

The Anderson Intelligencer.

BY CLINKSCALES & LANGSTON.

ANDERSON, S. C., WEDNESDAY MORNING, JULY 5, 1893.

VOLUME XXVIII.--NO. 1.

The Best Hair Dressing

To restore and preserve the fullness, beauty, and color of the hair is

Ayer's Hair Vigor

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by Druggists Everywhere.

CLEARANCE SALE!

WE ARE DETERMINED to carry over no Summer Goods, and are now offering CLOTHING AND FURNISHINGS At Unheard of Prices.

Our Bargain Counter No. 1, contains a lot of Suits which we are selling At 20 per Cent Below New York Cost, All handsome patterns, well made, and perfect fitting Suits. See our line of Straw Hats at 25c. Low Cut Hard-made Shoes—usual price \$5.00; cost in New York \$4.00—we are now selling them at \$3.00.

Our Prices are not not fictitious nor bait, but made to move our Stock at once for Cash. It will pay you to inspect our Stock at once.

TAYLOR & CRAYTON.

MONEY SAVED! IS MONEY MADE.

IF YOU ARE INTERESTED, just listen to me for three-quarters of a minute—if you are not, then just pass on!

IN BUYING PIANOS AND ORGANS,

Like almost everything else, we like to have a nice lot to select from, and that we certainly have. Our stock is large and complete, embracing a very handsome line of more than a dozen different popular makes, each make being represented in a variety of styles, so that, altogether, we have one of the handsomest and best-assorted stocks of these goods to be found anywhere, larger cities not excepted. If you want a nice new Piano or Organ come and see us; or, if you can't come, just drop us a card and we will go to see you. We will sell you an instrument for cash, on time, wrap, or on any other way to keep the wheels in motion. So don't be afraid, but just drop in as soon as you can and look through our stock and talk it over—confidentially.

BUGGIES!

Oh, my! those nice little "Hog-Me-Tight" Buggies that just came in a few days ago, are little beauties. The young men, especially, are invited to come in and see them. A good stock of better Buggies and Phaetons, Harness, &c., always on hand, and all to be sold very low. Second-hand Buggies at a bargain.

Sewing Machines.

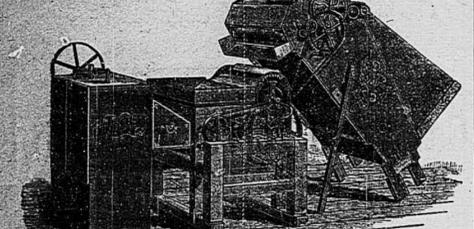
We have the largest stock in the up country, with the world-renowned "NEW HOME" as our leader, and want to sell a few of them out right away. Look like the Piano and Organ, will sell you one for cash, on time, wrap, or most any way to please the children. We also carry a stock of all kinds of Attachments, Needles, Oil, &c. for all kinds of Machines.

Our friends and the trading public generally are invited to call in and see us and inspect our stock as often as convenient. Hoping to see most of you so, we are yours anxiously to sell.

THE C. A. REED MUSIC HOUSE, ANDERSON, S. C.

P. S.—Piano Tuning and Voicing is one of our Specialties.

THE BEST COTTON GIN.



THE NEW IMPROVED SMITH GIN, WITH FEEDERS AND CONDENSERS.

150 of these Gins sold by us in the last three years.

The Latest and Best SUCTION ELEVATOR SYSTEM, For handling Seed Cotton for any number of Gins. Prices down! COTTON PRESSES, STEAM ENGINES, And all kinds of Machinery. Write or apply for Terms and Prices. We can give you better figures and better Machinery than any competitor, simply because we have the BEST FACILITIES for this business.

SULLIVAN HARDWARE CO., ELBERTON, GA. ANDERSON, S. C.

THE INAUGURATION!

Not at Washington, D. C., NOR OF GROVER CLEVELAND, — BUT AT —

ANDERSON, S. C., And in the Store of

Sylvester Bleckley Company, Are being inaugurated daily immense Sales of their New and

PRETTY SPRING SUMMER GOODS!

Such as POMEHAMA LENO S. VINES, MENTONE STRIPES, INDIAN DIMITY, INDIA AND PERSIAN MULLS, ALGERINE STRIPES. The prettiest line of DOTTED SWISSES, in white and colors, A large line of DRAGON and BLACK ORGANDIES, in Satin Stripes and Plaids and in Lace Effects.

Also, a Large and Elegant line of WHITE GOODS, GINGHAMS, TEAZLE CLOTHS, BEDFORD CORDS, SATINES, CHAMBRAYS, PRINTS, &c., &c. LACES and EMBROIDERIES—a full and complete line, from the cheapest to the hand-omest patterns.

NOTIONS and NOVELTIES generally—a large and complete line. The above are all NEW and FRESH—just arrived and arriving daily—and are of the Latest Styles and Colors, and have been selected with the utmost taste and care. Our Stock is complete in every Department.

We are in the Dry Goods Business and propose to Sell Them.

TO THE LADIES we extend a most cordial invitation, and promise them the politest and most courteous attention. Yours very truly,

Sylvester Bleckley Company.

BILL ARP.

Bill Arp Says We are Growing Year by Year.

Atlanta Constitution.

Getting richer and richer, I am not, but somebody is. The State is, if the comptroller's report is to be believed. This report is a book of 400 pages, and is full of facts and figures that interest every citizen. I don't see how Mr. Wright ever crammed it with so many tables and statistics. It never occurred to me that it was such a big thing to run the government of Georgia. We have been getting richer and richer every year. We talk about hard times and everybody complains, but the tax books show a regular increase of taxable property every year. It was doubled in twelve years. In 1880 it was about \$250,000,000, and now it is \$500,000,000. We have been saying that the rich were getting richer and the poor poorer, but the tax books don't show it that way. Of course the rich get richer, but they don't get it all the increase. The farming lands have increased from \$80,000,000 to \$137,000,000; farm implements, from \$9,000,000 to \$30,000,000; household furniture, from \$9,000,000 to \$16,000,000. This is a good sign. When a farmer buys better tools and implements for his home he is prospering. I never see a bureau or a bedstead going out of town but what I rejoice with the good wife and daughters, whose great comfort is in adorning their home with the comforts and luxuries of life. Another good sign of general prosperity is the increase of manufactures. The capital in cotton mills alone has increased from \$1,640,000 to \$11,000,000. They give employment to over 10,000 operatives and manufacture annually 130,000 bales of cotton and increase its value over \$4,000,000.

Of course the largest increase is in city property and banking capital and railroads, the last named having grown from \$9,000,000 to \$42,000,000. But the farmer need not be envious. Merchants fill, banks stand and railroads go into receivers' hands. The larger the venture the greater the risk and there is no investment so solid and secure as a good farm with a good farmer and his family living on it. For ages the comforts and happiness of rural life have been the theme of poets and philosophers. In times like these, when business is stagnant and big enterprises are crushing to insolvency and thousands of workmen are thrown out of employment, the farmer alone is safe. He depends upon his Maker for sunshine and for rain and upon his land to reward his labor. He is remote from the temptations of society. His sons are not in jail nor his daughters ascribed with scandal. Indeed, if he will compare his independence and comfort with the rich who dwell in the cities he will find the balance sheet largely in his favor.

This is especially so now since a fair education has been provided for his children. In no department of progress has there been a greater advance than in providing the means and facilities of educating the children of the State. Ten years ago the fund was only a quarter of a million of dollars, which gave but about two months' schooling to each pupil. Now it has reached \$1,166,000 for the common schools and these have an army of 7,500 teachers. Verily the schoolmaster is abroad in the land and he is becoming a power for good. Five months' schooling is now provided for and the illiteracy of Georgia will not much longer be a stigma upon her people. The poor should be thankful to the rich for these privileges, for the money that pays the teachers comes from those who have property to be taxed.

Then what have we, the people, to complain of. It is true that the times are hard—hard on those who owe money, for the banks have locked their money vaults and quit lending. They are waiting on confidence and confidence is a plant of slow growth. It will take another crop to make things easy. Only two or three months to worry. The wheat crop of north Georgia is being harvested and will soon be in market and that will bring some relief. Corn and oats are promising, and cotton is not so very bad. So take things all in all and our State is in good condition. There is nobody suffering and no epidemic or contagion. Outside of the cities there is but little crime. Indeed, there is no State in the Union that has so small a percentage of white convicts in their prisons. Our white population has doubled since 1860, but the number of convicts for felonies have not increased. For several years in the last decade there were not a white female convict and there are not two now. If we could only do something to stop the negroes from committing crimes we would have a commonwealth to be proud of. But they get worse instead of better. Convicts increase faster pro rata than population.

Now what we most need politically is peace and good will, and I reckon that will come as soon as the wrangling over the public offices is over. I believe that the people of the North are getting kinder—just a little kinder—since Senator Ingalls has pronounced the negro a deaf factor in politics. We see some other signs. When Mrs. Grant and Mrs. Davis can meet together socially and sympathize with each other in their widowhood it looks like other people might make friends. What an impressive sight it would be to see those old-time Southern women talking lovingly together about the grand old days before the war and telling anecdotes about their family slaves that they used to own. They can bobob together first rate, for old man Dent was a Jackson Democrat and one of his boys fought in Mexico side by side with Mr. Davis and General Grant, and owned about as many slaves as Mr. Davis did. The only difference was he hired his out until Lincoln set them free, but Mr. Davis kept his on the farm.

We will straighten all these things out by degrees, but we must be patient—"The mills of the gods grind slow."

BILL ARP.

A MODEL CITY OF MODELS.

Buildings, Farms and Towns Reproduced in Miniature.

World's Fair, June 12.—This has been called the Model City, and such, indeed, it is. It is also a city of models. To my mind there is nothing in the fair more interesting than the models of great buildings, of famous engineering works, of farms and cities which are displayed in various parts of these grounds. Hundreds of these miniatures are to be found here. The gem of them all, I think, is the model of a farm shown in the Washington State building. It is a graphic representation of farming as it is done in the great West. A space probably sixty feet square is covered by it, and you may be sure great crowds of delighted visitors are always found here. The farm is more perfect than a picture. There are a dozen fields, the grain and the grass growing in them. In the pastures the cattle and colts are feeding, in the fields men and machinery are harvesting the ripe crops. The soil is real soil, the grain real grain, the fences are real fences, the machines actual machines, but all on a miniature scale. A perfect little self-binder that you could hold in your two hands is cutting the wheat. A boy follows to stack up the bundles into shocks.

In the adjoining field a westerner leader is at work, cutting off the tops of the luxuriant oats. Wagons carry the rich product to a steam thrashing machine in operation at the edge of the field. Not far away one man is plowing with a riding plow, and near him another is following the furrow behind a walking plow of the old style. All the details of this farm scene are admirably executed. Along the country road drives a farmer in his wagon, his sturdy horse kicking up the dust and his own eyes, farmer-like, critically inspecting the fields of his neighbors. Where the fence sub-divides the farm into fields there are fringes of heavy grass and rank weeds, with a few flowers showing their bright hues in the sun. Just as the fence-corners are on every farm in Christendom, a boy with a pony is carrying a cold water from the spring to refresh the workers in the harvest field. There is even a snake—a green, harmless, pretty thing—in the grass. One imagines he can hear the click-click of the mowing machine in the clover, or the hum of the steam thrasher at the edge of the oat field. Surely the water boy is whistling or singing.

Of course the farm house, the barn and the outbuildings are there, too. They are like life. The dog in the dooryard is wagging his bushy tail and smiling with his red mouth at the visitors to the World's Fair. The milk cow stands in the shade of a blooming peach tree chewing her cud. Water runs from the spigot of the pump, and is operated by a miniature windmill. The fire that is fed by the springs and runs through the barneyard is a stream of real water. This is a model which brings to four visitors out of five visions of the old farm on which their youthful days were passed—visions of toil and happiness, of communion with nature and lessons of industry, economy and honor well learned. It is a miniature world seeing, for it not only pleases the eye and informs the mind but stirs the imagination. Everywhere in this world I take off my hat to the farmer. To the genius who designed and constructed this most perfect of models I offer my congratulations.

There are so many interesting models in this exposition I cannot stop to mention them all, but two in the California State building deserve special mention. One represents the city of San Francisco. It is a splendid work, and must have cost no end of labor. In amphitheater much resembling the pit in which a railway turn-table is operated the visitor beholds in miniature the whole city of San Francisco, excepting the suburbs. There are the waters of the bay, the wharves, the principal thoroughfares, all the great public and private buildings, the Chinese quarter, Nob Hill, the steamships, railroads and cable lines. It is not often one has the opportunity to study a city—street for street and building for building—without moving a foot. The other is a model of Alameda County, showing the city of Oakland, across the bay from San Francisco, the suburbs, the farms, hills, valleys, country seats, school houses, churches, vineyards and little electric railways penetrating every part of the beautiful region.

Almost every building in the exposition has its models, and of course the transportation department is no exception to the rule. Railway tracks, locomotives and cars are, of course, best shown by means of the things themselves. But even the genius of Chicago could not devise a method by which the models of the world could be brought here to bulk, and hence there was nothing to do but to show them in miniature. In a former hall I spoke of the variety and beauty of these models, some of which cost thousands of dollars to build. There is a model here of the St. Gothard railway and tunnel, with a panorama of the Alps for a background. There is also a model of the Nicaragua canal—the canal that is to be if American energy and manifest destiny con for anything in the realm of prophecy—and it is always surrounded by large throngs of visitors. It is built of paper mache, and is itself a work of art. On the one side the Atlantic, on the other the Pacific. Between them the land, in the center the waters of Lake Nicaragua. A blood red streak shows where the canal is to take the lake on its way from ocean to ocean. For the most part it follows the bed of some river, but here and there great cuttings must be made through the rocks, and in ten minutes the model gives every observer a better idea of the magnitude of the work than he could obtain by a day's study of printed maps and descriptions. The Nicaragua Canal Company keeps an employee here to describe the model and the engineering difficulties that are to be surmounted, as well as to enlarge upon the advantages to this country which construction of the canal would bring.

A model which attracts much attention is that of the town Pullman, twelve miles south of Chicago. Every factory, residence and other buildings in this model industrial city—which was created much as the World's Fair was, on a comprehensive plan in an incredibly short space of time—is faithfully shown. Near by is a full-sized model of a mammoth steam hammer used in a Pennsylvania forge. Like a colossus it bestrides the wide aisle, and rises so far above the floor that at first one wonders whether it is an arch or a tower. If made of metal, which it is not, one would marvel how it was ever brought hither. It is a wooden monster, but it serves just as well as the original could do to illustrate how man in carrying on his mighty operations employs forces which would be too great even for the use of Jove in his thunder-bolt factory.

A model in which all farmers and stock raisers will take much interest is to be found in the Agricultural building. It shows the famous Brookfield horse farm in England, owned by E. Burdett Coutts, member of parliament, and known as the pioneer stud of the new era in horse breeding. The buildings occupied by riding schools, granaries, horse hospitals and all the paraphernalia of the famous farm are accurately represented. The attendant in charge explains all features of the farm and from him one learns the enterprise modified partly through philanthropic motives. When Mr. Ashmead Bartlett married the elderly Burdett Coutts he not only became a very rich man indeed, but also means of carrying out ideas which he had long dreamed of. Believing in the horse as a center of interest, this little world is 20 feet in diameter, which gives it a circumference of 63 feet and a scale on which the distance of 60 geographical or 69 statute miles is shown in an inch. It is one of the largest globes ever made.

Midway plaisance, the visitor who cares to pay 25 cents for the privilege may see a complete model of St. Peter's at Rome. If one has the time and money to spare the miniature is worth seeing. A model of the Eiffel tower at Paris may also be seen for a quarter, but a tower is a thing which most people prefer seeing in reality. In the Iowa State building is a beautiful model of one of the handsomest structures in America, that is done in grain, very appropriately, for it was the harvest from the soil which produced the wealth to build the capital with, so it is fitting to build the golden corn and the white and saffron small grains to fashion the model with. Unless you have seen such work you will be surprised at the artistic effects that may be produced with grains. The Iowa people appear to excel in this art, and their State capital is an exhibit of which they may well be proud.

In the Illinois building is one of the marvelous pictures to be found in the exposition. It is a picture rather than a model, and yet it is a model, too. Imagine, if you can, a farm gained complete in grass and grain. That is what this is. The frame is of grain, too. Even artists who are naturally critical and intolerant of what might be termed imitation art, stand amazed before the effectiveness of this canvas of Ceres. It has color, perspective, good drawing, and a remarkable horizon. The scene is that of a country road in the immediate foreground, just beyond the farm house, barn and other buildings. Then the fields with ripening grain and tall grass dipping before the breeze. The farm runs back to the top of a gentle hill and there disappears, the blood horizon thus created being admirably treated. At the right is a path of woods and underbrush, made like all the remainder of the picture out of the products of the field, in which the shadows appear to fall cool and inviting. The Washington model farm, which is horizontal and a better model, and the Illinois grain and grass picture model of a farm, hung perpendicularly in a frame, are two of the most fascinating exhibits in this great exposition.

In the architectural section of the German display in the Palace of Fine Arts the visitor will find a number of beautiful models. One is of the new German parliament house in Berlin, one of the most noble structures in the world, and another shows the Emperor William's mausoleum church in the same city.

As an exhibitor of models Uncle Sam probably takes the lead. Besides the big globe already spoken of, he has here his great battleship Illinois, built of brick but a perfect facsimile of a modern fighting vessel. He shows also a large collection of patent office models which illustrate the mechanical progress of the world during the last century—a progress in which every one will agree America has borne a leading part. There are models of camps and hospitals, army and signal stations. Scores of model horses carry figures of men, to show the uniforms and trappings of our military officers and cavalrymen.

Extremely interesting are the models shown by the engineering corps of the army. There is a model of the new Sault Ste. Marie canal, connecting Lake Huron with Lake Superior, and through whose channel, many visitors are surprised to learn, passes each year a tonnage greater than that which uses the Suez. Other models show work carried on by the government in the improvement of rivers and harbors, including the famous Hell Gate pass, the Eads jetties and other works on the Mississippi river. Visitors who never before were able to understand why Uncle Sam spent so much each year under the head of "rivers and harbors" will now have no difficulty in realizing what becomes of the millions which Congress appropriates for that purpose. WALTER WELLMAN.

Whiskey in War Times.

In view of the frightful whiskey drought which may prevail next month in those South Carolina towns and counties which refuse to have a dispensary the following sorrowful tale of war times, sent by a correspondent to the Richmond Dispatch, will be timely reading:

Whiskey was in great demand during the war, and it brought what would seem to us fabulous prices. All anti-war Richmonders knew "Our House," situated on 15th street, between Main and Cary streets, and they knew Charlie Hunt, its genial, whole-souled proprietor. Charlie was first lieutenant in Capt. Dabney's Heavy Artillery Company, whose "Long Tom" would send cannon balls with precision a mile away into the enemy's camp. Charlie came back to Richmond in 1864, where he met many of his army comrades, and it cost him over three thousand dollars in a single day in treating them at his bar. Whiskey then sold for \$25 per gallon and at \$10 per gallon and at \$15 per drink. An ordinary breakfast, consisting of coffee, bread, butter, and a breakfast, with a mix of beer, would cost \$75 at the restaurants, and later in the war, when Confederate money more rapidly depreciated, the cost of the whiskey and meals were very much higher.

I have known Gen. Humphreys Marshall, of Kentucky, to pay at least \$500 for a breakfast, and whatever may be said about Confederate money, and however much below gold value it may have depreciated, while it was in existence it could purchase whatever was on the market. There was plenty of it and it was believed in by many people, even after the surrender at Appomattox. The last that I expended was to give \$100 for a glass of lemonade in Lynchburg the day after that surrender. Even now, although it has lost its value as currency, it has a value as a souvenir of the "Lost Cause," and not long since a friend of mine sold an assortment of Confederate notes, tastefully arranged in a picture frame, for \$500, and they are still sold as relics of the war.

The Southern people are proverbial for their love of whiskey. In the good old days "befo' de war" there was not a home in Virginia of any pretensions where there were not decanters of it upon the sideboard in the dining room, and every morning before breakfast and before dinner the hospitable owner of the mansion would invite his guests down to the dining room to take a toddy or a julep as an appetizer. Standing around the sideboard, engaged in pleasant conversation, they would loiter over the concoction of their drinks as it was a pleasant occupation. The children would come around and papa would give them a sip or two out of his own glass, and the ladies themselves would participate to a limited extent. This was an almost universal custom. It is alluded to in Capt. Philip Slaughter's account of Gen. Lafayette's visit to Culpepper in 1825, which was published in the Richmond Equivator of that year.

He says: "We reached Greenwood (the seat of Judge Green,) within a mile of Culpepper Court House, at 1 o'clock. Our guests went into the house and partook of some refreshments attended by Mrs. Green, Mrs. Patton, Mrs. Slaughter and others. Col. Gibson's troops paraded all dismounted and arrayed themselves at their horses' heads, and Gen. Lafayette, at his own request, was introduced to each man individually, and Judge Green treated all hands with toddy. I do not think the practice of drinking was more universal then than it is now, but its effect upon the individual was different. Then it would make you drunk, but it would not make you sick. Now it will intoxicate you and also destroy your stomach. Then the whiskey was home made and was the pure essence of corn or rye. Now it has foreign ingredients in it; it is medicated in order to give it a better flavor and to make it sell, but the result is that it is death after while if the habit is persisted in. I have known a man to be drunk every day for forty years off of old-time whiskey and live to be 80 years of age. Where is the man who can drink this modern medicated whiskey so long and live?

These remarks are not exactly apropos to my subject, but I could not help interjecting them, because I know there are many old gentlemen in all parts of Virginia whose lips will smack with recalled gusto at the memory they will recall.

The Confederate Government required large quantities of whiskey for the use of the wounded soldiers, and almost had a monopoly of its purchase. Hence it became scarce, and the people of Richmond resorted to many devices and stratagems to obtain it.

Gen. Winder issued an order that no whiskey should be sold to any person except upon a written permit from him or upon the prescription of a physician. At once the city was filled with people suffering from all kinds of aches, diseases and ailments that required stimulants. A burly officer off duty, loitering around Richmond, would go to a physician and say: "I am suffering with chills; give me a prescription." No quinine could be had; that was a scarce commodity, and could only be obtained every now and then through the agency of blockade runners. "Doctor, can't you prescribe a bottle of whiskey. I shall die if I don't get the medicine." The prescription was given, and the patient, at once revived, returned with health, marched off with buoyant spirits to the nearest apothecary, obtained his bottle of whiskey and was soon enjoying it with his boon companions and laughing at how he had fooled the doctor and the old general. These clandestine methods of obtaining ardent spirits became so common that Gen. Winder's detective force determined to prevent it if possible.

They resorted, however, to very deplorable means to effect their purpose. Some of them forged prescriptions of certain well known physicians and took them to several reputable druggists, who, not suspecting them to be forgeries, furnished the bearers with bottles of whiskey. Thereupon the druggists were arrested and brought to Castle Goodwin, but upon the representations made by them in respect to the matter and the knowledge we had of the characters they were not imprisoned, but released on their promises to appear before the Court-martial, which was in session all the time to hear such and other cases. The druggists who were thus treated, only one or two of whom now carry on business in the city of Richmond, were all well-known and highly respected citizens.

Noted Battles—Forces Engaged.

An "Old Veteran" of Alexandria, Va., writing of the disparity of forces in the noted battles of the Confederate war, says:

It is a very interesting study, and one that gives us "Old Confeds" great satisfaction, to consider carefully the aggregate forces of Confederate and Federal armies engaged in some of the most noted battles of the "late unpleasantness."

Take for example the seven days battles around Richmond, in 1862, when General Lee gained such gallant victories over General McClellan.

Since that memorable period numerous discussions have taken place as to the numbers engaged and many of the general officers, on both sides, differ widely in their estimates.

On the 26th day of June, 1862, the Army of the Potomac, commanded by General George B. McClellan, had an aggregate force of 105,000 men present, fit for duty. (See "McClellan's Reports and Campaigns.")

On the same date from official returns of most of Lee's army, and a fair estimate of a few small commands, there were present for duty, thirty-nine brigades of infantry, each with its complement of artillery, divided as follows: Longstreet, 9,661; D. H. Hill, 10,000; McDowell, 13,000; Holmes, 6,773; Huger, 8,880; A. P. Hill, 18,000; Whiting, 4,000; Lawton, 3,200; Jackson and Ewell, the Army of the Valley, 8,000; Stewart had about 2,500 cavalry, and Pickett had four battalions of artillery in reserve, estimated at a high figure, about 1,500 men.

Add all these and we have a fraction over 80,000 men, the aggregate strength of the Army of Northern Virginia.

I think I am safe in saying that at no other period during the war had General Lee a larger force under his command, present for duty.

Take into consideration the fact that Lee was the aggressor, and had at the onset not only a superior force to cope with, but a well entrenched line of works, guarded by felled trees in front, to drive his enemy from, and one can easily understand the kind of fighting it required to accomplish such grand results.

Another important point is brought out upon reflection—that in the battle of Gettysburg the second day's fighting, where it required the hardest hits and the greatest number of charges by the infantry, in most cases without support from our artillery, we were contesting the flower of the Army of the Potomac; Porter's division of the U. S. regulars, who stood their ground nobly and fought most desperately. A victory over such men, though dearly won, was a victory worthy the title of Southern chivalry.

The battles of the Wilderness, Spotsylvania and Cold Harbor, 1864, were other instances of fighting against great odds.

General Grant's available force in these battles, beginning from the moving from the Rapidan, May 3rd, 1863, as per report of Secretary Stanton, was 141,150 officers and men.

Besides, Grant had a force of 137,272 in the vicinity of Washington, the department of Virginia and North Carolina and department of West Virginia to draw from in case of an emergency.

General Lee's entire force, May 1st, 1864, present for duty, was 62,636 officers and men. What a contrast!

The Federals were well clothed, well fed and had every necessary equipment for field and camp service, while the Confederates not only lacked sufficient clothing, but had to live on stunted rations, and most of these of an inferior kind.

But with all the odds the "Johnnies" were the victors, and from the Rapidan to the James river every battle was in favor of the Southern army. Remarkable, but true, and the time is coming when the fullness of the marvels of those days will be made to shine out upon the pages of history as bright in truth as the golden lining of the Eastern sky.

All Sorts of Paragraphs.

Witones were employed in the mail service in Bible times.

Beware of little sins. Mosquitoes drink more blood than lions.

Figgs—"Do you think peanuts healthful?" Fogg—"Yes, indeed; very fattening. Look at the policemen."

The earliest known bank was one at Babylon, B. C. 700, managed by Egibe. It received deposits and issued drafts.

The new Postmaster at Dundee, Mich., among his other qualifications has a mistake 324 inches from tip to tip.

De Sappie—"Have a cigarette?" Caustic—"No; I don't smoke 'em." De Sappie—"Neither would I if I were you."

Edwin Booth's will divided an estate worth \$808,000 among friends and relatives, with a liberal bequest to charitable institutions.

The wettest region on earth is Assam, British India. From May to September the monthly rainfall ranges from 100 to 200 inches.

Boss—"Are you afraid to work in a powder mill?" Man—"Why?" Boss—"You might be blown up."

Man—"You're right about that. I'm married."

Attorney—"Now, sir, can't you remember all that was said on this evening?" Witness—"No, indeed!" "But you heard it?" "Yes, but there were six women talking."

Eddie Johnson, a Kentucky boy, who is 23 years old, weighs 85 pounds and is regarded as the largest child of his age in the State. He wears a man's hat and 93 shoes.

A rattlesnake will not cross a hair rope. Experienced campers, when they fear the rattlesnakes are around, encircle their camps with a hair lariat or two, and feel secure.

"Papa, what is a king?" "A king, my child, is a person whose authority is practically unlimited, whose word is law and whom everybody must obey."

"Papa, is mamma a king?"

In 1156 the university of Paris established a system of foot messengers who bore letters for its thousands of students from every country in Europe and brought them money from home.

Female lecturers can't draw large crowds. The average man doesn't want to pay to hear a woman lecture when he can hear one at home for nothing by simply staying out on his hour late at night.

"It ain't no wonder that city people don't live long," said old Mrs. Jason. "Law, me! I had as many neighbors to look after as folks that lives in cities must have I'd be dead in less'n a year."

Sufferers from chills and fever, who have used quinine as a remedy, will appreciate Ayer's Agree Cure. This preparation, if taken according to directions, is warranted a sure cure. Residents in malarial districts should not be without it.

Indignant Mother: Clara, I have told you repeatedly that I didn't want you to have anything to do with that young Hankinson! Miss Clara: Ma'am, all I've had to do with him has been three sodas-waters and one chocolate ice cream.

The "horn fly," a Texas pest, has made its appearance in the southern part of Missouri and stockmen are much alarmed. The "horn fly" takes its name from the fact that the flies collect near the base of steers' horns and burrow their way to the pulp. The cattle become frantic with pain and cease feeding.

Signing with the cross was first practiced by Christians to distinguish themselves from the pagans. In ancient times kings and nobles used the sign of the cross, whether they could write or not, as a symbol that the person making it pledged himself, by his Christian faith, to the truth of the matter to which he affirmed it.

In old times it seemed to be thought that a medicine made by mashing to dust a few human beings was a valuable remedy. Now all this is changed. Ayer's Sarsaparilla, one of the most powerful alteratives, is agreeable to most palates, the flavor being by no means medicinal.

Charles Burson, an employe at the mills of the Anderson Bros. Company, at Youngstown, O., has developed into a veritable curiosity. His hair is naturally white, but after working in the mills a few hours and becoming heated it turns a brilliant red. When Burson leaves the mill and cools off his hair resumes its natural color.

"How is the water in this locality?" Inquired the traveler, stopping a moment to rest under the shade of a scrub oak. "That's what I'm tryin' to find out, cap'n," answered the sawlog and dependent agriculturalist sitting on the top rail of the fence. "I've dug down a hundred feet, run out a rope, and ain't seen no signs o' water yet. Got any tobacco?"

Horses, when asleep, always have one ear pointed to the front. Exactly why no human being can tell, but the probability is that this practice is a relic of the time when they were wild and obliged to be on their guard, even when asleep. Whether or not this is the case, the fact is certain that while cattle are apparently indifferent as to the position of their ears when sleeping, and no matter how these appendages may be placed both ears are pointed alike, horses always point one ear forward.

One of the cleverest inventions ever passed on by the Patent Office is the machine for sticking common pins in the papers in which they are sold. The contrivance brings up the