

# Edgefield Advertiser.

THOS. J. ADAMS, PROPRIETOR.

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## A BAD EDITOR-MAN.

A woman whose years could not have numbered more than twenty-five, and a little girl, sat in a library of a small house in Boston one morning late in spring. A low fire burned in the grate, although the day was not cold. The child, whose deep violet eyes and cloud of curly, golden hair made a sweet picture, sat on the rug before the fire, and leaned against her mother's chair. Her head rested in her mother's lap, and every now and then the latter stooped to press a kiss upon the golden curls.

The little one was speaking; she was very small and could not have been more than five years old, but she spoke very plainly.

"When you sell those beautiful stories, Liebchen," she murmured, with a fond upward glance, "what a jolly time we'll have! The story about the knight and the lady was too splendid! At first I was afraid she wouldn't love—" here the shrill whistle of the postman caused the child to spring up hastily from the rug and run to the door.

It was only a few steps from the front door to the library, but the child was unaccountably long in returning.

"Fredrica," called her mother, with an inflection as near impatience as she ever used toward her cherished child. "Bring me the mail."

"Yes, mama, I'm coming." But it was with slow footsteps that the little maid advanced and reluctantly laid a large, heavy envelope in her mother's outstretched hand.

Mrs. LeCharlton's lips quivered as she broke the seal and took out the contents of the envelope. It was a MS of some length, and the printed "declined with thanks" fluttered out and fell in the grate as she opened it.

She started her face from Fredrica's gaze and the child saw that she was very unhappy, and she don't ever cry?" she said illogically.

"Tell me all about it, dear, I'm sure I'm not the bad, ugly man you're looking for he begged, smiling down on the mother's brave champion. Drawn irresistibly toward him, Fredrica told her story, and before it was finished she was on Eric's knee, her little hand clasped in his big one, her burdened heart unaccountably lightened. At the end of her recital the big editor gave a growl that frightened Fredrica greatly, and almost made her jump off his knee. But when she looked up he was smiling.

"I'm not the man who sees the stories, Fredrica," he said, "but we will see about your mama's story, and make it all right. It is high time now you were at home, for somebody will be terribly alarmed if she gets back and finds her little Fredrica has mysteriously disappeared. Do you know the way home?"

"Oh, yes," Fredrica replied, "you just go down to the next corner and the next one, the same alike, and another, and maybe another, and you're there."

Eric looked grave, but found that she knew their address, although she could not tell very accurately how to reach it. He took the child by the hand and passed out of the building. Fredrica talked gaily on the way, telling about Mrs. Johnson, the twins across the way, and of mama; of the latter she could not say half enough of praise and admiration. Her heart was full of joy, for she had the big man's promise that he would "see about" her mother's stories, and she was sure all would be right.

Boynton halted at a florist's and bought a pretty bunch of roses for her, that sent Fredrica into a perfect ecstasy of happiness. Arriving at the house, he rang, although Fredrica desired him to run around to the side door with her.

A lovely young woman, with an anxious look on her face, opened the door before the bell ceased to ring.

"Fredrica," she cried, "how could you frighten your mother so!" she stooped down and clasped the child passionately to her breast. Fredrica threw her arms around her mother's neck.

"Liebchen," she whispered audibly, "I've brought the bad editor-man with me, all except he isn't

corner.

Almost miraculously the child was saved from an accident and pursued her way along the busy streets, until a large sign on a building opposite her attracted her attention. "That looks like the place mama told me," she said to herself, stopping a moment on the edge of the pavement to spell the name on the sign. It was laborious work, but when finished she clapped her hands in joy, ran across the street and entered the building.

Eric Boynton sat writing a proof editorial at his desk in his private office. Suddenly the stillness of the room was broken by a clear, piping little voice saying: "You are a bad man! A very bad man!"

The busy editor dropped his pen full of ink on the half finished page, and looked around in astonishment to find the owner of the accusing voice.

Turning in his chair, he saw a diminutive figure before him; a tiny maid with deep blue eyes, with a halo of golden hair that curled around her head, her dainty white frock soiled by the dust of the city streets, stood gazing up at him.

The small hands were clasped and unclasped nervously as she felt the keen gaze of the editor upon her. Her composure was disturbed and her voice quivered, as making an effort to be brave, she began again: "Why do you send back my sweet mama's pretty stories and make her cry? She shan't never, no, never, send you any more, and I've come to tell you you're a naughty, bad man—a bad editor-man. There!"

The quivering voice had gained strength, and the violet eyes now looked defiantly at the astonished Eric.

"What do you mean, little one?" he asked kindly, trying to draw Fredrica towards him.

But she resisted. "You made mama very unhappy, she said she don't ever cry?" she said illogically.

"Tell me all about it, dear, I'm sure I'm not the bad, ugly man you're looking for he begged, smiling down on the mother's brave champion. Drawn irresistibly toward him, Fredrica told her story, and before it was finished she was on Eric's knee, her little hand clasped in his big one, her burdened heart unaccountably lightened. At the end of her recital the big editor gave a growl that frightened Fredrica greatly, and almost made her jump off his knee. But when she looked up he was smiling.

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bad."

Puzzled and confused, Mrs. LeCharlton arose and looked at Eric Boynton, who stood, hat in hand, his face softened by the scene of mother and child.

"I must thank you," she said sweetly, extending her hand, "for bringing my little Fredrica to me. I had just come home, and had searched the rooms for her in vain, and was terribly alarmed. It is not like her to do anything to distress me."

"Fredrica and I have something to tell you. If you will allow me to come in. It is about a little matter of business your daughter has brought to my notice," said Eric.

Wonderingly, Agnes LeCharlton bade him enter, and he followed her into the little home that was destined to become a cherished retreat to the busy man of the world.

During the talk that followed, Agnes learned that Fredrica's new friend was an editor, and one of the proprietors of the big evening paper to which she had sent the story which was returned. It was not a part of his work to examine such matter, so Mrs. LeCharlton's manuscript had not come under his notice. This he explained as he asked her to show him her work.

She brought out the story and some other sketches with inward perturbation, and gave them to him. Before he had half finished the first, there was the light of approval in his eyes, and Agnes felt that he had found something of worth in her writing. His words of praise were few but sincere, and the criticisms he made were gratefully received.

When Eric Boynton left them, after an affectionate farewell from little Fredrica, he carried the story with him, promising to use his influence in getting it accepted. Within a week's time the story appeared in the columns of his paper. It was a simple, but ably written story of a girl in the South, where Agnes had spent her girlhood. It pleased the public who were satiated with the sensational, unreal tales that were flooding the periodicals.

Thanks to Boynton's influence, Mrs. LeCharlton soon became a regular contributor to the paper. Their business relations—or what Eric Boynton insisted upon calling their business relations—brought them together frequently. He became a familiar at the little home. Ere long Fredrica was almost as fond of him as her mother, and the remembrances of fruits, the flowers and bon-bons which he always brought her, did not diminish her affection.

One day when she sat upon his knee in the drawing room, Eric said to her, "Fredrica, will your Liebchen do what you ask her to do?"

"Yes, indeed, Mr. Eric. Why?" asked the child.

"Then go to her, dear, and ask her to bring you and come and live with me, in my great big, lonely house."

The big editor's voice was full of something which Fredrica could not understand; she looked at him to see what he meant, but his eyes were fixed on her mother's face, which was bent low over some flowers she held in her hand.

Slipping from his knee, Fredrica obediently advanced to her mother's side, and repeated his words. Then Eric followed; kneeling beside her, he took her hand in one of his, and Fredrica's in the other.

"Agnes," he pleaded, "let the child be my champion, as she was once yours before me. Come with her and fill my life and my home with the light of your presence. My days shall be devoted to making you happy."

As Agnes gave him the answer he longed for, a wave of happiness swept over her. She felt that the man whose heart was large enough to take in her child and herself would be faithful to the promises he made.

Fredrica considerably left them alone, as she rushed off to tell the grand news to Mrs. Johnson in the kitchen. She wound up her recital with: "And so, Mrs. Johnson, mama and I are all both together going to live at Mr. Eric's house always. Only you must remember, he wasn't the bad editor-man after all; only the very nicest and loveliest man in the whole wide world."

CAROLINE STRATTON VALENTINE.

## TILLMAN AT NEWBERRY HIS VIEWS ON AGRICULTURAL DEPRESSION.

THERE MUST BE A REDUCTION OF COTTON ACREAGE.

NEWBERRY, S. C., Feb. 27.—Governor Tillman spoke here today at a meeting called for the purpose of discussing the agricultural situation and the necessity of reducing the cotton acreage. The opera house in which the meeting was held was well filled by about 700 people, most of whom came from the country. Governor Tillman devoted himself almost exclusively to the subject in hand, and although his recent illness had left him weak and incapable of any extended effort, made an address full of sound sense, and which highly commended itself to the audience and evoked frequent applause.

On the stage were Dr. Sampson Pope, Col. J. L. Keitt, Rev. W. C. Shafer, Hon. J. A. Sligh, J. S. Hare, Dr. W. E. Lake and the inevitable and indispensable newspaper men. Among the audience were several prominent men of the county.

The meeting was called to order by Hon. J. A. Sligh, and prayer was offered by Rev. W. C. Shafer. After a few introductory remarks, Mr. Sligh, president of the County Alliance, introduced Governor Tillman, who was greeted with loud and enthusiastic applause, and spoke substantially as follows:

Mr. Chairman, Fellow Citizens of Newberry county:

I am always glad to respond to any call from the citizens of any county to confer with them on any topic affecting the public welfare. Your invitation is to discuss the agricultural outlook and the condition of the farming interest and kindred interests bearing on it. Agriculture is the basis of all wealth, the foundation on which society rests. Advice is something of which every one has a superabundance and is willing to give on all occasions, but which few ever take.

We are confronted by a condition which is blue, indeed. Never in my recollection since 1865 have we been face to face with a prospect so gloomy. Before the war every plantation was self-sustaining. Our farmers bought very little of the necessities of life, and cotton was a surplus crop. From causes which I will point out we have reversed the order of things. We have changed the economy of the farm and in large measure depend on one crop to buy everything we are compelled to have. The present condition of overproduction—too much cotton—was predicted by me seven years ago in a speech at Bennettsville, and I set to work to bring about some change as far as discussion would do it.

What has produced this revolution? I say in soberness and truth that by every measure in our power we have driven our people to the culture of cotton alone. How? One of the greatest causes was the enactment of the lien law. The enactment of this law placed credit on the crop before it is planted. It placed the man of character and the man without it on the same plane. The honest and dishonest, the intelligent and ignorant, the industrious and lazy, were all placed on the same level. It placed the value of the crop in the hands of those who did the buying, and all went to planting cotton because debts were payable in cotton. The Legislature is largely responsible for the condition of cotton.

The effect has been to make cotton the crop to buy everything else with, and this, together with the rental system, brought about the enactment of the stock law. The people said we can't make money out of stock, so why keep up the fences, and so the stock law came. Stock raising disappeared and people turned their attention more and more to cotton.

Other ills have followed the culture of cotton. One is the increased use of fertilizers. Every year we pay over \$3,000,000. There is no rotation of crops, and no attempt to preserve the land. We kill grass nine months in the year and then buy Northern hay. Foreseeing this condition of affairs, I, with others, endeavored to put on foot Clemson College, where our young men could learn something of diversified farming.

To put us on the right road appears a plain case. We need no convention to do it. Whether the

price of cotton is due to the market and legislation, we must endeavor to raise it at the market price. When a man knows he can't raise money by raising cotton and he proposes to raise food, he is only himself to blame for his condition. But the cry is we are in debt, what are we to do? Shall you get out of debt by raising a crop on which you lose a pound? If our people undertake to raise meat and live on starvation is before us.

I believe the low price of cotton is caused by two causes; the depreciation of silver and the contraction of our financial affairs in the interest of Wall street. We are automatically and persistently voted for the benefit of manufacturing industries and money sharks of the North. The cry goes up from millions of homes, give us relief or we perish? The Alliance has sprung up and spread like fire. The farmers stand together and ask relief. If it goes too far and touches our individualism, centralism or paternalism as has been charged, I am afraid the rainbow of promises will disappear from our skies. If we men stand shoulder to shoulder and vote for measures of relief, if we don't get all we ask, we must not quarrel about means. We want a currency which does not centre at New York, to be let out from there by men who can let it out or withhold it as their interests dictate. We want a currency scattered broadcast. We want it in the hands of us—and we demand it in uncertain tones.

Democratic party in Congress seems paralyzed, it is vided in quarrelling. There come in the questions of local interests: The interests of Massachusetts, South Carolina and Nebraska are not alike. Whether party alignments will in the future divide the commonwealth into North and South, East and West, Mason and Dixon, and the Ohio river, those who are demanding what the other don't want. I don't know; something of the sort is likely to happen. But we who are confronted by the Republican party with its attempt to force upon us negro supremacy and the force bill have to stand by the Democratic party of thenceforth to prevent that iniquity from being fastened upon us.

There is not and cannot be reasonable and just antagonism between the Alliance and any other class. Our interests are all identical. Unless the farmer prospers all classes will go by the board like those who plow. There is no antagonism except among those who are allied with the banking interest. There are no disputes and differences in the Alliance as to means. I beg my brethren to remember that while we may differ as to means we must not fight because we want to go to the same end by different roads. I feel that I need not say it here, for I don't believe the Third party has or can have any strength here. If the Democratic party don't give relief this year and next it will be time enough to cast about and see what can be done. But now we must stand together, against force bill legislation shoulder to shoulder for God and home and native land.

At the close of the Governor's speech the following resolutions were read and adopted:

Resolved That in mass meeting assembled on this 26th day of February, 1892, we, the citizens of the Eastern portions of Townships Nos. 9 and 10 of Newberry County, S. C., do adopt the following views and principles, believing that if they were properly carried out they would form an efficient remedy for the correction of the evils which have brought upon our Southland a widespread disaster and financial ruin.

1. The stage of cotton should be reduced so much with a view of decreasing the crop that higher price might be obtained, for we do not believe that the very low price of cotton at the present time can be accounted for on the ground of over-production, but more on the view of giving the cotton farmer more time, more land, more fertilizers and better attention to the cereals adapted to our soil, raising that grain, with the richness that brings with it, more and better live stock, more and better hogs, better land, more meat, milk and butter, more poultry and eggs, all of which are now on the farm, and cannot be passed by the farmer with low price of cotton without being met financially.

2. Rental lands and credits extended should not be based exclusively on cotton. By such a course hundreds of thousands of

hales of cotton are raised by thousands of farmers who, instead of producing anything like a sufficiency of farm products necessary for man and beast, produce little else than cotton. Such a system is not only ruinous and detrimental to the interest of this class of farmers, but its direful effects are felt as a general thing by all other farmers and citizens of the country. A most effective way of reducing the acreage of cotton would be to change this system.

3. The times and condition of the country demand the practice of economy on the part of every farmer to enable him to pay his debts, to bring him to that much desired position in life when he can pay cash as he goes, thus enabling him to buy cheaply, to hold and control in a measure his cotton crop and other products of the farm, keeping him out of the hands of speculators and doing away with the necessity of borrowing money at a high rate of interest, or what is still worse, of obtaining credit on lien or mortgage for food products, that should be raised on his own farm.

If the price of cotton ever did justify the Southern cotton grower in borrowing money or of obtaining credit at a high rate of interest to enable him to make cotton, certainly that time has passed, and it now should be apparent to all that the farmer cannot stand for any length of time at a high rate of interest or a dear credit.

4. A judicious use of commercial fertilizers connected with a judicious purchasing of the same is a question that has no negative to it. But there can be no such use and purchasing of commercial fertilizers when the farmer neglects the making of stable and barn yard manures, the growing upon the soil and turning under of vegetable matter, with a judicious system of farming and proper care of his land.

5. Money is scarce and tight and labor is poorly rewarded. Under existing circumstances few, if any, can buy and pay for a farm out of the net earnings of the same, and those farmers not very greatly in debt must economize as they have never before done to enable them to pay their debts. Now we know there is a cause for all of this, and we firmly believe that it does not altogether come from mismanagement on the

## Fractional Currency Script.

A movement in favor of the issue of fractional currency is in progress. Business men who conduct a large business by mail are much annoyed by the want of some small form of currency. Silver coins are too heavy and bulky for transmission by mail, and far from safe, as any one who handles the letter can ascertain their presence. Postage stamps have come into extensive use for the transmission of small amounts, and this has become in many cases a positive annoyance, owing to their accumulation on the hands of merchants. They are also bought at post offices which, under the law, obtain no credit for selling them. We believe that from these points of view alone, the reintroduction of "fractional currency" would be an excellent enactment on the part of the government.

## Business Maxims.

The elder Baron Rothschild had the walls of his bank placarded with the following curious maxims:

Carefully examine every detail of your business.

Be prompt in everything.

Take time to consider, and then decide quickly.

Dare to go forward.

Bear troubles patiently.

Be brave in the struggle of life.

Maintain your integrity as a sacred thing.

Never tell business lies.

Make no useless acquaintances.

Never try to appear something more than you are.

Pay your debts promptly.

Learn how to risk your money at the right moment.

Shun strong liquor.

Employ your time well.

Do not reckon upon chance.

Be polite to everybody.

Never be discouraged.

Then work hard and you will be certain to succeed!

## Set and Sit.

A man or woman either can set a hen, although they can not sit her, neither can they set on her, although the hen might sit on them by the hour if they would allow it. A man cannot set on a wash bench, but he can set the basin on it, and neither the basin nor the grammarian would object. He could sit on the dog's tail if the dog was willing, or he might set his foot on it; but if he should set on the aforesaid tail, or sit his foot on it then the grammarian as well as the dog would howl. And yet, strange as it may seem, the man might set the tail aside and sit down, and not be assailed by the dog or the grammarians.

Wofford College has recently received a bequest of about \$30,000 from the estate of the late Rev. J. B. Pickett, of the South Carolina Conference. Mr. Pickett died a good many years ago and left his property to his wife during her life and at her death to Wofford College. Mrs. Pickett managed the money so well that she saved \$15,000.

A cross of the Plymouth Rock and Brahma produces not only fine, strong, vigorous chicks which will prove hardy, but also excellent fowls for market, the yellow skin and legs and general appearance being not easily excelled. We do not claim that the cross produces the best broiler or most desirable market fowl, for a cross of the Game and Dorking is far superior, but the great advantage of the Plymouth Rock and Brahma cross is its hardiness, and we venture to assert that twice as many of them can be raised to a marketable age as of the Game cross, hardiness being what the farmer desires, as the object is not so much the hatching of them as the raising.—*Mirror and Farmer*

A durable whitewash for barns and outbuildings is made by adding to half a bushel of quicklime, slacked, two pounds sulphate of

## Some Ancient Notions.

"The blood of a white hen smeared all over the face of a full of freckles, then washed with clean, and taketh away the spots."

"An excellent way is to take a young one color if you one, and cut him through the back lay the hot end place."

"The hoofs and fore feet of a cow, dried and taken away, are excellent against a cough; if burnt, the smoke of them will drive away mice."

"If your nose bleed on the left side, crush the little finger of the right hand, and for the other side do the opposite."

An egg that is laid on Thursday, the white being emptied out and the empty place being filled with salt and gently roasted by the fire will cure cankered teeth and kill the worms which eat the teeth.

Cantharides wrapped in a spider's web and hanged over him who is suffering with quartan ague perfectly cures him.

To draw a tooth without pain: Fill an earthen crucible with emmets, or ants, eggs and all, and when you have burned them keep the ashes with which, if you touch a tooth, it will drop out.

The little bone of a knee joint of a hare's hind leg doth presently help cramps if you do but touch the grieved place with it.

Take a great overgrown toad and tie her up in a leather bag pricked full of holes, and put bag and all in an ant-hill. The ants will eat away all his flesh, then you will find a marvelous virtue. If a man be poisoned this stone will draw all the poison to it presently, if he be stung or bitten by an adder, by touching it with this stone both pain and swelling will presently cease.

Jet as well as amber, if hung about one's neck, is profitable against the distillation of phlegm in the throat or lungs.

If a man hath dropsy, stand him up to his neck in sand by the seaside on a hot day and the sand will draw up all the water and cure the disease.

A stone called granite, if worn in bag at the neck, strengthens the heart, but it is said to hurt the brain.

Here is something that beats the record in the way of chattel mortgages. In fact if there is another mortgage or lien on record in which a dog is given as part security it is not known. But two or three weeks ago the clerk filed a mortgage in which several articles and species of personal property is mentioned as security the last of which is "one good squirrel dog."—*Pickens Sentinel*.

zinc, one pound of common salt. To make a good wash add three pounds of common salt to three pounds of zinc sulphate and four pounds of water. This will wash out the spots and freckles.

with common oil paints. A correspondent a few years ago, painted his farm buildings with Venetian red and petroleum, first coat; then red and boiled oil, second coat. The petroleum had one-half pound rosin to the gallon. Cost of thus covering 15,000 square feet was \$72. Thinks it will be good for fifteen years.—*Country Gentleman*.

THE USE OF FERTILIZERS.—If a proper rotation is pursued ordinary farm crops can be grown indefinitely where only mineral fertilizers, chiefly phosphate, are applied directly to the soil. This rotation includes frequent applications of clover as green manure. It has been tried on land rich in mineral plant food for many years without decreasing the crop of grain. It would not do for growing corn, potatoes or garden vegetables. In all of these clover alone is too slow a manure, but for wheat on land rich in phosphate the biennial clover crop has been found sufficient.

But for the great majority of farmers speculations as to what can be done with mineral manures alone have no practical value. They are more expensive than the supplies of nitrogen and mineral matter that can be made by careful feeding of the best stock. It behooves every farmer to make accurate experiments so as to determine the cost of his stable manure, and if it costs more than mineral fertilizers to either change his stock or place more reliance on fertilizers with clover.

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