The Anderson Intelligencer.

BY E. B. MURRAY & CO. ANDERSON, S. C., THURSDAY MORNING, AUGUST 24, 1882. VOLUME XVIII.---NO. 6.

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We will not be undersold.
Feb 16, 1882 31

SAWING NOTICE.

EVERY one wanting logs sawed can have it done promptly at my Mill. Oconee Lumber, in any quantity, dried and dressed, constantly on hand.
A. H. OSBORNE.
July 13, 1882 52

THE SAVANNAH
VALLEY RAILROAD

HAS taken a fresh start, and work will be resumed in a few days, and thus the dream of many of our citizens will probably be accomplished in time to move the next crop. In the meantime our Firm

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Ahead of all Competition, and by hard labor and HONEST BARGAINS we have

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All means we advise those in need of **Fresh Goods, Good Goods and Good Bargains** to call on

BROWN BROS.
April 20, 1882 40

ABOUT BULL RUN.

Interesting Narrative of the Man Who Brought the Bad News to Washington.

Pittsburg Dispatch Interview with Mr. Kennedy Marshall.

"Richmond was quite a popular summer resort in July, '61," said Mr. Marshall, "and a great number of Northern people, politicians, Congressmen, gentlemen of leisure, ladies fond of a little well-regulated excitement, clergymen sighing for virgin territory, and business men seeking for a speculation, made up their minds to take a flying trip to this new capital of the Southern Confederacy. Our army of gallant young recruits, led by the valiant McDowell, under the direction of the sagacious Scott, was to go ahead. The rebel soldiers had been massed at convenient points in sufficient numbers to assist with the fireworks and furnish entertainment for the visitors. The campaign was to be a huge picnic at Government expense, and I went along with hundreds of others to see the fun. I was a member of the Pennsylvania Legislature, and the malaria common to legislative halls had left me half an invalid. Ben Morgan, Charles Spang, jr., of Spang, Chalfant & Co., John Shaw, then Flour Inspector of Allegheny county, since burned to death at Scottdale, and Charles Clark, of Clark & Thaw, all Pittsburghers, were with me. There never was so large and respectable a lot of camp followers as those who followed our army out from Washington. Many of the most distinguished men of the country were there, and there was no lack of good company.

"We were just beginning to tire of the picnic, and were preparing to return to Washington to spend Sunday, when on Saturday one of Gen. McDowell's aids told us that they were going to attack the enemy that night. There was apparently no attempt to keep the matter secret. At 1 o'clock Sunday morning, July 21

THE TROOPS BEGAN TO MOVE.

"We left our carriage and followed them on foot. I got separated from my party, and fell in with Henry J. Raymond, of the New York *Times*. We followed the right-hand column, under Hunter. You know how the battle was fought at first; how their skirmish line was chased, their batteries charged and the entire left wing of the rebel army rolled back beyond the Warrenton road. We whipped them fairly in the early hours of the fight, and about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, Raymond and I, sitting beside the road near the Warrenton stone bridge, were well in the rear of our advancing right. It was a hotter day than this, and we were tired, half sick with the smell of powder and very hungry. Along the road came Russell, on horseback, with a big knapsack of provisions behind him. He was an old campaigner and come provided. We hailed him, and while he shared his lunch with us, told him how we were licking them and how we could serve the British the same way upon occasion. He had driven out from Washington since morning, bringing a saddle in his carriage. While we were talking together, we heard locomotives whistling over on the Manassas railroad. The trains stopped in a cut out of sight. Pretty soon out marched a lot of soldiers in gray, with a stand of brigade colors, and came at a double quick across the field. It was Kirby Smith with the last installment of Johnson's army from Winchester, which had eluded Patterson. The panic which seized our troops when these fresh fighters hurled themselves at the Union lines, already tottering with exhaustion, was wilder than anything in military history since three Austrian soldiers, coming out of the woods to surrender after the battle of Solferino, put the whole French army to rout for a time. Regiments that had stood up to their work bravely since 9 o'clock in the morning melted away in a few minutes at the sight of the

GRAY CHARGING COLUMNS.

"There was no knowing what force was behind Smith, and Hunter's men didn't wait to see. They took the road toward Centerville, pell mell, every man for himself. The infantry charged their own batteries, cut the horses loose, jumped on their backs and went to the rear at a gallop. Russell disappeared on the tide at the top of his speed. Raymond drifted away from me, and I didn't let many pass me in the race myself. It was the farther the faster, and after covering what seemed to me about five miles I dropped exhausted beside the road to rest. By and by Raymond came along. He had found his barouche, and he took me in. We whirled along in the crush of ambulances, artillery horses, privates, officers and camp-followers on foot, ladies and politicians in carriages, and 200 or 300 steers, all making the best of their way to Washington. A drove of cattle had been driven out behind the army to be slaughtered after the battle. They were stampeded with the rest and added to the confusion. There were many amusing incidents. Earlier in the day I had noticed L. L. McGuffin, of New Castle, since Judge in this Judicial District, now dead. He was carrying water to one of the field hospitals. He had been one of the 'On to Richmond' crowd, had come down to stiffen up the President's spine, and was loud in advocating a vigorous prosecution of the war.

HOW JUDGE M'GUFFIN RAN.

"He was a large man and wore a long linen duster. When the rush to the rear began he ran with the rest. He was fat, and as the crowd gradually swept past him he at last began to think the rebels must be almost within grasp of his flying duster tails. Blind with sweat and dust, he tripped a log and fell flat on his stomach, or as flat as he could fall on such a round stomach. A zouave, who was hard at his heels, came down with emphasis on top. Mr. McGuffin was certain that the Philistines were upon him, and with a weak endeavor to roll his eyes around, that he might see his foeman's face, exclaimed: 'Great God, gentlemen, can't this thing be compromised?'

"Before Raymond and I had driven far an ordnance wagon crashed into our barouche and demolished it. I mounted one of the carriage horses. Raymond was in despair.

"Get on the other horse," I cried.

"But I can't stick on."

"Then good evening; I'm going to Washington."

"Hold on; I can ride behind the nigger," exclaimed the distinguished editor, and he was about to clamber up behind the colored driver when a carriage drove past with some Congressmen whom he knew, and he got in with them.

"I galloped away, but before I had gone far I saw a regiment drawn up in line across the road, with fixed bayonets, stopping the fugitives. I took to the fields, executed a flank movement and got past with a few others. When I came to the little field telegraph office, near Fairfax Court House, I was riding ahead of my party. A wire had been laid out thus far and dispatches from the field were carried here and wired to Washington. The last messages sent had told how our troops were driving the enemy.

"'What news from the field?' cried the little operator, with his finger on the key.

"'Our men are routed. They are running this way,' I shouted back to him as I galloped past. He cut loose his instrument, tucked it under his arm and took to his heels. When the next orderly came with a dispatch he found the battery dismounted, and that was how I came to be

THE FIRST TO CARRY THE NEWS

to Washington. I overtook 'Bull Run' Russell, and we rode together for awhile; but his horse was fagged and mine was fresh, so I soon left him. After that I rode foremost and alone. At Ball's Cross Roads I was challenged by a Dutch sentinel. Ben Morgan had my pass through the lines, but I had an annual over the Pennsylvania Railroad, signed by Tom Scott. I showed the sentinel the name of Scott, the Commander-in-Chief, and he passed me through. I got over the long bridge at Washington at 9 o'clock, just as the countersign was being given out for the night. I rode up to Willard's Hotel, through streets thronged with people, wild with excitement over the favorable telegrams that had come in from the front. The brass bands were out in force, and somebody was making a rousing 'On to Richmond' speech from the balcony of the hotel. I walked into the office, under the sound of his inspiring words, knowing how soon those cheers would be hushed to whispers of affright. Chadwick was keeping the hotel then, and as I pushed up to the desk he stared at me, bareheaded and streaming with dirt and sweat as I was, and finally recognizing me, asked me where I had been and what was the matter.

"'I came from the front. McDowell is licked out of his boots, and the wreck of our army is not far behind me.'

"Chadwick dived back into his private office with a scared face, and in a few moments came back and took me in with him.

GEN. MANSFIELD STAGGERED.

"There sat Gen. Mansfield, who was in command of the troops around Washington, with a bottle of champagne before him.

"'Mr. Chadwick informs me, sir, that you report our army retreating. Are you a military man, sir?'

"No, sir."

"'Then how do you know, sir, that they were not merely making a change of front or executing some other military maneuver, sir?'

"Well, General," I replied, as calmly as I could, while the gray-haired old martinet eyed me sternly, "I saw whole regiments throw down their guns and take to the woods. I saw artillerymen cut their horses loose from the guns and cassions and gallop away. I saw officers, men, Congressmen and Texas steers running neck and neck down the road toward Washington, and steers were the only things that had their tails up. It may have been a change of front, as you say, but—"

"I don't believe a damned word of it," broke in the General, who had listened to me with evident impatience.

"Good evening,' I replied, and walked out of the door. The crowd had got the news by this time from Chadwick, and I was almost pulled to pieces. Somebody noticed that I was wearing a gray suit, and shouted: 'He's a rebel.' There were several suggestions that I be lynched for attempting to stimulate a rising of the rebel element in the city. Gen. Mansfield hurried off to the War Department, and pretty soon a sergeant and a squad of soldiers came for me and took me to the Department. President Lincoln and his entire Cabinet were there, with old Gen. Scott, anxiously waiting for news from the front. Simon Cameron had known me as a member of the Legislature and vouched for my loyalty. There was very little said while I told my story briefly.

THE PRESIDENT DESPONDENT.

"The President sat with his head bent down upon his hand, and was evidently very much depressed. Simon Cameron, then Secretary of War, was the coolest head in the Cabinet. He immediately consulted with Scott as to hurrying reenforcements across the Potomac, and orders were issued to stop all fugitives at Long Bridge. They asked me very few questions, but after I had told my story and was dismissed, the newspaper correspondents nearly devoured me. Just as I came out of the War Department, I met one of Gen. McDowell's aids bringing in the report of his commander's defeat. The Government took charge of the telegraph offices, and suppressed every word about the final disaster. The glowing reports of the success of the Union forces in the early part of the action were allowed to go out, and the next morning the whole North was ablaze with rejoicing over our victory. The next day the true story was published, however, and I got more notoriety than I have ever had since. I was quoted as an authority in every prominent paper in the country."

A YANKEE CAPTAIN OUTWITTED.—Captain Farrow, of Islesboro, tells a good story of himself which occurred a few years ago, while he was trading at Key West. It was a case where a Northern Yankee was outwitted by a Southerner. The Captain was trading in a small vessel, and had been up the coast to Tampa Bay, where he purchased twenty dozen chickens, paying $4 per dozen. The chickens ran all the way in size from a few days old to full-grown ones. At Key West a hotel landlord came alongside and asked the Captain how he sold his chickens. The Captain replied: "If you pick them out I shall charge you $6 per dozen; if you let me pick them out you can have them for $3 per dozen." "All right," said the hotel man, "you pick them out." The Captain selected several dozen of the smallest, when the man said: "Go ahead, I want more." The Captain was now among his largest fowls, and wished the man would stop but he still said, "Go on." The Captain saw the point at last. The man kept him him selecting until he purcased the entire lot at a loss of $20 to the owner. After this the Captain sold his chickens on a different plan.—*Bangor Whig.*

— "I should so like to have a coin dated the year of my birth," said a maiden of uncertain age to a male acquaintance. "Do you think you could get one for me?" "I am afraid not," he replied. "These very old coins are only to be found in valuable collections." And yet he can not see why, when he met the lady next day, she didn't speak to him.

— Colonels T. M. R. Talcott, A. B. Andrews, Captain T. T. Smith and other prominent Southern railroad men have been making a trip over the Western North Carolina Railroad. They went to the Paint Rock terminus of that road and thence went two miles further on the East Tennessee, Virginia and Georgia Road, to the place where the two iron bridges are being erected over the French Broad River. The River makes a horse shoe bend at this point, and is spanned by two fine iron bridges, distant 400 yards from each other. The bridges will cost $175,000 each.

GRANDFATHER'S DAYS.

The Little Urchin of the third Generation.

From the Atlanta Constitution.

When a man begins to get along in years he gradually changes from being a king in his family to a patriarch. He is more tender and kind to his offspring, and instead of ruling them, the first thing he knows they are ruling him. My youngest children and my grandchildren just run over me now, and it takes more than half my time to keep up with 'em, and find out where they are and what they are doing. It rains most every day, and the weeds and grass are always wet, and the branches are muddy and there are six little chaps around here perusin' the premises, and Mrs. Arp just knows they are bound to get sick or snake bit, for its tramp, tramp, tramp from morning till night, and her anxiety reminds me of a hen that we set on some duck eggs, for when the brood was hatched they made for the branch, and the hen like to have took a fit and flew from one side to the other and made an everlasting fuss trying to tell 'em they would get drowned, but they sailed around and around and was as happy as happy could be. These little chaps ride the horses and colts over the meadow and pasture, and make the sheep jump the big branch, and they go in a washing two or three times a day, and they climb the grape arbor and the apple tree, and they can tell whether a watermelon is ripe or green, for they plug it to see, and every one of 'em has got a sling shot and my pigeons are always on the wing, and the other day I found one of the finest young pullets laying dead with a hole in her side, and all the satisfaction I can get is I didn't mean to do it, or I won't do it any more, or I didn t do it all. Jesso. It's most astonishing how the little rascals can shoot with their slings, and now I don't believe it was a miracle at all that made David plump old Goliah in the forehead, for these boys can plump a jay bird now at 40 yards, and we have had to take all their weapons away to protect the birds and poultry. Sometimes I get mad and rip up and around like I was going to do something desperate, but Mrs. Arp comes a slipping along and begins to tell how they didn't mean any harm, and they are just like all other boys, and wants to know if I didn't do them sort of things when I was a boy. Well, that's a fact—I did—and I got a lickin' for it too. You see, I was one of the oldest boys, and they always catch it, but the youngest one never gets a lickin,' for by the time he comes along the old man has mellowed down and wants a pet. The older children have married and gone and the old folks feel sorter like they have been throwd off for somebody no kin to 'em, and so they twine around those that are left all the closer, but by-and-by they grow up, too, and leave them, and it's pitiful to see the good old couple bereft of their children and living alone in their glory. Then is the time that grandchildren find a welcome in the old family homestead, for, as Solomon saith, the glory of an old man is his children's children. Then is the time that the little chaps of the second and third generation love to escape from their well ruled home, and for awhile find refuge and freedom and frolic at grandpa's. A child without a grandpa and a grandma can never have its share of happiness. I'm sorry for 'em. Blessings on the good old people, the venerable grand parents of the land, the people with good old honest ways and simple habits and limited desires, who indulge in no folly, who hanker after no big thing, but live along serene and covet nothing but the happiness of their children and their children's children. I said to a good old mother not long ago: "Well, I heard that Anna is to be married." "Yes, sir,' said she, smiling sorrowfully, "I don't know what I will do. The last daughter I've got is going to leave me. I've nursed her and and petted her all her life, and I kinder thought she was mine and would always be mine, but she's run off after a fellow she's no kin to in the world, and who never did do any thing for her but give her a ring and a book or two and a little French candy now and then, and it does look so strange and unreasonable. I couldnt understand it at all if—if I hadent done the same thing myself a long time ago," and she kept knitting away with a smile and a tear upon her motherly face.

But I'm not going to slander these little chaps that keep us so busy looking after them, for there is no meanness in their mischief, and if they take liberties it is because we let 'em. Mrs. Arp says they are just too sweet to live, and is always narrating some of their smart sayings. Well, they are mighty smart, for they know exactly how to get everything and do everything they want, for they know how to manage her, and they know that she manages me, and that settles it. A man is the head of a house about some things, and about some other things he is only next to head, if he ain't foot. A man can punish his children, but it's always advisable to make an explanation in due time and let his wife know what he did it for, because you see they are her children shore enough, and she knows it and feels it. The pain and trouble, the nursing and night watching have all been hers. The washing and dressing, and mending and patching—tieing up fingers and toes, and sympathizing with 'em in all their great big little troubles all falls to her while the father is tending to his farm, or his store, or his office, or his friends, or may be his billiard table. When a woman says "this is my child," it carries more weight and more meaning than when a man says it, and I've not got much respect for a law that will give a man the preference of ownership just because he is a man. I remember when I was a boy a sad, pretty woman taught school in our town, and she had a sweet little girl about eight years old, and one day a man came there for the child and brought a lawyer with him, and the mother was almost distracted, and all of us boys—big and little—got rocks and sticks and thrash poles and hid the little girl up in the cupalo, and when the sheriff came we attacked him like killing snakes or fighting yaller jackets, and we run him off, and when he come back with more help we ran 'em all off, and the man never got his child, and I can say now that the soldiers who whipped the yankees at Bull Run were not half so proud of their victory as we were, though I found out afterwards that the sheriff was willing to be whipped, for he was on the side of the mother and didn't want to find the child no how. But the world is getting kinder than it used to be—kinder to women and to the poor and the dependent, and kinder to brutes. Away up in New England they used to drown women for being witches, but they don't now. Well, they do bewitch a man powerfully sometimes, that's a fact, but if any drowning is done he drowns himself because he can't get the woman he want's and live under her witching all the time. But a man is still the head of the house and always will be I recon, for it's according to Scripture. He has got a natural right to run the machine and keep up the supplies, and if he always has money when the good wife wants it and doesn't wait for her to ask for it but makes her take it as a favor to him, then he is a success as a husband and peace reigns supreme. Jesso. When there is money in the till a man can sit in his piazza with his feet on the banisters and smoke the pipe of peace. A woman loves money for its uses. She never hoards it or hides it away like a man—and when I used to be a merchant I thought there was no goodlier combination in all nature than a new stock of dry goods and a pretty woman in the store, with a well filled purse in her pocket. Jesso.

BILL ARP.

A SWEET VOICE SILENCED.

The Remarkable Career of Sister Mary Agnes.

The Baltimore papers announce the death at midnight on Sunday last of Sister Mary Agnes, a nun who had become famous as the possessor of a phenomenal voice of great sweetness and of such extraordinary compass that, while it could be called neither soprano or alto, it had the range of both, and who was, perhaps, the most distinguished teacher of vocal music connected with the Roman Catholic Sisterhood in America.

Almost thirty years ago a beautiful young woman with a miraculous voice charmed the musical people of Philadelphia. The voice was phenomenal in its wonderful compass. Its owner, disdaining all attempts at cultured ventriloquism—the vocal gymnastics acquired by a teacher's instruction—sang from the love of harmony that had its outgrowth in her soul, and because in melody she found the greater pleasure of her life. This girl was Louise Gubert, the Sister Mary Agnes of the Convent of Mont de Chantal at Wheeling, West Virginia, where she lived until within a week of her death, on Sunday last. She was a daughter of Theopholis Gubert, a Frenchman, who some fifty years ago kept a grocery in Philadelphia. Her mother was the eldest sister of W. Milner Roberts, a civil engineer, who died in Brazil about a year ago. Louise was one of twelve children. Her father, Theopholis Gubert, was a musician as well as a grocer, and his wife was also the possessor of considerable musical ability. For many years Mr. and Mrs. Gubert sang in the choir of St. John's Catholic Church, in Philadelphia. Louise's father, after acquiring a comfortable income, sold out his establishment. At this time his daughter Louise was not over ten years of age, but her remarkable voice had already attracted much attention among her parent's friends. The circle in which she was thrown was a musical one. Among the visitors to her father's house were Prof. Augslus Fortunatis, Dos Santos, the Portugese refugee, nobleman and polished gentleman, who taught music, and Edward Christian, a quaint old æsthetic who lived and died before æstheticism became so popular. It was in the society of such people as these that Louise Gubert was reared. When she was fourteen years of age she was placed in the charge of Parini for musical instruction. The anecdote is told that when her mother led the girl to the teacher and inquired his terms for tuition he replied, after hearing the child sing: "Let the renumeration be the poor privilege that Parini can state that once Louise Gubert was his pupil."

HER WONDERFUL VOICE.

The remarkable qualities of her voice soon became generally recognized, but the young singer was a dreamer. When a child she passed some years in the Georgetown Convent, where she received most of her education. She became deeply imbued with a desire to live a pure and heroic life, to devote her talents to the welfare of the Catholic Church, and to ignore all personal and self-ambitious motives. Her father died in 1849, when she was 12 years of age, and she then resolved to enter a convent, but for a few years she allowed the persuasion of her friends to deter her from this course. When Louise Gubert was 18 years of age she made her first appearance before an audience. It was in Musical Fund Hall, and she sang in the oratorio of the Messiah. A few weeks afterward she repeated her part of the oratorio in Concert Hall. It was the custom in Philadelphia at that time, during a public performance of amateurs, to erect a guaze curtain across the stage, which concealed the features but not the outlines of those on the platform. As Louise's voice arose in the triumphal notes of the oratorio, at the performance in the hall, the audience was so stirred by the intense pathos and beauty of the clear tones that the hearers rushed to the platform *en masse* and tore down the screen which concealed the girl. The following day hundreds of valuable presents were sent to her home. The anonymous gifts she sold and devoted the money received for the benefit of the poor, but the others she returned to those from whom they came. A few months later she sang in Pittsburg, but the flattery she everywhere received annoyed her, and following out her childish conception of a noble life, she entered the Convent of Georgetown, where she had been educated. At a division of the sisterhood, she was transfered to Mont de Chantal Convent, the Sisters' School in Wheeling, W. Va. She taught music there, and it was there that she sung at different times for Parepa Rosa, Liszt, Strakosch and Rubenstein, who one and all pronounced her voice unequalled. Parepa Rosa frankly acknowledged that her voice was th[e sw]eetest she had ever heard. Liszt, the [gr]eat pianist, recorded in his journal, published since his death, that at Wheeling he had heard the greatest cantatrice known to the world.

Max Strakosch heard of the sweet singer of De Chantal and visited her. Sister Louise sang for him, and so enthusiastic was the empressario that he offered her $50,000 for a season of six months in concert. Bishop Whalen declined to permit her to accept, and she remained at the school, where she devoted her talents to her always large classes. She was herself more fond of simple ballads than anything else. Her voice was too sweet to be marred by machine music, and it was her habit while accompanying herself on the harp or piano to strike the key note, and not until the last echo of her voice died away did her fingers again touch the chord.

Sister Mary Agnes was a victim of consumption. The disease recently developed itself so rapidly that her associates became alarmed. She was taken to St. Agnes Hospital in Baltimore in a special car. Her aged mother stood by the bedside of her dying daughter, and Mrs. Gubert is now the last of the family.

— A Dutch Judge, on conviction of a culprit for having four wives, decided: "He hash bunishment plenty; I lifs mit one!"

— Only her husband: Mrs. McCoble, an Austin lady, rebuked her colored cook, Matilda Snowball, in the following words: "When I hired you you said you didn't have any male friends, and now I find a man in the kitchen half the time." "Lor bress your soul, he ain't no male friend of mine." "Who is he, then?" "He am only my husband."—*Texas Siftings.*

Common Roads.

We commend the following article from the *Southern Planter* as specially applicable to the needs of our own State, and ask for it an attentive reading by our country people who are chiefly interested in having good common roads. We have so long been accustomed to the old ruts that we do not realize the necessity for better, and yet good common roads are the best indication of prosperity of a country. With our present defective system of road-work we can never have good country roads. It is essentially the same now as it has been for a hundred years past. With progress in all other material wants, we have made no progress here. The present system is inefficient and unsatisfactory in every respect, yielding poor results, but felt as unequal, unjust, partial and oppressive in its operation. As a general rule those who do the actual labor on the roads are the very persons who have least concern about their condition. It is an unwilling service rendered, and there is a lack of strict responsibility for their proper condition. We have in our jails and penitentiary the very materials needed for putting and keeping the roads in order, which instead of an expense to the State for diet and bond, may be turned to usefulness and profit:

The elements of national prosperity are numerous and varied. The patriot, the statesman, and especially the farmer, should be wide awake, fruitful in invention, and be ready to adopt and utilize what gives promise of being valuable.

Railroads, besides being one of the grandest achievements of modern civilization, and one of the most potent instruments of general wealth, have been of incalculable advantage to agriculture. They are not, however, more valuable nor more important than common roads. One of the first consequences of a "new settlement," sometimes an antecedent, is a road. "Blazed trees," to mark the course, are succeeded by a highway. The foot-path or bridle-path is enlarged into the wagon road. As population and wealth increase, the rude appliances give way to more substantial structures. The civilization of people may be approximately determined by the character and condition of the roads.

The value of good roads and the importance of keeping them in good condition can hardly be over-estimated. They are made to reduce the tractive force to the least possible limit, so as to make travel and traffic easy and inexpensive. "The tractive force is the power required to move a vehicle and load on a horizontal road." If steep grades, holes, ruts, unevenness, &c., increase the tractive force, then the travel must be slower and the load drawn must be lighter. As you approach the horizontal and improve the hardness and smoothness of the roadbed, speed and the load can be increased. A distinguished engineer says: "It may be remarked, by way of comparison, that if fifty horses are just sufficient to conduct a given traffic upon a given length of a very dry and smooth brokenstone road, it will require seventy-one horses to conduct the same traffic upon an equal length of the same road in a moist or dusty condition; one hundred and twelve horses if the road be covered with dust and mud; while upon the same length of solid earthen causeway covered with gravel one and one-half inches thick, two hundred and forty horses would be necessary to accomplish the same work."

A volume would not suffice to treat of the healthful influence of this creative agency upon production, travel, revenue, wealth and comfort. We complain of an oppressive and iniquitous protective tariff, of the heavy exactions of internal revenue, of burdensome city levies, and never tire of jeremiads on "bloated bondholders," and yet cost of transportation is the heaviest tax our people pay. It is a tax on industry, on labor, on capital, on production, on exchange, on consumption.

The wealth of a State, as of a person, consists in excess of production over consumption. Everything that increases the quantity of commodities obtained in exchange for any result of industry, encourages production and increases wealth. Speaking after the manner of the science of wealth, a product is anything got ready for sale, and for the purposes of this paper we limit to material things got ready for sale. It seems too obvious for argument that what interferes with legitimate production hinders the accumulation of wealth, and what facilitates production increases wealth. Products may be numerous and prospectively valuable, but without immediate value or price, because they are not where they can be sold. To give marketable value, buyer and seller must be brought together. What restricts the delivery of commodities, or makes delivery as to time or quantity uncertain, puts restriction upon sale and therefore upon value or price. If the buyer and seller be put into communication, and the commodity be readily and cheaply deliverable, then some of the most serious impediments to trade are removed.

A farmer grows and gathers crops and prepares for market, but the market has to be sought. Miles intervene between the producer and the buyer. The cost of getting the crop to market has to be paid by the farmer, and is to that extent a diminution of profits and a tax on production. If the cost of getting to market equal the cost of raising, then that crop must be abandoned. If remoteness from buyer and the cost of transportation be so great as that no profit can be derived from producing, then the land will have no marketable value. Good roads and cheapness of transportation will enhance the value of land and make farming profitable. Remote neighborhoods are brought together, trade and friendship are stimulated, and the country prices bear a due relation to town prices. A market is created for surplus produce, value is imparted by creating a demand, and the better and less costly the transportation the larger is the sphere of demand.

This matter of common roads needs increased and continuous attention. To it the country should give thought and labor and money. Improved roads, with mile post and signboards, would be wise economy. Each county should have an engineer, with term of office sufficiently long to protect from popular caprice and prejudice, and with compensation sufficient to ensure competency. His duties should be to superintend the construction of new roads and the maintenance and repair of old ones. There should be some system in opening and in working. The present method of working is execrable. Travel and traffic are subordinated to whim, laziness and stinginess. It is true economy to build a good road and keep it in repair. In some countries men are permanently employed to work on roads. Our "jail birds" might be organized into effective road hands instead of growing fat and vicious at public expense. Substantial work is better and cheaper than patch work. I have crossed bridges built a thousand years ago and travelled on roads that are contemporaneous with the Cæsars. I have seen a dog, aided by a woman, drawing as great a load as a mule could pull over some of our country roads. I ventured once to say to a Governor of a great State, who asked my opinion as to a message he was about to write, that if it were my duty to prepare such a paper, instead of a long dissertation on Federal relations, or a discussion of obsolete issues, I should urge upon the Legislature the need and the economy of good country roads.

A. VIRGINIAN.

THE SIX GIRL PEDESTRIANS.

How they are Progressing in their Tramp Through the Carolina Mountains.

HENDERSONVILLE, N. C., Aug. 12.

The six young girls who started out to walk across the mountains of this State, a few days ago, arrived at this place today. The girls are in excellent spirits, and notwithstanding the fact that one of the youngest is footsore from the number of miles which they have tramped, they are thoroughly in earnest. The girls will remain here for a day or two to rest and recuperate. As soon as Miss Edie Bayliss recovers from her sore foot they will resume their journey. The girls are all badly sunburned, and one or two somewhat freckled by their exposure to the rays of the sun. Even with these disadvantages they are quite attractive and greatly admired by the young men in the villages through which they have passed. The pedestrians have been on the road now about twenty days. During that time they have camped out four or five nights; once in a desolate forest in Surry County. They were disturbed in their sleep on that occasion by some young bears that were wandering about. The girls had a short council of war and came to the conclusion that there was no cause for alarm. Each of the fair tramps is armed with a small bowie knife and revolver and two of them look as if they were physically capable of taking care of themselves in an encounter with man or bear. Miss Bettie Dendar, who seems to be commander-in-chief of the party, says they have been kindly treated wherever they have stopped. Every house at which they have applied for lodging or food has been thrown open to them. Miss Dendar said that a few of the females whom they have met have manifested a disposition to give them the cold shoulder. These, however, the jolly little captain added, were invariably spinsters, who were fading into the age of the sere and yellow leaf. "Upon the whole," said Miss Dendar, "we have a splendid time, and though we have suffered some privations we have been fully repaid for our trip. The country through which we have travelled is the most magnificent I ever saw. To-morrow or the day following we will resume our journey, directing our course towards the Bald Mountains. We have no very definite programme and expect to go where we choose or where the most picturesque scenery invites us." Two of the party are amateur painters and two others have some little talent for sketching. All of the girls are dressed with a view to comfort and ease. They make ten or twelve miles a day without trouble. They do not expect to return from their trip before October 15.

Fodder Pulling.

This is one of the peculiarities of the Southern system of farming. In the North and West we believe it is never practiced as we do it—that is, the blades are not stripped from the stalk one by one, and the stalks left in the field. We are not sure that we can assign the exact season for this difference in practice. It seems to have reference entirely to climate—either directly or indirectly. Our Southern corn-stalks are large and the corn matures long before frost. Owing to the size of the stalks they are difficult to cure, being apt to sour and mildew. The Northern corn is smaller of stalk and ripens at about the time of the first frost. In fact, frost often occurs north of the Ohio river, before the ears are dry enough to be secure from injury thereby. So the cutting of the "stalk and all" is often imposed as a necessity that the ears may be saved from the effects of the frost and permitted to harden and dry in the shocks. Another reason for the Northern practice is found in the necessity of providing a more abundant store for feeding their more numerous animals during their long and severe winters.

It has often been urged that the practice of stripping the blades as with us, is injurious to the corn and should be discontinued. We have no doubt that corn is often seriously injured and some times to the extent of the value of the fodder. But where the seasons have been good and the cultivation regular, fodder pulled at the right stage of the corn will not seriously hurt the latter. On land abounding in vegetable matter, the ear itself is usually the first to give indication of maturity and of the approaching death of the plant, the blades continuing green until the grain is well glazed, the shuck has begun to brown and become loose. No possible harm can result if the fodder pulling is deferred until this period, and but little loss will be occasioned even if the blades be pulled some days earlier. This ripening of the ears of corn is quite analogous to the ripening of all fruits and vegetables which occurs before the foliage has turned brown from approaching death and decay.

It is to be regretted that the supply of our available cured forage is too often measured by the yield of blade fodder from the regular field crop of corn. The supply from this source is generally insufficient to more than supply workstock—mules and horses—and is often far short of this demand. Corn forage, or corn sown very thickly on rich land and cut and cured as they do in the North, would yield a far more abundant and cheaper, if not better, forage than the blades. The latter makes excellent fodder, hardly excelled by the best hay, but the quantity is always short of what the demand should be. The truth is, Southern farmers feed too much grain and too little hay. They have been too much accustomed to consider fodder, hay, shucks, etc., as merely intended to "fill up." Long forage does serve this purpose, but supplies a very considerable portion of the nutrive elements of food, and in proportion to quality will relieve the necessity for grain and at greatly less expense.—*Southern World.*

— The number of deaths from lightning this year is twice as great as the records of last year show, and from all sections of the country accounts are received of destruction of property and live stock. The sun-spot theory is again resorted to in explanation of the increased electrical disturbances, and in lieu of a better one may be accepted, but none the less should owners of houses and barns look to the condition of their lightning rods. An examination once or twice a year may save much money and many lives.

May the good work begun by St. Jacobs Oil continue until rheumatism and neuralgia have been banished from the earth.—*Albany (N. Y.) Press and Knickerbocker.*

News and Gossip.

— New corn is being contracted for at twenty-five cents a bushel in Texas.

— An Atlanta druggist says there are 2,000 confirmed opium-eaters in that city.

— North Carolina now leads the Southern States in the number of her cotton mills.

— A colored man living in Giles county, Tenn., is the father of fifty-four children, forty-nine of whom are living.

— It takes the whole Legislature to change a man's name. A woman can change hers by the act of a single man.

— Near Houma, La., lives a thirteen year old girl who has growing on her face a light brown beard about two inches long.

— Statisticans of Texas say her corn crop this year will amount to 14,000,000 bushels. This is six times greater than ever before.

— An eminent German surgeon has delivered the opinion that Gen. Garfield's death was due to the medical treatment he received.

— It is estimated that every year there are from 1,200 to 1,500 railroad employes killed and from 5,000 to 10,000 injured in this country.

— "I really believe my wife thinks I'm only half baked," said the sad-faced man, "for she always gives me a warming when I come home."

— Gen. Sam. T. Cary is reported as saying that "The Greenback party is dead as a smelt, and there is no unity of sentiment in it."

— A California young man, hugging his aged grandmother, forgot that it wasn't his sweetheart, and broke four of the old lady's ribs.

— A country paper speaks of a man who "died without the aid of a physician," and adds that "such instances of death are very rare."

— A black walnut grove that was planted by a Wisconsin farmer about twenty years ago on some waste land was recently sold for $27,000.

— Sixteen thousand men are now employed in railroad construction in Florida. Eighty thousand people have settled in the State in the past ten years.

— A young man in Indianapolis, whose zeal outruns his common sense, has vowed that he will never vote until his mother and sister can accompany him to the polls.

— A Georgia editor tells us a story about a catfish twenty-three feet long, which died from swallowing a calf, the horns proving indigestible. So does the story.

— "Do you believe in signs?" asked the shopkeeper. "Well, yes, I used to," said Fogg; "but since you placed in your window, 'Selling for less than cost,' I have weakened considerably."

— There are only 600 persons to each physician in the United States. The doctors should be more careful of their patients. First thing they know there won't be patients enough to go around.

— "Mamma, what makes angels?" asked a little boy, who had been reading of the heavenly inhabitants. The mother glanced out into the orchard, and, with a warning look, solemnly replied: "Unripe fruit, my dear."

— An elderly man in Boston is so polite and loving that when he is dining with a young lady of his heart he puts syrup on his bald head to attract the flies and prevent them from annoying her.

— When the wife of a candidate begins already to pay back tea and coffee borrowed six years ago, it may be set down as a fixed fact that her husband will make the race even if he fails to get the regular party nomination.—*Texas Siftings.*

— A rich, vaunting and somewhat brainless millionaire was recently boasting in the presence of the Bishop of Petersborough that he had given £2,000 regularly yearly to the poor. "That's the largest insurance against fire that I ever heard of," remarked the witty clerical.

— A member of the Maine Legislature had been courting an Augusta girl all winter, and had taken her to attend the sessions until she was well posted in the rules. On the last day of the session, as they came near the peanut stand by the door, he said to her: "May I offer you my handful of peanuts?" She responded: "I move to amend by omiting all after the word 'hand.'" He blushingly accepted the amendment and they adopted it unanimously.

— It is said that fourteen million bushels of sweet potatoes will be raised in Georgia this season, and how to dispose of the crop is a problem. Two attempts at solution are mentioned in the Atlanta *Constitution*. One is that freight rates be made low enough to make Western shipments profitable. The total crop weighs near half a million tons, and to carry such a freight should be an object to any company which could handle it and take it to market, where fair prices are sure to obtain. The other solution is to use an evaporator and dry the potato, by which operation only about 15 per cent. of the weight is lost.

— In the course of a lecture at New Haven the other evening, upon the customs and religion of his race, the Rev. Thomas S. Dana, an educated Indian, made this singular statement: "The Indians never cook anything in the house where they live. They cook outside, and they give as a reason that if they cook inside the steam collects in their clothing and draws the lightning. Whether this is so or not I do not know, but I know that an Indian wigwam is never struck by lightning, and no Indian has been killed by lightning in a hundred years." It is quite possible that wigwams are seldom or never struck by lightning; but why a whole race should be exempt wherever they may roam simply because their low habitations don't attract destruction is, to say the least, hard to explain.

— We fear the article we published in regard to girls who kiss dogs has been taken wrong, by some. We have a delicately scented note—not scented like dog, however—from a Chicago girl, who is indignant. She says she had rather kiss a dog any time than a man. That is all right. It is only a matter of taste. If the man she refers to smells like a dog, and has fleas, and his eyes run, and he licks himself instead of washing, we don't blame her. Of course she knows more about him than we do. But if a nice clean man should come her way, a man with the modern improvements, who could kiss back, which a dog can't, we will bet she would drop her dog like a hot potato and freeze to the man like the ivy to the oak, and she would forget all about her dog. Try it once, sis, and you will sell your dog to the first butcher that comes along.—*Peck's Sun.*