The Anderson Intelligencer.

BY E. B. MURRAY & CO. ANDERSON, S. C., THURSDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 11, 1879. VOL. XV--NO. 9.

MORMONISM IN GEORGIA.

The Killing of Standing—The Other Side of the Story.

DALTON, GA., August 22.

Since so much has been said about the Mormon murder in north Georgia, by the press throughout the whole country, perhaps it might be well enough to give to the readers of the *Constitution* a little sketch or history of Joseph Standing, that they may know something about his character and the circumstances leading to his murder on the 21st day of July, 1879.

It appears that Joseph Standing first made his appearance in Walker county, and succeeded in making arrangements to make his headquarters at a widow's house, the widow having two grown daughters. After remaining there for a while he succeeded in accomplishing the ruin of both of the young ladies. After this he then removed to Catoosa county, three miles from Varnell Station, and put up with a man by the name of Elledge, who resided near the line of Whitfield county. Elledge's family was composed of himself, wife two daughters and son-in-law. Pretty soon after these arrangements were made Elledge and his son-in-law obtained employment on the Cincinnati railroad, near Chattanooga, which caused them to be absent most of the time from their families. Joseph Standing and companion, Clauslen, continued to remain and make their headquarters at Elledge's residence, and very soon succeeded in converting Mrs. Elledge and her daughters to the Mormon faith. Jane Elledge, the single daughter, had a child by Joseph Standing, which mysteriously disappeared immediately after its birth, which, at the time, caused considerable excitement in the neighborhood. After the excitement subsided, in the course of time, it was discovered that Jane Elledge had again become enciente by Joseph Standing, and was in that condition when the Elledge family emigrated to the Mormon country, a few weeks before Standing's death. And we are pained to say that his intimacy with women was not, by any means, confined to this one family. Some three of four, if not more, young ladies living in the vicinity of Varnell Station, whose names we prefer not now to mention, met with their ruin by this man; one of the young ladies is the daughter of one of the murderers. Nor does this tale stop here, as be has caused trouble in several families by being too intimate with their wives, and trying to get them to adhere to the Mormon faith, and persuading them to emigrate to the Mormon country.

So great were the troubles in one family, on account of Standing's intimacy, that it caused the husband and wife to separate.

Now, as the good citizens of the country began to find out what kind of a man Standing was, and seeing that he was becoming bolder and more daring in his undertakings every day, they became tired of it, and thought it should be stopped, and they approached Standing on several different occasions, and endeavored to persuade him to leave their families alone, and also to leave the country; but he could not be prevailed on to do so, and finally some of the citizens in the neighborhood concluded that they might be able to frighten him off, and to do this they threatened to give him trouble, by whipping, etc., but as Standing continued to remain in their neighborhood and did not seem to be at all frightened, these parties decided to put their threats into execution.

On the morning of the 21st of July last, the following men, David D. Nations, Jasper N. Nations, A. S. Smith, Benjamin Clark, William Nations, Andrew Bradley, James Fausett, Hugh Blair, Joseph Nations, Jefferson Hunter and Mack McCure met Joseph Standing and Clauslen in the road and informed them that they intended whipping them, and carried them near by to a spring. As seven of these men were opposed to whipping Standing and Clauslen, while at the spring they succeeded in persuading the other five of their comrades to abandon the idea of whipping them, and it was then agreed upon by all the mob that they would escort Standing and Clauslen to Varnell Station and board them on the train and have them leave this country. Now, as this was the arrangement determined upon, and that no violence should be done the parties, one of the men, Mr. Clark, perhaps, laid his pistol on the ground and was in the act of getting a drink of water from the spring, when Joseph Standing suddenly snatched the pistol from the ground, and, cocking it, damanded the whole twelve men to surrender. One of the men realizing their situation, attempted to raise his gun, which caused Joseph Standing to fire the pistol, wounding one man by the name of Nations, in the cheek, and before Standing could fire again, he was shot down by one of the twelve men above mentioned. None regretted this sad affair more than these men, as they had no intention of doing anything of the kind, but necessity compelled them, and they regard their action in the whole matter as being entirely justifiable.

After the killing of Joseph Standing these men continued to remain at their homes and in the settlement. No attempt was made on their part to escape, nor was there any effort on the part of the officers to arrest them, so far as we are informed, until a reward was offered by Governor Colquitt for their capture and conviction. These men, on learning that a reward had been offered for them, went to James county, Tennessee.

A requisition having been made upon the Governor of Tennessee, the Sheriff and his deputy, of Whitfield county, accompanied by a deputy and posse from Bradley county Tennessee, proceeded to James county and arrested Andrew Bradley, Jasper N. Nations and H. C. Blair, near Ooltawa, and brought them and put them in jail at Dalton. They sued out a writ of *habeas corpus*, and were brought before Judge C. D. McCutchen who, after examining the testimony which had been introduced at the coroner's inquest, and also other testimony, fixed the bail at the sum of $5,000 each. The friends not being there to make the bond, they were remanded to jail. Since then their friends have made good and sufficient bonds, but owing to the absence of Judge McCutchen, who is holding court at Spring Place, in Murray county, they were not set at liberty until the 23d instant, when the bond was accepted.

These men all stand well in the community and their action was caused by the excessive libertinism of Standing and his associate.

Jasper N. Nations is a member of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church at Tunnel Hill, and is in good standing.—*Special to Atlanta Constitution.*

— Memphis has organized one hundred mounted patrols to protect herself against burglars and incendiaries.

TWO SIDES TO A TRADE QUESTION.

A Pointed Reply by a Charleston Merchant to the Animadversions of the Abbeville Medium.

CHARLESTON, August 29, 1879.

To the Editor of the News and Courier: Your paper of to-day contains an article copied from the Abbeville *Medium*, which contains many truths as regards the Charleston trade. It is true that we for years after the war pursued the old-fashioned ways of our fathers in the way of conducting our business. Our young men were led to believe that the sun rose and set no where in South Carolina so bright and rosy as in Charleston. We were taught to believe that Charleston contained all the wealth, intelligence and business capacity of the State. But the last five or six years have exploded that idea. Our young men who have traveled in the country have found out that there are other places besides Charleston. They have learned that our country cousins, uncles and aunts are as wide awake and more so than we are. They have also learned that they cannot sit down in Charleston and whistle for the trade to come to them. They must go for it. They must, to use a slang expression, "get up and git." They have met men traveling for business from all parts of the North, East and West that knew something. They have learned experience. The progressive young party now rising in Charleston intend to rule. They do not intend to sit down calmly and allow our competitors to walk over the course rough shod. We intend to have the trade if our country uncles, cousins and aunts will help us. Let me

ASK THE MEDIUM SOME QUESTIONS,

which will apply as well to the other papers in the State. When you build or repair a church, do you go to the North to ask subscriptions? No, you come to Charleston. One instance, among many, let me state: A merchant from the Interior called on the subscriber to aid in building a church which had been destroyed by fire. I gave him my mite for which he thanked me. As he was going out of the office, I asked him where he bought his goods? Oh, said he, New York. Well, said I, why not go to New York and ask them to help you? Well really, he says, I did not like to ask the Yankees to help us. He could come like others, and ask us to help him build his church, but when he wanted to buy his goods he went to New York.

OUR RAILROADS, TOO.

Did Baltimore or New York ever help to build the railroads in this State? Where do they come when they want help? To Charleston! Where do most of them go when they want to buy goods? To New York or Baltimore! The writer remembers, some years ago, when two roads in the up-country wanted help, and in our impoverished condition we did what we could. Did Baltimore or New York give anything? Not a dollar! Where do those men who came here and solicited aid (saying all *that* trade should come here) go? Almost the last man goes to New York or Baltimore. Why is this? The merchants of Charleston buy their goods from the same parties as do the jobbers in New York or Baltimore, and are under less expense and can sell as low, or lower, than their competitors. This the writer has proved this season.

PRINTER'S INK.

Will the *Medium* or any other paper in the interior inform us how many more advertisements they have from Baltimore and New York than from Charleston? Another instance on this subject. The owner of a well conducted newspaper in the interior called on the writer to advertise in his paper, stating that if we did not Baltimore and New York would take all the trade away from us. I asked him for a copy of his paper. He produced it. I found two columns of Charleston business houses, and from New York and Baltimore only one, and that from a one-horse hotel in Baltimore.

TRAVELING SALESMEN.

Very nearly all the Southern States have adopted laws preventing salesmen from other States, under heavy license, from coming into the State to sell goods. South Carolina stands alone. Georgia, the great Empire State of the South, is about to increase the license. When a committee of Charleston merchants went to Columbia and asked the Legislature to protect them a perfect howl was raised and the matter dropped.

The head of a larger Baltimore firm told the writer some months ago that while he found employment for three men in this State, that in the great Empire State of the South, Georgia, he scarcely found enough to do for one. "Why is this?" I asked. He said that Georgia stands square up to her own cities and towns—Augusta, Atlanta and Macon. They prefer to buy at home, even if they pay a little more.

WHO PAYS THE TAXES?

Charleston pays nearly one-third the taxes of the State. Is it not to the interest of the merchants in the interior to build us up (if they can do so at no loss and do as well as elsewhere,) and make us pay more? This is, it seems to any reasonable man, the proper way but, let

BY-GONES BE BY-GONES.

Let our uncles and our cousins and our aunts and our friends know we are still here. We want their custom, (if we can do as well,) we want to see their pleasant, ruddy faces, and to hear their hearty, frank honest talk; but above all we want some of the greenbacks which Baltimore and New York now get. I write this as an up-countryman by birth and education, but now indentified with

CHARLESTON.

THE HUMAN MANUFACTORY.—A man man eat and drink heartily all day, and sit and lounge about, doing nothing, in one sense of the word; but his body must keep hard at work all the time, or he will die. Suppose the stomach refused to work within ten minutes after a hearty dinner, the man would die in convulsions in a few hours of cholera, or crampcolic would rack and wreck him. Suppose the pores of the skin—meaning thereby the glandular apparatus with which they are connected should go on a "strike," he would in an hour be burning up with fever, or oppression would weigh down the system, and soon become insupportable. Suppose the liver became mulish, appetite would be annihilated, food would be loathed, torturing pains would invade the small of the back, and the head would ache to bursting. Suppose the kidneys shut up shop, and dangers more imminent, sufferings more unbearable, and death more certain, would be the speedy and inevitable result. If the little workshops of the eye should close, in an hour he could not shut nor open them without physical force, and in another hour he would be blind; or if those of the tongue should close, it would become dry as a bone and stiff as steel. To keep such a complication of machinery in working order for a lifetime, is a miracle of wisdom; but to work them by the pleasures of eating and drinking is a miracle of beneficence.

A PERILOUS POSITION.

Hanging Between Life and Death.

Special Dispatch to the Atlanta Constitution.

STONE MOUNTAIN, August 29.

Our usually quiet village was thrilled ith an excitement yesterday evening that blanched the cheeks of woman and paralyzed the arms of men for a while. Our citizens had witnessed the rescue of a man from a perilous position on the steep side of Stone Mountain years ago. But the case lacked the elements of thrilling excitement and miraculous preservation that characterized the escape of a little ten-year old girl yesterday evening from a death horrible in the extreme.

Mrs. W. C. Jones, of Augusta, who has been spending the summer with her children at the Jossy House, in Decatur, came here yesterday to go up on the mountain and enjoy the view for the last time preparatory to going back to her home in Augusta. The children were enthused and delighted at the trip, running hither and thither, through groves of cedar, and mounting the heaps of boulders piled up in fantastic shape—enjoyment was at its highest point as each cheek glowed with the flush of pleasure and the merry tones of childhood's silvery music voiced a delight that none but little cherubs like them can feel. The golden sky of joy was overcast by a cloud at once sombre and chilling. Unnoticed, little Emma, a charming fairy creature of some ten years of age, had wandered off and could not be found. It was near the north side, with its prependicular descent of over fifteen hundred feet, and hearts almost ceased to beat, palled by the fear—a horror that creeped through the frame and ran through the marrow like a wire of cold steel—that the bright eyes and fairy form of the fair Emma was a pulpy mass at the foot of the mountain. To intensify this horror, the sun was rapidly declining in the West, and soon night would close in on the scene. Parties in the valley, on the north side of the mountain saw, however, the child way up the "mountain side, bleak and bare," clinging to the crevices with a tenacity truly remarkable. They shouted to her to "hold on" and relief would come. She took in the situation and held on while she called out for assistance in the hope that her mother and sister might know where she was. The news spread like fire in a broomsedge field, and a large crowd soon gathered on the mountain. The first chill of horror was succeeded by a fever of excitement to rescue the darling one, lest by some unguarded movement she might lose her slender hold and fall to certain death. And now came a moment fraught with intenses interest.

The point where little Emma was lodged was over one hundred feet from the top, with a perpendicular fall of some fifty feet just above her, and 1,500 feet or more below her. She was resting on a narrow ledge of rock scarcely large enough to hold her; in fact, she maintained her position by thrusting her fingers in the crevices among the lichens growing there. Few men cared to venture down. Mr. George H. Goldsmith, fired by a noble desire to rescue the child from certain death, was let down by means of a rope. Slowly the rope is rolled off; eyes watch every moment with intense eagerness, and hearts throb wild and fast as young Goldsmith descends. A pause—a thrill—as he leaves the rock and seems to be in mid-air. At last he spies her; he reaches; with a convulsive grasp she seized hold upon him, and he signals to ascend. Hands now work with frenzied activity, prayers ascend from aching hearts that the rope may hold; eyes and hearts are strained to their utmost tension until sight of her is caught.

At last she is brought in safety to the top. A wave of satisfaction breaks over the multitude, breaking out in a higher wave of rejoicing as she is clasped in the fond embrace of loving hearts. Then ascended to the Most High ascriptions of praise from thankful hearts for the rescue of the child, and petitions for the richest benisons on her youthful rescuer.

Emma states that while strolling about she slipped and fell to the point where the ledge stopped her descent, and in her efforts to protect herself she grasped the crevice of the rocks as stated. To let go was to fall, and she held on.

Her position was one of great danger, especially for one of her tender years, and her nerve is truly wonderful. Altogether, her escape from instantaneous death is miraculous, and her adventure is one that seldom falls to the lot of one so young. Little Emma will ever remember the meaning of the word saved.

Mr. "Stauny" Sams, who accompanied Mrs. Jones to the mountain, in endeavoring to discover little Emma, walked nearly a mile around the brow of the mountain, over the roughest kind of localities. To expedite his movements he pulled off his boots, and at the close of his search his feet were bruised and bleeding. He reached a part of the mountain far below the point where Emma was, and saw her position. He hurriedly proceeded to Stone Mountain for assistance. The people responded as ono man. Stores were closed, business was suspended, and men, women and children partook of the excitement—Little Emma was rescued, as stated, by George H. Goldsmith, who is the recipient of the highest encomiums of praise. Mr. Sams, we regret to learn, is confined to his bed to-day by his sore and swollen feet, the results of his efforts yesterday. He was to have left for Nashville to-day.

ST. GEORGE.

A DOCTOR STUMPED.—Dr. John Wilson, of Milton, was called to see an old lady several miles in the country. The old woman showed him her tongue and then a sore on her finger that she got picking blackberries, then she brought in a crock of buttermilk and finally sat down to enumerating all her ailments and how she felt at times. She had the "budges" every night, felt like kicking out her feet to make the blood in her legs circulate; but kicking would do no good, and sometimes one of her toes would feel dead, and then again her tongue would get right cold. Dr. Wilson heard it all with commendable patience. He had cut off many a leg in Lee's army, but this case rather had him.

"Doctor," continued the old lady, after getting good breath, "I sorter believe my skeerts is affected."

"Your what, madam?"

"My skeerts. The skirts of my liver, you know."

"Ah, yes madam, maybe so." He administered bread pills and rode home reflecting on the fact that the liver had skirts.—*Reidsville Times.*

— The Galveston *News* estimates the population of Texas at about 2,000,000, and thinks that the next census will give the State fifteen Congressmen. The calculation is based on the 240,812 votes cast at the last election, eight inhabitants being allowed for each voter, as many of the immigrants have not lived long enough in the State to vote.

What An Old Engineer Says About Running a Mile a Minute.

Correspondence of the New York Sun.

"How fast do you think we are traveling?" Charley Frasier, one of the oldest engineers of the New York, Lake Erie and Western Railway, asked a "Sun" reporter as they were standing together on the foot board of locomotive No. 300, rushing over the meadows towards Rutherford Park.

"I should think we were going nearly a mile a minute."

"A mile a minute!" said Frasier. "I doubt if you ever rode a mile a minute. Few locomotives have driving wheels over five feet, and I have my doubts if a five foot wheeler can be pushed a mile a minute. People have a very erroneous idea of the speed of railroad trains. We are not going now more than 35 miles an hour, and this is very fast. Few trains make this speed. The passengers in the cars would think we were going a mile a minute sure, if I was to pull out the throttle so as to send her 40 miles an hour. The express trains make no such time as the local trains. Where we lose is with so many stops. No man could stand on a platform car and face the wind going a mile a minute and live. The breath would actually be blown out of his body. You couldn't count the telegraph poles going a mile a minute. Talk to and old engineer of that rate being made by a passenger train and he would laugh. I made a mile a minute once, however. It was when I was but 18 years of age. I was an engineer then, in charge of a fine six foot wheel locomotive. There were a lot of railroad moguls on board and the object was to make the best time we could. They were to ring the gong when the speed was a mile a minute. I thought we were making it for some time before the bell rung. At length, on a down grade, with a full head of steam, when we were spinning along as if we were all going to destruction, and the motion of the piston going over the center could no longer be distinguished, the bell rang. We had reached the rate of a mile a minute. It was the fastest I ever rode, before or since. I tried hard to make a mile a minute on subsequent miles. I couldn't squeeze another mile inside of the 60 seconds. When You hear a man telling about riding in a passenger train that ran a mile a minute, don't say anything, but mentally scratch off a good allowance."

The other Side of the question.

Your correspondent, "A. S.," need feel no apprehensions that he has misrepresented in saying he has riden at the rate of a mile a minute on the Pennsylvania Railroad. A speed equal to a mile a minute is such an ordinary every-day occurrence that we are beginning to consider it slow. The trains which leave Philadelphia at 9.35 A. M., and Jersey City at 3.55 and 4.05 P. m., attain a greater rate than this on every trip. A mile in 55 seconds does not excite remark even. One year ago I rode from West Philadelphia to Jersey City on the train which leaves the former terminus at 8.35. Edward Osmound was the Engineer, and Lewis Silence the conductor. The latter gentleman came upon the engine near Menio Park, held his watch in his hand and checked off three posts as we passed them. The first was made in 54, the second in 52 and the thrid in 50 seconds making two minutes and 36 second for three miles, or at the rate of 72 miles an hour for the last mile.

The run from New Brunswick to Trenton is often made in 25 minutes, the distance being a fraction less than 26 miles. The daily run from Cape May exceeds a mile a minute. In many places several of us held our watches the other day and found we passed five mile posts in four minutes and thee-quarters. There is one point on the road where the schedule time of this train is three miles in three minutes, and McVey, the engineer, finds it as easy as rolling off a log. If any one doubts these figures he can easily test them for himself, as there are mile posts all the way from Jersey City to St. Louis. As for the old engineer's assertion that this mile a minute business can't be done, he must have been joking. If in earnest, let him call on the boys on the Pennsylvania Road who can run the mahcines, and they will teach him his rudiments. E.

Editor of the N. Y. Sun: The letter in to-day's *Sun* relative to the speed of locomotives makes our boys smile. If Charlie Fraser never rode a mile a minute but once in his life, let him visit the Jersey Central and get on one of the New York and Philadelphia's new line expresses. He will get a faster ride than that. I have run engines with five-foot wheels between Elizabeth and Round Brook, more than one mile, in fifty-five seconds. With five-foot six-inch wheels it is common occurrence to make mile after mile in fifty-five, fifty-three and even fifty seconds to the mile. Several regular schedules require a speed of over a mile a minute between stations to make running time. This speed is made with as much safety as ordinary local runs are. I don't know how fast Erie trains are run, but if that letter is correct they were behind the times in safe fast running. ENGINEER.

MEXICAN HORSES.—Horses are bred in great numbers at the different haciendas in the provinces, some of the larger estates having eighty or a hundred thousand cattle and fifteen or twenty thousand mules and horses. The pasturage is green all the year round, and the animals receive no other food. They multiply as the birds do, and with as little profit to their owners. Generally speaking, they run wild until wanted, when they are caught with a lasso, hoodwinked, and immediately mounted. For the first 15 or 20 minutes they exert their whole strength to throw their rider, but, finding their efforts unavailing, patiently submit, and generally give but little trouble afterward. Owing to their immense numbers, horses are sold very cheap, the average price for an unbroken heard being eight or ten dollars a head, with but little demand at that. It sometimes occurs that the government purchases a few hundreds for the army, but, generally speaking, there are very few occasions when they can be sold. Mexican horses, as a rule, are not handsome, and are seldom more than fourteen hands high; still, they have nothing of the peculiar build of the pony about them. Fed entirely upon grass, they yet endure more fatigue and are capable of maintaining a rapid gait for a longer time than the grain-fed horses of other lands. In the towns and cities they receive the scantiest of care and the meagerest allowance of food. Tied up the whole day in the stifling court-yards, they stand patiently awaiting their evening meal. Frequently they are turned loose together, when it requires the use of a lasso to catch them. So familiar with this instrument do they become that the moment the animal feels the rope about its neck it stands stock still, when without it it would not suffer itself to be saddled or bridled.—*Correspondence New York Evening Post.*

— Cotton crop reports from Alabama are not good.

Exhaustion of the Soils.

The following paper, says the Chester *Bulletin*, read before the Bull Run Grange, No. 101, on Saturday, July 26th, 1879, has been sent us by the Grange for publication:

We, your committee, appointed to enquire if there be any way to prevent the exhaustion of our soils, would respectfully submit the following to your consideration as the result of our investigations: By way of preface we would say that it seems easier to point out the causes of this exhaustion than to specify means for its prevention, or remedies for the restoration of the soil. We therefore present the subject to you in this method: 1st, the causes; 2nd, the remedies.

The great and primary causes of this exhaustion are to be referred to the avarice, want of judgment, indifference and improvidence of the inhabitants. When this country was first settled by our sturdy ancestors, the hillsides and valleys on every hand were covered with stately forests. One hundred years ago a gully, an old field pine or broomsedge field was a curiosity. With a climate equal to that of any other portion of the globe, favorable to the growth of a great staple production, which always commanded a ready market and abundantly remunerated his labors, the farmer puts forth his energies to produce the largest possible number of cotton bales, cleared more lands, not once stopping to consider what kind of a legacy he was leaving to posterity. Of later years we find this exhaustion and depletion of our soils going on with an accelerated ratio; and well may the true and patriotic citizen become alarmed.

The discovery of the Phosphate beds, and the manufacture of the commercial fertilizers has largely increased the yield of the great staple; but is it not being done at the expense of overtasking the soil by stimulating it to undue action? Under this treatment a time will soon be reached when the soil will no longer contain the elements of crops. The one-crop system has no doubt largely contributed to this exhaustion. To the mind of your committee, that a piece of land has been cultivated a large number of years in a certain crop, without any sensible diminution of the yield, proves nothing. Do we not occasionally see a man, who daily makes use of ardent spirits, live to a green old age? Yet this does not prove that alcohol is not a poison. The want of rest and proper rotation of crops is rapidly entailing incurable evils on the agricultural interests of the State.

Your committee would now mention what seemed to be some of the means by which this exhaustion might be prevented and the soil recuperated.

1st. We would recommend a system of rotation of crops, founded on an intelligent observation of experiments made in this direction, and that each one go to work with this view, thinking and acting for himself, and not depending entirely on his neighbor or a Dixon.

2nd. That a portion of the lands be allowed to rest alternately. Rest is a great law of nature. Hence God instituted the night season and one day out of every seven for rest, and in his laws for the government of his chosen people he ordained that the lands should rest at the periodical return of a certain year.

3rd. That there should be a moderate and prudent use of fertilizers, and that it be remembered that guano of itself never adds to the permanent fertility of the soil.

4th. That the raising of stock should be encouraged, thereby enabling farmers to make home manure, if not quite so active as the commercial ones, it will no doubt in the end be more remunerative.

5th. That advantage should be taken of the laws of nature. We see nature everywhere trying to conceal the scars on its face by the growth of vegetation. The propagation of the old field pine should be encouraged. This tree, beyond controversy, is a boon like the blackberry—the poor man's friend. The ruthless burning of the old broomsedge should be stopped. The straw should be allowed to lie and rot. Study nature and follow its precepts if you would succeed.

It further occurred to your committee that a great deal could be done towards enriching the worn out lands by sowing and plowing in on the old fields the seeds of such trees as contain large quantities of ammonical matter in their leaves, such as the pride or china tree, the persimmon and wild plum, there to spring up and grow for years, fertilizing the soil by the fall and decay of their leaves. And lastly, there be more concentration in the operations of the farm; a smaller acreage and larger yield. There is no reason why every acre tilled might not be made to produce twenty bushels of corn or wheat, forty of oats, or four hundred pounds of lint cotton. It is better to get the golden egg day by day, than to make the ruinous attempt to obtain all the gold at once.

Finally, Patrons, let us adhere more closely to the grand principles of our Order, which inculcate to buy and sell for cash; to avoid debt with all its vexatious concomitants. When this is done we certainly will have entered upon the highway to independence. Let every member of this body resolve by another year that he will abandon the credit and percentage system, and be no longer a hewer of wood and drawer of water. Not until then will all the beauties of our organization be seen and felt in their excellencies. Not till then will we be able to improve our lands, educate our children, beautify our homes, and surround them with the pleasures and comforts of life.

W. J. HENRY, Chairman.

WHAT BECOMES OF OUR BODIES.—With a very near approach to truth, the human family inhabiting the earth has been estimated at 700,000,000; the annual loss by death is 18,000,000. Now, the weight of the animal matter of this immense body cast into the grave is no less than 634,000 tons, and by its decomposition produces 9,000,000,000 cubic feet of gaseous matter. The vegetable productions of the earth clear away from the atmosphere the gases thus generated, decomposing and assimilating them for their own increase. This cycle of changes has been going on ever since man became an occupier of the earth. He feeds on the lower animals and on the seeds of plants, which in due time become a part of himself. The lower animals feed upon the herbs and grasses, which in their turn, become the animal, then, by its death, again pass into the atmosphere and are ready once more to be assimilated by plants, the earthy or bony substance alone remaining where it is deposited, and not even there unless sufficiently deep in the soil to be out of insorbent reach of the roots and plants and trees. It is not at all difficult to prove that the elements of which the living bodies of the present generation are composed have passed through millions of mutations, and formed parts of all kinds of animal and vegetable bodies, and consequently it may be said that fractions of the elements of our ancestors form portions of ourselves.

"CAPTAIN-GENERAL GRANT."

A Proposition to Create a New Office for the Ex-President.

Washington Letter to the N. Y. Herald.

Since the adjournment of Congress a number of Gen. Grant's friends have had under consideration a suggestion, coming originally from a distinguished Southern soldier whose name is withheld for the present, but whose services in military and civil life have won for him the confidence and esteem of his people, as well as the respect of the country at large, to create the office of Captain-General of the Army, with suitable pay and allowances, and to have the same tendered to Gen. U. S. Grant, in recognition of his patriotic services in behalf of the Union, as well as to afford him permanent occupation in a congenial employment the remainder of his life. This idea has been quietly canvassed among the members of the Senate and House who have visited Washington during the recess, as well as at Saratoga, Newport, Long Branch and White Sulper Springs. It can be said that the proposition has been received with great favor, and will take shape in a bill accomplishing the purposes named early at the next session of Congress.

The friends of Gen. Grant have viewed with great regret the efforts of politicians to embark him once more on the muddy stream of politics, and have been casting about for some suitable employment and position for the distinguished ex-President. This proposition has been prematurely developed in consequence of the recent announcement that Gen. Grant was willing to accept the presidency of the Nicaraguan Canal Company. His friends are of opinion that the position of Commander-in-Chief of the Army of the United States would be much more acceptable to him if it could be gracefully tendered by Congress, since it would restore him to the rank be was taken from almost forcibly by the politicians in 1868, and which sacrifice he has frequently had occasion to regret.

It is understood that quite a number of distinguished Southern men have not only warmly espoused this proposition, but, in fact, the leaders of the movement in both houses will be representative Southern statesmen. It can be said also in this connection that no one in public life whose name has been associated with the Republican nomination for the Presidency has been approached on the subject, and the proposition will doubtless be heard by them with great surprise. Inasmuch as those who are in the confidence of the leaders of the movement have deemed it proper to make known at this time their intention, it is not longer a secret that the idea originated and has been fostered as the best answer that the South can make to the clamor that calls for Grant. It will be remembered that on the proposition to pension Gen. Shields in the Forty-fifth Congress an amendment was offered in the Senate to add the name of Gen. Grant, which was voted for by quite a number of the Southern Senators. The amendment was adopted, but the whole bill was subsequently lost in a conflict between the two Houses. Then, however, the Senate had a Republican majority. Now, the regular session of the Forty-sixth Congress will contain a Democratic majority in both branches, so that the proposition to add to General Grant's honors will be a Democratic measure, and will, it is believed by its promoters, be the grandest challenge that any political party has ever given to any of its adversaries.

The present law recognizes four grades in the rank of general. These are: First, General; second lieutenant-general; third, major-general, and fourth, brigadier-general It will be observed that the prefix is purely arbitrary and simply distinctive. Therefore, it is in the power of Congress in creating the office of captain-general to define its powers and responsibilities.

Mrs. Sprague.

Poor Mrs. Sprague has to suffer not only from Conkling's unpopularity, but from her husband's drunken insanity. We know, in knowing her, that she is as innocent of the wrong imputed as her youngest child. To appreciate this we have to know or remember that inheriting much of her honored father's intellect and force of character, she grew to womanhood without a mother's care and with the training given a man. The result is, that while as pure a woman as God ever created, she looks at the social world from a man's standpoint. When a mere girl of sixteen her soul revolted at the unjust and illiberal discrimination made against her sex. She found Dick Nevins, the handsome, dashing man of the world, in a small, flat State capital, where the only amusements are visits to the penitentiary and asylumns for the insane, deaf and blind. She found Dick, we say, a pleasant gentleman to know intimately, and when the small souled, copper-bottomed, gilt-edged aristocracy of the place forbid the intimacy, Kate defied the prohibition. She was incontinently run over by a drove of social bulls and heifers, and would have been plastered in the mud, past finding, but for her own pluck and her father's high position.

Victory made her bold, defiant and imprudent, and the poor little woman tries the same fight, now that her great father is dead, her fortune gone, her social position no longer secure, and her spirit broken by misfortunes. She found the society of Senator Conkling pleasant, and she asked no man's, and eke no woman's consent to the same. It was the most open and defiant social transaction ever sneered at by the thin lips and false teeth of this hydra-headed social world. Bald-headed, round-bellied slender-legged Senators, who can be carded out by strumpets, nodded and blinked at each other like owls in a hay-loft, and old, aristocratic families twenty years old, at least, in whose closets at home grinning skeletons make the air unhealthy—spoke of her as "that person."

Roscoe Conkling, who, with all his intellect and intelligence, is, through excessive vanity, an ass, helped wreck the frail bark of her platonic affection. He delighted in the foul suspicion. He delighted in the willing captive, one of the high queens of society. He reveled in the notoriety. He lost no opportunity to make it the more notorious. He smacked his beastly lips over, not the gratification of desires long since burned out, but over the notoriety of a supposed gratification that fed his inordinate vanity.

We envy no man's pillow who could read with eyes unmoistened the pitiful account of this once brilliant woman, this loved and lovable creature, following meekly, yet bravely, her children, torn from her by a brute of a husband, to the home two unworthy men had rendered desolate.—*Washington Capital.*

New England Thrift.

There is one thing that has impressed me unexpectedly as it were, in the excursions which I have made from this lovely little island to points of note and interest along the New England coast. I knew the people to be well-to-do, but never before have I been so struck by the vast aggregation of wealth. New England is three hundred years old. Its people were not, perhaps, originally more thrifty than the early settlers of Virginia and the Carolinas. But they happened to pick a hard soil and to encounter long winters. They were obliged to work and to store up. Thus the habit of labor and the process of accumulation began. These have continued ever since. On the Southern seaboard short winters and an easy soil produced the opposite results, and the negro greatly assisted them. Slavery being gone, and time having worn the soil of the South down to a sort of equality with that of New England, we may hope that the newly developed necessities will create a new character, and, in its order, bring up the lost average of a once more prosperous section? I fear not. The New Englander has a prodigious start; and, as John Happy used to say, "a start's a start." We never had a great deal of ready money in the South, and what we had we squandered. We had plenty of fun, debts and niggers; we went in for glory; and for fifty years we paid tribute to these people, as we are doing now. They had no constitutional scruples which stood in the way of a light-house or a break-water. They sent men to Washington who knew how to stick their hands into the treasury, and if one of them happened to get back empty-handed they set him aside and sent some one else. The people *en masse* became a race of practical politicians. Whilst the South was toying with the ruffle on its shirt, and whirling its silver-headed cane, New England was "fixing" itself. It is now "fixed," it is "finished." It can afford to be complacent and hospitable. It is so. It is the South which is poor and yet refuses to learn its lesson; which dreamily look toward the West, when it ought to give its days and nights to a study of the methods of patience, self-denial and thrift, which have made these rocks to blossom like the rose, and, in less than a century, completely reversed the relative positions of the sections.

Emphatically, the New Englander is as choleric as the Southerner. Considering his advantages—for education and for travel—he is less liberal and knows less. It is silly enough to hear the average Southern notion of a Yankee. But it is sillier to hear the average Yankee notion of a Southerner. Intercourse would mend each's estimate of the other. In the meantime, I ought to say that it is impossible to exaggerate the hearty manliness of the genuine New England man, or the fine and noble characteristics of the real New England woman, or to overstate the open-handed, genial hospitality which prevails everywhere in this New England country. What is it, and why is it? It is, to begin with, robust health, and, to end on, plenty of money. The man who is sick cannot be hearty, and the man who is straitened cannot be hospitable. You will observe that I don't dislike the Yankees nor envy them their prosperity. But, even if I did, I should not quarrel with them. "When I see a rattlesnaik stick his head out of a hole," says Josh Billings, "I sheer off, and says I to myself, that hole belongs to that snaik." Travers' last has it that there "are but three liars in this country—Tom Ochiltree is one, and Eli Perkins is the other two." Making a traversity of this, it seems to me there are but three prosperous sections of our Union—New York is one, and New England is the other two.—*Henry Watterson's Block Island Letter.*

SOME CURIOUS STATISTICS.—Allowing two square feet to each person, the entire population of Boston could stand on the public garden, with a good deal of room to spare. The entire population of the United States could stand on Boston proper (not including Brighton, Dorchester and West Roxbury.) The entire population of the world (now estimated at 1,440,000.000) could stand on the island of Martha's Vineyard, or in the space occupied by the towns of Boston, Brookline, Newton, Leedham, Dedham, Hyde Park and Milton. The State of Massachusetts would, in this way, accommodate seventy times the present population of the world. The entire population of the world, placed side by side, allowing two feet to each person, would encircle the earth 20 times. The States of Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont, taken together, are as large as England. Any one of the States of Georgia, Illinois, Iowa and North Carolina is as large as England. Kansas is as large as England and Scotland together. Ireland is about the size of Maine. France is more than twice as large as England, Wales and Scotland together. Texas is 35 times as large as Massachusetts, or as large as Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Ohio and Indiana combined. The entire population of the United States could be provided for in the State of Texas allowing each man, woman and child four acres of land. The entire population of the world could be provided for in the United States, allowing each person one and a half acres of land.—*Boston Transcript.*

REDUCED TO FIGURES.—The annual crop of the tobacco leaf is about 420,000,000 pounds, two-thirds of which is exported.

The trafic in eggs in this country is estimated to equal $2,000,000 per annum; 6,000,000 dozens are exported from the country every year.

The average yield of wheat per acre is 5¼ bushels in Russia, 12 in the United States, 12½ in Austria, 16½ in Fance, 29½ in Great Britain.

The world averages an annual product of 681,000,000 pounds of tea, China producing 600,000,000, Japan 40,000,000, India 35,000,000 and Java 6,000,000.

England has 35,000,000 sheep, from which she realizes an annual product of $150,000,000. The United States has, in round numbers, 36,000,000 of sheep, over 6,500,000 being owned in California, which ranks as the first wool-producing State in the Union.

Cotton brings to this country more than $200,000,000 per year. Bread stuffs, last year, brought $181,777,841 from abroad, and since 1865 has brought an average of $100,000,000 per year. Our animal products, cattle, hogs, etc., ran in next importance to our export trade, amounting last year to $183,232,575.

A NEW IDEA.—He was a defiant sort of a tramp, and he walked into the store and said, with a snarl, "Will you give me twenty-five cents?" "No," said the junior partner, who didn't like his style. "Well, what'm I goin' to do? I can't starve," says the tramp, with surly insolence. "The deuce you can't," says the junior. "Go and try it, better men than you have done it." This is so entirely a new idea to the tramp that he leaves at once, apparently, to think it over.

GENERAL NEWS SUMMARY.

— William H. Vanderbilt employs 27,706 men.

— Kinston, N. C., claims a man and wife 118 and 104 years old respectively.

— Beef sells in Wilmington, N. C., for one and a half to two cents per pound.

— The Macon, Ga., gamblers are required to pay a license tax of $200 a month.

— New gold mines are constantly being found and opened around Washington, Ga.

— Pike county, Ga., has a twelve-year old boy that weighs 375 pounds, and is gaining five pounds every month.

— There are 800 Confederate soldiers buried in Magnolia cemetery, Charleston. A monument will be erected to their memory.

— Miss Lucy Horton has entered suit for $20,000 against John H. Morgan, son of Senator Morgan, of Alabama, for breach of promise.

— Two hundred gallons of wine were made from one grape vine last year on Mr. Rutland's place on the Wittelacooche river, Fla.

— The celebrated Kennedy cattle ranche, Texas, on the Rio Grande, has been purchased by an English company for $950,000.

— Miss Susan Grant, of Searcy county, Arkansas, gave birth to twins and killed them, for which she gets four years in the State prison.

— As a means of making the Illinois State Fair more than ordinary attractive it is proposed that the Legislature shall hold a "mock session for fun" on the ground.

— An old lady who had been confined to her bed for many years in Richmond, Va., by rheumatic gout was suddenly restored to health and arose from her bed and walked.

— There are now in Texas over 5,000,000 sheep. Last year over 11,000,000 pounds of wool were shipped out of the state, besides large quantities that were manufactured.

— James Bullock, of Walton county, Ga., while hoeing in a cotton field, found concealed in a stump $10,000 in gold and silver and a pile of greenbacks. The paper money had rotted.

— During the past year no fewer than 300,00,000 acres of government land have been taken up or sold to settlers. It is estimated that about half a million people have settled on these lands.

— A sawfish was landed at Galveston, Texas, a few days ago which measured over fourteen feet in length. It was taken in a seine. This species of fish is the most formidable enemy of the whale.

— In Paris thirty-five years ago stores of all kinds were open on Sunday morning. Now all large establishments are closed, and only a few of the smaller are open. In Italy, too, labor is more restricted on Sunday than formerly.

— At Decater, Alabama, last Wednesday, B. F. DeGraffenreid, an old citizen of that place, had a dispute with a colored woman about washing, and coming to blows, she threw him down and choked him, so that he soon afterwards died.

— Thus far at Memphis, 238 negroes have had yellow fever. Of these but 24 died. There have been 293 white cases and of these 115 died. The deduction from his would seem to be that the negroes can take the disease very readily, but it is not by a great deal as fatal as among the whites.

— In Montague, Texas, last Friday, Charles Harris was executed in the presence of five thousand pesons, for the murder of his brother in January, 1877. He was convicted on his on confession. He was firm to the last, and the drop fell while the assemblage sang "Sweet Bye-and-Bye."

— It is difficult to believe that a multitude of people, equal in number to one-fourth the population of the United States, have recently been destroyed by famine in China. Yet such is the statement that comes on the authority of Mr. Forrest, the English consul at Tientsin. Nor has the terrible visitation yet passed away.

— Ex-Senator Corbin, of South Carolina, has returned to Washington from Colorado. He pronounces the story without foundation that while he was visiting in Denver, $10,000 worth of bogus gold bricks were palmed off upon him. No transaction of the kind was attempted, and nothing occurred upon which to found such a story.

—The commissioner of internal revenue reports that the tax on the matches produced a revenue during the last fiscal year of three and a quarter million dollars—an increase over any previous year. From five-eights to three-fourths of the price of matches is due to the tax. We import no matches now, but are exporting them to a large extent.

— Some person, with plenty of spare time on hand, has made the following calculation as to the weight and bulk in bullion of the national debt: Two billion two hundred millions of silver dollars weigh 13,200,000 pounds avoirdupois, or 6,600 tons. To transport it by railway would require 100 freight trains of 11 cars each. It would fill 100 rooms 10 feet wide, 20 feet long and 10 feet long.

— Atlanta, Georgia, special says reliable report has been received here to the effect that various Mormon congregations in North Georgia are arranging for an immediate exodus to Utah. A great many native Mormons will go. The movement creates some excitement in the country, but the Saints are determined and the field will be abandoned for awhile.

— The Orange (Fla.) *Reporter* says that over 5,000 acres in that country have been planted in sweet potatoes. At a yield of 100 bushels per acre, 500,000 bushels will be produced. This potato has been utilized successfully in so many important interests of late, that it is becoming a much more valuable crop than has ever before been contemplated. First, they, when boiled, make the best food for fattening hogs or cattle; second, no better food for fattening chickens and turkeys; third no better food for horses, cows, etc.

— Dalton (Ga.) *Headlight:* We learn that the parties implicated in the killing of the Mormon elder have had a bond raised in the section where they live representing sixty or seventy-five thousand dollars, and will voluntarily come into town to-day and deliver themselves to the Sheriff, an appearace bond having been set at $5,000 by Judge McCutchen. It appears that they have only been evading arrest until such arrangement could be made as would save them from imprisonment.