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THOS. J. ADAMS, PROPRIETOR.

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LOVEFRANKLY APPROVED.

Journal of Education.
If nature deigns to charm the eye
With flowers of every hue,
Rejoicing, though at night they die,
Why not be happy too?
Why not, why not,
Why not be happy too?
A thousand creatures frisk and fly,
And seek, and spend, and woo;
Shall we the common law deny?
Why not be happy too?
Why not, why not,
Why not be happy too?
Squirrel and bee with rapture ply
The arts their fathers knew;
If these rejoice, why, so may I!
Why not be happy too?
Why not, why not,
Why not be happy too?
The beady brooks go laughing by,
The birds sing in the blue,
The very heavens exult, and cry:
Why not be happy too?
Why not, why not,
Why not be happy too?
DORA READ GOODALE.

FACTS OF THE FRACAS.

Official Report of The Irby-Shell Difficulty.

Greenville News.
HIGH POINT, S. C., July 24. To the Editor of The Greenville News.
On Sunday last "The State" published an article giving an account of a meeting at my house between Senator Irby and Congressman Shell in which there are several misstatements of facts, the corrections of which as below I ask you to give the benefit of your circulation.
Respectfully,
J. D. M. SHAW.

We, the undersigned, were present at the residence of Colonel Shaw in Laurens county at the time of the difficulty between Senator Irby and Congressman Shell. We were invited there by Colonel Shaw during his distress on account of the Davenport matter, Colonel Shaw being a nephew of Mr. Davenport. On this occasion there were present in the parlor, T. S. Teague, W. F. Cunningham, O. C. Cunningham, Senator Irby, and Congressman Shell. Colonel Shaw was out at the time holding Senator Irby's horses. He came into the parlor, walked up to Captain Shell and said:

Did you have anything to do with the writing of Farley's letter when he was at your house a few days before its publication?"
Shell replied: "I did not, but it was read over to me in my presence at my house."
Irby said: "Did you endorse it?"
Shell replied: "I endorsed a part of it."

Irby then slapped him in the face with his hand, and W. F. Cunningham asked them not to have any fuss there.
Shell said: "Let me explain; let me explain."
Shell did not draw a chair or show any disposition to resent the blow in any way. Senator Irby had his pocket knife in his hand, a small knife, with but one blade, and he did not make any use of it.

O. C. Cunningham did not draw a pistol; had no weapon with him. He remarked that he was a friend of both Irby and Shell but he didn't want Irby to stick a knife in him. There wasn't a high word spoken during the whole affair, and when Irby saw that Shell did not intend to resent the blow he did not press the fight upon him. Shell then said he endorsed that part of Farley's letter that he (Shell) did not disrupt the reform movement.

During Shell's explanation Shaw came in the house most distressed that there had been any difference. Irby said to Shaw: "So far as you are concerned, I am sorry that there should have been any trouble." After some little talk, Senator Irby entered his buggy and drove off home.

We are friends and neighbors of Colonel Shaw and know him to be incapable of planning or helping to take the life of, or to even wrong any one.
T. S. TEAGUE,
W. F. CUNNINGHAM.

Colonel Shaw was at my house on Wednesday and invited me and my wife down to spend the next day. When we came Mr. Shaw informed me that he had written a note to Captain Shell to come down that day, and I told him that I was glad to see Captain Shell for he was an old friend and neighbor.

In a short time Captain Shell came and we were sitting in the parlor.

Senator Irby came and said to Shell: "Did you endorse Farley's letter?"
Shell replied: "I did to a certain extent."

Then Senator Irby slapped him. W. F. Cunningham caught Senator Irby and I rose then between Shell and Irby and said that I was a friend of both of them, and "don't you stick that knife in Shell." I had no pistol about me and am not in the habit of carrying them. Shell did not attempt to draw a chair on Irby nor make any attempt to resent the blow.

O. C. CUNNINGHAM.

I saw in "The State" an article which does me great injury and I write the following statement: Wednesday, a week ago, I wrote a note to Captain Shell to come to my house, intending for him to come the next day. I wanted to see him in reference to an indignation meeting held not far from his house in the Davenport matter. He came about 10 o'clock the next morning. A short time afterward Senator Irby came in his buggy and I went out to meet him and asked him not to go into the parlor on account of Shell being there. He went, however, and a difficulty took place. But I did not see it. I make this statement to correct the infamous falsehood at once. Captain Shell will not dare to say that he was threatened with assassination by me or Senator Irby, and I know he will correct it at once.
J. D. M. SHAW.

As contradictory to a malicious statement published in Columbia State last Sunday, July 23, the following statement from Captain Shell was furnished The State for publication in tomorrow's issue:

Nothing is more distasteful to me than the necessity of appearing in print, but I observe in your issue of the 23rd inst, an inaccurate account of a formal difficulty, that occurred at Colonel Shaw's between Senator Irby and myself, and in order that the public may know the truth of the occurrence, I will state briefly, that I was at Colonel Shaw's as an invited guest on Thursday, the 11th inst., together with O. C. Cunningham, W. F. Cunningham, and T. S. Teague. Sometime after my arrival there, and whilst being entertained in the parlor, Senator Irby suddenly made his appearance and in an excited manner inquired of me if General Farley had read to me the communication published against him and also demanded to know if I endorsed said article. I replied in the affirmative, and said I endorsed so much of it as was contradictory to the statement by "Craddock," thereupon, Colonel Irby struck me whilst sitting in my chair. W. F. Cunningham caught Irby and pulled him back, when Irby drew his knife but was prevented from using it by being held by W. F. Cunningham. After some unimportant bickerings Senator Irby left and thus ended the affair.

I would state in justice to Colonel Shaw that he was in no way responsible for this incident occurrence, and none regretted it more than him. The statement that Colonel Shaw had invited me to come to his house after night is utterly false, and any insinuation that there was a conspiracy to assassinate me is without foundation. If I have a friend—and I have many—Colonel Shaw must be numbered first among them.

O. C. Cunningham had no pistol nor was one even mentioned throughout the affair, and no such information was furnished by me, as one of the interested parties, to any one.
G. W. SHELL.

One of Washington's Jest's.

New York World.
While riding over one of the fields of New Jersey the members of Washington's staff noticed their chief feeling about his throat. Hamilton asked him if his throat was sore. "No," said Washington, "I was only wondering how a halter would feel around it." A grim jest indeed, and one of the few Washington ever made. But had the halter performed such an office would the greatest of our heroes have been glorified as he was yesterday, and as he is always glorified! Yet he would have been equally deserving.

Treason does never prosper; what's the reason? Why, if it prosper none dare call it treason.

LITTLE GIRLS.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.
Where have they gone—the little girls,
With natural manners and natural curls?
Who love their dollies and like their toys,
And talk of something besides the boys?

Little old women in plenty I find,
Mature in manners and old in mind;
Little old flirts who talk of their "beaus"
And wish each other in stylish clothes.

Little old belles, who, at nine and ten,
Are sick of pleasure and tired of men,
Weary of travel, of balls, of fun—
And find no new thing under the sun.

Once, in the beautiful long ago,
Some dear little children I used to know;

Girls who were merry as lambs at play,
And laughed and rollicked the livelong day.

They thought not of the "style" of their clothes,
They never imagined that boys were "beaus"—
Other girls' brothers and "mates" were they,
Splendid fellows to help them play.

Where have they gone? If you see One of them anywhere, send her to me. I would give a medal of purest gold. To one of those dear little girls of old, With an innocent heart and open smile, Who knows not the meaning of "flirt" or "style."

TEN YARDS OF SNAKE.

The Monster Does Seem Staring Things on the Weston Farm.

"If you should ever pass the Weston farm near Delphi, Ind.," said John Gilbert to a New York Sun man, "you couldn't help but notice a shepherd dog lying on one end of the front porch with his head on his forepaws, apparently asleep. He went to sleep, according to the story that Farmer Weston tells, one night in February last, and he has never wakened since. When that dog went to sleep he weighed about fifty pounds. He now weighs more than one hundred and fifty pounds, for he is petrified. Some folks declare that he is simply a dog carved from stone, but that is before they have heard Farmer Weston's story. After they hear that they have nothing more to say. They can't say anything. They simply marvel. Farmer Weston is a member of the Baptist church and only has one arm, so it is hardly likely that he would lie about a little thing like a petrified shepherd dog. And, more than that, the change in the dog's status is really not the most surprising thing about the farmer's story. I was never any nearer the Weston farm than Richmond, Ind., and consequently I never saw the dog, but a man who saw it not long ago told me the story Farmer Weston told him about the dog, and the amazing manner in which it was petrified.

"Just after dark one night early in February the farmer left the house," he said, "to go to his barn to attend to his horses for the night. The weather was cold, but there was no wind astir, so the farmer was surprised to hear a noise like the souging of heavy wind through the branches of the trees. This sound was all the more surprising because there was no trees anywhere around for the wind to sigh in. A public road passes the house a hundred yards or so distant, and the noise seemed to come from the direction of the road. Farmer Weston stopped and listened to the singular noise, and as he listened he saw a sight no Hoosier farmer ever gazed on before, and he says he is willing to bet his farm on it.

"And what do you think it was?" said the man, who said that he was saying just what Farmer Weston had said to him. "A snake; not only a snake, but a fire regular fiery serpent came suddenly from the road and wound wiggled, and zigzagged its way toward Weston, traveling as fast as a steam engine."

"According to the farmer's data this fiery snake was thirty feet long and a foot and a half in diameter. Now, naturally, one would suppose that a snake carrying as much fire as that along with it would quickly raise the temperature of the weather in any district it was traveling through, but things worked just the contrary with this snake. As it approached Farmer Weston he could feel the temperature getting rapidly lower, until he was sure it fell away below zero. This alarmed the farmer for he hadn't things just fixed around the premises for such a sudden and unprecedented

change in the weather. Although the fiery serpent was coming right at him accompanied by the souging noise he had heard, Farmer Weston did not move from his tracks. But the snake suddenly changed its course when it had come within twenty feet of him and made directly for the barn. As the snake turned from its course the sound that was traveling with it changed and became exactly such a noise as made by a steam gong. At the same instant, Weston felt a sharp electric shock, and he was unable to move a muscle or utter a sound. He was like one paralyzed.

"The snake made straight for the barn climbed right up the side of the building to the roof, and for five minutes contorted itself in fiery gyrations all around the outside of the barn. Weston expected every second to see the building burst into flames, but nothing of the kind occurred. At last the fiery serpent climbed to the peak of the roof and raised up on one end of itself perpendicularly in the air, where it swayed and whirled for a minute or more, when there came a sound like the report of a distant cannon and the startling exhibition was at an end. The fiery serpent disappeared as if it had never been. With the report that doused the glim of the snake so to speak, Farmer Weston felt another strong electric shock, but it seemed to come as an antidote to the first one for he instantly recovered the use of his limbs and his voice. The temperature of the weather instantly rose again, and stood where it was before the strange fire of the snake had sent it down.

"The first thing Farmer Weston did was to go back to the house and confide to his wife what he had seen. She was inclined to pooh-pooh him, but at last accompanied him to the barn with a lantern. They were confronted with startling surprises. The first was the effect the fiery serpent's sport had on the barn. The building was covered with what seemed to be a network of icy ropes, evidently marking where the snake had flashed about on around and over the barn. But the network wasn't ice. So far from it that a lighted candle held against the substance would not melt it. Going into the barn they found their two horses standing motionless in their stalls. They were alive, warm to the touch, and breathing naturally. But they were powerless, even under the lashing of a whip, to move a muscle. The shepherd dog lay on the barn floor, just as he had gone to sleep. The farmer soon discovered that the dog was lifeless. He stooped down to move him, and was amazed to find that he could not budge him, and it required the strength of both Weston and his wife to lift him. He had turned to solid stone. Three days passed, during which time the Weston farm was thronged with people who flocked to see the amazing sequences of the fiery serpent's visit, and the two horses, showing no sign of recovering from their strange paralysis, were killed. In the course of a week the labyrinthine trail of the serpent on the barn crumbled away and fell off, so that the only tangible evidence of the appearance of the fiery, freezing and paralyzing serpent that Farmer Weston has on hand is the petrified dog."

Has Its Good Points.

Pomona, Cal., Progress.
In some villages in Japan robbers are tried and convicted by ballot. Whenever a robbery is committed the ruler of the hamlet summons the entire male population and requests them to write on a slip of paper the name of the persons they suspect as having committed the crime. The one receiving the largest number of ballots is declared duty elected. This system, like all others has its peculiar advantages. It insures the punishment of somebody for every robbery committed whereas under system in vogue in most civilized countries in nine cases out of ten no punishment is inflicted on anybody for the crime. Of course, they may not elect the guilty person, but disperse of some other character equally as bad. There is much in the system to commend it to other nations.

Subscribe to the Edgefield Advertiser.

THREE KISSES.

The purest kiss
In the world is this—
The kiss that a mother lays
On her child's fresh lips
As he blithly tries
To meet the world and its ways.

The sweetest kiss
In the world is this—
The first long kiss of love,
When time is not
And the earth is forgot,
And Eden drops from above.

The saddest kiss
In the world is this—
The kiss on unanswering clay
When dead lips tell
We must sob farewell
Till the dawn of the Judgment Day.

Just What a Texas Norther is.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat.
"What is a Texas norther?" The question was put to Major B. M. Vanderhurst of Texas. "A Texas norther," my inquiring friend, is an extremely damp and disagreeable fellow that crawls up out of the hole where the North Pole used to be and swoops down upon the sometimes sunny southland at a Nance Hanks gait catching you with your mosquito bar underclothing on and your over coat in sock. It is more penetrating than ammonia and requires but ten seconds to work its way to the most secret recesses of a fat man's soul and cause him to regard the orthodox hell of fire as the one thing all the world most to be desired.

"When a norther has a victim in its grip he feels that he has a combination of buck ague and congestive chills. It is the custom in Texas not to make a fire until somebody freezes to death. It would be a shame on the most delightful climate on earth. Few houses built prior to the war had any provision for heating. The custom was, when a norther announced itself, to keep piling on coals until it got discouraged and gave up the contest. That custom is still generally followed.

"The people regard this peculiarity of the Texas climate with extreme disgust. They go down there expecting to find ten months of summer and two months of early fall weather to revel in the gladsunshine and to inhale the unctuous perfume of magnolia buds all the year. They get into their picnic clothes and send their heavy weights to friends back home to be given to the poor or packed away in camphor. Just about that time a norther arrives, and for three days, they long to go to Manitoba to get warm.

Lieutenant Totten and the Millennium.

For half a century the whole Christian world has taken a deep interest in the Biblical prophecies which announce the second coming of Christ, and the millennium. Many learned and pious men have entered into these discussions. Lieutenant Totten, a graduate of West Point, and military instructor at Yale College, has been publishing the results of his investigations for several years. He is a careful student of the prophetic writings, and he is an earnest, conscientious man. He is not alone in his opinion. Many devout persons believe that all the signs of the times point to a new dispensation of some sort.

Lieutenant Totten says:

We are at the termination of the "times of the Gentiles," and the period of judgment has actually begun. Things will not get better, but rather worse. In March I pointed out the sounding of the tenth stroke of the midnight hour and announced the June solstice for the eleventh. I now reiterate the statement that was made, to-wit: That the autumnal equinox will mark the twelfth stroke. Thereafter it is "low twelve" fully come, and the consequences will follow in an orderly and chronological manner. It would seem that every man and woman, at least of my own race, Israel, would reread, and that right carefully, the parable of the wise and foolish Virgins in this connection. It would then be seen that it is by no means the end of the world that is at hand that I am so often misrepresented as expecting, but far different matters.

We are approaching the crisis which must precede the millennium. The optimistic day is over, and the scene of facts down the whistle with which he seeks to keep his courage up. These troubles, which are matters of common con-

versation nowadays, are worldwide. They will not down. Their center is everywhere, their circumference nowhere. They mean disaster to rotten institutions, the bursting of all inflated enterprises, the exposure of deceits of every description and the trial as by fire of every man's work. You may call it what you will. I call it by its proper name as written by the prophets of Jehovah. It is judgement. Its duration a it were a "week" of years, and for that matter all the years that follow even to the millennium, a duration of one thousand years, or a day of the Lord, as St. Peter calls it, will be a period of judgment to all who do unrighteousness therein. But enough; a word to the wise is sufficient. My time is all occupied in close chronological study. I would gladly write the manuscript detailing these unanswerable vindications of the scripture in my life's blood if that would insure air speedy examination at the hands of those for whom they are published. But all this is idle; it seems impossible to reach those whom I long with unattainable anxiety to bring into a knowledge of what now must shortly come to pass.

Fare at Clemson.

At all boarding schools there will be boys and girls who will grumble at the fare. You may generally notice that their health is improved when they are sent from home and put on a regular diet at regular hours. The boarding school, the year round, is generally better than the fare in most of the homes. The News and Courier gives the following bill of fare which will fatten the Clemson College boys:

"About the best way to give an idea of what the boys get is to give the menus for the days I saw Mr. Galloway:

Breakfast at 7.20 a. m Ham, light bread, corn bread, hominy, coffee or milk.

Dinner at 1 o'clock. Beef, Irish potatoes (from farm) experimental station.)

Supper at 6 o'clock. About same as breakfast.

The bill of fare will be changed with the season and the boys will be given the benefit of the products of the farm and station."

It Costs You Nothing.

We are pleased to announce that we have made arrangements by which we are prepared to supply free to each of our subscribers a year's subscription to that well known monthly home and farm journal, the American Farmer, published at Springfield and Cleveland, Ohio. We make this offer to each of our subscribers who will pay up all arrears on subscription and one year in advance, and to all new subscribers paying one year in advance. The American Farmer is strictly National in its character. It is a high-class illustrated journal filled with entertaining and instructive reading matter, containing each month much information that is invaluable to agriculturists and of special interest to each member of every home. It is suited to all localities, being National in its make and character, thus meeting with favor in all localities. It is strictly non-political and non-sectarian. It has a trained corps of contributors and is carefully edited. The various departments of Farm, Horticulture, Sheep and Swine, The Home, The Horse and the Dairy, are filled with bright and useful matter. The readers of the American Farmer are universal in its praise and look for its monthly visits with keen anticipation. The regular subscription price to the American Farmer is \$1.00 a year, but by this arrangement it costs you nothing to receive that great publication for one year. Do not delay in taking advantage of this offer, but call at once or send in your subscription, Sample copy of the American Farmer can be seen at the ADVERTISER office, or will be supplied direct by the publishers.

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Keeps the scalp clean, cool, healthy. The Best Dressing

Restores hair which has become thin, faded, or gray. Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co. Lowell, Mass.

Happy and content is a home with "The Red Cheater" a lamp with the light of the morning. For Catalogue, write Rochester Lamp Co., New York.

The Union Mutual Life Insurance Co., OF PORTLAND, MAINE.

Incorporated, 1848.

Its Policies are the Most Liberal Now Offered to the Public.

Is the only existing Company whose policies are, or can be subject to, the

MAINE NON-FORFEITURE LAW.

WHAT IT IS:

The Maine Non-Forfeiture law protects policies from forfeiture by reason of default of payment of premiums. It provides that, after three years' premiums have been paid, failure to pay any subsequent premiums shall not forfeit a policy, but it shall continue in force for its full amount until the reserve (less a small surrender charge) upon the policy is exhausted. The reserve is a sum made up of portions of each and every premium paid upon a policy in anticipation of its maturity. Beginning with small portion of the first premium, it is increased each year by the addition of each subsequent premium, and grows larger year by year, until, at maturity, it exactly equals the face of the policy. When a policy is discontinued therefore, there is in the hands of the Company a reserve greater or less, according to the character and age of the policy. Instead of permitting the Company, upon non-payment of premium, to confiscate the reserve, the Maine Non-Forfeiture Law requires the Company to continue the policy in force until the policy-holder receives an equivalent for it in extended insurance.

HOW IT WORKS:

If a person, aged 35, pays three years' premiums upon a twenty payment Life policy and then discontinues payment, the policy will be continued 4 years and 267 days longer; if he pays five premiums, and then discontinues, the insurance will continue 7 years and 387 days longer. If the policy is a twenty year endowment, same age, three years' payments will give an extension of 4 years and 117 days, five years' payments, 300 days; if the policy is a 15 year Endowment, (\$1,000) same age, three years' payments will secure insurance to the end of the endowment period and \$138 in cash. If insured lives till that time, and in like manner ten years' payment secure insurance for the full 15 years and \$59.17 in cash. These extensions vary with the age of the insured, the class of policy, and the number of payments made; they are stated in each policy, in years and days, for each number of payments, so that the policy-holder knows at a glance exactly what he is entitled to if he discontinues his payments at any time.

WHAT IT HAS DONE:

The Company Has Paid Over Two Hundred and Death Claims, in consequence of this law, aggregating in sums insured more than Four Hundred Thousand Dollars. In every case there had been a default in the payment of premium, and except for this law, the policies would have been of little or no value. Instead of this, the insurance in each case was extended to the time of death, and the Company was required to pay to the beneficiaries under the policy the sum of \$418,335.77.

The Value of Maine Law Extensions as Compared with Paid-up Values:

It is the custom of many companies to provide in their policies that, upon discontinuance of payment of Premium, paid-up policies will be given without the option of extension. This was the practice of the Union Mutual before the Maine Non-Forfeiture Law was enacted, but it now substitutes for paid-up values the more advantageous plan of extended insurance. The objection to the paid-up system is that the amount of paid-up insurance which is given upon the discontinuance of payments upon a policy, unless it has been in force a great many years, is insignificant, and of little or no value as protection; and it leaves the insured who ceases payment without adequate insurance at the very time he needs it the most. The great advantage of the extended insurance afforded by the Maine Law over the most liberal paid-up system is strikingly shown by the following comparison, and it will be observed that the paid-up value is insignificant in comparison with the amount actually paid by the Union Mutual. The result of two hundred and twelve policies was this:

If the insured had received paid-up policies instead of extended insurance, the Company would have had to pay in settlement of the claims only.....	\$98,197.50
Whereas, in fact, it has paid under the Maine Law.....	\$418,344.77
Making a difference in favor of the beneficiaries under Two Hundred and Twelve policies of.....	\$320,147.28

The policies are free from ALL restrictions, and incontestable after

ONE YEAR.

A grace of one month is given in the payment of premiums.

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