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Anderson Intelligencer.

BY HOYT & CO. ANDERSON, S. C., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1876. VOL. XII--NO. 8.

LEGAL ADVERTISING.—We are compelled to require cash payments for advertising ordered by Executors, Administrators and other fiduciaries, and herewith append the rates for the ordinary notices, which will only be inserted when the money comes with the order:
Citations, two insertions, - - - - $3.00
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TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In order to receive attention, communications must be accompanied by the true name and address of the writer. Rejected manuscripts will not be returned, unless the necessary stamps are furnished to repay the postage thereon.
☞ We are not responsible for the views and opinions of our correspondents.
All communications should be addressed to "Editors Intelligencer," and all checks, drafts, money orders, &c., should be made payable to the order of HOYT & CO.,
Anderson, S. C.

OUR CENTENNIAL LETTER.

Machinery Hall—The Great Corliss Engine—The Giants of Steam The Big Krupp Gun—The Magicians of the Saw—Aristocratic Soda Water—Iron Cutters, &c.,

Special Correspondence of the Anderson Intelligencer.

Philadelphia, Sep. 1, 1876.

For more than three months I have passed at least a dozen times a day the building which I am about to describe, and I confess I have shrunk from the task, for I have looked upon it with almost fear and wonder. It is not a subject to be dealt with lightly, for within this mighty building is concentrated more of the brain power, by which the world is moved than in all of the Centennial Exhibition beside. Cross over to the Main Building and there you see the results; come back to Machinery Hall and there you find the motive power by which these results were achieved. It is true in the Chinese and Japanese Departments you see marvellous exhibitions of handicraft, wonderful carvings are there on which whole lives of unremitting toil have been wasted; genius which properly directed might have rivaled the creations of Praxiteles, here produces nothing but monstrosities which rather appal than gratify the imagination. You shake the dust of the past from your shoes when you enter Machinery Hall. Everything around you speaks of the living present—not of a slow present, but a present that keeps reaching out and grasping into the future—that compresses years into months and months into days, days into hours and hours into minutes, and minutes into seconds which ever appear too slow. Steam magnifies its power a million times, yet steam seems weak and tardy, and now the restless genius that whips us onward like a pitiless fiend, dives down into the bowels of the earth and reaches upward to the stars in search of some new motive power which shall supersede that terrible agent which for seventy years has been the wonder and admiration of the world. Machinery Hall is fourteen hundred feet long, and five hundred and sixty-eight feet wide, and covers nearly thirteen acres; the outside aisles are forty feet high, and the interior aisles are seventy feet. Walk right along with me down the main avenue, nor pause till we reach the giant engine by which all this machinery is moved. We are now in the centre of the building; the hand is on the hour of nine; the crowd around watch in breathless expectation the movements of two men who stand on the elevated platform; one makes a partial circuit of the sleeping monster; scanning everything with a critical eye, he returns to his post, and lays his hand upon a polished iron wheel; his comrade does the same; he gives it a gentle turn, and the man on the opposite side has repeated his motion; another turn and you see a gentle puff of steam; still another, there is a thrill and vibration; still another and the giant arms begin to move, the mighty fly-wheel, thirty feet in diameter, sweeps round as noiselessly as a ghost; the whirr and buzz of a thousand machines break through the stillness of the morning, and the day's labor has fairly begun. But look down there to the right, do you see that man leaning against the platform? That is George H. Corliss, of Providence, and the owner of the giant before you. In person, he is short and thick set, seeming capable of any amount of endurance. Look at that bull neck and mastiff jaw, and watch the expression of his face, which at a glance looks hard and stern. No carpet knight this, but one of your rough, solid workers, who stands no nonsense, who would not thank you for a compliment, and who cleaves his way through every obstacle and never pauses till finally his object is achieved. He looks just exactly like a man who would kick a beggar out of his house and then fling a five dollar bill at him from the second-story window.—Work, work, work; not the dull plodding of human muscles, but nerves of iron and muscles of steel, controlled by God's most marvelous agent, the human brain. Into these titanic arms, moving with the unerring certainty of fate, a power has been put which lifts the yoke of labor from the neck of groaning millions, almost nullifying the curse which the creator proclaimed to the children of men—"In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat thy bread."

Everything around you is suggestive of strength, power, speed and intelligence; no guess work here, no grasping for chances in the dark; mathematics, stern and unrelenting, furnish the base of every problem by which these giants are moved. Come this way, do you see that mighty lever which rises and falls so noiselessly up and down that you would never realize its power? Put this bar of iron an inch thick beneath its pitiless jaw, see it cleave as though it was tissue paper. Here is a punching machine that sends its bolt through a thick plate of iron just as the sewing machine sends its needle through a piece of cambric. And here we have a monster lathe working all alone, no human being near it, and yet observe the unerring intelligence that hour after hour works steadily on and never makes a mistake. Still further on an uncomfortable shadow falls across our path; we look up and find ourselves standing in the presence of the great Krupp gun. While in a military man it might awaken admiration to see the perfection to which human genius has brought this miracle of ordinance, I confess the only feeling it awakened in me was a hope that it might never be used. You can scarcely realize its size and its power—twenty-three feet long, twenty tons weight, fifteen inch bore, and a range of fifteen miles. But though the name of Fred. Krupp is indissolubly connected with the manufacture of the grandest piece of ordinance of modern times, it is not solely in this connection that his glory will pass to posterity, for around you on every side are the emblems of his genius, which, like angels of peace, shall testify to the greatness of this man's name when the history of his monster gun has passed into oblivion forever. Close beside this dread engine of distruction lies the mighty shaft of a steamship forged from a single ingot of steel, and polished like a lady's bodkin. Huge steel tires for locomotives and wheels for cars are scattered around on every hand. Commerce pays him her peaceful tribute, and the railroads of the world in the remotest climes bear testimony of his genius and skill. Twenty thousand people find employment in his numerous factories and mines, and I hail with satisfaction the exhibit among our people of the greatest steel manufacturer in the world.

In one section I saw what to me appeared a very wonderful operation; it was the manufacture of tin-ware by Bliss & Williams, of Brooklyn. Well do I remember the time when the commonest tin pan was made out of four pieces, and of the care that had constantly to be exercised to keep the bottom from melting off. Great benefactor of the human race was he who invented this stamping machine. Now they take a circular plate of tin, place it under the die, and before you can say Jack, much less Robinson, your pan is made; and such a pan, a model of beauty and strength that defies all efforts of Bridget to k ock or melt the bottom out of it.

And here we come to the sawyers department. Magicians you may fairly call them, for it seems as if they can do almost anything with those wonderful little saws. See him take up that rough and ungainly looking block, watch how daintily he twists and turns it around: see, the saw scarcely leaves a trace, but keeps whirring and whizzing on; look, he shakes it to pieces, and before you is a complete set of fairy furniture, handsomely finished and ready for use.

A few years ago and the name of Matthews was almost the only one identified with the manufacture of soda water apparatus; now the woods are full of 'em. Tuft has a half dozen marble palaces, and other manufacturers have such magnificent displays, that we feel compelled to ask from what source the money comes. Would it not just be possible to give us just a trifle less magnificent apparatus and a little cheaper soda water? This thing has been increasing year after year, till now five or six thousand dollars is considered a very moderate price for a soda water apparatus for a country drug store; in fact, the single article of furniture would mortgage all the pillecotia, epsom salts, porous plasters and sugar-coated pills usually owned by a country apothecary.

The Centennial Commission has just made a new concession. On two Saturdays of this month the Exhibition is to be opened for twenty-five cents. Last week a firm in Agricultural Hall had a lot of cards printed which they intended to put over their card cases in various parts of the hall, and on them was printed in large red letters, "Take One." Some graceless varlet passing along, stole the whole package, and looking around saw a magnificent display of preserved fruits and pickles, from which the owner was unfortunately absent. He carefully placed a ticket on each bottle and can, and then withdrew to observe the general result. The first that came along was a fat old woman from Missouri. She paused for a moment, rubbed her spectacles and then reached for a bottle of pickles. She went on a few steps and then returned and gobbled up a can of peaches. Two hungry-looking galoots from Kentucky followed in her wake, and off walked a couple of packages of strawberries. A widow with four children next appeared, and they went for some Bartlett pears and raspberry jam. The good news spread like wildfire, and in a few moments hundreds were rushing like mad men toward the unfortunate stand. It was not long till the place was entirely stripped, and when the unlucky owner got back all that remained was the empty shelves, over which were scattered cards that told the story of his ruin, inscribed with the motto, "Take One."

An admirable restaurant has been opened by the Draymen's Association, just back of Agricultural Hall, where for forty-five cents you can get a very respectable meal—this is the price of a cup of coffee in any of the crack restaurants. It is the only place on the grounds where you can get a meal at a moderate price, and the gentlemanly superintendent, Mr. Coit, is always on the alert to secure the comfort of his guests.

Yours truly,
BROADBRIM.

— "Long Branch has a throng of notables," says a correspondent, but they are not a circumstance in numerousness to the other throng, who are not-able to go there.

— "Where's the bar?" asked a dirty-looking stranger of the bell-boy of the hotel the other day. "What kind of a bar?" asked the latter. "Why, a saloon bar, of course; what do you suppose I mean? "Well," drawled the boy, "I didn't know but what you might mean a bar of soap."

— These fine summer mornings, just as a man is trying to get another forty winks of sleep before breakfast, afford unusual facilities for studying the habits and disposition of the common fly. The sagacity of the insect is marvelous. They never fail to find the tenderest spot on a man's face, and when found they hold battalion drill right there, close up in columns of companies, then deploy in line of battle advance skirmishers and throw up rifle pits, keeping up in the meanwhile an incessant crash of field music. After this has gone on for a half hour or so, a man thinks he might as well get up and help take care of the baby.

Red Oats.

D. Wyatt Aiken in the Rural Carolinian for September.

We have so frequently written in these pages about red oats, and have sent them to so many sections of the State and South, that we thought every farmer sowed them, and that if he did not, that he at least had heard of their intrinsic worth. But much to our surprise we are in almost daily receipt of letters making enquiry about this invaluable grain. How much do you sow to the acre? When do you sow? Why do you sow in cotton land? What becomes of the cotton stalks? These and hosts of similar questions are asked now-a-days, and we will answer most of them so that there can be no error either in the sowing or reaping, and to be plain and explicit, we will simply narrate, as we have frequently done heretofore, a little experiment during the past season.

In 1875 one of our tenants planted a twelve acre field, (four years old) in cotton, land good and strong, oak and hickory. We determined to put this field in red oats, and hence advised the tenant to postpone as late as practicable the last ploughing of his cotton. This was done, and on the 10th August we gave him eighteen bushels of red oats, and advised him to run two "sweep" furrows in his cotton, then sow the oats at the rate of one and a half bushels per acre, and cover the grain with one, sometimes two, more similar furrows. Taking his own time about it, he consumed just two weeks in laying by that field of cotton, and we paid him two dollars for sowing *our* oats in *his* cotton. The ploughing we did not pay for, because with his own mule he was giving his own crop what it needed before it was laid by.

A fine stand was secured, and the oats grew off very rapidly. The winter being warm, this crop would have made a luxuriant sheep pasture all the winter, but it was not touched by stock except occasionally when hunger would force a lot of the tenant's cows to mount the fence and gorge themselves. This was done so frequently that at times the crop seemed literally ruined.

But we had faith, for we never yet have had a crop of red oats to 'come up missing" at harvest time. About the middle of February these intrusions were put a stop to.

The first week in March the wife and children of our tenant were paid twenty-five cents per acre to knock down the cotton stalks low enough not to interfere with cradling.

Early in June the twelve acres were harvested by five cradlers, five binders, two shockers, one water carrier, at an expense of twenty-two dollars. The work was well done, and was a good day's work for the laborers, the oats being in places so heavy that cradling was done to great disadvantage. Could the crop have been harvested with a reaper, however, we believe many more bushels would have been saved.

These oats were stocked in large shocks, sometimes thirty bundles in a shock, and capped by simply laying one or two bundles across the top of the shock. A week after being cut, we began to haul them in, but the very next day rain fell and continued to fall for five consecutive days. Much apprehension was felt about the grain crop, every one was predicting ruin, because the grain would sprout in the field. Our faith was not shaken, because we knew red oats had never yet disappointed the farmer.

In due time, after the rainy season ended, we began to haul, hiring our tenants, with their own teams, to haul those oats from that field to our dwelling place, a distance of six miles, paying one dollar and a half for every two-horse load, hauling two loads a day, and twenty dozen bundles to the load. We hauled nineteen loads, and though none of these oats were intended to be threshed, but to be cut up as needed and fed to animals off the plantation, we have so frequently threshed this grain and know so well what it will yield, that we are warranted in saying that every load would have measured twenty bushels of shelled oats. They are now housed snugly, and carefully packed away in a loft that experience teaches us holds just enough oats to feed three horses for twelve months. We have that many now feeding upon them, and we are confident these oats will feed them and have some to spare when the oat crop of 1877 is harvested.

Now let us see what these oats cost us. First, there is the seed, eighteen bushels, worth last fall eighteen dollars. Then we paid for sowing two dollars. Then for knocking down cotton stalks one dollar and fifty cents. Then the harvesting cost twenty-two dollars. And finally we paid twenty-eight dollars and fifty cents to have them hauled to our stable, six miles off. Well, with our tribe of little ones, we ourselves packed away these oats, and ought to have been paid for it, we will say, three dollars. Add to this the wear and tear of the land, with a fair interest upon the investment, say of two dollars and fifty cents per acre, or thirty dollars for the twelve acres.

If we knew of any other expense we would add it, but we do not, and really think we paid more liberally all around for our work than most of our neighbors would have done. Could we have possibly spared the time we would have sowed the field and paid no one else to do it. Lack of time prevented our being with the reapers, and hence we believe we paid at least two dollars too much there. Too many irons in the fire compelled us to pay for the hauling, which might have otherwise been done with our own team. And the packing away was a frolic, no money out, but simply valued at three dollars.

But with all these high charges we believe we have housed three hundred and eighty bushels of beautiful oats, at an aggregate cost of one hundred and five dollars, or less than twenty-eight cents per bushel. Three bushels of these oats are worth two bushels of corn. Can any farmer in the South grow corn at forty-two cents per bushel?

This is the fourth crop of oats we have hauled six miles in the sheaf, and never before has it cost us over twenty-five cents a bushel, housed. We say then earnestly to our readers, sow red oats, and advise your neighbors to sow them. Don't stand upon the price of a few bushels, but buy and sow. Oats all this fall have been cheap, and no better investment can be made than in a few bushels of seed oats. Sow now, sow next month, and sow any time that the land can be ploughed between this and the first day of March next. We sowed six acres after the 15th of last March, and harvested eighty dozen, equivalent to eighty bushels. The first sown, however, in the early Fall, are always the heaviest and best oats. Pick over a cotton field once, then sow and cover with a sweep. The few lost cotton bolls will never be missed.

— "Did you stay long enough to see much of the Centennial?" asked one Atlanta clerk of another who had just returned from a two day's sojourn at Philadelphia. "Oh, yes; I got a pretty good idea of the whole thing," was the reply; "you'll find the best beer at Ed. Mercer's."

Let Us Have a Campaign Fund.

The following article was contributed a short time ago to the Edgefield *Advertiser*, but its appeal for a campaign fund will apply with equal force to Anderson County:

Messrs. Editors: I believe that the success of the Democratic party in Edgefield County is already assured. The bold, resolute and determined attitude of the democracy has had a telling effect, and the victory has already been virtually achieved.

But Edgefield is the banner County, and her motto now is "Excelsior." We desire to accomplish more than a simple majority. We wish to beat the Radicals by 1,500 or 2,000 votes. We wish to make this fight, to them a Waterloo defeat. We wish also to set a patriotic example to our sister Counties and to our fellow-citizens throughout the whole State. We want the same wind that will sweep Edgefield like a prairie fire, to consume the Radical broomsedge from the Mountains to the Seaboard. Let us create a breeze that cannot by any possibility or contingency fail to waft the noble, chivalrous, honest, virtuous, gallant Hampton into the Executive Chair of the State. Without relaxing a particle of the means and efforts that we now have under way, let us go one step further *and raise a campaign fund of five thousand dollars or more*, to be placed at the disposal of the Executive Committee of Edgefield County. Let us have the "sinews" of political warfare. Come weal or come woe, we must win this fight. Like Cortez, we have burned our ships behind us, and there is no safe avenue of retreat. We must look neither to the right nor to the left, but fix our eyes steadily upon the goal of Democratic victory, like the Eagle fixes his upon the sun.

Our forefather's pledged their fortunes as well as their lives and their sacred honor in the contest for freedom and the struggle for independence a hundred years ago, and nobly did they redeem the pledge. The men of 1860 imitated their illustrious and heroic example. Shall we of 1876 prove to be less self-sacrificing than they? Are we not willing in this hour of our country's greatest need to bring up our "offerings" and lay them as willing sacrifices upon our country's altars. I mistake the spirit and temper of the people of this county if they should fail to respond with alacrity to a call like this. An assessment of two hundred dollars upon each Club, or something like that in proportion to their respective means, would raise the required amount. This sum could be raised and nobody hurt. It would scarcely be entitled to the dignity of the appellation *sacrifice*. And yet the demands of the hour require that we should actually make *sacrifices* and resort to great self-denial to redeem the State. In 1860 our wealthy citizens uniformed whole companies and equipped them for service, as an evidence of their zeal and patriotism. Are not our men of means, of to-day, willing to give one or two hundred dollars each to rescue this noble old commonwealth from the hands of the vandals. Shall we continue any longer to pay millions into the Radical Treasury when a hundred thousand dollars would elect the Democratic ticket beyond all peradventure? Five thousand dollars raised by each County in the State would yield a fund of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. If we act well the part of the wagoner in Aesop and put our own shoulders to the wheel, there is a Hercules at the North that will double the amount.

The taxes of the next winter will be levied by the new Legislature. If the Radicals prevail, these will be exceedingly burdensome and oppressive. It will be a saving of a half million dollars to the pockets of the people to elect the Democratic ticket, in the matter of the next winter's taxes alone. Shall we not bring up our treasure to the rescue in so momentous a crisis as this?

The times are propitious; the occasion is far more favorable than any that we have ever had presented before; the Radical waves are receding; their Belshazzers are trembling; the hand writing is on the wall; the Democratic hosts are advancing; and South Carolina is the last stronghold of this modern Diabolus.

Every one knows that money has heretofore been very freely used by the Radicals in this State—and public money too—poured by the Democrats into the Radical Coffers. At the North hundreds of thousands of dollars are annually spent in elections when the candidates are all white, and the best representative men are put forward by both parties. The people there have very little to lose in the triumph of either party, and yet their political contests are fought with intense fierceness and with the utmost disregard of expense. Shall we who have become the slaves of slaves, whose inheritance, that has been handed down from a hundred generations, has been usurped by a black inferior race of political cormorants, the most corrupt that the world ever saw; and who groan under the most intolerable burden of misgovernment and political rottenness, that any civilized people ever had to endure, shall we not be willing to contribute freely of our means to be restored to our inheritance?

It is said that Robertson and Patterson each paid forty thousand dollars to be elected to the United States Senate by our Radical Legislatures, and that Solomon's Bank contributed tens of thousands of dollars to elect Chamberlain Governor two years ago, and after reimbursing itself from the public funds in its keeping, suspended payment. Maher and Reed and Shaw were defeated by such miscreants as Wiggins and Whipper and Moses because these last paid a few hundred dollars a piece for their selection.—Money is a powerful lever to turn the machinery that moves the world. The Spoils! The spoils!! The spoils!!! This is the Shibboleth of the Radical party. Let us go at them with their own favorite weapons. Let us fight them on their own ground. Let us beat them at their own game.

Vulcan.

Don't Be Too Critical.—Whatever you do, never set up for a critic. We don't mean a newspaper one, but in private, life, in the domestic circle, in society. It will not do any one any good, and it will do harm—if you mind being called disagreeable. If you don't like any one's nose, or object to any one's chin, don't put your feelings into words. If any one's manners don't please you, remember your own. People are not all made to suit one taste; recollect that. Take things as you find them, unless you can alter them. Even a dinner, after it is swallowed, cannot be made any better. Continual fault-finding, continual criticism of the conduct of this one and the speech of that one, the dress of the other and the opinions of t'other, will make home the unhappiest place under the sun. If you are never pleased with any one, no one will ever be pleased with you.—And if it is known you are hard to suit, few will take pains to suit you.—*Hearth and Home.*

— "How much owest thou?" is growing to be a favorite hymn in the Churches. It is sung while the brethren pass around their hats.

A Word to the Young Men.

The grand mistake that young men make during the first ten years of their business and professional cares, is in idly waiting for their chance. They seem to forget, or they do not know, that during those ten years they enjoy the only leisure they will ever have. After ten years there will be no time for reading, culture and study. If they do not become thoroughly grounded in the principles and practical details of their profession during those years; if they do not store their mind with useful knowedge; if they do not pursue habits of reading and observation, and social intercourse, which result in culture, the question whether they will ever rise to occupy a place where there is room enough for them, will be decided in the negative. The young physicians and lawyers who sit idly in their offices and lounge away the time "waiting for something to turn up," are by that course fastening themselves for life to the lower stratum where their struggle for a bare livelihood is to be perpetual. The first ten years are golden years that should be filled with perpetual reading and observation. Everything that attends professional excellence, should be an object of daily pursuit. To such men the doors of succcess open of themselves, at last. Work seeks the best hands as naturally as water runs down hill. Young men don't know much any way, and the time always comes to those who become worthy, when they look back with wonder, upon their good opinion of their acquirements and themselves.

There is another point that ought not to be overlooked in the treatment of this subject. Young men look about them and see a great measure of worldly success awarded to men without principle. They see the trickster crowned with public honors; they see the sharp man, the overreaching man, the liar, the demagogue, the time-server, the scoundrel who cunningly manages, though constantly disobeys moral laws and trampling on social courtesy, so keep himself out of the legal police, carrying off prizes of wealth and place. All this is a demoralizing puzzle, and a fearful temptation; and multitudes of young men are not able to stand before it. They ought to understand that in this wicked world there is a great deal of room where there's integrity. Great trusts may be sought by scoundrels, but great trusts never seek them; and perfect integrity is at a premium even among scoundrels. There are some trusts that they will never confer on each other. There are occasions when they need the services of true men, and they do not find them in shoals and in the mud, but alone and in pure water.

In the realm of eminent acquirements and eminent integrity, there is always room enough. Let no young man of industry and perfect honesty despair because his profession is crowded. Let him always remember that there is room enough at the top, and that the question whether he is to reach the top, or rise above the crowd at the base of the pyramid, will be decided by the way in which he improved the first ten years of his active life in securing to himself a thorough knowledge of his profession, and a sound moral and intellectual culture.

Successful Farming.

The first aim and purpose of every business man, whether he is a farmer or a merchant, is to make money. There may be, of course, other motives connected with this, but undoubtedly the leading object and incentive to action is money. This may seem like taking a low or sordid view of the subject, but if rightly considered, it is not. The law of our nature that impels every man to make his business a source of gain, is unquestionably sound and wise, and all that remains for us is to regulate our conduct in harmony with that law.

The man who pursues farming for any other purpose than to make it pay, is simply an exception to a general rule, and his success or failure is of little consequence to the world. But the intelligent farmer who perceives that under all the doubts and difficulties of his vocation, there still remains a clear margin of profit, who steadily works out his conviction to a tangible result, and the conquerer's final success, proves his good sense as well as his capacity, and by developing the possibilities of his business sheds light upon it that gives a new value, not only to his own farm but to every farm in the country.

The world never grudges to such a man the honest fruits of his labor, for his example is a public heritage beyond price. He shows that the occupation which feeds the human race is able to remunerate those who engage in it; that the successful farmer, while gradually accumulating an honorable independence, is helping to reduce the price of bread to the hungry. And this, be it observed, is not a mere abstraction, but a great agricultural fact.

The farmer, for example, who succeeds in getting a large yield of corn, from an acre, and at a lower cost per bushel than ever before, thereby contributes to diminish the market price, as well as to increase the abundance not only of this cereal, but of nearly all the products of husbandry. If he has been accustomed to get thirty bushels of corn from an acre, at a cost of fifty cents per bushel, which has been the experience of many farmers, and if by persistent effort, he works out a method that gives sixty bushels at forty cents, which has also been the experience of some, then his net profit, on a market price of seventy cents per bushel, is 300 per cent. greater than before. But this is not all. A saving in the cost of corn indicates a corresponding reduction in the cost of beef and pork, of mutton and wool, of milk, butter and cheese, poultry and eggs.

Hearty Breakfasts.—In a large majority of cases it will be found that the best and heartiest meal in the day should be eaten in the morning. If the closing repast of the day has not been eaten too late, or has not been excessive in quantity or indigestible in quality, the stomach will be rested and active after the individual has enjoyed a cool bath. The stomach will then respond quickly with the necessary gastric juice for the solution of food, and if a fair amount of exercise is taken during the day, a large mass of food will be assimilated and converted into blood and tissue. With a good, substantial breakfast, no greater amount of food will be required during the remainder of the day. One further meal will be ample, and that might better be taken at from two to three o'clock in the afternoon, than at any later period, if business engagements only permitted it. The breakfast may be made from any kind of wholesome food, and the fewer kinds the better. The dinner should be light and readily digested, if sound sleep is desired and strong appetite and perfect powers of digestion next day. One "square meal" in every twenty-four hours is all that can be taken care of by many weak stomachs, and more than this is in excess and induces headache, nausea, and distress. If dinners were abandoned, and especially late and heavy dinners, myriads of dyspeptics would be cured.

A Brave Old Soldier.

He was an old man and he had quite a bad limp, and he remarked as he touched his hat: "All I want is money enough to get to Savannah. I feel that I have not long to live, and I want to be buried in that nice, cool grave-yard just outside of Savannah."

The appeal did'nt open a single wallet. He was talking to three men who had found a shady spot under a grocery awning, and he seemed a little disappointed. Pulling a new string, he remarked: "Gentlemen, won't you do something for an old soldier?" "Were you a soldier in the last war?" asked one of the group. "I was," was the prompt reply. "What branch of the service?" "The heavy artillery."

"Where were you staioned?"

"Well," slowly replied the stranger, as if he hadn't expected such a question, "we were sometimes here and sometimes there. The fact was, our artillery was so heavy that we generally kept it on a hill. The Confederate government didn't seem to expect that us three or four men were going to drag a big cannon all over the country and whip the Yankees to boot. Yes, I was wounded in the left leg."

"In what action," was asked.

"I never knew what they named it; my business was to get up and hump and knock thunder out of a whole Union regiment at once, and you just bet I didn't have any time to fool around and ask what they were going to name the battle. I went into the war to fight, and didn't I just throw myself, though?"

"Did you throw yourself under a wagon?" quietly asked one of the three.

"Sometimes I did, and sometimes I didn't. They used to let me fight anyway to win. I've fit from under a wagon and from the top of a tree, and the boys used to call me the wild-cat."

"They must have seen you 'clawing, to the rear,'" suggested another of the trio.

"Very likely, gentlemen. Sometimes I could fight better at the rear, and I went back. Then I'd change and fight on the flank, and then I'd advance and mow 'em down in front."

"Where did you say you were wounded?" "In the leg—just about there. The surgeon said that three or four bullets hit at once." "Be honest, now, old man, and tell us if you didn't get that leg hurt in a mill or around machinery?" "Great God! do you doubt my word?" gasped the man, starting back.

"We do!" they replied in chorus. He closely scanned each face, and was indulging in gestures to show how he deplored such conduct toward one who had fought bravely, when one of the men said:

"Come, now, speak the truth, and we'll raise you thirty cents." The old man turned to go, halted, hesitated, and then replied: "I suppose, gentlemen, that I fell off a building in Atlanta and hurt my leg, but it happened so durned close after a battle that I could never really tell whether the fall or the fight hurt me the most. Now please pass in your ten centses!"—*Raleigh Sentinel.*

The Smallest Steam Engine in the World.

An incident happened in Machinery Hall yesterday afternoon which is well worthy of recording, as it exhibits the unparalleled advancement of American genius in small as well as great things. While a large throng of visitors from all countries were standing silently around the mighty Corliss engine, watching its gigantic movements with feelings partly of delight and partly of awe, a tall, gentlemanly looking personage, who afterward gave his name and address as Levi Taylor, of Indianola, Iowa, joined the crowd, and with the others paid unspoken yet eloquent homage to the wondrous monster before him. After watching the motions for a few moments the gentleman passed around to one side, and extracting from his pocket a small tin case, took from it what looked like a diminutive alcohol lamp, and striking a match, started a miniature flame and placed the contrivance on a corner of the platform which surrounds the mighty steam giant from Rhode Island. At first glance nothing could be discerned over this lamp but a small excrescence, which looked more like a very juvenile humming-bird than anything else, but a close inspection showed that what was mistaken for lilliputian wings was the fly-wheel of a perfect steam-engine, and persons with extra good eyes, could, after a close examination, discover some of the other parts of the curious pieces of machanism. The engine has for its foundation a twenty-five cent gold piece, and many of its parts are so tiny that they cannot be seen without a magnifying glass. It has the regular steam-guage, and though complete in every particular, the entire apparatus weighs only seven grains, while the engine proper weighs but three grains. It is made of gold, steel and platinum. The fly-wheel is only three-fourths of an inch in diameter; the stroke is one twenty-fourth of an inch, and the cut-off one sixty-fourty of an inch. The machinery which can all be taken apart, was packed in films of silk. It is to be hoped that this wonderful piece of work is to be placed on exhibition alongside of its giant antithesis, but it is now probably too late to make an entry.—*Phila. Press.*

Troops to Protect Democratic Negroes.—The New York *World* makes some admirable practical suggestions concerning the troops which Don Cameron, acting under orders from Lieutenant General Zach. Chandler, will straightway proceed to distribute through the States of South Carolina, Alabama, Mississippi and Louisiana. Let the negroes everywhere, says the *World*, understand the truth. There are many localities where those colored men who wish to vote the Democratic ticket are ostracised and threatened with violence by negroes, stirred up to such deeds by disreputable white men, who pocket the profit and leave their dupes to be killed. The troops are sent South to protect these colored Democratic voters in the exercise of the right of suffrage. Let them understand this. If there is any place where there is a probability that colored Democrats will be interfered with, let the local Democratic committee confer publicly with the United States Marshal on the subject. If he then applies for troops, well and good; if he declines to do so, let his answer be made public; it may be of use later. If any Republican orator undertakes to deny that these troops are sent South to afford protection to the colored Democratic voters, ascertain why they are sent and make his statement public. Every Republican declaration that the army is to be prostituted to party necessities, is worth a thousand votes in New York and New England.

Colored Democrats must and shall be protected in their rights and persons, if it takes every soldier in the army of the Union to do it.

It has just occurred to us why we never hear of any steamboats named after U. S. G. Navigators are superstitious as to names, and a craft so named would be liable to get stuck on a bar.

He's Nothing but a Farmer.

There is so much truth in the folllowing, which we clip from the *Farm and Shop*, that most of the young ladies of our country may read it with immense profit. Young men, gallant young men, are naturally inclined to conduct themselves in such a way as win the esteem of young ladies. By a strange delusion, a large number of the young ladies of our country are pleased with no young men except those whose faces and hands are as soft and smooth as an infant's. The sun-burnt face and brawny hands of the farmer or mechanic are very disagreeable:

"He's nothing but a farmer," said a little miss, a few evenings since, as she scornfully curled her pretty lip, on being introduced to a fine, generous, open-hearted young fellow, whose broad and expansive forehead was the symbol of his broad acres: "He's nothing but a farmer." And who was she that looked thus disdainfully on one of God's noble men? She was the daughter of a broken merchant, whose fortune had been ruined by the extravagance of a wife and foolishly proud daughter. Though her father's heart had been wrung by misfortune—and he had paid the penalty of extravagance by being incarcerated in the home prepared for criminals—his daughter had not yet learned the difference between pride and worth, extravagance and wealth. The noble man who ate the bread of industry, and looked every man in the face, with an independence which said, "I owe you nothing," was in her estimation "only a farmer."

Did these foolish persons ever read their Bibles, they would find that God himself has selected his prophets and kings from among farmers. Noah was a husbandman, and planted a vineyard; Abraham was rich in cattle, and Lot had flocks and herds—insomuch that there was not pasture enough for both, and they divided the country. Lot selected the plains of Jordan, and Abraham took the hilly country of Caanan.

Jacob was a great cattle grower, as he presented Esau with five hundred cattle. Moses was a wool grower, and Gideon was taken from his threshing floor. Saul was a herdsman, even while he was King. David was a shepherd and was taken from that occupation to be King of Israel, and the ancestor, according to the flesh, of the Messiah. Uzziah was a cattle grower. Elisha was plowing with twelve yoke of oxen (probably breaking up prairies, or turning up subsoil) when Elijah cast his mantle on him a prophet.

And yet, though God has honored the husbandman—selected his kings and prophets from among the farmers—there are some so foolish as to cry out, "O, he is nothing but a farmer!"

Farming as a Business.

As a business, farming has not ranked with other branches of business, such, for instance, as manufacturing and the like. It has been conducted loosely, without any special regard to order or system.—Few farmers think it necessary to keep a set of books in which to make entries of their transactions. No account is kept of the sales of stock, grain, etc., and none of the purchase of supplies. No notice is taken of the actual cost of producing a crop. When the end of the year comes they have very little idea how much they have made or lost. Now suppose merchants and other business men should adopt this slipshod policy of carrying on their business, what would be its condition in a very short time? Would it not be miserably jumbled up? And would not this state of things lead to bankruptcy and ruin? The same argument why merchants should conduct their business upon systematic plans applies with equal force to agriculture. If the one is a business, so is the other, and if the one finds it indispensable to keep an accurate record of its entire proceedings, so the other will find it equally important.

The farmer will suffer and suffer prodigiously, if he never knows the state of his business. It is an easy matter for him to record every sale he makes or every perchase. There is no necessity of his being a scientific book-keeper to do this. Many of them have sons competent to do this work, and it is a good schooling for them. In England farming is carried on systematically as any other business. No one pretends to conduct his operations without a regular set of books; and many wealthy farmers employ book-keepers just as our merchants do. The result is that every farmer can tell at the close of each year, just how he stands, how much he is out, or what he has made or lost.

The Painless Death.—Prof. Tyndall, in a recent holiday lecture at the Royal Institution, London, thus speaks of the painless death by electricity: "Franklin was twice struck senseless by the schock. He afterward sent the discharge of two large jars through six robust men; they fell to the ground and got up again without knowing what had happened, they having neither heard nor felt the discharge. Priestly, who made many valuable contributions to electricity, received the discharge of two jars, but did not find it painful. This experience agrees with mine. In the Theater of the Royal Institution, and in the presence of an audience, I once received the discharge of a battery of fifteen Leyden jars. Unlike Franklin's six men I did not fall, but like them I felt nothing. I was simply extinguished for a sensible interval. This may be regarded as an experimental proof that people killed by lightning suffer no pain." The measured velocity of electricity is many thousand times greater than the measured velocity of sensation in the nerves. Hence the electrical concussion reaches the center of life, without any posaible announcement by the eye, or ear, or sense of feeling. There is abundant evidence that death by a rifle ball traversing the brain is for the same reason entirely without consciousness or pain. But a rifle ball is a tortoise compared with the electrical flash. The Ruhmkoff coil places artificial lightning in our hands. If society must kill its members let this instantaneous doom be substituted for the slow torture and brute violence of the gallows.

Nails in Fruit Trees.—Nails driven into fruit trees, as near the ground as possible, are said to have the effect of making such trees more healthy, vigorous and excellent than those into which no nails have been driven. The reason why nails are so beneficial is thus explained: The reason why the worm will not attack the tree is because the oxidation or rusting of the iron by the sap evolves ammonia, which, as the sap rises, will of course, impregnate every part of the foliage, and prove too drastic a dose for the delicate palates of intruding insects. The salt of iron afforded by nails is extremely offensive to the worms, while it is not only harmless but beneficial to the foliage and fruit of the tree.

— If women were as particular about chosing a virtuous husband as men are in selecting a virtuous wife, a moral reformation would soon begin, which would be something more than froth and foam.

Superstitions.

The moon is thought, by old wives, to influence the life of a child. Thus, the child born on the first day of the new moon is unfortunate in all its undertakings, and will live long; one born on the fifth day will be vain and deceitful; one born on the sixth will live long; one born on the seventh will have a life of trouble; one born on the ninth will be rich; one born on the tenth will be a great traveler; one born on the eleventh will be devoted to religion; one born on the sixteenth will be grateful but unfortunate; one born on the eighteenth will be brave; one born on the nineteenth will be full of malice; one born on the twenty-first will be strong and healthy; one born on the twenty-second will be cheerful, but inclined to low society; one born on the twenty-third will be ungovernable, will forsake family and friends, and wander in a foreign country—unhappy through life; one born on the twenty-fifth will be desperately wicked, and come to a fearful death; one born on the twenty-fifth will be amiable; one born on the thirtieth will have the same of all good gifts, temporal and spiritual.

A baby's nails must never be cut till it is a year old, or it will be a thief. A child with a blue vein across its nose will never wear its wedding clothes; should it chance to outlive its infancy, it will bring sorrow and disgrace to all belonging to it. A babe that cries at its christening will live long, if you bathe it on Sunday it will be sorrow free; if on Wednesday, it will grow beautiful; if on Thursday, it will grow fat; if on Friday, all its sins will be forgiven; if on Saturday, it will be unhealthy.

There are certain other superstitions applying to grown people; if you cut your nails on Sunday, it provokes Monsieur le Diable to