

# The Anderson Intelligencer

BY E. B. MURRAY & CO.

ANDERSON, S. C., THURSDAY MORNING, JANUARY 29, 1885.

VOLUME XX.--NO. 29.

ALWAYS

GO TO HEADQUARTERS

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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 your interest to call and examine for yourselves. We have added to the lines usually kept by us many new and desirable ones, embracing—

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And as I have only a few Trunks, Valises and Hats on hand I am determined to sell them out regardless of cost.

Before buying I ask everybody to examine my stock.

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Deny Your Wife and Children of one of the Greatest,

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Are the RECOGNIZED LEADERS OF THE WORLD for Musical Instruments. They cost a little more than cheaper Instruments, simply because more care and better material is used in their manufacture. Only one to buy in a life-time—GET THE BEST.

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LETTER FROM GERMANY.

BERLIN, October 25, 1884.

To The Intelligencer: On August 25th, we ascended the Breithorn. We concluded to ascend this snow mountain in preference to another for several reasons. Its height and fine position ensure a fine view in good weather. Then, a guide costs but about 20 francs (about six dollars), and one guide agreed to conduct our party alone. (It is unusual for a guide to conduct as many as four, but he was our guide on the previous ice tour.)

To ascend Monte Rosa, each person is said to require two guides, at 40 francs each, for the Matterhorn, the guides cost a hundred francs each, and for Mt. Blanc, the ascent is computed at 320 to 350 francs. As to the ascent of Mt. Blanc, which is 2,000 feet higher than the Breithorn, the guide-book of Baderer, who resides in Leipzig and is perfectly reliable, says, "In fine weather the ascent is attended with no serious difficulty or danger, but travelers are cautioned against attempting the expedition in foggy or stormy weather." As to the view, this author says it is "unsatisfactory." As to the Breithorn, he says it "commands a very imposing view."

I take this opportunity of making this quotation because some who ascend these mountains picture the dangers rather fancifully. It is easy to understand that the higher one goes the greater the tendency to become sick, and the sicker one is the greater the tendency to exaggerate the difficulties, but that does not make it specially dangerous. In fact, ladies have made most of these tours and even more difficult ones than Mt. Blanc.

Our route Baderer says, "From the Theodule pass the Breithorn may be ascended with little difficulty." "Lastly mounting a steeper slope of ice where step cutting is sometimes necessary." "We did not find it necessary to cut steps, though this would have rendered a part of the ascent easier. Though the ascent from the pass is easy, the traveler who attempts it from Zermatt in one morning will be fatigued on arriving at the summit."

Several made the ascent on the day upon which we did, but all, with one exception, went part of the way the evening before, which made the ascent easier. We, however, were not sure that the weather would be good, and chose to try the tour from Zermatt in the morning. We rose before three o'clock, and were at breakfast with a young German gentleman who had engaged a guide to take him up. This gentleman, with his guide, left some minutes before our party.

We departed before four. Each of us had nails projecting from the bottoms of our shoes, which was absolutely necessary to enable us to climb upon the ice, and each carried an "Alpenstock." This "Alpine stick" is about six feet long and very strong, with a sharp iron point in one end, by sticking which into the snow and ice the tourist is enabled to climb much more easily and securely. Such a stick aids very much in ascending and descending any mountain, and for a snow-mountain either the stick or an ice-axe is indispensable, and we must often trust our lives to our sticks. We had already tested the merits of our sticks on a previous excursion where, just after passing the Rhone glacier, we had to descend a snow slope too steep for one to stand upon it. We had no ice axe and had to trust to our sticks. Placing them behind us with their sharp points in the snow, and resting almost our entire weight upon them, we came down quite safely.

The guide carried his ice-axe and our provisions, and we carried the rope and a little wooden flask of wine "time about." Though the weather was fine, it was still quite dark in the valley, and we could see but the outlines of the great peaks around us. The guide carried a lantern, stopping occasionally to caution us to be careful, that we were upon the edge of a steep precipice. The path was narrow but it was so dark that we were unconscious of danger, and even the roaring of the mountain torrent beneath us attracted less notice than the snore forms towering above us. At length the day began to dawn and our lantern was left in a little hut on the mountain.

The spectacle was sublime. To our right we watched the rays of the morning sun as they crept slowly down the towering pyramid of the Matterhorn, while to our left we saw the crimson summit of Monte Rosa. In front of us rose the lovely Breithorn towards which we bent our step and eye. The retrospective view of the valley and the surrounding snow-mountains was also exceedingly fine.

We journeyed along the moraines of the glaciers and we could see the glacier streams leaping over the frozen walls. Before four hours had elapsed, we had arrived at the snow on the Theodule pass. Here we ate lunch and were tied with the rope at intervals of eight or ten feet from each other, and proceeded on our march over the snow. The precaution of using the rope should never be neglected in going over the snow fields or in making ascents upon the snow-mountains. There are often deep fissures bridged over by the snow into which one may be precipitated, but where several are bound together at a good interval from each other, and one falls into a crevice or loses his footing on the ice, the others may rescue him from an icy grave.

Up to this point the German, with his guide, had kept up with us, but now they began to fall back. Soon we met one gentleman who had two guides. I suppose he did not mind "traveling expensively," or being "a little (?) assisted in difficult (?) places" (the way a good many ascend the snow-mountains).

After passing the little Matterhorn the ascent became much more trying, and we began to feel the force of the cold wind which drove the snow into our faces,

and the effect of the thin air. The guide cautioned us to tie on our hats and tied the bottoms of our pants closely over our shoes.

It was necessary for us to breathe much more rapidly, and we had to use much more exertion in speaking, in order to make ourselves heard. One notices the insufficiency of the air when he has ascended 10,000 feet, and some even at lower altitudes.

Here and there were to be seen the remains of butterflies and insects which had strayed from the genial valley below and fallen on the snow.

The last 800 feet of our route was quite fatiguing. As the mountain is too steep for one to go straight up we must ascend in a zig-zag course. On this part of the route also we passed over deep fissures on bridges of ice and snow.

Sometimes before we reached the summit, we stepped to rest a moment and one of our party was blown off, striking his stick with such force as to throw it out of balance. Before he could seize the stick it was gliding point foremost down the mountain, and told us what would be our fate if we all slipped here.

The wind blew strongly in our faces and almost took our breath from us, but we were soon upon the summit.

(Here I quote from Baderer the heights of some of the highest and best known of the Alps to give the reader an idea of our altitude: Mt. Blanc 15,721 ft., Monte Rosa 15,217 ft., Matterhorn 14,795 ft., Wetterhorn 12,165 ft., Jungfrau 13,671 ft., Gross-Schreckhorn 13,386 ft., Finsteraarhorn (the highest of the Bernese Alps) 14,026 ft., Grand Paradis (Graian Alps) 13,710 ft.)

Baderer, in his guide book, says of the little village of Zermatt, from which we had come, "In no other locality is the traveler so completely admitted into the heart of the Alpine world—the very sanctuary of the 'Spirit of the Alps,'" and of Gorner Grat which we ascended two days before, and which is just across the glacier from the Breithorn, he says, "The panorama from the Gorner Grat, in particular, though destitute of the common attributes of the picturesque, cannot fail to impress the spectator with its unparalleled grandeur." But the view from Gorner Grat is limited by the giant peaks which surround on every side. We were now upon one of the giants of the Alps and in the "heart" of this wonderful region.

We had ascended from Zermatt, in little more than six hours, 9,370 feet and stood upon a peak 13,685 feet high. The day was perfect. No clouds were to be seen except a few in Italy. Nothing seemed to obstruct our vision but its own limited powers. Immediately near us, toward the West, the slender pyramid of the Great Matterhorn pierced the blue dome of the heavens and afforded a spectacle, which, in point of solitary grandeur, is unequalled among the Alps. About the same distance toward the East rose Monte Rosa in Italy. Even nearer to us were the Little Matterhorn and Castor and Pollux. The Gorner Grat, which two days before seemed to us so high, lay over 3,000 feet below us and looked quite insignificant.

To the North we saw the great mountains of the Bernese Alps, with their immense snow-fields, and the deep cut valley of the Rhone, whose glacial waters flow to the lake of Geneva. Looking more toward the East we saw the snowy chain of the Tyrolean Alps and the Egoadine. Southward we saw the Grand Paradis, the pride of the Graian Alps, and Westward we viewed the great Mt. Blanc, of Savoy. Countless peaks rose sublimely on every hand. A vast sea of ice and snow and glaciers greeted the view. The deep ravines and gorges seemed profoundly furrowed in their rocky beds. The little villages and smiling valleys were sheltered from view and the picturesque had given place to the awful and the grand. Here it was more easy to appreciate what Switzerland is. We could see the great mountain walls of the ancient Helvetia, which had encouraged a spirit of liberty among its people and were a barrier against foreign enemies. We could better appreciate the exploits of Pompey and Caesar among the Alpine heights and we could see the great natural boundary, which had kept people and governments and languages separate. Thus these barren heights reveal many a page of history and many a picture of sublimity.

It was, in a word, a view of Switzerland. The guide said we should stay but a few moments, and the cold wind admonished us that we should descend.

The descent was quite rapid, but a little fatiguing. When we arrived at the base of the little Matterhorn, we found the German and his guide descending. He had "seen enough" without going to the summit. But he saw it too late. The fact was he was getting nauseated. He had already come too high and though his effort was to get down, the effort of his breakfast was exactly the contrary. The two had "disagreed" and a "falling out" was inevitable. He had given up all idea of ascent, but his breakfast had not, so he went down and the other "came up." This sort of a "difficulty" is not uncommon in high altitudes and affects one about like sea sickness. The French call it "mal de montagne."

Of course the German will have many tales to tell of the "dangers among the Alps" and his (?) ascent rather than that of his breakfast.

Before we had proceeded very much farther one of our party (not the writer) asked to sit down on the snow and said he was nauseated.

After he had taken some wine and rested a few moments he was able to go down to the inn on the Theodule pass. This inn is at the boundary between Switzerland and Italy, and is a rough, one-story, stone building, containing a

few rooms. It is said to be one of the highest habitations in Europe. Here we were united and our companion went to bed. The German soon arrived, and we saw about three others who had ascended the Breithorn and were sick.

The rest of our party were not sick, but we sat all thoroughly sunbaked. We sat about on the rocky rocks and contemplated the great Matterhorn and the Breithorn, and drank coffee the most miserable I have ever tasted.

At length our companion became well enough to descend, and we were again roped together for the tour down the upper Theodule glacier. After a few hours we arrived at Zermatt about three or four o'clock in the afternoon.

The next morning we walked down to Visp in the Rhone valley, and went by rail to Martigny.

From Martigny we went on foot to Chamoniex. As we arrived at Chamoniex the Mt. Blanc chain was hid from our view by the clouds, but on the following morning they began to rise up from the valley and we ascended "le Brevent," a mountain just opposite Mt. Blanc on the other side of the valley, from whose summit the finest view of the Mt. Blanc chain is obtained. Upon the Brevent (8,274 ft.) we found fresh snow. When we had attained the summit, the clouds had almost entirely disappeared and we again had a most magnificent view. Toward the South and West the panorama was extensive and embraced Grand Paradis etc.; but the chief attraction was the Mt. Blanc range, just across the narrow valley of Chamoniex. It is difficult to compare the rival views of the Bernese Oberland from the Faulhorn and of the chain of Mt. Blanc from "le Brevent"; and the valleys of Grindelwald and Chamoniex contest the palm for charm. The scenery of the Mt. Blanc range is, however, more pointed. The serrated pinnacles (called in French "aiguilles" meaning "needles") rise aloft with a fantastic charm which the view of the Bernese Oberland does not possess.

The view of Mt. Blanc, with its snow-covered dome rising above all surrounding mountains, was very grand, but hardly so impressive as that of the Matterhorn, near Zermatt. Mt. Blanc is the highest of a continuous chain of high peaks, closely connected, and has large dimensions. Its broad summit is graced with snow. But not so with the Matterhorn. Its slender, pyramidal spire, too steep for the snows to find a resting place, rises on high in bare and rugged magnificence from a field of glaciers. Thus standing alone, isolated from surrounding mountains, it is a monument of marvel.

From the Brevent the view of Chamoniex in the valley and the glaciers of the chain, especially the Glacier des Bossons and "Mer de Glace," is very lovely.

After descending from this mountain we ascended "le Flegere," from which we had a fine view of the immense "Mer de Glace." This view gives one an idea of its extent, but is rather too distant.

On the following morning we ascended to the Montanvert, just above the "Mer de Glace." The survey of this "sea of ice" from this point is very extensive and fine. This great "sea" is several miles long and over a mile broad at the narrowest part. The wave front of this great glacier is best seen in crossing it. As there are no concealed crevices at this point, we crossed without a guide. Upon the first part of the route steps are cut in the ice. When upon the glacier, amid the frozen waves of ice, it resembles a "sea" and hence its name. We descended on the farther side by the "mauvais pass" ("bad pass"), where an iron railing has been placed to assist the traveler to the Chapeau. At this point the frozen mass of the glacier descends over a steep ledge of rock into the valley, and from the resemblance is called the "Fall."

We had contemplated ascending Mt. Blanc to the "Grands Mulets" in the afternoon, but a rain made further visits impossible. The "Grands Mulets" is the hut where the tourists to the summit of Mt. Blanc spend the night about two-thirds of the way up. Upon the following day, we walked down to Vernaz in the Rhone valley where we visited the great "Gorge du Trient." By means of a wooden gallery fastened on the rocky wall, just above the roaring torrent, one goes far in this narrow gorge, bounded by its perpendicular walls, several hundred feet high. It is similar to the gorge at the "Grindelwald" glacier.

Montreux, at the head of Lake Geneva, is one of the most beautifully situated towns on the lake, and commands a superior view of the lake and the mountains. The waters of this lake have a blue color instead of green, which the other fine lakes of Switzerland have.

The castle of Chillon is about a thirty minutes walk from Montreux. It is situated very beautifully upon a rock rising out of the water not far from the shore, with which it was connected by a draw bridge. The reader will remember Byron's "Prisoner of Chillon," in which he describes very finely the prison rooms of the ancient reformers and prisoners of state. The description begins,

"There are seven pillars of Gothic mould, In Chillon's dungeons deep and old, etc." Fastened to one of these pillars, upon which the name of Bonivard is found, is yet to be seen an iron ring in which this noble prisoner was so long chained. He was allowed almost no walking room. The pavement close by the base of the pillar is worn away, and we are told that this worn spot marks the extent of the prisoner's freedom.

Upon another pillar is to be seen the name of Byron, who visited the prison and has immortalized the Castle by his poem.

In another dungeon is a beam of torture from which prisoners were tied. From this dark, damp prison nothing but "The sky, the Alps, and lake Leman" (Geneva) are to be seen. Much might be said of the interesting history of this Castle, which is now used as a military post. Its thick walls, small windows, and isolated position give it a peculiar gloomy appearance. The room shown as that occupied by the countess of Savoy is beautifully situated on the lake side, and through the long narrow windows in the thick wall may be seen its dreary, blue waters and the great Alps, but even this attraction does not relieve the apartment of its air of gloominess.

From Montreux we went by boat to Geneva, and from this city by rail to Lausanne, on the lake, where Gibbon concluded his great history.

The view of the Mt. Blanc chain from Lausanne is very fine.

From Lausanne we returned by way of Bern, Strassburg, Heidelberg and Frankfurt to Leipzig, stopping in each of these cities to visit many works of Art and places and objects of interest.

The tourist in Switzerland will be impressed with the life of the Swiss, which has its trials as well as charms.

When we rise with the early day and look out upon the steep, grassy mountain sides, we may see a little picture of Swiss life and energy. Some are ascending the steep paths to milk the herd on the Alpine hills and some are ascending to little patches of potatoes or vegetables, which they have high above the settlements.

Here and there we see a little village on a high cliff with its wall to protect it from the avalanche, and the little children with sharp nails projecting from their shoes, learning early to stand on the dizzy heights. Often upon the lovely green lakes we may see a little boat filled with large baskets of fruit on its way from some Alpine hamlet to its market.

To us there is an air of poetry in all this, but we must remember the snows of winter for which they must prepare, and we may not be surprised that the poor often beg the traveler among the Alps.

Thus I have tried to give the reader a faint idea of Switzerland as I saw it, but feel the inadequacy of my endeavor.

To the charms and grandeur of the Alps the poet has dedicated his pen and the artist his brush, but there are grander to sublime for song and chime, too perfect for the artists' brush, reserved for those whose privilege it may be to visit this wonderful land. J. S. M., Jr.

The Richest Woman in America.

Mrs. E. H. Green, who is popularly pronounced to be "the richest woman in America," had \$450,000 in cash and \$2,000,000 of stocks and bonds locked up in the vaults of Cisco & Sons, who recently suspended.

Mrs. Green, when rumors affecting the firm's credit began to be whispered about, wrote to her lawyer and demanded a settlement. The firm replied to Mrs. Green's letter, informing her that her husband, Mr. E. H. Green, formerly Vice President of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad, owed them \$800,000, and requesting her to allow her deposit to remain for the time being as an offset to that loan. This she promptly declined to do, as it has always been her invariable rule to keep her own financial matters entirely separate from those of her husband.

Whereupon Mrs. Green proceeded to put the screws upon Cisco & Sons, who then, in the closing of the day, "tumbled to the racket."

Her securities are safe and will be returned intact.

The New York Times gives the following interesting account of this remarkable woman:

Her father, a New Bedford whaler named Johnson, died some years ago and left her, it is said, about \$5,000,000. She was a frugal life, exercised extraordinary economy in her investments, and by embracing every good opportunity that the stock market afforded she has more than quintupled her heritage. Old street operators give Mrs. Green credit for having made a fortune of railroad securities as any person they know. A broker said yesterday that he knew of more than one instance where Mrs. Green had gotten up a corner in Reading stock. She is so interested in the Louisville and Nashville securities that it has been frequently said that she practically owns the road.

BILL ARP

Writes of the Beauties of Nature.

Southern Cultivator.

Nature is a wonderful study to me, and it looks like the older I grow the more mysteries I discover. I have been clearing a piece of forest land where there are large red oaks, and some post oaks and here and there a pine. There is a small undergrowth of oak, hickory, and crab-apple, and red haw, and sourwood and blackgum. The large old trees seem to be all about the same age, and when I count the rings after they have been cut down I find that they average about a hundred years. Now what kind of a forest was upon this land before these old trees came up? Was there any? If so, where are the stumps, or roots of those that died from old age? There is no sign of any. Did the old forest that preceded this all decay and die at once, and this new one come up? Do forests come and go in platoons, or are trees always coming singly? If you go into the pine woods, and cut all the pines are pretty much alike in size, and age. Where the land is the same, the timber is the same. What growth does this, or was the land a prairie? From the Atlantic to the Mississippi more than 300 years ago, and carried tents and baggage for 600 men. If this country was then a wilderness of trees, with no clearings and no roads, how did he get along?

If we go down upon the unbroken river bottoms we see tall white oaks, and pines, and poplars, all grand and green, and no sign of decay. No old ones dying, no young ones stretching up, but the forest seems a uniform thing; a single creation of nature, and I have wondered at it. It is all a mystery.

There are twelve different kinds of oaks on my farm. The white, the black, the red, the post, the water, the hickory, the chestnut, the spanish, and four others whose names I do not know; but they are distinct in form and leaf and acorns. I believe they all have their peculiar uses, but we do not know much about them, except the value of two or three. I wonder if any body knows? I know that acorns makes good bows, and sourwood good arrows. I know that white oak and spanish oak is good for staves and ash is good for shafts, and poplar and post oak and chestnut are good for posts, and dog-wood and persimmon, are good for glue. If you will cut a green persimmon and put it in a vise and saw out your glut and let them dry and season, they will make the best wedges in the world, and will split timber like iron, and outlast dog-wood or any other wood.

They tell me that black locust will outlast any wood in the ground, but nabor Freeman told me that his grand-pa put a young round chestnut post in the ground to hang a gate to, more than 75 years ago and it was there yet; but on a cross examination I found that his grand-pa settled the place in 1840. He explains the difference by saying that he built the gate long before he settled the place.

But there are all sorts of shavings in my low grounds and glades, that I don't even know the names of. My old nabor says no wiser than I am. There are three "seven bark," and neither of them have any bark marks that can be separated. There is a long coral growth like Scotch broom with a yellow flower and glossy red limbs that borders the creek and acts like a break water for the old dam where, and nobody knows the name. It grows about as high as my head, and is almost impenetrable to a dog or a rabbit, and is still green but is not an evergreen.

Then there is the "father graybeard," which is a good name for it, but not the true one and which my father had a respect for, for he was the first man who sold A. Q. Sargent's Liver Medicine, and he said the first man who had a powder put up in brown papers and tied with coarse twine strings, and it was made of "father graybeard" roots dried and ground up in a coffee mill. My father sold them for five cents a package and it was a good medicine as long as the old man lived and made it. But nobody knows what Sargent's Liver Medicine is made of now. One thing is certain, there is not enough graybeard in this country to make one bottle in a thousand of the quantity that is sold. I know old people who use the "graybeard" root now for chills and malarial fevers, and I have used it in my own family and we believe in its virtues.

I stood under a persimmon tree the other day and observed a number of small birds, which I thought had been cut off of the ground that had been there, and I noticed that every one had the same cut or ring where it was severed. It looked just like the limb had been turned off in a turning lathe with a sharp tool held edge ways, not exactly square down, but very nearly so. Nobody can tell me what kind of an insect cuts these limbs off or why they do it. I have found the same limbs under the hickory trees cut off precisely the same way, some of the limbs are as large as a thumb. There is some explanation for this. The locust splits a limb and deposits her eggs in the turning lathe, when the eggs hatch into a worm, the worm swings down to the ground on its own web, which is fastened to the limb. Well, I looked all over these little bushy limbs to find some cocoon, but there was none. I may be that the insect took to the ground for preservation as soon as the limb came down. Maybe some of your readers can tell us more about it.

There is death going on among the sycamores on my farm. It seems to be catching from one to another, and is traveling along slowly, but surely. A few years ago they were young and vigorous but I notice that marks now, and they always begin at the very top, and the highest branches. I can find no sign about the roots but of course that is feeding at the root. A few years after the death was gone, all went the same way; trees have their enemies just like man and beast.

I used to think that the mistletoe was a harmless parasite, but I know now that it is a most phylanthropic. Then, if the can't afford to take a carriage here, she may ride in a chariot of glory hereafter.

Doors have been so far improved by a recent invention that now they may be hung so as to open either way and from either end with equal facility.

Recently the churches of Mt. Zion, Bush River and Cross Roads, in Newberry County, have been entered by unknown parties and robbed of hymn books, bibles, carpets, &c.

Seventy-five years ago the first tomatoes grown in this country were cultivated as a strange and showy horticultural curiosity in a garden in Salem, Mass. Forty-five years ago, or a little more, they began to be used as a vegetable in season.

and after her fall the Creator let it wither and die, and destroyed its power to grow any more in the ground, but the birds took pity and carried its seed to the bank of other trees, and grew, but the plant was dwarfed, and the fruit became a little berry. I am curious what superstitions were harbored and nourished by our ancestors. Then again, we find on the fields and swamps hundreds of smaller plants that we know nothing of, which I think are flowers. Many of them have their tiny flowers sweetest nature's carpet, and many no doubt for ages been secreting a medicine for man that will come to light in due time. We know the sarsaparilla, and pink root, and fox glove, and May apple and some others, but there are hundreds we do not know. I believe that if I had my life to live over again, I would make botany my study and live in the woods.

BILL ARP.

The Brown Linn Bill.

Pickens Sentinel.

MR. EDITOR: I notice that the Greenville Daily News of the 4th instant comments rather unfavorably on what has been said by the Green Linn Bill, and endorsed by the ASPENWOOD GENCER, in regard to the Brown Linn Bill, which was rejected by the House at the recent sitting of the Legislature. The bill closed what it has to say with these words: "The Legislature refused to grant this perfectly proper request, permit a transaction which would certainly have allowed the widow and children of an honest South Carolina citizen to realize one penny of the property inherited from him, and would probably have been of immense benefit to the State, because it did not know anything more about the matter than our esteemed contemporaries do, and like them, undertook to act without taking the trouble to learn."

If these remarks are just, the action of the House in rejecting the Bill was unjust. It acted, the News says, "without taking the trouble to learn what it was doing." If a legislative body is not convinced that it is right to adopt a given proposition, it is certainly safest to reject it. It was the duty of the House to inquire into the merits of the Bill, to inform the Legislature of its merits, but no such information was given. Yet that supine body, the South Carolina Legislature, which "undertook to act without taking the trouble to learn," did learn as much as the State has a certain part obtained from the State for one hundred and thirty acres of land, lying in the upper portion of Oconee and Pickens Counties. It is claimed, and I believe true, that the land was taken from the original grantee by descent, assignment, &c., down to the heirs of G. W.