

WHAT IS HER HISTORY?

On a small headstone of marble that stands in the cemetery for Federal soldiers at Florence, South Carolina, is the following:

FLORENCE BUDWIN.

Who is the woman who lies there among the dead soldiers, and how came she there? She should be known in Philadelphia. The record of her case on the books of the cemetery is very brief and gives but little information. It is to the effect that Florence Budwin, of Philadelphia, died at Florence, S. C., January 23, 1865, aged 20, and that she was the wife of Captain Budwin, who was killed at Andersonville, Ga. Nothing more. Persons living at Florence say that she was a prisoner of war at the time of her death; that disguised in the uniform of a private soldier she enlisted and followed her husband into the army and was captured by the Confederates; that she died in childbirth, and that up to the time of her confinement her sex was not suspected by her captors nor, so far as was known, by her comrades in the prison. She is assigned to no regiment in the record book, and nothing seems to be known of Captain Budwin except the facts of his rank and death, and these were probably obtained from the poor woman herself before she died. It would be interesting to have some account of him, to what command he belonged, where he was from, and what was the circumstances of his unfortunate wife's enlistment in the army and her subsequent career therein.

There are some things that would seem to corroborate what is told of Mrs. Budwin. About a mile distant from the soldier's cemetery, where she is buried, there was during the late civil war a stockade in which Federal prisoners of war were confined and guarded. Its site and the earthworks about are still well defined. In this stockade Mrs. Budwin was imprisoned and the date of her death shows that she died sometime before the war was ended. When Sherman was advancing through South Carolina, the Confederate records of this prison were sent to Richmond for safe keeping and are believed to have been destroyed in that city in the great conflagration that ensued upon the evacuation by the confederates. Mrs. Budwin's story rests for the present on the verbal testimony of persons, some, at least, of whom were residents of and on duty in Florence when she died there. Perhaps some fellow soldier reader of the Times can tell the tale in its completeness.

The cemetery wherein is her lonely grave—lonely from the sad circumstances of her death and as being that of one woman among so many men—is well laid out and neatly kept, as is characteristic of the resting places of the Union dead, and in it are the remains of about three thousand soldiers, many of whom, like the poor woman, the subject of this sketch, died while prisoners in the stockade hard by. Some little children sleep there, too, in the shade of the pretty trees, sons and daughters of the soldiers of former garrisons of Charleston and Columbia, and there is something very pathetic in the sight of their tiny graves, far, far away from home and friends—side by side with those of the soldiers, perhaps their fathers' comrades.

FLORENCE, S. C. G. D.

PISTOLS AT THIRTY PACES.

The adversaries were placed in a distance of thirty paces in an open space on the plain of Chatillon, where there was neither tree nor any object in sight of importance enough to guide the aim; the silhouettes of the combatants stood out against a perfectly clear sky, for the report that the duel was fought in a fog is untrue, the pistols were charged with the regular quantity of powder and with regular bullets by M. Clemenceau himself. M. Clemenceau chose pistols as the arms of his principal, for the simple reason that he did not consider Gambetta to have sufficient agility to fight with swords. As for distance M. Clemenceau at first proposed 35 paces, but the seconds of M. DeFourtou suggested 30. Gambetta himself would have fought at five or ten paces, had his seconds ordered him to do so; but there was an excellent reason for separating the adversaries by as great a distance as possible, namely, the fact that Gambetta was a very large man and M. De Fourtou a slender man. Now, supposing the adversaries fired at a distance of five paces the slender man would have a larger target than the large man; at ten paces the slender man's advantage would lessen, and so on; the greater the distance between the combatant, the more equal their chances became as far as concerned the target to be aimed at.

Throughout this duel Gambetta acted with perfect coolness. On the eve of the engagement M. Clemenceau gave him some hints as to the correct manner of using his arm and aiming. The next morning when he went to carry him to the rendezvous he found Gambetta sitting at his window and calmly shooting with a revolver at the sparrows in his garden. While they were riding out to Plessis-Piquet Gambetta wished to smoke, but M. Clemenceau prevented him, saying that the tobacco would make his hand unsteady. Gambetta's first words when the duel was over were: "Ah! now I'll light up a cigar."

QUEEREST OF FACES.

At a friend's house last summer I was shown a photograph of a young lady which impressed me not so much by its beauty as by its character. The expression of the countenance denoted a strong will and a serene if not a volatit disposition. It was a face of a girl whom one would like to know—one to whose care, if he had the responsibility of a family, he would feel no hesitation in intrusting the minds and morals of his children. I asked who it was, and was told that it was the graduating class of Smith College, Northampton, Mass. As I had heard of a young ladies' college from which a year or two ago a class of two members had been graduated I thought this was a case of one, and that the original of the portrait was that unfortunately isolated she.

What was my surprise, therefore, to learn that so far was this from the truth, that the Smith College Class of '86 really numbered forty-nine members, and that each of the forty and nine had sat in turn for the photograph that riveted my attention. It was, indeed, a "composite" photograph that I held in my hand; and I awoke unwilling to the fact that there was no such young lady as the one whose face I so much admired—or rather, that there were forty-nine of her! It was a peculiar, a rather uncanny, sensation that I experienced in gazing at these nine and forty sweet girl graduates baked into a photographic pie, as it were and served at a Barmecide feast where one might see and scent the savory dish, yet must forever fail to taste it.

An Extraordinary Proceeding.

Avon, Mich., March 7.—"We'll yet make a black bird of him that'll smell of tar," said a citizen referring to Charles Adams, who startled and incensed the community by an act without parallel in the history of the State. On February 8th, Mrs. Adams died, and on the 21st was buried. Friday Mr. Adams announced to a few friends that he intended to have his wife's body disinterred and a photograph taken of her as she lay in her coffin. Stronuous objections were made by Mrs. Adams' relatives, who urged that, as there were several good likenesses of Mrs. Adams, no excuse existed for the proposed desecration. Adams persisted, however, and early on Saturday morning, with the sexton and his assistants went to the cemetery and began throwing the frozen earth from the newly made grave.

In half an hour a crowd collected among them was the mother of Mrs. Adams and other distant relatives, many of whom wept as the work proceeded. After an hour's work the coffin was reached, and before the lid was removed Adams was again urged by Mrs. Adams' relatives not to persist in his work. He would not yield his preference, however, and though surrounded by a crowd of weeping and wailing women and men who threatened violence, he ordered the lid to be removed. This was done, and the face of the dead was exposed to view at the bottom of the grave.

The coffin was lifted out and removed to where it could be placed against a background of snow-covered evergreens and was photographed in the presence of fully one half of the villagers. The lid was then replaced on the coffin and his wife was buried the second time. The people believe him to be insane.

A BATTLE WITH PECCARIES.

The peccaries of South America are formidable because they attack their enemies in large bodies, and with great vigor and bravery. The method and skill of their charges suggests that they are led by chiefs skillful enough in predatory warfare to direct the surrounding and destruction of a powerful jaguar. The object to be stormed—for they win by repeated charges—is surrounded in silence, by a circle of hundreds of peccaries. At a given signal, a simultaneous snapping of teeth takes place which is followed by a converging rush towards the centre. The largest and strongest reach the front first, and the smallest and weakest bring up the rear. Those in front are pushed on by the mass in the rear, so that the enemy is constantly confronted by a rank of foes, no matter how many he may have defeated.

An English engineer, while surveying a Brazilian forest, for a railway route, encountered a herd of peccaries one night, and with difficulty drove them off. His narrative, which we condense, exhibits the bravery of these wild pig.

One day, he and his party came upon a morass, the furrowed ground, trodden grass, turbid pools, and pig sty order of which indicated that it was the headquarters of all the peccaries in the neighborhood. But not a pig was to be seen.

The camp was fortified. In the night there came an alarm. Suddenly, from all around, rose the sound of simultaneous snapping of teeth, and then came the charge of hundreds of black animals, rushing toward the fort.

Under the hammocks and around the fort was a surging mass of peccaries, pushing to the front, where the men in the fort, having fired off their guns, were hacking and thrusting with their long knives and bill-hooks, at hundreds of pigs struggling to climb up the smooth surface of the hides.

Guns were discharged from the hammocks, and then the occupants reached down and slashed with their knives at the swarming pigs below.

One pig after another was cut down by the men in the fort, but, others, impelled by those in the rear, threw themselves against the hides and ripped them up with their sharp tusks.

The pigs under the hammocks jumped to reach them, and, failing, gnashed the tree to which they were tied.

Suddenly the attack ceased. The animals had silently withdrawn. Then, without a moment's warning, save the crash of teeth, came another wild charge, and the fight was renewed. Again the pigs drew off, and again they renewed the battle. Seven times they charged during the night, and not until daybreak was the last grunt heard.

Labor Troubles.

READING, Pa., March 3.—The committee of employees of the Schuylkill Navigation Company and tributary canals which called on the officers of the corporation for the increase of wages reported that the request has been granted. The wages this season will be \$65 and \$75 per trip, according to length.

Employees at the outer depot were notified to-day that their salaries had been reduced from 10 to 20 per cent., to date from March 1.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., March 3.—The miners employed at the Pierce and Virginia Coal Mines, near Sharon, on the Sharpville branch of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad have struck against a proposed reduction of 10 cents.

CLEVELAND, O., March 3.—All the switchmen in the Cleveland yards of the New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio Railroad struck this morning because the crews of switching trains had been reduced from three brakemen and a conductor to two brakemen and a conductor.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., March 3.—The striking printers this afternoon offered to return on the conditions of the compromise suggested by the publishers before the strike, but they were told that there was no work for union men. The pressmen have been called out but papers will be issued as usual. The boss job printers also refused to negotiate with the strikers.

BOSTON, March 3.—Employees of Bowker & Co., extensive marble workers, to the number of 300 have struck. It is understood that the cause of the strike is the employment of non-union hands. A member of the firm states that 200 men have been sent for from Italy.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

SHEEP LOSING WOOL.

A Wisconsin correspondent asks to the cause of sheep losing their wool. He does not state anything as to the condition of the flock, but writes that last spring the wool dropped seriously in patches.

There are a number of reasons. A feverish condition of the animal will sometimes cause this, especially of the fine-wooled breeds. Thin sheep exposed to the weather during winter, if suddenly gorged with strong food towards spring, are apt to lose their wool. So sheep alternately poorly fed and then crowded with food may lose their wool, and in addition the remaining fleeces will have weak places in the fibre, often seriously lowering the price. Scabby sheep drop their wool where the parasites causing scab are burrowing under the scarf skin. This is one of the first things to be looked after when the wool is found to be loose or falling off.

RULES FOR CARE OF POULTRY.

1. Have everything clean about the place. Clean out the houses at least once every week. Anoint the roosts and cracks with kerosene. Whitewash the interior twice a year—spring and fall.

2. Have a dust bath in the yards.

3. Don't crowd the fowls. Success depends in a great measure upon this.

4. In winter feed a hot mash in the morning. We mix corn meal with hot water, adding any soft leavings from the table. Feed some green stuff, table scraps, etc., at noon, and corn at night. Corn is the best night food in winter, as it will not digest as quickly as any other, and possessing, as it does, a great deal of heat, is an excellent protection of the fowls during cold nights.

5. Give fresh water daily. A few rusty nails in the drinking water acts as an excellent tonic.

6. Supply them with ground bone oyster shells, mortar, lime, sand, etc., all of which are excellent articles for the formation of egg shells. Without the proper food, how can a hen lay regularly.—Wisconsin Agriculturist.

PRUNING GRAPEVINES.

A proper balance of the vital forces a due consideration of the ability and capacity of the vines is of great importance. The development of fruit is where the strain comes and the impatience and haste to get fruit quickly, and plenty of it, are the prime causes of many a failure. Vines are allowed to overbear especially young ones. The demands of the fruit exceed the ability of the vine to supply them. The new wood near the base of the vines is robbed by the excessive demands of its more vigorous neighbor beyond and failing to ripen, death is the inevitable consequence, and in a few years, if not renewed, the fruit-bearing wood is at the top of the trellis or at the extremity of the vines. On account of the forgoing considerations, Mr. E. Williams of Montclair, N. J., Secretary of the New Jersey Horticultural Society, advises the notices to bear in mind a few facts and principles before attempting to prune a vine.

First—That as a general rule, the fruit bearing canes of this year are grown from buds on last year's canes; in other words, the wood of this contains the buds which produce the fruitful canes of next year.

Second—That the fruit buds differ from wood buds only because of better development.

Third—That a cluster is a fruitful tendril, and that the ordinary capacity of a fruitful bud is to develop, on an average two or three of these fruitful tendrils, or as comely expressed, clusters of fruit. There are however, exceptions to this rule, notably, five or six clusters on a cane of the Elvira being quite common.

Fourth—That the tendency of the sap is to the extremity of the vine; that the straighter the cane the more rapid the growth, and the strongest growth from a pruned cane will generally be found nearest the end.

Fifth—That it is an easy matter to overtax a young vine by endeavoring to make it produce and ripen more fruit than it is capable of doing. A young vine cannot yield the crop that an older matured vine can without injury, any more than a young boy or girl can do the work of an adult, and it is as unreasonable to expect it in the one case as in the other.—New York World.

pect it in the one case as in the other.—New York World.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

Handle a hog properly and it will prove one of the most profitable animals on the farm.

A common hoe straightened out by a blacksmith, makes a cheap and excellent implement for chopping roots for stock.

Bees should not be allowed to find honey outside the hives, as it incites robbing and causes them to attack people.

One barn large enough for all is better than several small ones. Have everything under one roof, and have it well insured.

Whether prices be up or down, prime mutton sheep are always saleable, and at good prices. The markets are never supplied with choice mutton.

Secretary Goodman, of the Missouri Horticultural Society, says a good toad is worth \$10 in a garden as an insect destroyer.

If a farmer will take care not to purchase what he cannot use or has little need for, he will soon learn that it is poor economy for him to buy anything but the best.

Turkeys and guineas should not be allowed to roost in the tree tops, or the result will be roup, which is contagious, all the fowls of the barn yard being subject to it.

In building fences, take the cost, and the time that they will last into consideration. A cheap fence may be too cheap. All fences are costly, and the fewer you have the better.

A writer states that he had "the best results keeping grapes when each bunch was wrapped in a piece of paper, packed in coxes holding one bushel, and the boxes kept in a place where the temperature did not fall below 55 degrees above zero."

STICKING TO HIS BEST FRIEND.—"There is one thing about me," said the boastful passenger, "I always stick to my friends—I always stick through thick and thin."

"That's right," said the man in the next seat; "and, by the way, Jim, do you happen to have a dollar about you?"

"Guess so."

"Lend it to me till next week?"

"Not much."

"Is that what you call sticking to your friends?"

"You bet it is. This dollar here is the best friend I've got in the world."

Young Featherly had eaten four more hot biscuits than he ought to have done, simply because Miss Clara had told him that she had made them herself, and Bobby, with a perplexed look on his face, was waiting a favorable opportunity to say something.

"Mr. Featherly," he finally said, "have you any matters on hand that ought to be attended to at once?"

"Well nothing very urgent, Bobby," laughed Featherly. "Why?"

"Because Clara told me that when you found out what nice biscuits she could make it ought to hasten matters."

1859-1887.

Great Reduction

{ IN }

PRICES!!

BIG BARGAINS.

IN

DRY GOODS,

Dress Goods from 5c to \$2 per yard.

NOTIONS,

Hose from 3c to \$1 per pair

AND

GROCERIES

Lower Than the Lowest.

Give us a Call.

We Guarantee Satisfaction.

Country Produce

On hand, and Wanted at all times.

C. U.

HOFFER

Allegheny st., Bellefonte, Pa.

SWAYNE'S THROAT & LUNG TROUBLES CONQUERED BY SWAYNE'S WILD CHERRY. TO KEEP HEALTHY EXERCISE DAILY PURIFIES THE BLOOD. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT THE GREAT CURE FOR ITCHING PILES. SKIN HUMOR. SYSTEMS Moisture, intense itching and stinging most at night—worse to scratching—very distressing. It allowed to continue causes tumors from which blood and ulcerate, becoming very sore. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT stops the itching and burning, keeps the parts cool and soothes every case removed. Beware of cheap imitations. Sold by all Retail Druggists. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT IS THE GREATEST REMEDY FOR SKIN DISEASES.