

look around.

OUR esteemed fellow-citizen, T. Warren White, stopped a few minutes to chat with us, on Monday last. He informed us that he had just received a letter from his father, who lives near Spartanburg, S. C., and who is now beyond his ninety-first year. The late cyclone in that section of country struck the old gentleman's place and did considerable damage. It blew down two very large trees upon a house, crushing and destroying it. His barn was completely demolished, his carriage and buggy were broken so as to be useless. The old gentleman says he cannot work as well as he could some thirty years ago, and feels the loss of the property ruined by this wind. When he was ninety-one years old he laid the worm of a rail fence some several hundred yards long. Mr. White's grandfather was also a vigorous veteran. He was a blacksmith, and on his 100th birth-day took a pick in his hand, walked a mile to a shop and worked a piece of steel on its point. He returned home (on foot) with the pick, and throwing it upon the ground remarked "there, who of you can do that when you are a century old?" We doubt if there are many as vigorous old gentlemen.

ROBERT BONNER, of the New

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