Edgefield Advertiser

THURSDAY, NOV. 30, 1893.

LOCAL BREVITIES.

A turkey stood in a cranberry swamp,
And he sang till his throat was sore;
For all day long he sang this song,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore.

Drove hogs are now selling at 7½ cents per pound, gross.

Notwithstanding the very cold weather there will be orange blossoms in Edgefield in December.

Edgefield county people have sowed a great deal of oats this fall and propose to keep it up until Christmas.

During the year 1894 real estate will be again returned and assessed. This will be the first assessment for five years.

People are not crowding the Treasurer's office as yet to pay their taxes. Just before Christmas they'll begin to pour in.

The Griffin house on Butler hill is being re-shingled and otherwise improved, and the supposition is that it will soon be occupied.

Our young friend John Lott goes to the Osborne business College early in January to take a course of stenography. Our best wishes attend him.

Flour is cheaper in this market than ever before known within the memory of man; from $2.50 to $4.75 per barrel seems to be the alpha and the omega.

Judge Simonton has ordered the sale of the South Carolina Railway on Dec. 12th. This is the third time the date has been fixed for a sale which was not made.

Nearly every one in our town is going down to the exposition on Thursday of this week, Thanksgiving, and the stores and business house of course will all be closed.

If your hogs are sick soak corn in lime water and feed it to them. It will cure the disease now going about, will also give them a wonderful appetite and make them fatten fast.

Mrs. Dr. Scott Sheppard and family will soon move into town and will occupy the house on the hill owned by Orlando Sheppard, Esq., which is being refitted and rehabilitated for such occupancy.

Avoid the rush by paying your taxes now, right along, every day. The limit is the 31st of December, and don't forget, after you have paid your taxes, to come up into the ADVERTISER office and pay for your paper.

The railroad fare from Edgefield to Augusta has been reduced to $1.15 on Tuesdays and Thursdays. This includes return ticket and entrance to the Exposition, but does not include the street car fare from the city to the Exposition.

The Y. M. C. A. have secured the services of Mr. Frederick D. Losey, who will give one of his entertainments on Wednesday night, Dec. 6. Mr. Losey is highly endorsed by the press, and it is hoped he will have a large audience.

Rev. G. W. Bussey was in town on Monday of this week. This gentleman, with Mr. J. H. Boldridge Mr. J. S. Jordan, and Mr. J. L. Ouzts are the only preachers, we believe, who will attend the Baptist convention that meets in Anderson this week from this county.

The man who predicted that this would be an unusually cold winter understood his business if we may judge by the record of the thermometer on last Saturday and Sunday, especially when we remember that according to the almanac winter doesn't even begin until the 20th of December.

No notice has been given in regard to Thanksgiving services in the churches of our town, so every man is expected to give thanks in his own domicile, under his own roof-tree. We can thank the Lord for what we've got, and "that it ain't any worse than how it is." Any of us can do that much thanksgiving.

The Hon. Bourke Cockrane, of New York, is opposed to the idea of an income tax. He declares it would be class legislation and would knock the stuffing out of the democratic party in New York. We know three thousand people in Edgefield county who would be perfectly willing to pay an income tax if they were furnished with an income.

A man went into a drug store and asked for something to cure a headache. The druggist held a bottle of hartshorn to his nose, and he was nearly overpowered by its pungency. As soon as he recovered he began to rail at the druggist. "But didn't it help your headache?" asked the apothecary. "Help my headache!" gasped the man. "I haven't any headache. It's my wife that has the headache."

Our old friend, Dr. W. D. Jennings is in town again after a long absence. As is well known, Dr. Jennings is the originator of those standard medicines, Jennings's improved Hepatic or Liver medicine Jennings's Rheumatic, or Neuralgia medicine, and last, but not of less importance, Jenning's get-up medicine. Dr. Lynch has the sale and exclusive sale of these renowned remedies in Edgefield county, of course they were for sale at the World's Fair, but as the Fair is over they have been withdrawn.

General Hugh L. Farley was in town last week. The general hasn't been hitting the bull's eye of late, but he has the privilige of picking the flint and trying again.

Edgefield county has the largest number of teachers of any county in the State, 261. Edgefield seems now to be leading in educational matters. as she once did in devilment.

The editor of the Greenville News threatenes to sue the McCormick News because that paper published an item from the Abbeville Medium and credited it to his paper. Brother Williams lays his damages at one million dollars. If Brother Harmon will promise to be a ramracker we'll tell him to euchre Williams out of his money, even though he should get a verdict.

Rev. J. M. White late, of our town, now of the Sweetwater section, has been called to a church near his old home Apex, N. C., and will return there at the close of the year. This gentleman says that during his residence in Edgefield county, at the village, and where he now resides that he has received every token of kindness which could be desired. His school patrons and congregations express much regret at his prospective departure.

It is related of ex-Gov. Joseph E. Brown, that once, while he was judge of the supreme court, he had occasion to fine a man who years before, was a neighbor to the judge in the days of his struggle with poverty. The irate farmer came out of the court room swearing like a trooper, and the first opportunity he had, said to the judge: "Jedge, I don't think you orter fine me. I knowed ye in the days when ye had to plow a little bull for a livin'." "Yes," replied the judge, "but I always made it my business to keep the little bull in the row."

Store Robbed.

We clip the following from the News and Courier of Monday: On Friday night, about 8 o'clock, two negro men went to the store of J. T. Werts at Dorn's Mills, Edgefield County, and after trading to the amount of $15.60 slipped the bundles into a sack and, with the cry, "Lookout;" began to fire at Mr. Werts, who dodged behind the counter and thereby saved himself from being riddled with bullets. After emptying their guns they secured their goods and made good their escape. After leaving Mr. Werts they proceeded down the Edgefield road until they reached a point about seven miles below, where they struck a North Carolinian, an apple peddler, by the name of Powers. They found Powers asleep and stole his team, consisting of a horse and mule. Mr Powers was here today and sent out telegrams all over the country describing his stock. He describes them as follows: One dark bay horse with a white spot on forehead, natural pacer, can't be made to trot. The other is a bay mare mule with a wart under each foreleg. Mr. Werts describes the robbers as follows: One is a black, burly negro, heavy built, weight 160 or 275 pounds; the other is a mulatto and is tall and slender built.

Capt. Jim Miner Returns Thanks to the Augusta Ladies.

MR. EDITOR: Without being specially authorized to do so my heart impels me to express for myself and the other Confederate survivors of Edgefield county our deep appreciation of the magnificent hospitality of which we were the gratified recipients in Augusta on Thursday last. We were given the freedom of the city and the Exposition, side shows, Ferris wheel, Persian circus, and all. But it is to the ladies of Augusta that we are particularly indebted for the rousing good time we had. They not only served us with the most tempting and delicious viands but with their fair hands pinned flowers and badges upon our coats, and by their kind words and noble demeanor inspired us with a wild desire to show our devotion to them by death upon the altars of our country. Not a veteran there who would not willingly have shed his heart blood for those noble Augusta women, and yet it was sweet to have survived the horrors of war were it but to participate in the joys of last Thursday and receive the tokens of kindness and respect from Augusta's fair daughters. While life lasts will the Edgefield veterans remember and bless the noble women of Augusta, Georgia.

JAMES MINER.

Self, P. O.

Our Village Cemetery—A Grievance.

MR. EDITOR: There are some things we do not like to speak about, but when duty impels, we must.

The writer frequently goes into the smaller of the two cemeteries in our town where loved ones sleep, and often is his progress impeded by trash and brush in the path which leads into the smaller inclosure. We do not know who is to blame in this matter, and we do not blame anybody. But these things are a little grievous to bear, and we would remind those who have trespassed, inadvertently perhaps, to bear in mind the golden rule, "Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you."

"We shall know each other better
When the mists have rolled away."

SENEX.

AN EDGEFIELD YOUTH

At Peabody College, Nashville, Tenn., Writes the Advertiser a Pleasant Letter.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., Nov. 20.

MR. EDITOR: Notwithstanding the fact that I am overwhelmed with studies I must spare a few moments to write to the grand old ADVERTISER. I love to read its columns, I love to advocate its principles, because it is fair on all subjects—not going to the extreme on any. Again, it is, as it were, a correspondent from home.

I have been here since the 10th of October last. On our way, we called on Mrs. William Stevens, late of Clintonward, now a resident of Atlanta, Ga. We spent the afternoon with this most kind and hospitable lady. While there we had the pleasure of meeting the mother and brother of Henry W. Grady. I had read the life of this lady's illustrious son, and it afforded me no little pleasure to meet her. We took a seat in the parlor and talked for some time. She told me of the misfortunes and adversities her son (Henry W.) had during a period of his life, but after all he triumphed in his endeavors.

Grady was a man with the true genius of race. "Many times," says his biographer "did the people of his district ask him to represent them in Congress, but he refused, saying he thought he could do more as a private citizen." He was a man free from personal motives, and in his death the South sustained a great loss.

Nashville is a great place of education. It has several universities, colleges, and graded schools. While speaking to a clergyman of renown the other day, he said: "Nashville is now the Athens of the South for education."

The city is situated principally on the south side of the Cumberland river. She is not what might be called a city of striking beauty, but she is not void of charms. She is built o'er hill and dale, and the spectator standing upon her great reservoir on a beautiful afternoon, is struck with the granduer of the scene presented to the admiring eye. This reservoir is a master work of masonry. It seems to be about a half mile in circumference, and is a solid stone wall about forty feet high. Upon its top one can actually see the sun move as he hides himself behind the distant hills.

Near by the reservoir is the historic hill overlooking the city upon which the Confederate soldiers encamped during the late war. There is the excavations they made and the embankments they threw up, and, if I mistake not, a battle was fought there. It is a little mountain, steep and rugged on all sides. I cannot describe my feelings when I visited the places over which my countrymen fought and died. The very atmosphere seems to inspire one with love of country.

The Peabody Normal College and University is a fine institution of learning. It has about thirty professors, and it is represented by students from all parts of the South. Every Southern State is entitled to her pro rata share of scholarships. It affords a great opportunity for the industrious boys and girls of the South to be educated.

The students from South Carolina met in assembly last week and sent a petition to our State Legislature asking them to pass a law providing for all L. T. graduates of the Peabody Normal College to have the privilege of teaching in the public schools of the State without having to stand the county examinations. I hope our request will be granted in the passage of such a bill, and solicit the support of our representatives from Edgefield.

VAN STAR.

Holocausts in Barnwell.

The Columbia State.

BRANCHVILLE, S. C., Nov. 27.—Seven children were burned to death in two houses, three or four miles apart, in Barnwell county, six or seven miles from here, Sunday afternoon. The first house burned was on Riley Steedley's place, about 2 o'clock, in which four children perished. The second fire occurred about 3 o'clock on Frrd Stoke's place, where three more colored children were incinerated.

It is the old story. In each instance the parents had gone away from home and locked their children in the house. The coroner's jury found that both fires were accidental.

Things Here and There—By a Valued Contributor.

MR. EDITOR: We are plain country people down this way (around Curreton). We read the Bible and the papers with some regularity and vote when the time comes. But money is scarce and will be scarcer. Cotton is about all sold by the average farmers.

The *promised* improvement in prices *after* the repeal bill was forced through has not yet materialized. If the National Congress should happen to pass even *one* bill in the interest of the producers, I should begin to suspect that they (Congress) had "got religion." The administration at Washington, I guess, "heard something *drap*" in the recent elections North and West. 'Tis said some people can't take a hint without being knocked down. And again it is said that experience is a dear school, but fools will learn in no other.

May we not hope that Congress when it meets next month will recognize "the handwriting on the wall," and if possible reverse the trend of things? If Congress, as soon as convened, will restore the coinage of silver, provide for a vigorous "income tax" and repeal the law taxing State bank issues, it will seem then that the "knock down" of the late elections was worth as much as the political victory of 1892.

As to the repeal of the tax on State banks, we, the people, want "*unconditional* repeal" this time. That is, we want no Federal supervision over our State banks; for we may have State banks as much under the control of the "pluttocrats" as National banks now are. And then, having swapped the devil for a witch, I do not see that our status would be bettered.

All the returns are not in yet, for all the States have not yet voted. The complexion of the returns will depend very largely on Congressional action in the near future. If a democratic Congress will but give us some *pure* democratic legislation it will be well. By *pure*, I mean legislation not suggested nor advised, perhaps not endorsed by Republicans in the cabinet or in the senate. It does not seem to the people that the democratic party is old enough to dispense with a guardian, as well as that the United States has been "standing alone" *long* enough to be able *now* to turn loose mother England's apron-strings. But these are just some thoughts of a great many people.

THE EXPOSITION

at Augusta is now in full play. Thursday and Friday (23rd and 24th) were old soldiers days, and they were there. The drums beating, the "tramp, tramp" of the veterans up Broad street, stirred afresh the recollections of thirty years ago, but when the proverbial "rebel yells" one following the other in quick succession, filled the beautiful city, and, running over, roared down the Savannah, and echoed back from the hills of Carolina. What was an old soldier to do? Just as natural as life he looked, before thinking, to see the enemy retreating. But, no, thank God, there is now no enemy, no North, no South, no Mason and Dixon's line. I had almost said only some bars of gold now separate us.

For the first time since the war, it was your correspondents privilege to meet Gen. Hampton, "old Wade" we used to call him. The passing years have left their mark on him. I was, indeed, very glad to see him, but as I told him, not so glad as I *once* was. "When was that?" he inquired. "On the occasion," I answered, "when our cavalry division under Gen. W. H. F. Lee started to flank Grant's army and raid his "cowpen" at Coggin's Point on the James. None of us knew what it meant. "Captain," says one, "what's up?" "Don't know," was the invariable answer from every officer questioned. "Where is old Wade?" "Don't know," again. The truth is the boys regarded Gen. W. H. F. Lee very highly, as a perfect gentleman, but lacked confidence in his leadership. But, Gen. Hampton, ('tis too late to make you vain) they had unfaltering confidence in you. As we crossed into what was considered neutral ground, strict orders were given that there should be no yelling. That would wake up Grant's army "as far away" as Sheridan was.

Having crossed a creek, the column halted. Thus at rest, though restless, you, sir, came up and rode along the column's side. Yell, they would or burst. Don't you remember it? I can almost hear it now—that yell." Gen. Hampton remembered the occasion. "Then, sir, it was that I was more pleased to see you than now. And such, Mr. Editor, is a fact. Hampton always led to a success. And we were successful that time. Without any loss to us, we drove out of Grant's rear 2,500 of the finest beeves I ever saw."

With all my admiration for him, I must confess that his strategy in war as a general was far greater than in peace as a politician; or he never would have proposed to hopelessly divide the democrats of this State, and thus precipitate a state of things worse than it was prior to '76, for then the white people were united.

Well, Mr. Editor, I have stuck to my subject you see. I may at some other time give your readers some interesting incidents connected with the above mentioned "cattle raid."

Yours,
CIVIS.

Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given to all young men in Edgefield county that a competitive examination will be held in my office at Edgefield C. H., S. C., for a scholarship of free tuition in the Patrick Military Institute, of Anderson, S. C., on Dec. 16, 1893. The scholarship to begin July 1, 1894.

M. B. DAVENPORT,
S. C. E. C.

Mortgagee's Sale.

STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA,
EDGEFIELD COUNTY.

BY virtue of power conferred in mortgage given by John R. Cheatham to The American Freehold Land Mortgage Company of London, Limited, on the 28th day of February, A. D. 1890, and recorded in R. M. C. for Edgefield county, in Book 40, folio 462, I will sell before the court-house door in the town of Edgefield, S. C., on Monday, December 4, 1893, between the hours of 11 A. M. and 3 P. M., the following described property: "All that tract of land situate in the County and State aforesaid, containing six hundred and twenty-five (625) acres, more or less, bounded on the north by lands of A. L. Bushnell; on the east, by lands of M. A. Markert; south, by lands of S. E. Robertson, and on the west by Hardlabor Creek.

"Also all that tract of land situate in the same County and State, containing twenty-eight acres, more or less, bounded on the east and south by lands of W. Y. Quarles; on the south, by Cuffetown Creek, and on the west by the Abbeville Road or lands of J. C. Lanier. And also, all that tract of land, situate in the same County and State, containing one hundred and thirty acres, more or less, bounded on the north by lands of Mrs. W. W. Adams; on the east, by lands of E. E. Cartledge; on the south, by lands of John Reynolds; and on the west, by lands of P. H. Adams."

Terms of Sale: Cash.

EDMUND K. PALMER,
Agent for Mortgagee.