The Anderson Intelligencer.

BY E. B. MURRAY & CO. ANDERSON, S. C., THURSDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 13, 1884. VOLUME XX.---NO. 18

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT IT ?

NOW IS YOUR BEST OPPORTUNITY TO BUY

Lamps,

Chandeliers,

Parlor and Library Lamps!

We are selling LANTERNS at bottom prices—something every household should have.

We have the largest stock of LAMPS in Anderson, and ask that you come and see them.

Elegantly Decorated Shades,
Polished Brass Library Lamps,
Nickle Student and Hitchcock Lamps,
Silvered Reflectors,

And anything in the Lamp line that you can want.

We have bought these Goods in large quantities and at manufacturers' prices.

Call and get our prices before buying.

Respectfully,

WILHITE & WILHITE

Nov 6, 1884 17

MISS DELLA KEYS

Has received a handsome assortment of

FALL AND WINTER MILLINERY GOODS,

TO which she calls the attention of the Ladies, and asks an inspection of her Goods, as she is satisfied she can give satisfaction in both Goods and prices.

Rooms in WAVERLY HOUSE BUILDING, first door above Simpson, Reid & Co.'s Drug Store.

Oct 2, 1884 12 2m

GOODS WERE NEVER SO LOW.

This fact We are prepared to Prove to our Friends and Customers who may favor us with a call.

WE are now receiving the largest and most carefully selected Stock of General Merchandise which we have ever purchased, and will make it to your interest to call and examine for yourselves. We have added to the lines usually kept by us many new and desirable ones, embracing—

Ladies' Dress Goods, Flannels, Suitings, Shawls, &c.,

And the best **CORSET** on the market at 50c., worth $1.00. Also, a

A LARGE LINE OF READY MADE CLOTHING,

HATS, TRUNKS, UMBRELLAS,

BLANKETS, SADDLES and HARNESS.

Also, the Celebrated "NEW GLOBE" SHIRT—the king of all Shirts. It needs only to be worn to be appreciated.

We are agents for the Celebrated Mishawaka Sulky Plows, Cultivators and Hand Turning Plows.

The "White Hickory" and "Hickman" one and two-horse WAGONS. every one of which we guarantee.

The attention of Ginners and Farmers is called to our—

COTTON SEED AND GRAIN CRUSHER,

By which you can crush your Cotton Seed and make your Fertilizer.

Get our prices on Plantation and Gin House Scales, Cotton Gins, Feeders and Condensers and General Farm Machinery.

We are at all times in the Cotton Market, and will do you right. We will pay all parties who owe us for Supplies and Guano an extra price.

A large lot of BAGGING and TIES at lowest prices.

McCULLY, CATHCART & CO.

Oct 2, 1884 12

THE NEW FIRM.

CUNNINGHAM & FOWLER,

Successors to J. G. Cunningham & Co., dealers in

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, HATS, BOOTS, SHOES,

HARDWARE,

And a full line of EVERYTHING usually kept in a General Stock.

Also, the world-renowned **Dixie Plow.** Agents for **Milburn and Old Hickory Wagons,** and the **Columbus Buggy,** *the best in the world* for the money.

☞ We want all the money that is due us this Fall on any account—Merchandise, Guano, or otherwise. The Books, Notes and Accounts of the late Firm of J. G. Cunningham & Co. are in our hands for collection, and must be settled in some way.

Thanking our friends for past patronage, we ask a continuance of the same. Come to see us. We will do you right.

CUNNINGHAM & FOWLER.

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THE TIMELY WARNING.

A THRILLING STORY.

My father, after an absence of three years, returned to the house so dear to him. He had made his last voyage, and rejoiced to have reached a haven of rest from the perils of the sea. During his absence I had grown from a child and babe of my mother's—for I was her youngest—into a rough, careless, and headstrong boy. Her gentle voice no longer restrained me. I was often willful, and sometimes disobedient. I thought it indicated manly superiority to be independent of a woman's influence. My father's return was a fortunate circumstance for me. He soon perceived the spirit of insubordination stirring within me. I saw by his manner that it displeased him, although for a few days he said nothing to me about it.

It was an afternoon in October, bright and golden, that my father told me to get my hat and take a walk with him. We turned down a narrow lane into a fine open field—a favorite play-ground for the children in the neighborhood. After talking cheerfully on different topics for a while, my father asked me if I observed that huge shadow thrown by a mass of rocks that stood in the middle of the field. I replied that I did.

"My father owned this land," said he. "It was my play-ground when a boy. That rock stood then. To me it is a beacon, and whenever I look at it I recall a dark spot in my life—an event so painful to dwell upon, if it were not as a warning to you, I should not speak of it. Listen then, my dear boy, and learn wisdom from your father's errors.

My father died when I was a mere child. I was the only son. My mother was a gentle, loving woman, devoted to her children and beloved by everybody. I remember her pale, beautiful face, her sweet affectionate smile, her kind and tender voice. In my childhood I loved her intensely. I was never happy apart from her, and she, fearing I was becoming too much of a baby, sent me to the high school in the village. After associating for a time with rude, rough boys, I lost in a measure, my fondness for home and my reverence for my mother; and it became more and more difficult for her to restrain my impetuous nature. I thought it indicated a want of manliness to yield to her authority or to appear penitent, although I know that my conduct pained her. The epithet I most dreaded was *girl boy.* I could not bear to hear it said by my companions that I was tied to my mother's apron strings. From a quiet, home loving child, I soon became a wild, boisterous boy. My dear mother used every persuasion to induce me to seek happiness within the precincts of home. She exerted herself to make our fireside attractive, and my sister, following her sacrificing example, sought to entice me by planning games and diversions for my entertainment. I saw all this, but did not heed it.

It was one afternoon like this that I was about leaving the dining table, to spend the intermission between morning and evening school, in the streets as usual, my mother laid her hand on my shoulder, and said mildly, "My son I wish you to come with me." I would have rebelled, but something in her manner awed me. She put on her bonnet, and said to me. "We will take a little walk together." I followed her in silence; as I was passing out of the door, I observed one of my rude companions skulking about the house, and I knew he was waiting for me. He sneered as I went past him. My pride was wounded to the quick. He was a bad boy, but being some years older than myself he exercised a great influence over me? I followed my mother sulkly, till we reached the spot where we now stand, beneath the shadow of this huge rock. O, my boy! could that hour be blotted from my memory which has cast a shadow over my whole life, gladly would I exchange all that the world can offer me for the quiet peace of mind I should enjoy. But no! like this huge, unsightly pile, stands the monument of my guilt forever.

My mother, being feeble in health, sat down and beckoned me beside her. Her look so full of sorrow, is present to me now. I would not sit, but continued standing sullenly beside her.

"After, my dear son," said she, "have you lost all love for your mother?" I did not reply. "I fear you have," she continued; "and may God help you to see your own heart, and me to do my duty." She then talked to me of my misdeeds—of the dreadful consequences of the course I was pursuing. By tears, and entreaties, and prayers, she tried to make an impression on me. She placed before me the lives and examples of great and good men; sought to stimulate my ambition. I was moved, but too proud to show it, and remained standing in dogged silence beside her. I thought, "What will my companions say if, after all my boasting, I should yield at last, and submit to be led by a woman?"

What agony was visible on my mother's face when she saw that all she said and suffered failed to move me. She rose to go home, and I followed at a distance. She spoke no more to me till we reached our own door.

"It is school-time now," said she. "Go, my son, and once more let me beseech you to think upon what I have said."

"I shan't go to school," said I.

She looked astonished at my boldness, but replied firmly. "Certainly you will go, Alfred; I command you."

"I will not," said I, with a tone of defiance.

"One of the two things you must do, Alfred, either go to school this moment, or I will lock you into your room, and keep you there till you are ready to promise implicit obedience to my wishes in future."

"I dare you to do it," I said, "you can't get me up stairs."

"Alfred, chose now," said my mother, as she laid her hand on my arm. She trembled violently, and was deadly pale.

"Will you go, Alfred?"

"No I replied, but quailed before her eyes.

"Then follow me," said she, as she grasped my arm firmly. I raised my foot—O, my son, hear me—I raised my foot and kicked her—my sainted mother! How my head reels as the torrent of memory rushed over me! I kicked my mother—a feeble woman—my mother! She staggered back a few steps and leaned against the wall. She did not look at me. I saw her heart beat against her breast. "O, Heavenly Father," she cried, "forgive him; he knows not what he does."

The gardener just then passed the door, and seeing my mother pale and almost unable to support herself, he stopped; she beckoned him in.

"Take this boy up stairs and lock him in his room," said she, and turned from me. Looking back, as she gave me such a look—it will forever follow me. It was a look of agony, mingled with the intensest love—it was the last unutterable pang from a heart that was broken.

In a moment I found myself a prisoner in my own room. I thought for a moment I could fling myself from the window, and dash my brains out, but I felt afraid to die. I was not penitent. At times my heart was subdued, but my stubborn pride rose instantly and bade me not to yield. The pale face of my mother haunted me. I flung myself on the bed, and fell asleep. I woke at midnight, stiffened and terrified with frightful dreams.

I would have sought my mother at that moment, for I trembled with fear, but my door was fast. With the daylight my terrors were dismissed, and I became bold in resisting all good impulses. The servant brought my meals, but I did not taste them. I thought the day would never end. Just at twilight I heard a light footstep approach my door. It was my sister who called me by name.

"What may I tell mother from you?" she asked.

"Nothing!" I replied.

"O, Alfred, for my sake and all our sakes, say that you are sorry. She longs to forgive you."

"I won't be driven to school against my will," I said.

"But you will go if she wishes it, dear Alfred," said my sister, pleadingly.

"No, I won't" said I, "and you needn't say a word more about it."

"O, brother, you will kill her, and then you can never have a happy moment."

I made no reply to this. My feelings were touched, but I still resisted their influence. My sister called me, but I would not answer. I heard her footsteps slowly retreating, and again I flung myself on the bed to pass another wretched and fearful night. O, God, how wretched and fearful I do not know.

Another footstep, slower and feebler than my sister's disturbed me. A voice called me by name. It was my mother's.

"Alfred, my son, shall I come in? are you sorry for what you have done?" she asked.

I cannot tell what influence operating at that moment, made me speak adverse to my feelings. The gentle voice of mother that thrilled through me, melted the ice from my obdurate heart, and I longed to throw myself on her neck, but I did not. No, my boy I did not. But my words gave the life to my heart, when I said I was not sorry. I heard her withdraw. I heard her groan. I longed to call her but I did not.

I was awakened from an uneasy slumber by hearing my name called loudly, and my sister stood beside my bed.

"Get up, Alfred! O, don't wait a moment! Get up and come with me, Mother is dying!"

I thought I was dreaming, but I got up mechanically, and followed my sister. On the bed, pale and cold as marble, lay my mother. She had not undressed, but had thrown herself on the bed to rest. Arising to go again to me, she was seized with a palpitation of the heart, and borne senseless to her room.

I cannot tell you my agony as I looked upon her—my remorse was tenfold more bitter from the face that she would never know it. I believed myself a murderer. I fell on the bed beside her—I could not weep; my heart burned in my bosom; my brain was all on fire. My sister threw her arms around me and wept in silence. Suddenly we saw a slight motion of my mother's hand—her eyes unclosed. She had recovered consciousness but not speech—she looked at me and moved her lips. I could not understand her words. "Mother, Mother," I shrieked, "say only that you forgive me." She could not say with her lips, but her hand pressed mine. She smiled upon me, and lifting her thin, white hands clasped mine with them, and cast her eyes upward. She moved her lips in prayer and thus she died. I remained still kneeling beside that dear form till my gentle sister removed me. She comforted me, for she knew the heavy load of sorrow at heart; heavier than the grief for the loss of a mother; for it was a load of sorrow for sin. The joy of youth had left me forever.

My son, suffering, as such memories awake, must continue as long as life. God is merciful, but the remorse of past misdeeds is a canker-worm in the heart, that prays upon it forever.

My father ceased speaking and buried his face in his hands. He saw and felt the bearing his narrative had upon my character and conduct. I have never forgotten it. Boys who spurn their mother's control, who are ashamed to own that they are wrong, who think it manly to resist the authority, or yield to her influence, beware! Lay not up for yourself bitter memories for your future years.

Though the boy who reads this may not have kicked his mother, yet let him think if he has never given his mother or father some unkind words, or been disobedient to their wishes in many ways. Boys, beware! obey your parents in all things, for God has commanded it; and remember that disobedience to your parents is sin against God!

Laughter as a Medicine.

A short time since, two individuals were lying in one room very sick, one of them with the brain fever, and the other with an aggravated case of mumps. They were so low that watchers were needed every night, and it was thought doubtful if the one sick of fever could recover. A gentleman was engaged to watch over night, his duty being to wake the nurse whenever it became necessary to administer medicine. In the course of the night both watcher and nurse fell asleep. The man with the mumps lay watching the clock, and saw it was time to give the fever patient his portion. He was unable to speak aloud or to move any portion of his body except his arms, but seizing a pillow, he managed to strike the watcher in the face with it, who thus, suddenly awakened sprang from his seat, falling to the floor and awakened both the nurse and the fever patient. The incident struck the sick man as very ludicrous and they laughed heartily at it for some fifteen or twenty minutes. When the doctor came in the morning he found his patient vastly improved, and said he never knew so sudden a turn for the better, and now both are up and well. Who says laughter is not the best of medicines? and this reminds the writer of another case. A gentleman was suffering from an ulceration of the throat which at length became so swollen that his life was despaired of. His household came to his bedside to bid him farewell. Each individual shook hands with the dying man and then went away weeping. Last of all, came a pet ape, and shaking the man's hand went away also with its hands over its eyes. It was so ludicrous a sight that the patient was forced to laugh and laughed so heartily that the ulcer broke and his life was saved.—*Sanitarian.*

— A little magnesia and water will sometimes correct the acidity of a child's stomach, and render unnecessary any stronger medicine. Powder a teaspoonful of the magnesia and put in half a glass of water; it will not dissolve, of course, but will mix with the water so that an infant can swallow it. Give a teaspoonful of this three times a day until indications warrant you in discontinuing it.

Talmage on Bad Cooking.

Without any preliminary words of welcome, Dr. Talmage proceeded to announce the text, on Sunday morning, which was from Romans xvi, 14, 15. "Salute Asyncritus, Phlegon, Hermas, Patrobas, Hermes, Philologus and Julia."

The preacher explained this rather perplexing text by saying that all the Biblical commentators had passed by these seven names without any special remark. The other twenty people in the chapter were distinguished in one way or another, and were therefore mentioned. Nothing was said about these seven. Had they been remarkable in any way their features would have been caught by the apostolical camera. They were simply ordinary people.

"What the world wants," proceeded Dr. Talmage, "is religion for ordinary people. If there are 55,000,000 people in the United States, certainly not more than 1,000,000 of them are extraordinary. We do well to turn our backs on the twenty and give some attention to the seven. There are many of you who will never head an army, nor write a State constitution, nor create a new philosophy, nor electrify a Senate, nor decide the fate of a nation. You don't expect to; you don't want to.

"Many of you are women at the head of households. This morning you launched the family for Sabbath service. Every morning you plan for the day, decide all questions of diet, supervise all the sanitary regulations. To regulate the food, apparel and habits, and decide all the thousand and one questions of home business is a tax appalling if it has no divine alleviation. Food and apparel affect in a very great degree the welfare of the nation. One of the greatest battles of the century was lost because the commander that morning had a fit of indigestion. Vast numbers of the human race are slaughtered by incompetent cooking. The young lady may be perfect in music, languages, drawing and astronomy; but if she is not well educated in dough her education is imperfect.

"The world is strewn with the myrtars of imperfect cookery, and it cries out for a God who can help the ordinary woman in the ordinary duties of the household. It's high time that some of the attention given to the conspicuous women of the Bible be directed to the Julia of the text: 'An ordinary woman, in ordinary circumstances, attending to ordinary duties and bearing ordinary responsibilities.'"

Ordinary business men also required attention, the preacher thought. He likened the average business man to a neglected clock. After a time it began to buzz and roar, then starts to strike five, or forty, or six, and suddenly stops.

"Greenwood has thousands of New York and Brooklyn business men," shouted the Doctor, "who died of old age at thirty, thirty-five or forty. What is wanted is divine grace for ordinary business men. Not the grace to lose $100,000, but the justification to lose ten; not the grace to supervise 250 hands, but the time to look properly after the bookkeeper, two salesmen and the boy who sweeps out the store.

"You talk of Cincinnatus, who went from the plow to a higher position, and after twenty-one days' dictatorship went back to farming. What encouragement is that to ordinary farmers? None of them are politicians. I doubt if any of them will be politicians, and their dictatorship is confined to the forty or a hundred acres of the old homestead. What they want is the grace to keep patient when plowing balky oxen, or the drought destroys the corn crop, or the neighboring cattle break in and destroy the strawberry patches and eat so much of the sweet corn that they have to be kept away from the water so that they won't swell and die; or to doctor the cow with the hollow horn, the sheep with the foot rot, or the horse with the distemper. You'd best close up about Cincinnatus! I know 500 farmers just as notable as him."

Having given some further illustrations the preacher got down to advice:

"First of all, if you feel that you are ordinary, thank God that you are not extraordinary. I'm tired, sick, bored to death with extraordinary people. They take all their time telling you how extraordinary they are. Phenomena is of little use. Things that are exceptional can't be depended upon. Better trust the smallest planet swinging in its orbit than ten comets shooting this way and that, imperiling the safety of worlds attending to their own business. For steady illumination a common hall-lamp is far ahead of the most brilliant skyrocket ever manufactured. How delicious it must be to be a candidate for President of the United States! It must be so soothing to the nerves! It must pour in the soul of the candidate such sense of security when he reads the blessed newspapers. [Laughter.]

"Take the remarkable railroad men of the day. They get all the abuse, while the stockholders escape. The New York Central road has 9,265 stockholders, but if anything goes wrong the blame falls on one man. The Pennsylvania road has 17,000 stockholders. But Thomas Scott was abused till he was under the ground for the companion's shortcomings. The weather of life is not so severe on the plains as on the high peaks. The world never forgives a man for knowing, saying or doing more than it thinks he ought to."

An Editor's Dream.

He fell asleep after a time, and lo! he dreamed again. And it seemed to him in a vision, that having armed himself with certain papers and books, he turned his steps once more towards the place, and knocked at the gate. "Hello! is that you, again?" said Peter. "What do you wish?"

"Let those persons again come forth," replied the editor; and Peter this time made them all come through the gate and stand outside.

They came as before and uttered the same cries as before.

"Why didn't you notice that big egg I sent you?" yelled the first.

"It was rotten."

"Why didn't you write up my soda fountain?" said the druggist.

"You had your tickets printed at the other office," calmly replied the editor.

"Why did you write up about old Tomlinson's hens, and never speak of my new gate?"

"Old Tomlinson paid for his advertisement and you didn't. Here's the bill!" said the editor.

"Why did you spell my name wrong in the programme?" groaned the local talent.

"Take a look at this manuscript of yours and see for yourself," said the editor, with a grim smile.

The rest of the company yelled their complaints in unison, and the editor calmly sorted out a series of bills for unpaid subscriptions, and presented each with one; and it was so when they received them that they tore their hair and rushed violently down a steep place into the sea, and Peter, taking the editor calmly by the hand, led him within the gate.

Living Like a Prince.

Curious stories are often told about men of no fortune who live like millionaires. Occasionally instances like that of "Lord Abercrombie," who lived like a Vanderbilt for a few months, crop up. But it is seldom that a man turns up who can live like a Russian prince, drive blooded horses, give elaborate dinners and move among a fast set of men without having any money of his own. There is such a man, or rather, boy in New York, at the present time. He has been going at a terrific rate for two years. I shall call him Smith because it is not his name. He is an ideal dude. His figure is slim almost to emaciation, his chest narrow, his arms and legs long and his face absolutely colorless. More than this, it is an effeminate face, with small features, weak eyes and an irresolute mouth. It is familiar to half the people in New York. At every event of importance this pale and languid little dude is on hand. He has a extraordinary assortment of clothes, wears numberless rings and is usually accompanied by a valet. He comes of very respectable people. I know his mother and several of his relatives. They will have nothing to do with him and his name is never mentioned at home. About two years ago he got into a scrape up town for which he needed ready money at once. He begged his people to give him $1,000 and they refused point blank. Then he gathered all his mother's diamonds, pledged them for about $8,000 and took a steamer for Paris. When he arrived there he walked into a commission house, asked the head of the firm for a pointer and languidly tossed him a check for $7,000 for investment. One turn on the Bourse landed him nearly $20,000 ahead. He made a few more successful speculations, drew the whole amount of his gains, which had then reached about $30,000, and prepared to "see" Paris. He was then 20 years old. Of course no one knew that when he speculated in $1,000 lots that he was risking his whole fortune at every turn of the market. He was so placid and serene during his operations that they gave him credit for having a big fortune in reserve. Mr. Smith made things howl in Paris. He lived there four months, spent every penny he had, and returned to America with half a dozen trunks filled with clothes, no end of jewelry, leaving the tradesmen of Paris doleful and forlorn. He owed money right and left in the French capital, but he never allowed it to worry him. When he arrived in New York he had another interview with his family, but he was so thoroughly unmanageable that he was again tossed out of the house, which he has never since entered. A little crowd of sycophants hung around him for a time, but they have nearly all deserted him now and he has but one companion—a man who is said to be an adventurer and whom nobody knows. The little dude goes every where, as I said above. He may be seen driving on the avenue in the afternoon in a trap that is strictly correct in every detail, and he attends the theater and the opera steadily. He is cut right and left, owes every man money, and is frequently abused in public by his dupes. But the expression of his face never changes and he is apparently as happy as he was in Paris, when at the height of his fortune. He is known about town by the name of "Jiblets." I don't know where the nickname came from.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Nose Bleeding.

It is by no means unusual to have a free discharge of purulent matter and even blood from the nose, sometimes at least affording relief in certain forms of disease—a kind of safety-valve. In the circumstance already referred to, in which the "heaters" are so freely used as to produce an irritation of the membrances of the nose, mouth, ears, throat, etc., it will be perfectly natural for the nose to be sore and inflamed, ready to bleed from the slightest injury, the blood bursting out freely, even when excitement, or any other cause, sends an unusual amount of blood to the head. Those who have an inflammatory, or feverish tendency, whose stomach and throat are inflamed, will naturally have sores in the nose and around it, as well as behind the ears. As a natural result there will be various discharges from the nose. If this bleeding be habitual, it is quite certain that the whole system demands attention. If it is the result of an accident the bleeding will not ordinarily be profuse, but will stop when the moderate supply is exhausted.

When the membrane of the nose is tender, irritated and sore, it is well to wet a cloth in borax and water and press it up into the nose as far as possible, allowing it to remain, repeating this from day to day. If there are sudden bursts of blood, some strong alum water may be syringed into the nose, or "snuffed up," stopping it as soon as will be best; or the alum may be made into a snuff by melting and then drying it away till easily pulverized, taking it as a snuff. Raising the arms over the head, or pressing firmly about a half inch of the upper lip, just under the nose, or that part of the edge of the jaw about one inch from the tip of the chin, so as to stop the flow of the blood, will check this bleeding. One may decide just the spot by feeling for the beating of the small blood-vessel.

Electioneering.

"Madam, may I kiss these beautiful children?" inquired Uncle Oglesby, as he leaned over the front gate.

"Certainly, sir; there is no possible objection."

"They are lovely darlings," said Uncle Dick, after he had finished the eleventh. "I have seldom seen more beautiful babies. Are they all yours, marm?"

The lady blushed deeply.

"Of course they are—the sweet little treasures. From whom else, marm, could they have inherited these limpid eyes, these rosy cheeks, these profuse curls, these comely figures, and these musical voices?"

The lady continued blushing.

"By the way, marm," said Uncle Dick, "may I bother you to tell your estimable husband, that Richard J. Oglesby, Republican candidate for Governor, called upon him this evening?"

"Alas, good sir," quoth the lady, "I have no husband."

"But these children, madam—you surely are not a widow?"

"I feared you were mistaken, sir, when you first came up. These are not my children. This is an orphan asylum."—*Chicago News.*

— Daniel C. Kiser, one of the most prosperous business men in Southwest Virginia, rode out to his farm, near Bonsack, on Friday last and cut his throat with a razor. The cause of the suicide is unknown.

— The opening of the world's exposition in New Orleans has been postponed until the 16th of December. This is done in order to secure the presence of President Arthur and congress at opening exercise.

The Burial at Sea.

There is scarcely any ceremony more impressive than a burial at sea; perhaps because nowhere does man feel littleness more than when the mighty ocean surrounds him. The graves of the dead on shore in a measure localize their inmates; and our associations are fortified by the power of referring to the departed as beings who slumber in green places and are at all seasons visitable.

But a burial at sea is the launching of the dead into infinity. The sense of his extinction is absolute. He is swallowed up and annihilated by the universe of water, which also seems to overwhelm his very memory.

At twelve o'clock the body of Johnson, sewn up in canvas, with a weight of lead attached to his feet, lay extended upon one of the gratings of the main hatchway, one end resting on the bulwarks of the ship, and the other upon the shoulders of two sailors. The crew stood round, holding their caps in their hands, and near the body stood Mr. Sherman, reading the Burial Service. The mournful and impressive spectacle was greatly heightened by the tolling of the bell on the quarter-deck, which mingled its clear chimes with the words delivered by Mr. Sherman. The vessel was sailing on an even keel, her white sails swelling and soaring one above another, and forming a lovely picture against the bright blue sky. The water leaped and sparkled and frothed against her clean sides, and those swallows of the deep, the stormy petrels chased her flashing wake, and gave by their presence a finishing detail to the whole of the sunlighted scene.

How unutterable the mystery hedging the motionless figure in the canvas shroud—his name unknown, a waif of dead humanity snatched for a brief moment from the imperious deep, whose will it was to keep him! The seamen sent shrinking glances at the bundle on the grating. That he had suffered; the famine had made a skeleton of him; that thirst had twisted his lean face into an expression of agony which death was powerless to smooth out, was all they knew.

"We, therefore, commit this body to the deep, to be turned into corruption—"

The captain motioned with his hand; the grating was tilted, and its burden went like a flash from the bulwarks; the steersman turned his face upon his shoulder, hearing the hollow plunge; but those on the maindeck stood without a move among them, listening to the final comforting, glorious words:

"Looking for the resurrection of the body (when the sea shall give up her dead), and the life the world to come, through our Lord Jesus Christ, who at his coming shall change our vile body, that it may be like his glorious body, according to the mighty working whereby He is able to subdue all things to Himself."

The reader closed the book; the grating was restored to its place; and the men in twos and threes moved slowly forward, talking in subdued tones; and for the remainder of that day at least, no sound of loose laughter or reckless words was to be heard in the forecastle. —*W. Clark Russell.*

A Tramp's Victory.

Yesterday a tramp stopped a lawyer on Griswold street and begged for a dime to get his dinner. The lawyer replied:

"Why on earth don't you get out into the country?"

"What fur?"

"Get a piece of land and go to farming."

"My dear sir," said the tramp, "If I had the land, which I can't get, I'd know no more about farming than you do about sailing a ship. You are a smart man—ten times as smart as I am—but can you tell me when to plant corn?"

"Why—ahem—why, in the spring, of course."

"But the month."

"Well—ahem—I suppose it's along after the snow goes off."

"About rotation of crops?"

"I—I never heard of any."

"And what about sub-soiling?"

"Sub soiling? Why, it's something connected with farming."

"And how much wheat do you sow to the acre?"

The lawyer couldn't remember whether it was twenty or forty bushels, but dodged the case by observing:

"The great trouble with the country is that we have too many consumers."

"Then how is it that breadstuffs, groceries and clothing are down, and so many factories are shutting up? Haven't we really produced too much?" queried the tramp.

"But as I remarked," continued the lawyer, as he shifted around, "this country can never hope to improve till we have protection."

"Then how comes it that the lumber business, already so heavily protected, is flat as a fish."

"Say, you shut up!" hotly exclaimed the lawyer, as he handed over a quarter and moved off. "As I remarked in my opening address, we are living beyond our means."

"Well, I dunno, replied the tramp as he pocketed the money. "I propose to make this 'ere pay for three meals and a bed, and I don't see how you can figger any finer."—*Detroit Free Press.*

George T. Jackson a Defaulter.

AUGUSTA, GA., October 29.—For several days past there have been rumors afloat of a heavy defalcation on the part of George T. Jackson, President of the Enterprise Cotton Factory, and a committee was appointed to investigate the books of the company. Jackson confesses to a defalcation, but cannot give the amount. He claims all responsibility for the deficit. Enough is already known from the investigating committee, however, to state that the defalcation is over $60,000 and may reach $100,000. The money, it is stated, was lost in various operations. Notwithstanding the defalcation, the company is reported to be solvent and the mill will continue to run until the stockholders meet on November 8th. The matter creates general surprise, as Jackson has been one of Augusta's most prominent and public-spirited citizens.

It will be several days before the full amount of the defalcation is known. The loss in running the Enterprise mill and the defalcation will together amount to $180,000. These losses will make the mill stand the stockholders in round numbers one million dollars. It is capitalized at $500,000 in stock and first mortgage bonds to the amount of $250,000. The mill cost when finished over $800,000. The developments have created a sensation.

— Whatever happens, Ben Butler is a dead cock in the pit. There is some consolation in that act.

— A baldheaded man, who has heard that the hairs of a man's head are numbered, wants to know if there is not some place where he can obtain the back number.

What a Pity.

Williamston Naiad.

My good neighbor Barr has a very bright and promising daughter, Miss Sallie, who, by her gentle conduct and cheerful air, has won a high place in my esteem. Her father is a thrifty farmer, with every needful comfort about him; and, though not a rich man, he is out of debt, and usually has a little money laid up for a rainy day.

Being a good friend of his, and feeling a deep interest in his daughter's welfare, I took it upon myself the other day to go over to his house to induce him to send Miss Sallie off to a good school. I found him plowing in his field near the road; and, it being nearly dinner time, he unhitched his mule, and took me to the house.

As soon as I could bring it around, I told him and his wife what I had come for; and what do you reckon they said? I am sorry to tell it; but I noticed that up to this time Miss Sallie was not to be seen. The fact is, she was down in the back field, where she had been picking cotton all day long, and where she had been a regular hand, they told me, all the season.

They told me that they had intended to give Miss Sallie a good education, and had expected to start her to a high school this fall. But in the mean time he had the offer of a nice tract of land very cheap and on easy terms; and they thought it would be a good thing to have it for the children; and so, although he had no present use for it in the world, he bought it. One of the notes was nearly due; and the whole family—father, mother and children—had to stint themselves and work hard to raise the money.

Now, if that was all of it, it would be bad enough. But, no doubt, next year it will be the same thing over to meet the second note. And things will very likely run on so till Miss Sallie will get so old that she will be ashamed to go to a good school, and publish her ignorance. At last some unworthy fellow will court her for her land; and she will drag out a miserable life doing drudgery for him.

What a pity! RUSTICUS.

Building His Own Pyre.

DOVER, N. H., November 1.—News of a horrible occurrence that took place at Brookfield, in this State, reached here today. Horace Deland, eighteen years of age, the son of a respectable farmer of the place, committed suicide by cremation. It is said that he met a young woman of Brookfield at a dance in the village last winter. He fell in love with her and paid her a great deal of attention, finally proposing marriage. Her name was Ella Dinsmore. She thought more of another than of him and rejected him. For several weeks past he has been seen lingering about her residence, but he never succeeded in getting an interview. He refused to associate with his former companions and fell into despondency.

Last Tuesday his feelings reached the climax of despair. He went out into a clearing close by his father's house, chopped down a lot of dead trees and dragged them to the centre of the clearing, where he stacked them together, fastening them as firmly as if they were rooted in the ground. He stuffed a lot of dry grass and paper underneath ready to ignite and then went back to his room, where he sat down and penned a pathetic note to his parents, telling them that he felt that his life was already blighted and that he had not the courage to face it; that he had to face death. He told them where to find his body, and left the note in his own room, knowing that when he was missing the room would be searched. Securing two or three chains that his father had used for fastening the fox hounds to their kennels, he returned to the pile of brush and succeeded in lashing himself tightly to the old trees. Then he set fire to the brush. The frightful agony which he endured is shown by the fact that after being lashed to the pile he tried to cut his throat with an old razor. The note was, of course, found by the parents, and yesterday morning the body, which had been burned beyond recognition, was found also. He had been seen collecting the brush by a farmer, but nothing was thought of the circumstance at the time. It was after that that an inmate of the house saw him writing in his room. It is believed that the unfortunate lad had been demented for a long time.

Bishop Pierce on the Bible.

Here is the treasure which never waxes old. Here is knowledge without decay, truth which endureth forever. From it comes all pure morality, out of it proceeds all the sweet charities of life. In it is the motive power that is now reforming, and by and by will achieve the reformation of our race. The old man leaning upon his staff and tottering to the tomb reads it and thanks God he was born to die. The gray-haired matron soothes her sorrow by its records of love, and the light of her hope kindled by its inspiration projects beyond the desolations of death. Children and youth pillow their heads upon its truth in nature's last struggle and die with their fingers between its promise-freighted leaves. In the house of mourning its footstep is as noiseless as an angel's wing and its power to cheer more potent than an angel's tongue. At the grave of the buried, it chants the hymn of hope, preaches the patience of faith to mourning friendship and stricken love, exhales and crystalizes the tears of sorrow, and gems the crown of life with transfigured mementoes of earthly suffering.

— A well known young millionaire in New York has been making a business of drinking for the last ten years. During this period he has made three saloon-keepers independently rich. He has the wealth to live like a prince, to keep race horses, yachts and travel around the globe in his own conveyances, but he prefers the pleasures of the bottle. Barred out from the clubs by reason of his habits and associations, he enjoys himself in an uptown saloon where he holds a royal court during the afternoon and at night until he is carried home drunk as a lord. When he settles a bill he lays a big roll of money down on the counter and tells the barkeeper to help himself. He has a regular system of drinking. In warm weather he drinks gin fizzes and whiskey sours. In cold weather he patronizes ale, brandy and whiskey. He smokes only once a day, commencing in the morning and leaving off when he rolls into bed. This saddened unfortunate is the last male of his line, and has an old mother who still fondly cherishes the belief that he will distinguish himself and worthily wear his father's name. Thus far the only distinction the young man has won is the notoriety resulting from the fact that he is the only New York millionaire who is a hopeless and helpless outcast.

— Major Isaac W. Walker, a prominent Democrat, who died in Richmond, Va., on the 30th ult., begged his physician to prolong his life until Tuesday, in order to enable him to cast his vote for Cleveland and Hendricks. He intended to be carried to the polls on a stretcher.