

The Anderson Intelligencer.

BY CLINKSCALES & LANGSTON.

ANDERSON, S. C., THURSDAY MORNING, APRIL 25, 1889.

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STILL

IN THE
LEAD

R. S. HILL,

ACCOMPANIED BY
MRS. SLOAN,

HAVING just returned from the Eastern Markets, where they spent a long while in search of—

RARE BARGAINS.

Now take pleasure in stating that we never bought a Stock of Goods more to our own satisfaction than we did this time. In our opinion, we can show not only—

The Largest, Handsomest, And most Varied

SPRING STOCK

Ever offered on this market, but taking QUALITY of material into consideration—

By Far the Cheapest!

DRESS GOODS,

Of every Style, Color and Texture,

Including Chalmers, Henrietta, Brillantes, Mohairs, Silks, Satins, Velvets, Sateens and White Goods, world without end. In fact, all the NEW GOODS, in every imaginable shade that the markets afford. Our Stock of—

TRIMMINGS

Is replete with all this season's Novelties, including Persian Band Embroideries, Braids of all kinds—Silver, Gold and Hercules, in different shades. Also, those new and beautiful Felt and Braid Trimmings combined, as well as Gimpes and Garnitures of every description.

BUTTONS!

Never before has it been our good fortune to run upon such a handsome, tasty and elegant lot of Buttons as we have now waiting your inspection.

Don't forget that as we were the first to introduce those soft-finish, elegant DRESS LININGS, we still give this line our personal attention.

MISS MALLALIEU

Continues her
DRESS MAKING

In our Establishment, and is better prepared than ever before to fill, in a thorough and stylish manner, all orders entrusted to her. A full and carefully selected—

STOCK OF HOSIERY,

Hankerschiefs, Gloves and Parasols. In Lace and Mull Embroideries we defy competition. As usual we take the—

LEAD IN MILLINERY

Of every description. We have had exceptional advantages in buying this year. We begin with our leader—a nice shade Hat, in black and white, at 20c. Staying late enough to attend all the retail openings, we are not only laden with the most beautiful and stylish Goods ever shown here, but have a thorough knowledge of how to manipulate them. So that with stylish Shapes, beautiful Flowers, airy Laces and eye-trancing Ribbons, the latest French and New York fashions, and above all THE LOWEST PRICES ever offered, we are bound to bring joy to the hearts of our many customers, old and new.

Very respectfully,
R. S. HILL.

TEACHERS' COLUMN.

All communications intended for this column should be addressed to D. H. RUSSELL, School Commissioner, Anderson, S. C.

In one of our visits this past winter we met a geography class of two bright little fellows, and after putting a number of questions to them that were satisfactorily answered, we suddenly asked one of them what was the title of the highest officer in the United States. "The President," he replied. "Now, tell us his name," said we. "Mr. Harrison," said he, but upon reflection, he said "it was Mr. Cleveland." "Tell us their politics," said we. "Mr. Harrison is a Republican, and Mr. Cleveland is a Democrat." "What is the difference?" we asked. "One believes that the negro ought to hold an office, and the other don't," said the little fellow. We doubt if the President himself could beat that definition.

At the recent examination of teachers, out of thirty-six colored applicants, not one passed successfully, except one, who presented a diploma. Nearly all of them had been engaged in teaching previous to the examination, and many of them under first and second grade certificates, and yet in the face of years of experience in the school-room, they have made no progress in the profession. What have you been doing? Are you teaching just for what little money there is in it? If so, it is well for you and better for the children that you have failed, for we say to you kindly and candidly that you must get upon a higher plane, you must make progress, you must teach because you want to instruct and elevate your race, as well as make some money for yourselves. Teaching is an art, and don't let any one of you imagine as soon as you can read and write and cipher a little that, therefore, you can teach. It takes, in addition to a gift by nature for the work, both training and practice. We have no disposition to deny you schools and teachers, on the contrary we are anxious that you shall have them, but they must come up to the full measure of the standard prescribed. Next October there will be another opportunity, and in the meantime many of you should go to school yourselves, that you may learn something to teach, and how to teach it.

The public school term is about over in all the Districts, and now is a good time for a retrospective—a good time to take a reckoning and see where we are. Now is a good time to take stock, to have a searching self-examination, to strike a balance and see on which side of the sheet it is. Have all done our whole duty? Have the little children of the County been uplifted and given an impulse forward by our coming in contact with them? Have they been made more ready mentally and morally to meet the struggles and conflicts of the oncoming years? Have their virtues been cultivated and their vices pruned away? Has our influence and our example been always on the side of the right? Have they been taught to love justice and mercy, to eschew the evil and cleave to the good? These are all pertinent questions for teachers to ask themselves, and are well calculated to make them pause, and quake and fear and tremble, in view of the awful responsibility that is laid upon them. Who can estimate the power and extent of a teacher's influence for good or evil? Drop a pebble into a lake and it produces a ripple upon its surface, widening in concentric circles until its force is spent against the shore. Drop a seed of good or evil into the head or heart of a child, and in like manner, widens until it is lost upon the boundless shores of eternity. No killing in life, save only that of the gospel ministry, is more heavily freighted with vast and far-reaching consequences than that of the teacher. The pupils are brought in daily contact with him, are daily under his control. Day by day, consciously or unconsciously, he is molding their modes and habits of thought and speech, and a teacher with force of character and deep and abiding convictions can, in a series of years, make the boys and girls of a community what he would have them to be. Then, be circumspect and careful, studying to adorn the high and noble calling of a teacher, not looking so much for a reward here as for a higher and grander reward in the great hereafter.

THE GRADED SCHOOLS OF GREENVILLE.

In company with Mr. Thomas Simpson, of Anderson, and Mr. Haynie, music teacher, formerly of Anderson, but now of Greenville, we made the inspection of the graded schools of Greenville, under the supervision of Prof. Morrison. To say that we were pleased doesn't express our feelings—we were more than delighted. Greenville has been justly held up to the public admiration for her factories and industrial workshops, thus attesting to a remarkable degree, the enterprise and vim of her people, but these all pale before the splendor of her educational facilities, especially in her graded free school system. Here all classes of her people—the rich and poor alike—meet on a common educational platform, and enjoy all the advantages of the very best culture, by competent teachers, without one cent of cost to the individual patrons, except for books, &c.

The Professor has his entire school of several hundred scholars graded in different classes, and in separate rooms, each under competent instructors. And what is somewhat remarkable, every one of his assistants are lady teachers. Misses Dorroh, Hoyt and Easley conducted the class rooms which we visited, and the performances of the scholars on the black board were truly wonderful. The children are taught in a scientific way the conformation of figures, and we never have seen the uniformity and perfection of performance excelled. The figures are made on a system, which gives elegance and precision to the whole. So with the other performances of reading, spelling, &c. Every department has a perfect system, both in study and decorum; and the whole under the

supervision of Prof. Morrison, who is certainly the right man in the right place.

The people of Greenville have voluntarily taxed themselves some \$40,000 to establish these graded public schools, two for the whites, and perhaps as many for the blacks, all supplied with competent teachers, and under the supervision of the Professor, as aforesaid. This voluntary tax is for the purpose of purchasing sites and putting up suitable buildings, paying teachers, &c. The building where we found the Professor at work on the morning of our visit, stands on a commanding eminence, with a fine view of the mountains, and is built to accommodate several hundred pupils—boys and girls. It is located on the East side of the river, accessible to the postoffice and most of the churches and business streets. They have another building on the West, and under the direct control of Professor Thaxton, a young and accomplished teacher. We did not learn the names of the colored teachers, but hear from the Professor that they are competent and effective in their work. A Professor has control thus of some 800 or 1,000 white and colored pupils. So you can see that the educational work involved in these graded schools is a more important one to the future prosperity of Greenville than all the material interests of this growing city put together. In these, and other like schools, are to be trained the men and women who are to adorn and fill all the responsible positions of society in the future.

Our principal object in penning these few lines is mainly to encourage the good people of Anderson in their proposed enterprise of establishing graded public schools for the benefit of her children. While we commend their enterprise in the establishment of a factory and hotel, which will do credit to their sagacity in the future, let them not forget the higher and more important duty of educating the children, rich and poor alike.

A Baby on the Track.

A little child sitting on the railroad track.

A passenger train sweeping down upon it at the rate of thirty-five miles an hour.

These were the factors of what seemed a certain tragedy which confronted Engineer Syphen of the Columbia and Greenville road, as, with hand on the throttle and eyes on the track, his train rounded a curve two miles this side of Pomaria yesterday afternoon.

What was to be done must be done promptly, and not an instant was wasted by this vigilant engineer.

To blow the whistle and reverse his engine, while his freeman put on brakes as if his life depended on it, was the work of but a few seconds, but in that time the rushing train had fearfully narrowed the space between the child and the iron horse.

Slowly it seemed to the anxious engineer and freeman, the speed of the train lessened. The impetus was too great to stop it before the child was reached, and surely, but at greatly slackened speed, it reached and passed the spot.

Before the train had fairly stopped, the train engineers were off and seeking the child, fearing to find his dead body beside the track.

When the whistle blew it had apparently tumbled his head, and right across the forehead the end of the draw-bar on the pilot of the engine had barely grazed, and only struck the child with sufficient force to throw it gently to one side.

When first picked up it was apparently a little stunned, but the application of a little cold water brought it to, and by vigorous cries it gave notice that it was still in the land of the living.

"Kesswell, the parents of the child, Mr. and Mrs. J. Koon, whose house was but a few hundred yards from the track, came rushing to the spot, the mother nearly distracted and filling the air with cries that her darling baby was killed.

Naturally both were rejoiced at their little one's fortunate escape and the unconscious two-year old heroine of the episode was carried home, while the delayed train resumed its progress to Columbia.—Columbia Register, 17th.

A resident of Martin's Ferry, O., has two small boys and one big dog, a Newfoundland, their constant companion. The other day the boys got to fighting, and the smaller was getting the worst of it, when the dog who had been an uneasy observer of the proceedings, rushed between the lads, separated them by main force, and then dragged the larger boy away, without hurting him in the least or showing a particle of ill temper.

An 8-year-old lad, Richard Freeman, of St. Louis, while trying to see how long he could hold his breath, burst a blood vessel, and a few moments later died.

Blind for Eleven Days.

Mrs. J. T. Love, of Leesburg, Ga., widow of an eminent and successful physician, says under date of Sept. 20, 1888: My husband in a large and lucrative practice used Swift's Specific, and with it restored to health many persons in whose cases all other medicines proved useless. One young man who had been treated for six years for blood poison, his condition had gradually grown worse, and got to be horrible. He was helped for three months and blind for eleven days. His case seemed incurable. But he was cured sound and well by S. S. and to day is strong and healthy man.

At the time I began taking S. S. my body and arms were almost one solid sore, and I had been taking medicine for twenty-six years to cure blood poison. In less than thirty days my skin had all cleaned off, and I was a well man.

JOHN B. WILLIS, 31 Washington St. Atlanta, Oct. 28, 1888. Swift's Specific cured me of malignant Blood Poison after I had been treated in vain with old so-called remedies of Mercury and Potash. S. S. S. not only cured the Blood Poison, but relieved the Rheumatism which was caused by the poisonous minerals. SWIFT'S SPECIFIC is entirely a vegetable remedy, and is the only medicine which permanently cures Scrofula, Blood Humors, Cancer and contagious Blood Poison. Send for books on Blood and Skin Diseases, mailed free. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.

BILL ARP.

How the Churches Have Built up Waste Places.

Atlanta Constitution.

It looks very much like Cartersville has a slight touch of a boom. We have been trying to keep from catching it, but I believe it is coming. Our preachers used to say that it will demoralize the people and they will set up Mammon as a God, and that all sorts of worldly minded folks will flock hither to speculate and get something for nothing, and I thought so, too, but now that the preachers have taken up the trade I reckon it's all right. They don't call it booming now—they call it promoting. Dr. Hawthorne and Dr. Eaton and four other Baptist preachers promoted Florence from a little hamlet to a great manufacturing town with over three millions dollars already invested, and they did it in a short time and in a very creditable manner. And now we see that some Methodist preachers in Alabama propose to do the same thing at another town over there. All this looks mighty curious to a man up a tree, but if building up the waste places is a good thing I don't see why a preacher shouldn't take a hand in it, if they can do it without discounting their calling. The Methodists and Baptists have been the pioneers for a century, and carried their religion into the wilderness and established civilization. They rode mules and drove ox wagons and cleared the land and built log churches, and when they were sorer comfortable the Presbyterians came riding up in their buggies and rockaways and settled among them, and planted out shade trees and rose bushes and built a church with a steeple, and set up the Shorter catechism and predication and moved around as though they were the elect. By and by when two or three railroads were built, and the shade trees had all grown up, and the green grass was growing all around and around, and the streets were macadamized, and an opera house built, the Episcopalians came along in apostolic succession, with stately steps and prayer books and Lent and Mardi Gras all mixed up together, and they bobbed up serenely into a fine church with stained glass windows and assumed to be the elite for whom the world was made in the space of six days, and all very good. And so it is all right all round, for folks are different and can't help it, and what suits some don't suit others, and the rule is to be liberal and tolerant to all.

Dr. Hawthorne and his brother preachers have done a great work at Florence and done nobody any harm that we know, and now they are going to build a great Baptist university and have it endowed, and all the money comes from those who are able to give it. I was thinking about this new departure of the preachers and made personal inquiry into it, for it did look like the whole thing was done by Auldin's lamp. A friend who knew all about the facts told me that when Dr. Hawthorne happened there and saw the beautiful river and the rich highlands all around, and the iron and coal mines not far away, he told his people that it was a better place for a large industrial town than either Sheffield or Decatur or Tusculum, and that if they would set apart for his purpose six hundred acres for his mill, he would undertake to bring half a million dollars' investments there within twelve months.

But how did he do it? Why, he enlisted three brother preachers and they paroled out the territory, and traveled, and got capital from Virginia to Texas, and had pamphlets and maps, and advertised a great sale, and the venture was a grand success. Their Baptist brethren had confidence in them wherever they went, for Dr. Eaton was a brainy man with an impressive manner and will power. Dr. Eaton was very much like him, and the whole thing was a close communion among the Baptists, and when the great sale came on they sold over a quarter of a million of lots in one day, and stopped the sale to rest and put up the price. My information is that not an original purchaser at that sale was hurt—not one who could not get back double his money and in some cases can now sell for ten times the price they paid. Manufacturers of many kinds have been planted there, from hundred thousand dollar cotton factories and furnaces and woolen mills to smaller ventures of various kinds. The population has been tripled in twelve months and everybody is happy. Now there is nothing wrong with this method of building up a thriving industrial city that gives employment to labor. The south wants a hundred such and I believe will have them before long. The north has had them for half a century and is rich. It is amazing to think how rich she is. A man who knows told me there was over thirty millions lying idle in the banks of Cleveland, Ohio. Not the money of the banks, but of the depositors who left it for safe keeping until they could find safe investments. It is the same way all over the north. That money is looking south and is coming south.

In the long ago it used to take about twenty-five years to build a southern town and finish it. There was the courthouse in the public square, the same old-time honored courthouse with two big eyes in each gable, and the clerk's office and jury rooms upstairs. Then there were two or three churches and a school house and half a dozen wooden stores and half a dozen law offices and doctor shops, and these were all, except the unpretending residences and the humble graveyard, with here and there a marble slab to mark some of the graves.

Permanent. At the time I began taking S. S. S. my body and arms were almost one solid sore, and I had been taking medicine for twenty-six years to cure blood poison. In less than thirty days my skin had all cleaned off, and I was a well man.

JOHN B. WILLIS, 31 Washington St. Atlanta, Oct. 28, 1888. Swift's Specific cured me of malignant Blood Poison after I had been treated in vain with old so-called remedies of Mercury and Potash. S. S. S. not only cured the Blood Poison, but relieved the Rheumatism which was caused by the poisonous minerals.

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A GUARDIAN ANGEL.

It is said every new-born child has a guardian angel appointed expressly to attend it during all its earthly life, and to do whatever such angelic ministry can accomplish to aid it to be a fit associate of the white-winged spirit in the great hereafter. These attending spirits are never visible to our eyes, and their presence does not trouble in our hearts a very warm glow of love for their timely help even in the hour of our greatest need.

But I started to write about the Cartersville boom—old Joe Brown had been slipping around here and is buying up large tracts of mineral lands. He had twelve thousand acres and has recently bought four thousand more and paid forty thousand dollars for the last purchase—keep your eye on the boss, for old Joe is sly, and knows a good thing when he sees it. A rich syndicate has bought the Etowah property, of seventeen thousand acres, for one hundred and ninety thousand dollars, and are going to manufacture on a large scale. There is plenty of first class mineral lands still left all around us. Our hills are heavy with the weight of iron and manganese and slate and marl, and there is looking up and in a few months has planted gas works and water works, and built many houses, and established public schools and a national bank. I know there is a boom coming, for I see some of the real estate men going down to meet every train, and they look anxious and every stranger who gets off. I see them go to the hotel to watch the register. I see them riding out with a new man most every afternoon. I see them in earnest conference in the back rooms and around the corners and in the alleys and as I pass I hear the word option, option, until I am out of hearing. The lively stables have bought more horses and vehicles to ride their strangers round, and everybody seems wide awake and expecting to hear something drop. A man who made ten thousand dollars by promoting Florence told me that Cartersville had more natural advantages than Florence, or any other town he knew of. Better lands for the farmer, better water power, better health, a better climate, and as for mineral treasures right at our doors, there was no place in the south that could compare with it. With the wealth of hard wood and long leaf pine in our forests, he said we ought to manufacture everything that the south needs. I paid two dollars and a half for a wheelbarrow yesterday that came all the way from Columbus, Ohio. I looked at it and measured the wood and counted twenty little bolts and I have no idea the whole material would cost me half a dollar. I am sure it could be made for another half dollar. With a little machinery one ought to make twenty-five in a day. But the Ohio man has got to send down South for his timber and pay freight, and then we pay another freight to get the wheelbarrow back. But we are going to quit doing that way. Towns are building up rapidly and the map makers can't keep up with them. You can't find Cordele nor Bluffton on the latest editions of any of our maps. There are 2,000 inhabitants and a national bank, and Bluffton has 1,700 in Fort Payne, that is \$6,000,000, and the cry everywhere is still they come. Let them come. Everybody is willing except the darkeys. Old Uncle Jake says "I'm 'n like to work for den yankees; day is so pertikler." He says "dey don't hardly give 'im time to eat his dinner when he is workin' by de day."

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