

The Anderson Intelligence.

BY CLINKSCALES & LANGSTON.

ANDERSON, S. C., THURSDAY MORNING, JULY 5, 1888.

VOLUME XXIII. - NO. 52.

TEACHERS' COLUMN.

J. G. CLINKSCALES, EDITOR.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

GREENVILLE, S. C., June 28.

At this writing, the Inlet-County Teachers' Institute moves along nicely, about 120 teachers having been enrolled. Anderson being well represented, both in numbers and quality. It is indeed gratifying to us to notice how deeply interested our teachers are in the lessons and in the afternoon discussions. Many of them have attended the Institutes we have held in Anderson County and appreciate the benefits to be derived from such things. Several of them are now attending their first Institute, and are charmed with what they see and hear.

All concerned deeply regret the inability of Professors Blair and Branson to be present. Telegrams were received informing us of the serious illness of members of their families. The latest from Prof. Blair is that he hopes to be able to reach this place Saturday, thus giving us one week's work instead of two as we had hoped to get.

Dr. Klemm, Prof. Pritchard and Miss Bohman are in good trim and fill their places admirably. Dr. Klemm, as all our teachers know, is just back from an extended trip through Europe. His purpose was to examine and see operated the best methods employed in the European schools. We think we do not exaggerate when we say that his lectures on school methods are intensely interesting. The doctor is an enthusiast; he is himself a teacher on school work, and in all the time him full of striking and suggestive ideas. Last night he lectured on "The Teacher and His Pupils." He talked one hour and a half, and held the attention of his intelligent audience throughout.

Prof. Pritchard has Grammar and Penmanship, and measures fully up to what we expected from what we knew of him as a College student.

Miss Bohman, of the Columbia Graded School, is simply charming when standing before a class. Lending sight of self she is completely buried in the subject she handles, and at once rivets the attention of every member of the class. No one can fail to be impressed by her earnestness, and few fail to be inspired by her wonderful tact in handling subject and class. We have been particularly interested in her work during the last three days. If any man thinks that there is nothing for him to learn about teaching the primary branches, he has only to attend one of her recitations to be convinced of his own stupidity. A dry reading lesson when put in the hands of Miss Bohman is made to sparkle with brilliant sentences sufficient to dazzle the brain of a novice. Miss Bohman's work alone is worth the time and expense of the Institute. How I wish some of the hard shells in Anderson County would just hear her thirty minutes! She would put their heads to whirling and make them recognize their own fossilized condition.

Our teachers are coming in on nearly every train. Miss Carrie Watkins came from Danver to-day. Miss Lou Carpenter writes she will be here Saturday, accepting the truth of the old maxim, "Better late than never." We regret to learn that Miss Minerva and Lou Drake are detained at home by the serious illness of their brother. These two young ladies have always been faithful and are much missed by some of us. Miss Nora Hubbard is greatly missed too, but we cheerfully excuse her, as she is preparing to go to Montague to take a special course in Latin and Algebra. We would be delighted to see many others go with Miss Nora; we are glad to have Anderson represented at so celebrated a place by so worthy and so successful a teacher as Miss Nora.

Mr. J. B. Watkins has not put in his appearance here yet. He will pretty soon, however, and will go a whole school year he does.

Our teachers are comfortably quartered here, about ten of them being at one boarding house. It is gratifying to us to know that they are always punctual at the daily sessions of the Institute. On Monday Mr. Mayfield stated that the morning sessions would begin at 9 o'clock if the teachers were in place, but at 9:30 if they were tardy. We assured him that we could speak for our teachers, and would undertake to say that they would be on an hour when the clock struck 9. Our remark caused a ripple of laughter among the teachers from the other counties. We thought we knew whereof we spoke, and we did—our teachers did not fall as. When the clock struck 9 Tuesday morning, every Anderson teacher in Greenville was in the hall ready for business. That is more than can be said for the teachers of any other County. Let us say that we were proud of our teachers, and took considerable delight in twitting friend Mayfield with the excusable tardiness of his. J. G. C.

Mr. ENRONS. Having recently attended the closing exercises of Prof. J. B. Watkins' school at Hones Path, the Williamson Female College, the Patrick Military Institute, and Mr. W. P. Holland's school at Lebanon, and being impressed with the advantages arising from such, I am inclined to say a few words on these occasions.

In the first place they identify the interest of the patrons in the school, each of the children having a place on the program. On account of these events the pupils carry with them from school light school days. Such occurrences give the teacher an opportunity to illustrate his efforts during the session. They stimulate and energize the scholars. The addresses, speeches, recitations and music are, if wisely selected, well calculated to wield an influence in the vicinity for good, as every parent is sure to remember most of what Lizzie and Willie have to say. By these occasions the whole community is brought together and more closely united. And if, instead of being rough, boisterous gatherings, they are characterized by an elevated and refined and well-disciplined appearance, the social and moral status of the neighborhood will be ameliorated and elevated.

PEW PICTURES.

The Backwoods Philosopher Signs for the Brush.

What a great thing it is to be an artist. How often have I envied Horace Bradley, who can so skillfully catch the pictures of nature as they pass and have them transferred to the printed page, so that the millions may see what he saw and feast upon the scenic. What a still greater gift it is to use pen and pencil as Prof. Crayon did in the long ago, and delight the mind as well as the eye. If we could sketch what we see with our eyes and describe the surrounding as we feel them in our hearts, it would be a double pleasure to mankind. I wish I had a little pocket camera that would take a photograph in an instant, and attract nobody's attention, one that I could just draw a focus on a novel scene or landscape or a pretty face, or even a dog fight, and take a picture no larger than a dime, and then have it expanded by a large instrument.

I read in the *Scientific American* that the French artists will take a sheet of paper that is six feet square, and will have 5,000 words written upon it, and will photograph it down to two inches upon a slip of thin vellum, and tie that round the long feather in a carrier pigeon's tail and send the bird 500 miles in a day, and then have the vellum magnified so that every word can be read.

Last Sunday morning two hardy countrymen called at the commissary store to borrow a pick and a shovel wherewith to dig a grave. They said that old man Wade was dead, the old man with the droopy eye. He had been as good as dead for a long time and his wife and their invalid daughter had nursed him for years. They were poor, very poor, and the old woman worked out when she could and so they had kept out of the poorhouse and kept the wolf from the door. Not long ago she took a contract for splitting rails and without help of any kind cut and split 400 a week and pocketed her two dollars on Saturday with a thankful heart and a "Bless God for his goodness."

For years this strong-armed and strong-hearted woman has maintained the family and comforted the suffering invalid. She is as much a heroine as was Joan of Arc, for she did what she could and does all she can and never complains. She works up to the full measure of her capacity.

Sunday evening the funeral procession came by, and it was then that I wanted Horace Bradley with his sketch book. The cortege was a yoke of oxen drawing a dirty old wagon—a wagon with a strong straight frame that the one banister used a labor had loaned this humble hearse, and a pale faced boy of sixteen had volunteered to drive. A plank seat had been placed across in front of the old woman and her daughter, and the black stained coffin took up the space behind them. The pale faced boy walked and drove the oxen. Slowly the slow team moved along the sandy road, and I and silent the old woman and her daughter leaned to each other with folded arms, and their old-fashioned sun bonnets almost touching, and their homespun garments showing that even poverty can be clean. I wanted to look upon their care-worn faces, but they turned not, neither to the right nor to the left. They too seemed dead—or almost dead, and so did the oxen and the boy—so still, so slow, so sad, so solemn. Never was there a more touching picture for the artist's pencil. We thought this team was all, and we wondered, but by and by another ox team came in sight and then a buggy with the preacher and then some more of the humble people walking, and by the time the country graveyard was reached, there was quite a gathering of those who had come to join with simple prayer and song and help to put the old man in the ground. Verily it does not cost much to die and be buried—at the mines, and there is no difference to the dead. They sleep as well as at Greenwood.

There was another picture that would have rejoiced Horace Bradley. It was a court scene—a trial by a magistrate, a trial of a man for assault with intent to kill a man. The prosecutor was a blacksmith and the defendant was a white-smith who had seized a hatchet and ordered the blacksmith to get out of his store or quit cursing, whereupon the blacksmith affected great indignation and sued out a warrant for assault with intent to kill. The case was tried in the middle of a big road. The old squire was sitting on the ground in his shirt sleeves, and when the parties all arrived he told the constable to open court, and the constable said: "Oh yes, oh yes; this court opens to adjournment. Take notice and govern yourself according." The prosecutor was sworn and told his tale. The defendant and his son were sworn, and the squire said: "Now, gentlemen, I have seen it somewhere or heard tell somewhere that a man and his son can't both testify in a case, but I will hear any one of you who chooses." There were three or four lawyers to discuss this grave question and so the defendant told his tale, and then two darkies testified and the old squire took a chew of tobacco and said: "Well, gentlemen, I don't see how this here case is much of a case, and nobody's been hurt or was likely to be, and there was no scurrilousness to justify the warrant, but I've been bothered and pestered right smart and lost more than half a day, and I can't fool around such business for nothin', and my costs has got to be paid by somebody or the office hasn't worth nothin', but an accommodation, and as the prosecutor can't pay it and the defendant can, I will just fine him two dollars and quit. Mr. Constable, you can collect them costs and then adjourn the court, for business is business."

"Well, I'll be doggon'd," said an orator. "Two dollars for pickin' up a hatchet and tellin' a feller to go out of your house. Doggon'd if it won't be dangerous for a feller to take up a hatchet to nail on a plank."

But I reckon the judgment of the court was about right, for he must have his costs and they must pay it who can. When I came home there was another picture on the shaded lawn that fronts my house, and which is a good part of our home. Children had gathered there to frolic, and some were swinging and

FIFTY YEARS OF PROGRESS.

Southern Christian Advocate.

When England, some years ago, gave up a little island in the Mediterranean, Bismarck said: "England is going down. Whenever a great power begins to give up territory it shows that decay has set in." In less than three months after this remark was made, England virtually dictated the terms of a peace to Russia in the German capital, and Disraeli actually bluffed Bismarck into advising Count Schtvaloff to accept the terms he proposed. England has been great for long that many wonder, at the long lease of power which has been given to her. With England's consent the regal crown was placed upon the head of the Elector of Brandenburg and the ancestor of Emperor William. The little King of Prussia furnished 8,000 men to Marlborough's army in the war against France. At that time the whole population of England numbered only 5,600,000 and her colonies were few and sparsely settled. Indeed, it was not till this century that England really began to expand and to grow. The Queen has just celebrated her jubilee, and, as was natural, Englishmen have looked back to see what they have been doing during the last fifty years. A summary of the mighty deeds is really startling.

The area of the empire has been greatly enlarged during her Majesty's reign. In that brief period Englishmen have occupied Natal, British Bechuanaland, Basutoland and the Transkei; British Columbia and the wide Northwest territories of the Canadian Dominion, and settled Australia, New Zealand and Tasmania. They have also acquired by cession Labuan, Lagos, the greater portion of the Gold Coast and Fiji; by arrangement, Cyprus, Port Hamilton and the basin of the Niger, besides many smaller possessions and nearly all the isolated rocks and islands of the sea. Their dominion in India and Burma has also been largely extended. Now the British empire covers about a fifth of the habitable globe. It is one eighth larger than all the Russian, three times as large as the United States, sixteen times as large as France, forty times as large as Germany. That is, there has been an enlargement of area from 2,254,905 to 8,562,920 square miles.

The population has increased in like proportion. It has more than doubled in fifty years, rising from a little over 10,000,000 in 1837 to considerably more than 200,000,000 in 1887. The increase in the United Kingdom has been from nearly 27,000,000 to 37,000,000, or about 44 per cent. In England and Wales the increase has been about 90 per cent, and in Scotland about 60 per cent. In Ireland there has been a decrease from 8,000,000 to 5,000,000, about 38 per cent. During this time over 9,000,000 emigrants left the United Kingdom. In the colonies and dependencies, exclusive of India, the increase has been four-fold—from 4,000,000 to 16,000,000—more than half of whom are of British race. Australasia has grown from 100,000 to 4,000,000; Canada and the neighboring colonies have risen from 1,250,000 to 5,000,000, and the South African colonies from 130,000 to 2,000,000. But the largest increase has been in India. Fifty years ago British rule extended directly over 90,000,000 of people and indirectly over 400,000,000 more, but now it reaches over 200,000,000 in British India alone, and 55,000,000 in the native States dependent upon it. In India there is an annual increase of one per cent. There is a daily excess of births over deaths of 7,000. Every year adds 2,250,000 people to the population.

"Grand, indeed, and pressing are the problems raised by the unprecedented increase in a country where there are already more than 170 persons to the square mile; where there is very little fertile land that is not appropriated; where every male is bound by the strongest and most sacred ties of interest and piety to marry at the earliest possible age; where the superstitions of the vast majority will neither allow them to emigrate nor permit them the use of animal food; where, finally, in consequence of British rule, those three ancient checks on population—famine, pestilence and war—are losing their destructive power." (The Reign of Victoria I, 522.)

In the United Kingdom the death rate has decreased and the general health improved. Statistics for the whole kingdom only date back as far as 1870, but since that time the death rate has decreased 10 per cent. When we consider that during the last fifty years the people have flocked to the towns and cities—nearly two-thirds of them now dwelling in towns—where the death rate is about 20 per cent. higher than in the country, this has been an immense gain. Deaths from heart disease, apoplexy, cancer, paralysis, insanity and suicide have increased. The principal improvement has been in the management of consumption, pneumonia, scarlatina, fever and dypsoy. Who can tell what a saving of time and money, to say nothing of sorrow and suffering, has been made by this amendment of the general health? One paragraph (Dr. Brudenell Carter, "The Reign of Queen Victoria I," 405), will help us somewhat in realizing what might be shown if there were carefully kept health statistics for the whole period.

During the period between 1851 and 1880 scarlet fever annually destroyed the lives in England and Wales of an average of 854 persons in every million—a total of 648,000 in the thirty years—mostly among young people with prospects of life and usefulness before them. Each death would mean twelve illnesses, many of them with injurious consequences of lifelong duration; each illness costing a pound—an estimate which roughly sets the pecuniary loss inflicted upon the nation by scarlet fever in thirty years at over £26,000,000 sterling without considering the anxiety and suffering of parents and relatives.

The United Kingdom has also become much wealthier. Here the increase has been almost fabulous. A calculation made by Mr. Giffen shows that the capital or property of the country has increased from a little over £4,000,000,000 sterling (\$20,000,000,000) in 1837, to

THE LOCUST.

The Terrible Seventeen-Year Locusts have Arrived at Times.

CHICAGO, June 21.—The much dreaded seventeen-year locusts have arrived on time, and dispatches from all sections of Illinois and Iowa show that the air is full of them. The first invasion that created consternation was in 1854 and again, seventeen years later, in 1871, the pest made its appearance with increased numbers. The insect now comes to time, just as it was expected, and the farmers are horrified at the overwhelming army of ruthless plunderers that hums and sings about their ears, waiting calmly for the crops to get in, condition to be eaten.

The locust is well known as if he were a yearly visitor, and his appearance is predicted with precisely the same certainty as the planets in their orbits. The entomologists all know him intimately, and have never made a mistake in putting their fingers on the year when the pest will make its appearance. The seventeen year locust is a large insect which is born, lives and dies without traveling much. In 1854 they made their appearance in Effingham County, Ill. They came from the ground in such numbers that holes or perforations out of which they came were so thick as to be almost interlocked. Even the margins of pretty hard roads would show the clear-cut holes of the travelers bound for daylight. Reaching the surface, the dirt-brown adventurer carefully felt its way to the first perpendicular object—weed, shrub, bush or trunk of tree. Crawling up a distance of six to eight inches, its feet were glued fast to whatever it was clinging, and then of a sudden, and sometimes with distinguishable sound, a space of an inch opened along the back, and out of this soon came the fulling locust, prepared to fly, to sing and to die. The timber tracts were the homes of the ephemeral visitors, and their united song was painfully monotonous, varied only by cadences of a rise or fall in the breeze. While eating nothing themselves, except foliage and tender parts of shoots of trees and shrubs, they were, nevertheless, eaten with avidity by hogs. It did not take much imagination to discover a well-defined letter "W" on the wings of these locusts at that time, and by the wisecracks of the day, that was interpreted to be a sign of war before the next locust coming.

The female locust is supplied with a "chisel" and is also born with a knowledge of how to use it. The "chisel," or sting, as some called it in those days, was a half inch in length, attached to the under part of the body and extending backward. It was the size of a stout needle, nearly as hard, and terminated in a sharp point. Taking position on the under side of the twig selected for puncturing, the locust would "back up" until an incision was made downward and inward nearly a half inch; then moving far enough ahead for another, it was made in the same way, and so on to the end of the twig, with almost mechanical precision. The eggs deposited were oval-oblong in shape, white in color and about the size of a clover seed. Under the invasion of foreign substance the twigs die and break off. While on the ground the larvae hatch from the eggs and crawl into the ground, where they thrive and grow for seventeen years. Reaching maturity, the pupa emerges from the ground, climbs the nearest tree or shrub and attaches itself to the bark. Then its back splits open and the winged insect works its way out to liberty, leaving the lifeless case attached to the shrub. Within an hour or two from the time the bug crawls out of the ground and up a tree the locust is in perfect shape to begin its work of destruction. The insects hatch out in the evening usually, and when the farmer wakes up in the morning he finds his fields, orchards and crops covered with them. They are numbers and there is no use to try to fight them.

Belva Lockwood's Way.

WASHINGTON, June 20.—Mrs. Belva Lockwood, the woman's candidate for President, was at the Capitol to-day. Several of her Congressional friends began plying her with questions as to the course she would pursue if the fortunes of politics should place her in the White House. Finally Mr. Morrow, of California, said: "But you couldn't be commander-in-chief of the armies. How would you arrange that?" Mrs. Lockwood, who is a pretty woman, shook her finger archly at her questioner and replied sweetly: "I would dismiss the armies and rule by love."

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ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

The best hand in the game of life—the hand of a good and loving wife.

—More than one hundred women are members of School Boards in Massachusetts.

—Mrs. Garrett Anderson, England's leading woman doctor, realizes \$50,000 per practice.

—It is generally understood that John Sherman will never have his washing done at the White House.

—The reason that birds clean out a fruit tree so quickly is that they take the fruit away a peck at a time.

—More is accomplished by doing each day's work faithfully than by crowding two days' work into one.

—King Humbert's palace at Rome contains 2,000 rooms, but the king and his family occupy 125 of them.

—It is said that nearly all the United States Senators are large men, their average weight running close to 180 pounds.

—An edition of the Bible in two volumes, the first book ever printed, was sold in London a short time ago for \$18,000.

—The fire losses of the United States last year were about \$120,000,000, an increase of thirteen per cent. over those of the previous year.

—A human skull was disinterred by well-diggers in Haskell County, Kansas, recently, at a depth of 193 feet beneath the earth's surface.

—The failure of a New York firm was caused by the negligence of the office boy to post a letter. He stopped to play a game of marbles.

—Estimates of the cotton crop are spreading this year almost in advance of the plant. A 7,000,000-bale estimate is current in Wall street.

—Florida promises to become a large producer of opium. Sixteen plants will produce an ounce, and an acre of poppies will yield \$1,000 worth of opium.

—A woman may not be able to sharpen a pencil or throw a stone at a brick, but she can pack more articles in a trunk than a man into an express wagon.

—The father of a Hungarian family lived to be 172 years old, the mother 164, and the youngest child 115. The wedded life of the parents lasted 142 years.

JUST AS IT WAS PREDICTED.

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