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The Old Fashioned Mother.
We would like to grasp the hand of the author of the following lines—a beautiful gem, sparkling with homely eloquence—as tender and touching as they are rare.

Thank God! some of us have an old-fashioned mother. Not a woman of the period, camed and painted, with her great chignon, her curls and bustle; who—white jeweled hands never have felt the clasp of baby fingers; but a dear, old-fashioned, sweet-voiced mother, with eyes in whose clear depths the love light shone, and brown hair, threaded with silver, lying smooth upon her faded cheek. Those dear hands, worn with toil, gently guided our tottering steps in childhood, and smoothed our pillow in sickness; even reaching out to us in yearning tenderness, when her sweet spirit was baptised in the pearly spray of the river. Blessed is the memory of an old-fashioned mother. It floats to us now, like the beautiful perfume of some woodland blossoms. The music of other voices may be lost, but the entrancing memory of hers will echo in our souls forever. Other faces will fade away and be forgotten, but hers will shine until the light from heaven's portals shall glorify our own. When in the fitful pauses of busy life our feet wander back to the old homestead, and crossing the well-worn threshold, stand once more in the low, quaint room, so hallowed by her presence, how the feeling of childish innocence and dependence comes over us, and we kneel down in the molten sunshine, trembling through the western window—just where long years ago you knelt by our mother's knee, liping "Our Father." How many times when the tempter lures us on has the memory of those sacred hours, that mother's words, her faith and prayers saved us from plunging into the deep abyss of sin. Years have filled great drifts between her and us, but they have not hidden from our sight the glory of her pure, unselfish love.

The Best Society.

"No company or good company," was a motto given by a distinguished man to all his young friends. It was a motto he had always endeavored to follow as far as in his power, and it was a very wise one. The directions of the Bible are many with regard to vile company, and all through it we are taught to shun such society, lest we get a snare to our souls.

Another of high position in the world makes it a rule to associate with high-minded, intelligent men, rather than with fashionable idlers; and he said he had derived more intellectual improvement from them than from all the books he ever read.

Sir Foxwell Buxton often spoke of the great benefits he had derived from his visit to the Gracery family. Their works stimulated him to make the most of his powers. "It has given a color to my whole life," he said. Speaking of his success at the University, he remarked, "I can ascribe it to nothing but my visits to this family where I caught the infection of self-improvement."

Surely, if our visits have such an influence upon our life, it should be a matter of serious importance to us in what families we allow ourselves to be intimate. Boys and girls form attachments very easily, and often with little forethought. In this, as in all things else, you should not fail to take advice of those who are older and wiser, and never, never choose for a friend one against whom you have been warned by those who dearly love you.

There are people whose very presence seems to lift you up into a better, higher atmosphere. Choose such associates whenever it is in your power, and the more you can live in their society, the better for both mind and heart. "He that walketh with wise men shall be wise; but a companion of fools shall be destroyed."

The little one ton and seventeen hundred weight City of Rignus, which has arrived safely in England after a passage of thirty-six days, encountered stormy weather almost constantly from the time she reached the banks of Newfoundland. Gales had to be weathered and icebergs avoided. From the beginning to the end of the passage, the sun was seen to rise and set only once, and during the remaining days the weather was too thick to permit of observations being taken. The ship's company consisted of Captain Primrose, Mr. Hoyer, "the crew," and a brigdole hull terrier.

The maddest man in Indiana lives at Patoka. He told his wife he was going down cellar to commit suicide, and did go down, and fired a broadside into a pork barrel. His wife kept right on knitting, and after awhile the man came up-stairs swearing that the woman hadn't any feeling.

A young lady school-teacher in Indiana, who one Sabbath lately endeavoring to impress upon her scholars the terrible punishment of Nebuchadnezzar. She told them seven years he ate grass, just like a cow. Just then a small boy asked, "Did he give milk?"

John Quincy Adams has been interviewed, and has told what he thinks of political affairs. He says that the new departure is a very old departure to him; that he sees nothing in the constitutional amendments, apart from their procurement, which need distress any Democrat, the fair purpose and up-hot of them being merely to give equal civil rights and impartial political privileges to all men, irrespective of color; that he would have educational restriction for suffrage; that he believes Grant will be re-nominated, but will be overburdened by the dead weight of the financial mismanagement of affairs; that the Democratic financial policy must be squarely in the direction of free trade and a general reduction of taxation; and that as the tug of war will be in Ohio, Indiana, Pennsylvania and Virginia, the candidates upon the Democratic ticket should come from these parts.

WINNSBORO.

Wednesday Morning, July 26, 1871.

So-Called Dead and Live Issues.

Negro suffrage is now pronounced, and apparently conceded by all politicians, to be a dead issue, a thing, that is, settled, and not to be debated. Now we do not so regard it at all, though we wish it removed, by being allowed to take its chance and struggle for its life, from the arena of national, or rather sectional politics. The thing is a grand politico social, humanitarian experiment, grounded upon a far-reaching philosophy, which, however plausible it may seem, we believe to be false and rotten at the core, and which time alone can verify or disprove. We care very little for the fifteenth amendment on this subject. Slavery was in the constitution, and so now, the equality of races is in the constitution. Yet slavery is dead, and so race equality may die before the expiration of thirty years, the fifteenth amendment to the contrary notwithstanding. The issue is dead, so far as there is any sense in trying to change the opinions of the present generation of fanatical and triumphant yankees is concerned, for they have got into the habit of believing negro suffrage "the fruits of the war"; but it is alive, just as mizzleton on an oak tree is alive, and may have to be dealt with and out away in a similar manner.

Education, on the contrary, is pronounced a live issue. We only wish that we could believe it. It perhaps ought to be, but is it? Is it not very nearly a dead one? How many decently organized schools, public or private, are there in South Carolina? How many really accomplished teachers? Where is that interest in this subject of education to be naturally expected of a civilized people? Among the Radicals, the pretended interest in education is pure hypocrisy; and amongst others, it is the merest talk of the indifferent, content to flatter the profession of teaching, for which they entertain no genuine respect.

Emigration, too, is called a live issue. "Why don't you editors stir up the people more on emigration? That's the subject for the times." Why don't we? The reason is plain. Despite the solemn protest of "Fairfield" on the subject, we believe that a tolerable description of a dung-hill cock-fight would interest our readers more; and those interesting squibs our local gets off upon "whiskey" are certainly considered more spirited. General Butler seems to comprehend this, and sugar-coats the nauseous pill of Immigration with a lottery scheme, the Academy of Music, and two thousand other prizes. Bah! When will people learn to discriminate between what is, and what ought to be? Editors and pot-house politicians write and talk of dead issues and live issues, as if it was as easy as making mud as rapidly as a French political constitution. Nevertheless, the world goes on as heretofore, nature refusing to be changed according to political convenience, and what is bred in the character coming out in the life. Editors and politicians are thus often like that busy fly that buzzed about the horses and the coachman, and believed that it controlled the motions and the progress of the coach: Issues neither live nor die to their order.

Population Dependent on Remedial Occupation.

Out of over a hundred German Immigrants brought into Laurens District eighteen months ago, by the Newbury Immigration Society, a gentleman from Laurens informed us on Saturday, that not more than ten remain, and they common laborers destitute of enterprise and ambition. The reason they give for leaving for the West or situations on railroads, &c., is that they can make more than ten dollars a month and rations, which

is all that our planters, in the present state of Agriculture, can afford to pay them. It is plain, therefore, both from reason and experience, that unless our system of agriculture is changed, so as to enable farmers to pay higher wages, or unless our industry is diversified and those branches of manufacture that require the services of skilled and highly-paid mechanics are introduced, it is useless to bring immigrants to the State, for we will not, and cannot retain them. The "four colonies of Immigrants in four different portions of the State" feature of General Butler's "Letter—Immigration—Scheme," for this same reason of low wages, would prove a perfect failure, if ever attempted. Immigrants will come, when there is a real need for them and adequate compensation for their labor, but not before. This, mark you, is not to say, that the will of our people cannot bring about immigration. It is, however, to say, that that will must be intelligently directed, not so much to bringing the men here, as to fostering those industries which will demand population and bring it, and react upon the great agricultural interest, making it more scientific, more thorough and profitable. Through cotton manufactories, foundries, wool and leather manufactories, and the commerce springing up along with them, just as through the spacious doors of a temple, will flow into the South the tide of population destined to make her wealthy, prosperous, powerful and great.

Doko as a Fruit-bearing Region.

We have been rejoiced to hear that letters from New York to gentlemen at Doko, describe the fruit they receive from Doko as "the best from any southern market." We can well believe it, from the beautiful specimen of peaches sent, early this season, to the Editor of this paper by Dr. S. W. Bokhart, along with a bottle of delightful blackberry wine. Here is an industry that we would be glad to see carefully fostered. Doko can equal and even surpass Aiken in supplying the North with fruit, and is situated at least a day nearer to the market. There seems to have been a fortunate turn in everything in Fairfield, this year. The corn crop is certainly the largest and most successful for several years, and cotton now promises well, both as to quantity and price. And now here is this minor industry of fruit-raising never so successful as during this year. We have every reason then, to take heart, and enter, with renewed efforts, next year, upon the work of repairing our fortune. Making money is the best politics after all. We would prefer it to even a Radical defeat.

FEASTERSVILLE (DARK CORNER) FAIRFIELD COUNTY, July 17, 1871.

A large number of planters in this vicinity having laid by their crops, and feeling bled by a bountiful Providence with a prospect of fair crops, gave a barbecue on the 15th inst., and invited their friends to join in partaking of the festivities of the meeting. They were disappointed in getting their orator for the occasion; and therefore can only give a public expression of their pent-up feeling, by sending you for publication the following toasts, prepared by a committee appointed just before the feasting commenced:

- REGULAR TOASTS:
1st. Our State Government—Controlled by dishonest carpet-baggers and ignorant negroes, a disgrace to the age, and a country boasting of its progress of civilization.
2d. Universal Suffrage—It would be a safe depository of the rights of our people only where every one was sufficiently educated to understand his rights, and had virtue enough to firmly maintain them.
3d. State Rights—The right of the people or municipalities to make all laws necessary for their local government, and for protection of sectional interests in contradistinction to general laws of the Federal Government for general interests.
4th. Congressional Interference with the rights of the States.
5th. The State Government—a den of thieves and blackguards. Will the people submit? The next general election will decide.
6th. Cumulative Voting—The only protection for the rights of minorities.
7th. Woman—Without her man is a brute. (The man who does not punctuate this sentiment properly is himself a brute.)
A few other toasts were given by guests, but as they were not handed in we can only add the following:

By a Guest—Agricultural Club—They should be established by the planters in every neighborhood in the State. To make weekly, for promoting agricultural improvement and social intercourse.

By a Guest—French Communism and American Radicalism—Birds of a feather! &c., vide Beas Butler's views on this subj. &c.
The caterers for the occasion were Mr. R. E. Q. and the three Messrs. Dick-on, and fully gratified the palates of the most fastidious. The meeting was, in all respects, and to all present a very pleasant one, and everybody went home well pleased with his enjoyments of the day.

Letter from the Mountains.

Rutherford, N. C., July 21, 1871.
Mr. Editor:
That long-talked-of trip to the mountains matured under innumerable draw back, the greatest of which as you saw, was the strong one, our yellow dog, T. War, gave us in the streets of Winnsboro, was commenced Monday, July 18th. We jugged along very pleasantly until late in the afternoon, careless of consequences, until we arrived at Corwell's, where we had contemplated to make our first camp. Here our small vexations commenced. Neither at this station nor at the next six houses could we obtain a pound of provender for our horses. Not until we arrived at Equiro McNeill's, 22 miles from home, did we find enough for one feed. It is a rather sad commentary on our country that a traveler can go seven miles, passing six houses, on one of our main roads, and not get enough corn to make up one feed for two horses. We had our fun, though, even under difficulties. Our friend Joe, full of every mischief, gave out the idea that there would be a show up the road next morning. The ensuing conversation generally took place:

Joe—I say, old man, you must come to the show to-morrow.
Darkey—Is dar gwine to be a show, bus?
Joe—"Yes, price only 25 cents."
Darkey—"Money is mighty scarce now."
Joe—"Well, if you hav'nt got the money, a chicken will do."
Darkey—"Bos, if I bring a chicken can I git in?"
Joe—"Yes, be sure and come, and tell all your people."
Well, sir, the consequence was, if we did not get corn, (we hardly think corn was much worked along that road, July 18th,) the next morning a grove of all ages, little negroes and big negroes, women and men, came flocking up the road, and such another cackling of chickens was never heard in South Carolina. Deeming it prudent to make tracks from the parts, we got hurriedly hitched up and started on our journey. One hundred yards from camp sat three of the colored brethren with two cacklers.—They enquired where that show would be at. Joe had to again draw on his imagination. So he told them that it would come off about two miles up the road. This gave us time to get out of reach of all the wrath and perspiration of the newly re-constructed.

Our second camp was pitched at M. Dill's store, 24 miles from Chester. But of this hereafter. Haven't time to write now. All are in high spirits, and are bound to have fun, if it can be found ready-made; if not, we intend to manufacture as we go. L.

A Card.
WINNSBORO S. C., July 24, 1871.
Mr. Editor:
Allow me through your columns to tender to my friends and fellow citizens my warmest and most cordial thanks for their brave and generous exertions in my behalf, at the burning of my residence on Thursday last. Where I feel nothing but gratitude for so much zeal and interest, I trust it may not appear invidious if I especially acknowledge the efforts and services of the Hook and Ladder Company, of the many colored men present, and of several soldiers of the U. S. Troop stationed at this place. All of them aided earnestly in doing all that it was possible to do.
Very Respectfully,
H. A. GAILLARD.

The Freedmen.
That the freedmen are not a shiftless, improvident race, as has been charged by their enemies time and again, is shown by the monthly exhibit of the condition of the Freedmen's Savings and Trust Company of Washington. It appears from the report for the month of June last that the deposits were \$1,028,312.87; drafts, \$954,420.80; gain in thirty days, \$73,892.07. This is the dull season of the year among the people who constitute the great bulk of the deposits in this bank, yet the rate of saving as above being carried through the year, would show a gain of nearly one million.

An Indian man demanded of a druggist some "inker's violin," the other day, and the druggist found, after a vast amount of questioning and indignation, that he wanted structure of iodine.

The New Columbia and Augusta Railroad.

Colonel R. R. B. Idges, the president of the Wilmington, Columbia and Augusta Railroad, we mentioned a few days ago, has concluded to continue his road from C. Lumbia, whether he will soon run by the short cut from Sumter to Augusta. With a road already in operation from Columbia to Augusta, this must be considered a bold stroke. He proposes an air line, as near as the nature of the country admits, and thus save from twenty to twenty-five miles over the Charlotte Road, which runs to within a few miles of Edgefield Courthouse, and terminates at Graniteville. The new road will thus have the advantage in distance and therefore, in time. For these reasons it will doubtless have the greater share of the passenger trade, and most likely carry the mail. As to through business, neither road will break bulk in Columbia, and each will carry just whatever it can drum up at its northern terminus. The route will go mostly through a section of country hitherto undeveloped, tangential now and then with the Charlotte and Augusta, and perhaps to a slight degree with the South Carolina Railroad. It may, therefore, reasonably expect considerable local business.—There will certainly be a lively competition in Columbia; and Augusta bids fair to become one of the greatest railroad centres in the land.—Charleston News.

Poisonings.

Murders by poison appear to be alarmingly on the increase. There are at this time no less than seven cases under going investigation, in two of which the women accused of the crime, if guilty, are specimens of fiends such as we are not used to reading of in this nineteenth century. Among the many woman murderers of the year none stand more prominent for the wholesale manner, and cool deliberation in their crimes, than Mrs. Sherman, of Connecticut. If the charges are true against her, she has for a long time escaped the notoriety her crimes would have occasioned if she had shot or used the dagger in making way with her victims, and has silently sent one after another to their long account by the use of the poisoning bowl.

The next and more recent case is that of Mrs. Wharton, of Baltimore, which is now being investigated, and wherein it is surmised she has, by the same mode of poisoning, sent several persons out of the world before their time. Many other cases of poisoning by women are yet fresh in the minds of the public, and we may as well acknowledge what peculiar influence brings about all the crimes of this nature. If found guilty of the offences whereof they stand charged let them be hanged, as they are greater criminals by far than she who commits murder in open day, and where there can be no doubt as to who the criminal is.—Union.

Crop Prospects.

The crop accounts, from all portions of the South, agree in the statement that the corn crop is better than was ever known before. Our own observation in the eastern and middle portions of the State—the heretofore great cotton growing region—leads us to the conclusion that an abundance of corn will be made for the home supply—a condition of things which has not, within our memory, existed here before.

A large area has been planted, and the crop is better than we have ever known it. This valuable cereal is now beyond the danger of untoward seasons. All through this section the corn, except that grown on bottom land, and which seldom suffers for want of moisture, is so far untaxed as to be safe from excessive heat and drought. With large corn crops we shall find no difficulty in raising meat. We trust and believe that Georgia planters are at last realizing the importance of raising full supplies of provisions of all kinds. On all sides and from every quarter we hear of diligent efforts directed to this important matter.—Augusta Chronicle.

"The Rutherford Outlaws."

Under this heading, the Asheville (N. C.) Pioneer of the 20th instant, gives the following information: "We learn that a large number of men, for whom warrants have been issued, have fled to Cherry Mountain and fortified themselves in fastnesses. Gen. Morgan, in command of 100 soldiers, and as many citizens as he could summon, started on Friday last with a view of surrounding the mountain and compelling them to surrender. It has been ascertained that these outlaws have purchased half a keg of gun-powder, and lead in proportion, with which to make resistance when the effort is made to capture them. Several of them have been heard to remark: "We have to leave the country, and we'll have revenge before we do so."

The remains of Grote, the historian who was buried in Westminster Abbey, the site chosen for the grave was at the entrance to "Poet's Corner," near the monuments of Camden David Garrick and Isaac Casaubon. The pall was borne by Lords Granville, Oysterton, Romilly, Stanhope and Ripper; the Master of the Balliol College, (Dr. Jones), Mr. John Stairs Millard and Mr. Lowe, M. P. The reason why Sylvanus Cobb, Jr. confined himself to writing for the periodicals, was because the legitimate function of a job is to produce a good deal of money.

Telegraphic.

EUROPEAN NEWS.

New York July 19.—The Times' London correspondent says the claimant of the Tichborne estate is an illegitimate son of old Sir James Tichborne by his cook, Mary O'Connell, that the real Sir Roger perished, as has been reported in 1859.

London, July 19.—A shaft 14 1/2 feet in diameter, running from the North Midland railway, ran into a freight train near Chesterfield Station. Two passengers were killed outright and thirty are reported injured, some of whom will die.

Prince Frederick William has left Berlin on his return to England. He comes direct to Osborne, where he remains with the royal family.

A World special says: Gladstone will state in the House of Commons to-morrow that the Government has determined to abolish the purchase system, in defiance of the resistance of the Lords, or failing in this, to resign.

Paris, July 20.—The Germans have evacuated.

Revised is in favor of the invalids visiting the baths.

The Budget for 1871 is reduced 124,000,000 francs, without charging army appropriation.

Lederer Rollin is a candidate for the Assembly.

The Siecle editorially favors the income tax.

The Assembly voted an imposition of a stamp tax of ten centimes on bills over ten francs.

From Georgia.

Augusta, July 18.—There have been heavy rains, accompanied by destructive winds, for several days. The dams of the Langley cotton factory and Beth paper mill, situated on Horse Creek, six miles from Augusta, broke at 4 o'clock this morning, the volume of water striking the South Carolina Railroad, swept away the embankment and track for half a mile. The damage to the road is repaired and trains are running.

Some three hundred operatives in the mill are thrown out of employment. Loss, fifty thousand dollars.

From Ohio.

Cincinnati, July 18.—Two men were seriously injured by the explosion of a soda fountain; one had both his legs broken.

A coal oil can with which a man was lighting a fire, exploded, killing one and terribly burning another daughter.

The people of Greenville, Ohio, are about hanging a negro for rape.

From Illinois.

Chicago, July 18.—Governor Palmer, of Illinois, will ask the Sheriff with the whole power of the State, in arresting the person who lynchd Mead, the man who whipped his child to death.

From Louisiana.

New Orleans, July 18.—Albert Meyers was shot dead while swimming, by Michael A. Rodgers. Cause, jealousy. The murderer has been imprisoned.

Francis Monteith, clerking in Chippie's store, St. James' parish, who was murdered May 10th, the body thrown into the river, and the store robbed and burned, by four negroes to-day the jury, composed of six white and six colored, found them guilty of arson, burglary and murder. Penalty death.

From Kentucky.

Louisville, July 18.—A destructive storm occurred along the Louisville and Nashville Railroad. A freight train was blown from the switch across the main track, and threw a passenger train off. No lives lost.

From North Carolina.

Wilmington, July 17.—In Robeson county this morning, Lowrey and his band of negro outlaws waylaid and killed Daniel Murdock McLean, a prominent citizen, and Hugh McLean, his brother, a youth only thirteen years old. They also wounded Archibald McCollum. These parties were riding along the public road in a buggy, and were fired on from a thicket in the woods. A fearful state of terror exists among the women and children in Robeson county. The Sheriff has a posse of one hundred and fifty in the field, but their efforts thus far are utterly fruitless.

Execution of Insurgents.

St. Thomas, July 14, via Porto Rico July 15. The steamer Virginia has returned to the island of Trinidad. She was unable to land her expedition in Cuba. The Spanish war steamer Tornado, at Porto Cabello, will probably go to Trinidad.

Serious Railroad Accident.

MEMPHIS July 19.—A storm occurred last night which surpassed anything here in years. Telegraph poles were prostrated, trees uprooted and vast damage done to the crop. The night express train on the Memphis and Charleston Railroad, hence for Chattanooga, when near Grand Junction, ran through a trestle washed away by the flood. The engineer was killed, and 12 or 15 passengers wounded.

MEMPHIS, July 20.—The rain has washed away the trestle of the Memphis and Charleston railroad, a mile east of the Grand Junction. The eastward bound train, engine, tender, baggage and two passenger cars went into the ditch. Killed—George G. Gibbs, the engineer, Montgomery, the fireman, and several passengers were hurt.

From Washington.

WASHINGTON, July 22.—The United States Arsenal at the Navy Yard is burned. The loss was estimated at a million dollars. Supposed cause, spontaneous combustion.

It is now supposed the loss by the explosion at the arsenal to-day is not more than \$200,000. In addition to artillery and survey equipments and general military stores, the museum is totally destroyed. This contained many war trophies, models of firearms of all nations, together with specimens of uniforms, forming a valuable collection. During the fire there were many explosions from shell and loaded muskets, but no one was thereby injured.

From New York.

New York, July 22.—Prof. John W. S. Howes died of pneumonia. A bale of cotton raised by W. B. McShaw, Lee county, Ala., picked by himself, wife and daughter, in their parlor, and which had gained premiums aggregating \$3,312, sold to-day at 50 cents per pound. The bale weighed 443 pounds.

From California.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 22.—A water-spout in Nevada lifted a passenger train from the track.

An incendiary fire destroyed the business portion of the town of Teuacuc.

Upon the withdrawal of the military from Auander county, leagued minors resolved they would work for themselves and their families. They have armed themselves, and declare they will defend themselves to the last. Fighting is anticipated.

From Kentucky.

LOUISVILLE, July 22.—Nine alleged Ku Klux have been brought here from Bell county, one of whom, it is stated, preached on the others. It appears that the band is located in Bell and Powell counties. Two prisoners were held in \$1,000 bail, each to answer at October term.

From Texas.

GALVESTON, July 22.—The first bale of cotton was received to-day by express from Columbus, Texas, consigned to F. Ke & Wilkins.

From Missouri.

ST. LOUIS, July 22. The steamer Olive Branch, hence to New Orleans, sunk this morning ten miles below Grand Tower. It is feared she cannot be raised. The vessel is valued \$37,500; inured for \$25,000 in Cincinnati, Wheeling and Pittsburg.

Market Reports.

NEW YORK, July 22.—Evening.—Cotton declined 1/8; uplands 2 1/4; sales 1,200 bales. Gold 11 1/2.
CHARLESTON, July 22.—Cotton quiet—mottings 1 1/4; receipts 95; sales 50 bales.
LOUISVILLE, July 22.—Evening.—Cotton opened firm—uplands 9 1/2; Orleans 9 1/2; sales 10,000 bales.

Protecting Roofs from Fire.

A wash composed of lime, salt and fine sand, or wood ashes, put on in the ordinary way of whitewash, is said to render the roof fire-proof more safe against taking fire from falling cinders, or others, in case of fire in the vicinity. It pays the expense a hundred-fold in its preventive influence against the effect of the weather; the older and more weather-beaten the shingles, the more benefit derived. Such shingles are more or less warped, rough and cracked. The application of wash, by wetting the upper surface, restores them to their original form, and therefore, thereby closing the spaces between the shingles; and the lime and sand, by filling up the cracks, prevents it warping.

What General Tombs said to the Tribune Man.

The Albany News says when General Tombs was in Atlanta recently in conversation with several friends, a lady asked: "General Tombs, did you say half the terrible things Mr. Smalley reported to the New York Tribune?" "Madam," replied Mr. Tombs, "the scoundrel did not say half I did tell him to say. I told him to 'be particular to say to his people that they had stolen the graves of their hirelings; stolen them from an old woman—a lame old woman—who had not the power to commit treason—the grand-daughter of Martha Washington.'"
What is the difference between your father and your doctor? "Oh, whacks and love you, the other whacks you."