The Watchman and Southron.

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N. G. OSTEEN,
Business Manager.

THE RIVER OF TIME.

[illegible] I can a glean from the River of [illegible]

[illegible] flowing bumper, fill it high to the [illegible]

[illegible] drink to the friends who passed in their [illegible]

[illegible] drink to their shadows, fantastic and [illegible]

[illegible] what in death on the River of [illegible]

[illegible] lay on a rose, than a puff of the air, [illegible] the soul's fragrance to a king-[illegible]

[illegible] more man's treason, life's tor-[illegible] and care.

[illegible] to the bower where my dream-[illegible] begun,

[illegible] bygone days of gladness and [illegible]

[illegible] with my joy, on Time's River [illegible]

[illegible] for her sail, loud laughing [illegible]

[illegible] those days when the heart was [illegible] young,

[illegible] dreamed in the dreamlight of Hope's [illegible] star;

[illegible] the days when my free footsteps [illegible]

[illegible] mountain and valley, o'er streamlet [illegible]

[illegible] I played, while their glories [illegible]

[illegible] the smile of love's eye was the gem of [illegible]

[illegible] on that stream with the pride of [illegible]

[illegible] joy is a paradise whole.

[illegible] again shall one moment return,
With its morning of hope, and its garland of spring,
[illegible] down in the heart the embers that burn,
Round the dreams of my youth to cere-monies cling.

With the seasons that come, and the seasons that go,
As he counts the far years ere his manhood is born,
Youth's patience is long, and his bidding is slow,
And old Time's rolling river is compassed with scorn.

With the sunsets that fade, and the twilights that fall,
As he numbers the days, swift-wing'd in their flight,
He lays aside care at the Death-Angel's call,
Age turns to the past with a far fading sight;

"Where is genius?" he asks; "where is talent's reward?"
And he fixes his gaze on the River of Time;
"It is ground under foot by a cold-hearted horde,
The noisy in brass, and the cringers to crime."

And the river flows on, as I stand on its brink,
And the friends of a day pass by on the tide;
And the good and the true undeservedly sink,
And the bad and the bold undeservedly ride.

—*Hugh Farmer McDermott.*

Bill Arp.

On the Old School Speeches, Compositions, and a New Barrel of Flour.

It was about the close of a bright and happy day. We were all sitting in the broad piazza and Mrs. Arp had laid aside her spectacles and was talking about the old Hog mountain that she had been reading about in Joe Harris's pretty story, "At Teague Poteet." "Why," said she, "that Hog mountain is in old Gwinnett, away up north towards Gainesville, and I went to school there when I was a child. Aunty Bird taught us, and she was a saint, old soul. I know she is in heaven if anybody is. I wonder if it is the same Hog mountain—but I don't remember any of the "Poteets."

Good, honest, clever Tom Gordon, who lives a few miles above us, passed [illegible] we were talking, and Mrs. [illegible] memories took a fresh start as she [illegible]marked: "He was a good boy, [illegible] was. I went to school with him [illegible] Spencer, and I know his speech [illegible] now," and she rose forward, and [illegible] an anxious, excised counten-[illegible] and as she stretched forth her hand, "Is the gentleman done? is he completely done?" Mrs. Arp is mighty good on a speech, and her memory is wonderful, and so to tell her along I said, "and Charley Alden, what was his speech?" and without a moment's hesitation she took a new position and made one of these short neck bows and cleared her throat, and repeated with slow and solemn voice:

"On Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser rolling rapidly."

Then she put her other little foot forward, and brightened up as she continued:

"But Linden saw another sight."

And when she got down to the thick of the fight it was thrilling to hear her read to see her heroic attitude as she [illegible]:

"Wave Munich all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry."

[illegible] an imaginary flag all [illegible] hand.

[illegible] we had skipped our hands, for the girls had never seen their mother in that role before.

"And poor Thad Lowe," said I, "what was his speech?"

"So from the region of the north," said she.

"And Rennely Butler?" said I.

"At midnight in his guarded tent," and she gave us a whole verse of Marco Bozaris. She likes that and we begged her to go on and she went through that fighting verse where the Greeks came down like an avalanche and her martial patriotism was all aglow as she said:

"Strike for the green graves of your sires,
Strike for your altars and your fires,
God and your native land."

Goodness gracious! what a soldier she would have made.

It was my turn now, and so I put it on Jim Alexander's speech at my school:

"Make way for liberty, he cried,
Make way for liberty and died."

Jim was always cruising around for liberty, and the speech suited him mighty well. But Tom, his brother, had a liking for the law and spoke from Daniel Webster, "Gentlemen, this is a most extraordinary case." And there was Gib Wright, the biggest boy in school, who caaried his head on one side like he was fixing to be hung, and he came out on the floor with a flourish and made big demonstrations, fixing his No. 13 feet, and you would have thought he was going to speak something from Demosthenes or Ajax or Hercules or the rock of Gibraltar, when suddenly he stretched forth his big long arm and said:

"How doth the busy little bee
Improve each shining hour.

We never thought he would get to be a big lawyer and a judge, but he did.

And General Wofford was there too, and his speech was that of an Indian chief to the pale faces, and most every sentence began with "brothers;" and he whipped a big sassy Spaniard by the name of Del Gardo for imposing on us little boys, and then went off to fight the Mexicans for imposing on Uncle Sam, and ever since he has been fighting somebody, and I think he had rather do it than not.

And there was Jim Dunlap who used to spread himself and swell as he recited from Patrick Henry's great speech: "They tell us, sir, that we are weak; but when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week or the next year?" And he just pawed around and shook the floor as he exclaimed, "Give me liberty, or give me death!" Jim didn't carry as much weight before him as he carries now, but he was a whale and had a voice like a bass drum with a bull-frog in it. Jim was called on during the war to choose betwixt liberty and death, and he sorter split the difference and took neither, but he pulled through all right.

After this effort, which sorter exhausted me, Mrs. Arp recalled Melville Young's speech about "King Henry of Navarre," and Charley Norton's speech to the eagle, "Great bird of the wilderness, lonely and proud," and Charley Rowland's solemn dirge to Sir John Moore, "Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note," and then I was called on for my own speech and I had to stand up and advance forward and make a bow and say: "My name is Norval—on the Grampian hills my father fed his flocks." I remember that it took my teacher two weeks to keep me from saying, "my name is Norval on the Grampian hills," and he asked me what was my name off the Grampian hills, and finally I got the idea that I must put on the brakes after I said Norval and then make a new start for the hills.

Mrs. Arp then branched off on the compositions and recitations of the girls, and recited sweet little Mary Malthie's piece on the maniac: Stay jailer, stay and hear my woe," and Sallie Johnson's composition on "Hope."

"Hope! If it was not for hope man would die. Hope is a good invention. If it was not for hope, woman would mighty nigh give up the ship."

And that reminded me of Mack Montgomery's essay on money.

"Money! Money is a good invention. The world couldn't get along much without money. But folks oughtent to love money too good. They oughtent to banker after other folkes' money, for if they do its mighty apt to make 'em steal and rob. One day there was a lonesome traveler going along a lonesome road in the woods all solitary and alone by himself, without nobody at all with him, when suddenly in the twinkling of an eyeball out sprang a robber and shot him down, and it was all for money."

"When I am dead no pageant train
Shall waste their sorrows at my bier."

"That was my dear brother's speech," said she, "and it all came true. He was killed at Chicamauga. The cruel bullet went in his brain and he fell with his face to the foe and there was no pageant train; no kindred; no sorrows wasted; no time for sorrow; no loving hand; no burial for a long time. Oh, it is so sad even now to think about the poor dear boy. He was so good to us and we loved him."

Our school mates are few and far between now. Death has carried most of them away and those who are left are widely scattered. How the roads of life do fork—and some take one and some another. We are all like pickets skirmishing around, and one by one get picked off ourselves by the common foe. I had liked to have got picked off myself a day or two ago. The wagon had come from town with a few comforts and one was a barrel of flour. Mrs. Arp and the children always comes to the south porch when the wagon comes for they want to see it unloaded and feel good for a little while, and so when the hind gate was taken off and Mrs. Arp had wondered how we would get out the flour, I thought I would show her what a man could do. I rolled the barrel to me as I stood on the ground and gently eased it down on my manly knees. My opinion now is that there is a keg of lead in that barrel, for my knees gave way and I was falling backwards, and to keep the barrel from mashing me into a pancake or something else, I gave it a heave forward and let her go, and I fell on a pile of rocks that were laid around a cherry tree, and they were rough and ragged and sharp, and tore my left arm all to pieces and raked it to the bone. The blood streamed through my shirt sleeve and I was about to faint, for blood always makes me faint, when Mrs. Arp screamed for camphor, and the girls run for it, and before I could stop 'em they had campfire and turpentine fire poured all over my arm, and I went a dancing around like I was in a yaller jacket's nest. It liked to have killed me, shore enuf, but after while I rallied and went to bed. I haven't used that arm nor a finger on that hand till now, and go about sad and droopy. But I have had a power of sympathy, and Mrs. Arp is good—mighty good. And now I'm in a fix, for I can't shave but one side of my face and company is coming to-morrow.

Well, I used to could let down a barrel of flour—I used to could—but rolling years will change a man—anno domini will tell. I reckon by the time I get my neck broke I will begin to realize that I'm not the man I used to be, but as Cobe says, "if I could call back twenty year's I'd show 'em." The next time a barrel of flour comes to my house I will get two skids twenty-five feet long and let it roll out, see if I don't. But it's all right and I've had a power of sympathy, and sympathy is a good thing. I would almost die for sympathy I shall get well slowly—very slowly. But Mrs. Arp asked me this morning if I couldn't pick the raspberries for dinner with one hand—said she could swing a little basket round my neck. What a thoughtful, ingenious woman!

About Bathing.

The Royal Humane Society of London has just published a list of cautions to bathers, which may well be referred to the attention of our readers, at this season when bathing, either in salt or fresh water, will be freely practiced. The rules are not new, but practical and valuable, as follows:

Avoid bathing within two hours after a meal.

Avoid bathing when exhausted by fatigue or from any other cause.

Avoid bathing when the body is cooling after perspiration.

Avoid bathing altogether in the open air if, after having been a short time in the water, it causes a sense of chilliness with numbness of the hands and feet.

Bathe when the body is warm, provided no time is lost in getting into the water.

Avoid chilling the body by sitting or standing undressed on the banks or in boats after having been in the water.

Avoid remaining too long in the water—leave the water immediately if there is the slightest feeling of chilliness.

The vigorous and strong may bathe early in the morning on an empty stomach.

The young, and those who are weak, had better bathe two or three hours after a meal—the best time for such is from two to three hours after breakfast.

Those who are subject to giddiness or faintness, and those who suffer from palpitation and other sense of discomfort at the heart, should not bathe without first consulting their medical adviser.

Conversation.

A ready, easy and discreet talker is one of the rarest characters met with in society. And yet there is scarcely, a single other accomplishment that can render one so charming as can this. We are filled with admiration for him at once and if he be a person of fair character we find ourselves craving his friendship, that we may revel in the luxury of the words that fall from his lips. Good conversational powers give a man an influence among his fellows that he would never wield without it, and he who would help to elevate his race can do no better than to cultivate this rare gift. We also are in sorry need of it in our homes. There is great and lasting good to be accomplished by the parents in moulding the characters of their children and developing their young minds, to say nothing of the important work of perfecting their conversational powers, by conversing well in the family circle. Children are good listeners and admirable imitators; they will hear what you say and note how you say it. If you allow your table and fireside talks to be groveling in their nature, or gossip or in any way unworthy of you as cultivated men and women, you need expect nothing better of the children than that they will talk as father and mother do. If you indulge in "expressive" slang, so will they, and much also that is neither expressive nor fit for "ears polite."

Southern Timber Lands.

The New York *Commercial Bulletin* concedes that the South is destined to become the centre of the lumbering industries of America, and it predicts that the annual yield of this article in the Southern States will amount to more than $100,000,000, bringing in nearly as much as the cotton crop. It sees in the late heavy purchases by Northern and European capitalists of large tracts of Southern lands a proof of this. These corporations and syndicates see the future ahead, and they are wisely laying in their supply of the woodland now. The *Bulletin* says there is no doubt that now is the best chance for purchasing Southern timber lands cheaply; for, along with the rise of Southern prosperity generally, accompanied or inspired by railroad development, timber lands will advance much beyond their present value. It is true that the lumber market is somewhat overstocked just at present, and not much is to be gained by increasing the output, but in the prosperous future ahead this industry will grow and increase in the steady development of the country.

William Schmidt, a shoemaker, at No. 157 King street, Charleston, aged fifty-two years, committed suicide Monday morning at four o'clock. He placed a pistol to his mouth and blew his brains out. Death was instantaneous. He leaves a wife and three children.

That Bad Boy

HIS PA HEDGES—A FENIAN SCARE—DYNAMITE CARTRIDGES—THE OLD MAN LOSES HIS TEETH.

'I guess your pa's losses in the silver mine has made him crazy, haven't they,' said the grocery man to the bad boy, as he came in the store with his eye winkers singed off, and powder marks on his face and begun to play on the harmonica, as he sat down on a stick of stove wood, and balanced himself.

'O, I guess not. He has hedged. He got in with the deacon of another church, and sold some of his stock to him, and pa says if I will keep my condemn mouth shut he will unload the whole of it, if the churches hold out. He goes to a new church every night to a prayer meeting or anything, and makes ma go with him, to give him tone, and after meeting she talks with the sisters about how to piece a silk bed quilt, while pa gets in his work selling silver stock. I don't know but he will order some more stock from the factory, if he sells all he has got,' and the boy went on playing 'There is a laud that is fairer than Day.''

'But what was he slipping up street for the other night with his hat off, grabbing at his coat tails as though they were on fire? I thought I never saw a pussy man run any faster. And what was the celebration down on your street about that time? I thought the world was coming to an end,' and the grocery man kept away from the boy, for fear he would explode.

Oh, that was only a Fenian scare. Nothing serious. You see pa is a sort of half Englishman. He claims to be an American citizen, when he wants office, but when they talk about a draft he claims to be a subject of Great Britian, and he says they can't touch him. Pa is a darn smart man, and don't you forget it. There don't many of them get ahead of pa, much. Well pa has said a good deal about the wicked Fenians, and that they ought to be pulled, and when I read the story in the papers about the explosion in the British Parliment pa was hot. He said the dam nirish was running the whole world. He didn't dare say it at the table or our hired girl would have knocked him silly with a spoonful of mashed potatoes, 'cause she is a nirish girl, and she can lick any Englishman in this town. Pa says there ought to have been somebody there to have taken that bomb up and throwd it in the sewer before it exploded. He said if he ever should see a bomb he would grab it right up and throw it away where it wouldn't hurt anybody. Pa has me read the papers to him nights, cause his eyes have got splinters in 'em and after I had read all there was in the paper I made up a lot more and pretended to read it, about how it was rumored that the Fenians here in Milwaukee were going to place dynamite bombs at every house where an Englishman lived, and at a given signal blow them all up. Pa looked pale around the gills, but he said he wasn't scared. Pa and ma were going to call on a she deacon that night, that has lots of money in the bank, to see if she didn't want to invest in a dead sure paying silver mine, and me and my chum concluded to give them a send off. We got my big black ingy rubber foot-ball, and painted 'Dinymight'' in big white letters on it, and tied a piece of tarred rope to it for a fuse, and got a big firecracker, one of these old fourth of July horse scarers, and a basket full of broken glass. We put the foot-ball in front of the step, and lit the tarred rope, and got under the step with the firecracker and basket, where they go down into the basement. Pa and ma came out the front door, and down the steps, and pa saw the foot-ball, and the burning fuse, and he said, 'Great God, Hanner, we are blowed up,' and he started to run, and ma stopped to look at it. Just as pa started to run I touched off the firecracker, and my chum arranged it to pour out the broken glass on the brick pavement just as the firecracker went off. Well, everything went just as we expected, except ma. She had examined the foot ball, and concluded it was not dangerous, and was just giving it a kick as the fire-cracker went off, and the glass fell, and the firecracker was so near her that it scared her, and when pa looked around ma was flying across the sidewalk, and pa heard the noise and he thought the house was blown to atoms. O, you'd died to see him go around the corner. You could play crokay on his coat-tail, and his face was as pale as ma's when she goes to a party. But ma didn't scare much. As quick as she stopped against the hitching post she knew it was us boys, and she came down there, and maybe she didn't maul me. I cried and tried to gain her sympathy by telling her the firecracker went off before it was due, and burned my eyebrows off, but she didn't let up until I promised to go and find pa. I tell you my ma ought to be engaged to the British government to hunt out the dynamite fiends. She would corral them in two minutes. If pa had as much sand as ma has got, it would be warm weather for me. Well, me and my chum went and headed pa off or I guess he would be running yet. We got him up by the lake shore, and he wanted to know if the house fell down. He said he would leave it to me if he ever said anything against the Fenians, and I told him he had always claimed that the Fenians were the nicest men in the world, and it seemed to relieve him very much. When he got home and found the house there he was so tickled, and when ma called him an old bald-headed coward, and said it was only a joke of the boys with a foot ball, he laughed right out, and said he knew it all the time, and run to see if ma would be scared. And then he wanted to hug me, but it wasn't my night to hug and I went down to the theatre. Pa don't amount to much when there is trouble. The time that ma had them cramps, you remember, when you got your cucumbers first last season, pa [illegible] near fainting away, and ma said ever since they had been married when anything ailed her, pa has had pains just the same as she has, only he grunted more, and thought he was going to die. Gosh, if I was a man I wouldn't be sick every time one of the neighbors had the back ache, wou'd you?'

'Well, you can't tell. When you have been married twenty or thirty years you will know a good deal more than you do now. You think you know it all now, and you are pretty intelligent for a boy that has been brought up carelessly, but there are things that you will learn after awhile that will astonish you. But what ails your pa's teeth? The hired girl was over here to get some corn meal for gruel, and she said your pa was gumming it since he had lost his teeth.'

'O, about the teeth. That was too bad. You see my chum has got a dog that is old, and his teeth have all come out in front, and this morning I borrowed pa's teeth before he got up to see if we couldn't fix them in the dog's mouth so he could eat better. Pa says it is an evidence of a kind heart for a boy to be good to dumb animals, but its a darn mean dog that will go back on a friend. We tied the teeth in the dog's mouth with a string that went around his upper jaw, and another around his under jaw, and you'd dide to see how funny he looked when he laughed. He looked just like pa when he tried to smile so as to get me to come up to him when he wants to lick me. The dog pawed his mouth a spell to get the teeth out, and then we gave him a bone with some meat on, and he began to knaw the bone, and the teeth came off the plate, and he thought it was a piece of the bone, and he swallowed the teeth. My chum noticed it first, and he said we had got to get in our work pretty quick to save the plate, and I think we were in luck to save them. I held the dog, and my chum, who was better acquainted with him, untied the strings and got the gold plates out, but there were only two teeth left, and the dog was happy. He woggled his tail for more teeth, but we hadn't any more. I am going to give him ma's teeth some day. My chum says when a dog gets an appetite for anything you have got to keep giving it to him or he goes back on you. But I think my chum played mean on me. We sold the gold plate to a jewelry man, and my chum kept the money. I think, as long as I furnished the goods, he ought to have given me something besides the experience, don't you? After this I don't have no more partners, you bet.' All this time the boy was marking on a piece of paper, and soon after he went out the grocery man noticed a crowd outside, and going out he found a sign hanging up wich read, 'Wormy Figs for Parties.'

The Great Bridge.

The New York and Brooklyn Bridge, which was opened to the public on the 24th of May, is unquestionably the most magnificent structure that human skill ever brought to triumphant completion. It is too grand an object to be limited to a local pride and praise. It has a national relationship, and the whole nation is proud of this achievement of beauty and grace, of grandeur and inconceivable ponderousness, and everlasting solidity.

Few people who gaze with admiration and wonder upon this structure, have any conception of the magnitude of the work in detail, or of the difficulties that had to be overcome, from the laying of the deep foundations of the towers to the completion of the beautiful aerial span that unites the two cities. A full description of the bridge would require an extended space, hence, only a mention of some of the prominent features can be made. The illustrious engineer, John A. Roebeling, who was appointed to conduct this great undertaking, did not live to see the accomplishment of his plans. Fortunately he was succeeded by his son, Washington A. Roebeling, a man of great engineering ability, who had been associated with his father in many of his principal works. The work of preparing the site of the foundation of the Brooklyn tower was commenced in January, 1870. The towers are built at the extreme warf line in deep water. The depth to the solid rock bed below the river bottom rendered the task of laying the foundation of the towers a most arduous and difficult one, and the engineering skill involved in this work is truly marvelous. The total length of the bridge is 5,989 feet. The length of the aerial span from tower to tower is nearly 1,600 feet, the central altitude of the span being 135 feet above mean high water mark.

The immense steel cables rest on the top of the tall towers and are not fastened to them, but are anchord inland at a distance of 930 feet back from the towers. The anchors are of solid masonry and weigh about 60,000 tons each, sufficient beyond all measure to resist the pull on the cables. The weight of the central span—that is the suspended structure—is 6,740 tons. The four large cables are 15 3-4 inches in diameter and are constructed of wires in parallel form, and bound together by a continuous wrapping of wire. Each cable contains 19 strands of 278 wires each.

There are five avenues on the bridge. The two outside ones, nearly 19 feet wide, are for the use of vehicles. The central avenue, used for a foot way has a width of 15 1-2 feet, and is 12 feet higher than the side avenues. The cost of the bridge is $15,500,000. The view from the bridge is very fine, as it takes in New York, Brooklyn and all the adjacent country.—*The South. N. Y.*

The *Sentinel* says the Barnwell train run over a flock of terrapins last week; the engineer approaching saw the danger and slackened speed in time to prevent any damage.

Old Si on Colored Conventions.

Old Si was mustering the electrotype 'ads' on the standing galley for general inspection when the political editor asked him:

'Si, why don't you get elected a delegate to the great colored convention in Washington City?'

The old man turned slowly around and looked at his questioner with an injured expression.

'Hez enny ob you ketch'd on ter enny signs dat my mind ar' gibbin' way ennywhars?'

'Not at all.'

'Hab you notis'd dat I'se got to forgittin' tings an' turnin' 'roun' in de rode widout makin' er cross-mark and spittin' in de middle ob hit?'

'Certainly not.'

'Den what's de meanin' ob dis heah 'tack on me, widout springin' yer rat tle ter gib me wahnin?'

'Why, the question seems to have upset you. What's the matter'

'Kase yer all kno's dat if dar's wun 'bominashun 'buv ernudder dat I 'spises hits er nigger kunvenshun! Hits mos'ly med up outen las' yeah's linen dusters an' er conkergashun ob plug hats dat went to protess 'bout de time de Freedmun Bank busted! De niggers what inhabits de gyrmints is mos'ly ob de two-dollar bran' on 'leckshun day an' is s'ported by dere washerwoman wives de balunce ob de time.'

'And you don't propose to run with that breed of patriots?'

'No, sah. I hez grate kunsarn fer de 'provement of de cullud people, but I ain't lookin' for enny ob hit on flatforms at kunvenshuns an' de powwows ob er lot ob coons in summer coschume. De only kunvenshun dat kin help de cullud people, put bred in dere tray, shoes on dere feet, roofs on dere houses an' respecks for dem in de minds ob de fokes at large—is de wun dat hits hardes' ter git 'em ter flock ter!'

'And what is that.'

'Hits er labor kunvenshun, hilt in seckshuns, whar de stompin'-grouns is in de fields an' every delegit ar er kommittee ob wun on er hoe—an' de oney rezurlushun ar' sun up 'till sun down, six days in ebery week—dat'll fetch relief ter de nigger, an' hit's de oney ting dat will!'

And the old man borrowed a dime and shuffled out.—*Georgia Major.*

An Important Errand.

A conductor on a Missouri, Kansas and Texas train approached a swell-looking colored woman, arrayed in all the glories that ribbons can lend, and asked her for her ticket.

'Go way fum y'ah! Doan' bodder me with none yo' foolishness!' she exclaimed, bridling with indignation.

'Come, give up your ticket!' remonstrated the conductor.

'I tole yo' go way fum y'ah! I done got no ticket, an' I don' want no foolishness!'

'If you don't give me a ticket or pay your fare, I'll put you off the train!' growled the exasperated functionary.

'Yo' don' put me off no train, now, I tole yo' fer suah!' retorted the darkey. Ise got biziness down yere dat yo' can't postpone. Ef yo' put me off de train, yo' done got in a fuss, suah's yo' bo'n!'

'Where are you going, anyway? What's your business?' demanded the conductor rather impressed by her manner.

'I'se gwine to de hangin' a piece down yere, an' mo'n dat, I'se gwine an' yo' can't stop me!'

'Who are they going to hang?' asked a passenger, who had become interested in the discussion.

'Dey's gwine fer ter hang my husband, and I'se to be de only lady present. Go way fum y'ah! Don' fool with me! Ef yo' think yo's gwine ter get me off dis train an' beat me out'n de last chance o' layin' over that nigga's mudder an' sister, who can't get in and won't stay out, yo' don' know nothin' about de strength of a wife's devotion! Go way fum y'ah! Rudder dan lose de chance of breakin' dem nigga's hearts, I done put dis heel under yo' railroad an' lift it over de State line! Go way fum y'ah!

The conductor let her ride free, but whether to save the railroad or let her last opportunity to get square with her mother-in-law, was not apparent on his returns.—*Detroit Free Press.*

De Naixt Lady.

At a negro baptizing the other day, a slim preacher took a fat sister down into the murky waters of a bayou. Just as he dipped her under the water, she slipped from his grasp, and gliding under the root of a large cypress tree, from which sad entanglement it was impossible to extricate her until life was extinct. The preacher, without the slightest show of embarrassment, raised his hands, and turning to the crowd on the bank, exclaimed:

'The Lawd gibbeth an' de Lawd taketh away, an' blessed be de name ob de Lawd.'

'Dat's all right, so fur as de Lawd's consarned,' replied the drowned woman's husband, 'but what's I gwine ter do? I ain't got no 'jection ter de Lawd takin' her away, ef he 'vides me wid anoder wife, 'bout de same size.'

'De Lawd knows his own business,' said the preacher.

'But dat ain't de pint,' persisted the husband. 'I wants a wife, an' I wants her right heah. Yerse'f tuck dat 'oman inter de water, an' I'se gwine ter hole yerse'f' sponsible. I'll gin yer ten minits ter git me a wife, an' ef at de eend ob dat time you ain't done made de 'rangements, I'll maul yer till yer couldn't baptize a cat. Does yer heah?'

The preacher reflected a moment, and addressing a sister, said: 'Sister Kate, ter keep down a 'sturbance, won't yerse'f marry de gen'leman?'

The sister agreed that immediate matrimony was somewhat in her line and the grief stricken husband, turning to the preacher, exclaimed: "De settlement am satisfactory, brudder. Souse de naixt lady.—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

Red Brazilian Artichoke.

THE CHEAPEST HOG FOOD KNOWN.

The plant was introduced into the United States two years ago and distributed by the Agricultural Department at Washington in small quantities to farmers in different parts of the country as an experiment to test their value as a stock food. The experiment has proven to be of more benefit to the agriculturists of the Southern and Western States than anything the Department has ever done for them—it being demonstrated by all who planted them as yielding more food per acre than anything ever introduced in the country. This plant is very different from the old Jerusalem Artichoke that grows spontaneous over the country. It grows on medium land in fertility from 8 to 10 feet high, furnishing heavy branches and foliage, which enables it to feed heavily on ærial food, causing it to be less dependent on the ground for sustenance. Its heavy foliage also causes it to keep the ground clear of grass and weeds, making cultivation light, and the shade furnished also keeps it from being so severely damaged by drought. All farmers that have seen it growing think it to be as good a renovator towards enriching land as clover, as it grows luxuriantly on thin land, and the heavy foliage turned under would amount to as much or more than a crop of clover; besides, the crop of roots furnished would amount to more than a crop of corn for your hogs, and you have no trouble in getting a stand, which farmers often do with clover. The roots grow and resemble the Irish potato, both in size and shape, it being more palatable. They will lie in a half inch of the surface of the ground all winter without sprouting or rotting. This enables the farmer to allow his hogs to run on them all winter and gather their own food. Its average yield as well as the testimony of LeDuc, is from 800 to 1,500 bushels per acre. This is from 20 to 30 times as many bushels of artichokes as you could raise bushels of corn on your best land, and 20 to 30 bushels of anything that stock relish and fatten rapidly on is certainly worth more than one bushel of corn, besides it doesn't cost half as much labor to cultivate and no labor at all to gather. They should be planted early in the Spring, from 10 to 12 inches apart, in rows three feet apart; cover and cultivate as you do corn. This is undoubtedly the most prolific and desirable plant ever introduced in the country, as it furnishes a winter food for hogs that has long been wanted and needed by the hog raiser.

This information is furnished by Mr. John J. McGavock, of Nashville, Tennessee.

When to Cut Grass.

The Lancaster (Pa) *Farmer*, treating on this subject, says the method of curing grass varies greatly among farmers, some drying it more than others. Too much drying impairs the feeding quality of the hay. In curing, some put hay into the mow while green in color, but not so green in condition as to heat. This method was deemed the best. One day of curing of grass that had been cut free from dew, was ordinarily enough to cure the grass. When or at what stage of growth should grass be cut for hay was a question often discussed. It was generally conceded that early-cut grass made hay of a better quality than that cut late. Early-cut fodder was more digestible than late cut, the digestible nutriment being the measure of value. Young plants were richer in proteine than late cut, and therefore more nutritions; but not only quality, but the quantity, from a given area had to be considered, which complicated the problem. The proteine, after the grass blossoms, was transferred to forming seeds, the stem or stalk. As the woody fibre was forming, the proteine increased in both leaves and stalks. The older the plant the less digestible it was. The increase of quantity was at the expense of quality. Seeds were not masticable, and for practical purposes hay that was fully ripe was little, if any, better than straw. If but one crop had to be cut, the cutting ought to be done when the plants begin to bloom. The results of experiments are given to show that it has always proved more profitable to cut two or three crops of young grass than one crop of ripe grass; in practice, however, it has to be remembered that the fertility of the soil, the length of the season and the cost of labor are all elements that must enter into the calculation. No general and inflexible rules could be laid down in this matter. Early cutting favors quality, while late cutting favors quantity. The quality of a second crop varies according to the richness of the soil and the time of cutting the first crop. If cut at a comparatively early date of its growth, and properly cured, it is a valuable fodder for milch cows and sheep. It requires more skill and care in curing than the first crop, or it suffers loss in quality.

Judge Fraser made at Lexington last week two rulings which are somewhat at variance with those of several other Circuit Judges, and which will have to be determined by the Supreme Court. By the first he held that the Solicitor could not attack the character of a defendant when he was put upon the stand to testify in his own behalf, but should do so in making out his case for the State, so that the defendant might have the opportunity of contradicting. A different course had hitherto been pursued. By the second he held that the wife of a defendant is not competent to testify in behalf of her husband This doctrine had been held by the entire bench of South Carolina since the adoption of the Code until the session of the last Legislature. But since that session two of the Judges have decided that a wife is competent, and it is admitted that a man was recently acquitted of murder at Orangeburg court by the testimony of his wife.

Don't Deceive Children.

Nothing can be a grrater mistake than to consider young people as destitute of understanding; their understanding should rather be appealed to and consulted. Do we not all remember how, when young, we were imposed upon? how our elders sought sometimes to put us off; how they gave us evasive answers or explanations; how they told us some plausable story as an excuse or as a reason? And do we not remember that even in our youth and simplicity we were quite capable of seeing through their manœuvres? Do we not all remember how, when any one endeavored to keep us in ignorance of some proceeding of which we were made accidentally cognizant, we could divine very correctly the real motive for sending us out of the way with some false excuse? Now, in a case of this kind, which comes within the pale of parental authority, the will of the parent alone ought to be sufficient to control the child. But there should be no stifling of truth and no relaxation of duty. If, as often as will happen, it is not expedient or proper for children to know a particular fact or incident, they should be told so with frankness and kindness, but at the same time with firmness. We are apt to overlook the intelligence of these little people and address ourselves to their stature. We forget mind, which is invisible, in the presence of matter, which is seen. The treatment of children must always, for their own sakes, be different from that of full grown men and women; our manner of addressing them must also be different; but there does not seem to be any reason why we should not give them full credit for the amount of intelligence they do possess; and we may every day see children with more discrimination, greater good sense, and better regulated moral deportment than many whose tall figure or riper age has invested them with the consequence of men and women.—*Arthur's Home Magazine.*

When Jumbo arrived in New York he was lank, lean and tall. He has since improved from weight 18,650 pounds, height 12 feet 9 inches, girth 24 feet 5 inches, to 20,190 pounds in weight, 13 feet 4 inches in height, 25 feet 1 inch in girth; an increase of 1,540 pounds in weight, 7 inches in height and 8 inches in girth.

It is said that when a Marlboro man wishes to invite a friend to "*take a smile*," the conventional expression is "*let's ginger up*," whereupon the two friends pour Jamaica Ginger *down* and then gasp for breath. A recent visitor to Bennettsville imagined that this aromatic plant was a native of Marlboro, as he alleges that almost every man he met was perfumed with its odors.

The Annual Joint Summer meeting of the South Carolina Agricultural and Mechanical Society and of the State Grange, will be held in the town of Marion on the 25th of July instant. All interested in agriculture and mechanics, and citizens generally, are respectfully invited to attend the meeting and contribute to the interest of the occasion. Prominent gentlemen from different sections of the State will submit essays in the interest of the country at large, upon which a full and free discussion is expected. Agricultural Societies in the State and the various Granges are invited to be represented in the meeting. It would be well for those who expect to attend the meeting to notify Junius H. Evans, Esq., Marion, as early as practicable in order that quarters may be provided for them.

New York merchants are calling this a cotton season, on account of the dominance of cotton fabrics over silk, linen and wool. No reason is given for this. It is an old saying that there is no disputing in matters of taste among women. To the question why such a thing is worn, it is a sufficient answer to say that it is fashionable. But the cotton dresses bought are as much more numerous as they are less expensive, and are loaded with decorations that will not wash, so that they promise no relief to the wallets of those who have to pay for them. An able shopper says that the stores were never more attractively stocked with pretty satins, ginghams, cambrics, batistes, lawns and muslins. All this is displeasing to the manufacturers of silk, whose millions invested in machinery and product are just now yielding no return.

A pearl fishery of great promise was some time back reported in the Gulf of Mexico. During the Winter fishermen prospectors have found some pearls of great value among not a few smaller gems. The first was taken from the shell of a pearl oyster in December last, 1882. It is believed to be the largest on record. It weighs seventy-five carats. A jeweler offered $14,000, which was accepted. That sum is very far below its real value. Another of forty-seven carats is since found, perfect in form and finely tinted. It is valued on the spot at $5,000. A third pearl of forty carats, yet more beautiful, was exhibited at La Paz, where $3,000 was bid. This success of the first serious exploitation is justly regarded as evidence of extensive deposits of pearl-bearing oysters, and great excitement pervades all the fishermen in that gulf.

The gold belt of Georgia extends from Virginia and North Carolina to Florida and Alabama. It is from 120 to 140 miles wide. Thousands of people support themselves by working the mines. In one place alone, Lumpkin county, twenty-six stamp mills are working, each of which employs from five to fifty men. Some of these gold mines have been worked for years, and in places the earth is dug away sixty feet. Some of it is very rich in ore. Four hundred acres were sold some time ago for $5,000,000 to English capitalists. All the mining is done by wealthy capitalists and there are few poor men in the belt. It is a busy place. Good wages are paid and the men are industrious and sober. People are flocking there from the far West, and even from Australia and Mexico.

The total contributions to the eight Boards of the Northern Presbyterian Church, were $1,584,962, an advance of $171,167 over the previous year.