The Anderson Intelligencer.

BY E. B. MURRAY & CO. ANDERSON, S. C., THURSDAY MORNING, MAY 22, 1884. VOLUME XIX.---NO. 45.

WHAT TOBACCO WILL DO.

Gen. Clingman Gives Some Interesting Information as to the Curative Properties of Tobacco and Cites Some Remarkable Cases.

Health and Home.

Believing that such knowledge of the advantages of wet tobacco as a poultice as I have acquired, if it should become general, will be instrumental in saving annually many thousands of lives in the United States, I have decided that it is my duty to make a statement on the subject.

To do this properly will require some space, as mere condensed propositions or statements will not usually make as much impression or be as well remembered as things set forth in the form of a narrative of facts. I ought at the outset to state that I never chewed, smoked or snuffed tobacco; I believe, however, that it has on several occasions saved my life, and in other respects been of essential service to me and many of my friends.

The first instance I can remember of its usage as a remedy for inflammations was seeing Tom Kelly, when I was a boy, spurt its juice from his mouth into the eye of his horse very red from inflammation. He stated that he was curing it in that way. I also early in life knew of its being applied to those who had been stung by wasps, bees, &c. When in college a student told me that he had cured a chronic inflammation by putting a wet tobacco leaf on the part.

In march, 1847, on the day after I had announced myself as a candidate for Congress, while carelessly riding a wild horse, the animal sprang against the fence and knocked me off, so that I fell on the ground with so much violence as to sprain my ankle very severely. As I had some miles to ride to Henderson, N. C., before any remedy could be applied, the ankle had swollen to double its size and very painful. Dr. Whitehead directed a poultice to be applied. After enduring severe pain for some hours, I thought of using tobacco. I sent for some leaves, had them wet and wrapped around the ankle, and placed the poultice over them to keep them moist. Within an hour the pain ceased, and I slept through the night. The next morning on examining the ankle, instead of its being swollen it appeared rather less than its natural size; the skin had a wrinkled appearance and was very white. The membrane between the bones which had received the shock, however, was very tender, so that I was obliged to use crutches. During my canvass, which lasted four months, I twice while traveling had it hurt by accidents, and each time subdued the pain and swelling by the use of tobacco. During the war, by the falling of a galloping horse, I was thrown over his head and sprained the same ankle badly, and used tobacco with the like effect.

My next application of it was to a severe gunshot wound, on the 19th of August, 1864, near Petersburg, Va. A bullet ranged through my leg from near the ankle, so as to come out on the opposite side, just below the knee, cutting the muscles and nerves and making a long and very painful wound. I lost so much blood that I was carried from the field in an insensible condition. I was so feeble that the surgeons expressed great apprehensions that I might not be able to survive the fever which they expected would come on in a few days. About that time several of my friends had died of the secondary fever which followed their wounds. In a few days my left leg began to swell and throb with heat. The surgeons said I must keep it wrapped in wet cloths. I told them that I would keep down the inflammation with tobacco. They at once asserted that such an application would be ruinous. After they left I sent my servant for some tobacco, enveloped the leg in it, and kept it wet with the cloths over it. The pain in an hour or two diminished, the heat and throbbing ceased and I rested more quietly than I had been doing. On the next day, when the surgeons called to see me, on looking at the wound they expressed much surprise and said, "You may keep on the tobacco." I remember that Gen. Robert E. Lee called to see me that day, and after looking at me said, "Oh, General, you are not going to die, your eye is too bright." The tobacco being a powerful nerve tonic, it always excites my intellectual faculties.

Although several months passed before I could walk without crutches, yet I had no fever and little pain from the inflammation. I am satisfied that if tobacco were properly applied, no external wound would ever become sufficiently inflamed to cause mortification.

In the year 1867, in the City of New York, as I was riding in an omnibus, while looking out of an open window, received a heavy blow on my right eye from the whip of the driver, who had aimed the blow at the head of a horse which seemed about to interfere with him. He missed the horse's head and the full force of the end of the whip fell directly on the centre of my open eye. The pain was excessive, and the sight was entirely taken away—absolute blackness seemed before it. Passengers in the stage said to me, "You had better get out and seek relief—for you don't know how that eye looks." I soon reached my hotel, and on getting into it sent one servant for a piece of tobacco and another for two physicians with whom I was acquainted. The tobacco came first, and just as I had placed it on and secured it with proper bandages the doctors came in. I told them what had happened and that I had just put on the tobacco. They said tobacco would be ruinous. As soon as I got off the bandage and they saw the eye, their countenances seemed to fall; (for I could see them with my left eye, of course.) They said, "It will be very difficult to save that eye." I replied that if it could be saved, the tobacco poultice would do it. They reiterated their objections; but I told them I should try it, and asked them to come back in the morning. After they had left I restored tobacco and kept it well wet by putting my face from time to time in a bowl of water, so as to retain the moisture steadily. The night was one of the most painful of my life; but as it progressed the pain seemed to slightly diminish; yet even in the morning I still suffered. About ten o'clock one of the physicians called to see me, and I took off the bandage. As soon as I did so, I knew the eye was better, for I could see the outlines of the open window before me. The doctor immediately said, "I was never more astonished in my life, for your eye instead of being swollen and black, as I expected to see it, is shrunk and less than the other, and the lids are white." He insisted that he ought to be allowed to stimulate it by an application; but as I did not desire to have a permanent reaction, I refused. Though the eye was not very painful I kept the tobacco on it for the greater part of the day. The next day, when he saw it, he said, "You will not lose your eye, but it will always be disfigured." On looking at it I saw the pupil seemed to extend across the Iris, and my whole eye looked black. On the fifth day my eye had its natural appearance, and its sight was fully restored. I called at the office of my physicians and they both said they had never seen such a cure.

Being in the city a few months after this, I called to see my friends. One of them said to me, "I believe I saved a boy's eye with your tobacco. He had been hit in it with a chip, and when I got to him it was so much inflamed that I thought he would lose it; but I put on the tobacco, and next morning I found the inflammation gone, and the eye soon became well." The other physician said, "I did a better thing than that. An elderly gentleman, somewhat intoxicated, was thrown out of his carriage in Central Park, and badly bruised. When I got to his house, I never saw any one so frightened as was his young wife, with his groaning and cursing. I wrapped up his wounds with tobacco and he fell asleep and was well in the morning!"

Some years ago, on the streets of Asheville, N. C., I met a prominent lawyer of the town. His eyes were fiery red and much swollen, and he said, "My eyes are very sore, and I am hunting a doctor—where is Williams' office?" I advised him to try tobacco on them. After hearing my statement as to its advantages, he said, "I will try it," and stepped into a store, procured a piece, and went home. On the next day I met him on the street, and his eyes were well and clear. He told me that he had applied it as I directed, and kept it on during the night, and in the morning found his eyes entirely relieved. He has since told me that he had recommended it to several persons for sores and that they had all been relieved. At a point in North Carolina, where red sore eyes were an epidemic, I recommended it to three young ladies suffering from it, who slept with tobacco on their eyes, and in the morning found them well. In several other cases where I knew it to be tried for inflammations of the eye, it has been used invariably with success.

About a dozen years ago, being in this city in the month of March, my throat became extremely sore. Not apprehending danger, I continued to move about in the raw weather, my throat getting worse all the while. Being anxious to go home about sunset, I went in an omnibus to the boat that went down the river to Acquia Creek. After I had gotten on board, I found that my throat was alarmingly worse. I was, from the swelling, so bad that I could not swallow, and the air passage was so closed that I found it difficult to breathe. Remembering how suddenly the Hon. Preston S. Brooks had been choked to death, I regretted much that I had attempted to travel then. As, however, the boat was starting, I could not get off in time to return to the city. I thought tobacco would be my only chance for safety; and after a search, I obtained some from one of the colored hands on the boat, got it on my throat, and by keeping a wet towel on it for the three hours that were spent on the boat, by the time I reached Acquia Creek the swelling was subdued, and I travelled home on the railroad without inconvenience.

Some years since I called at the Arlington Hotel to see a couple of ladies from New York. One of them came down and stated that her friend had been suffering for several days with a very sore throat, and was undergoing medical treatment from a prominent physician of the city. I walked immediately to the cigar stand, got a piece of tobacco, gave it to her, and explained how it was to be used. On the next day I called, and she informed me that the tobacco had been applied as I directed, and that her friend was so well, that for the first time in many days she had come down to the breakfast table. Some years after this occurrence, I saw the lady who had been ill, and she stated that after the tobacco was applied her throat became easy, she slept well, and in the morning found the soreness and swelling entirely gone.

My brother, who is a practicing physician in North Carolina, to whom I had explained the uses of tobacco, told me that some years ago, when sore throats were an epidemic in his neighbor, he had used tobacco in more than a dozen cases, always with success, while other physicians in that vicinity had lost some of their patients, having treated them differently.

My next application of tobacco was for erysipelas of the head. Some years ago, when in Raleigh, N. C., I had several injuries of the head, which were so serious that an apprehension was felt for some days that I might not be able to recover. After I had been for perhaps a week under the treatment of Dr. E. Burke Haywood, and, was improving, I concluded to make a little experiment on one of the swollen wounds. Being near the outer corner of the eye, its swollen condition interferred with my sight, and as I had learned from Chief Justice Pearson that an application of spirits of turpentine would soothe a boil, I touched that protuberance with it. In the morning I found that instead of removing the swelling, it had increased considerably. On Dr. Haywood's arrival, he expressed surprise, and on being told what I had done, he said, "You have given yourself erysipelas in that wound, and if it gets up into the large one above, it will be very difficult to save your life." His countenance exhibited much anxiety and apprehension. I replied, "Doctor, I will see that it does not get up into that wound; come back and see me in four hours." I sent for tobacco, covered the upper wound with it, and the forehead and temple between that and the lower wound, keeping the bandage carefully wet all the time. About midnight the Doctor returned, and on the bandage being removed, all the swelling had disappeared. Though I was confined for some weeks to my room, I had no swelling of the wounds afterwards.

My next attack of erysipelas was a much more formidable one. In the month of May, 1880, I tried to remove a frontal neuralgia, of which I will perhaps speak hereafter. Having suffered from it for a long time, and tried many remedies with no advantage, I concluded to try an old-fashioned blister of flies, I covered my forehead and temples with it, and after it had been on a few hours, feeling lonesome in my room, I put on a soft hat and walked about the streets in the sunshine. After the blister plaster had been on six or seven hours, I removed it, and was surprised to observe that it discharged but little, and had an unusually red appearance. I kept cabbage leaves on it during the night, but on next day it still had a reddish appearance, was somewhat swollen, and discharged less than blisters usually did. About 5 o'clock, I went down to Willard's Hotel for dinner, and on being met by a friend to whom I spoke, he was surprised, and said, "I didn't know you till you spoke?" I stated what I had been doing, went into the dining-room and took dinner, as usual. On coming out, I met an old friend, Dr. Harbleton, and spoke to him. He, with a look of astonishment, said to me, "I did not know you till you spoke: what is the matter with you?" I answered that I had had a blister on my forehead. "Yes," he said, and it has given you erysipelas." I was at once alarmed; and on going to a looking-glass, was amazed at my appearance. My face looked like a pumpkin. Though my nose is a prominent one, it could not be distinguished, as the cheeks were swollen so as to be even with it; while only the central portions of my eyes could be seen, owing to the swelling around them. Realizing the danger, I secured a piece of tobacco at the cigar stand, and went into Milburn's drug store to get some cloth for bandages. On calling for it the proprietor said with astonishment, "What is the matter? I did not know you till you spoke." I stated it to him, and he answered, "You had better see a doctor; you don't know how you look." After reaching my room, as soon as I could wet the tobacco, I placed it over my forehead, temples, eyes, cheeks and nose, barely leaving breathing space for the nostrils. Covering it, as usual, with four thicknesses of cotton cloth, wrapping a bandage over all, I would put my face into a bowl of water every ten or fifteen minutes, so as to keep bandage thoroughly wet. After about four hours had elapsed, I raised the bandage, and was gratified to see that the outlines of my nose were visible, the eyes enlarged, and my cheeks much less full. I continued the application, however, till morning, and had the satisfaction of seeing that I was relieved. Several gentlemen who had seen me the evening before, came in and expressed surprise at my rapid recovery. I remember that Dr. Hambleton said, "No doctor could have cured you in three weeks."

I have heard of a number of cases where erysipelas has been cured by persons whose attention I had called to the use of tobacco. I also, last summer, when in New York, by applying large poultices of tobacco to my hip, cured myself of a terrible attack of sciatica, which had been greatly aggravated by the treatment of two physicians.

One evening, in Washington, I found two of my friends sitting with their boots off. They both were suffering from bunions of long standing. I advised the use of tobacco, and they immediately sent for it and applied it. Application for a single night made a permanent cure, as they have assured me, though two or three years have elapsed. About two years ago one of the North Carolina members of Congress, on my suggestion, relieved himself in the same manner, and says there has been no return of the soreness.

Corns on the toes can be cured in like manner. A Senator told me within a few weeks that he believed he had saved his life last year by applying tobacco as I had previously advised him as to its use. He stated that from imprudence in diet and over-exertion, he had brought on a terrible attack. The pain on the lower part of his side and back was almost intolerable. After being treated by two physicians two days and nights, with no advantage, the pain so increased that it seemed impossible for him to live under it. Remembering what I had told him as to tobacco, he applied a quantity of it wet to his side and back, and in a half hour the pain ceased, his system was relaxed, and he immediately recovered.

There is another class of cases that ought to be referred to; but as my paper is getting rather too long, I will reserve them to a future occasion. I must, however, consider for a moment such objections as have been presented to me. A lady said she put tobacco on her child's sore throat, that it went to sleep, but when it woke in the morning, though its throat was well, it was very nauseated. Had this tobacco, however, been removed after being on two or three hours, there would not have been nausea.

A physician told me that he had seen a child whose stomach and sides had been covered with tobacco, and it was suffering greatly from nausea. This, too, was an instance of an overdose of the remedy. The tobacco, however, can easily be removed when symptoms of nausea are perceived, but when a doctor has got an overdose into the stomach, it cannot readily be removed.

When the wet tobacco is applied the first effect is stimulating. In twenty or thirty minutes, however, the sedative effect is perceived. When it is placed on the eyelids, as some of the juice gets into the eye, there is usually an itching sensation and a little pain; but in a few minutes this passes off, and there is no more feeling than if a wet cloth were applied. Most persons sleep under the influence, but some do not. Tobacco, though the most powerful sedative to the blood circulation is a nerve tonic. While most persons sleep under the influence of morphine, some do not. Tobacco, like morphine, keeps me awake, though they both diminish pain. If the tobacco be applied only to the affected parts, no nausea will be felt until the inflammation has been subdued. When a light nausea begins to be perceived, it may be assumed that the inflammation has been subdued; and in a few minutes after the bandage has been removed, the nausea ceases to be felt. Generally after about two hours application, the sedative effect is attained; but in obstinate cases a much longer time may be required.

Something ought to be stated as to the kind of tobacco to be used. Formerly, because the manufactured tobacco was more readily found, I generally used that, as after a piece had been kept in water for twenty or thirty minutes, it would become soft enough to allow the leaves to be separated. About a year ago, however, I made a discovery which it is important should be known, not only to invalids, but also to tobacco chewers. I obtained at a cigar store a piece of manufactured tobacco, but after applying it I found that instead of being a sedative, the effect was irritating, even after it had been kept on the skin for several hours. I was satisfied that the tobacco, which was of the kind sold for the highest price, must have something irritating mixed with it. Fortunately that very evening I found Mr. Cooper, a revenue collector of North Carolina, who had for many years been a manufacturer of tobacco. He informed me that it was a practice to flavor the highest priced kinks of tobacco with certain drugs. I think he mentioned Tonqua bean, Wintergreen, and some other things. He told me that he knew these drugs were poisonous, because of what occurred at a tobacco factory about two miles distant from his own. One of the negro men employed in that factory, having some pain in his stomach, took some spirits out of a jug which contained whiskey that had been medicated to flavor tobacco with. Though the man only drank a wineglassful of the spirits, it killed him in half an hour. It may therefore be worth while for tobacco chewers to consider whether it is safe to continue the use of such tobacco, instead of the purer articles formerly in use.

Persons who apply tobacco as a poultice I would advise to use the leaf tobacco, which has not been subjected to medication with poisonous ingredients.

I trust that persons who make trials of tobacco in the manner above suggested, will make known the result in short notes in the newspapers, so as to render general the knowledge of its advantages.

Having already made this paper perhaps too long for the general reader, I will postpone the consideration of another class of cases that it may be well to refer to.

T. L. CLINGMAN.

BILL ARP'S TALK.

The Weekly Chat of the Bartow Philosopher Takes a Bucolic Form.

Atlanta Constitution.

Daniel Webster begun a great speech by saying that when a vessel had been storm-tossed for many days in cloudy weather and lost her reckoning the first thing to do when sunshine came was to figure up and find out where she was, or words to that effect.

The agricultural department sends me a circular and asks "how did your cattle come out of winter quarters?"

It has been a hard winter and a miserable spring, and we farmers have been demoralized and disheartened, and now when the storms and floods and cyclones have ceased to afflict us, and the blessed sun of this blessed month of May is warming up our hearts and homes, it is natural for us to sum it all up and see where we are and what we have come out of winter quarters ourselves. We went into those quarters on the heel of a stingy crop, and take it all in all, have had a hard time; but, nevertheless, we are lively and thankful, for it might have been worse. The elements have been on a fearful rampage, and the floods have furrowed the fields and carried our best soil away down into the gulf of Mexico, and left us more bottom land than we wanted. The corn we had planted has departed these coasts, and the compost with it, and the work is all to be done over again. Fences and rails and water gates have gone on a scurshion, and there's work to do—lots of work—but there's nobody dead or hurt, nobody sick but me, and I've got only the rheumatism, and nobody cares but me—that is except Mrs. Arp, and she says she does care a little. I've tried most everything that everybody has told me, except poke berries, which a preacher said was a sure cure, and I'm waiting for them to come; for I don't want to go grunting around like I was only half a man and prematurely superannuated. It is bad, very bad, and jerks me around lively, and makes me get up away in the night and hunt liniment and sit by the fire; but it is a friendly disease, that sticketh to you like a brother, for it dodges from the shoulder to the collar bone, and from there to the arm, and then to the back of the neck and then to the shoulder again, and seems to say, I'll play around a little just for a change, but I will never leave thee or forsake thee. So it is all right, and I'll compromise with fate and fortune on rheumatism. It is not to be compared to war, or pestilence or death in the family, or long lingering disease.

So I think that, take it all in all, we have come out of winter quarters pretty well, and as the good old Methodist preachers say in their prayers, We thank Thee, Oh Lord, that it is as well with us as what it is. Blessings on the return of spring, the time when the little chaps can go barefooted and paddle in the branch and fish for minnows and the older ones can ramble over the fields and marches and gather wild flowers and make bouquets for the parlor and the dining room. I go about with them all day and enjoy it. I have to cut poles and make whistles, and pick up twigs from the crabapples and such lovely blooms, and I have to bait the hooks for Mrs. Arp and the girls, for they don't like to handle the little clean wiggling worms, and when they catch a fish I have to get the hook out of his mouth, and I have to watch out for snakes and lizzards, and blaze out the way generally, and of course it makes me feel proud and consequential, sorter like a rooster who gives warning of the hawks, and makes a powerful to do, and when he finds a bug, calls all the hens and eats it himself just before they get there.

May has come with all her sweet memories and maiden ways. The children don't have to be penned up in the house now. They are ever so happy. Last night it was splendid to hear them singing their little songs, so as to get a little grand child to sleep, and it took "Dixie," and "There was a frog who lived in a pool" and "We'll pass over Jordan," and "Shinebone alley," and several more, but the little thing surrendered when they struck up "Scotlands burning," and she was soon in the land of happy dreams. These little grandchildren were born for the country, and they all ought to be there. Of course they can't be exhibited to visitors very often, and don't have to dress in their fine clothes, but they are the better off for it.

It is curious how easily folks change their opinions. Some of my older children used to think the younger ones were awful bad and ought to have lots of whipping, and if they had children they shouldn't do such things and so fourth. Well, they have got children now, children of their own, and they are about as bad as the common run, but they don't get any whipping, and are not likely to get any, and they are most too precious to be scolded, and that is always the way, and it is right too, I reckon, for if the mother was not blind to the faults of her bad children they wouldn't get a good word from anybody. Sickness and badness run together now. "The little darling is sick, or he wouldent be so cross." "When he is well he is just as good as he can be." That is the modern philosophy, and so when the child is bad and cuts up, and disturbs the general tranquility, it is sick and must have some carminative or cherry pectoral, or some other bad tasted stuff, and that gets up more squalling and does less good than a little dose of carminative with the palm of the hand on some tender place that was made for counter-irritants.

But May has come at last and there is no excuse for anybody to be cross or gloomy now. From time immemorial May has been honored and sung more than any other month, for it is type of the new birth of nature. The ancient Britons danced around a May pole and forgot their troubles. The first May queen was made Marian, and Robin Hood crowned her. The old Romans had festivities most all the month, and the 11th, 13th and 15th were dedicated to decorating the graves of the dead with flowers, and nobody ever married on those three days for it was believed that one of the wedded pair would die before the end of the year. How like those people our people are. Full of superstitions, and decorating the graves of the dead as they did. The May day of the moderns came down to us from the Romans celebrating five days in honor of Flora, goddess of flowers. Those days were from April 28th to May 2d; but the busy moderns couldent spare so much time and reduced the festival down to one, and a good many are too busy or too poor to take even one holliday. What a glorious thing it would be if all the poor children who live in scanty houses in crowded cities could get out in the country for even one day, and breathe the breath of spring, and gather flowers and be happy. The good things of this life are not for all, and it is sad and pitiful, but tis true. But may be their time will come—will come in a land where flowers and green fields and sunshine and happy hours can be had without money and without price—I hope so.

BILL ARP.

An Episode of the Creek War of 1836.

Correspondence Courier-Journal.

CRAWFORD, MISS., May 3.—About the last of June, during the Creek troubles of 1836, John Landrum, a yound man of 20, belonging to Capt. Frederick Cook's company stationed at Girard, received permission to go down the Chattahoochee River to visit a sick friend at Fort Jones. Landrum passed the first night at Fort Mitchell. The next morning he crossed the Chattahoochee to its eastern side and resumed his journey. After two or three hours' travel he came across Capt. Jarman's company, of some 50 men, and as they, too, were going down the river, he fell into their ranks. As noon approached, Capt. Jarman, with his company, turned off the road to the right, and after a mile's march, came to the site of a house which had been burned some weeks before by the hostile Creeks. Adjoining the ruins of the house was a small oat patch of about two acres. The soldiers dismounted, tied their horses to the palings which inclosed the house, cut some oats and gave them to their horses. Notwithstanding the evidence before them, no apprehension was felt in regard to the Indians, as it was supposed they were all on the western side of the Chattahoochee. After having fed their horses all went leisurely down to a creek about 600 yards to the south and there ate their dinners. The place was a primeval pine forest, the hill gently sloping from the creek up to the house. After dinner some of the soldiers went bathing in the creek; some busied themselves washing their shirts, while others sat or lay on the ground in the shade of the trees and passed away the time in talking and jesting. A general abandon pervaded the whole camp. Not for one moment did a single soldier there dream that fierce Muscogee warriors lay crouching within rifle shot all around, their eyes gleaming with hate and vengeance, and all awaiting the signal to begin their bloody work. In a moment, like a sudden peal of thunder, the fierce war-whoop rose loud and clear, accompanied by the fire of scores of rifles, and the work of death began. Many of the soldiers were slain outright, some on land, some in the water and others severely wounded, among these Capt. Jarman. The survivors sprang to their feet; the weapons of some were not in reach, others seized such weapons as were near at hand, and the general cry was to run to their horses. Some of the men lifted the wounded Captain from the ground and attempted to bear him up the hill. After going a few yards they placed him on the earth, so as to return the Indians' fire, when there came another volley, and a fatal bullet terminated Capt. Jarman's life. With the men yet surviving it was a race for life. The Creeks were in front and rear and on both sides of the way leading back to their horses, and there was an unceasing blaze of rifles. Nearly every fugitive perished in running that bloody gauntlet, a few only reaching their horses, among these Landrum and Bob Billups. The Creeks swarmed on every side, and opened fire upon men and horses. The soldiers were shot out of the saddle as soon as mounted. Landrum and Billups, side by side, reached their horses, and sprang into their saddles. The moment they wheeled off Billups fell, shot dead, while another bullet brought Landrum's horse to the ground. In the twinkling of an eye, he sprang upon the horse of his dead comrade, and, amid a shower of bullets, rode away at full speed toward the east. A single glance sufficed to show that he was the sole survivor of the men who had reached the horses. After going about 150 yards he saw a warrior, directly in his course, take a stand behind a tree. There was no way to avoid him, so Landrum, urging his horse to the top of his speed, bore straight toward the tree. As he came nearly opposite, the Indian sprang forth, leveled his gun, but fortunately for Landrum he pulled the trigger a moment too soon. The ball passed through the left sleeve of Landrum's coat, slightly grazing his arm. The warrior gave vent to an exclamation of disappointment as the white man galloped by unscathed. Landrum was now clear of his foes. He reached the road, turned his horse's head northward, and slackened not bridle-rein until he reached Columbus with the tidings of death and disaster. Some hours after his arrival at Girard, that night, another fugitive came in from the field of the slain. This man, unlike the rest, had not attempted to retreat to the horses, but early in the action succeeded in breaking through the Indian line on the west, and thence made his way through the woods direct to Girard. These two were, so far as is known, the only survivors of the massacre. In a day or so afterward Landrum went down on a boat with a burial party to the scene of the massacre. The dead were found strewn from the creek all along the slope up to the house. They had not been plundered or scalped. All around the house lay the dead horses, every one, it seems, having been killed except the one on which Landrum made his escape. A few Indians were supposed to have perished in the fight. The soldiers dug several pits, in which the dead were buried. Such was the fate of Jarman's company, a sacrifice to the vengeance of the fierce Muscogee.

Mr. John Landrum, from whom the writer received this episode of savage warfare, is still living, and is a well-known and respected citizen of Noxubee County, Miss.

H. S. HALBERT.

A Lawyer Who Starved.

The death of a young lawyer from starvation, or disease aggravated by lack of proper food, in Concord, N. H., is a characteristic circumstance of the day. At a time when skilled trades must import workmen, when trained manual labor is almost everywhere in demand; when thousands of fertile acres are fallow for the tardy plow; when the learned professions, so called, are overcrowded with bright men and scrambled for by an army of fools; when, in short, strong-armed men are winning the prizes and white-fingered mollycoddles are trampled under foot, this young fellow entered upon the practice of law. He may have been brave, industrious, self-denying, honest and ambitious, but he had not a vestige of legal ability, not a dollar to supply what he had not the qualifications to provide. With the same time and less money he could have become a skilled mechanic, and, instead of a seedy starving a prosperous, self-respecting citizen. But then he would not have had a "profession," He must needs wear soiled garments and soil his hands, and for the time at least lose social caste. He preferred to starve, and he starved. What a sacrifice to the Moloch of vanity, false pride and mean notions! What a warning to hundreds of other young men who are drifting rapidly to a similar fate!

— California farmers raise sixty-two bushels of sunflower seed to the acre, and after grinding a gallon of oil from each bushel feed the refuse to chickens and cows.

Unprofitable Live-Stock.

Long essays have been written on "scrub" cattle and unprofitable dairy animals. Figures have been given to show that it costs no more to keep a good animal than it does to keep a poor one. It has come to be generally admitted that much of the stock kept by the ordinary farmer is of but little real profit to him. In other words, it costs nearly as much to feed and care for inferior animals as their returns in beef, milk or butter are valued at. But we wish to speak of a still more unprofitable kind of live-stock, and that is—the dog. This animal presents an inviting chance for discussion, particularly to the sheep raiser. We have looked in vain for some figures to show what the canine population of the country is. It is safe enough to say that there are more dogs in the country than there are sheep, cattle, horses and mules. There is a very remarkable point about this dog population that must not be overlooked. The poorer a man is the greater his success in dog breeding. The man who has the least for the support of his family, always seems to show the greatest enterprise in the production of curs. Now if the dog is such an important factor in civilization, it may be well to ask what are his good qualities and what are his bad ones. We go in for improvement of live-stock. If the dog is an important aid in diversified farming, we wish to give him a lift. A dog in good condition, mental and physical, will eat as much as a man. Dogs have about the best health of any living creatures, so it is safe to say that they are generally in good condition. The food eaten by dogs, if it could be turned into hard cash, would give education to thousands of ignorant persons or provide food for numberless hungry mortals. Now, what return does the dog make for his food? There is nothing about him that you can sell. We are speaking of the ordinary cur—the species that comprise 99½ per cent. of all dogs. His hide is made into gloves now and then, but the raising of dogs for leather would hardly be a profitable occupation. The only possible excuse that can be urged in the favor of the dog is the protection he gives as a watch dog, the aid he gives to the stock-raiser, or the company he gives by his presence or example. There are some excellent watch dogs. They have been trained carefully. For every dog that is of any value for "watching," however, there are five hundred that are good for nothing. A savage bull dog will defend his master's property. The worst of the watch-dog business is that the animal can not be relied upon to distinguish between friend and foe. We know of few instances where dogs have held a burglar by the throat till some man came to the rescue. Such dogs are found mostly in dime novels. We know of many instances where dogs have attacked children, ladies and harmless visitors, oftentimes doing great damage. A single mad dog in a neighborhood can do so much harm in an hour that all his race could hardly make up for it in a year. There are dogs that do excellent work as stock herders. We have seen a dog drive a flock of sheep as carefully and as well as any man could have done. Such a dog is valuable to any farmer—may their tribe increase. But how many such dogs can you find in the country? One out of every hundred is about the proportion. For the good that the one dog does, the other ninety-nine roll up an amount of mischief that is appalling. The stock raiser is the best friend of a good dog, but he is the worst foe the bad dog can possibly have. Dogs take delight in worrying colts and chasing calves and hogs. But their great delight is in killing sheep. The figures which represent the value of sheep killed by dogs are surprising. We have, in this section, one of the best sheep countries imaginable. The advantages of climate and soil are about counterbalanced by the immense number of dogs. It is a question if sheep raising can be very profitably carried on in sections where savage dogs are numerous. All this damage is done by the worthless dogs. Good stock dogs will not kill sheep and good watch dogs have other business. It is quite evident that the dog question must sooner or later be settled. It does not seem right that an animal capable of doing so much mischief should be permitted to increase and continue its depredations. Perhaps a heavy license would aid in the matter. The owners of really valuable dogs would be willing to pay for them were they sure that the worthless curs could do no damage. There are plenty of men who long for a chance to do something for the good of the country. Here is a golden opportunity. Organize a crusade against these worthless curs.—*Live-Stock Journal.*

Old, But Good.

The old story going the rounds about the Senator from Arkansas who ate a chunk of soap disguised as a caramel, and never winced over the dose, brings to mind a little incident that once occurred—or is said to have occured—in Virginia City, though the story is not particularly new. It was the custom in those days, to set on the tables in the restaurants, as a condiment, a dish of little but very hot pepper berry, known as the "chilicopena." Two Irishmen walked into a restaurant, and seated themselves at a table.

"Phwat's them, Pat?" said one, pointing to the chilicopenas.

"Berries, I think," said the other.

Pat put a couple of the berries in his mouth, and in a moment the tears were streaming from his eyes.

"Phwat are you cryin' about, mon?" asked his companion.

"Sure," said Pat, "I got a letter to-day that me ould mother is dead."

While Pat was saying this, the other man was chewing on some chilicopenas, and the tears were coming into his eyes also.

"And phwat are ye cryin' about?" asked Pat.

"Sure, I'm crying to think that your mother didn't die before you were born." —*Weekly Magazine.*

— A good farmer must combine the judgment of many different vocations; he must be a good financier, on a small scale to be sure, but still a good one; also a good manager of labor; must combine the judgment of the grazier, the butcher, the gardener and the merchant; he must also have that judgment about the conditions of the land and crops for which there is no written rule, and which careful observation only gives.

— Mr. James Hughes, living in the Richland neighborhood in Oconee County, was shot and killed by his tenant, a white man named Brewer, last Wednesday night. Hughes returned from Walhalla under the influence of liquor, and attempted to enter Brewer's house through a window. Brewer hailed him, and getting no answer shot him in the back, using a shotgun loaded with squirrel shot. Hughes died in a few minutes.

— The latest remedy for the cabbage pest is smartweed (pepper weed,) which is thoroughly dried, ground to powder and sprinkled over the plants.

The Red Man's Foot Marks.

No one can see Indian trails now, without his attention being suddenly awakened. There is no real difference between any one of these pathways and an ordinary cattle track, except, perhaps, they may be worn a little deeper; yet no one can enter upon them for the first time without being in some measure startled, and conscious that this is a roadway distinct from any he has ever seen before. They cannot have been made by cattle. Cattle tracks are generally single, or if more than one, they run independently of each other. These are exactly paralel, and there are perhaps a half a dozen of them. They do not look as if they had been made by settlers. A white man's road would have followed a straighter line. These are full of curves, and bend from one side to the other, turning with every minor undulation of the ground, as though when they were laid out the distance was of no importance compared with the regularity of the grade. Their curves are always concentric. They all turn as if by one impulse, and they dip down into a valley together, or disappear behind a hill at the same time, constantly maintaining the same distance from each other.

This is the first sight of an Indian trail. But at its sudden revelation one seems to have come into a strange world. It may still be the same valley, but with the obliteration of other signs of civilization, the way has taken an entirely different character. Beyond the last vestige of white activity and noisy struggle, everything seems to grow quiet.

All disposition to break the stillness has gone. There is no living thing in sight, but instinctively one hesitates, whether a hunter or not, to raise his voice, lest he should frighten the game, of which the woods have become the home. Silence is the natural condition of existence. A shout would be a sacrilege. The land seems given back to belong to its first inhabitants, who have been content to let it rest in a state of nature. The only marks of men are these pathways, but their easy and unresisting curves are filled with nature's spirit, and they nowhere interrupt her repose.

These simple paths have been made by horses traveling several abreast, as close together as horses with their riders can go. They have been there for hundreds, and perhaps thousands of years. They were part of a long highway, which once ended only with the limits of the Indian's wanderings; and for centuries they have been traversed by savage bands of warriors, hunters, or horse thieves.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Land Loans.

We are not among those who regard the foreign land loan associations now operating in our State as an unmixed public benefit. On the contrary, we regret that any of the land owners of our county have felt it necessary to borrow money from these associations. The lien law, with the high rate of interest that inevitably attends it, is bad enough—there is no doubt about that; but we prefer the lien to the mortgage. As has been said, the lien executes itself at the end of the year; and if the crop does not satisfy it, it leaves a simple unsecured debt.

The rate of interest which the loan associations profess to charge cannot be called extortionate; but the rate which they do actually charge is somewhere in the neighborhood of twelve per cent. It is carried up to that point by fees and commissions; but it is a heavy per cent. all the same. Then, the man who borrows from these associations is so hedged about by conditions and restrictions as to be dangerously in the hands of the lender. He must keep his house insured, for the benefit of the corporation; he must pay the taxes on his place and on the mortgage that covers it, he is not allowed to cut timber on his own land, except for the purpose of the farm; and if the association is forced to foreclose the mortgage, he is bound by the agreement to pay all costs, including the lawyer's fee for collecting. The debt runs five years, the interest to be paid annually; but the company reserves the right to foreclose whenever the borrower breaks any of the numerous conditions of the mortgage.

We do not hesitate in saying that one should be very slow to put himself in the power of foreign capitalists, unless he is driven to that course as a last resort. It is better to borrow money at home; and few capitalists would refuse to lend upon such security as that required by the loan associations.

We do not find fault with the men who control these corporations, for it is perfectly legitimate that they should seek the most profitable investments for their capital, but we regret that our people cannot borrow money nearer home.—*Newberry Herald.*

No Need to Drown.

"I always dread the return of the season when sea-bathing is indulged in," said a gentleman yesterday. "My family have had several narrow escapes and still they have a perfect mania for the water."

"Why, there is no need to be afraid," answered his friend, "if you but retain your presence of mind. When you find yourself in deep water you will sink at first, but if you do not struggle you will come quickly to the surface again. On reaching it, immediately draw a full breath and throw your head back. This will have the effect of placing you in a recumbent position on the surface of the water. Now this is the most critical moment for those who do not know what to do next. Extend your arms at once on a level with your shoulders, with the palms of the hands downwards, and begin gently paddling in the water with the movement of the wrist only. Extend your legs quietly and slowly in a line with your body. If you raise your arms, your head or your legs above the surface of the water you will sink, but if you have the presence of mind not to do so and not struggle about you will never sink, so long as you keep paddling gently without exertion. So you may float on until you are picked up or until you are numbed by the cold.—*New York Sun.*

— A Camel will work seven or eight days without drinking. In this he differs from some men, who will drink seven or eight days without working.

— Mrs. Stonewall Jackson told a friend in Chattanooga the other day that she had talked with numerous old Southern soldiers who had fought the war through and who she knew would respond as quickly to the call of arms to protect the Union as they did in 1861 to sever it.

— A gentleman in an English town gave his man-servant some whisky to mix with the whiting, in cleansing the windows of the house. He was surprised that the man never dipped the cloth in the whisky, and accosting the delinquent sharply as to what had become of the spirits, the following reply was made: "Ye see, yer honor, I drank it, but I blow my breath on the glass, and it's a' the same."

A Marriage Auction.

The account that follows is taken from a historian of Babylon, who wrote of the fifth century before Christ; and it may undoubtedly be relied upon as a correct picture of the time. Those old Babylonians believed in marriage; and if the woman old enough to marry did not find a husband of her own good fortune, then she must be provided by the public, and to this end, an auction of unmarried women took place annually.

The most beautiful of the girls were first put up, and the man of good character who bid the highest sum took his choice. And so they went on until the apparently desirable wives were all disposed of. In some instances, where young ladies of rare beauty were presented, large sums were paid—such sums, in fact, as only a man of means could afford.

After all the pretty and good-looking women had been disposed of there were sure to be some for whom no one would make an offer; and some were there whom no man would take except he were paid for it. And now came bidding in the other direction. Instead of the man saying how much he would give for the wife, he said for what sum, cash in hand, he would accept her. The woman unfortunate enough to be homely, but healthy and strong, was bid off to the man who would take her for the least money. Naturally, there would be a few homely ones, whom no one would take except he was paid a large sum. And thus it might happen that the large sum paid *by* one man to the most beautiful of the young girls would be paid *to* another man for accepting the plainest and homeliest of the l