The Anderson Intelligencer.

BY E. B. MURRAY & CO. ANDERSON, S. C., THURSDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 5, 1885. VOLUME XXI.---NO. 17.

JOHN W. DANIELS,

Real Estate Agent,

Anderson, S. C.

HAS MANY

TRACTS of LAND

AND MANY

LOTS FOR SALE,

AND A

FEW TO RENT.

THOSE INDEBTED TO

CLARK & CO.,

JOHN W. DANIELS, Prop'r.,

To JOHN W. DANIELS for Recording Deeds, Mortgages, Liens, &c., while Clerk of the Court—by Note or Account—may save money by coming to see me.

Office on Main Street.

JOHN W. DANIELS.

Oct 29, 1885 16

AT COST,

AT COST.

B. F. CRAYTON & SONS,

One Door East Masonic Hall.

We are now offering our entire Stock of

CLOAKS,

WALKING

JACKETS,

SHAWLS

AND

CLOTHING,

AT COST!

AN OVERCOAT for $2.00.

Just think of it!

This is no catch. We mean what we say. Will sell any article in the above line at Cost, and they didn't cost high, either.

We have the handsomest assortment of CARPETS and RUGS ever displayed in this market, at prices that defy competition.

Call and examine our Stock. It is complete in every department, and at prices that are sure to please you.

Oct 29, 1885 16

BAKERY.

THE undersigned desires to call the attention of the citizens of Anderson to the fact that he is now selling

25 Bread Tickets for $1.00

Try my BREAD and CAKES, and I will guarantee satisfaction in every instance.

WEDDING CAKES A SPECIALTY.

A nice line of Confectioneries, &c., always on hand. Also, nice parched Peanuts.

Farmers, when you visit the city call and get a Lunch or Sandwich—cheap.

Respectfully,

M. J. CoLLINS.

August 13, 1885 5

J. B. CLARK,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

WOULD respectfully inform his friends and customers that he is now located on Main Street, second door below the Post Office, where he would be happy to serve them with Custom-Made Clothes in the latest and most approved styles.

Sept 3, 2885 8 3m

W. B. BEACHAM,

CONTRACTOR & BUILDER,

DEALER IN

LUMBER, SASH, BLINDS, DOORS,

And Glass of every Description,

ANDERSON, S. C.

Oct 22, 1885 15

WILHITE'S

LIVER

AND

HEADACHE

PILLS.

An Effective and Reliable Remedy for all Liver Complaints!

All people in all countries are subject more or less to Liver Complaints. Overeating, rich food, lack of exercise, overwork, and in fact, any violation of the laws of health causes the Liver to become torpid, and when it does, then follows an almost innumerable list of diseases torturing in their nature and dangerous in the end if not promptly attended to. The most common are:

Costiveness, Billiousness, Dizziness, Weakness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Nervousness, Pains in the Side, Back and Limbs, Foul Stomach, Loss of Appetite, Impure Blood, Giddiness, Heartburn, and, worst of all, Nervous and Sick Headache.

All the complaints named above arise from a Torpid Liver, and to be cured of them the Liver must be aroused and caused to do its work, otherwise the bile and poisons it should take from the food of the body and supply to the bowels as their natural purgative, will poison the blood and aggregate the disease.

Stimulate the Liver to healthy, vigorous action, and it will secrete all the impurities of the blood. The blood, thus deprived of all waste matter and poisons, pure, rich and life-giving, will course through the veins, driving disease from the system and restoring health and strength. While WILHITE'S LIVER AND HEADACHE PILLS act directly upon the Liver and Bowels, and make pure, rich blood, they do not in their action debilitate the system and leave one in a worse condition than before taking them, but they contain a powerful tonic for the Stomach, and if taken one at a time occasionally, after having taken a full dose (from two to three), they will build up the system. They are indeed a splendid Stomach Pill, and, for this reason, have proven to be an *Indispensable Remedy* for the painful and distressing maladies, HEADACHE and SICK HEADACHE, which occur so frequently and extensively. These dreadful evils in their various forms are the direct result of a disordered Stomach, caused by indigestion or an inactive Liver, and can be relieved and permanently cured by the use of WILHITE'S LIVER AND HEADACHE PILLS.

A large proportion of the American people are subject constantly to these dreadful diseases and drag out a miserable existence, trying in vain to get relief from outward applications and sedatives, while the source of the trouble is overlooked. WILHITE'S LIVER AND HEADACHE PILLS strike at the root of these diseases, in acting upon the Liver, thereby removing the cause and restoring health. They are purely vegetable, contain no deleterious Drugs, and are a reliable remedy in all cases of Liver diseases and their various complications.

PRICE 25 CENTS PER BOX.

PREPARED ONLY BY

WILHITE & WILHITE, DRUGGISTS.

ANDERSON, - - S. C.

Oct 15, 1885 14

WE HAVE

A LARGE STOCK

— OF —

BLUE STONE

— AND —

LAMP

GOODS,

WHICH WILL BE

Sold Very Cheap!

☞ You will lose money if you don't see Wilhite & Wilhite before buying.

Yours,

WILHITE AND WILHITE.

Oct 15, 1885

SAM JONES.

A Sermon by the Great Religious Agitator on Temperance.

Perhaps no orator, political or religious, is to-day the center of as much interest as the Rev. Samuel Jones. His methods are original, his language pointed and often extravagant, his applications direct and personal. As presenting both his strength and his weakness, his merits and his faults, the following sermon, as reported in the Nashville *Union*, is republished:

Mr. Jones began by saying he didn't see the need of writing a lecture on a subject. All the preparation a fellow needs that is chuck full of his subject up to his neck, is just to pull the bung out and let nature cut her caper. I am just as full of prohibition, temperance and anti-liquor principles as an egg ever was full of meat. I want to talk to you about it honestly, candidly. I want to speak out of the abundance of my heart. I reach men better when I talk from my heart to their hearts—when eye strikes eye—heartology, if you will allow that expression. All men's hearts are on a level with each other. Their hearts form a great plain without a break in it. When we consider reason, imagination, learning, the whole world is full of mountain peaks and lowly valleys. The earth is not more irregular of surface than are the dwellers upon it, when thus compared one with another. But when we come to hearts, it is a great plain that stretches from border to border. No matter where our hearts may be, our hearts are close together. Let us talk heart-talk to-day. Let us pay very little attention to grammar, or rhetoric, or logic. The heart never prepares a sentence before it utters it. The heart never scrutinizes a proposition to see whether it is correct according to the books. Let heart speak out to heart, then we shall come away with clearer views on one of the greatest issues that was ever sprung in any civilized country. I go around a good deal over this country, and I am admitted to the various parts and portions of life, as it presents itself in the office, in the shops, in the store-room, on the farm, in the household, at the social meeting; individually, I meet men face to face and talk with them and to them. I think there is not a phase of respectable life that I do not see. I am brought into contact with men of all classes and become familiar with all opinions current in our life to-day, and I want to tell you, from what I have read and seen and felt, there is an issue now upon this country, and that issue is clearly defined. It is unmistakable. It has lines and limits as clearly defined as God himself ever made an issue. When you make an issue, then somebody is going to be on one side and somebody on the other side of that issue. One way the issue is known to be made is by the booming of the cannon, the rattle of the musketry and the glimmering of the polished steel. I have not only heard the muttering in the distance—I have gone up to where the battle was raging. I have stood there with a gun in my hand when it popped and cracked. I have not only seen the sword glistening yonder in the distance and in the sunlight, but I have held that sword in my hand, fighting till the sun went down in darkness. When an issue is made and you have sides, then about the only thing for a fellow to do is to take sides. As a speaker on any subject or question I am expected to take sides. Which side shall I take?

I will not announce formally on which side I am. If you want to know on which side I'm on, I'll tell you what you may do: You slip up to the side of the great God that made this world, and whisper in his ear and ask him which side he is on. You just put me down on his side. I will work there. If that is a task too great for you, and you ask me: "Which side are you on, sir?" you go up yonder to that suffering, toiling, sinless One of Judea, who died for the race of man; whose every effort has been to drift the world up and make it better—you just put me down on his side. I am perfectly willing to labor with him. If this is a task too great for you, go to the angels, those beings that pitch their tents around us and abide with us, that they may catch the first faintest murmur of a penitent's lips, that there is one soul that is going to do better. You put me down with them. I am perfectly willing to cast my lot with them. If this is a task too great for you, go out yonder to the cemetery. There is a grave just six feet long, and a white marble covers it. Remove this marble, go down to the coffin, and there are the remains of a precious wife. Ask her what side she is on. I can afford to go with that sainted wife. Put me on her side. There is another grave, four feet long. It is the resting-place of little six-year-old Mary or Willie. Raise that little body up long enough to ask one question: "Whose side are you on?" I will say put me down on little Mary's or Willie's side. You go to all the good women of earth, as they gather around one common cause, and ask them which side they espouse. That is my side. Ask every pale, ruined wife and every devoted mother upon which side her sympathies and prayers are given, and you may inscribe my name among theirs. Their side is my side. Ask all the happy, busy women of earth, and say: "Precious women of earth, which side of this question are you on?" You just put me down with the good women of America, and I will abide by it. [Applause.] I would not have to stop long here to persuade you as to which side of this question God is on. I would not have to speak to you long to persuade you what side Christ takes in this issue—which side the angels take on this great question. I would beg you to listen but for a moment, to hear the voice of the precious, sainted wife or mother on this issue. I would ask but a minute to catch the faint whisper of little Mary's or little Willie's voice on this question. Every woman in this blasted land of ours says: "Down with this traffic that downs our husbands and children!" If you agree with me that they are on the side of temperance or prohibition, you can not blame me for taking that side. Then whatever kind of blame may be heaped on the man who chooses the side of temperance and prohibition, however he may have to bear the abuse of men, however much the cry of "fanatic" may be raised, he has the satisfaction of knowing that God is with him. I have the consciousness that the angels have pitched their tents around me, and that I have the prayers and sympathies of every good woman in heaven and on the earth.

I wish to say this, that like other issues, there are two sides to this liquor question. There are the prohibitionists and anti-prohibitionists. You will find among the anti-prohibitionists three classes: The whiskey makers, the whiskey sellers and the whiskey drinkers. That is the side we propose to take issue with, and I want to say to you this, that I have to fight to wage against whiskey makers as men, against whiskey sellers as men, or against whiskey drinkers as men. I have no fight to make against men at all. I want to rise above anything that is personal, that touches men as such, in this question. I want to discuss barrels and demijohns and stillhouses, for that is the naked issue at last. Down in Georgia, in our local option counties, when an election is ordered, it is directed by the act of the Legislature that the tickets must be printed or written in this way: "Against Whiskey," or "For Whiskey." The voter must have printed or write on his ticket, "Against whiskey," that is, "Prohibition;" or "For whiskey," that is, "Anti-prohibition. There is no politics in that. There is no more of politics in that than cussin' and stealin' are questions of politics. The Democratic party may roll all the demijohns and barrels of whiskey in the party into one of their conventions and say to me, "Look out! if you will bring whiskey into the canvass you will ruin the party." My God! they've done got it all in there now. As long as you keep men out of this issue it can't be brought into politics, and as long as you make the fight against barrels and demijohns and dram-drinking and drunkenness, there is no politics in this issue. I am as far from mixing with politics as any man you ever saw. I don't mix with politics, because if one lies down with dogs he will get up with fleas. On that principle I keep out of politics.

If ever a friend or several friends of mine propose to nominate me for office, I will say: "What do you want to damage my good name for? What have I ever done to you to excite in you such inveterate hate toward me as to wish to entice me into making a run for office?" Here is a fellow (pointing to himself) that can say what he pleases. He has no ax to grind. If a man offers himself for any office or expects ever to offer himself for any office, he had better look out how he talks on this question. If a fellow never expects office he can talk about as he pleases.

I pick up a newspaper, and, however reliable or unreliable it may be on other things, it will always tell the truth in politics. You can never doubt the newspaper on that theme. [Laughter.] I quote from this newspaper:

"The Democratic party is, as it always has been, opposed to sumptuary legislation and unequal taxation in any form. It has ever advocated the liberty of private conduct adjusted with the public welfare; and the right, further, of regulating the liquor traffic and providing against the evils resulting therefrom by a just and properly graded license system."

I read that, for I want to think about it. I will touch it later along the line. We have but two parties of any considerable importance in this country. One we call the Republican party and the other is called the Democratic party. There is no difference in their platforms, except the difference on the tariff.

The only side upon which they may claim to differ is that the Republicans have shouldered the nigger and the Democrats have straddled a barrel of whiskey. There they are—the two parties! Here is the Democrat astride his barrel of whiskey, and here's your Republican with the nigger on his shoulder. Party affiliation says you must swallow one or the other, or we will walk you out and consider you a traitor to the party. Let us look at the two a little bit. You ask me which I will take. I will say, I was born, raised and have been a Democrat all my life, but if I have got to swallow a barrel of whiskey in the Democratic party, or desert that party and swallow a nigger—I have lived all my life among millions of niggers in the South, and I say that all the niggers in the South have never done me as much hurt as one gallon of whiskey did once. If I have got good hard sense, if I am going to exercise my good hard sense, then I meet you as an honest man that wants to do his duty, and I ask you, "Will you become one if I choose the brother in black and gulp him down?" "Oh," say you, "you will divide the party—it will go down." I believe before God that the Democratic party has espoused the liquor interest and come out on the side of the whiskey seller, and I want her to go down, down! and I have a text that will make her writhe in hell. We have been hallowing, "Turn the rascals out." You let a Republican be elected President four years hence, and you will hear the same cry. The only difference between parties is that one is in and the other is out. It is a fight for spoils between the ins and outs—that's all. I want to say to you all this much: I owe my loyalty to God and the right, so far as I am individually concerned; as far as my wife and children are concerned. If God Almighty can be King of America I don't care who is president or governor. Once enthrone the worst influence that God ever allowed to perpetuate itself on this earth, and then I defy you ever to reform this country.

Now, as I said a moment ago, the three parties in interest, on the whiskey side, are the whiskey makers, the whiskey sellers and the whiskey drinkers. I feel very kindly toward the men. If you will separate them from their traffic they are just as clever as you or I, or anybody else. If I seek equity I must do equity. I would be willing to be taxed 50 per cent. additional to the regular tax of any State and county to pay these men every dollar they have invested in this business, and then I want to see a bonfire about 9 o'clock at night of all the whiskey in the country, and then proclamation made that there is not a still-house in the United States of America. These whiskey men have built their still-houses and invested their money in that thing, and it would be a species of theft to confiscate and destroy their property without some sort of compensation. I am the last man in the world that would take a legitimately gained dollar out of any man's pocket. I am not like some of those Northern fellows that sold the nigger down here to us and put the money into their pockets and then began cursing us because we had the nigger. [Laughter.] That was just about as mean as wanting to destroy these still-houses after taking money for their license. Let us be honest while we propose to be moral.

I want to tell you another thing. There is not a still-house in America that wouldn't sell out to you cheap right now. These little wild-cat fellows around here in the mountains wouldn't do it, because it is fruit time now; but if you will wait a little while, they'll sell cheap, too. There's not a government distillery in the United States that you couldn't buy at fifty cents on the dollar.

When it comes to the liquor-sellers, I want to say a word or two about them. Do you know what makes a man sell liquor? Is it for the good he is doing humanity? For the kindness he is doing the race? Does he sell at a loss because he is doing the community good? Did you ever hear a man in the liquor business claim to be a benefactor of his race? When a man proposed to swear that he was ready to relinquish his claim on heaven for $500, it was the money—the $500—he wanted, for which he was willing to go to hell. That's the very thing that makes men sell whiskey. Do you know that? It has been my privilege to preach the gospel to many a bar-keeper, and to take him into the Church, and the universal verdict of every bar-keeper thus convicted has been that, from the time he embarked in the business till he quit it, he knew and felt it was wrong. One fellow said he was drunk every day he was in the business. He was drunk nine months at a stretch. I sort o' admire that kind of fellow. I like that. The whiskey-seller, I say, apart from his traffic, may be as clever a man as anybody.

No man in America engages in the liquor traffic on any other principle than for the money that is in it. No man steals for any other reason. I didn't say that a fellow that would sell whiskey would steal. You thought that was what I was going to say, and your thinking makes it that way. I will say this much, I will steal every bite I eat and every bite my children eat before I will sell it. I would. [Laughter and applause.] Why, I said something like that once, and a bar-keeper took me to task. "I don't agree with what you said to-day, sir?" "What?" "Did you not say you would rather steal than sell whiskey? It is as honorable a business, sir, as a man ever followed." I said to him: "You know that widow on the hill?" "Yes." "She has two boys. Their father died about the time they were grown and left them about $8,000 or $4,000, and they began drinking with you, sir. One of these boys is in the penitentiary now, and the other is off somewhere, the mother don't know where, and she is grieving her life away. Which would be worse, to have broken into that house and stolen that money, or to have debauched her boys, as you have done, putting one into the penitentiary and running the other off?" He said he didn't want to talk about it, nohow.

It has been circulated all over this country that I was a bar-keeper and gambler and all that sort of thing, but, sir, I never, in the worst hour of my life, got my consent to put the bottle to my neighbor's mouth. I never saw a moment when I would sit down and play cards. There are some of you trifling fellows listening to me now that are meaner and more reckless than I ever was. Some of you tell on me to this day that I won't pay my debts. If you will buy a claim against me you will get paid with compound interest from the time it was due. If you will find me any man at my home that says I won't pay my debts I will eat him raw, without salt. [Great laughter.] There is the place to find out all that is bad about a fellow—where he lives. I say it, with all the earnestness of my heart, I would steal before I would sell whisky.

Another thing I will touch on right along here is the whisky guzzlers themselves. We come up to this poor fellow who drinks, blubbering over him and telling him what a magnificent, kind-hearted fellow he is, and how sorry we are to see him intoxicated. I don't know how many people I have had to tell me: "Jones, you are a clever, big-hearted fellow. You should quit drinking. It is a pity to drink." Now, it makes these whisky-drinking feel big if you brag over them. Whenever you walk up to one of these guzzling fellows, you just tell him: "You imbruted hog, you miserable sneak, you." "What do you talk to me that way for?" he will ask. You tell him: "Whenever a man like you, sir, bleeds his wife's heart, ruins his home, pauperizes his children and debauches his own body, I want police billies to persuade you, sir." I will tell you what you may do with any four-legged hog on this mountain. Just take a pint of the whisky you drink in this country and pour it down his throat, and when he gets sober, if it doesn't kill him, he will quit these diggin's without stopping to say good-bye or settle his bill. [Much laughter.] These two-legged hogs will not only drink all they can get, but will pawn all their children's clothes to get more. Which is the wiser hog of the two? If I were you I would get some more legs and a little more hair and be the other kind of a hog. [Laughter.] If you are a whisky-drinker you are not a clever man, a kind-hearted man, a first-class citizen or anything of the sort—are a dog, dog, d-o-g! I would rather have my little boys run with a dog than with you, sir, for they might get fleas on them from a dog, but they would not get drunk, as with you. A dog will beat you, sir, as a fellow to run with. You all can understand that; you can see that; you can see anything that is on a level with a bottle or a demijohn; that is down on a level with you.

Nobody but a covetous rascal and covetous scoundrel will sell whisky, and nobody but a miserable fool will drink it. [Sensation.] Now we are getting the thing down about right! [Applause.] Now, that is cheering, good! If you want to cheer, just cheer! The man who makes whisky ought to be reimbursed for the amount he has put into it. The man who sells it ought to be ready to quit, for if he has any intelligence at all, he has more to quit, except, perhaps, the three-gallon fellow, and those little three-gallon barkeeper and the bob-tailed yellow dogs under the wagon—the meanest of their species. [Laughter and applause.]

Now, as I have said, there are three elements involved on the whisky side of this issue—the men who make it, the men who sell it, and the men who drink it. These last form the largest class of humanity. Now we come to the main proposition—prohibition or no prohibition. And just as soon as you spring this question men are going to talk about "liberty" and say, "he wants to destroy the liberty of the American people." Do you know that liberty means the power to do right? License means the power to do wrong. There is the difference—liberty is to wright what license is to wrong. Every whisky license in America to-day is sold for so much, with the distinct understanding that wrong is to come of it. I am opposed to licensing a bar, because it puts the poor, helpless family at the mercy of the most heartless brutes that curse the fair face of earth. The child of a physician in our town went to one of these fiends and said: "Please don't sell papa any more whisky. He has been on this spree for two weeks." And then the barkeeper turned around and crushed the heart of that pure girl with, "Madam, I pay license for my business." Her heart bled as she went home to tell her mother. I am down on license! "What are you going to do? Prohibition don't prohibit," you say. Let me tell you why that is a lie as black as hell every time you say it. I can prove that you have lied, and that you are a fool to keep saying it. Start a prohibition vote in Tennessee and how much money will not the whisky men of Tennessee spend against it? Why don't they let it run? Every dollar they spend is a demonstration of the fact that prohibition does prohibit. Why, in Georgia, when we went to vote a county on "whisky" or "no whisky," these whisky fellows sent from $2,000 to $5,000 to defeat prohibition. Every dollar they spend and every gallon of whisky they donate is a demonstration that prohibition does prohibit.

One gentleman, who thinks he is a statesman, says: "The reason I am against prohibition is, I believe it will ruin the trade of the country." A man can lie, no matter how low down he gets. The first town below my town in Georgia is Ackworth. Thirteen years ago Ackworth voted whisky out. There were more than ten to one in favor of prohibition. There was not a single nigger in the whole town or district that voted for whisky. There were some white men that did. That was one time I said, and the first time, that I would rather be a "nigger" than a "poor white man." At Murfreesboro I talked on temperance and prohibition, and I said I wanted every colored man that will put his vote in against whiskey to rise, and every one of them stood on his feet. When I was ready to call up the white folks, a man arose and said: "Jones, you took the advantage of us; you voted the niggers first." Now, maybe there's something in that, for a fellow that has got lower down than a darky on a moral question don't like to display his meanness in public. "Prohibition does not prohibit, and then it injures trade." All over Georgia, in counties where prohibition has been carried and practiced from two to ten years, and in some counties longer, the communities are growing and are better off, in a business point of view, than they ever have been. Well, you say: "We all see towns that vote whisky out and still keep it there." They are selling it around the edges. In Cartersville we are doing our best in this matter. I heard there was a little around the edges, and I said I will give a $50 suit of clothes to any nigger or to any white man that can get a drink of whisky. If I can't stop it that way, I am going to Atlanta, and, if necessary, to New York, to get a detective to keep this thing out. Two or three men in a town can see to it that it stays out, and there will be no more trouble. You can go to Cartersville and get a fine suit of clothes any morning if you can get a drink of whisky there. I am so glad I got whisky out. I am raising my boys there. I said to a whisky man there: "I am going to give you till the first of January to sell out. We will put you and your demijohns both out then, if you are not ready. If my little Paul comes to your place for whisky, take him out into the backyard and chop his head off. I would rather you would do that than to give him a drink of whisky. If you chop his head off he goes to God, but if you give him whisky you ruin him forever." In all the love and kindness of my soul, I believe that every citizen of this country has the right to say whether he wants whisky or not. If every man will take this question fairly before his mind, there is not a father that will not put this stuff out of the reach of his boys.

Out they march, 60,000 of them a year, into drunkards' graves. St. Louis has 1,800 bar-rooms; Chicago and Cincinnatti, with its 3,000 bar-rooms, can alone make the 50,000 drunkards—that would be only twenty to the bar-room. The old died drunk, but they say he died of apoplexy, heart-disease, or something of the sort. They always lie about it. Nobody can say he died drunk. They will hatch up a "sunstroke" if they can't find anything more plausible—that is, if he has a family. You can tell absolutely nothing from the statistics. But you know what that bar-room is. It is the recording office of hell! And is sustained by the voice of the community! Sixty thousand go down into drunkards' graves this year. They go into your family for recruits to keep the ranks of this army of drunkards full. Your John, William or Henry they inveigle into the road to hell.

These boys are filling up the ranks, taking the places of those fellows that have gone. Who drums up these recruits? That is the business of the whisky men; the only business they have in the world is to keep the ranks recruited.

You may go to the city council of Chattanooga, of Nashville, of Atlanta. We will suppose they are all married men and have twenty boys. A rum-seller thrusts himself into their presence and says: "I will give you $200 for a license to make drunkards of those boys of yours." They would draw back their sticks on him and kick him out. But these same men will sell him a license to make some other man's son a drunkard.

If men will make and sell and drink whisky, let them hide and skulk in the mountains, and let it be known that every man involved in the infamous business is a criminal. [Applause.] You say, "We will defend you—our laws defend you and sustain you in all you say." Now, this is the very question. Your laws in Tennessee forbid whisky men selling liquor to minors. This is a lick at the whisky business. Your license laws in Tennessee forbid selling liquor on election days. This is an abridgement of the business. There is a snake. It is biting the race. You believe in hitting it on the tail or body. I don't. I think you ought to cut its head off. I don't care anything about its tail. If I have a right to strike its tail, I will strike it hard, and I will strike to kill. I want to locate its head and cut it off forever. [Applause.] If we could just put it all out of America at once!

"I would vote for it, but I don't believe in prohibiting it in one place and selling it in another." You say if your wife were to start to make you a coat and should say, "I can't sew up all the sleeves at once," she would talk just as you are talking now. The old man is out there shivering in the cold. He says, "Wife, sit down there and take it a stitch at a time." Let us take a district, a county, a State at a time, until we roll every barrel out into the Atlantic Ocean, and then say, "Thank God, we are free now." We are going to put every drop of whisky out of Georgia, and we don't want you to unload on us down there.

You never saw a man of whom you can command more of his blood and muscle than you can command of me to the temperance cause, but I am not in the political procession. I would not touch, taste nor handle the old wench of politics to save her life. It is a mighty indecent name to call her in public. If being against whisky is to go into politics, then God was the first politician, for he told us to "look not on it when it is red," and "woe unto him that putteth the bottle to his neighbor's mouth." God was the first politician of that sort that was ever heard of in this country. If this is politics, then God is a politician. This is the first time (looking over some memoranda which he held in his hand) I ever had notes, and now I don't know how to use them.

Now, my fellow-citizens, let me say in conclusion (for I have already talked about an hour), if you ever looked into the face of a man that has a right to speak out on this evil, it is this man talking right here. I want to say to you moderate dram-drinkers, my father was what you call and what all men call "a moderate dram-drinker." I never approach his memory or name without taking off my shoes. I never saw my father drunk. He drank as a gentleman until a few years before his death. His sons followed right in his tracks, and my father had three first-class drunkards before they were twenty-one years old. I would no more walk into the pulpit to preach with whisky on my breath than I would with small-pox on my body. Small-pox kills the body, but not the soul.

The reason we drink is that we can not control ourselves. Go to the hog-pen and pour out corn. Say to one hog, "You take six grains of this corn and no more." To another hog, "You take ten grains." That is "Temperance and temperance with a vengeance. I might say, "You take three drinks a day," and soon you will be taking ten before breakfast, ten before dinner, and lie drunk all night. You will have drunkards as long as you have these young dram-drinking bucks growing up here. I am against whisky every time the issue comes up. I am in favor of every measure that is opposed to it. I don't care how imperfect the method and the letter may be, whenever the question of whisky is raised, you will have my voice and my vote against it. When I fall down on my knees, when I get off my knees, I am going to pray against it. I am going to work against it. I am going to live against it, and I am going die fighting whisky. I have drank to almost my eternal ruin; but, God being my helper, I can now say: Here is one man that will die sober. I will drink no more, and when I get to where nothing but whisky will save me get me a shroud and a coffin ready, for I am going to die sober.

The greatest curse this country has are these little quack doctors who have just sense enough to collect their bills and prescribe whisky. If anybody is sick the little quack will say: "I think a little corn whisky, with a little bark in it, will help you." If I were a doctor I would not prescribe whisky for a fellow until he has been dead three days, nor to an old woman until she has just died. These are the only two classes in the universe that I would give whisky to. Whenever a doctor says whisky is the best thing for that trouble, Sam Jones says: "You are a liar, sir." There is not a disease that whisky does not aggravate. You little old quacking thing running about here with a sort of traveling bar-room, I have contempt for you! I tell you another thing, that doctors don't know everything. When Colonel I—— was converted, joined the church, and went down to Memphis to have a very dangerous surgical operation performed, the doctor said, "It is necessary to administer brandy. You will sink under the operation without it." "Let me sink," said he. "I will not take brandy." After the operation they said: "You are weakened by the loss of blood. You will die without something to sustain you." "Let me die without whisky, if I must die," the Colonel said. Those doctors told him it was "necessary to take some stimulant or you will never reach your home." "I don't care if I never do; I will not take whisky." The Colonel is as strong as any man in his town to-day and is a living witness that the doctors lie.

I am dead down on it, now and forever. I am against the traffic now. I shall be against whisky when I come to die, and I shall have no regrets about this thing. I never heard a man say, "I am sorry because I set a sober example; I am sorry I never drank before my children." You whisky sellers will have to meet your customers up yonder, where there are no demijohns, and whisky barrels, and 10-cent pieces passed over the bar. You will have to give an account to God for your corner in this business down here.

The grand old State of Tennessee! She has gone through many agonies that have shaken her from center to circumference. This old State has gone through blood and death, and I hope to see the day when every mother in Tennessee can call her boys around her dying couch, and, closing her eyes upon all of earth, say: "Whatever else may happen, my precious boys will not be drunkards. I die with the consciousness that my boys will never go down to hell through drink." [Applause.] A poor woman in one of my meetings sat but about ten feet from me, and looking up in my face, said: "Thank God for what that man is saying. I left my poor husband so drunk he could not get on his feet." All over the land there are hearts and homes desolate and ruined by this curse, and if there is no other man to fight for them, here is one man that will stand faithfully to the last. We will now receive the benediction.

How Prohibition Kills a Town.

One of the principle arguments used by the liquor side during the prohibition contest in Athens was that to abolish bar-rooms would be to drive away citizens and seriously cripple the business of Athens. Our city has now tried the experiment long enough to give prohibition a fair test, and we can now speak knowingly and understandingly. An interview with our merchants elicited the fact that they never knew business in all lines so prosperous as now and several report an increase of 50 to 100 per cent. in sales over corresponding months last year. In September, 1881, there were not less than a dozen vacant dwellings on college avenue, and the same rule applied to other sections of the city. To-day every house on that street is occupied, and there is a demand for many more. There never was so much improving going on in Athens as at this time, and there is no necessity for a single mechanic being idle. Every factory and other enterprise in our city is running on full time, and there is more work than there are hands to do it. Stores that have been vacant for years are now occupied, and other business blocks are either going up or have been contracted for. It is the rarest thing for the police to make an arrest, and the fines from the Mayor's court have fallen off 76 per cent. Fights and disputes upon the streets are unknown, and men who have for years squandered their salaries for strong drink are now good sober citizens, and the change is even noticeable upon the faces of their wives and children. In fact a new era of peace, prosperity and happiness has dawned upon the Classic City since the eradication of the liquor traffic, and even the few who opposed prohibition are now forced to admit its grand results. But the most marked change is in the condition and deportment of our colored population. They are working better than we ever knew before, are happier and more prosperous, and the kindest and best feeling now exists between the two races. Those street loafers are fast being numbered among the things that were, and the negroes of Athens are now a thrifty, industrious, contented class of her population. They are fast acquiring homes of their own, and many of them seem as much interested in the good government of the city as the whites. Our picture of the glorious workings of prohibition in Athens is not overdrawn, but any one can come here and see for himself. It has even done more than the most sanguine friends of the measure claimed for it, and the end is not yet. Taxes will not be increased one dollar, and the lawyers, courts and police officers' occupation, like Othello's, has well nigh gone. How any father, with little children around him, can vote against this great moral movement and elevating measure is more than we can understand.—*Athens, Ga., Banner-Watchman.*

Mad Dogs.

"I have handled thousands of dogs and been bitten hundreds of times," said William H. Bowers, assistant superintendent of the city pond and shelter, recently, "and I have never had but two animals that were afflicted with genuine hydrophobia. Dogs are subject to fits, and these are mistaken by the ignorant for rabbies."

"There is no cure for hydrophobia, either in dog or man," a leading physician, who has made hydrophobia a regular study, said: "The phenomena of rabbies are peculiar and directly the opposite of the popular idea. A hydrophobic dog never froths at the mouth. The disease is a species of pneumonic insanity and is caused by heat and too violent exercise. The dog loses his mind and has an uncontrollable desire to run at full speed in circles. The glands of the throat become inflamed and swollen, so that deglutition is impossible. The animal is consumed with thirst, but his swollen throat makes it impossible for him to satisfy his craving. As the disease progresses his eyes become glassy, his tongue distends and turns dark blue in color, his lips crack, and he finally dies in violent convulsions. The so-called mad-stone cures that are so often reported are fallacious. There is no efficacy in stones of any sort when applied to the bite of a rabid dog."

Although 50,000 houseless and starving dogs are annually taken to the London Home for Lost Dogs there has never been a genuine case of rabbies there since its foundation, twelve years ago. In a pamphlet published by the managers of the home occurs the following paragraph:

"No one need fear a dog that barks savagely, bites at everything within his reach, and froths at the mouth. He is not mad."—*Philadelphia Times.*

— A lately deceased justice of the peace of Derby, Conn., made the town a bequest of $5,000, on condition that it should not touch the money until it amounted to $5,000,000. It was calculated that the bequest would not become operative for two centuries, and the town has decided to relinquish all claim to the gift. The heirs at law now get the money.

— A convict, however poor, can always have a watch and chain.

Why People Swear.

The London *Telegraph* asks why people swear, and after considering the matter at some length, confesses that it does not know. The New York *Herald* wonders at the *Telegraph's* ignorance, and thinks that "a man must have been reared in a bandbox and never taken from the upper shelf of the dark closet to be confused by so simple a query." The *Herald* does not state its own theory directly, but indicates it as follows:

"If he had ever, while emerging from an omnibus on a day of slush and mud, been suddenly dumped into the middle of the street; if he had ever stepped on an evangelic bit of orange peel, and seen his hat gleefully escaping around the corner, while the passers-by stood still to see him gather himself together and give chase to the title; if he had ever tried to drive a nail into the wall, and found that, however he aimed, the hammer hit his thumb twice out of three times, these things would have suggested an answer to his question too conclusive to admit of doubt."

The meaning of the *Herald* seems to be, that a man swears under such circumstances as it describes, because of the pain, or irritation, or annoyance they occasion to him, and which he seeks to express in language adapted to the violence of his disturbed feelings. This, however, does not answer the question why he should seek to express his feelings in that way. The question is not when does a man swear, but why does he swear, and the *Herald* has not touched it.

It is difficult to assign a reason for the vice of swearing, and the difficulty is doubtless due to the fact that the practice is irritational in itself. The man who stops to reason with himself does not swear. The habit presupposes a hasty spirit and a disordered mind. In the instances given by the *Herald* a child would probably cry, and there is quite as much reason for the child's tears as the man's oaths. If the child were asked why it cried upon losing its hat, the answer would be "*because* it had lost its hat," and the larger child could not give a better one. The weakness that is shown by tears in the one case is equally manifested by the curses in the other, the advantage, of course, being in the child's favor. The instances in which men find excuse for profanity are well nigh innumerable, unfortunately, and, without undertaking their classification, it is sufficient to say that the "motive" in all cases is pretty much the same—to express impatience, petulance or anger. It thus appears that the cause of swearing is not to be found in reason, but in the lowest class of emotions, and that the man who swears "to ease his mind" fails of his vowed purpose.

There are many ways of swearing, however, besides the use of profane words. The spirit of an oath exists in many hearts, and is materialized on many occasions when it does not take the form of speech. The slamming of a door in wrath has been fitly characterized as a "wooden damn;" and that is about what it means. The brute who breaks tables and chairs or crockery to convey to his trembling family a sense of the power of his anger, says in deeds just what he would say in words if he were to invoke the condemnation of Heaven upon their devoted heads at every breath. The father who strikes his child in passion would doubtless swear at the child if he were not free to beat it. Oaths and blows are very near akin, and the former are usually resorted to where for any reason the latter would be useless or inexpedient. The snarl of a dog is an oath of its kind, and the snarl of a human being, however manifested, is of the same character. There are frowns, and black looks, even, that are no better than an anathema written upon the sullen brow which gives them harbor. The motion of a hand, or the stamp of a foot says very plainly sometimes what the lips are restrained from uttering, and even while the curse dies behind the clenched teeth it darts forth in angry glances not hard to be understood.

There are mild forms of the vice, of course, as there are mild forms of other vices, but the spirit is the same in the cases we have considered, and it is the same throughout the long list of other examples which might be given in which weaker forms of expression are used to give vent to minor degrees of perturbed feeling. Petulance, impatience, vexation, "nervousness," all speak the same language, and he would try to obey the significant injunction, "Swear not *at all*," will find that the old Adam requires very close and incessant watching, indeed, and that he who would stand guard over his own lips and heart must never slumber.

We have taken no account of that form of swearing, so called, which is indulged in as mere expletive. There are men, unhappily, with whom profanity has become habitual. Their oaths, so freely employed, are meaningless; they express nothing but the vulgarity or general depravity of the one who uses them, and, while more outrageous in form, have no more intent than the more common by-words which are heard every day on every hand. When they involve the use of any of the titles of Deity they cease, of course, to be mere expletives and become blasphemy pure and simple, and will be judged accordingly. "The Lord will *not* hold him guiltless who taketh His name in vain."

The simplest plan is the best one. Let your communications at all times be yea, yea, and nay, nay, for whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil. By lopping off the branches sometimes you wither the root, and the root of swearing and profanity is very deep-seated. By controlling your words you will learn to control your spirit, and he who can do that is mightier, and in the end will be far wiser and happier, than he who controls a city or even an hundred cities.—*Charleston Sunday News.*

— A few days ago Major L. J. Jones, of the Newberry Bar, received a letter from a client in Texas, for whom he had transacted some legal service over thirty-three years ago, and in the letter were inclosed the fee for said service and an offer to pay interest if it were desired. There was no memorandum of the fee kept by Mr. Jones, and he had entirely forgotten the matter. The client had moved to Texas more than thirty years ago.

— When James D. Fish reached New York from Auburn in charge of the officers of the law and was about entering the Murray Hill hotel, a hearse, followed by a single carriage, passed going to the grand central depot. In the carriage Mr. Fisher saw his daughter in deep mourning. In the hearse was the corpse of his youngest son—his favorite child—who had died on the previous Saturday at New Orleans.

— On Thursday night, October 8, Mr. Jas.