The Fairfield News and Herald.

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GROWING BETTER.

THE SOUTH ADDING TO ITS WEALTH DAILY.

And Bill Arp Says If Somebody Will Solve the Negro Problem Everything Will Be All Right.

Was there ever such a time and such a country? Verily, it looks like the ancient Aladdin had come to life with his lamp and was just going about building cities. Two weeks ago I was at Cross Plains, a little place fifty miles from here, and there wasn't anything there much—not very much—just a wide place in the road and a range of high hills a mile or two away. There were some good cotton lands stretching out in broad, level acres, amd there was a creek not far away. There was a little settlement of unpretending cottages and a few stores, where the merchants sat upon boxes and whittled and talked politics and watched the trains go by, and that was all. There wasn't a blank acre in town that I could not have bought for $200. Well Aladdin hasn't rubbed his lamp yet, but he is there going to rub it Millionaires have been there since I was, and they have bought out the whole concern—everything but the women and children and the graveyard, and they have stocked the 2,500 acres at a million dollars and have laid off a city and actually sold three hundred thousand dollars worth of city lots in three days, and the cry is still they come. I am told they haven't sold a hundred acres yet. Three thousand dollars an acre. Just think of it! I wonder what the poor fellow thinks

WHO SOLD IT FOR FIFTY.

But he got all it was worth and ought to be satisfied. He couldn't make it worth any more—but capital can This is the power of money. Money is going to put machinery there and build furnaces and rolling mills and banks and manificent hotels. Why, they have got a bank already with a hundred thousand dollars capital—all paid in. Had to have great big iron safes expressed there to keep the money in until they could build a bank. Some of the Vanderbilts are in the ring and lots of moneyed men from all over the North. They say that in twelve months there will be five millions invested at Piedmont. That is the name they have given the new city. We used to think that such things were just an artful scheme to fleece the lambs, but it does not look that way now. The whole South is on a boom. Look at Florence, only two years old and twelve millions invested. Look at Sheffield, and Decatur, and Fort Payne, and Middleboro. Yes, Middleboro, only six months old, and ten millions invested. Look at Birmingham, only ten years old and fifty millions invested—and this thing is going on from Virginia to Texas. The mighty North is moving this way, nigger or no nigger. They send down their agents to spy out the land, and before we know it they have squatted somewhere and Aladdin goes to rubbing his lamp. What is to be the outcome of all this thing? Within the last twelve months one hundred millions in capital has been added to the industrial and commercial value of the South. They will take a wide place in the road and buy up 2,500 acres of land for twenty-five thousand dollars and "presto change," in a week is worth a million. Well, of course, there are mineral treasures behind all this. The mountains or the hills are close by and they are full of iron, or coal, or something. Now will these movements make a break into the solid South and help us

SOLVE THE RACE PROBLEM

that seems to disturb the country so much? Will we become yankeefied, or will they become Dixiefied, or will it result in a harmonious mixture? A year or so ago, some Boston yankees settled a little town not far from us and went to work. For awhile they were shy and peculiar, and when one of them was introduced to one of our folks he reached his hand out at arms length, but by and by, they got acquainted and found out we were a very harmless and clever people and we found out the same about them, and now they shake hands right up close and tell jokes and anecdotes just like we do. They have got a newspaper in their little town and have employed a regular South Carolina rebel for an editor, and sure enough when Jefferson Davis died, he slapped the black mourning lines all over a whole page, and they said it was all right and just human, and the paper went to Boston on the exchange list, and a Boston paper saw it, and now wants to know by what legerdemain or hocus pocus or transmogrification a Boston Republican can go to Georgia and live a year or so and become a Jeff Davis rebel. Well, that is all right. He is not a Jeff Davis rebel, but he is a high-toned, liberal-hearted gentleman, and had respect for the feelings of the people he lived with, and expects to die with. In the first place if he hadn't been a gentleman, he wouldn't have come hero at all. A gentleman is not afraid to go anywhere. A true gentleman can get along with any people. I have observed for forty years, that the Northern men who come South to stay are among the very best citizens we have. A young man of our town told me the other day that when he made up his mind to come South his perilous venture was made the subject of earnest prayer in the family, for they believed he was risking his life, and they felt as much concern as if he was going to the Cannibal islands as a missionary. We are glad he came, for he is a gentleman, too, and I wish some

MORE OF THE SAME SORT

would come. Right now it does look like we were harmonizing. Even Ingalls is repenting and is going to make a speech for peace and pay a tribute to Grady. He has been very sick they say, and that does take the venom out of a man. If Ingalls does repent and will shed all the tears he ought to shed, it will give many a disconsolate Peri a chance to get into heaven. But there is an old rhyme that says:

"The devil was sick—the devil a saint would be
The devil got well—the devil a saint was he."

All we ask is that the race problem be let alone, and it will work out its own salvation. Providence is overseeing this business It was his will that they should be brought here, and held in bondage and for a purpose. New England ships and New England money brought them here and maybe they will get back to Africa in the same way. Who knows? The South has had them in school for a hundred years, and if they are now fitten to go back and civilize their brethren in Africa they will be sent, I reckon. But the time has not come yet. Arkansas seems to want them a while longer and wants more of them. So let it work along. They are doing very well in our part of the country. There is no friction. We are all calm and serene upon this question. If he wants to go, we say go and God bless you. If he wants to stay, we say stay and behave yourselves. So it is all right all round with us. I can draw water, and cut wood, and feed my horses, and work my garden. I can cook breakfast and my wife or my daughter can cook dinner and supper. I haven't a child—girl or boy but who can catch Molly and put the harness on and hitch her to the buggy, and drive, and go when they please and where they please. So it is no ground hog case with us. The old ones will stay anyhow, and the will last about as long as we will. Uncle Sam says he ain't gwine nary step; says he will run away first—just like he used to when old massa gwine to whip him. "Where will you run to, Uncle Sam?" said I. "Run to de canebrake, lay dar all day and sleep wid one eye open, come out at night git sumfin to eat. I h'aint forgot how to run away." The truth is we havn't given it up yet that thep have got to go at all. Wise men keep on

PARADING THAT OLD MAXIM.

of Jefferson and other philosophers that an inferior race can't live in peace with a superior race. Is that so? Why not? They are doing it right now all over the world. There is just as much difference between the Castillians and the greasers of Mexico as there is between the negro and the white man. There are grades and castes all over China and India. And here are the Jews and the Gentiles, both races claiming to be the peculiar people of God, and yet they get along. Let us wait and see.

If the negro will behave and the white man be considerate, I am sure we can get along. If he doesn't behave he will have to go somewhere, and that is all of it. Here we are paying $850 to the colored teachers of their public schools in Cartersville, and we furnish a good school house for them, and yet their par. of the school tax is only fifty dollars. The white folks pay eight hundred dollars and the negroes pay fifty to educate their own children; and it is that way all over the South. Now the yankees don't believe that, and we don't care whether they do or not. We are going to run this machine according to our own convictions of justice and morality. It is either our fight or our funeral, and we are ready to meet it.

BILL ARP.

QUICK TIME TO THE WEST.

The Plans of Manager McBee—Twenty-four Hours From Columbia to Cincinnati.

On the occasion of his recent visit to Columbia, Col. V. E. McBee, recently appointed Superintendent of the Spartanburg and Union and the Spartanburg and Asheville Railroad, was interviewed by a Register reporter, who gives the following:

Col. McBee said that the chief object of the presence of himself and party in Columbia was to look over the field and to see in what ways the railroad system with which he was connected could better serve the people through whose country its lines run and to whom it must look for patronage.

He stated that with a view of establishing a through line to the West the General Manager of the Richmond and Danville system had for some time contemplated the combination or union of the Spartanburg, Union and Columbia and the Asheville and Spartanburg roads, both of which, while parts of the same system, had been under separate management.

The General Manager's idea has now been carried out by making Mr. McBee Superintendent of both roads, and they will hereafter be run in as close conjunction as is possible and proper and as the demands of through traffic may render necessary. The change has been made and the question of new schedules and better connections is being considered.

By arrangements recently perfected the Richmond and Danville, with its connections, furnishes the shortest line from Charleston to Cincinnati and gives Columbia a through line to the West that will at once be able to offer superior inducements for patronage both for freight and passenger traffic to and from Cincinnati, Louisville and other Western points.

Just what changes will be made in the present schedules, Mr. McBee was not, last night, prepared to say, but this he promised as the result of the General Manager's arrangements—a line by which a traveler can leave Columbia any morning, at a slightly earlier hour than the present schedule, and arrive in Cincinnati at 7 o'clock the next morning, spend the day there, if he chooses, and return to Columbia, having occupied but three days in the round trip.

Improvments will also be made in the freight service, in the direction of more rapid transit, closer connections, and better facilities in general.

The distance between Columbia and Cincinnati, via Spartanburg, Asheville and Knoxville, is less than 650 miles. All that is needed to accomplish the trip in the time proposed is a proper use of the facilities at hand—and these it is Col. McBee's purpose to employ and to expand.

Mid-Summer Weather.

Col. Thomas W. Holloway, secretary of the South Carolina Agricultural and Mechanical Society, writes from Pomaria as follows: "The continued warm is becoming serious to the farmers. Those who killed hogs have lost the joints. I have heard of some whose meat lay in the pickle for six weeks or over, and when the joints were taken out was good, but a few days' exposure developed taint. I have fourteen fat hogs yet to kill and in the event the warm weather continues much longer, I propose to kill and pickle in strong brine in barrels. The salt should be boiled, (taking off the scum,) and applied when about milk warm. The joints should be put in the barrel with the large end downwards and the crevices filled in with the sides cut in small strips. An aged lady of 80 years writes: "I recollect well such a winter sixty two years ago—1827–28. No cold until about Easter—about the first of April—when all vegetation was killed, the thermometer being lower than at any time during the winter." Plum trees are blooming, fruit trees budding. Grave apprehensions are felt for small grain. Wheat sown late in October is as high as it usually is the first of March. There will be no fruit this year."

READY'S CRUEL DEED.

DETAILS OF THE LATEST BLOODY BARNWELL HORROR.

An Negro Petty Thief, Under Arrest, Tied to a Tree and His Brains Shot Out by a Brutal White Man—The Murderer Left to go Free and His Cowardly Companions Discharged from Custody.

The Charleston Budget.

BARNWELL, S.C., Jan. 11.—The negro who was so brutally murdered near Robbins Tuesday morning, as published exclusively in the World today was William Black, aged 20, an ex-convict who had just been released from the State penitentiary, where he served a short term for larceny, having pleaded guilty. He was on his way home when he entered the house of Jim Bennet, about five miles from Robbins, and ate some cold victuals that he found there; then stole an overcoat, a hat and some other smaller articles and left.

Bennet soon returned and discovered that some one had entered his house and that certain articles were missing. He at once looked about for any trace of the thief, and soon found some tracks leading from his house in the direction of Robbins.

He followed these tracks, after going to Trial Justice Dunbar and informing him what had happened, until he came to Robbins. Here he inquired of some men, among whom was Dave Ready, an unprincipled white man, if they had seen anyone around there with an extra hat and overcoat.

Ready said that a negro had just left there a few minutes before, going in the direction of the mill (on Mrs. Elmore Ashley's place), with an overcoat under his arm and something else, but he did not know what. Ready was drinking, and volunteered to assist in catching the thief. He and Bennett went in the direction that the negro had been seen going a short time previous, and soon came up with him. The negro had the missing articles, which Bennett identified and took from him.

Then they took Black back to Robbins, where they were met by Henry Sweat, a negro who Mr. Dunbar, the Trial Justice, had deputized to arrest the thief if he could be found, and bring him be fore him.

Dave Ready said to Bennett: "You have got your things back, so I guess you are satisfied, and if there is any money in this I want it."

Bennett said he was satisfied, and then he and John Walker, a young white man, Dave Ready and the negro constable, Henry Sweat, started with the prisoner to go to Trial Justice Dunbar.

When they had gone about four hundred yards from Robbins, Dave Ready, who had the negro in charge, turned off from the public road, and went down an old road leading through a field, crossed the railroad, and then told them that he was going to kill the prisoner. Bennett, Walker and Sweat all say that they begged Ready not to do any thing of the sort, but he said he was going to do it, and told the negro to say his prayers, which he did.

Ready, who was the only one armed, then gave his gun to Sweat and told him to hold it while he tied the prisoner to a little hickory tree standing by. Sweat said he did not want to take the gun but he was afraid Ready would kill him, as he was drunk, if he did not, so he took it. After binding Black around the neck and waist to the tree, the three cowards stood by and saw Ready deliberately place the gun to the negro's temple and blow out his brains, scattering them on the tree and over the ground, around.

This was done about 11 o'clock on Tuesday night. The three men who who were present and saw the murder committed, and who are wanted as accessories in the first degree, did not mention it until Thursday, because as they say they were afraid Ready would kill them if they told it. They finally informed some one, who swore out a warrant against the four parties, three of whom, Bennett, Walker and Sweat, were arrested on yesterday (Friday) morning.

Ready went to Augusta on Thursday, and it is not known here whether he has been arrested or not.

The above contains the facts and circumstances as gathered by your correspondent from a conversation with Mr. Eugene McCreary, a merchant of Robbins, who was here to-day. He said it was a most foul murder and that all the parties should suffer for their crime.

Trial Justice Dunbar failed to bind over the three prisoners, Bennett, Walker and Sweat, notwithstanding they testified at the coroner's inquest, held by Dunbar, to the fact as stated above. He seemed to think that as the three prisoners did not help directly to murder the negro that they were only witnesses against Ready, the principal murderer.

Mr. James S. Davis has been retained to assist the prosecution, and says he will see that the guilty parties are brought to justice.

The Deed of a Fiend.

ALBANY, Ga., January 16.—A negro boy, eleven years old, Andrew June by name, tried to take a bycicle from the little eight-year-old son of Mr. J. W. Joiner. He resisted, when the young fiend beat and kicked him and then held him down on the railroad track as an incoming freight train was approaching, intending to have him run over. Some negro men, who saw his terrible design, made him release the boy. The negro was jailed and upon being released was given a terrible beating by his sister. As Mr. Joiner went to look for the young fiend he was followed by a negro man with a pistol who swore he would kill Mr. Joiner if he touched the boy

On the subject of cotton bags the Southern Alliance Farmer says: A great deal of interest is being felt in the use of cotton sacks for fertilizers, corn, oats, etc. There is no trouble about the use of cotton to hold grain and all other goods of that kind, but for fertilizers, cotton sacks are in a great measure a complete failure. For dry, mixed fertilizers, such as are usually made by small mills by mixing cotton seed meal, kainit and acid, the cotton sack will answer, because the cotton seed meal and kainit absorb the acid sufficiently to prevent its cutting the cotton. All wet mixed and active goods such as high grade ammoniated and acidulated mixtures, will destroy the sacks in forty-eight hours so that they cannot be handled. Burlaps make the best sacks, because they resist the chemical action of the acid longer than any other material. These things have been thoroughly tested and need no further discussion.

HAMPTON AND SHERMAN.

A Leaf From the History of the War—Hampton's Reply to Sherman's Threat to Murder Confederate Prisoners of War.

The Charlotte Daily News quotes from the Daily North Carolinian March 28, 1865, the following account of the correspondence between Gen. Hamton and Gen. Sherman in reference to the treatment of some of Sherman's bummers:

Sherman writes that his foraging parties are murdered after capture and labelled "Death to all foragers." He goes on to say—"One instance of a lieutenant and seven men, near Chesterville, and another of twenty, near a ravine eighty rods from the main road, about three miles from Feasterville. I have ordered a similar number of prisoners in our hands to be disposed of in like manner. I hold about one thousand prisoners, captured in various ways, and can stand it as long as you, but I hardly think these murders are committed with your knowledge and I would suggest that you give notice to the people at large that every life taken by them simply results in the death of one of yours."

In his reply Gen. Hampton says:

"Your communication of the 12th inst. reached me today. In it you state that it has been officially reported that your foraging parties were murdered after capture and you go on to say that you had 'ordered a similar number of prisoners in our hands to be disposed of in like manner.' That is to say, you have ordered a number of Confederate soldiers to be 'murdered.'

"You characterize your order in proper terms, for the public voice, even in your own country, where it seldom dares to express itself in vindication of truth, honor and justice will surely agree with you in pronouncing you guilty of murder, if your order is carried out.

"Before dismissing this portion of your letter, I beg to assure you that for every soldier of mine 'murdered' by you, I shall have at once executed two of yours, giving in all cases, preference to any officers who may be in my hands.

"In reference to the statement you make regarding the death of your foragers, I have only to say that I know nothing of it; that no order given by me authorizes the killing of prisoners after capture, and I do not believe that my men killed any of yours except under circumstances in which it was perfectly legitimate and proper that they should kill them.

"It is a part of the system of the thieves whom you designate as your foragers to fire the dwellings of those citizens whom they have robbed.

"To check this inhuman system, which is justly execrated by every civilized nation, I have directed my men to shoot down all your men who are caught burning houses. This order shall remain in force as long as you disgrace the profession of arms by allowing your men to destroy private dwellings. * * * * The Indian scalped his victim regardless of sex or age, but with all his barbarity he always respected the persons of his female captives. Your soldiers, more savage than the Indians, insult those whose natural protectors are absent.

"In conclusion, I have only to request that whenever you have any of my men 'disposed of' or 'murdered,' for the terms appear to be synonymous with you, you will let me hear of it, in order that I may know what action to take in the matter. In the meantime I shall hold fifty-six of your men as hostages for those you have ordered to be executed."

THE SPECTRE DEER.

Queer Sights on Waldens Ridge—A Mountaineer's Account.

From the Griffin Call.

The mountain people on Walden's ridge, within fifteen miles of Chattanooga, are convinced that a spectre deer protects the living ones. There are still a large number of deer to be found on the mountains, and parties frequently go from the city on hunting expeditions. They seldom fail to get within sight of game, but frequently returned without any. The reason for this is explained by one of the natives of the ridge in a most singular way. "I know," said he, "that there is a spectre deer on the mountains, I have seen it, and so have a great many other people. Now I can bit a top of a cap box at one hundred yards, and I never missed a deer in my life when it was an actual flesh and blood deer. But often, when I go hunting, I jump half a dozen deer at a time; one of them will stop within a few feet, with its side to me. I shoot at it and it never moves, and I load and fire again. Then I know that it is the spectre deer, and there is no use in my hunting any more that day; I would never see another deer."

Vanderbilt's Forest of Pines.

Asheville Citizens.

The planting of trees on Mr. Vanderbil's estate has been discontinued for the present. One hundred and twenty acres have been ploughed up and planted with white pines, which have been arranged in rows seven feet apart with a space of five feet between the trees in the same row. This makes 1,200 trees to the acre. The young trees are from 15 to 18 inches in height, and are obtained from Mr. Douglas' nursery at Waukeegan, near Chicago, which is one of the largest in the United States. Only last year Mr. Douglas had a contract to set out three million trees in Kansas. His son is now employed as landscape gardener at the University of California. This university has 80,000 acres of land, which was given to them by Senator Stanford. It is located about twenty-five miles from San Francisco, and has on the estate a vineyard of 4,000 acres.

The white pines which have been set out on the slopes where the timber has been cut down, take one year to root themselves firmly in the soil. The second year they grow about one foot higher and every succeeding year they receive an additional upward growth of three feet or more. In three years from the time of planting they will be at least six feet high, and in this climate will attain a maximum height of 450 feet. The idea in planting them so closely together is to make them grow very tall and prevent them from putting forth branches near the ground. One thousand acres are yet to be planted, but by the time Mr. Vanderbilt's mansion is ready for occupation the whole mountain side will be covered with dense woods. The sameness of the timber land will be relieved by planting many different kinds of trees at the base of the hills and along the drives.

AN OUTLAW AT LARGE.

THE PEOPLE OF ROCKINGHAM COUNTY, N. C., TERRORIZED.

Wyatt McKenzie, a Notorious Escaped Murderer, Accompanied by Six Other Desperadoes, Hunting for Six Men Whom He Threatens to Kill on Sight.

CHARLOTTE, N. C., Jan. 16.—A report has reached here that Wyatt McKeever McKenzie, a notorious outlaw, who has given the citizens of Rockingham County considerable trouble, has again appeared in this State. He is now said to be hiding in Rockingham County, heavily armed and swearing vengeance against a number of citizens. McKenzie has banded with him six other men of very desperate character, and they are all armed to the teeth and announce that they are ready for any sort of fray. Some years ago McKenzie murdered a man in Rockingham County by the name of Goode and was sentenced to hang. Four days before his execution was to take place he broke out of jail at Wentworth and escaped. In bout two weeks he was recaptured and gain lodged in jail. The Governor appointed another day for his execution but again be broke jail and escaped. Nothing more was heard from him until Sunday when he was seen with his band of six men in the upper part of Rockingham county. It is reported that McKenzie a day or two ago sent for Dr. Withers of Blakely, Stokes County, who is an old acquaintance of his, and met him in the woods, where the two were engaged in a conference for a number of hours. The outlaw told Dr. Withers that since he escaped the gallows at Wentworth he had rambled over many States, and said that he had killed a man in Georgia and had been sentenced to a long term in the penitentiary there, but had escaped. He inquired about the whereabouts of six men whom be swore he intended to kill on sight, saying he would shoot them like dogs and spit upon their carcasses. The people of the County are terror-stricken and don't know what to do. The authorities think it is useless to undertake to capture the outlaw, as he has grown so desperate that to do murder is his only sport. McKenzie and his band stay in the woods and swamps most of the time, and when they want any thing to eat they march to the nearest farmhouse and order that it be prepared, always paying liberally for what they get. Recently many bold robberies have been committed in Rockingham and adjoining Counties, and now these are all charged up to McKenzie. It is said that the six men who compose McKenzie's band are all strangers, and as he has just come from Georgia and Alabama it is believed they are some old associate of Rube Burrows, the noted Alabama outlaw, and it may be that Rube himself is in the gang. McKenzie is described as quite gentlemanly in his manners and not a dangerous-looking man. He is over six feet high and about 35 years old. The people of Rockingham County are much alarmed, and a bloody outbreak is expected.

A STATUE OF TILDEN.

Amos Cummings Wants One Erected and Placed in the Capitol's Rotunda.

In the House Mr. Cummings, of New York, offered a joint resolution for the erection of a statute to the memory of the late Samuel J. Tilden. The joint resolution was read as follows:

Resolved, That there be appropriated from the treasury of the United States the sum of $50,000 to erect a bronze statue of the late Sam'l J. Tilden, to be placed in the center of the rotunda of the capitol. That on the tablet, at the front base of said statue, there shall be conspicuously engraved these words: "Samuel J. Tilden, nine teenth President of the States. Elected, but not seated." [Applause on the Democratic side.] That on the right or the square base shall be engraved the dates of birth, election and death of such President, and that on the opposite side shall be engraven an eagle with a snake in its talons, and under them these words: "For the right."

Resolved, That the president of the United States, chief justice of the supreme court, president of the senate and speaker of the house of representatives be authorized to superintend the expenditure of the money, and that a copy of these resolutions, with the names and titles of said dignitaries, be engraven on the rear of said base.

Mr. Sweeney, of Iowa, inquired whether the gentleman expected the inscription to be in cipher.—[Applause on the republican side.]

The Battle Flags.

Columbia Register.

The Legislature, at its recent session, instructed the Adjutant and Inspector General to collect as many of the flags used in the late war as he could find, and to deposit same with the Secretary of State, who is to have them properly preserved. As he is totally ignorant of the number of such flags, as well as of the names and residences of their custodians, he requests that all persons holding flags will communicate with him at an early date, in order that this very laudable object may be carried out. The Legislature failed to provide any funds for the collection, and he is compelled to rely upon the press of the State, to whose liberality and patriotism he has so often been indebted.

A Madman's Leap.

CHARLOTTE, N. C., Jan 16.—News is received here of a peculiar case at Hot Springs. As a fast train was entering that town Saturday a white man fired a pistol several times from the rear coach and then jumped from the train. He fell on his head and turned around several times. His head was crushed, one eye was knocked out and his arms and one leg were broken. He did not live long. His name was Van Henderson and he lived near Hot Springs. He was in a drunken frenzy when he made the fatal leap.

The Oldest Man.

Beyond doubt the oldest man in North Carolina is Mr. William Foster, who lives near Burling on. Mr. Foster is now 110 years old, and is as sprightly as most men forty years his junior. He lives on a farm with one of his great-great-grandchildren, and can split rails, chop, plow and do any sort of farm labor. It is said of him that he never drank a drop of any sort of intoxicating spirits, and never took a dose of any sort of medicine.

A POWER IN NATURE.

The Strange Doings of Daisy Robinson of Sumter, S. C.

N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

Miss Daisy Robinson of Sumter, in South Carolina, ought rather to be looked upon as a centre of force than a human being of common mold. Wherever she may be, most mysterious and striking events are apt to occur, and it is not to be marveled at that, as a dispatch from sumter says, she seldom smiles. A person so dreadfully apt to have unearthly events attends attend her presence must have small reason to smile The people of her neighborhood are much excited over Miss Daisy and do not pretend to understand her. When she enters a room the furniture seems to be aware of her presence, and at once begins to move around and act in a way that shows it to be laboring under the impression that something must be done, and done at once. If a plate happens to lie at ease on a bureau thinking of nothing, and taking the world as it comes, no sooner does it preceive that Miss Daisy is in the immediate vicinity than it springs up like a guilty thing surprised, and reaches the ceiling at one bound, and then dashes itself to pieces on the floor.

A humble coal scuttle, sitting quietly in the chimney corner and dreaming, perhaps, of the days when it was bright and young, will try to get out of the room as soon as this singular young woman enters it. In its haste to escape it will forget even its own contents and waddle to the door when, if it had had but the forethought to empty itself on the heath, it might as well as not have made its exit up the chimney. And we have the word of a local policeman for it that a seemingly inanimate two-quart bucket, which was dreaming away its existence on a mantlepiece in fancied security, leaped headlong from the dizzy height so soon as the door opened and Miss Robinson put in an appearance. A shovel, also, that was leaning in a corner "came prancing out" as though it had some important business on hand which must be attended to without further delay, and then, becoming aware of that awful presence, fell clattering and banging to the ground in a dead faint.

These are strange doings, and they not only recall the Rochester knockings and the work of Miss Lula Hurst, but they remind us of Orpheus and Amphion, and the days when the world was young, and trees were in the habit of pulling themselves up by the roots and dancing on the greens ward of the music of Pan's pipes. Poets have dreamed of such things, as did that great singer to whose lofty imagination it seemed that

The sow came in with the saddle,
The little pig rocked the cradle,
The spit stood behind the door
And threw the dish-cloth on the floor.
"Odsplut!" said the gridiron,
"Can't you agree?
I'm the head constable,
Bring it to me."

It must be a terrible responsibility to have control over what in our blindness, we call inanimate nature, as is possessed by Miss Robinson. That the youngwoman feels this responsibility is, we judge, the reason why she seldom smiles. It is to be hoped that she will use her tremendous power with what circumspection she may, but if, as is possibly the case, she is but the centre of force and therefore irresponsible, Sumter, in South Carolina, has some heavy sailing before it.

ODDS AND ENDS.

The Bank of France has at the present $250,000,000 in gold in its cellars.

The Swiss nationalrath have granted the sum or 3,000,000 francs toward fortifying the St. Gothard passes, and 6,000,000 will be spent in all on this project.

A West Virginia girl has saved money enough to buy herself a gold watch by trapping muskrats, skunks and other animals and selling their hides.

A woman in Illinois who broke her wrist while trying to raise a window in a railroad car has just received $1,685 damages.

There are now more than 200 Indian ladies studying medicine in the schools of Bombay, Calcutta, Lahore, Madras, Hyderabad and Agra.

It has been determined that a new tunnel through the Alps is necessary, and either the Simplon or Mount Blanc will be the point chosen.

To place telephone wires under ground and maintain the same efficiency as in over head lines would require an insulation on each wire of over two feet in thickness. Instead of getting fifty pairs of wires into a three inch pipe, as at present, a tunnel occupying half of the street would be required for one cable alone.

The French civil service costs more now than it did twenty years ago. In the budget of 1871 the amount demanded under this head was £10,120-000. In the budget of 1890 the same estimate figures for within a trifle of £17,000,000. And there is said to be nothing whatever to show for the increased expenditure.

German functionaries will in future have to be provided with three uniforms; one for ordinary occasions, one for festivities, and one for solemn gala events. The last, being particularly expensive, is proportionately obnoxious to the poorly salaried officials.

On the Kanawha and Ohio railroad a quail flew against the headlight of a locomotive the other evening, breaking the glass and extinguishing the light. The quail was picked up for dead and given to the baggagemaster, who revived it. Soon it was as chipper as ever, and was turned losse to go on its way rejoicing, while the train ran the rest of the way in darkness.

Sold Her Body for Gingerbread.

'Squire Smith Kennedy says that he has attended several hangings in his life. The most notable one was the hanging of a black woman, a slave, near the fair grounds. She was hanged for poisoning a couple of her master's children. She sold her body to some medical students at Lexington for all the gingerbread she could eat while she was in jail awaiting for the execution. After the hanging the students placed the body in a coffin, and swung it under a wagon and drove off to Lexington in hot haste—their horses in fast trot—hoping to arrive there in time to resuscitate the body with electricity. Just before arriving there the rope broke and the corpse fell to the pike and the coffin broke into halves and the corpse rolled out. They gathered it up and carried it into Lexington by hand power. As nothing more was heard of the woman, it is fair to presume their experiment was a failure.—Bourbon (Ky.) News.

HIS LETTER WAS LOADED.

PASTOR THOMPSON, OF CHARLESTON, STIRS UP A SENSATION.

He Writes a Communication Denouncing the Protestants who Took Part in the Reception of Cardinal Gibbons and the Cathedral Corner Stone Ceremonies—Some Men Who are Mad.

CHARLESTON, S. C., Jan. 14.—The letter published this morning from the Rev. Dr. Thompson, pastor of the Scotch Presbyterian Church, denouncing the Protestants who took a prominent part in the reception of Cardinal Gibbons and in the ceremonies of the laying of the corner stone of the new cathedral has created something of a sensation.

The Catholic portion of the community is disposed to look on and view the quarrel from afar. The most indignant are the Protestant churchmen who are denounced by Mr. Thompson. Among those who took a prominent part in the reception of the Cardinal and the ceremonies were the Rev. Dr. Smart, pastor of Bethel M. E. Church; the Rev. Dr. Levy, Rabbi of the Jewish synagogue; Mayor Bryan and Colonel H. E. Young, Wardens of St. Michael's P. E. Church; Judge Magrath and Maj. J. C. Hemphill, of the News and Courier, both members of Dr. Thompson's church; Geo. W. Williams, the leading lay member of Trinity M. E. Church, and a dozen or more prominent and leading members of other Protestant churches in the city. Many of these are mad.

Dr. Thompson's Letter.

The following is the letter referred to in the above dispatch, printed in the News and Courier of yesterday:

To the Editor of the News and Courier: I have noticed the accounts given in your columns of the visit of Cardinal Gibbons to our city and to the ceremonies attending the laying of the cornerstone of the Roman Catholic Cathedral. Your report of the citizens upon the platform includes some prominent Protestant laymen and one Protestant minister.

The presence of those Protestants was doubtless intended only as a courtesy, but it was more—it was a virtual endorsement of those proceedings and a God speed to the gigantic ecclesiastical organization that conducted them.

It is the boast of that church that it is the only church of God. The Cardinal said as much on yesterday. It brands all others as heretics. A former Bishop of Charleston declared "within thirty years the Protestant heresy will come to an end." It claims for itself temporal and spiritual supremacy. It tolerates those who differ from it only where it has not the power to enforce its claims. The Archbishop of St. Louis said: "Heresy and unbelief are crimes, and in Christian countries, as in Italy and Spain, for instance, and where the Catholic religion is an essential part of the law of the land, they are punished as other crimes." The Catholic Review says: "Protestanism, of every form, has not, and never can have, any right where Catholicity is triumphant."

Its spirit has undergone no change since those days when it gave its order for and sang its "Te Deum" over the wholesale, indiscriminate slaughter of helpless Protestants.

Its fundamental principles are antagonistic to our government and its cherished institutions.

Its growth in this country menaces some of our dearest rights and privileges. Notes of warning have come to us from many of the foremost statesmen and thinkers as to what we may expect should it ever gain the ascendency, and yet we have the spectacle of Protestant preachers and laymen, some of them the descendants of Huguenots, glorifying a Romish Cardinal and encouraging the extension of the spiritual despotism he represents. Had the circumstances been reversed Romanists would have been conspicuous by their absence.

I contend that Protestants are sacrificing their history, and are putting contempt upon their martyr dead, and are stultifying their former testimony and are sweeping the ground from under their feet as to mission work in Romish lands, and are imperilling the future of their country, by thus favoring Romish pretension and progress.

W. T. THOMPSON.

ART IN WATERBURY, CONN.

A Mortuary Memorial That Beats the Record.

Hartford Courier.

Everybody has read of the remarkable memorial to his wife which an eccentric Charleston (S. C.) man has placed in the cemetery there. This is more than equalled by the pecular memorial which a Waterbury (Conn.) woman has constructed for her late lamented husband. It is described as follows:

A unique piece of handiwork has just been completed by Mrs. Sophia Larrmore of this city, who is now approaching her 70th year. It is a mortuary wreath in memory of her husband, who was dead nearly five years before the curious symbol was begun. She made it of relics of her late husband and of articles which were the property of the wives who preceded her. The frame is of putty, into which, while soft, the widow placed among others the following articles: In the centre of the top cross piece are the spectacles of her late lamented and a small vial containing the pills which were left over from his last illness. Besides these, there are many small stones which he had treasured during his life, his jack-knife, a piece of candy, which she says he had left uneaten; buttons of all kinds from his clothing, and a small bottle containing cheese made by his first wife. All of the collection is labelled, as, for instance, "The smelling bottle used by the wife before me." Enclosed in the frame is a picture of him whose memory the wreath is supposed to perpetuate. The wreath above the portrait is composed almost entirely of flowers and leaves, each of these made either of some portion of his coat, waistcoat, trousers, neckties or suspenders, and worked together artistically. The shirt in which he died is honored by having made from it a snowy bird, too wonderful and strange for description. Just outside the wreath are placed suspender buckles and watch chains entwined with the hair of the mother of his first wife. Some of the hair of his own head has been made into tendrils, and the stamens of one of the flowers is of the material that lined the coffin. On another side of the wreath is a bunch of raisins he bought her the year he died, saying: "Now don't cook any of these, but eat every one." Balancing the raisins are three wires, each supporting one of his teeth, and behind them the last toothpick he ever used.

THE CURSE OF INSOMNIA.

Spreading Like An Epidemic as the Result of High Tension in Business Life.

Modern physiological research proclaims sleep to be the result of a certain amount of blood being abstracted from the brain, to lie quiescent, if not dormant, in certain channels and vessels, which, during the waking period, are apparently empty, or at least very flabby and in a condition, as it were, of negation. In proof of this view, it is a well known fact that good, healthy, restful sleep rarely if ever takes place when the head is full of blood.

Continuous prevention or any interference with sleep is the most far reaching damage producer to the human system. Comfort and contentment are obliterated. Their attendant substitutes are nervous irritability, mental anxiety, which sooner or later, according to the resistance power of the individual, become idiocy, mania or death, preceded by a painful physical collapse. At this moment just how many insomniacs there are in New York alone is unknown, but the fact exists that 10 per cent. of "Wall street" operators are wretched sleepers and 5 per cent. more are pronounced victims of insomnia, who never sleep except under exhaustion or from the benumbing influence of some hypnotic—it may be chloral, opium, alcohol, sulfonal or bromides. These used in ever increasing quantities to produce artificial sleep must end by the destruction of intellectuality.

This is brought about by a constant contraction of the blood vessels supplying the brain structure, because these hypnotic drugs primarily act upon the great nervous centers whence arise those nerves distributed to all the blood vessels which are known as the vaso-motor nerves, or governing nerves. Under the influence of such drugs these nerves are either paralyzed or over excited, and they keep up a constant diminution of the caliber of the blood vessels, wherefore the wholesome supply of nutrient blood is kept from the brain, which temporarily promote sleep, but ultimately destroy it. What is the safe remedy for sleeplessness? What can be done to cure insomnia? In these two leading questions the entire subject is considered. Thousands of insomniacs can trace their troubles to causes readily remediable in the beginning.

The absence of correlation between the brain and the stomach must be known as a prime factor in preventing sleep. The muscle brawn laborer rests infinitely better when he seeks his sleep with a stomach comparatively empty; with him sleep is that oblivion which his slow acting brain awards the work strained muscles. The brain worker proper—students, professional men and builders of fortune—rarely sleeps soundly and regularly.

To such insomniacs I say, study your stomachs and keep them comparatively full for two purposes. First, to coax the blood current away from a flaccid lot of blood vessels ramifying through every nook and corner of your brain, which is too active and loaded with unnatural fullness. Secondly, the stomach ~~must contain~~ food in order to keep up a steady supply of that always in demand pabulum necessary to healthy nutrition, without which no organ can thoroughly do its allotted work. The brain worker must always woo sleep with a full stomach, warm feet, cool head and quiet heart's action. But what if there is a tendency to an epidemic of insomnia as the result of that dreadful wave of the higher education of our boys and girls, offsprings of nervous parents, inheriting their debilitated physical constitutions, with a coadded attenuated higher intellectuality, undoubtedly now being made manifest as our young people enter adult life?

If we but recall the beginning of the upward wave of intellectual life as it existed twenty years ago and contrast it with the present concert pitched tones of educational life, we may possibly check these sleepless nights and the early physical decay evinced by a thousandfold increase in neuralgias, a vast amount of ever aggregating eye diseases, or rather a failure in eye accommodation, by urging the educators to cease their so called physical efforts, not because one youth cannot absorb every subject now taught, but simply because it is done. This intellectuality and physical advancement of the age are dangerous beyond anticipation. The soil is too fallow. It must be permitted to lie idle, else the next two decades will witness a state of affairs much more dangerous because much more artificially cultivated — undoubted hothouse intellects of brilliant color but feeble vitality.

The time has come to cry a halt, otherwise this excessive culture will permeate the age and weaken such resistance power as is yet abiding in our people. Just at this moment a wave of disease, the grippe or influenza, is traveling around the world. We must study it to avoid it. If such physical results obtain through atmospheric influences we can readily comprehend, because we see the results, how a too fragile intellectuality breaks under a condition, as it were, of stereotyping, which should never show one single flaw under proper surroundings.—Montrose A. Pallen M. D. in New York World.

Threatened Famine in Russia.

Deplorable accounts continue to reach Odessa from several districts in the Volga provinces. The failure of this year's crops in that region is the fourth consecutive disaster of its kind. The peasant holders are now selling most of their stock for food. According to a dispatch "unless the government comes to their aid, and that quickly, a famine is inevitable. The poorer peasants and laborers are utterly impoverished. and absolutely without means of sustenance for the winter.—Philadelphia Ledger.

An American company have given two French painters an order for a panorama of Stanley's two journeys through Africa. It is intended for the World's fair of 1892.

That Satisfied Him.

"Last Monday morning," he began, in a solemn voice, "last Monday morning I stopped here and ordered a large list of groceries. To-day is Thursday, and they have not come up yet."

"They haven't? Oh, yes, I remember now," replied the grocer.

"What's the excuse?"

"You are owing us $40, and we can fill no further order until that is paid."

"Is that it?"

"Then it is all right. I didn't know but one of your horses was sick, a wagon smashed up, forgetful clerk, or something of that sort. That makes it all right."