

The Anderson Intelligencer.

BY E. B. MURRAY & CO.

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TEACHERS' COLUMN.

J. G. CLINKSCALES, EDITOR.

Miss Carrie Watkins is doing a good work at Denver. Her school is not large, but is well managed and thoroughly taught. Her patrons are fortunate in securing her services, and would do well to keep her as long as possible.

We are glad to know that Miss Olivia Newton has again taken charge of a school near her father's home. She has almost entirely recovered from her severe affliction, and will doubtless do as faithful work as she ever did in the school-room.

Miss Nannie Hartness, after a sojourn in Texas, returns to Anderson County, S. C., and is ready to take charge of some school in the county. Miss Nannie is well educated and did first class work as a teacher before she went to Texas. Any community would do well to employ her.

Last Monday many of the teachers returned to their school-rooms with anxious hearts. They will be anxious to know how their pupils passed through the trials and temptations of the Christmas holidays. What have you done to prepare your pupils for the pleasant recreation of the holidays? Did you warn them of the quicksands? You will find it hard for the first two or three days to get them to fix their minds on lessons. See that your patience is equal to the emergency. Don't forget that you were once a child. You may utter a word now that would start some boy on an upgrade with momentum enough to take him through the year, or you may speak one word that will spoil a whole year's work.

The once stubborn preference for male teachers is fast giving way in this country. Occasionally one hears the remark, "I want a male teacher; I don't want to send my boys to a woman teacher." We do not hesitate to repeat what we have often said: "The best work done in the school-rooms of Anderson County is done by females." Our readers may believe us, or not, as they like, but we know whereof we speak. Many persons, especially those who classify teachers according to their number of pounds, avowably think that the male teacher is to be preferred because of his inability to whip hard enough. Without reasoning at all, they conclude that for that reason alone the boys will do more and obey better. Facts do not warrant such a conclusion. The best regulated schools are not always taught by men, but by women, strong or weak. The rule is absolutely necessary in its place, and sometimes is indispensable, but it is not the tendency of the times, but the fact of the matter, that the female teacher is to be preferred. Give a lady the support of the patrons and she will control the school. A child that is controlled at home, that obeys his parents because he loves them, will seldom give the teacher trouble. If many of those parents who are constantly objecting to "woman teachers" would teach their children the great lesson of obedience at home before they reach the school age, the demand for "man teachers" would cease. In the North, the female teachers so far outnumber the males, that all the school journals, in speaking of teachers, invariably use the pronoun "she" and "her." Patience is the one element that more than any other insures success in the school-rooms: where do you find that element more distinctive than among females?

While the printer calls for copy, the following cheering letter of greetings to the teachers of this county is handed to us. In behalf of the Anderson County teachers, we send greetings to Miss Lella, and wish for her a year of unusual prosperity and happiness. This editor has a tender feeling for the grand old county in which Miss Lella is laboring. About the only girl he ever courted in dead earnest lived in that county, and it gives him pleasant feelings to hear the word Orangeburg mentioned. But here is the letter:

DANTZLER, ORANGEBURG CO., S. C.

MR. EDITOR: If you will allow me space in the Teachers' Column, I will send a few words of New Year's greetings to the teachers of Anderson County. Though in a remote county, I feel the deepest interest in my own native country. I prize the visits of the Anderson Intelligencer more than ever, and look forward to its weekly visits with delight. The Teachers' Column and the localities especially are interesting to me. It was with a heavy heart that I left my home and county and came to dwell for a while, at least, among those who were entire strangers to me. I am glad that I am contented in my new home and pleased with my new field of labor, and hope that my toil may not be in vain, and that I may see the results of my work. I am in a splendid community where the people are kind and try to make a stranger feel at home. Have a nice, new and capacious school room, conveniently arranged and well furnished with necessary apparatus, all of which is due to the unceasing efforts of our good friend Dr. Dantzier, who is one of the leading men in the county.

It was my privilege to attend the Conference of the M. E. S. C., while it was in session in Orangeburg, and the first person I met on entering the Church was our worthy School Commissioner, and indeed I was delighted to see him.

I was honored several days since by a visit from Prof. Mellichamp, Principal of the Orangeburg High School, and also School Commissioner of this county; he is certainly an excellent man. He charmed both teacher and pupils by his kind and winning manners. He gave the children a short lecture, to which they listened with profound attention; he exhorted them to guard and feed well their youthful minds. His talk was both animating and instructive,

BILL ARP

Discourses on the Day we Celebrate.

When I was a little boy, I had a great deal of curiosity. There was a kind, good-hearted blacksmith who kept a shop on the street, and I used to stop there and look at him work, and if he was upsetting an axe or laying a plow, I would watch him as he heated and hammered, and heated again, and then put every change I would ask, "What did you do that for?" For while he humored me and would explain in a simple way, but when he got tired of me, his reply was sure to be, "Oh, I did that just to please the children," and he would hammer away and hum a little tune, just as though I wasn't there.

Well, he told the truth, though perhaps he didn't realize it, for he had a house full of little chaps and all his hard work was for them. That good old blacksmith was next to the best man I ever knew, and to this day I never think of him but what I call to mind that expression, "Just to please the children"—and every time I hear the clank of a hammer on the anvil, it seems to me to be saying "pleasing the children, pleasing the children."

Pleasing the children is about all that the majority of mankind are living for, though they don't realize it and if they did they would hardly acknowledge it. It is emphatically the great business of this sublunary life. We look on with amazement at the busy crowds in the town and cities that are ever going to and fro, and the most of them are working and struggling to please and maintain children. It is the excuse for all the mad rush of business that hurries mankind through the world. It is the apology for nearly all the stealing and cheating and lying in the land. One time a man sold me a Poland China rooster for \$15 and she ate up \$5 worth of chickens the day I got her, and when I asked him why he didn't tell me she was a chicken eater, he smiled and said he thought I would find it out soon enough. He spent the money on his children and so I had to forgive him. Sometimes when I ruminates upon the meanness of we grown up folks, I wish that the children would never get grown, for they don't get very mean or foolish until they do.

Now the biggest part of all this Christmas business is to please the children. Of course there is service in the churches, and the good, pious people celebrate the day in prayer and devotion, but most of it is for the children. The stores are thronged with parents hunting something for them. The Christmas trees are for them, and all the dolls and wagons and tea sets and pocket knives and harps and firecrackers and a thousand other things too numerous to mention. Why there will be five thousand dollars spent in this county this week for Christmas gifts. There will be half a million in the State. There will be twenty millions in the United States, and it's nearly all for children. So, my young friends, you must understand how very important you are in this world's affairs, but you needn't get uppity nor bigoty about it, for that spoils all the old folks' pleasure.

Now, let us all imagine we are around the cheerful Christmas fire and talk about Christmas and tell what it means. Of course you know that it is the anniversary of the birth of Christ, and all Christian people celebrate it. It is very common everywhere to celebrate birthdays. Americans make a big fuss over Washington's birthday because he was called the father of his country. My folks make a little fuss over my birthday and my good wife's birthday. They don't tout horns nor pop firecrackers, but they have an extra good dinner and fix up a pleasant surprise of some sort. We used to surprise the children with a little present like a pocket-knife, or a pair of scissors, or a sleeve button, or something, but so many children came along that there was a birthday in sight almost all the time, and as we got rich in children we got poor in money and had to skip over sometimes. The 4th of July was the birthday of a nation and so the nation always celebrates that day.

Christians began to observe Christmas about 1,600 years ago at Jerusalem and Rome. They had service in the churches and made it a day of rejoicing. In course of time the young people rather lost sight of the sacredness of the day and the devotion that was due to the occasion, and made it a day of frolic and feasting. They sang hilarious songs because they said the shepherds sang songs at Bethlehem. They made presents to each other because they said the wise men from the east brought presents to the young child and his mother. They kept up their festivities all night because the Saviour was born at midnight. The Roman Catholic church has observed these annual celebrations for centuries, and the Church of England took them up, and so did the Protestants in Germany and other countries. Christians everywhere adopted them, and Christmas day became a universal holiday except among the Puritans of New England, who forbade it under penalties. They never frolicked or made merry over anything. In a great painting of the nativity by Raphael, there is seen a shepherd at the door playing on a bagpipe. The Tyrolese who live on the mountain slopes of Italy always come down to the valleys on Christmas eve, and they come carrying sweet songs and playing on musical instruments, and spend the night in innocent festivities. A century or so ago there were many curious superstitions about Christmas. It was believed that an ox and an ass that were near by when the Saviour was born bent their knees in supplication, and so they said the animals all went to prayer every Christmas night. Of course, they might have known better if they had watched all night to see, but when folks love a superstition they humor it. If a child believes in ghosts they are sure to see them, whether they are there or not. Those old-time people believed that when the rooster crowed for midnight on Christmas night all the wizards and witches and hobgoblins and evil spirits fled away from the habitations of men and hid in

AN AWFUL AND FATAL CRASH OF TRAINS.

REPUBLICAN, JAN. 4.—The officials of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad state that a collision occurred at two o'clock this morning between the passenger train which left Baltimore at nine o'clock yesterday morning and a freight train of the same road which was en route for the west. The collision occurred at a public, a village a few miles from Tiffin, Ohio. The headquarters of that division is at Newark, Ohio. The accident is attributed by officials here to a misunderstanding of orders for the regulation of one or other of the trains.

Tiffin, Ohio, Jan. 4.—The fast train on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad at an early hour this morning collided with the east bound freight train near this city, wrecking both trains. Nineteen bodies have been taken from the wreck. More are injured. Three coaches destroyed. Physicians have gone to the scene from here. The weather is very cold. The thermometer is about two degrees below zero.

Tiffin, Ohio, Jan. 4.—A fast train on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad which left Newark yesterday for Chicago with five coaches and four sleepers, all well filled with passengers, collided with the east bound freight seven miles east of this city about 4 o'clock this morning. The fast train was about fifty minutes late and was running at the rate of sixty miles an hour. Passing Republic, a small station, like a flash, they rushed along to a curve one mile west of that town, when suddenly the engineer saw a freight train under full head way within one hundred yards of him. He at once applied brakes and reversed his engine, but it did no good, and the next instant the crash came, telescoping the coaches and piling them upon each other. To add consternation to the horrible scene fire broke out in the smoking cars and soon spread to the other cars. Many were killed outright, while others weighed in among the broken cars were slowly consumed by the flames. The screams of the wounded and dying were heartrending, but no assistance could be given until a farmer, awakened by the crash, came, and with other neighbors worked like beavers to save the perishing. At this writing nineteen dead bodies have been recovered, and they lie burned and disfigured in the snow beside the wreck. Help was sent from Republic and this city as soon as the news was received. It is a fearful sight and recalls the Ashabula horror of the winter of 1877. It is impossible to give the names of the killed and wounded at this time. The cause of the disaster is as yet unknown.

The passenger was running sixty miles an hour. The freight eastward bound had expected to make the siding at Republic and was probably making thirty miles per hour, and running in opposite directions on the same track caused a telescope as clean and disastrous as has ever been witnessed. The engines were run into each other as one stove pipe fit into its mate and all that could be seen was a mass of brass, iron and steel. At an early hour there were hundreds of people coming to the scene of the disaster ready and anxious to do what they could, but it appears that just as soon as the Baltimore & Ohio agents could get to the wreck they carried out of the county the wounded, dying and dead. It is believed that there were at least 22 bodies burned beyond possible recognition. From the report of survivors it would appear that a number of the unfortunate were so thoroughly buried that their remains could not be gathered from the debris. Only three survivors remain at Republic. These are Mrs. Mary Postlethwaite and two young children. Her husband and two sons, aged 11 and 18, were killed. They were emigrating from Belmont, Wetzell County, Va., to Chillicothe, Mo. In some way, even the mother was unable to relate how she got out of the car in which she had been traveling, and wandering away from the burning train, carrying her two youngest children in her arms, entered the first house in which she found light. She was almost crazed and with difficulty her name was ascertained.

Express Messenger, W. Scott Price, of Wheeling, W. M. Freierick, of Washington, were among the killed. The total number of passengers was 65. The smoker was entirely consumed and all the passengers in it were killed. All mail and express matter was destroyed.

Charles P. Toll, of Detroit, says at 2:15 this morning he was awakened by being thrown violently from his berth. The train consisted of express, baggage car, one coach and two sleepers. One coach telescoped into the baggage car so completely that the two cars were crushed into the space of one. The sleepers did not leave the track. The telescoped cars caught fire from the stove and the passengers, living and dead, were imprisoned in the shattered wreck. The engineer and fireman of the freight train leaped and saved themselves before the collision. The engineer of the express, named Eastman, had a leg broken and sustained a severe wound in the shoulder. His fireman was caught between the engine and tender and died in a few minutes.

The baggage man of the express was thrown through the roof of his car, escaping with a broken leg. The express messenger, who was sitting beside him, was killed instantly. No one in the sleepers was injured. Among the passengers in the sleeper were Mrs. Fish, of Joliet, Ill., sister of Gen. Logan, and her son Charles. The shock was so terrific that farmers in the neighborhood took it to be an earthquake and were soon at the scene of the wreck. In the confusion of the wreck a hot dispute arose among the train men as to responsibility for the disaster. It appeared that the freight train was running on the time of the express. The engineer was heard to remark that he had left the last siding with only thirty pounds of steam, and on an upgrade east of Tiffin his engine "went back on him" and the train stalled. No danger signals were sent out ahead, and the express, running at full speed down grade and around the curve, had no warning of the danger, until it was too late.

A cloudless sky never produces a good harvest.

RELIGION IN WAR TIMES.

THE story of the Logan ancestry and how General Logan inherited or acquired his appearance of having Indian blood in his veins has never been published, nor correctly, at least, and is quite interesting. General Logan's aunt, Mrs. Margaret Phelps, the sole survivor of that generation, a bright and wonderfully intelligent old lady, says that her father and family emigrated from county Monaghan, Ireland, 1793. Her father, John Logan, was then a child of five. Her grandfather, who was one of the Scotch Presbyterian settlers of Ulster, lived to be 118. The family first settled in Maryland, and then moved to Ohio. Her father was a stock breeder, and her brother John, General Logan's father, often made journeys South to sell stock in New Orleans and other cities. On one of these trips he met the widow of a Frenchman named Laramie, one of whose sons Fort Laramie is named after. The widow was half Indian, half French—beautiful, well educated and wealthy. She was considered a great catch, and suitors came from far and near, but John was the successful one. When John married he induced his father and family to move to Jackson county Mo., where some of his wife's property was located and where she lived. By this wife Dr. Logan had one child, a girl. Logan had picked up some medical training in various places, and it is said that he got a degree during one of his stays at Natchez, Miss. Dr. Logan's wife died before 1820—the exact date is not known—and he subsequently married Elizabeth Jenkins, General Logan's first child by the second marriage. Dr. James Roberts, of Carbondale, a warm friend of Gen. Logan, and his father, and an old-time political opponent of Dr. Logan when he was running for the State legislature in the thirties, comes into the story at this point, for Dr. Roberts is authority for the curious tale.

"It is a physiological fact," says Dr. Roberts, "that the first child by a second marriage frequently resembles the deceased wife or husband to an extraordinary degree. General Logan's case is the most wonderful illustration of this fact ever heard of. The general's father, Dr. Logan, was rather dark, but not so swarthy, while his mother was blue eyed and fair haired. Yet General Logan, strange as it may seem, inherited the Indian features and complexion of Dr. Logan's first breed wife who died several years previously. The first Mrs. Logan was beautiful, as those half breed women often are, and was comparatively fair, much fairer, indeed, than her daughter, General Logan's half-sister, or than the General himself. The grandchildren of the General's half-sister, by the by, living here in Carbondale, show strongly marked traces of their Indian descent through down to the fourth generation."

—Chicago Tribune.

THE CHINESE DIFFUSING THEMSELVES OVER MANY PARTS OF THE WORLD.

"People have little idea," said A. B. Shattuck, who arrived in New York from Canton last week, "how rapidly the passion for emigrating is growing in China. The whole southern Asiatic coast and many of the Pacific Islands are filling with Chinese. In spite of our prohibitory laws not a few Chinese manage to smuggle themselves into our country, and they are fairly swarming in many places where nothing is done to keep them out. In 1871 only a few thousand Chinese lived in Singapore. To day the new China town is the feature of the place. Singapore has now 86,000 Chinese residents, and last year 150,000 Chinese landed in the city on their way to other parts of the coast. Coochin China which is now a French province, is rapidly filling with Chinese. Here, as in all other parts of the south coast of Asia, the Chinese excel the natives in intelligence, education and business qualifications. They assert their superiority in many ways, and treat most of the natives as their inferiors. In Coochin China the Chinese merchants have absorbed the greater part of the trade. They can beat the natives selling their own products and many of them are rich."

"In Australia the Chinese are growing in numbers. They control the trade of the Gilbert Islands, and are gaining ground in Hawaii. In many of the Pacific Islands, like Fiji, where there is considerable trade, a visitor is likely to see a group of Chinese before his eye lights on a native. The Chinese are overrunning Bramah, and there is a large colony of them in Mandalay. A large party of traveling Chinese merchants who were on the road in Burmah a few weeks ago, were mistaken by the British troops for Decois. The soldiers fired upon them and several poor fellows were killed."

"The increasing migration among the hordes of China is one of the most interesting signs of the times. The Mongolians are gradually diffusing themselves over a large part of the world—a fact that deeply concerns many nations, and is also indicative of the great changes going on in China, from which emigration would have been impossible years ago."—Brooklyn Times.

A TERRIBLE ACCIDENT.

PORT WAYNE, Ind., January 1.—At eight o'clock this evening the fast express bound east under high speed, struck a steel containing twenty young people who were crossing the track of the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago railroad, two miles east of this city, en route to a county residence for the purpose of attending a dance. Miss Lizette Leppé and Miss Tina Mincer, aged 17, were instantly killed; Miss Lotie Fix had her right leg broken. Miss Lizette Kanning had several ribs broken. Miss Lena Haigh had an arm broken. Miss Emma Schular, a leg broken; Miss Gusta Heyne, back badly injured; Miss Lizzie Weibke and Miss Belle Bishop were badly bruised, and suffering from nervous prostration. The party was being driven by Byron Westrom, who saw the train approaching rapidly and was implored by the gentlemen to stop, but did not heed them. The gentlemen jumped out but the ladies did not succeed in doing this until too late. The scene just after the accident was heart-rending. A relief train was promptly sent to the scene with a corps of surgeons and the dead and wounded were properly cared for.

LOGANS' COLOR.

Some Things that should be Done in this Year of Grace.

Stop writing it 1886.
Stop whistling airs from the "Mikado" unless by special request.
Stop wearing giraffe bouquets in audiences.
Stop telling ultra-venerable stories.
Stop telling fresh stories whose point can only be appreciated by the aid of a doubleconvex lens.
Stop shirking your political duties.
Stop neglecting to return borrowed books.
Stop indulging in more than one hundred pounds of self-conceit to the square inch.
Stop subscribing to the theory that a workman is known by his poker chips.
Stop tarrying at the flowing bowl of other flowing receptacle for alcoholic stimulants.
Stop supposing that the world could not get along fair to middling without you.
Stop fighting the inevitable.
Stop looking at the dark side of life.
Stop giving way to fault-finding.
Stop furnishing your friends with the minute particulars of your bodily ailments.
Stop taking pessimistic views of men, things and the theory of the universe.
Stop working too hard.
Stop working not hard enough.
Stop going out through the acts for the aromatic clove.
Stop writing to famous people for their autographs.
Stop procrastinating.
Stop sending to newspapers "something" I've just dashed off and haven't stopped to correct."
Stop informing your conscience that white lies or any lies shade off from the blondest of boys.
Stop using language unfit for publication to your telephone when you are unable to catch the other fellow.
Stop believing that you could give all the correspondents points on foreign politics.
Stop telling a busy man "I know you're busy, so I'll only keep you a minute," as a prelude to an hour and a half's attempt to talk his arm off.
Stop being so engrossed in money making as to have no time to be publicly spirited.
Stop flattering yourself that you thoroughly understand the Irish question.
Stop investing your hard earned savings in another man's game.
Stop striving to earn your living by the sweat of race horses, lottery tickets or stock gambling.
Stop laying the unction to your nose that you can crush your hair so the bald spot won't show.
Stop discussing Hamlet's madness, the personality of the XVIIIth Louis, the difference between the old and new school Presbyterian Church, the probable date of the arrival of the millennium, and the best way to dress a lettuce salad.
Stop casually reminding your wife of your mother's method of making mince pies.
Stop entertaining the impression that apples haven't the flavor they used to have.
Stop boasting of how practical you are, long enough to find out if you're merely narrow.
Stop casting notes out of the eyes of relatives, friends and acquaintances when you are convinced that there are no beams enough in your own to start a lumber yard.
Stop entertaining the impression that any year of the past was a better year than this year.
Stop envying, hatred, malice and all uncharitableness.

MR. BEECHER ON PROBATION.

Mr. Beecher preached in Plymouth Church Sunday upon the early and spiritual stages of Christ's life. "Men are up in arms," he said "over the problem of probation after death."

"What a schoolboy question! What a quickness matter! We shall find that that are all imperfect; that death is but a step forward in the great life. Beyond the grave God is preparing for us. We may be fitted for this but there are changed conditions that which we must conform. That we be taught at some intermediary place some half way house between this world and final immortality, there is no doubt. People say they want proof of this, but cannot give it. Therefore I am not theologian, for they know everything. There is another thing that I cannot prove, but which I firmly believe. The world is not the only life world. Others are not all lazy, and they will send their people into the kingdom of God. They will not be like us. God has limited his fertility to the making of men. But what will these multitudes of people be like? Tell me if you can."

"We must kill the old idea of medical dying, after which a man goes down to heaven, perfect and angelic. Heaven is not a place where angels stand around like wax figures and sing hallelujahs. "Death is the swelling of a seed which lay upon this earth; it is the budding of a bud in April; it is the entering upon Summer; it is the going out of a prison house. Christianity, after 2,000 years ought to have taught men that it is going to everlasting peace. Don't drag me here in black, or the dead in black. If you know of some poor man who has gone to his death, put on black for him; but don't wear it for your father or mother, or child. You say you're better in mourning. Perhaps you're better than you should not."

THAT OLD SKIN COMPLAINT.

PHILADELPHIA, December 27.—Dr. J. V. Shoemaker of this city, when shown a newspaper article giving the alleged wonderful case of a negro man and woman who had turned from black to white and whose transformation could not be explained, said: "It is not an uncommon skin disease and is known as leucoderma. I write people the skin turns a milky white, but it is more noticeable in the contrast with the dark skin, owing to the contrast with the dark skin. The change of color is caused by the destruction or rather absorption of pigment, which is not formed again and is not painful. The disease can only be cured when it is attended at the very start. It is not fatal, and the only bad effect is the deformity or pitted color it causes. It is quite common among the negroes in the South, where it is often produced by malaria."

AN EDGFIELD PAPER WISHES A TAX TO BE LLEVIED ON DIGS, BACHELORS AND WIDOWS WITHOUT CHILDREN.

Fred W. Shulor of Vance, Orangeburg County, the white man who was taken from his house and thrashed some time ago for marrying a colored woman and who promised to leave the County by the first of January, has kept his word and shipped for parts unknown.

MR. JONES.

Mr. Jones, said little Johnny that gentleman, who was making afternoon call, "can I talk with you?" "Oh, nothing; only my whiskey was beginning to talk with me."