubted that she minded it. Suppose she had said to you 'Nonsense!' and fired at him again as explosively as [illegible] would you have liked [illegible]

[illegible] his head slowly; he was [illegible] the fire.

'[illegible] I did said to her, 'Non[illegible] (explosively as before), 'how [illegible] have liked it?'

'[illegible] have said you were no [illegible],' said Mr. Wheaton; 'but—'

'But what?' said I.

'By George, John, a fellow can't be anything all the time how he'll talk to his own wife, you know. If he don't be free at home, he can't be free anywhere. She ought not to be so sensitive. She knows I didn't [illegible] anything.'

'Tom,' said I, 'if any one else accused you of saying something when you didn't mean anything, you'd get colder in the face over it than she did just now. You did mean something. You meant exactly what you said. You thought what your wife [illegible] nonsense, and blurted it right [illegible]

'Well, it was nonsense,' said Mr. [illegible]

'[illegible] some of that,' said I; 'but [illegible] was no reason why [illegible] should not be so.'

'Do you always weigh your words when talking with your wife, as if you were in a witness box before a Philadelphia lawyer?'

'No matter what I do,' said I. 'Perhaps I have learned a lesson here to-night that will make me more careful hereafter. Of one thing I am sure, Tom: if we were as careful of our wives after twenty-five years of married life as we are of our girls in courtship—.'

But I did not finish my sentence, for just at that moment the door opened and Mrs. Wheaton came in. I had barely time to notice that she had forgotten what she went for; for she had no scissors in her hand, when Mr. Wheaton, in his warm, impulsive way, reached out his hand, caught hers, drew her to him, and said, 'Lucy, my dear, Mr. Laicus here has been giving me a regular going over for speaking to you as I did just now. It was nonsense, you know; but I had no business to tell you so; at least in that brutal style.'

She flushed redder than before; then stooped down; brushed the rich, black hair from off his forehead; put a kiss upon it; thanked me with her eyes; and then said, 'I declare I forgot my scissors after all,' and slipped out of the room again.

'John,' said Mr. Wheaton, grasping me by the hand, 'I am much obliged to you. I remember Lucy always had a sensitive soul; I wonder if I have been pricking it with sharp words without knowing it all these years. I think I have learned a lesson to-night which I shall not soon forget.'

'I think I have learned one, too,' I replied.—*Christian Union.*

A White House State Dinner.

How a Presidential Banquet is Conducted—Etiquette Observed in Placing the Guests.

A Washington correspondent says that the state dinners at the White House are somewhat changed under President Arthur. Formerly the great east room was not much used on these occasions, the guests being received by the President in the blue parlor, and thence escorted to the state dining room. Now, however, the guests are received in the east room, and spend some time there before going to the state dining-room, promenading slowly down the broad hall as they pass from the reception-room to the tables.

The details of these state events are quite interesting, and as your correspondent has recently had opportunity of witnessing them, it may not be inappropriate to tell how it is done. The table in the state dining-room in the White House will seat, by close crowding, thirty-six people. This, then, is the limit of the number invited, and usually there are not less than thirty on these occasions. Where it is convenient to do so, as many ladies as gentlemen are invited, though at diplomatic dinners, where all the foreign ministers here are to be present, it is found impossible to seat as many at the table as this plan would require, so that the rule is not followed.

The table is usually very handsomely ornamented with flowers, a huge floral design of some sort appearing as a center-piece and smaller ones near the ends. Two large golden candelabra or branching candlesticks, holding perhaps a dozen candles apiece—reminding one very much of the pictures of the 'golden candlestick" in the old family Bible—occupying places on the table, one at either end of the floral center-piece. These contain the finest of wax candles, which are lighted just before the dinner begins. Near the end of the table are smaller candelabra with perhaps a half dozen candles apiece, each having a little pink-lined shade at the top supported by a silver rod, which clasps the candle near the bottom.

The plates are placed 'right side up with care,' about thirty inches apart around the table. On each plate the napkin is laid, and on the napkin the boquet of rosebuds and sometimes lillies of the valley; for the gentlemen usually a single, half opened rosebud. Beside those are laid a card, one on each plate, and on it the name of the person who is to sit at this place.

The head of the table on these occasions is not at the end, but in the middle. The seat occupied by the President is half way up the side of the table, at which the guests enter. The lady whom he escorts to dinner sits at his right, and the honored guest on the occasion sits directly opposite the President, with his lady on his right. Those who arrange the table, and the order in which the guests sit, of course, arrange so that gentleman and wife do not sit side by side under any circumstances For instance, if Count Lewenhaupt should be delegated to escort Mrs. Secretary Chandler to dinner it would be an unpardonable error to designate to Secretary Chandler the second seat at the right of that occupied by Count Lewenhaupt, for, as the count's partner, Mrs. Chandler would occupy the seat at his right, that arrangement would bring Mrs. Chandler and Mr. Chandler neighbors. So that the person who arranges these features of the dinners often finds his task quite as puzzling as the 'fifteen-fourteen' brain-racker of a year or two ago.

When the arrangement for seating is completed, and each person has been assigned to his place, a card is prepared for each gentleman and placed in an envelope bearing his name. On one side of this card is a plan of the table, with each seat numbered. On the other side is the name of the lady whom he is to escort to the table, and the numbers of the seats they are to occupy. These envelopes are handed to the gentlemen as they enter by a gentlemanly usher named Allen, and as soon as the gentleman has 'shed' his outer garments he examines his cards, curses or blesses the fates which have consigned him to an uncongenial partner for the evening, and hies him to the east room, where, after paying his respects to the President, he hunts up his lady, and prepares for the evening. Meantime the Marine band has taken its place in the vestibule.

After a half-hour spent in conversation in the east room, the President gives the signal to an attendant, who passes it on to the band, which strikes up some appropriate selection, and the President giving his right arm to the lady whom he is to escort to dinner, leads the way to the dining-room. The others follow, each gentleman giving his arm to the lady designated by his card. The President usually takes to the table the wife of the secretary of state.

The promenade down the long hall to the dining-room is very slow, and is a striking and beautiful spectacle. The ladies, of course, are in evening costume—the handsomest that money and ingenuiety can provide—and the gentlemen in dress suits; the lights brilliant, the hall lined with flowers and tropical plants and the music entrancing. Arriving at the table the guests are seated in their order, and the dinner, which is usually in twelve or fourteen courses, with a half dozen different wines, occupies fully three hours, and, it may be added, is good.

That Bad Boy

TELLS HOW HIS MA'S PARROTT BREAKS UP A PRAYER MEETING—HIS PA A PUGILIST.

'You don't want to buy a good parrot, do you?' said the bad boy to the grocery man, as he put his wet mittens on top of the stove to dry, and kept his back to the stove so he could watch the grocery man and be prepared for a kick if the man should remember the rotten egg sign that the boy put in front of the grocery last week.

'Naw, I don't want no parrot. I had rather have a boy fool around than a parrot. But what's the matter with your ma's parrot? I thought she would not part with him for anything.'

'Well, she wouldn't until Wednesday night, but now she says she won't have him around, and I may have half I can get for him, and I thought maybe he would about suit you,' and the boy broke open a bunch of celery and took out a few tender stalks and rubbed them on a codfish to salt them, and began to bite the stalks, while he held the sole of one wet boot against the stove to dry it, making a smell of burned leather that came near turning the stomach of the cigar sign.

'Lookahere, boy, don't you call this a disreputable place. Some of the best people in this town come here,' said the grocery man, as he held up the cheese knife and grated his teeth as though he would like to jab it into the youth.

'O, that's all right. They come here 'cause you trust. But you make up what you lose by charging it to other people. Pa will make it hot for you the last of the week. He has been looking over your bill and comparing it with the hired girl, and she says we havn't ever had a prune, or a dried apple, or a raisin, or any cinnamon or crackers and cheese out of your store, and he says you are worse than the James brothers, and that you used to be a three-card monte man, and he will have you arrested for highway robbery. But you can settle that with pa. I like you because you are no ordinary sneak thief. You are a high-toned, gentlemanly sort of a bilk, and wouldn't take anything you couldn't lift. O, you keep your seat, and don't get excited. It does a man good to hear the truth from one who has got the nerve to tell it. But about the parrot. Ma has been away from home for a week, having a high old time in Chicago, going to the threatres and things, and while she was gone I guess the hired girl or somebody learned the parrot some new thing to say. A parrot that can only say 'Polly wants a cracker' don't amount to anything. What we need is new style parrots that can converse on the topics of the day, and say things original. Well, when ma got back I guess her conscience hurt for the way she had been carrying on in Chicago, and so when she heard the basement of the church was being frescoed she invited the committee to hold the Wednesday evening prayer meeting at our house. First, there were four people came, and ma asked pa to stay to make a quorum, and pa said seeing he had two pair, he guessed he would stay in, and if ma would deal him a queen he would have a full hand. I don't know what pa meant, but he plays draw poker sometimes. Anyway, there were eleven people came including the minister, and after they had talked about the neighbors a spell, and ma had showed the women a new tidy she had worked for the heathen, with a motto on it which pa had taught her, 'A contrite heart beats a bob-tailed flush,' and pa had talked to the men about a religious silver mine he was selling stock in, which he advised them as a friend to buy for the glory of the church, they all went into the back parlor and the minister led in prayer. He got down on his knees right under the parrot's cage, and you'd a dide to see polly hang onto the wires of the cage with one foot and drop an apple core on the minister's head. Ma shook her handkerchief at Polly, and looked sassy, and Polly got up on the perch and as the minister got warmed up, and began to raise the roof, Polly said, 'O dry up.' The minister had his eyes shut, but he opened one a little and looked at pa. Pa was tickled at the parrot, but when the minister looked at pa, as though it was him making irreverent remarks, pa was mad. The minister got to 'Amen' and then Polly shook himself and said, 'What you giving us,' and the minister got up and brushed the bird seed off his knees, and he looked mad. I thought ma would sink with mortification, and I was sitting on a piano stool, looking as pious as a Sunday school superintendant before he skips out with the bank funds, and ma looked at me as though she thought it was me that had been tampering with the parrot. Gosh, I never said a word to that parrot, and I can prove it by my chum. Well, the minister asked one of the sisters if she would pray, and she wasn't engaged, so she said with pleasure, and she kneeled down, but she corked herself cause she got one knee on a cast-iron dumb bell that I had been practicing with. She said 'O my,' in a disgusted sort of a way, and then she began to pray for the reformation of the youth of the land, and asked for the spirit to descend on the household, and particularly on the boy that was such a care and anxiety to his parents, and just then Polly said, O, pull down your vest.' Well, you'd a dide to see that woman look at me. She looked at ma as though she was wondering why she didn't hit me with a poker, but she went on, and Polly said' 'Wipe off your chin,' and then the lady got through and got up, and told ma it must be a great trial to have an idiotic child, and then ma was mad and said it wasn't half so bad as it was to be a kleptomaniac, and then the woman got up and said she wouldn't stay no longer, and pa said to me to take that parrot out doors, and that seemed to make them all good natured again. Ma said to take the parrot and give it to the poor. I took the cage and pointed my finger at the parrot and it looked at the woman and said 'old cataramaran,' and the woman tried to look pious and resigned, but she couldn't. As I was going out the door the parrot ruffled up his feathers and said, 'Dammit, set 'em up,' and I hurried out with the cage for fear he would say something bad, and the folks all held up their hands and said it was scandalous. Say, I wonder if a parrot can go to hell with the rest of the community? Well, I put the parrot in the wood shed, and after they had all had their innings, except pa, who acted as umpire, the meeting broke up, and ma says it is the last time she will have that gang at her house.'

'That must have been where your pa got his black eye,' said the grocery man, as he charged the bunch of celery to the boy's pa. 'Did the minister hit him, or was it one of the sisters?'

'O, he didn't get his black eye at prayer meeting!' said the boy, as he took the mittens off the stove and rubbed them to take the stiffening out. 'It was from boxing. Pa told my chum and me it was no harm to learn to box, cause we could defend ourselves, and he said he used to be a holy terror with the boxing glovee when he was a boy, and he has been giving us lessons. Well, he is no slouch now I tell you, and handles himself pretty well for a church member. I read in the paper how Zach Chandler played it on Conkling by getting Jem Mace, the prize-fighter to knock him silly, and I asked pa if he wouldn't let me bring a poor boy who had no father to teach him boxing, to our house to learn to box, and pa said certainly, fetch him along. He said he would be glad to do anything for a poor orphan. So I went down in the third ward and got an Irish boy by the name of Duffy, who can knock the socks off of any boy in the ward. He fit a prize fight once. It would make you laugh to see pa tell him how to hold his hands and how to guard his face. He told Duffy not to be afraid, but strike right out and hit for keeps. He was afraid pa would get mad if he hit him, and pa said, 'Nonsense, boy, knock me down if you can, and I will laugh ha! ha!' Well, Duffy he hauled back and gave pa one in the nose and another in both eyes, and cuffed him on the ear and punched him in the stomach, and lammed him in the mouth, and made his teeth bleed, and then he gave him a side-winder in both eyes, and pa pulled off the boxing-gloves and grabbed a chair, and we adjourned and went down stairs as though there was a panic. I haven't seen pa since. Was his eye very black?'

'Black, I should say so,' said the grocery man. 'And his nose seems to be trying to look into his left ear. He was at the market buying beef to put on it."

'O, beefsteak is no account. I must go and see him and tell him that an oyster is the best thing for a black eye. Well, I must go. A boy has a pretty hard time running a house the way it should be run,' and the boy went out and hung up a sign in front of the grocery: *'Frowy Butter a Speshully.'*

Oldest Tree in the World.

The oldest tree in the world, so far as any one knows, is the Bo tree of the sacred city of Amarapoora, in Burmah. It was planted 288 B C., and is therefore 2170 years old. Sir James Emerson Tennet gives reasons for believing that the tree is really of this wonderful age, and refers to historic documents in which it is mentioned at different dates, as 182 A. D., 223 A. D, and so on to the present day. 'To it,' says Sir James, 'kings have even dedicated their dominions, in testimony of belief that it is a branch of the identical tree under which Buddah reclined at Unrumelya when he underwent his apothesis.' Its leaves are carried away as streamers by pilgrims, but it is too sacred to touch with a knife, and therefore they are only gathered when they fall. The king oak in Windsor Forest, England, is 1,000 years old.

Brotherly Love.

A few days ago a stranger came to our city from Aiken sick and emaciated with consumption. He made himself known as D. A. Wagner, from Jersey City, N. J., and as a member of Lincoln Lodge, Knights of Pythias. His brothers of Vigilant Lodge, this city, provided a place for him in our excellent City Hospital, where he died and was buried by his order on Tuesday. The Knights gave him every attention, furnishing him with necessaries and luxuries and visited him daily during his sickness and bore the expense of his funeral services. 'Tis pleasant to note these acts of brotherly love coming from those who had never before met in life.—*Augusta News.*

[Written for the Watchman and Southron.]

A Chapter on Bees.

PART THIRD.

TRANSFERRING.

When to transfer? How to transfer? are questions often asked by those who have bees in the old box hives. The method is very simple. As to the time: a practical aparian may transfer with success at any period of the year; but it is generally conceded that the period of fruit blossoms is the best, as in the early spring there are but comparatively few bees, and little honey in the hives. When you have the new hive and all other appliances ready—everything that you think will be needed—we will say: a fine saw; a hammer; a chisel to cut the nails in the old hive; some thin strips of soft wood, a little longer than the depth of the frames; some transferring clasps, which are made of narrow strips of tin bent into shape over a frame, about an inch and a half on each side of it; a wide board to lay the combs on, and some old table cloth or sheeting folded to place under the brood, to prevent their heads from being mashed.

Now on some warm, still day, when the bees are very busy, go to the entrance of the old hive, and blow in some smoke. After the bees are aroused, which will cause them to fill with honey and become quiet, turn the hive up-side down and carry it a few feet away from the old stand, place a box over it that fits, as nearly as you can get, the top of the hive—any cracks that may be, you can stop with whatever is most handy at the time.

Now with a stick or hammer, rap on the lower hive for 15 or 20 minutes. The bees will fill themselves with honey, and, with the queen migrate to the upper box, where they will cluster. You may take an occasional look into the hive to see if they are all out. Sometimes a handful or so may remain on the combs, many of which will be young bees, and perfectly harmless, unless pinched in some way. Then they may remind you that they don't like to be pinched.

After they are in, set the box on the old stand, leaving the edge raised for ventilation, as well as to let the bees that are out, enter. If other bees do not trouble, as they are not apt to, if busily engaged on the flowers, you can go on with the work in the open air. If they do, you must go into some room where they can't get in easily. Now, with the chisel cut the nails in one side of the hive, and after loosening the comb take it off Take out the brood comb; have your frames laid on the cloth and ready to receive it; cut the pieces as near as possible to fit the frame; fasten them in with your thin strips, by laying one on each side of the comb opposite each other, and either tack them to the top and bottom of the frame, or tie them to each other across the top and bottom bar of same. You may wrap pieces of twine around them, or use your tin transferring clasps—in short, whatever plan your own genius may devise to get as much as possible of the brood comb, (that with small cells,) fastened in the frames. Have that containing brood kept together. As each frame is filled, hang it in the new hive to get it out of the way of the next, and so on until you have all the worker comb fastened in. Now be sure and place all the frames containing brood, together—all the empty frames to one side. Of course do not forget to put in some comb with honey in it to keep the colony from starving. Then place the hive on the old stand, raising the front a little; lay a wide board, or a newspaper, (*Watchman and Southron,*) right in front of it, then shake all the bees from the box, on it. They will go in at once, and shortly be at work.

Be sure and clean up all honey that may have dropped around, and do not leave anything with honey where the bees can get at it, as this will induce robbers, and perhaps cause the loss of your colony.

In a few days all the combs will be fastened to the frames. You may then blow in some smoke, open the hive and remove all the fastenings you had placed on the frames, when the work will be done. BEE-KEEPER.

The Freckle-Faced Girl.

How She Entertained a Visitor while Her Ma was Dressing.

'Ma's up stairs changing her dress,' said the freckle-faced little girl, tying her doll's bonnet strings and casting her eye about for a tidy large enough to serve as a shawl for that double-jointed young person.

'Oh, your mother needn't dress up for me,' replied the female agent of the missionary society, taking a self-satisfied view of herself in the mirror. 'Run up and tell her to come down just as she is in her every-day clothes, and not stand on ceremony.'

'Oh, but she hasn't got on her every-day clothes. Ma was all dressed up in her new brown silk, 'cause she expected Miss Dimond to-day. Miss Dimond always comes over here to show off her nice things, and ma don't mean to get left. When ma saw you coming she said 'The Dickens,' and I guess she was mad about something. Ma said if you saw her new dress she'd have to hear all about the poor heathen, who don't have silk, and you'd ask her for more money to buy hymn books to send to 'em. Say, do the nigger ladies use hymn book leaves to do their hair up in and make it frizzy? Ma says she guesses that's all the good the books do 'em, if they ever get any books. I wish my doll was a heathen.'

'Why, you wicked little girl, what do you want of a heathen doll?' inquired the missionary lady, taking a mental inventory of the new things in the parlor to get material for a homily on worldly extravagance.

'So folks would send her lots of nice things to wear and feel sorry to have her going about naked. Then she'd have hair to frizz, and I want a doll with truly hair, and eyes that roll up like Deacon Sliderback's when he says amen on Sunday. I ain't a wicked girl, either, 'cause Uncle Dick—you know uncle Dick, he's been out West and swears awful and smokes in the house—he says I'm a holy terror and he hopes I'll be an angel pretty soon. Ma'll be down in a minute, so you needn't take off your cloak. She said she said she'd box my ears if I asked you to. Ma's putting on that old dress she had last year, 'cause she said she didn't want you to think she was able to give much this time, and she needed a new muff worse than the queen of the cannon ball islands needed religion. Uncle Dick says you oughter go to the islands, 'cause you'd be safe there, and the natifs'd be sorry they was such sinners if anybody would send you to 'em. He says he never seen a heathen hungry enough to eat you, 'less 'twas a blind one, an' you'd set a blind pagan's teeth on edge so he'd never hanker after any more missionary. Uncle Dick's awful funny, and makes pa and ma die laughing sometimes.'

'Your Uncle Richard is a bad depraved wretch, and ought to have remained out West, where his style is appreciated. He sets a horrible example for little girls like you.'

'Oh, I think he's nice. He showed me how to slide down the bannisters, and he's teaching me how to whistle when ma ain't around. That's a pretty cloak you've got, ain't it? Do you buy all your good clothes with missionary money? Ma says you do.'

Just then the freckle-faced little girl's ma came into the parlor and kissed the missionary lady on the cheek and said she was delighted to see her, and they proceeded to have a real sociable chat. The little girl's ma can't understand why a person who professes to be so charitable as the missionary agent does should go over to Miss Dimond's and say such ill-natured things as she did, and she thinks the missionary is a double-faced gossip.

The cotton manufacturers of New England have acknowledged their inability to compete with the Southern cotton mills, and have appealed to the railroads for help. A committee of New York dry goods merchants, dealing in New England cotton manufactures, have presented a formal petition for a re-classification of domestics, which are now shipped as first class freight, on the ground that they were unable to compete in Cincinnati, Louisville, St Louis, and other centres of Western trade with the Southern manufacturers engaged in the production of certain classes of coarse cotton goods. The committee claimed that, because of their transportation facilities, and especially because of the cheapness of transportation, the Southern manufacturers of sheetings, and other like fabrics, are in a position to undersell the New England mills, and drive their products out of the market. In order to meet the competition of the Southern mills, they want the railroads to give them lower rates, thinking that if the freight rates on their goods now charged by the East and West trunk lines are lowered, they may be able to regain the trade they have already lost, and prevent further enroachment of the Southern manufacturers upon the territory heretofore supplied almost exclusively from New England.

The last issue of the Barnwell *People* describes W. B. Cash's recent exploit in Columbia, as follows:

Mr. W. B. Cash of Chesterfield, the son of his father, the duelist and defeated Independent candidate for Congress from the Sixth District, went to Columbia last Tuesday week in search of notoriety which he speedily found. Filled, as to his gigantic person, with much whiskey, and as to his pockets, with two big pistols, he inaugurated a free lecture on election frauds, in the office of the Grand Central Hotel. His auditors were the persecuted Fairfield Democrats who were standing their preliminary examinations before Commissioner Bauskett on the charge of conspiracy to prevent the exercise of the elective franchise by sundry citizens of African extraction. Mr. James Herron, an Irishman, from Monticello, feeble and fifty-seven years old, took offence at the conduct of Cash and rather rough language followed. Herron's friends informed Cash that Herron was under the influence of liquor and the proprietor requested Cash to change his quarters. He started away but some one 'snickered' and Cash returned, renewed the quarrel with Herron, was called a liar and retaliated by striking the old man several severe blows. They were separated, Cash drew a pistol and called for another antagonist, and peace was not restored until a positive policeman captured and carried off the combatants. They were released and appeared before Mayor Rhett the next morning, Cash being represented by Messrs. Snyder and Willard. Cash and Herron were each fined $20 for fighting and an additional fine of $10 was imposed on Cash for carrying concealed weapons. From this sentence he appealed, and Willard and Snyder claimed that as a United States Marshal he had the right to bear arms and that they had instructed him to carry pistols for his own protection. Cash flatly denied this and they claimed then that such instructions were general. An interesting case will grow out of this occurrence as to the powers and privileges of marshalls and their superiority over State and municipal laws. Cash was bound over by Trial Justice Marshall for trial at the next term of the court of Sessions, on the charge of carrying concealed weapons, E. M. Brayton becoming his surety. The officials refused to return the pistols to the son of the sand hills, and he went home, accompanied by another deputy marshal and armed with a lot of warrants for the democrats of Chesterfield. After getting into trouble Cash expressed regret for the attack on Mr. Herron, but his repentance came too late.

A Taunton, Mass., woman relates that she recently sat beside another, a stranger to her, in an Old Colony car. As the train passed Quincy the stranger pointed to the crowded burial place near the track and remarked in a complacent tone: 'I've got three of the best husband layin' there that ever woman had.'

MINCE PIE.

A geologian did sup
Upon a new mince pie;
He swore that all this night
Was but within his eye.

That night he tumbled into bed,
Amid his household gods,
When lo! across the counterpane
Crept fourteen decapods.

"Crustaceen curses!" cried the sage,
"Have I been taking tods?"
But, as he spoke, his pillow swarmed
With tetradecapods.

Poor man! the perspiration poured
(The kind one never fans),
For now the head-board's hideous with
Nine entomostracans.

He leaps, that geologian—
He strikes the cold, bare floor;
His dream is gone, his mind restored—
He eats mince pie no more.

UNHAPPY BIRDS.

Poets may weep to learn from an ornithologist who writes in the London *Globe* that bird life is far from idle happiness. Birds have all the bad qualities of mankind. They are deficient in love for their offspring, and have no more conjugal affection than the traditional rover. Their moral nature is frequently depraved. They hiss and scold and swear, and exhibit terrible pugnacity. The majority of singing birds have the temper of wasps, and are apparently never so happy as when they are quarreling. A fourth of their lives is spent in scolding and fighting. In their singing season, which is also their time for mating and contention, severe pitched battles, fought between candidates for matrimonial life, are of continual occurrence. The females fight furiously for the males, and when the contest is over the conquerors march on with the objects of their choice, unless they should be met on the road by other viragoes and compelled to give up their husbands by force. A male bird will allow two hens to fight for him until one or the other of them is killed, and then with due humility accompany the victor. At this period of the year the woods and the fields are the scenes of desperate battles. Shrieks of triumph or defeat mingle with the love notes of the newly-mated. The very songs we hear at dawn of day are more the result of rivalry and ambition than of joyous thanksgiving, the feathered songsters being desirous of drowning the voice of others or of excelling them in vocal power in presence of the females.

A CIRCUITOUS ROUTE.

The Vermont boy who went down cellar for a pitcher of cider by way of Deacon Perkins' trout-pond is not a circumstance, as an illustration of the circuitous method, to the telegraph messages which were sent last winter from Peterhead to Aberdeen by way of Scandinavia. It has always been supposed that the Vermont boy acted from choice, but the Scotch telegram took the roundabout course from necessity, for the hurricane and snow-drifts had cut off all direct communication. From Peterhead the messages were first sent under the North sea to Egersund, where they were translated into Norwegian by some of the polyglot clerks, of whom every continental telegraph office of any importance can boast. Thence they were dispatched by Arendal to Christiana, and from the Norwegian capital to Gothenburg, in Sweden. From Gothenburg they were forwarded to Newcastle, where they were "Englished," and then returned to Aberdeen by way of Edinburgh, six hours after leaving Peterhead.

It was in the campaign of 1860, when Stephen A. Douglas was running for President, and Beverly Tucker was one of his ardent supporters. They had dined in company, and the wine had flowed freely. Having changed his seat near the close of the feast, Douglas threw his arm affectionately around Tucker, and said, "Bev., when I am elected President, what shall I do for you?" "Doug.," replied Tucker, "when you are elected President, all I shall ask of you will be to put your arm around me, and call me Bev."

WRITE PLAINLY.

The rejection of the manuscript of an unfamiliar author is perhaps oftener on account of illegible handwriting than of lack of merit. There is no greater torture for an editor than to have to decipher a bad manuscript and the sense, especially of a poem, is frequently entirely lost in the tangled mass of wretched penmanship. Sir Francis Jeffrey knew so well the difficulty of forming a correct judgment of an article by a reading in manuscript, that, when he sent in his first article after he had retired from the Edinburgh *Review*, he had an understanding with Napier, his successor, that it should not be read till it appeared in the proof. A few years ago the editor of the *Saturday Review* was accustomed to have every article which appeared as if it might be worthy acceptance put into type before deciding upon it, for, as Charles Lamb says, there is no such raw and unsatisfactory reading as an article in manuscript. The same practice is followed by the editor of *Harper's Magazine*, it is said. Even authors of wide experience, like Thomas Moore and Macauley, were seldom able to form a judgment of their own works until they had seen how they looked in print.—*Boston Herald.*

THE MAN WHO RAN A DAILY.

Enough is as good as a feast for some men. A man in Hartford, Ct.—probably a relative of Mark Twain—yearned to run a daily. His yearning was satisfied. He run it three days, the last run being into the ground. In its obituary it says: "Our ambition to run a daily paper has been satisfied for the present. We have had the experience. * * * If anybody on the Hill hears to-night any particularly sonorous snoring, they may know that it is an ex-editor of a defunct city daily putting in a square night's sleep once more."

A New York paper says that that city lacks good water and good society to make it fairly comfortable.

News and Gossip.

Judge Aldrich congratulated the Georgetown Grand Jury last week upon the fact that there is less crime, particularly of an atrocious character, in that County than in any other County in the State.

A fashion writer says: 'Queen Victoria still wears the same fashion of hoopskirt that was in vougue twenty years ago.' It suits her, and she has a right to wear it. She is a Queen and rich, and can afford to wear any old thing that pleases her. Only the poor and weak-minded are slaves to fashion.

A compositor who was puzzling over one of Horace Greeley's manuscripts sagely and savagely observed: 'If Belshazzar had seen this handwriting on the wall he would have been more terrified than he was.'

The President will not consider the question of appointing a successor to the late Postmaster General until the lapse of a proper time after the funeral. The statute provides that a vacancy caused by the death of the head of any department may be filled for a period of ten days by the officer next in rank in that department or by some other officer whom the President may especially designate. If, however, at the expiration of that time the President is not ready to permanently fill the vacancy, he may, under the law as it is constructed, redesignate the same officer to act as head of the department for a further period of ten days.

During the bombardment of Alexandria, an English gunner picked up a lighted shell that had landed on the deck of the vessel and dropped it into a tub of water. For this act of heroism he has just been presented with the Victoria Cross on a blue ribbon, worth about two-bits. We should think he might have been given a dollar. It is worth more than that to pick up lighted shells and throw them into wash tubs.—*Cheek.*

The Mormons are persevering in their scheme to acquire political ascendancy in Arizona as they have already done in Idaho Five hundred families in Utah have just received orders to march to the Arizona settlements. This moving to Arizona has been progressing for years. Utah is merely the Mormon oven, into which raw European converts are placed to be cooked into genuine saints. As the oven is filled up, the cooked saints are pushed out along the Rocky Mountains, north and south, and the vacant room in Utah is utilized for the cooking of more saints.

Senator Van Wyck, shortly before adjournment of Congress, had passed a resolution calling upon the Secretary of the Treasury for copies of the vouchers audited by the department of justice for special attorneys' fees since January 1, 1882. The principal object which Mr. Van. Wyck was understood to have in view was to ascertain the amounts that have been paid to the attorneys in the star route cases. The document containing this information has just been printed, showing an aggregate amount of fees paid to special counsel since that date of $115,854. This does not include expenditures for fees of witnesses or other court expenses. The total amount to George Bliss is $59,069; total to Merrick, $20,000; total to Ker, $23,912; amounts paid Wells, Gibson, and Cook made up the $115,854.

Once upon a time a certain farmer god mad at the editor and stopped his paper. The next week he sold corn at 4 cents below the marked price. Then his property was sold for taxes because he didn't read the Sheriff's sales. He was arrested and fined $300 for going hunting on Sunday, because he didn't know it was Sunday; and he paid $300 for a lot of forged notes that had been advertised two weeks and the public cautioned not to negotiate them. He then paid a big Irishman, with a foot like a forge hammer, to kick him all the way to the newspaper office, and there he paid four year's supscription in advance, and made the editor sign an agreement to knock him down and rob him if he ever ordered his paper stopped again. Such is life without a newspaper.

It is rumored that the standard of admission to the South Carolina University is to be raised to five feet ten inches next term. The Examining Board, consisting of Profs. M. J., and D., will admit no one to the Freshman Class who weighs less than 150 pounds or more than 200 pounds, and who cannot eat four square meals at Mess No. 3, and jump fifteen hours a day. Last year, owing to the laxity of the examiners, two young men were admitted to the Freshman Class, one of whom had studied Algebra; the other of whom actually read one book of Cæsar. It is needless to say that neither of these men can jump; and the scandal which their admission has caused, has led to a demand on the part of the Trustees for greater thoroughness in examining candidates in future.—*S. C. Collegian.*

The oldest and largest wine vault in London, that of a dealer, employs a man who is said to be the most expert judge of beverages in the world. He is fond of exhibiting his skill for the amusement of visitors. He blindfolds himself, and four different kinds of sherry are poured into the same glass. He takes a mouthful and declares the component parts of the mixture, usually without a mistake. Then he experiments with port, and is wonderfully successful. He identifies numerous champagnes, even to the year of vintage. When a glass of an American brand was submitted, however, he hesitated, never having tasted it before, but said it was pretty good wine, with more brandy in it than it ought to have, and probably made from some northern-grown grape. A sample of apple-jack completely nonpulssed him.

'Mamma, is the old hen going to be sent away this summer?' 'No, Charlie, but why do you ask?' 'Well, I heard papa tell the new governess that they would have a fine time when he sent the old hen away for the summer.' Mamma put little Charlie to bed.