

The Abbeville Press and Banner.

BY HUGH WILSON. ABBEVILLE, S. C., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1894. ESTABLISHED 1844

Modest Demand.

Mr. G. A. Moore, chairman of the Federal Board of Elections of Abbeville County received the following telegram yesterday morning:

Newberry, S. C., Nov. 13th, 1894.
"I demand for you to throw out Latham for congress because they do not say 54th congress, if I get notice of appeal to state board of canvassers."
Of course Mr. Moore disregarded a request which was so foolish, and so contrary to equity and justice.

Sale of Valuable Property.

As Assignee and Trustee, Mr. J. R. Vandiver offers for sale the valuable property of the Rank of Lowndesville, of Mr. Franks, and of Mr. James M. Baker. Look among the advertisements and inform yourself on this important matter, so that you can act advisedly.

Editor Julius E. Boggs of the Pickens Sentinel came over from Atlanta last Saturday evening on the G. C. & N. Vestibule on his way home stopped over Saturday night in Abbeville, while waiting to make connection with the C. & G. train which he took the next day. Mr. Boggs has many friends in Abbeville who are always glad to see him.

Card of Thanks.

Editor Press and Banner:
Will you allow us space in your paper to thank our friends, both white and colored, for their kindness during and after the burning of our home. We feel very grateful to each and every one that helped us. With best wishes to all we remain,
Very Respectfully,
Mr. and Mrs. Wm. E. Bell.

GEN. R. R. HENNING was in Columbia last week, as a member of the committee to look into the dispensary management.

CALL TO FARMERS.

Will They Respond to this Effort in Their Protection?

The Rodney Convention, the object of which is to devise and formulate plans by which the cotton growers of the South can demand and receive a legitimate price for their cotton, is to meet in Atlanta, Ga., on the 15th inst.
This Abbeville County may be represented in this important convention and do her part towards the furtherance of a scheme by which the South is to be saved from financial ruin and pauperism, we the undersigned, earnestly request at least a living price, meet in convention at Abbeville, C. H., on Saturday 17th inst., at 12 m. for the purpose of sending a delegation to new series in that undiscovered country to which we are all hastening.

RAILROAD RACKET.

Items of Interest to Railroad People and Their Friends—Picked up Along the Road and About the Shops.

Mr. Joe Black, who has been doing day calling for quite a while, is out on the road again for conductor Tom Caphart.
Major Master C. Winder, of the Abbeville yard has returned from a trip to his old home down in Marlboro county.
The engine 22 is now pulling the Elberton Shoo Fly and is manned by Engineers Hall and Kinard.
The engine 220 has just been turned out of the shops and is running on 38 and 41 on the Northend. Engineer Sam Nelson presides in the train.

An extra train is being run this week from Abbeville to Columbia to accommodate those who wish to take in the state fair. The train leaves here at six in the morning and returns same day.
Engine 308 is being finished up in the shops by the machinist and painter and will soon be ready for the road again.
Engines 11 and 27 are in the shops for repairs.
Mr. Charlie Tribble, son of Conductor James Tribble, is now doing day work on the Abbeville yard.
A dinner was given in honor of General Manager John H. Winder by Mr. E. H. Spaulding at Atlanta, at the Central City Club in that city last Tuesday. The following officers of the Seaboard Air Line were present: Major John C. Winder, Mr. John H. Winder, Mr. V. E. McBee, Mr. H. W. Glover, Mr. Frank J. Hoyle, Mr. Roderic H. Elliott and Mr. George C. Smith. Towns were given and responded to by those present. Freight Agent Frank J. Hoyle acted as toast master for the occasion.
The annual meeting of the stockholders of the G. C. & N. was held in Atlanta last week. No business that the public is interested in was transacted.
Engineer Marshall has been on the sick list for the past week.
Fireman Tobey of the Elberton Shoo Fly ran over from Elberton Monday morning and spent the day in town.
Engineer George W. Winder, an old R. & D. Engineer who was with the Atlanta & Charlotte division for 12 years, has accepted a job on the G. C. & N. and is now out learning the road.
Engineer J. L. Anderson, has for the past week been running 38 and 41 on the Southend.
Engine 51, Engineer Sam Shivers' big bagwin, was in the shops for some slight repairs last week.
Mr. N. A. Clark, who has been Engine Foreman at Monroe for quite a long time, has resigned that position and gone back to running on the road.
Mr. T. B. Willis, for quite a while Foreman at this point, and who resigned some six months ago and moved to Columbia, is again taken a position with the S. A. L., and is now first Foreman at Monroe.
Engineer Holbrook, an old Air Line Engineer, has gone to work on the G. C. & N. and is now learning the road.
Capt. James Maghuen, Superintendent of Motive Power department of the Seaboard Air Line, with headquarters at Raleigh, came down on the Vestibule yesterday.
Mr. W. J. Hartman, the Air Brake expert of the S. A. L., is in town.

THE TROJAN'S TOPICS.

After R. S. G.—Music in Mexico—Ranchers in Tennessee—Happy in Their Union—All Sorts of Personal.

Jack Frost is reigning supreme, and has changed the attire of our beautiful park.
Rev. T. W. Sloan will leave for Tennessee tomorrow morning to visit his mother, and will be absent for some time.
Miss Lella Youngblood, of Winterseat, was the guest of Mrs. Glover last Saturday night.
Miss Ella Smith, of Augusta, is visiting here.
Miss Kate Tolbert, of Edgefield, is visiting Miss Ella Smith.
Rev. E. F. Bradley is teaching school near his father's Mr. A. Kennedy's.
Where is the price of cotton. It is discouraging to the farmers.
Rev. F. Bradley's house is much improved since it has on a coat of paint.
Mr. John Beaudry died here last Friday and was buried at Long Cane Saturday.
They have the sympathy of our community.
Mr. Robert Hunter, of Union, S. C., passed through town last week on his way to New York, and was a guest of Mr. J. H. Winder.
We all enjoy reading R. S. G.'s letters in the Press and Banner, which would double the length of them.
Dr. J. D. Neel has given the academy at Del. Ma, Mexico, a handsome piano. That is where his daughter, Miss Lavinia is teaching. This is a nice gift.
Mr. O. G. Prentiss in the depot.
Mr. J. W. Dorn is selling her millinery at cost. She has a call before buying clothing. She will please you.
If you expect to ride or hunt this season, go to W. J. Smith & Sons for harness, saddles and guns.

PHILLIP S. RUTLEDGE.

Nearing the Gloomy Mills of Death.

He who was once a conspicuous figure in the hotel, the lively stage and stage business at Abbeville, is now a lifeless body, lying in his seventy-eighth year, and too feeble to be on our streets. He stays at the home of his daughter Mrs. C. F. Youngblood, and is now not seen at all by the busy folk of the town. Like a broken piece of furniture, he is now aside by the busy world, which forgets a man as soon as he falls out of rank. His only solace is the love and affection of a faithful daughter, and the comfort of the attention of those of her household. His lack of avenue in his youth, and his generosity when he was strong and vigorous, have left him penniless in his old age.

Mr. Rutledge was born in Abbeville county May 16, 1817. He commenced business for himself early in life, and has been all these years distinguished for his energetic pursuit of business and for his honesty of purpose. He has ways done the right as he saw it, but we believe has never been a communitarian of any church.

He delighted in handling horses, and often drove them, or traded them. When he was a young man this country had no railroads. The old fashioned stage coach was the means of public conveyance, and in those days many men accumulated large estates in the stage business. He carried the mail by his stage from Ready River, twelve miles below Laurens Court House to Andersonville, in Laurens county. For twenty-five years he drove a stage between points in North Carolina, through South Carolina to different parts in Georgia.

While he was in the stage business he was contemporaneous with Mr. Wm. Verrell, often called Stage Verrell, and Mr. Verrell, like Mr. Rutledge, lingered long on the stage of life after all his associates had passed away. Mr. Verrell has been dead only a few years, and when Mr. Rutledge passed away, as far as we are informed, all the old stage drivers of the olden times will have gone to their reward.

DUE WEST.

Wedding Reception—Debating Society—Prominent People, Etc.

Every one is feeling the cold wave. Mrs. M. J. Cain is in town with relatives. Mr. W. A. Clintock, of Ora, came over last night and spent a few days with his friends in town. Miss Nannie Todd, who is teaching at Ora, came with him to visit her mother.

The young men of the Philomathean Society had arranged to give the public two interesting lectures at the Central City Club, 2nd, but the heavy rain prevented a full attendance. We regret that the young men did not have a better success. The speakers for the evening were Messrs. A. J. Ransom and J. V. Black of the Seminary. These young men had excellent addresses on the subject of "Due West." Mr. Ransom, pastor of Greenville church, will preach at Woodlawn school house next Sabbath afternoon.

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ROARING ROCKY RIVER.

The River That Snares and the River That Sleeps.

Lowndesville, S. C., Nov. 12, 1894.
Miss Meta, Miss Lena and Miss Maud Brown, of Penny's Creek, were here Monday and Tuesday. They were here on Monday and Tuesday, and on Tuesday they were here on Monday and Tuesday.

The election on Tuesday was a very quiet one, less than our usual vote being polled, as will be seen by the result, which will come out in this issue of the Press and Banner. There was a dispensary about, so far as seen or smelled by this scribbler.

A PUMPKIN STORY.

The Debating Society Discusses the Convention.

A delightful entertainment was given by the Philomathean Literary Society, last Monday night in the academy. A large crowd was present, and the evening was distinguished by the excellent quality of the subjects, and the discussion of them.

Japanese Girls.

In a book entitled "Japanese Girls and Women" an interesting account of the duties of a daughter in the family is given.

REMEDY FOR EARACHE.

There is scarcely any ache or pain which children are subject to, so hard to bear and difficult to cure as earache. But there is a remedy never known to fail. Take a bit of cotton batting, put upon it a pinch of black pepper, gather it up and tie it, dip in sweet oil and insert into the ear. Put a flannel bandage over the head to keep it warm. It will give immediate relief.

How to be Really Happy.

I remember once listening to a sermon preached by Dr. Talmage. It was now twelve years ago, but I never forgot one little sentence in it: "Stay where you're happy," writes Edward W. Bok in an earnest discussion on the lessons to be learned from the past year's business depression in the November Ladies' Home Journal. It sounds trite to say that a contented mind is a man's or woman's greatest possession, but it is as true now as it was when it was first uttered. And we would all be happier if we believed it more than we do. We always show our own incapacity when we envy the capacities of others, and this is true of other people's possessions. Let others have what they choose and can earn; let us be content with what we have or can have. The things we want most in this world are always those beyond our reach. If we had them we wouldn't be a particle happier; we only think we would be. No matter how little we have, we always have plenty to be thankful for. And because this passing year has not been as pleasant and profitable as we might wish for, is no reason why our Thanksgiving Day should be less festive or indicative of our gratitude. The worst part of our national depression is gone and has passed into history. Let us be content to leave it there. If we cannot be exactly as thankful as we might wish for the past year let us be grateful for the year before us.

Flattery is like cologne water—to be smelt of, not swallowed.

The man who hasn't a well-balanced head usually parts his hair in the middle.

All things should be true to nature—a hornet that can't sting is a melancholy failure.

The Love of God.

Like a cradle rocking, rocking, silent, peaceful, to and fro, like a mother's sweet looks dropping in the little face below.

And as feeble babes that suffer, Toss and cry, and will not rest, Are the ones the tender mother Holds the closest, loves the best; So when we are weak and wretched, By our sins weighed down, distressed, Then it is that God's great patience Holds us closest, loves us best.

O, great heart of God! whose loving Cannot hindered be, nor crossed, Will not weary, will not even In our death think us lost, Love divine! of such great loving Only mothers know the cost—Cost of love which, all love passing, Gave a son to save the lost. Sax Holm.

GRAINS.

Unholy tempers are unhappy tempers.

Sarcasm is bright, but it casts a shadow.

Truth always lives in a house that is built on a rock.

Big words often make a poor cloak cloak for a small idea.

God's laws are never kept until they are written in the heart.

God wants man to gain in manhood rather than in possessions.

Be careful of your actions, for they reveal your character.

It is when the devil looks least like a devil that he is most dangerous.

The fact that enemies are loved is proof that Christ has been on earth.

A disinterested act of kindness is something the carnal mind cannot explain.

Man can do everything with his mind, but he must not attempt to do so much with others.

The man who has contentment has something that will do a great deal more for him than money.

There is no sin so little, but that if it had the right of way and time enough, it would wreck the universe.

God never did, never will, never can make a mistake. His will and ways are always right.

If a Christian's love has any special value, it ought to be operative at times when a godless person's love would fail.

If we could see things as they are instead of as they seem, we should be throwing away some things which we value, and reaching out after some that now we have no wish for.

When the mind thinks nothing, when the soul covets nothing and the body asketh nothing that is contrary to the will of God, this is perfect sanctification.

Let him who prays suffer not his tongue to outstrip his heart, nor presume to carry a message to the throne of grace while that stays behind.

The true Christian is like the sun, which pursues his noiseless track and everywhere leaves the effect of his beams in blessing upon the world around him.

All the way up and down in the universe, union is strength and division is weakness. A family quarrel is fatal to family life. A household divided bath its end just ahead.

How prone we are to think that one whom we dislike is acting in a wrong spirit when he is obviously doing good works! If we cannot deny the propriety of his conduct, we can at least surmise at his motives.

Be very slow to believe that you are wiser than others; it is a fatal but common error. Where one has been saved by a true estimation of another's weakness, thousands have been destroyed by a false appreciation of their own strength.

Honest With Himself.

Little Frankie was forbidden to touch the sewing-machine, and as he was generally a pretty obedient boy, his mother, auntie and his auntie's friend were much surprised one afternoon to find the thread badly tangled and the needle broken. Frankie was, without doubt, the culprit, and he was called before the family tribunal of justice.

"Frankie, did you touch the sewing-machine?" asked mamma severely.

"Yes, mamma," was the tremulous answer. He was such a nite, so frail and delicate, utterly helpless as he stood before us all with parted lips, and big frightened eyes, our hearts went out to him in pity.

"Now, Frankie," continued his mother, "you know I said I would punish you if you disobeyed me, and I shall have to keep my promise."

"Yes, mamma," came in a trembling whisper. Surely the little fellow was punished sufficiently, and yet we realized that justice must be forced.

"It is a very long time since you forbade him to touch the machine, perhaps he forgot," suggested his aunt.

"And if he forgot, that would make a difference, would it not?" I ventured to suggest.

"Certainly," answered his mother, "did you forget, Frankie?" I know my boy will speak the truth.

There was a pause, and in that pause there was a struggle between right and wrong; then came the answer with a passionate cry as though the struggle were almost beyond his puny strength: "Oh, mamma, mamma! I did remember. I shan't make believe to myself."

Brave boy! How often we children of a larger growth lack the courage of being honest with ourselves.—New York Observer.

Sympathy.

A very sweet story is told of the Princess of Wales concerning the death of Duke of Clarence. The princess with accustomed reticence tried to hide her grief at the loss of her first born, and it showed itself only in her failing health and added thought for those about her.

While walking near Sandringham with one of her ladies, she met one day, an old woman tottering under a load of bundles. On inquiry it appeared that she made her living by shopping in the town for the surrounding country people.

"But the weight is too heavy at your age," said the princess.

"Yes, you're right ma'am; I'll have to give it up and then I'll starve. Jack carried them for me, my boy, ma'am."

"And where is he now?"

"Jack! He's dead! Oh, he's dead," cried the old woman wildly.

The princess, without a word, hurried away, drawing down her veil to hide her tears. A few days later a neat little cart with a stout donkey were left at the door of the old woman, who now earns her living comfortably, but she never knew the rank of the friend who made her life easy for the sake of the dead boy.—Boston Herald.

A Wooden-Legged Cow.

A pennsylvania cow rejoices in the distinction of a wooden leg. Having lost one of her four supporters through a railroad train which cut it off below the knee, a veterinary surgeon took the wounded animal in hand, and through his skill and care her life was saved. A cabinetmaker completed the good work by manufacturing a wooden leg that seemed to answer every purpose; and when the stump of the leg healed, the artificial substitute was successfully strapped on. At first the cow persisted in hopping along on three legs, and holding the injured one up from the ground; but before long she grew tired of this, and cautiously tried the wooden one. At last accounts she was doing very well with it, although going about with a decided limp; and she has the proud distinction of being the only cow in the world with a wooden leg.—Harper's Young People.

New Abbreviation.

A lady tells a story of a young man who had come from the country to the city in which she lived, and in a short time fancied himself equal to any social emergency. He never asked advice upon questions of etiquette, and in consequence he made many mistakes. At one time the lady issued cards to a party, and among the invited guests she included this rather conceited and exceedingly awkward young man.

He was to be out of town at the date of the party, and so was unable to accept the invitation. At the foot of the card he read the letters R. S. V. P., and was much perplexed as to their meaning. However, he was nothing daunted by his ignorance, and wrote a note declining the invitation in as formal and stilted terms as he could command, and after signing his name, added the letters, M. S. C.

On his return to the city, after the party, went to call on the lady, and in the course of the conversation asked, "By the way Mrs. Clapp, what did you mean by R. S. V. P. at the end of the invitation you sent me?"

"Why," replied the hostess, without a note of surprise in her polite voice, "they stand for the French phrase, 'Repondez, si vous plait.' Answer, if you please."

"Oh, yes! Well, I was all right, then," said the young man, in a tone of much satisfaction. "I thought I should hit it in my answer!"

"Now that you speak of it," said his courteous hostess, I do wish to ask what M. S. C. stands for. I can't imagine, and I can't find any one who has ever seen the abbreviation used!"

"Oh," replied her visitor, airily, "that meant 'Mighty sorry could not come.' I should think that was plain enough!"

Household Hints.

Apply castor oil once a day to warts from two to six weeks and they will disappear.

Try ordinary grated horseradish for the removal of the cough which follows the grip. Eat it at meals and between meals.

Bread and cake bowls or any dishes in which flour and eggs have been used are more easily cleansed if placed in cold water after using.

Celery may be kept all winter by setting it in boxes filled with earth and keeping it in the cellar. The plant will grow and whiten in the dark.

If cake is to be baked in sheets and not to be iced, sprinkle powdered sugar over it before putting it into the oven. This will give a smooth sugary crust.

A skewer will be found to be of great assistance in sweeping a room. Nothing else can so thoroughly dig out deposits of dust from dusky corners. For still smaller recesses a bit of twisted wire that started life as a hair-pin will be found equally effective.

Keep a pair of scissors on a nail in the kitchen, and do not allow them to be taken to any other part of the house if you have to resort to tugging them there. They are often needed, and it is waste of time to be obliged to run to some other part of the house for another pair.

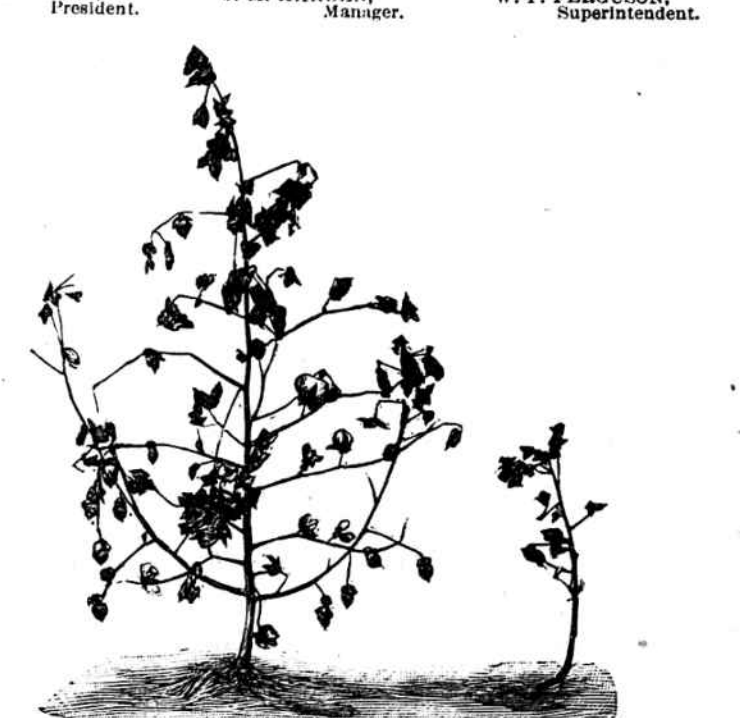
A delicious drink can be made by taking three bananas and rubbing them through a sieve and then adding the juice of one lemon. Pour over the pulp a half pint of boiling water. When cold stir it well, sweeten and strain. Add to it a bottle of soda water and some crushed ice.

To clean hair brushes quickly and easily, take a dessertspoonful of kerosene in a quart of cold water in a wash basin. Dip in the hair of the brushes and rub them together until clean. Then rinse well with cold water, rub dry with a towel and stand upright in an open window.

The Russians are the most religious persons on the face of the globe, never touching food or drink without making the sign of the cross, and never starting upon or returning from a journey without giving thanks.

THE ABBEVILLE OIL & FERTILIZER CO.

J. ALLEN SMITH, President. J. M. HARDEN, Manager. W. P. FERGUSON, Superintendent.



This cotton plant was fertilized with our cotton seed meal. No cotton seed meal was used on this plant. The above cut is an exact reproduction of photograph of two plants from same plantation this season.

WE ARE PREPARED TO SUPPLY

Hulls and Meal for Cattle Food.

And will GIN your Cotton at current rates.

Pay Highest Market Price for Cotton Seed.

Cloves.

From Zanzibar, the principal source of the world's clove supply. The clove-tree was recently introduced into the islands, and its cultivation is now their chief industry.

The seeds are planted in long trenches and kept well watered, and in the course of forty days the shoots appear above ground. They are carefully watered and looked after for two years, when they should be about three feet high. Then they are transplanted, about thirty apart—and well watered until they become rooted. From that time they require only ordinary care.

In five or six years they come into bearing, when they are of the size of ordinary pear-trees, and very shapely. Then the young plantation is a pretty sight. The leaves of various shades of green tinged with red serve to set off the clusters of dull red clove buds.

The limbs of the tree being very brittle, a peculiar four-sided ladder is used. As fast as the buds are collected, they are spread in the sun until they assume a brownish color, when they are put in the store house ready for market. A ten-year old plantation should produce twenty pounds of cloves to a tree. Trees of twenty years frequently produce upwards of one hundred pounds each.

A peculiarity of the clove-tree is that every part of it is aromatic, though the greatest strength is in the buds. Besides the buds the stems are gathered, and form an article of commerce, commanding one fifth the price of cloves and having about the same percentage of strength. To this is due the fact that ground cloves can be purchased in the home market at a lower price than the whole cloves.

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Origin of Nursery Rhyme.

"Three Blind Mice" is a music book of 1609. "A Froggie Would a-Wooing Go" was licensed in 1650.

"Little Jack Horner" is older than the seventeenth century.

"Pussy Cat, Pussy Cat, Where have you been?" dates from the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

"Boys and Girls Come Out to Play" dates from Charles II, as does also, "Lucy Locket Lost her Pocket."

"Old Mother Hubbard," "Goosey, Goosey Gander," and "Old Mother Goose" apparently date back to the sixteenth century.

"Cinderella," "Jack the Giant Killer," "Blue Beard" and "Tom Thumb" were given to the world in 1697. The author was Charles Perrault.

The Babes in the Woods" was founded on an actual crime committed in Norfolk, near Wayland Wood, in the Fifteenth century. An old house in the neighborhood is still pointed out upon a mantelpiece in which is carved the entire history.

An Irishman went to a lawyer with a case, but the attorney wanted a retainer. The Irishman was poor, and finally the lawyer said he would take the case on a contingent fee. It was settled, but the contingent fee part of the agreement bothered the client. He confided his ignorance to his friend Paddy, and asked for an explanation. "An' it's the meanin' of a contingent fee yer after knowin'?" Sure, I'll tell ye. A contingent fee means that if ye lose the case the lawyer gits nothin'. If ye win, you git nothin'!