

OFFICIAL YEAR TO BE CHANGED.

Cotton Crop is Put on Market Earlier Each Year.

Charlotte, July 25.—The American Cotton Manufacturer will say in its issue today:

Improved culture methods are each season responsible for more and more new crop cotton being marketed in August. The census bureau shows that up to the first of September, 1904, there were graded 17,000 bales of new crop. Up to the same date in 1901 the record stands 37,000 bales, which was increased in the season of 1905 to 48,843 bales. As established by these figures the crop is maturing earlier each year bringing into the statistics a large number of bales of new crop cotton which are counted in the old crop.

To remedy this defect and adjust the record to altered conditions, it has been urged that the official year be changed to extend from August 1 to July 31. This plan was formally endorsed by the International Cotton Conference held in Washington on the second of May, and later by the American Cotton Manufacturers' Association at its last convention. Secretary of Agriculture James Wilson and the active officials of the New York and New Orleans Cotton Exchanges have described the plan as a sensible one in communications addressed to C. P. Bryant, secretary of the American Cotton Manufacturers' Association. With practically every party at interest in favor of so desirable a change it would seem that it ought to be made.

Col. Henry G. Hester, secretary of the New Orleans Cotton Exchange, has signified an intention to issue his future reports as from August 1, as well as at present from September 1. He has figures for many years past, and will give these so that accurate comparisons can be made, thus obviating any possible confusion the trade might otherwise labor under.

The trade is also suffering from a flagrant evil which ought to be promptly remedied. A comparatively insignificant stock of low grade cotton in New York warehouses amounting on Monday last to only 93,520 bales is used to hammer futures and punish the mills. It must be clearly understood that while this cotton is deliverable on New York contracts it is mostly made up of grades so low as to be worthless to the average spinner. This has enabled the speculator to depress the price of futures until they commonly rule at a cent a pound below spots at interior the South. This is equivalent to one point in the South. This is equivalent to one and one-half cents a pound landed in the mill warehouses. The manufacturer is then confronted with the necessity of selling his goods on the basis of "future" prices and on the other hand must perform pay the 1-1/2 cents higher price for actual cotton when he enters the market.

This is a condition which ought to have been altered long ago. A very simple remedy is advocated by the American Cotton Manufacturers' Association. It is proposed that instead of allowing almost any sort of trash to be delivered against a contract that the following rules shall govern:

"Cotton to be of any grade from low middling to fair inclusive, and if tinged or stained, not below low middling in value (fair color).

"Price to be based on middling, with additions and deductions for other grades to be made according to rates of cotton exchange existing on the afternoon of the day previous to the date of notice of delivery.

"No certificates of classification to embrace quantities more than four-quarter grades above, or below, the mean grade of the cotton covered in such certificates.

"No dusty or gin-cut cotton to be deliverable. Dusty cotton being defined as cotton being lessened in value more than one-eighth cent by reason of dust.

"No cotton containing more than one per cent of sand, or more than one per cent of burr, or more than one per cent of any other foreign substance, to be deliverable under this contract.

"(No cotton to be deliverable under this contract unless 80 per cent of said cotton has a staple over 1-1/16 of an inch in length, as determined by the classification committee.)

"No linters shall deliverable under this contract."

Such a contract would enable a spinner to accept delivery of cotton on his purchases of futures and ensure his getting spinable grades. At the same time a most potent speculative weapon would be wrested from the hands of the professional market operator and the mills would have their positions materially strengthened. By pressing such reforms the organization of manufacturers amply justifies its existence.

— Emperor Nicholas is said to have shown brighter spirits since the dissolution of the parliament.

We like best to call SCOTT'S EMULSION a food because it stands so emphatically for perfect nutrition. And yet in the matter of restoring appetite, of giving new strength to the tissues, especially to the nerves, its action is that of a medicine.

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Dogs that Know French.

"Oh, it's just a waste of breath to speak English to Bijou, for he doesn't understand anything but French," was the statement made by the owner of a beautiful Pomeranian to a guest who had been trying in vain to make friends with the pet dog of her hostess. "In fact, we don't want him to hear English spoken for fear he'll get the two languages mixed and that would be a pity, as he understands French so perfectly."

"I suppose it seems ridiculous, but I know at least a dozen pet dogs who don't understand a single word of English, not a syllable. They know everything that's said to them in French, but the minute any one speaks English they assume the most bored expression you ever saw on any dog's face."

"You can order them all you like in English, all to no purpose. The poor little dears simply don't know what you're talking about, but one command in French will reduce them to subjection in a second."

Just now in New York the French understanding dog is much sought after. Holding a beautiful spaniel on her lap, a pet dog enthusiast explained the other day why French was the accepted language of the thoroughly smart dog world.

"We have three dogs in our family, and not one of them understands a word of English," she said. "This may seem strange, but when you consider how many New York families spend several months each year on the continent, traveling with French chauffeurs, French maids, French governesses for the children, you can readily understand how easily French becomes the adopted language of the household. In fact, if you listen to the groups of children on their way to school in the morning with their governesses, you'll find that twice as much French as English is spoken. I've noticed it myself many a morning on 5th avenue, when I've accompanied the dogs and the children to school."

"Consequent, the dogs don't hear much else spoken but French and that's why when English is spoken in their presence it makes absolutely no impression upon them. Our dogs are with the children or myself constantly. They walk and drive with us."

"In the nursery the children include the dogs in all their little games. These are in French and the dogs understand every word that's said. I've seen the children play the same games in English, but the dogs absolutely refuse to take part in the performance. It's funny, but it's true."—New York Sun.

Fought The Whole Class.

Many years ago a "plebe" at the naval academy astonished an upper class man by going to him and announcing, "See here, I don't like the way my class is being treated." The upper class man was nearly surprised out of his wits, but, recovering from his stupor (and only one who knows the full meaning of "rate" among the midshipman can have a correct appreciation of what that announcement from a "plebe" to an upper class man carried,) the "rating" demanded, "Middleshipman, do you want to fight?" "That's what I am looking for." The fight was arranged and the "plebe" whipped the man, says the New York Herald. Then another youngster was supplied, and went the way of the first, and so on until a half dozen had been discomfited. Sometimes several fights would follow in succession, when the "plebe" would say: "Gentlemen, I am tired now. I'll see you again another day." The academy authorities found out what was in progress and sent for the "plebe" and then before official authority, he announced, "I can whip the whole class." It turned out that the "plebe" had been a prize fighter before entering the academy.

Might Be Too Late.

The late Dr. Fordman used to relate this on himself: "I preached a funeral sermon at one time, and spoke longer than was my custom.

"The undertaker was a man of nervous temperament, and as the afternoon was going he began to be anxious to be on the way to the cemetery. He finally whispered to one of my members: 'Does your minister always preach as long as that at funerals?'"

"Well," said the brother, "that is a good sermon."

"Yes," said the undertaker, "the sermon is all right, and I believe in the resurrection; but I'm afraid if he does not stop pretty soon I will not get this man buried in time."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

It was not Craps After all.

A New York man was talking about Opie Read, author and journalist. "Read, you know," he said, "edited the Arkansas Traveler for ten years or more. They say that in the spring of 1885 a reporter for the Traveler died. He was a fine young chap. A visitor to the office the day after the traveler found the editor and his staff talking about their loss disconsolately."

"It has been a sad loss, friends," the visitor said; "a sad loss indeed." He sighed and looked about the room. "And I am pleased to see," he went on, "that you commemorate the melancholy even by hanging up craps."

"Opie Read frowned.

"Craps?" he said. "Where do you see any craps?"

"Over there," said the visitor, pointing.

"Craps be 'urned!" said Read. "That isn't craps; it's the office towel!"—New York Tribune.

Negro Brute Shot to Death.

Atlanta, Aug. 1.—Floyd Carmichael, a negro 22 years of age, who was identified by Miss Annie Poole of Lakewood, a suburb of Atlanta, as the man who assaulted her early yesterday morning was shot in front of the Poole residence in sight of his victim yesterday afternoon by a posse which captured him.

After the shooting there was cries of "burn him," but the county police interfered.

Miss Poole, when returning from a visit to neighbors was attacked by the negro and choked into unconsciousness. When the alarm was given a posse quickly formed, but the negro was not captured until late this afternoon, when he was brought into her presence. She cried, "That's him." A volley of shots quickly followed, killing the negro.

Squire Barrett's Ancestry.

Squire Barrett was a number of years ago a well-known practitioner at the Hampden county bar. He was eccentric, especially about his dress, but underneath a rough exterior he was known to be deeply read and a brilliant scholar. His wife was given more to the frivolities of life than to books, her fad at one time was the family genealogy. Then she studied hard. One day a friend met Squire Barrett and said, "Well, how goes the wife's family tree?"

"Oh, her tree is all right," said the squire, with a twinkle in his eye, "but when she began on mine she had trouble."

"What was the matter?" asked the friend.

"Well, you see, about the first thing she struck in my genealogy was a Hudson river pirate, and she decided to let him rest for fear something worse might turn up."—Boston Herald.

An Opinion of Justice Marshall.

Once as John Marshall, chief justice, was travelling toward Raleigh, N. C., in a stick rig his horse went off the road and ran over a sapling, so tilting the vehicle that it could move neither to the right nor to the left. As the judge sat thinking up a way out of the dilemma an old negro came along.

"Old master," said he, "what for you don't back your horse?"

The jurist thanked him for the suggestion, backed the horse and, promising to leave a dollar at the inn for the good advice, went on his way. The negro called at the inn and found the dollar awaiting him. He took it, looked at it and said:

"He was a gemman for sho," but—"tapping his forehead significantly—"he didn't have much in here."—World's Work.

Pays to Advertise.

When the teacher was absent from the school-room Billy, the mischievous boy of the class, wrote on the blackboard, "Billy Jones can hug the girls better than any boy in school."

Upon her return the teacher called him up to her desk.

"William, did you write that?" she asked, pointing to the blackboard.

"Yes, me 'em," said Billy.

"Well, you may stay after school," said she, "as punishment."

The other pupils waited for Billy to come out, and then they began guying him.

"Got a lickin', didn't you?"

"None," said Billy.

"Got jawed?"

"None."

"What did she do?" they asked.

"Shan't tell," said Billy, "but it pays to advertise."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Brief and to the Point.

A postmaster general or some one in his office at Washington once wrote to the postmaster of some little station on the Tombigbee river: "You will please inform this department how far the Tombigbee river runs up," to which the postmaster answered: "I have the honor to inform the department that the Tombigbee river don't run up at all; it runs down." In due course of mail came another communication: "On receipt of this letter your appointment as postmaster will cease. Mr. --- has been appointed as your successor," to which went the following reply: "The receipts during the last year have been \$4.37 and the office rent more than double that sum. Please so kindly instruct my successor to pay me the balance and oblige."

A Gibraltar Legend.

One of the stock of ancient legends relating to the rock of Gibraltar relates how a young Scotch subaltern was on guard duty with a brother officer when the latter in visiting the sentries fell over a precipice and was killed. When the survivor was relieved from duty he made the customary written report in the usual form, "Nothing extraordinary." And this brought the brigade major down upon him in a rage. "What! When your brother officer on duty with you has fallen down a precipice 400 feet high and been killed you report nothing extraordinary?" "Well, sir," replied the Scotch calmly, "I don't think there's anything extraordinary in it, ave. If he had fallen down four hundred feet and no' been killed—well, I should have said that extraordinary."

—The Georgia supreme court has denied the motion for a new trial for Jesse and Milton Rawlings.

Could Tell It Another Way.

Many years ago and old and well to do farmer in Western New York had something of a reputation as a litigant. He had a peculiar twist about his mouth when he talked due to some muscular affection, which gave a striking effect to his utterances. His old neighbors tell of a trip that he made to see his lawyer on a certain occasion when he made up his mind to have a lawsuit. He sat down with his lawyer, and laid out his case before him at length. But the lawyer said, "Well on that statement you haven't any case." The old man hitched his trousers nervously, twitched his face and hastily replied: "Well I can tell it another way."—Case and Comment.

His Blooming Mistake.

A countryman of Goethe recently gave an instance of the difficulty a foreigner has with the English language. He was invited to dinner soon after his arrival in England and was saying something in a very pleasant way and made use of the following expression: "Will you have the blooming kindness to," etc. He used it in the sense that the word "blooming" is used in German, as being something very charming and beautiful, little knowing what havoc slang has played with the word in England. He was absolutely at a loss to understand why everybody was so utterly horrified at what he thought was an extremely nice expression.—London Express.

A Substitute.

Little Helen, aged 4, was in a frightful predicament. The nurse, carrying the cherished 2-weeks-old baby up and down before the house, had paused to show the new infant to the Bishop, who had asked to look at it. And then the tall, grave Bishop of whom Helen stood greatly in awe, had unexpectedly asked the little girl to give him the baby.

How in the world to refuse a request made by such an awe-inspiring person as the Bishop the child did not know. But presently she wrinkled her small countenance shrewdly, moved closer to the petitioner, and said, ingratiatingly, "I'll let you have the next."

He Was Real Industrious.

The Success Magazine relates a story of two Washington negroes, who meeting in the street, fell into a discussion of the peculiarities of a mutual friend. Said one:

"What kind o' pussion is dat man, anyhow? Seems to me he never do no work."

"Oh, he is industrious, all right," promptly responded the second negro, "even if he don't do nothin' hisself. Why, only las' week dat man spent two whole days tryin to get his wifesa job."

A Saved Situation.

The rising artist was painting in his studio when a visitor entered leading a dog. The animal at once commenced barking furiously at the picture on the easel.

"Oh," said the caller, "you follow nature closely. The best evidence of the faithfulness with which you have painted that dog in the background is the earnest way my dog barks at him."

"But that isn't a dog," was the reply. "It's a cow."

It was a terrible situation, but the visitor did not lose his head. Said he languidly:

"Well, the dog's eyes are better than mine. He always did detect cowa."

—Secretary Bonaparte is much pleased with the performance of the Dolphin's gunners.

The Irish laborers' cottage bill passed the committee stage in the British house of lords after several amendments against the government had been carried by large majorities.

A special term of court has been called in Barboursville, Ky., next Monday to try the negro accused of murdering Mrs. Broughton. Troops will be on guard to prevent lynching.

William H. Belcher, former mayor of Paterson, N. J., who has been a fugitive for the past year under charges of embezzlement, returned to Paterson and surrendered. He declared he had no means and was forced to give himself up.

George L. Meyer, ambassador to Russia, it is said, will shortly succeed Charles J. Bonaparte as secretary of the navy. Mr. Bonaparte will succeed Attorney General Moody, who is to retire from President Roosevelt's cabinet to resume his law practice.

A boiler at the plant of the Vincennes Paper mills Company, Vincennes, Ind., exploded killing two men and injuring several other persons.

John Lawrence Toole, the English comedian who, when a clerk in a wine house, was advised by Charles Dickens to adopt the stage as a profession, is dead at Brighton, Eng.

Emperor William has ordered an investigation of Maj. Fischer, who is accused of getting graft on South African army supply contracts.

The Dodging Period

of a woman's life is the name often given to "change of life." Your menses come at long intervals, and grow scantier until they stop. The change lasts three or four years, and causes much pain and suffering, which can, however, be cured, by taking

WINE OF CARDUI

It quickly relieves the pain, nervousness, irritability, miserableness, fainting, dizziness, hot and cold flashes, weakness, tired feeling, etc. Cardui will bring you safely through this "dodging period," and build up your strength for the rest of your life. Try it.

You can get it at all druggists in \$1.00 bottles.

EVERYTHING BUT DEATH

I suffered, writes Virginia Robson, of Easton, Md., until I took Cardui, which cured me so quickly it surprised my doctor, who didn't know I was taking it.

1785 College of Charleston, Charleston, S. C.

Entrance examinations will be held in the County Court House on Friday, July 6 at 9 a. m. One Free Tuition Scholarship to each county of South Carolina awarded by the County Supt. of Education and Judge of Probate. Board and furnished room in Dr. mitory, \$11 a month. All candidates for admission are permitted to compete for vacant Boyce Scholarships, which pay \$100 a year. For catalogue and information address

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