The Anderson Intelligencer.

BY E. B. MURRAY & CO. | ANDERSON, S. C., THURSDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 4, 1880. | VOLUME XVI.--NO. 17.

Reward of Honest Industry.

I want to tell the boys about a friend of mine, whose faithful performance of present duties led him into higher positions than he ever dreamed of filling, and gave him what we would all like to reach—honor and success.

In the years of my experience as a printer in Chicago, more than twenty years ago, our firm did a good deal of printing for the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad, and because of this I came to know a young man who is the subject of my story.

He came from Massachusetts; he was poor, and had no influential friends to even give him a letter of recommendation. He sought employment on the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad, and after waiting a time, at last secured a position as brakeman on a freight train—salary only thirty dollars a month. He was faithful in this position, and being both intelligent and industrious, he was soon made a conductor on the train, with wages nearly doubled. He soon attracted the attention of his superior officers, who saw in him an honest, faithful, conscientious conductor, one not seeking his own ease or pleasure, but constantly devoted to the interests of the company that employed him, so that not many months elapsed before he was made conductor of a passenger train—a more comfortable position, and one yielding a higher salary. Here I first knew him, a modest, quiet, unassuming young man, free from the popular vices, and who tried to be just as faithful and true and devoted to his work as a conductor, as though the position had been that of general superintendent. He did not apparently have a very high opinion of his own abilities; there was a total absence of that swagger and strut so often seen in those who come to similar subaltern positions. It seemed as though to properly conduct his train, to secure the comfort of his passengers and rightly serve the interests of his company, required the full exercise of all the powers God had given him.

One of the sternest and most exacting and yet one of the noblest, ablest, and most conscientious men who ever filled a similar position, was then general superintendent of the road. This man, Col. G. C. Hammond, watched every employee of the road with an eagle eye. He measured every man, knew the ability of each and seemed intuitively to know the faithful workers from the shirks. Our young conductor did not escape his keen eye. When he least thought of it, his chief was measuring and sounding him, and finding out what kind of metal he was made of. But no one ever knew whether he was approved or not, for the chief's look was always stern and cold as ice.

On Friday night, train number four moved slowly out of Chicago under the care of my young friend, who, only intent on doing his work as well as he knew how, seemed to have no higher ambition than to be a conductor—salary nine hundred dollars a year. About noon, when he stopped at the station, he found a telegram from the head office, ordering him to leave the train in care of ——, and take the first train for Chicago.

This was an unusual thing. Wondering what was the matter, conscious that he had tried to do exactly right, and yet remembering how exacting was the superintendent, he feared that unintentionally he had fallen under his displeasure. Reaching Chicago late Saturday evening he found Colonel Hammond had gone home, and knowing how strict he was in his observance of the Sabbath, the conductor waited impatiently for the coming Monday morning, when, with a fearful heart, he presented himself at the office of the superintendent.

"Good morning, Mr. Hammond; I've answered your telegram, and come to see what it means."

"Good morning," growled the chief; "I see you have, sir. I concluded to take your train away from you."

The conductor's heart sank lower than ever. What before was only fearful foreboding was now painful truth. He had served the company to the best of his ability; he had kept the affairs of his train in complete order; his reports had been carefully and correctly made; and yet, after all, he had lost his position, he knew not why, and felt that his case was sad indeed. He inwardly resolved that, having missed his calling, he would quit railroading and try some service, where faithful work would be appreciated. He dared not hope to reverse the decision of the official, yet in as calm a voice as he could command, he politely asked the reason of his summary dismissal.

Colonel Hammond waited a while before he answered. Then the muscles of his face relaxed a little, and he said:

"I want an assistant superintendent in my office, and have called you to take the place."

True worth is always modest, and our thunder-struck conductor could only stammer:

"But I am not competent, sir, to fill the position you offer."

"You can do as I tell you; you can obey orders, and carry out the details of the work laid out by the chief."

To these duties he brought the same thoroughness and faithfulness that had made him conductor. His elevation did not make him vain or spoil him. He was as plain and modest and hardworking as before. The salary at first was one thousand eight hundred dollars.

After a few years of service under Col. Hammond, and an advance of salary to two thousand five hundred dollars, the plain young man was invited to take the office of general superintendent of a young road, at a salary of four thousand dollars. Distrusting his own ability, but determined to do his best, he accepted the call and succeeded, until the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad, realizing how much they had lost in parting with him, invited him to resume his old position, with the tempting offer of six thousand a year.

In the meantime, Col. Hammond had become Superintendent of Union Pacific road, running from Omaha to Ogden, where it connects with the Central Pacific road. The latter road was owned by four or five millionaires who had built it, one of whom was its general superintendent. However good a business man, he knew but little about railroading, and under his care the road was anything but prosperous, until the owners and directors resolved upon a radical and sweeping change.

But where could they find a general superintendent who had the ability and would dare to re-organize the road and put its affairs upon a better basis? They consulted Col. Hammond and other railroad men, and the result was that most unexpectedly, our modest and hardworking conductor one day received a telegram asking him if he would undertake the duties of general superintendent of the Central Pacific road at a salary of ten thousand dollars. He was satisfied with his appreciation by the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad, who proposed to increase his pay to seven thousand dollars, and as he preferred to remain in Chicago, he declined the princely offer made by the California road. Then another telegram asked at what salary he would become the chief of the Central Pacific. Almost hoping to discourage his tempters, he telegraphed,

"Thirteen thousand a year in gold."

At once came the answer,

"Accepted."

So taken in his own trap, he had nothing to do but to bid adieu to the city that had served him so well, and turn his face toward the land of gold. My story would be too long if I should try to tell you the unexpected difficulties he encountered from the old officers of the road, who had determined that they would not be superceded, and that the new superintendent should never enter upon his duties; how they, before his arrival, set the whole press and people of California against him; how, supported by the directors of the road, he quietly took control, disarmed prejudice, conquered submission and was successful.

This was nine years ago. He is still general superintendent of the Central Pacific, one of the most important railroads in the world. With its connections with California, this quiet man now superintends 734 miles of railroad, and over fifty connecting steamboats, besides dictating the tariffs of the China, the Australian and the Panama line of steamships. While other young men preferred present ease and comfort to the interest of their employers, wasted time in billiard halls and theatres and drinking saloons, Albion N. Towne was at work, building up character as well as reputation, and now fills one of the most important positions in California, and instead of three hundred dollars a year as brakeman on a freight train, he now draws the comfortable salary of twenty thousand a year in gold.

"Lucky man," said one.

"Luck" had but very little to do with it; modest worth did it; work did it; faithfulness in the performance of present duties, however humble, did the most.

His untiring faithfulness in the humbler duties not only attracted the notice and won the appreciation of his superiors, but fitted him for the higher positions which, without his seeking, he was called upon to fill.

I have long desired to tell this story of a young man's faithfulness and consequent success, for I consider it a lesson that boys and young men of the day can study to advantage.—*By Alfred L. Sewell.*

Death of Rev. W. S. Plumer, D. D.

The name of Dr. Plumer has been familiar to us all our life long. We cannot recall a time when we were not acquainted with it. When we were not ten years of age we heard much talk of a sermon which he had preached at or near Hampden-Sidney College, from the text, "On that day shall there be upon the bells of the horses, holiness unto the Lord." For many years past we have seen him at intervals. We saw his venerable form in the Democratic National Convention of 1868, whose daily sessions he twice opened with prayer. He presented the same striking appearance then which a few years later caused a Chicago journal to compare him to Moses coming down the Mount. We have heard him preach several times since the close of the late war between the States—once, we think, within the last year. At all times, and in all places, and under all circumstances, he looked to be the great man that he was.

Dr. Plumer was a most distinguished theologian. Yet he was of a temperament naturally belligerent, and rather sought than avoided controversy. He was a match for great lawyers when the subject to be discussed was in their line, as he was for the ablest doctors of divinity when the subject to be discussed was in their line. He was a master of logic. He was skilled in dialectics. Some of his great successes in controversy was undoubtedly owing to his fine personal appearance; but of course not much of it, else Paul had not been a formidable antagonist. Dr. Plumer's very voice was a fortune in debate. His powerful blows came down with a steady, deliberate regularity that was terrible to the man who had dared to encounter him. He appeared, too, to be the king of the council as truly as the lion looks to be the king of the forest.

Among the Presbyterian divines of Virginia Dr. Plumer was, we suppose, *facile princeps*—that is, of course, some thirty or forty years ago, when he had been living in the State all his life. We think no one will doubt that it was by his efforts and influence that the Virginia Presbyterians were anchored in the Old School denomination when that church was some forty years ago severed into the New School and Old School divisions. The denominational organ here sided with the New School; but Dr. Plumer at once began the publication of the *Watchman of the South*, and soon had almost the whole Presbyterian denomination in Virginia at his back. Happily, there is no longer any division in that church in Virginia; and even those who were engaged in the contests of that day, of whom there can be but few left on this side of the dark river, must be ready and willing to confess that Dr. Plumer had no foeman who could stand before him, however worthy of his steel many of his opponents might have been.

Though a Pennsylvanian by birth, Dr. Plumer was a Virginian and a Southerner in every fibre of his composition. Even the title of his religious weekly—*Watchman of the South*—showed how ready he always was to rush to the defense of the people whom he loved: and as he was incapable of hiding his prejudices or concealing his sympathies, he no doubt offended a good many of his Northern brethren. We believe that before the war, during its continuance, and after its close, he was always and everywhere an avowed Democrat. But nobody ever doubted his sincerity, and nobody in this city that we know of ever became offended with him on account of his party predilections.

This rambling notice is, we fear, unworthy of its subject. It is not intended to be anything else than a sketch hurriedly penned of what Dr. Plumer appeared to be to one person—the writer hereof. Our admiration of him was, we may say, handed down to us. We inherited it. And we could not but say a few words when this Prince of Preachers went down to the grave.—*Richmond Dispatch.*

GET OUT DOORS.—The close confinement of all factory work gives the operatives pallid faces, poor appetite, languid, miserable feelings, poor blood, inactive liver, kidneys and urinary troubles, and all the physicians and medicines in the world cannot help them unless they get of doors or use Hop Bitters, the purest and best remedy, especially for such cases, having abundance of health, sunshine and rosy cheeks in them. They cost but a trifle. See another column.—*Christian Recorder.*

— Mr. V. H. Rucker, of Amherst county, Va., will gather 1,200 barrels of apples from his orchard this year, and Mr. A. D. Watts, of the same county, has 60,000 hills of fine tobacco, and one houseful already cured.

A Dealer in Menageries.

A New York letter to the Atlanta (Ga.) *Constitution* says: One day I was walking down Chatham street, New York, when my steps were arrested by a queer sound, proceeding from a store. It was a sort of chirping tumult, as if all the birds in the world had met in a debating society. I had little difficulty in finding the door from whence the chirped volume of music issued. It was, I be believe, No. 55, a handsome front and a large store. I sauntered to the door and looked in and saw a sight that I do not think can be duplicated in America. On each side of the store the walls were lined with bird cages, from top to bottom. The ground work was of canaries, and there must have been thousands of these yellow tufts of fuss and feather. Underneath the swarming tiers of canaries were large compartments, in which were pheasants, cranes, and every rare bird—sacred or profane—that I ever heard of. On the higher shelves were smaller song and show birds, from insane love birds, or whistling finches, up to the hoariest and hoarsest of parrots.

In this wilderness of cages, a shortish man, evidently of Teutonic build, was walking leisurely. As he saw me he turned and came forward with that easy, pleasant grace common to well-bred city men. I saw at a glance that he was of the best type of Germans—hearty, self-poised, intelligent and cordial. His face was clear, thoughtful and strong—the face of a man who has seen the world, has fought it and whipped it. I am thus special in describing him because I found him one of the most agreeable and entertaining men I ever met, engaged in the most unique business, and the Napoleon of his profession.

I don't know how I came to know so much of him so soon, except that he displayed that engaging frankness that the traveled man shows to the inquisitive provincial. At any rate, I discovered after an hour's chat that I was talking to Henry Reiche, of the firm of Reiche & Bro., dealers in birds and wild animals. This firm is famous the world over, and stands without competitors. In the name of this firm there are organized bands of hunters in all parts of Asia and Africa, engaged in capturing elephants, lions, tigers, etc., for shipment to the branch house in Hamburg. From this point the animals are supplied to England and the Continent and shipped to America. All the wild animals that fill the menageries and parks of this continent came through the bright-eyed German with whom I spent that delightful day. His history is full of interest.

In 1844 or 1845 Charles and Henry Reiche, two young Germans, having little less than the practical education that seems to be natural to young Germans, were bird peddlers in New York. They went about from street to street, selling birds from stands. Their trade was principally in canaries, which they had sent over from Germany, where they only cost ten or twelve cents each. They did a pretty fair business up to 1852, when they made a daring stroke that made them a fortune and established the enormous business they now control. At that time California was in the flush of gold finding. Gold was plentiful there, but luxuries few. There was no transcontinental road, and the Isthmus route was tedious and costly. Young Reiche, knowing that canaries were unknown there, and believing they would become the rage when once seen, determined to carry over a cargo. He therefore, got 3,000 of the yellow fellows together, and, packing them in little cages, started for the Isthmus. Arriving at Cartenage, he had his birds carried across the Panama bay, by natives, and caught a ship there and soon reached San Francisco. He was late in reaching the ship, and the captain was about to sail without him, but, seeing his boats filled with covered boxes, thought it was belated mail matter. When Reiche drew near, the captain hailed him and asked him what he had.

"Canary birds," replied Reiche.

"Canary birds!" shouted the Captain. "If I'd known it was birds, I'd ha' left you long ago."

Reiche's first idea of the flush tide he was to ride was caught from a homesick Englishman, who, hearing the whistle of a bull finch that had been accidentally put in with the canaries, offered to pay the expenses of the entire cargo for that finch. As this amounted to $283 Reiche saw that he had struck a rich lead, and he put the price of canaries at $25 each They did become the rage. Hotels, saloons, private residences, all must have a canary. The little yellow birds made a craze like the tulip mania. The price soon went up to $50, and the cargo was soon sold. Reiche returned to New York a rich man.

About this time the menagerie became an American institution. The "moral" show went abroad through the land, and there was a demand for Asiatic and African animals. For years Hamburg in Germany had been a sort of a depot at which such animals were gathering by incoming ships from the tropics. Reiche conceived the idea of establishing a house there, and supplying it steadily with all sorts of beasts, to be captured by bands of hunters, working under his direction in the deserts and jungles. Up to that time the supply at Hamburg had been casual, depending on what sailors or ship captains might bring over. Mr. Reiche went into Africa and Asia, and found that his best method was to depend upon native hunters, acting under order of their sheikh and directed by a few white men of courage and address. His system was soon so organized that his beast depot at Hamburg became the largest in the world. It was supplied constantly with all sorts of captures, from tiny antelopes up to to elephants, running through all the gamut from leopard to rhinoceros. From Hamburg he now supplies the most of the parks and gardens of Europe, and ships heavily to America. He imports every wild animal sold in this country, and keeps a "large and assorted stock on hand." Ninetenths of the animals in Central park, New York, and a large proportion of those in other parks are his property. When he receives a consignment of lions or hippopotami, or a few rhinoceri and giraffes are billed to him, he places them in Central park, where they await a purchaser. He keeps in his store only a few of the smaller animals—and even the aviary in Central park is stocked with his birds. He considers twenty lions a good average stock, with probably as many tigers, a dozen elephants, four rhinoceri (or rhinocerosses), and other beasts in proportion.

The most extensive animal he deals in is the hippopotamus. A good hippopotamus is worth (to a man who wants him) from $10,000 to $12,000. They must be captured when they are young and raised on goat's milk. A caravan of hunters returning across the deserts with captured animals is a strange sight. About one thousand goats are brought with the caravan to furnish milk for the antelopes, hippopotami and otherr milk drinkers. As the goats cease giving milk they are killed and fed to the flesh eaters. The animals are carried in bamboo cages, rigged with ropes, and slung across the backs of camels. From the coast they are shipped to hamburg, where Mr. Charles Reiche receives them, and thence they are distributed according to demand. Elephants are captured when young, and usually by driving them into immense traps that converge rapidly until the beasts are cribbed into reach of ropes. A fine elephant will bring from $1,000 to $5,000. Of course, the price of animals varies with the demand. You must get a man that wants a beast before you can get any price for him—then the price depends upon how much he wants him.

"You see," said Mr. Reiche, smiling, "you wouldn't give $10 for that lion there (for we had now drifted to Central Park) for your own use, and yet he is worth $2,500."

A good companionable tiger can be bought for 1,200, and a nice leopard is worth about $400. Monkeys sell in the bunch by the dozen at about $30 each, and a rhinoceros brings about $3,000. A giraffe is very expensive and very delicate, and a zebra, striped up to the regulation of ninety-nine and one is worth about $1,000. Giraffes die of indigestion; the rhinoceros, despite his heavy overcoat, is a frequent victim of consumption, and the monkey dies of emotional languor.

The depot for sea lions is San Francisco, where a man named Mullet superintends. They are taken on the south California coast, and bring $400 each. Polar bears come from the Arctics, and are worth about $2,000. They are kept in deep caves that are damp and sunless, or in dens set in ice and with huge blocks of ice dripping from the top. The point at which Mr. Reiche buys them is Hamburg, very few being taken in our Arctics. The snake trade is one of the important departments. The headquarters for snakes is Para, in Central America, though, of course, the boa comes from the Nile, and the anaconda from Africa. There are various depots for rare fish, and Mr. Reiche is an enthusiast on this subject, being owner of the New York aquarium. The bright colored fishes come from the tropical waters, and the dull-colored from the Arctic Stations. The ostrich has less sense than any land animal, and yet is worth $1,000. They are caught while young. Birds come from all quarters. The most expensive is the bird of paradise, which sells for $200 to $500, according to plumage. Parrots, paroquets, and monkeys are brought in great numbers by sailors who come in on foreign ships.

The principal shipping points are Alexandria, in Egypt, and Ceylon, of Southern India. At the first point the animals from the Nile region and the heart of Africa are collected; at the latter the tigers and lions from the jungles of India. The bed of the Nile is the best hunting ground, as it has been for years. Almost every wild beast of the tropics may be found there, and in fine sample. The African elephants are smallest and most stupid, but otherwise the beasts from Africa are large and vigorous.

The amount of business done by Mr. Reiche is wonderful. His standing order for canaries is 10,000 birds a week. They are imported from Germany and sent all over the continent. He has an agent in Savannah, and has sent shipments to Atlanta. Frequently he receives $50,000 worth of animals in one manifest. There is a growing demand from circuses and menageries and zoological gardens all over the country. No circus now travels without its menagerie, and not park is comple without its zoological department. There is a large sale for rare birds and antelopes for private parks and grounds. Mr. Vanderbilt once gave $500 for a bird of paradise. A large number of parrots are sold and trained to talk and sing, a good talker being worth $100 or $200. The supply of all birds and animals must be kept up by importation, as few of them breed in captivity. Lions and tigers are about the only animals that breed in capitivity' and they bring ragged and puny cubs that are not salable. The growing demand, therefore, and the losses by death must be supplied by fresh captures and importations. Consequently, Mr. Reiche's hunters are kept busy, and his ships are always coming in. Frequently, he receives a special order from some circus or park for a certatn animal. This order is at once dispatched through various agents until it reaches the hunters, who organize a special expedition and capture it. A pair of hippopotami are now being brought over for a circus at a cost of about $20,000

A large business is done exporting American animals; this business, as well as the importing, is controlled by Mr. Reiche. The grizzly bear is the typical American beast, and is always in demand for European buyers. The buffalo, the moose elk, and caribou are the larger animals exported most heavily, they being American types. The opossom, the gray squirrel, the red fox, the hedgehog, are most popular of the smaller animals, while the puma is in great demand as a new type. The mocking bird is a great favorite among birds, and Mr. Reiche has men who search the Southern forests for them annually. The red-headed woodpecker is exported heavily as a show bird, and the robin is esteemed in English parks as a quiet but handsome fellow. There is a very large profit on the exchange. Mr. Rieche once bought a pair of fine cranes in Schoharie, N. Y., to fill an English order—giving $25 for them and receiving $400. There is an interesting story connected with the famous London show elephants, showing some of the points of the animal trade. A Mr. Kelly, a banker who drifted into the show business by a mortgage on the Van Amburg menagerie, sent out a ship to Ceylon. He loaded it with a number of Yankee houses, all ready for putting together. He had the sashes, doors, locks, and everything complete. Arriving at Ceylon, he sold the houses at an enormous profit, balasted his ship with coffee, and put thirteen elephants and a lot of animals aboard. He made $30,000 clear money by the trip, and had his elephants clear. Of this heard five were trained for the London show, and one of them, "Baby," is the mother of the first elephant ever born in captivity.

Of course Mr. Reiche has amassed a huge fortune in his unique trade. He is more than a millionaire, and is certainly growing richer. He has a superb residence at Bergen, N. J., where he is surrounded by every luxury that taste and money can command.

— A gentleman who visited Richmond (Va.) on a vacation trip, writes in the Boston *Journal* a very interesting account of what he saw and learned, from which we make the following extract: "The business interests of Richmond are varied, tobacco being of course one of the most important. There are now nearly eighty tobacco factories in the city, employing over 8,000 men, women and children, while in the smaller places of manufacture some 3,000 to 4,000 more are employed. In iron-works, flour-mills, and other business interests, the number of employees rises to upwards of 20,000, which certainly gives an opportunity to the poorer people for earning their living at least with comfort."

How Southern Women Dressed During the War.

No part of the story of the self-sacrifice with which the Southern people clung to their hopeless cause has excited more surprise in the outside world than that which tells of the difficulties of dress under the blockade. Hunger and cold, ruined homes and hearthstones made desolate—these were to be expected as the legitimate evils of war; but that women, nurtured in luxury, should willingly submit to wear old clothes and remain in ignorance of the fashions—this, it appears, was heroism beyond belief.

A riding dress, which was among the sensations of Richmond during the last days of the war, and which cost a small fortune in Confederate money, was worn the next summer in Central Park—only once, for it made its wearer unpleasantly conspicuous. It was of fine gray Confederate army cloth, with the bodice trimmed like the coat of a Confederate brigadier, and fastened with Virginia military buttons.

The bride who was married during the days of the Confederacy was seldom possessed of an extensive *trousseau*. The outfit considered ample for such a one would provoke the contemptuous pity of any modern belle. For instance, the daughter of an old Virginia family, whose name is too well known for publication, in independent circumstances, for purchase of whose *trousseau* in 1864 three hogsheads of tobacco were sold, had but four new dresses—a white muslin wedding robe, a silk dinner-dress, popinette trimmed with furniture gimp—a costume, which, by the way, was much admired—and a French merino. The tulle for her bridal veil cost twelve hundred dollars. The wreath—far handsomer than any which could have been bought within the Confederacy—had been her mother's.

The manufacture of homespun, although pursued under many disadvantages, was carried to great perfection. The women of the South were as a class by no means the selfish, self-indulgent creatures which they are represented to be in modern fiction. The mistress of a plantation, with a large number of slaves to care for, held no sinecure. Among such there were many notable housewives and good managers, renowned among their acquaintances not only as good cooks, but for their homemade linens and flannels, the blankets and bed-spreads of their own manufacture which gained prizes at industrial fairs.

On every plantation there was a greater or less number of women slaves unable from physical disability to work in the fields. It was necessary to provide employment for these, and they were trained as seamstresses, as spinners, and as weavers. Such women took much pride in their trades, and often became experts. Besides these there was usually in every neighborhood some family of poor whites with a local reputation as weavers, who earned a living by doing fine work for the wives of the neighboring planters, either by day or job.

With these persons as leaders, all other women were glad to follow, and homespun garments came rapidly into use. The blockade runners learned to make dye-stuffs part of their regular cargoes. The wood and weeds of the South furnished many respectable dyes, none of them brilliant, it is true, but by no means to be despised where dye-stuffs were scarce.

Necessarily, the most was made of whatever materials were already on hand. Dresses were turned and returned, pieced and twisted, dyed and made over again and again as long as they could be made to hold together. They were lengthened under flounces or puffings, and black waists in winter and white ones in summer was a favorite fashion, which made the skirts of old dresses still available when the original bodies were hopelessly worn out. Literally nothing was thrown away. Garrets were ransacked, old chests yielded their forgotten hoards, and even the ragbag was turned over again that scraps which had been scorned in days of plenty might be made use of. Melon waists became popular because the many seams in them rendered the narrowest strips of material available, and when the fashion of gored skirts was brought through the lines it was hailed with delight as requiring less stuff than those with straight breadths. Sewing silk sold for $60 a spool before the war was ended, and embroidery silks were scarce at any price. Small pieces of embroidery were often executed with silks ravelled from odds and ends of ribbons. Female ingenuity, however, did wonders Most of the self-trimmings, as dressmakers term them, which are now in vogue, figured on confederate dresses, preference being given to such as required least material. Pleatings were little used; but folds, pipings, shirrings, flounces, puffing, shell trimmings, &c., were all more or less popular. Narrow bias strips of silk, pinked on both edges, and very scantily gathered with the finest stitches through the centre, were a favorite style for trimming bodices and heading flounces. Gilt braid and buttons, being military goods, were of course imported, and might be had at fancy prices.

These were thought handsome for trimming black bodices, the preferences being for tiny round gilt buttons set on in a double row down the front and the cuffs. Quillings of shirt braid were used for trimming French merinoes, red or blue on black being the favorite contrast. Fancy straw braids were used with black lace on white muslin waists. Calico dresses were finished off with collars, cuffs, and bands, button-hole stiched in scollops on the edges in red or white embroidery-cotton, or perhaps with black silk. Button moulds covered with the material were almost invariably worn, except when others were already on hand—relics of a time before the blockade—and not unfrequently the moulds were of pasteboard instead of wood.

Old black silk stockings were patiently ravelled for sewing silk. Spool cotton never rose beyond twenty dollars a spool, and was therefore comparatively cheap.

But since a calico served for any occasion on which a demi-toilette is admissible, a new one being considered a handsome dress, the dresses themselves were not the chief difficulty. The many accessories of the toilet, upon which so much depends, were almost unattainable. Ribbons and laces were scarce. Those on hand were carefully treasured, and cravats and bows were deftly manufactured from scraps of silk.

Nets for the hair were crocheted of black glace cotton in open meshes, and these were often completed by skirt-braid run in the outer row of meshes and finished off with a bow of the same.

Old dress coats belonging to relatives, who, in the army, had no longer need of them, were accounted inestimable treasures. Shoes and gloves were made from them—the smallest pieces being utilized. A certain pair of fine gray cassimere trousers kept two sisters in gloves for more than two years, six pairs being made therefrom, the same two sets of gauntlets serving every time.—*Harper's Bazar.*

— The Sheriff of Perquimans county, N. C., weighs 410 pounds. When a prisoner is refactory he sits down on him.

Judge Kershaw on the "Code."

In his recent charge to the Grand Jury of Spartanburg County, Judge Kershaw spoke in reprobation of the practice of duelling in this State, and suggested as a measure for the protection of society the enactment of the following law by the Legislature at its next session:

"That, in addition to the oath of office now required, each officer, before he enters upon the duties of his office, shall take and subscribe an oath, that since the ratification of this Act he had not done any act which would disqualify him from holding office, under the provisions of Article 1, Section 32, of the Constitution of this State, and that he will enforce the laws against duelling, to the best of his ability, in every instance of their violation which may come to his knowledge, and employ all legal measures in his power to prevent such offenses."

The Judge goes on to say: "If the duel is to be tolerated at all, it is due to our people that is should be openly legalized and regulated under the law, and the Code of Honor, so called, in some form spread upon the statute book. * * * If the duel were thus sanctioned by the law, and this form of homicide legalized, we would at least comprehend the necessity of training our sons from infancy to the skilful use of the pistol, reverse our ethical system, and omit from the Lord's prayer so much as 'doth teach us to do the deeds of mercy.'" This is a capital *reductio ad absurdum*. The force of Judge Kershaw's words, however, is weakened if not destroyed, by the following sentences in his charge:

"So far as concerns past offenses of this nature, while courts and juries must perform their full duty and vindicate the violated majesty of the law, offenders may well plead at the bar of Executive and Judicial clemency that they were tempted to the wrong by the criminal blindness of the officers of the law, and the silence of the voice of the people."

The trouble is that Judge Kershaw, like a great many other good people, while honestly anxious to put a stop to duelling, is unwilling to make a beginning in earnest. The laws we already have are quite sufficient to stamp out duelling if "the courts and juries and the officers of the law were not criminally blind" to their sworn duty. Much as we esteem Judge Kershaw, we fear that he cannot inspire confidence as the leader of the crusade against the duello. The public have not yet forgotten the brief career of "The Anti-Duelling Society of Camden," of which Judge Kershaw was President, and in which he was the moving spirit. They have not forgotten the excuses made for the Society when it failed at the first opportunity to carry out its solemn public pledges, nor the fact that the Judge (for good reasons, it may be,) resigned the Presidency when there was real work to be done. The recollection of these things is not calculated to add force to Judge Kershaw's charge in Spartanburg. If the crime of duelling is ever to be suppressed in the South, it must be resolutely tracked and sternly punished just like any other vulgar crime. One duellist in a striped suit will do more to check this species of murder than all the fine phrases of judges and moralists.—*News and Courier.*

Selection of Field and Garden Seed.

An editorial in the *Register* a few days ago, on the selection of cotton seed for planting deserves more attention than it will probably recieve. It is, unfortunately, but too true that the wisest suggestions on the subject of farming, when put into print, lose much of their power to do good. A man may be recognized by his neighbors as a model farmer, but if he unwittingly "writes for the papers" he is at once set down as a theorist, a "book farmer," and "Othello's occupation's gone." It is true, and pity 'tis 'tis true.

The selection of field and garden seeds is a matter of no common interest, and embraces a larger margin of profit for the farmer than is generally supposed. The time has come when the profits of farming depend upon what you can save more than what you can make. The small leaks must be stopped, or the vessel will soon be empty. Thousands of dollars are annually sent North for field and garden seeds which, with a little care in selecting and propagating, could be just as well produced at home. We have known many successful farmers who had never paid tribute to foreign seed growers.

But to return to the selection of cotton seed for planting. We would never select from the first opening, but from the second, where the seed is well ripened and developed. Any observant planter will detect many varieties of the cotton plant in his fields. Some stalks, tall and vigorous, will have very few bolls, but a superior staple; others will be very prolific but the bolls may be small or open badly; others will be covered with bolls which will stand at about one thing until frost, many not maturing at all; while others will open freely and the lint will hang out ready for picking and dry enough for the gin. An intelligent, observing man can go ahead and make selections of the best varieties, and as the select pile of cotton will always be small, there will be no damage of heating and injuring the seed. The continued selections, year after year, will produce a superior variety of cotton both as to staple and fruitfulness, if a proper degree of attention is bestowed—all depends on that.

The Georgia planters have paid more especial attention to the prolific character of the plant. This is all very well, but since the production of cotton has gone mainly into the hands of the white man and the cotton belt is continually extending, we should endeavor to improve the staple. The supply may exceed the demand, or come so close to it as to make the crop an unprofitable one, but we have the advantage of climate and should be able to produce a staple superior to all other countries. It should be borne in mind that cotton is the most popular crop in the world, from the fact that it can be grown over so wide an area and that it is a cash crop always, at all places and at all times. The cultivation of it will spread as long as population increases. Dr. Cloud, a distinguished Alabama planter, always used the seed of the preceding year's crop for planting. He said he was sure of a better stand and a more vigorous plant, because all the inferior seeds would lose their vitality during the Winter. There would seem to be good sense in this.—*Cor. Columbia Register.*

— "Here, lend me a hand, somebody," cried good little Billy, struggling to climb over the back fence to run away to the circus. And his kind father, who happened to be near and heard him came up and lent him a hand about the size of a sugar-cured ham, sixteen or seventeen times. And the next time he runs away to the circus Billy will try to get along alone.

— "Do you love this girl better than you do her sister?" was what a Kansas clergyman asked a man, who stood up before him to be made a husband.

Flexibleness of American Ingenuity.

The remarkable inventiveness of American genius has often been commented upon with wonder and applause by observers from every land, and it deserves to be admired. Last year, for instance, in Great Britain, 3,400 patents were granted out of 5,200 applications, while in the United States of 20,000 applicants 12,400 received patents. This is nearly four to one, both of applications made and patents granted. But the flexibleness of American invention, its peculiar capacity of adjusting itself to surrounding circumstances, its "pliability to the environment," as the evolutionists would say, is a much more valuable property than were its fecundity. This quality makes every resource of the American mind instantly available for each occasion as soon as it arises and contrasts strikingly with the rustiness, the slowness of motion of the more solid European mind. Examples abound of this difference in mental cultivation, but none are more forcible than those afforded by the comparative history of railroad construction in this country and in Europe. The first locomotive engine was put on the Liverpool and Manchester Railroad in 1829. It was built for a straight, stone-ballasted road, with stone and iron bridges, a roadway solid as a Roman road, and costing enormous sums per mile. Under such conditions, with our inferior amount of available capital, extensive railroad construction could not have been entered upon in this country. The English roads are still built in the same solid way, and the English engines are simply improvements upon Stephenson's original model. But in this country, from the first, our railroads were contrived to turn almost impossible curves, to wind up almost impossible summits, to descend perilious grades, and to cross great ravines on spider-web tracery of trestle-work. A British engine could not have been driven on any such road, and if it could its weight and massiveness would have crushed the track. But the engineers who adapted their roads to the face of the country and the state of the public purse might be trusted to adapt their engines to the roads. Indeed, the first locomotive ever built in the country, Mr. Peter Cooper's, was intended and contrived to wheel in and out of the frequent and marvelously short and sharp curves of the original Baltimore and Ohio railroad to Ellicott's Mills, which it was thought would look "so picturesque," winding along its ambient way and following the bends of Gwynn's Falls and the Patapsco. This sort of pliancy has continued throughout. It gave the "camel-back" engine and the V curve to the Alleganies, and the light cotton-wood cheap road-bed to the prairies. The rapidity with which our engineers learn to adjust means to ends is surprising. The builders of the Liverpool and Manchester road, in order to make it straight, ran it right across Chat-Moss, a great morass, into which millions of cubic yards of rubbish were dumped for ten years. American engineers began in the same way. In building the Erie railroad ninety miles of it were laid on piles, as if it were a pier they were building. But engineers soon learned to flank such obstructions, or, if they had to be crossed, to get over them not by main strength and awkwardness, but by cheap, ready-made, yet efficient expedients.

Thus again the Erie, when British rails were not to be had for less than $80 a ton, in 1846 founded the Lackawanna Iron Works, hauled iron and coal over wagon roads and forged its own rails—the first T rails ever made and laid down in this country. In tunnelling and bridging, as well as in trestle work and in climbing steep acclivities, this same flexibleness in invention is constantly seen, and it was often displayed during the late war, as when the Confederates built an armor-clad vessel out of railroad iron, or Farragut protected his vessels from shot with anchor chains, or Porter rescued his fleet from the Red River by constructing a boom and a wing-dam, one of the most ingenious engineering performances upon record. This capacity of self-adjustment in the American faculty of invention is the most resourceful possession of our people, and must continue to enrich us more rapidly than other nations are enriched as long as we retain it.

Mathematical Puzzles.

I.

Two countrymen were going along the road, each driving sheep. Said one:

"Hi, neighbor, give me one of your sheep, and then I shall have twice as many as you will have."

"Nay, neighbor," replied the other, "give me one of your sheep, and then we shall both have the same number."

How many sheep did each have?

II.

An old man lived in a little hut by a bridge which crossed a deep river.

One day a wicked water-spirit appeared to him and said: My friend, I know you are very poor. Now, I will increase whatever money you may have two-fold, asking only in return this small favor, that every time you cross the bridge you will throw twenty-four cents into the water, and at the same time the money you have left shall be doubled. The poor old man was delighted at what he thought a generous offer of the water-spirit, and faithfully fulfilled all the conditions; but, to his sorrow and astonishment, when he had three times thrown the tribute of twenty-four cents to the water-spirit he found himself penniless.

How much money did he have when the water-spirit first appeared to him?

III.

A man had seven sons and a property of $49,000. Now, the younger sons were jealous because their father spent more for the elder brother than he did for them, and they entreated him to make his will in their favor. To satisfy their demands he made his will, and the younger sons were contented. This is the will: The oldest son to have $1,000, and an eighth of what remained; the second son to have $2,000, and an eighth of what remained; the third $3,000, and an eighth of what remained; the fourth $4,000, and an eighth of what remained; the fifth $5,000, and an eighth of what remained; the sixth $6,000, and an eighth of what remained; the seventh and youngest to have all that remained when the sixth had taken his share.

What share of the $49,000 did each receive?

IV.

A good mother went to buy eggs for her children, for the Easter season was approaching, and the eggs were to be colored red and blue. She bought from a grocer half of his entire stock and half an egg more. Then a second woman came and she bought half of what the grocer had remaining and half an egg more. A third woman and a fourth woman did the same thing, and in the end the grocer had one egg left.

How many had he in the beginning?

— A woman near Cairo dressed up as a man to see how much bluff her old husband would take from a stranger. She got forty bird shot in various parts of her body.

General News Summary.

— Georgia has 616 licensed distilleries.

— Holyoke, Mass., has eighteen paper mills.

— Georgia will have fifteen colored men in the next Legislature.

— New Orleans expects to ship 30,000,000 bushels of grain this year.

— The completion of the Mississippi River improvements will require $4,200,000.

— The 41 cotton-seed mills of the South turn out 90,000,000 gallons of oil annually.

— Boston's real estate is valued at $400,000,000, which is nearly $4,000 to each inhabitant.

— Macon, Ga., has 43 manufactories, representing a capital of $792,500, and employing 696 hands.

— The Vermont Legislature have re-elected Senator Edmunds to his seat in the United States Senate.

— No pupil is allowed to attend the public schools of Memphis who has not been successfully vaccinated.

— The people of Schley County, Ga., voted by a majority of 409 to prohibit the licensing of liquor saloons.

— Miss Nellie Calhoun, a grand niece of John C. Calhoun, has recently made her *debut* upon the stage, in San Francisco.

— It is reported that 10,000 Chinamen are to be imported into New Orleans from Cuba, to work on the sugar plantations.

— The oyster business of Virginia is worth $2,000,000 per annum. There are 6,538 white and 7,598 colored men engaged in it.

— The Buffalo *Express* says the reason men succeed who "mind their own business" is because there is so little competition in that line.

— Pleasantville, N. J., does a thriving business in making pickles. During the season just closed, nearly 11,000,000 cucumbers have been pickled there.

— John Hicks, of Jeffersonville, Ind., aged 80 years, has just been sentenced to the penitentiary for two years. He has served fifty years of his life in prison.

— Victorio, the Indian Chief, and most of his band, have been killed by the Mexicans. Within the past year he and his band murdered upward of 400 persons.

— Five women were burned to death in a shoddy factory in Cincinnati one day last week. Heroic efforts were made by the firemen to save them, but without avail.

— The Harrisonburg *Register* claims that Rockingham county, Va., has furnished $75,000 worth of horses to the "outside world" during the past six months.

— It is claimed that Madison and Buncombe counties, N. C., will send to market this year over a million and a half pounds of tobacco. Their crops are extra fine.

— The Oregon Senate and House, October 16, passed a constitutional amendment in favor of woman suffrage—21 to 9 in the Senate, and the House by a vote of 32 to 27.

— Wealthy citizens of Baltimore have, in 150 years, given $13,000,000 to public charitable purposes. The bulk of this, however, was given by one man, Johns Hopkins.

— A colored washerwoman, who died last week in New York, left a fortune of $80,000. She had done an extraordinary good business in not returning the boy's shirts on Saturday nights.

— Advices from Buenos Ayres announce that a snow-storm occurred there on the 18th of September, and that it is estimated that 700,000 head of cattle, 500,000 sheep and 250,000 horses perished.

— Schuyler Colfax, who has been mentioned in connection with the United States Senatorship from Indiana, declares that, under no possible condition of affairs, will he ever consent to re-enter public life.

— The imports into France for the past nine months show an increase of 263,000,000 francs as compared with the same period last year. Of this increase 189,000,000 francs is in food. The exports increased 69,000,000 francs.

— If we owned a Republican government with Garfield at its head, and Sam Lee in Congress, and hell, we would rent out the government and live in hell, we would. We think we would have more peace and prosperity in the latter place.

— The cotton crops of this country for 1878 and 1879 were the largest ever raised. The ten crops from 1852 to 1861, raised by slave labor, numbered 34,995,440 bales; the ten crops from 1870 to 1879, raised by free labor, numbered 41,454,743 bales.

— John A. Woodward, for fifteen years in the service of the Boston City Treasury, during the last five of which he was cashier, has disappeared, and his books show a defalcation of $82,000. He is thirty years old, and was of excellent social standing.

— The New York *Graphic* Company is a Montreal enterprise. After sinking $750,000, it has now become profitable, and after paying all debts, declared a dividend of $80,000. Two years ago the stock was worthless. It is now sold at $50 per $100 share.

— The *Register* has the following piece of information: "It is said that Guffin, the man killed by McClung at Abbeville consulted a physician the day of his death as to the best method of committing suicide, and it is thought that he deliberately precipitated the affair which culminated in the tragedy."

— Hon. A. G. Porter, Governor-elect of Indiana, has announced that he will not be a candidate for the United States Senate. He says he was elected Governor, and he wants to be Governor for four years. His canvass has revealed many things to him that he believes he can accomplish for the people as Governor, and he is anxious to do so.

— The motive power of the South Carolina Railroad has been reinforced by the addition of two new and powerful locomotives which arrived a few days ago and have been put into service. Two more engines are expected within the next ten days. The engines were built at the Baldwin Locomotive Works, Philadelphia, and have a capacity of fifty loaded cars each.

— They give strange names to children in China. If a child is born at midnight, its name may be Midnight; or they may name it Rain, if it is rainy when the child is born. Should the birth occur on the anniversary of the birthday of a relative, the child may be named according to the age of the relative—Thirty-five, Forty-two, Fifty-one, or whatever number fits the case. Girls have been named Ought-to-be-a-boy, because the parents desired a boy.

— There are two ways of measuring sin—down and up; *down*, by counting all the actual sins we have done—all covetings, anger, evil thoughts, selfishness, falsehoods, dishonesties; *up*, by seeing what we might have been, all the good deeds we might have done, the character we might have formed, the blessed, useful life we might have lived, and God intended us to live; and then placing beside this picture the life we have actually lived. This will show the number of our sins of omission.