

The Anderson Intelligencer.

BY E. B. MURRAY & CO.

ANDERSON, S. C., THURSDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 23, 1886.

VOLUME XXII.—NO. 11.

JOHN E. PEOPLES & CO.

EXPECT TO CONTINUE THEIR

CROCKERY BUSINESS,

AND in order to build up a good trade, they are offering their stock at very low prices. They have a large stock of—

Hand-Painted China Decorated Sets,

Opaque Porcelain Goods,

Granite and C. C. Ware,

Stove and Glassware,

Fruit Jars a Specialty.

They have some SILVERWARE that they will sell very cheap. Also, a lot of BIRD CAGES and FEATHER DUSTERS. They have a large stock of—

STOVES AND RANGES,

That they will sell cheap for cash, or on time to good parties. They have an immense stock of all kinds of TINWARE of their own make.

They manufacture EVAPORATORS, and sell Brennan & Co.'s Celebrated—**CANE MILLS, FEED CUTTERS, SAW MILLS, & C.**

On short notice they do all kinds of

Tin Roofing, Gutting and Roof Painting

As cheap as any one.

Before buying your PAPER, PAPER BAGS and WRAPPING TWINE, call and examine their stock, and get prices that will compete with any house selling same quality of goods.

August 12, 1886

AUGUST, 1886.

We have made our last Reduction of the Season in all our Departments.

OUR STOCK OF SUMMER GOODS MUST BE SOLD,

AS WE NEED THE ROOM FOR OUR LARGE FALL STOCK.

Come in and see for yourselves, and you will find prices LOWER THAN EVER BEFORE.

August 5, 1886

W. A. CHAPMAN.

500 Bushels Yellow Rust Proof Seed Oats,

Red Rust Proof Seed Oats,

Seed Barley and Rye,

Clover and Grass Seed

In stock and to arrive.

Bagging and Ties,

Fresh Groceries arriving by every train.

ALL of the above we will sell for Cash cheap. Give us a call before buying.

B. F. CRAYTON & SONS.

Sept. 9, 1886

NEW CROP

TURNIP SEED,

IMMENSE LOT, JUST ARRIVED, AND THE BEST

FRUIT JARS

AT

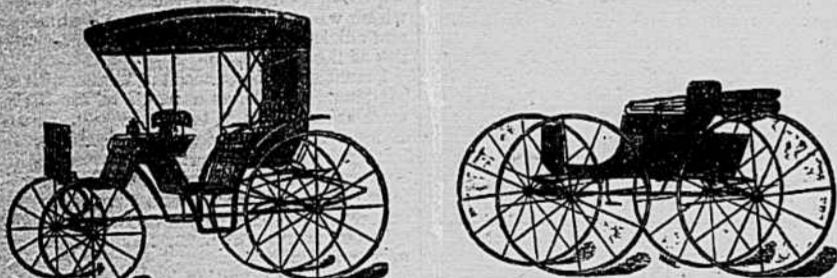
SIMPSON, REID & CO.'S

DRUG STORE,

Waverly House Corner.

July 22, 1886

CONSULT YOUR INTERESTS!



REED & STEPHENS will be pleased to quote their prices and show the numerous styles of Carriages, Phaetons, Buggies and Wagons of their manufacture. Western or Columbia, to any one who intends to purchase. We have a large stock to select from, and guarantee satisfaction to every purchaser. For neatness and durability our work cannot be excelled in the Southern States. Be sure and see us before you buy, and we will make it to your interest to do so. We sell on time to good parties. Call at the right place. Our Factory and Show Rooms are on Main Street, between the Square and University.

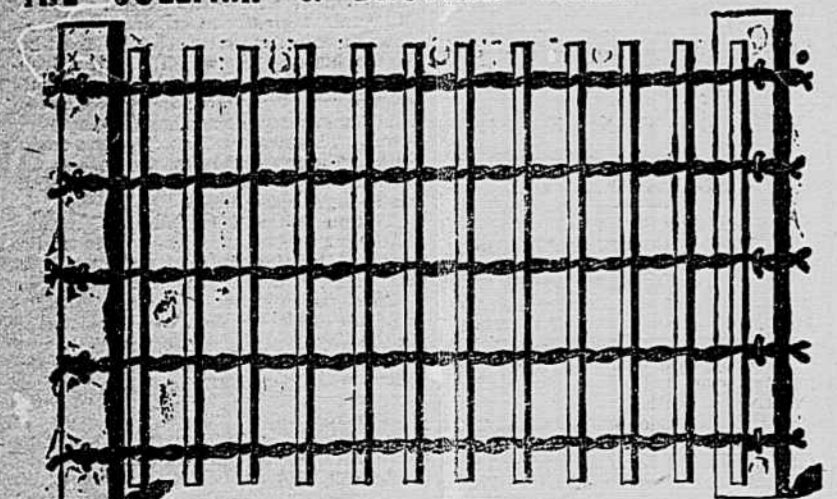
REED & STEPHENS.

Anderson, S. C., July 15, 1886

"OUR COMBINATION FENCE,"

MANUFACTURED BY

THE SULLIVAN & BROTHER FENCE COMPANY.



Chicken Tight, Mule High, Bull Strong! Durable, Handsome, Portable, CHEAP!

PUT up for convenient handling in bundles of 50 feet or more. Nothing but sound Pickets and best grade Bessemer galvanized Steel Wire used in the manufacture of our Fencing.

THIS IS CERTAINLY THE FENCE OF THE DAY! And is FAR SUPERIOR in many respects to any other kind of Fence ever invented.

The above cut exhibits its appearance, and the Fence need only be seen to be appreciated. Orders for fencing filled promptly, and all correspondence in regard to same will have our immediate attention.

THE SULLIVAN & BRO. FENCE CO.,

SULLIVAN & BRO.,

Anderson, S. C.

TEACHERS' COLUMN.

J. G. CLINKSCALES, Editor.

ATTENTION TEACHERS!

The examination of teachers will be held in the court house, Friday and Saturday, October 1st and 2nd. White teachers will be examined on Friday and colored on Saturday. Be on hand promptly at 9 o'clock a. m., and be sure to bring a supply of stationery.

The Rev. Mr. Pressley has been employed to teach at Generosee next year. We hope the people in that neighborhood will give him strong support and that his work may be pleasant and profitable to all concerned.

Mr. W. W. Sadler closed his school last week at Ivy Hollow. Weston will go next January to Davidson College. We commend his pluck and ambition, but regret to lose him from the principalship of the Ivy Hollow school.

We are glad to learn from the Plaindealer that the Hones Path School opened well. Prof. Watkins is meeting the success his ability and fidelity to profession merit. He has the hearty co-operation of the thinking men around Hones Path. They have a good teacher; they know it, and hold up his hands.

The Slabtown School under the efficient management of Mr. J. P. Smith, assisted by Miss Mary Boggs, is in a flourishing condition. They have now over fifty pupils and expect others. The house will soon be thoroughly renovated and rendered entirely comfortable for the children in the cold winter months.

We understand Mr. Boleman has resigned his position as principal of the Townville School, and will devote himself in the future, to farming and selling goods. He has done good work there for years, and will take with him the best wishes of patrons and pupils. We hope the Townville people may secure a worthy successor to Mr. Boleman.

The competitive examination for cadets at the Citadel Academy has been postponed to Sept. 30th. O, how the boys are studying! Well it do them good, even if they fail to win the cadetship. The effort they are now making will be of incalculable benefit to them. Two vacancies are to be filled. Messrs. Humphreys, Geer, Brown, Baker, Evans and Welch, are the competitors. Pull boys, pull!

Mr. C. O. Burris, the teacher at Hunter's Spring, has sent us an invitation, in behalf of his patrons and the citizens generally, to hold the next meeting of the Teachers' Association there. Mr. Burris is enthusiastic in the cause of education, and so is the community in which he is so fortunate as to reside. We enclosed his letter to the President of the Association. Action will be taken as soon as a meeting of the Executive Committee can be held.

Belton, indeed the whole of Anderson County, may be proud of young Campbell, the successful competitor in the examination for a scholarship in the Nashville Normal College. Mr. Campbell went to school to Mr. W. F. Cox several years, at Belton, one year to Ligon & Reed at Anderson, but for the last year he has been at home. He has not been idle, however. His whole time has been given to study. He not only prepared himself so well for the examination as to be able to tie the highest competitor in a class of twenty-six, but during the time has thoroughly learned the science and the art of stenography. You can't keep some boys down—others you can't get up.

How many of our teachers have read Wickesham's School Government? How are the teachers spending this vacation, anyway? Are they at all at work? What kind of work? Do they expect to teach again when the schools open? Is teaching, with the majority of them, their vocation, or avocation? If their avocation, then the sooner they surrender their certificates the better. If teaching is your vocation in life, then we may be sure that this annual *inter regnum* will not be allowed to pass by unimproved. Your business, my friend, is to fit yourself for the work that awaits you. What are you doing to make yourself a better teacher than you were when your school closed? Are you busy all the day long? Then can't you give two hours, or one hour, at night to reading? You can't afford to be wholly idle. You can afford to wear out but don't rust out. Keep yourself bright by the thousands of means that lie around you, whatever your condition in life. If you teach just to fill in a little time that suit your convenience, you will never make a teacher. To be honest with you, the school room is not your place. Shift your sails and try something else.

The Carolina Teacher for September comes to us filled with a number of very readable and suggestive articles. The first, "The Choice of a Profession," by Prof. H. P. Archer, Superintendent of the Charleston schools, is burdened with truth that a majority of its readers can appreciate from an abiding sense of a mistake made along the line he so forcibly points out. Let the young man just starting in life, if perchance such an one should read these lines, commit to memory the following sentences from Prof. Archer's pen, and repeat them every morning before breakfast for a month: "All callings, it is true, are honorable, provided they are honest; but a mistake once made in this direction, is a calamity alike to the individual who makes it and to the community in which he lives. It is a calamity to the individual, inasmuch as he can never hope to succeed in that for which he has no talent, and to the community inasmuch as he can contribute nothing to advance its interests." Nowdays, it is getting to be disgusting to hear young men speak of "looking around for a job." Our boys ought to be so trained that "a job" would be awaiting them when they reach the age of strong, active, young manhood.

OUR EUROPEAN LETTER.

Down the Rhine.

Special Correspondence Anderson Intelligencer.

At 10 o'clock Friday, July 30th, we mount our wheels at Strasburg and begin our journey down the Rhine. We are instructed to wheel to Kahl, a small village across the river from Strasburg, and then to take a road running north along the Rhine toward Heidelberg. We soon reach the opposite side of the river, and along the suggested road we spin at a lively rate, but in a few minutes our way begins to get rough, and there seems to be but little travel over it for a public road down the Rhine, but our faces are in the direction we wish to travel, so we press on and shortly our road divides out to a narrow foot path. We consult one another upon the propriety of continuing this route, but some one reminds us that it's the mark of cowardice to turn back, so we move on until our foot path is no more, and the beautiful valley of the Rhine becomes a fancy. We are somewhere in a swamp with our faces toward the north. To the right of us we discover an embankment, and upon it we push our way until we arrive at a point where a small stream intersects the Rhine. We can wheel no further for its water in front and upon either side of us. In the distance we discover a fisherman mending his nets, and ask for assistance and soon his long narrow skiff shoots across the waters, and we with our wheels are soon landed upon the opposite shore. We gladly fee him liberally, and shortly find the right road to Heidelberg, and press on. Nothing occurs worthy of mention during the remainder of this day's journey. We stop for the night in the little city of Ettenberg, 45 miles from Strasburg. We reach Heidelberg the following day early in the afternoon. We find the city beautifully decorated, for Festzug, which is to occur the following week. It is the five hundred anniversary of the university and all Germany is expected to participate. Visitors from all parts of the world are flocking here to witness the great jubilee, and it is expected to be one of the greatest events in the history of Heidelberg. We employ a guide and visit the Castle and other places of interest. We were not permitted the pleasure of seeing the Great Tun, as they were filling it for the Festzug, the first time since 1764, no visitors being admitted for three days. Think of it, my reader, a huge cask with a capacity of 283,200 bottles filled with wine to celebrate the anniversary of a University. How would that do for an American School? Uncle Sam has't the only red nose in the world.

Young Rhett's Revenge.

Years before the war, while sectional feeling was boiling toward fever heat, one of the young Rhetts of South Carolina, says a Washington correspondent, was sent to Harvard University. At that time the students were sharply divided by Mason and Dixon's line. The Northern boys were led by a big bully from a New Hampshire farm, who thrashed everybody in both parties, but displayed his partiality by thrashing the Southern boys twice to the Northern boys once. The university has changed wonderfully since then, of course, but at that time it was more like a great English public school in some respects than like a great English university. Young Mr. Rhett had not been there long before he was knocked down by a young Mr. New Hampshire. It was a novel experience for the Carolinian, and he could only think of one remedy: he promptly sent the bully a challenge. How Hampshire made no immediate reply. This naturally increased the curiosity of the other fellows as to what the outcome would be. One morning New Hampshire waited at chapel door for Rhett, and quite a crowd gathered when he arrived.

"Did you write that?" asked the New Hampshire boy savagely, holding the challenge before Rhett's face.

"Yes, I did," said Rhett, pale of face but defiant of heart.

New Hampshire said nothing more, but deliberately tore the challenge into snips and bits and threw them in Rhett's face, when he and the other boys went into the chapel, leaving the dazed Rhett alone. Mechanically he stooped and picked up the pieces of paper lying at his feet, then he went over to Boston, playing with the bits of paper in his pocket as he walked. In the afternoon he reappeared, but said nothing to his nearest friend about his visit to Boston, nor did he disclose his plans for getting even with his enemy. Every day for weeks he visited Boston, and when not away on these trips occupied himself with his text-books. One day, when a number of his fellows were standing on the campus, among them the bully, young Rhett made his appearance for the first time in many days.

"Come here," he said, calling the bully by name.

"Come here, yourself," was the reply.

"Meet me half way," said Rhett, and the bully consented.

As soon as New Hampshire got within striking distance Rhett quickly knocked him down. Surprised and maddened, the bully rushed at Rhett, when he was again felled, and every time he got up Rhett skillfully defended himself and offended the other. At length the bully, beat, used up, fell helpless at Rhett's feet, who put his foot on his breast.

"Let me up," moaned the bully.

"Not just yet," said Rhett. "You got a challenge from me once?"

"Yes," groaned the bully.

"Instead of replying to it like a gentleman, you tore it up and flung the pieces in my face," went on Rhett.

"Yes," was the reply, with an effort.

"Well, I saved the pieces, and you've got to eat them before you get up," was the cool reply.

Thereupon he slowly fed the fallen bully the carefully preserved bits of paper, and they were all eaten. Rhett had utilized his Boston trips to the best advantage with the most scientific sluggers of his day. It was not until he had succeeded in knocking down one of his instructors that he undertook the bully.

A Wisconsin farmer, going down a hill with a load of hay, locked one of the wheels of the wagon. The friction of the wheel upon the ground struck a spark which ignited the hay and started a fire that required eleven men to extinguish.

Here's the difference: When doctors give a man up his chance for his life is gone. When lawyers give him up, his money is gone.

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The colleges of every country have tastes and customs that seem strange to a foreigner, I suppose, and if the German student would visit Harvard or Yale they would imagine our boys a tame lot of creatures, for in the German University a fellow is considered a dastard if he hasn't the pluck and the nerve to stand up before a fellow combatant and have his face cut into mince meat. It is expected that each student will fight at least ten duels with sharp swords before completing a college course, and most of them have occasion to fight many more, for if a student fails to tip his hat properly, or by accident or otherwise pushes or comes in contact with a fellow student, cards are exchanged and a duel arranged for. The whole body is protected but the face, and the one that can do more carving in fifteen minutes is considered the best man. The most skillful surgeon in the city and a professor in the University is employed by the year to sew up the wounds, and he must have plenty of business, for the display of frightful gashes upon these heroic sons of Germany is simply terrible. There are many things here that Americans might criticize, but for all that there is something about Heidelberg that lovers of the beautiful admire—the narrow valley, the broad plain, the vine crowned hills, the woody heights, the green waters of the Neckar, the silver-flowing Rhine, the venerable Castle ruins, the abundance of contrast in color and form unite to compose one harmonious picture, the Artists from all over the world have loved to paint, and as we turn away from the charms of this city we carry with us sweet remembrance not easily forgotten.

We continue our journey down this romantic river, stopping now and then at points of interest. A short distance from Worms we dismount to examine a peculiarly constructed tricycle propelled by electricity. A German invention not to be sneered at, but we hardly have time to appreciate our curiosity before the gentleman and his two sons mount a very comfortable spring seat and spin around the curve like a railroad engine. We are not amazed, for a yankee is prepared to expect most anything, but we are satisfied that Edison isn't the only man that can make a horse out of a little lightning. The main attraction at Worms was the Luther Monument, which is one of the best that we have seen in our travels. We carry a short time at Mayence, and then wheel on to Westbaden, a great summer resort of Germany, an attractive city and pleasant place to stay if you have plenty of the yellow lucre.

On the evening of August 3d, we reach Rudesheim, a noted place for celebrated wines. Upon the hillside far above the village the Germans have erected a very large and handsome monument in commemoration of the victory over the French in the late war. It is said to be one of the finest pieces of sculpture in Germany. But our stay is brief in that place for just over the river is Bingen, "Fair Bingen on the Rhine." Words as familiar to an American school-boy as "Mary's little lamb." But it's not necessary to inform you of that fact, you have doubtless all sung it, for its rarely spoken in this little old city, so we wheel down to the ferry and cross over.

VAN DE VENTRE.

A Chicago minister preached last Sunday on "What can I do to be saved." It would seem that about the first more would be to get out of Chicago.

He stood under the window and sang, "How can I leave thee." But he did leave, and so suddenly that the dog went back of the house and wept.

BILL ARP.

He Writes of the Farm and the Growing Crops.

"Oh! did the harvest to their sickle yield"—that's me now at this time—but if the poet had lived he would have been a little more personal and writ:

How doth he slay the peavines in the patch His bending back, with tall and nearly broke. But still he buckles boldly to the scratch And peavines fall at every sweeping stroke.

I like to have choice of work and my choice is to cut peavines, with a keen blade and a cloudy day it is delightful work. But when the sun comes out from behind the clouds, why I just dodge under an apple tree and boss. I can cut and boss two acres a day, easy. I don't like to split rails nor fiddle nor dig a ditch nor grease the wagon nor catch a mule nor tote water up a hill, but I am very fond of cutting down peavines. They are so tender, and they fall so gracefully and they cover the ground with such a clean, green luxuriant carpet. They are about waste high now and there is just enough weeds sprinkled among them to hold them up straight, and from the top of every weed a peavine stretches its serpentine tendrils up about a foot and waits—for a sickle. The tender weeds don't hurt. In fact they make right good forage, better forage than John Branson's dog fence. John says that Kingston cattle got used to dog fence during the war, and they like it pretty well when they can't get anything else. The weather is splendid now for cutting peavine hay, and if cut when the bloom it takes but two or three days' sun. I've got an acre next to the big road that I make two crops on every year—a crop of small grain and a crop of peas, and it never fails—and keeps in good fertility without any other help. Some farmers say you must turn the peavines under, but I don't. I cut about two tons of hay from that acre in the barn loft, and it is worth more for forage than any crop that grows. The corn hangs heavy this year. I never knew it any better in this section. There won't be many nibbles to feed the steers on, and some folks will grumble about that I reckon. The breath of approaching winter is beginning to be felt. The quilt is laid at the foot of the bed. The little chaps have broken a window glass or two and they have got to be fixed. The winter's wood must be cut and hauled. A few loads of pine must be brought from the mountain. Some rye must be sown for the milk cows. The corn crib must be cleared out for the new crop and a sill must be put under the barn. There is always room for some repairs and the sooner they are made the better. The boys are gathering the pop corn now and putting it away for winter night frolics. The boys are getting ripe and the black haws are turning. Walnut time and chestnut time will soon be here and then come squirrels and possums and partridges. The sweet potatoes have cracked open and heaved up the ground, and if there is any better food for the table in winter I don't know it. There used to be a picture in the old school book of General Marion and his soldiers eating potatoes by the camp fire. That wasn't so bad after all. They are good enough for pease. When they are candied with sugar it makes a dish that is fit for a king. Then there are the Irish potatoes that keep good in the ground all winter. I let the grass and weeds grow over them and shade the ground from the summer's sun. This kind is full of good things that the poor eat can have if they will work for them. Nobody need suffer. If a man will work half his time he can support a wife and two or three little children in comfort. The trouble is not with the necessities of life, but it is the luxuries that play the mischief. It is fine clothes and too many of them that keep the poor man's head bowed down. It is the strain to keep up with the mob. It is the going and coming and frolicing and visiting. It is the sitting up half the night and sleeping half the day. It is breakfast at nine o'clock. It is the habit of novel reading that is as demoralizing as base ball or gambling. Rich folks can indulge in these things but poor folks cannot. Where is the young man who has the moral courage and self denial to be stingy and save his earnings? I am going to live on a straw now and send our crippled boy to Dahlgone to college, but I do it with great reluctance, for fear he will lose his habits of industry and have to be a town lawyer or a small politician when he comes back. But he can't work on the farm, and I must do the best I can for him. How many society girls of this day are content to spend most of their time at home in domestic pursuits, helping their mother—she are getting married nowadays—the sons and daughters of the rich mainly. The others can't afford to marry. The young men have nothing to marry on and are not likely to have. Those who have a little are afraid to venture it on a society girl whose father is always on a strain to keep her big trunk full of clothes. There are a hundred old bachelors in Georgia now to there were used to be ten. But it is all right, I reckon, for they had better not marry than to marry and live on a perpetual strain trying to keep in halting distance of society and its follies. But the children are happy, I am glad of that. How I do love to see them romp and frolic in innocent pleasure. What a pity it is that they will soon get grown and take on the deceitfulness of fashion and folly. But I will stop now for I'm gloomy. I've got a sore eye and it weeps all the time, weeping for Jesus, I reckon for she has gone and we see her but once a week now. She has gone to a boarding school, and I wander around lonely. Carl is going, too, next week, and then another poor will fall. Farewell, vain world. I believe I will take to reading novels. The Last Days of Pompeii is a good book for these earthquake times. I think I will read it again. But for comfort in trouble the Vicar of Wakefield is the best. I will go and cut some more peavines and get tired and then rest. Work, labor, toil is the best cure for the blues. A man can sit around in the piazza and think of his little troubles until they swell and grow into big ones. My good

Fine Stock in Upper Carolina.

The Oconee driving association held its first annual exhibition of the trotting stock and other stock of the county on the 1st and 2d of September. It proved a very successful and creditable exhibition, showing to our people and people from other sections what great progress is being made in the line of breeding and improving the stock of our country. The judges of the stock on exhibition were selected outside of the county, and were men who were satisfied duty fairly and justly and impartially with all exhibitors on the grounds, and the highest evidence is the general commending and approval of our people of the awards made by them. The judges were Judge Cleveland, from Piedmont; J. B. Arnold, from Charleston; H. H. Hill, from Abbeville. They are three men who combine all the qualities of both head and heart to make a success of any exhibition. They made every body happy on the fair grounds that came in contact with them by their genial faces and honest and equitable contentions, and everybody in town felt good over their horse-talk and clever, good-humored social ways.

The Driving Association are very much to be commended for their spirit, activity and enterprise in the building of a track and the erection of buildings at an expense of \$600 or \$700, where the trotting horse could be developed and the stock of the county could be shown and exhibited. The public spirit of the projectors of this new enterprise, once of doubtful, now of certain success, is manifested in the money invested in the experiment and the low price for admittance. The design is not to make money, but to promote the raising of a better and more remunerative breed of stock. The benefits redound to the county and State, not only here, but in the increased interest of all our people in this profitable branch of agriculture. The spirit which led to the organization of the driving association began only a few years back, and has already spread among the people of this section, and will grow in interest and lead to similar enterprises in other parts of the State. The experiment has already proved not only that we can raise stock profitably here, but that we can propagate breeds competitive with the blue grass breeds of the United States. To this end we look for a larger and better exhibit each succeeding year, with greater interest until the association shall give to our county an enviable reputation for blooded stock and greatly add to the value of property of all kinds in the county.—*Walhalla Courier.*

For Farmers.

The following suggestions are made for the benefit of planters and cotton shippers by one who has handled cotton and seen its condition after reaching the seaports:

1st. A bale weighing over 500 lbs. is undesirable for the following reasons: In handling (when it is often necessary to do so in a burst haste) it is liable to have the bands fractured at one or both ends, which invariably causes loss in weight before or by the time it reaches seaport or the Northern mill to which it may be consigned. The standard weight of a merchantable bale is 450 pounds. The planter loses by heavy bales, as the bagging and ties usually cost less per pound than the cotton itself. This is so evident that it is surprising that no farmer would be so extravagant in baling his cotton, as not to put plenty of bagging and ties on it.

2d. Every bale should be securely sewed up at each end and with twine. No bale should be considered ready for market until it is properly sewed up with twine—no ravel thread pulled out of the bagging. Merchants selling bagging and ties should keep twine on hand and call the attention of farmers to the importance of using twine in putting up their cotton.

3rd. Cotton is often ginned before it is properly dried, having been picked just after rain or heavy morning dews, being put through the gin and cut to pieces. A far greater amount is damaged by rusting it through the gin running at double the speed it should, cutting and tearing it to pieces, destroying the fibre, detracting in many cases 2c. to 1c. per lb. from actual and merchantable value of the staple. The crop of Chester County alone is damaged by bad ginning and handling many thousands of dollars per annum, all of which is clear loss to the tillers of the soil.

It would astonish our farmers to know how much is lost by careless handling, picking, ginning and baling their cotton crop. It is to the interest of our agriculturists to husband their resources, particularly a year like the present when there is such a short crop of cereals. Handle your cotton so as to get every cent out of it possible.—*Exchange.*

Equal to the Emergency.

Col. Scales, of North Carolina, while discussing a glass of Glenn Springs' water in the mountain country, told us the following anecdote:

At the Yorktown celebration some of the boys, feeling waggish at the entertainment, spied out the British Consul at Richmond near by, and insisted upon his responding to a toast of "the day we celebrate." The bold Boston, nowise daunted, rose and began thinking on his feet. He suddenly spoke as follows:

"Gentlemen, I am placed by you in a somewhat delicate position, but I hope to represent, however feebly, the pluck of my country, which needs no endorsement or recall here or elsewhere. I am sure that Great Britain is mighty and magnanimous enough to look with complacency upon the prosperity of one of her children, even when, after a family quarrel, has been drawn up for himself and is an apostle of liberty. So far as this immediate celebration is concerned, I can safely celebrate on my own responsibility, after an elaborate examination of this locality, that had he been Lord Cornwallis I should have evacuated it a damned sight sooner than he did on a certain memorable occasion."

Music by the band.—Augusta Chronicle.

A large increase of the corn crop of Indiana is reported.

State Convention of Farmers.

I desire to call the attention of the farmers of the State to the following resolution, passed last April by the Farmers' Convention:

"The committee on permanent organization reported as follows:

We recommend that an organization be formed, to be known as the Agricultural Association of South Carolina; the members of this association to consist of delegates elected by County Agricultural Association or Conventions on the basis of representation in both branches of the General Assembly, said delegates to be elected on a Saturday in October, and to hold office for one year. The first meeting to be held in Columbia on Tuesday of fair week, next November."

The Convention provided for in the above resolution will meet in Columbia at 12 o'clock on Tuesday, November 9, and transact such business as it may deem proper. Notice will be given of the place to meet. Many of the counties have already appointed their delegates. I would urge upon the farmers in every County to be fully represented by their best men. Where counties are not already organized, a mass meeting can be called any time during October, or on a Saturday in November, to elect delegates; or the Democratic Clubs can meet in a Farmers Convention and send delegates. This organization is well bound to exert great influence on the future welfare of our agricultural interests, and cannot fail to prove beneficial, not only to farmers but to all other classes.

B. R. TILLMAN, Chairman Executive Committee Farmers' Convention.

Destitution in Texas.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 13.—First Auditor Chenoweth has just returned from a month's visit to Texas. He gives a sad picture of the destitution and suffering there on account of the drought. He is astonished that there has been so little said on this subject. He says it is estimated that in Jack County not twenty bushels of corn and wheat have come up. The drought extends from beyond Fort Worth up into the Pan Handle. This is a fine grazing country and a large amount of stock is kept there. This year, however, it