

MARKET REPORT

New York Cotton

New York, Sept. 24.—Reports that offering of spot cotton were a shade easier from certain sections of the belt, were confirmed to some extent today by the showing of the markets which are now publishing daily quotations, and created an impression here that the demand from spot buyers for September shipments had been pretty well supplied. Exports are increasing slightly, however, and nearly all Southern advices indicate that farmers are still holding the greater part of their crops.

Rather heavy rains were reported in central sections of the belt and further precipitation was predicted east of the river, but it seems most generally expected that the government report on October 2 will reflect generally favorable conditions during the month.

The conference committee reported the liquidation of 200 bales of December through the ballot late yesterday at 9.50 for that position.

Liverpool Cotton

Liverpool, Sept. 24.—Cotton spot in moderate demand, 25 points lower; American middling fair 65 1/2; good middling 61 1/2; middling 55 1/2; low middling 50 1/2; good ordinary 41 1/2; ordinary 34 1/2.

Sales 3,000 bales, including 2,700 American on the basis of 65 1/2 for middling. Imports 107 bales, all American.

Cotton Seed Oil

New York, Sept. 24.—Cotton seed oil was higher early on bull support, but prices reacted later under pressure of the local stock market, scattered liquidation by tired longs and lack of outside interest. September closed five points net lower, and other months not unchanged.

The market closed steady. Spot, 5.60 to 5.70; September, 5.60 to 5.70; October, 5.68 to 5.78; November, 5.75 to 5.85; December, 5.85 to 5.95; January, 5.95 to 6.10; February, 6.25 to 6.35; March, 6.18 to 6.33; April, 6.20 to 6.30. Total sales, 1,100.

Dry Goods

New York, Sept. 24.—Cotton goods markets were irregular today. Yarns were firm. Dress goods for spring were active. Warm weather has curtailed trade in heavy weight woolsens for immediate delivery. Silk continued easy.

Chicago Grain

Chicago, Sept. 24.—Speculations that Canada would increase its export of the United States from wheat in the wheat trade with Europe, had a bearish effect today on prices here. Largely in consequence, the market closed heavy at 1 3/8 to 1 3/4 net decline. Corn finished 7 1/2 to 10 last night, and provisions, irregular, varying from a setback of 5 1/2 to an advance of 2 1/2 cent back.

Call Money

New York, Sept. 24.—Exchanges 118,768,782. Balance, \$9,767,634. Mercantile, 7. Discount exchange easy; for cables, 197.25; for demand, 196. Bar silver, 53.

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL

New York, Sept. 24.—Dealings in bonds under the more elastic regulations recently announced by the Federal Reserve Board were larger today than at any time since the closing of that institution. Many sales of the class of securities and short term notes were effected at moderate concessions, which ranged from 1/2 to 1 1/2 per cent, under July 26 quotations. A vital demand for the New York City 5 per cent notes was reported; the three-year issue selling at a premium of two per cent, with fractional premiums for the shorter maturities.

Financial news was also subject to fluctuation, being slightly underpinned by high rates, but soon recovering. Activity was chiefly due to operations in the money market. The market for the day was characterized by the fact that the Federal Reserve Bank, which had previously been reported as having deposited their shares in the whole of the Federal Reserve Bank, had now deposited their shares in the whole of the Federal Reserve Bank, which had previously been reported as having deposited their shares in the whole of the Federal Reserve Bank.

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The Farmer's Daughter

By JOHN Y. LARNED

I was peddling tinware on the Massachusetts coast, driving a pair of horses attached to a wagon on which I carried my merchandise. I stopped at a farmhouse at noon and exchanged some kitchen utensils for a dinner. The farmer's wife did the cooking, and his daughter waited on the table. Another stranger besides myself partook of the meal—a stout, thick-set man with a bushy beard.

We peddlers are usually gifted with a good deal of talk, which we find essential in selling our goods. I rattled on at the farmer, and, he appearing to be taciturn, I let fly at the stranger, who sat opposite me, asking where he had come from, where he was going, what business he followed, and other questions usually attributed to the curious New Englanders. But this idiosyncrasy was assumed, I having been born and bred in Maryland. The truth is I began by asking him which way he was going, thinking that if his direction and mine were the same I would give him a lift for company's sake. He seemed to be averse to telling me of his movements, and I noticed that his silences interested the farmer's daughter, who at the time was standing behind him. On her account I pursued my questions till the man abruptly arose and left the table. A few minutes after this, looking through a window, I saw him riding on horseback the same way I intended to go.

Having finished my dinner and turned over in payment to the farmer's wife a washboard and a dozen tin plates, I got into my wagon and drove on. About a half hour after starting I heard the sound of a horse's hoofs behind me and, looking back, saw the farmer's daughter coming. She was so intent on her own thoughts she passed me but she was not conscious that I had dined at her home. Her gait being faster than mine, I jogging along behind a pair of horses drawing a heavy load, was soon left in her rear. As I drove on I was thinking about the man I had questioned and the girl's interest in his answers, or want of answers, and wondered if her coming had anything to do with him. The anxious look on her face both in the farmhouse and on the road caused me to think that he might be bent on something she wished he wouldn't do.

I saw nothing more of either of them during the afternoon. I stopped at several houses, plying my trade, and spent days, reaching a point where the road crossed within a hundred feet of the ocean. I came upon a house in which I thought I would ask for lodging during the night. But, unfortunately, I found it closed. I was about to drive on when it occurred to me to see if I could effect an entrance to the barn. I pulled out a rusty staple, thereby opening the barn door, and driving my team in, un hitched the horses, fed them and went to the house.

I had no more difficulty in getting into the house than the barn. In the course of the night I listened and heard another and another, the second and third seeming to come from directly above me. Then there was another from the outside. Next I heard the sound of a pair of heavy boots followed by a pair of light ones, rapidly ascending a staircase from the second floor and continuing down into the cellar. Soon after this the front door of the house was unfastened, and several men rushed into the room where I lay and flashed a bullseye on my face.

"By thunder!" exclaimed one of them. "It isn't that confounded Yankee peddler!"

I recognized the voice of the man I had questioned so closely at dinner the previous day.

"Are you one of the gang?" he asked.

"What gang?"

"He told me that smuggling had been done here, and that you were in the house when it happened to me, and he believed me. Then he explained to me that my questions had annoyed him because he wanted to keep the secret of his presence in the neighborhood a secret. Then it occurred to me that the farmer's daughter was interested in the smugglers, had unfastened the door, and had hid behind me to watch them. I hurriedly and also of my having heard footsteps going downstairs, and the heavy timber in the cellar, and had to find the quarry."

CONFESSIONS OF A FOOL

By M. QUAD

As a boy, born in the town of Colville, of parents in moderate circumstances, John Williams was called dull. When he had reached his majority he was accounted "light in the head." He was a butt of ridicule for years and years, and no one could ever remember that he resented it. When he was told, as was often the case, that he was only half-witted he laughed in a good natured way. If people laughed at him he laughed back, and if the joke was on him it seemed to please him as much as if some one else had been hit. There was only one thing about the town fool which was not as plain as day. From the time he was eighteen years old he kept a diary. It was often wondered what he wrote down, but no one ever had a chance to see. The diary didn't take in daily events, as was one day discovered, but in the course of twelve years an abundance of things were jotted down. At the age of thirty J. Williams was fatally injured by the kick of a horse. When it was given out that he had only three or four days to live the public had no sympathy to waste. Perhaps the town fool didn't expect any. From time to time the doctors told him he was a doomed man, and he began to set his house in order—that is, he had his diaries brought to his bed and sent for a justice of the peace and a worthy witness. He had a few scathed confessions to make. No. 1 went back twelve years. A sawmill in the town had been destroyed by fire. The day after the fire a man named Thompson had put a red-hot cent on the sidewalk for the town fool to pick up. The justice recorded both events. The confession was to the effect that John Williams had seen Thompson set fire to the mill. It was written out and sworn to and witnessed, and then came confession No. 2. In that same year some one had stolen three smoked hams from the cellar of a villager. Following close upon the loss of the hams, as duly recorded in the diary, the village blacksmith had docked the town fool in his water tub for a joke. The confession was to the effect that Williams and the blacksmith stole the hams and that the latter was the only one to profit by the theft. The two confessions implicated men who had always been considered upright and the justice felt it his duty to say:

"John, this is serious business. You know you have only three days to live."

"Yes, I know," replied John, "but we have hardly begun yet. I'm not to get a whole carload of things out of my mind before I go."

No. 3 dated back eleven years. A horse had been stolen from a nearby farmer, and about the same date a village painter named Swayne had painted the town fool's boots a bright red by way of a joke. The confession solemnly confessed that the painter and Williams had stolen the horse and turned him over to a stranger to be run out of town and sold. Many little details were put down, and, as it was solemnly sworn to, the justice heaved a sigh over the deceit and wickedness of a man who had always been looked up to as full of integrity.

Confession No. 4 went back ten years. A church edifice belonging to the Methodists had been set on fire and partly destroyed. It had been pretty well settled that it was the work of tramps who had broken in, but no one had been arrested. Williams now confessed that the widow Davidson had hired him for \$5 to set the fire.

Confession No. 5 was a corker. Some seven years previous there had been a local election in which party feeling ran high. Just before the election came out one of the candidates for mayor had been badly struck by a bolt of lightning which struck the house. Nobody had ever questioned the fact that it was a natural case of lightning, but now the dying man confessed that he had bribed the man who was in a conspiracy to murder the candidate. They had let the bolt strike the ground floor or any other floor, but he had been above the height of the storm and had seen one of the conspirators strike the candidate with a lightning rod and then lean out of the window. The would-be murderer believed he had accomplished his purpose, and then was great rejoicing as he related his fellow conspirators.

The justice hesitated, questioned and protested, but the town fool was firm. He insisted that everything he said was true, and the justice felt that he had to give in the matter. The town fool was the son of a wealthy man, and he had a large estate. He had a large estate, and he had a large estate.

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Personal

Mrs. C. F. Ross and children have returned from a month's stay with friends and relatives in Virginia.

F. Fickling, of Columbia, was among the visitors to spend yesterday in the city.

W. H. Edgar, of Columbia, was in Anderson yesterday for a few hours on business.

W. A. Roberts, of Greenville, Ga., is spending a few days in the city.

C. P. Hammond, of Spartanburg, was in Anderson yesterday, a guest of the Hotel Choquola.

Leroy Campbell left yesterday for Chicago, where he will resume his duties at the University of Chicago. He was accompanied by Miss Julia Campbell, who will also study in Chicago.

Henry Harper had returned from Augusta, Ga., where he spent a vacation of two weeks.

W. H. Cochran has returned to the city after a fortnight's vacation which he spent in Bristol, Tenn.

E. G. Evans, of Pendleton, spent a part of yesterday in the city on business.

T. B. Curtis, commercial agent of the S. & W. C. railroad, has gone to Augusta, Ga., on a business trip.

John A. Horton, of Belton, was among the visitors to spend yesterday in the city.

A. Abrams, of Miami, spent a few hours in the city yesterday on business.

J. M. Long and W. S. Manlin, well known planters of the Brushy Creek section, were in the city yesterday.

Jesse T. Drake, of Martin Township, spent a few hours in the city yesterday on business.

J. E. Watson, of Hunter's Springs, was in the city yesterday for a few hours.

Miss Elizabeth Harrison has returned from Savannah, where she has been visiting friends.

Rev. Mr. McCall, of Clemson college, spent a few hours in the city yesterday on business.

Mr. W. H. Coleman, of Chicago, is spending the week with Mrs. Dave Gray, of East Church Street.

Miss Carrie McGee, who has been the guest of Mrs. John Humber, on South Main Street for several days, will return to her home in Honesdale today.

Mrs. Lizzie Sullivan, who has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Wm. B. Sullivan, in Asheville, has returned to her home on East Franklin Street.

RACING RESULTS

Grand Rapids, Mich., Sept. 24.—By defeating Dirotum I, in three straight heats today, William became the world's champion pacer. Each heat of the match race, which was for a purse of \$5,000, was a real contest.

Dirotum broke at the start of the first race, and William took a two length lead. Dirotum I slowly cut down this advantage and for a while ran to a white flag, but he was able to get in 2:1 1/2 by a nose margin. In the second heat the horses alternately showed in front with Dirotum holding the advantage at the start. Here William took the lead, winning by a half length in 2:01 1/2.

William took the lead at the beginning of the third and final heat and never headed. The time was 2:02 1/2.

No Wise Woman Will Fit Her New Gown Over An Old Corset

Because styles are different. The Basque, Redingote and Moyeage styles make for new lines and a new foundation must be provided.

GOSSARD CORSETS

Provide this foundation.

The Gossard designer spent the early summer in Paris watching the development of the new fashions. These Corsets are the result—the fit hand in glove with the new fashions.

Gossard Week

This is Gossard week all over the United States. Come, select your model while stocks are complete be sure to have our Expert fit you with the exact model which your figure and costume require.

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A new shipment of Stunning Coat Suits and Coats received yesterday. We'll be glad to show them to you.

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C. W. Webb,
J. J. Trowbridge.

"Having to die to win" is one of the most common mistakes to be made. It is not funny, nor fair. You must die, and why not win?"

Stop Talking War and Tail Business—Business Is What We Want!

THE LATEST WAR NEWS

The Germans have taken Eibener, and are now surrounding Delicnesser, where the worst is expected. The Belgian have had a killing out with the Welsh Rarebits, and the Swiss Cheese is shot full of holes. This will make the Irish stew and the English mustard hot, and if the Russian Caviar sees the French Pastry, it may start a Swiss movement war! The Spanish Oysters are wrong for a mixup, and if the Home Preserves are called out and spread over the Garden Noodles, they may get up with the Navy Beans, thereby causing an uprising of the Brussels Sprouts. Mein Gott!

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