Edgefield Advertiser.

THOS. J. ADAMS, PROPRIETOR. EDGEFIELD, S. C., THURSDAY, JANUARY 19, 1893. VOL. LVII. NO. 51.

JAY GOULD'S WHEREABOUTS.

Mrs. Dr. Felton Puts the Lash to Two Eminent Georgia Preachers.

Editor Constitution: I read Dr. Candler's manifesto in the Wesleyan Advocate, and the reports of both sermons by Dr. Hawthorne upon this subject in the Constitution.

I have been amused as well as astonished that two doctors of divinity should have entered upon such a task in such a way, unless some one has come from the dead to make the report veritable and past contradiction, for such declarations must be founded upon facts to make them tolerable to sensible people.

Dr. Hawthorne modified his assertions in his late sermons, and I hope he will finally see himself as others see him—sitting as a judge over departed spirits—when he fails to give his data for such implacable judgment. Unless he is become the Lord's vice regent for the Baptist denomination and speaks by inspiration, what right has he to locate any dead man in "hades" or in heaven, by his own dictum?

When the Saviour was crucified, a thief, dying for his crime, called Him Master and believed on Him. The suffering Christ said: "This day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise."

Dr. Candler, the great Methodist dictater, say: "Jay Gould died infamously." How does he kuow that the Lord Almighty did not give the money king a chance like the thief on the cross?

Perhaps these gentlemen may consider me out of my sphere to ask such qestions as these, for if I remember aright both of them have small opinions of women in public matters, but there is so much interest taken in the subject that I may, I hope, be pardoned for making inquiry for the simple facts as to Mr. Gould's whereabouts. I have been like entertained to hear them others discuss Mr. Rockefe to [illegible] Wa[illegible] college, and their high appreci of those who give money to continued entreaties—no matter how the money was made.

Mr. Rockefeller is a money king who counts his cash in about the same number of figures with which Mr. Jay Gould had once counted his, and it is refreshing to note that Mr. Rockefeller's gift to a Western Baptist college has won hearty praise, and no rebuke from some of our ecclesiastical wise men.

Mr. Rockefeller is the head of the great Standard Oil monopoly. He has gobbled up tens of thousand of poor men engaged in this oil business. While Mr. Gould's railroad wreckage has been stupendous, Mr. Rockefeller's oil wreckage has been mammoth and terrific.

I find myself constantly recurring to this question, namely—If Mr. Gould had bought some shares in Florence or Manchester or had been one ten of to give a million to Emory College, would either of these doctors of divinity have ticketed Jay Gould to hades or that lower place? I suppose not; and there is another question that comes in right along here, namely—Can men rob, cheat, swindle and defraud their weaker brethren to amass great fortunes and then buy such a ticket to glory with this ill-gotten gain? The answer that is given to these questions will doubtless be satisfactory to all sensible people who recognize in our Lord's gospel an evangel of honesty and fair dealing to all men.

I have no personal reason to defend Mr. Jay Gould to criticise Rocke feller, but I have the right as a member of the Methodist Church to question the right of any Methodist preacher to rise up and tell the people of Georgia that a man died "infamously," who died peacefully in his own bed, surrounded and respected his own children, respected by his own neighbors and followed to his grave by men well known in this world's annals as men of reputation and good character; at the same time eulogizing the same sort of men who part with some of their ill gotten wealth, to secure the zealous praise of those who seek this wealth for uses dear to their vanity or their own financial success.

It is told that Mr. Gould gave $1000 to Memphis in time of pestilence. It has also leaked out that he gave $5,000 to help a worthy cause in a nearer Southern city, asking that the bequest be kept a profound secret. These things are significant. They are suggestive. They indicate a desire to help the suffering, as well as to keep the right hand from betraying what the left hand doeth.

If he had sent a check to Oxford to endow a chair of theology, it is possible there might have been some readable lectures upon charity, instead of anathemas, that smack of the time of Luther and the Pope! What a difference it makes as to our point of view. Take a case in point. Old Commodore Vanderbilt, in his old age, gave to his young wife a lot of money to carry out the cherished wish of her heart. No body supposes he would have given one dollar to Nashville without her influence. He made his money very much as Jay Gould and Mr. Rockefeller heve made theirs. Yet nobody have the cheek to declare he died "infamously," nor would he have been located in hades after he gave this money to his wife. And oh! how he is praised!

The papers of yesterday tell of Miss Helen Gould's charities—a story that is not new by any means—and perhaps her father made her hand the dispenser of many a good and welcome gift. Whether the father is roasting in Rev. Mr. Candler's hell or cooling his heels in Dr. Hawthorne's "hades," one thing is pretty snre, that he knew how to raise a good, worthy, modest charitable daughter, whose young life should not be thus poisoned by ecclesiastical bombast and aseumacy—not to mention bigotry—down here in Georgia.

I read an article in this week's Wesleyan Advocate written by a pracher, signed "Be Quiet," that I would commend to all those who copy closely after Dr. Candler in denuciating rich men who do not [illegible] covers all sins, condones all crimes and protects the rich scoundrels from investigation and church expulsion—in the Methodist church of the present time. If it has become the mission of the Methodist Church to get money—no matter where from or how made, and to send everybody to hell who does not buy a ticket to glory through some of these enterprising doctors of divinity? Then the time has also come to divinity? Then the tims has also come to advise these wise men to clean up these prevailing abuses before they presch another funeral like Jay Gould's—when their words cannot help or harm the dead man, but will be faithfully reported to his innocent children only to wound them. A different course might produce different results.

But the question of Jay Gould's whereabouts brings up the point I wish to emphasize, namely: "Can rich men that get their money by defrauding other people make peace with heaven by donating a part of it; by such gifts swelling the profits and funds of colleges? It so, let them go at it or they will be consigned to "Hades" betore the clods are rattling on their coffins.

Respectiully, Mrs. W. H. Felton.
January 7, 1893.

People Who Fall Safely.

A fall, as a rule, injures a drunken man much less than a sober one, because, the controlling power of the mind being rendered nil through intoxication, the body falls as an inert mass, and thus the chances of injury are lessened, for, strange though it may appear, it is no less a fact that the most numerous cases of injury arising from a fall are caused by the effort, voluntary or otherwise, to avert the consequences, thus straining the muscles and tendons. Very rarely are injurious effects from a fall known in a lunatic asylum, for the same simple reason—the mind has no influence over the action of the body. And it is a remarkable and well known fact to those who have to deal with such cases, adds the Boston Herald, that whatever injuries are so caused heal much more rapidly than in the case of sane people, the mind having more to do with retarding or assisting nature's efforts than is generally known or realized.

Our Newberry Letter.

MR. EDITOR: The holidays have been spent, and the boys are all back in college, and with them came a number of new students. The second term has opened with most flattering prospects. The students are all in good health, with cheerful spirits and determined resolution to carry out the work set before them. The professors seem as hopeful as any of the boys.

Drs. Mayer and Houssal are giving us on every Thursday a lecture on physology and hygiene, one in one week and one the next. Although these are very dry subjects, the doctors are making them very practical, and at the same time very instructive by performing many useful experiments before our eyes. Thus another very useful branch of instruction has been attached to the college.

Our boarding-hall is still on a boom. Board at six dollars per month, think of it? We have been forced to set a second table to accommodate those who wished to board with us. Our R. A. M. is still the caterer, he makes a good one.

The military company is still moving on, we hope to have it in full trim soon. We aim to make a success of our company if we can—and we can. We will drill three hours per week. So you see we can't help but succeed.

I spent a very pleasa Christmas indeed, the most pleasant of my life. I visited my school-children near Clintenward, and of course, we had a very pleasant meeting. Those people in these old pine-woods are still moving along in their usual quiet way, attending to their own business. I was telling one of my Mine Creek friends of our expenses at Newberry College and he remarked, "Give a Dutchman a chance and he will, if possible, have things done up 'brown' and at a very little cost." B.

Newberry, S. C.

Barley.

Barley as a regular grain crop is but little known in the South. It is, however, one of the standards in various parts of the world, in the old world especially. All over the Pacific coast of North America the grain is extensively grown, taking the place of our Indian corn as an element of food for horses and other live stock on the farm or ranch. The California crop of barley is immense, there being, as a rule, no corn cultivated in that State except on a small scale in a few localities, and then the product is confined almost exclusively to the roasting ear patch. Not one horse in a thousand in California knows what corn is.

It is a little remarkable that our Southern people have so long neglected this valuable grain. It is more valuable as a horse food than corn, and it is far more easily cultivated. There is also more economy in growing barley. With the majority of our Southern farmers corn is one of the most troublesome and expensive of all the grains to cultivate. To grow it successfully requires long and close attention, the season of its culture and harvesting stretching from February to November.

With the same expense of cultivation and labor generally put into a barley crop, the barley will be worth largely more to the Southern farmer than the corn crop gives on our average land, while the period of cultivation and harvesting embraces only a few days each in the fall and summer.

One of the great advantages barley has over corn is that it enables the farmers to dispose of the employment and feeding of hoe hands through the long months of summer. Another advantage lies in the fact that one of the most valuable features of the barley crop comes in the rich pasture, or soiling which the plant affords in the winter time when green food is scarce and important. Experiments made by some of [illegible] apiece than are at pres[illegible]

Mr. Allen takes the position that counting silver at 85 cents per ounce, the intrinsic value of a silver dollar is only 65-71 cents. He would put in each dollar 400 grains of pure silver, whereas the present dollar ouly contains 371¼ grains, and he would number and letter each coin, so that the government would not be compelled to redeem duplicates, a safeguard now neglected. Mr. Allen says he would reap a profit in coining while the price of silver was anywhere under 129·29. The letter adds:

"While it has always been possible to recognize counterfeit paper money the present silver coin can be produced at a profit of 53 per cent, and a coin that cannot be detected. This is true of silver money, whether foreign or American. Now, my proposition is either to withdraw the present silver money before the excess becomes so large that it will bankrupt the government to redeem it, or combine with foreign powers who are equally in danger and make the old standard of value. $1.2929, which will make a coin which cannot be counterfeited without the use of base metal alloy, which is easily detected, and for which the government will never have to pay a face value."

Live Fence Posts.

A willow stake set right end up in the spring, and with a few buds at its top, is almost certain to grow. In two or three years more its trunk will be large enough to nail a board on, and it can thus be used as a fencepost. Some who do this let the tree grow as large as it will but it will bear shortening by cutting off its top and becoming an indestructible fencepost, taking little more room thon one that has no roots—American Farmer.

The word-wide reputation of Ayer's Hair Vigor is due to its healthy action on the hair and scalp. This incomparable preparation restores the original color to gray and faded hair, and imparts the gloss and freshness so much desired by all classes of people.

Mr. Blinks—Hear that? The water pipes have burst again.

Mrs. Blinks—No, dear; that is Polly kissing George in the parlor.

The season of the year is now approaching for sowing barley. We would advise our planters who have not heretofore had experience in growing the grain to plant a few acres as an experimental crop. The ground should be well prepared, well fertilized and plowed deeply; and then the grain sowed very thickly and harrowed in, leaving the land so that a scythe or mowing machine can easly run over it.—M. V. M., in Houston Post.

Aunt Scinda's Four Hundred.

"An old negro woman has established a new theocracy at Grenada. Miss," said J. H. B. Miller, of Coffeyville, to a St. Louis Republic writer. "Her name is Scinda and her follows are called 'Scinda Band.' They number about four hundred. Scinda is their queen, and rules her flock with an iron rod. They use no Bible at their meetings, for each member is supposed to know it by heart. If Scinda askes them a biblical question they are supposed to have an answer at once, They have their meetings every Sunday evening, and they are interersting to observe. The congregation, men and women, are decked out in costly ribbons and beads.—Their chants are as weird as the sobs and sighs of graveyatd trees. They dance to the music of the banjo and tamborine until they are nearly exhausted, and then they go home. —Scinda is a democrat and compels each male member to vote that ticket. She insists that they shall be cleanly in person and pay their debts. No merchant in Grenada county will refuse credit to a member of her band for if they were to fail to pay it Scinda would dance their souls into hell,' as she calls it. Mel J. Cheatham, the only white man ever executed in Mississippi, was hanged for murdering one of Scinda's members about three years ago."

To preserve a youthful appearance as possible, it is indispensable that the hair should retain its natural color and fulness. There is no preparation so effective as Ayer's Hair Vigor, It prevent baldness, and keeps the scalp clean, cool, and healthy.

Is Religion Dead.

Learn to understand the signs of the times. If you see the leaves turn yellow and red and shine in all colors, know that autumn is at hand. The leaves will fall to the ground and snow will soon cover the trees and woodlands and meadows. But when you see buds on the branches, although they may be few and the weather may be old, still, know that spring is at the door, and will enter soon, filling our hemes with flowers, with joyous life, and with love. The leaves of dogmatic opinion are falling thickly to the ground. How dreary looks the landscape, how bleak the sky! How cold and frosty, how forlorn are the folds of the chuches! There is the end of religious life, you think; the future will be empty irreligiosity—without faith in the higher purposes of life, without ideals to warm and fill our hearts without hope, or anything except the material enjoyments of the present life. And yet, my friends, observe the signs of the time! There are buds on the dry branches of religious life which show that the sap is stirring in the roots of the tree of humanity. There are signs that the death-knell of the old creeds forebodes the rise of a new religion. Every one who knows that nature is immortal can see and feel it.

A new religion is growing in the hearts of men. The new religion will either develop from the old creeds which now stand leafless and without fruit, which seem useless, as if dead, or it will rise from the very opposition against the old creeds, from that opposition which is made not in the name of frivolous cynicism, but in the name of honesty and truth. The beautiful will not be destroyed together with the fantastic, nor the higher aspirations in life with supernatural errors. Though all the creeds may crumble away, the living faith in ideals will last forever. [illegible] and pure and elevating. It will be realistic, for it loves truth. It will promote righteousness, for it demands justice. It will ennoble human life, for it represents harmony and beauty. The new religion that will replace the old creeds will be an ethical religion. And truly all the vital questions of the day are at bottom religious, all are ethical. They cannot be solved unless we dig down to their roots, which are buried in the deepest depths of our hearts—in the realm of religious aspirations.

Life would not be worth living if it were bare of all higher aspirations, if we could not fill our soul with a divine enthusiasm for objects that are greater than our individual existence. We must be able to look beyond the narrowness of our personal affairs. Our hopes and interests must be broader than life's short span; they must not be kept within the bounds of egotism, or we shall never feel the thrill in higher life. For what is religion but the growth into the realm of a higher life? And what would the physical life be without religion?—Dr. Paul Carus.

What the Evans Bill Means.

We have yet to hear of a single farmer or God fearing man, who is not in favor of the Evans dispensary law after having thoroughly read it. The only kickers we have met as yet, are the barroom keepers and those saintly deacons who have been accustomed to drinking on the sly and publicly preaching prohibition.—Aiken Times

The flippant, merry style of journalism is always delightful. We admire the humorific reporter on the New York World who, in writing up a murder tragedy, says of the victim: "The old lady sometimes said she couldn't afford to move. She moved out yesterday in a black casket." That lightsome touch will surely make the writer a great editor some day. Indeed, I think it will be recognized at once by Mr. Pulitzer and rewarded without delay.

Thin or gray hair and bald heads so displeasing to many people as marks of age, may be averted for a long time by using Hall's Hair Renewer.

Counterfeit Eggs.

There has been quite a sensation in Washington recently on the subject of artificial eggs. A person who claims to have invented a process for making them—patent newly applied for—has been exhibiting samples and giving them away about town. Some dozens have been served in the clubs, boiled, fried, poached, and scrambled, and the general verdict is that it would be impossible for anybody to distinguish them from real ones. Externally they look exactly like the sort laid by hens. Break the shell of a raw specimen and the contents flop into a glass in as natural a manner as possible, the yolk and white unmingled. It has been claimed that no imitation could ever be made to "beat up" for cake, but these do perfectly. The inventor says that his eggs are, mechanically speaking, a precise reproduction of nature. Corn-meal is the basis of their material. The white is a pure albumen, of course, while the yolk is a more complicated mixture of albumen and several other elements. Inside the shell is a lining of what looks somewhat like the delicate, filmy membrane formed by the hen, while the shell itself is stated to be made in two halves, stuck together so artfully that no one can discover the joining. The very germ of the chicken, with unnecessary faithfulness of imitation, as one might think, is counterfeited. The eggs are made of various shapes and tints. One will be able to buy, as soon as they are placed on the market, counterfeit pullets' eggs or eggs laid by elderly hens; likewise select white eggs or dark-colored eggs, according to choice. Most surprising of all, they will be sold for only ten cents a dozen, and they never get rotten. To confectioners and others who use large quantities of eggs the yolks and whites will be sold separately, put up in jars and hermetically sealed. In this shape [illegible] ex-Speaker Reed. His sneering remark to the effect that "after the presidential good bye is read" we had better adjourn in memory of the departing," and the allusion to the message as a plea for a new trial which had already been overruled, were subjects of general gossip in corridors and committee rooms. But Reed, if the leader of this feeling in his party, is by no means alone therein. The number in the party who have long since learned to feel that the White House had no longer any social attractions for them, and who have never crossed its portals unless backed by some strong party excuse, had become surprisingly large. This fact more than any other illustrates how fatal it was to the party to allow a lot of office-holders, led by a railway magnate, in no sense in touch with the party's desires, to crowd a really unpopular man on the party. The secret of this so general feeling was never better explained than Mr. Harrison himself in this recent message, where he says: "Perhaps no emotion cools sooner than that of gratitude." A man who can bring hsmeslf to believe that what really is, I am convinced, one of the most virile and lasting of emotions can be said to be one of the most evanescent, doubtless has that in his own character whch unfits him in an eminent degree for succeeding himself in the presidential office.—Town Topics.

English Politics.

It appears that between the principal men of the English political parties there must be, as it were a secret or tacit understanding and unwritten compact that the people shall be humored with the shadow of legislation, but deprived of the substance of it; that a puppet show, decorous if possible, but amusing at all hazards, shall be provided for their entertainment, with the object of distracting their attention from suppositious or real but immedicable ills. I notice that each party, while in opposition, exerts itself strenuously to prevent the party in office from legislating with effect, irrespectively of the goodness or badness of any particular proposal. The party in power, on the other hand, while affecting impatience of the opposition, appears to be secretly relieved at being prevented from committing itself to anything drastic or definite.—Current Literature.

Why, among all our charitable people, is there not some kind lady to perpetrate a society called say, "The Society for the Progagation of Pate de Foie Gras Among Criminals"? There are many less worthy objects daily gathering wealth from unburdened millionaires.

Notice.

OFFICE SCHOOL COMMISSIONER,
EDGEFIELD, S. C.

The public schools in Edgefield county will be opened on the 16th of Januar[illegible]

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AYER'S Cherry Pectoral
soothes the inflamed membrane and induces sleep.
Prompt to Act sure to cure.

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200 BUSHELS Cotton Seed, "Peterkin's Cluster," for exchange, at the rates of one bushel for four of other seed.

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