

The Anderson Intelligencer.

BY CLINKSCALES & LANGSTON.

ANDERSON, S. C., THURSDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 7, 1889.

VOLUME XXIV.—NO. 18.

DO PEOPLE REALLY EVER EXCEL THEMSELVES?

One is tempted to believe so while looking through the Tremendous Stock of Ladies' and Children's Goods with which Miss Lizzie Williams has just returned from Northern Markets.

The taste and care displayed in the present selection rival even her greatest successes in the past, and her reputation as a skillful Buyer, which has heretofore been unqualified, seems, if possible, to increase in strength greatly, to the delight of her customers, who are benefited more than herself.

To see is to admire! And to hear a quotation from prices is to wonder! Such Style! Such quality! And in return for such a small amount of money! Was he like ever seen before? If not, come to the—

Ladies' Store!

J. P. SULLIVAN & CO.'S.

INVITATION!

We extend a cordial invitation to any of our Friends who come to the City to call in and see us. They certainly owe it to themselves to let no chance pass to buy their Merchandise Right!!

We have a Full Line of

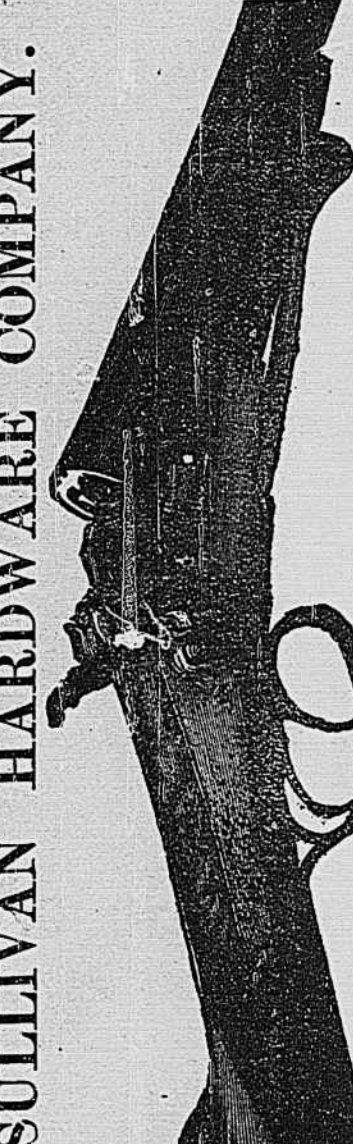
STAPLE AND SEASONABLE GOODS!

PRESENT indications warrant the belief that a large Fall trade will be realized, and we have never before since our start in business used more caution in buying and selecting our stock. Discounting every dollar's worth of goods that come into our house, whether it be Groceries or Dry Goods, which enables to meet any and all competition.

Come, in then, and you will find us with our hands out of our pockets. Come in, and if we don't give you cause to congratulate yourselves, why, we'll apologize, for we are here to do business, and whatever is not right we will make right.

With thanks for past patronage, we remain,
Respectfully yours,

J. P. SULLIVAN & CO.



SULLIVAN HARDWARE COMPANY.

Remington Rifles at \$12.50. Price before S. H. Co. began handling these Rifles \$18.00.

REMINGTON BREECH LOADING GUNS, at special prices, under an arrangement direct with Factory. Competition on Guns of all grades, Sportmen's Goods, Ammunition, &c., Laid in THE SHADE. No charge for showing our Goods, but if you call only to discover how much you have paid some body else for a Gun or any other article bought elsewhere, please don't bother us—simply pass us by.

OUR STOCK OF GENERAL HARDWARE IS FULLY REPLENISHED TO MEET THE DEMANDS OF OUR TRADE.

FOR FARMERS, MECHANICS AND ALL.

Knock out "the Middle Man," and beat the Factories that made the Goods.

See—No favors asked—simply a fair trial.

SULLIVAN HARDWARE CO.

LAMPS.

We have already received a big portion of our large stock of Lamps for this season, and they are constantly arriving: Library Lamps, Students' Lamps, Stand Lamps, Church Lamps, Store Lamps, Parlor Lamps, Kitchen Lamps cheaper than ever before.

PAINTS, PAINTS, PAINTS!

We have the largest and most complete line of Floor Paints, Carriage and Buggy Paints, Mixed House Paints, Easamel Paints in all shades, White Lead and Oil. Brushes, all sizes, from 10c up.

Don't forget that we keep the largest stock of—
Drugs, Patent Medicines, Brushes, Combs, Toilet Articles
Of all kinds, including Perfumery, Fine Soaps, Face Powders, &c.

We will take pleasure in showing you through our big stock. Call early and get a look at our elegant line of Lamps.

WILHITE & WILHITE.

HEADQUARTERS FOR GROCERIES.

OUR Establishment is now full and running over with the best selected stock of

FAMILY and

FANCY GROCERIES,

CANNED GOODS,

TOBACCO, Etc.,

Ever brought to Anderson. We invite you to inspect our goods, and we guarantee to please your taste as well as your purse. Just received a big lot of—

TEXAS RED RUST PROOF OATS.

MCGEE & LIGON.

TEACHERS' COLUMN.

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

We are glad to note that many of our schools are going to begin during the present month, and we promise ourselves much pleasure in soon seeing the familiar faces of the teachers and children all earnestly set toward getting in a good winter's work. And you teachers as you go to your school rooms on the first day, and day by day strive to impress upon your children by precept and example the important fact that this is the season of work for them, that they are going to reap a harvest, and that the harvest will be just according to the seed they sow. Reach out after these young and tender minds. Get hold of them in some way and you will be successful.

The law makes it the duty of the trustees to look after the schools and the teachers in their Districts, and there seems to be a disposition on the part of the patrons to relegate the whole business to the Trustees, and we hope this winter that they will do more of this than they have ever done. No matter, gentlemen, if you don't know much about teaching and text books, your presence there is an encouragement to both teacher and pupils, and is an evidence to them that somebody is thinking about them and taking an interest in them, and to that extent will be an incentive to renewed activity. True, you don't get any pay for it, neither do you get any pay for a day spent in town or at the neighboring store, or at some neighbor's home. Spend a day at each of your schools. You will be able to form some idea as to what sort of a teacher you have, and whether she is doing honest work or not. Go and see for yourself.

And what we have said above to the Trustees, we would emphasize doubly to the patrons. You have a great deal at stake in that school. You have interests there that can not be measured by dollars and cents. The immortal part of your child is being trained and educated for weal or woe by another away from the parental eye. Have you no interest or concern in the matter? Of course you have. And won't you manifest that interest by going over to the school house some afternoon, you fathers and mothers, too, and spend the time in seeing what and how they are doing? The teacher and your own children and your neighbor's children will be glad to see you. We verily believe that some of the poor teaching complained of sometimes might be improved by a little friendly overlooking on the part of those who are interested. And, although you may sometimes feel like it don't cost you anything, nevertheless it does, for it is tax money, and it comes out of your pockets, and it is good business sense to see after it.

We heard recently of two families in the same neighborhood, each of them with five or six children of school age, none of whom have gone to school in the last two years as much as two weeks. And yet all that time there was a school in a mile and a half of each of them, and the father of the teacher went to them and brought them earnestly to send their children, as it would cost nothing. And the writer of this saw some of these same children on a recent Sabbath afternoon having a high old time tantalizing a vicious mule, and one in the party was a grown young woman. What is the difference between those people and the heathen? How far removed are they from a state of barbarism? And this, too, right upon the identical spot where thirty five years ago, stood one of the most famous Academies in the State! What is to be done about it? These boys and girls are growing up to augment the ranks of the ignorant and the vicious, and will in turn produce another crop of ignorance and vice. Shall not the State take hold of these parents and sternly require the attendance of their children at school. Would it not be cheaper to do this than to convict them in the courts and imprison them in the jails? What right have parents to deny their children those privileges? Has any parent a right to raise a vicious child to prey upon society? Has not the State a right by reason of the higher law of self-preservation to take hold of these children and have them sent to school? These are questions that are full of import to us as a people, because the stability of our institutions and the peace and good order of society rest upon the virtue and intelligence of its members.

At the meeting of the Trustees on the 7th of October, they adopted a resolution to reserve each year one third of their respective appointments until each District in the County would be on a cash basis, which would take just three years. This is a step decidedly in the interest of all parties interested. Better teachers can be had when the Trustees have cash in hand to pay them, and the teachers themselves will do better work when they know the money is in hand to pay at the end of each month. They also resolved to accept the provisions of the recent Act of the Legislature authorizing each Township to levy a special tax upon itself, not to exceed two mills, for school purposes. There was great unanimity of sentiment among the Trustees on this matter after they had discussed it and ascertained the meritorious points of the Act, the most valuable feature of which is that each taxpayer is permitted to designate to which school his taxes shall be paid. This enables each taxpayer to have his money spent on the school nearest school, the one to which he sends his own children. There is a demand on the part of the people for longer school terms and for better teachers. There is no way to have either or both without more money. Voluntary subscription to a school can not be relied on, for it is spasmodic and uncertain. Some years a good school can be had by it, and the very next year not more than half the people will subscribe, and always there are those who will not subscribe their fair proportion, and thus they make the

ALLIANCE DAY AT ATLANTA.

Col. L. L. Polk's Ringing Words to the Georgia Farmers.

At the recent celebration of Alliance Day at the Atlanta Exposition Col. L. L. Polk, editor of the *Progressive Farmer*, Raleigh, N. C., was the orator. In the course of his speech Col. Polk said: "Among the many seductive considerations presented in the cordial and courteous letter of invitation from my gifted friend, Mr. Grady, was the fact that this is the Alliance and Farmers' day of your Exposition. This recognition of the great agricultural interest is as just and considerate as it is graceful and appropriate, for in the South it represents 71 per cent of our population and 58 per cent of the entire agricultural population of the United States. It represents \$12,000,000,000 in lands; \$1,750,000,000 in live stock; \$500,000,000 in implements and machinery, and \$9,000,000,000 in the annual products of its labor. It supplies over 62 per cent of our domestic exports and pays four fifths of the taxes of the country. The entire human family is dependent on it for raiment and daily food. The great propelling power which freights and drives our ponderous trains and fro over our 150,000 miles of rail-way, which sends our ships of commerce to the ports of the world, which keeps in motion the vast machinery of all our industries, is the muscle of the strong and brawny arm of the American farmer. We rejoice at the wonderful and marvellous progress in the arts and sciences, in transportation facilities, in mining and manufacturing, in the growth of towns and cities, as developed within the past two decades, and which was so graphically described last week by your distinguished guest and speaker, Governor Hill, of New York. The growth of the country under aggressive American enterprise has excited the wonder and admiration of the world. Steam and electricity, those twin giants of power, have been harnessed to the blazing chariot of American progress, and have started and staggered the human mind by their marvellous achievements. The nations of the earth now sit down in family conference. Steel rails, electricity, the steamship, the steam power press and the locomotive have revolutionized the industries and commerce of the world.

Who Can Marry in South Carolina?

We clip the following Sections from the Revised Statutes of South Carolina: SECTION 2077. All marriages contracted while either of the parties has a former wife or husband living, shall be void; Provided, That this Section shall not extend to a person whose husband or wife has been absent for the space of seven years, the one not knowing the other to be living during that time; nor to any person who shall be divorced, or whose first marriage shall be declared void by the sentence of a competent court.

SEC. 2550. Whoever being married, and whose husband or wife has not remained continually for seven years beyond the sea, or continually absent himself or herself, the one from the other, for the space of seven years together, the one of them not knowing the other to be living within that time, or who were [was] not married before the age of consent, or where neither husband or wife is under sentence of imprisonment for life; or whose marriage has not been annulled by a decree of a competent tribunal having jurisdiction both of the cause and the parties—shall marry another person, the former husband or wife being alive, shall on conviction, be punished by imprisonment in the Penitentiary for not more than five years, or less than six months, or by imprisonment in the jail for six months, and by a fine of not less than five hundred dollars.

From the above law it appears that a person divorced by a competent tribunal may marry again in this State. The law of South Carolina, while silent on the divorce question does not make it unlawful for a divorced person to re-marry in South Carolina.

The Revised Statutes of South Carolina allow re-marriage for six cases, viz.: 1. Absence beyond the seas for seven years.

2. Absence anywhere for seven years, when one does not know the other to be living.

Men Not Equal.

A St. Louis *Republic* reporter recently had the following interview with the Rev. Dr. R. A. Holland: "Dr. Holland," said the reporter, "the reports of your speech before one of the Episcopal societies in New York have you say that all men are not born free and equal, as the declaration of independence reads, and as every youth of the land is taught along with the rudiments of their education?"

Dr. Holland was sitting on an easy seat, leaning back on the upholstered arm, and as the reporter spoke he fairly rained in his seat, and, with eyes fairly blazing in the conviction of his belief, he said: "Well, are they? Can anyone be more absurd than to say that men are born free and equal? I assert again, and I think no man can gainsay it, that men are not born equal in any way, physically, mentally, or morally, except in the fact that all men are born men. You might as well say that all men are equal from a physical standpoint, that the man who is weak physically is the match, from a physical point of view, with the giant. Theoretic democracy is absurd. It never did and never can exist on earth or in heaven. Men are not equals anywhere—not in governmental rights, any more than in physical strength, wealth or talent. Nor are men equal in any sense before the law. They are not enlisted into the army equally, cannot go to West Point or Annapolis equally; may not pass competitive examinations for civil service equally, nor equally become public school teachers, nor pay equal taxes, nor stand with equal severity before the criminal courts. Equally before the law means simply that law is law, and men are men—a tautology not quite aphoristic on the part of those who, by acute distinctions would save the Declaration of Independence and democracy from obsolescence. Law is equal inasmuch as its distinctions act uniformly. These are the views in a nutshell which I gave before the society, and I am free to maintain that the theory is a true one. There was no excitement over these statements among the members of the society or the convention, and I was surprised to find that so much had been said on the subject by the people and the press of the country."

Railroads, villages, towns, cities, manufacturing enterprise in all its departments, mercantile and speculative enterprise and corporations, flourish and prosper as never before in our history and yet there are hundreds of thousands of farmers—honest, economical farmers—who have tilled good lands, have worked hard and lived hard, and are in worse condition, financially, to day than they were twenty five years ago. In 1840 the farmers of the United States numbered one-half our population, and owned one-half the wealth of the country. In 1850, though still about one-half our population, they owned only one-fourth the wealth of the country. From 1850 to 1880 they had increased the value of their farms 101 per cent. From 1870 to 1880 the increase was only 9 per cent, and yet our agricultural population had increased 29 per cent, while the aggregate wealth of the country increased 170 per cent. In our own State of Georgia, while our population increased 60 per cent from 1860 to 1886, your lands decreased in value 33 per cent.

And now as to crops. In 1806 the wheat, corn, rye, barley, buckwheat, hay, oats, potatoes, cotton and tobacco sold for \$2,007,462,231. In 1884—eighty eight years later, when the cultivated surface had been nearly doubled, the number of farms and farm hands had doubled, and agricultural implements and machinery had been vastly improved—these same crops sold for \$2,043,500,451, an increase of only thirty six millions, or less than 2 per cent more than they were sold for in 1806.

Caution insures safety, and all cautious people cure their colds with Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. 35c.

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But we are told that this is due to over-production. There can be no over-production so long as the cry for bread shall be heard from a single child in the land. It is not over-production, but it is the want of proper distribution or equitable disposition of the products of labor. Again, we are told that we can buy more with a dollar than ever before. But we ask, where is the dollar? And how much of the products of our labor will buy that dollar? And when obtained, will it pay more interest? Will it pay more debts? Will it pay more taxes? A pertinent inquiry might be appropriately introduced just here. Why should a United States bond bearing 4 per cent interest be worth 127 cents on the dollar, while good farms cannot be mortgaged for more than one-third their value, at 7 to 10 per cent interest?

And how stands agriculture in the race of progress with manufacturing? From 1850 to 1880 agriculture led manufacturing in increased value of products 10 per cent. From 1870 to 1880 manufacturing led agriculture in increased value of products 27 per cent, a difference of 42 per cent in favor of the increased growth of manufacturing.

With these significant and alarming facts before us, can we wonder that our young men are deserting the farms in favor of other vocations? In this fruitful land, where should be heard the husbandman's happy song of plenty and contentment, is it any wonder that we should hear the universal wail of "hardness" among the farmers? Our national treasury is overflowing with millions of dollars needlessly wrung from the hard earnings of the people, while the business of the country is clogged and stagnated for the want of an adequate circulating medium. With an agricultural population whose energy, enterprise, industry and skill is recognized the world over; with generous soils, adapted to the successful growth of all the leading crops demanded by commerce; with the teeming millions of the earth as our customers; with transportation facilities equal to the productive power of the country why should agriculture languish and decline?

But again, it is said that the strength and glory of a country is in the homes of its people. Look at France, that erratic but gallant, brilliant, prosperous people. When, in 1870, her proud standards went down in humiliation and defeat at Sedan—her second Waterloo—an electrical thrill of astonishment shocked the civilized world. And when the victor imposed an indemnity of \$1,000,000,000 in coin to be paid in cash, that astonishment gave way to sympathy, for both to be forgotten in the applause which greeted her as she came forth staggering and bleeding and promptly paid every dollar of it. Whence her power to perform this remarkable achievement? It lay in her myriad humble but prosperous homes, the castles of her yeomanry, where was fostered diversified industry and diversified intelligence.

In this vitally important matter what is the tendency in our own country? Let official statistics furnish the answer. From 1870 to 1880 our farms under three acres decreased 33 per cent, while farms of 100 to 500 acres increased 200 per cent. Farms of 3 to 10 acres decreased 20 per cent. Farms of 10 to 20 acres decreased over 13 per cent, while farms of 1,000 or more acres increased 770 per cent. Although our population had increased 33 per cent, there were in 1880 145,153 less farms under 50 acres than in 1870. What do these startling figures suggest?

John Locke said: "Whoever owns the land owns the people." The figures quoted are but another powerful witness to prove that through the rapid congestion of wealth our population is being resolved into two classes, the extremely rich, and the extremely poor classes, which, in all ages, have been the weakest defenders of civil liberty and human freedom. The middle class, that mighty bulwark of liberty, the great conservator of the highest civilization of the ages, is gradually, but surely, weakening and fading away. Centralized capital, allied to irresponsible corporate power, is the most formidable and dangerous evil that threatens the preservation of our free government. It annuls the ancient law in trade of "supply and demand," it overrides individual rights, it controls conventions, it corrupts the ballot box, it subsidizes the press, it invades our temples of justice, it intimidates official authority, it fosters official corruption, it robs the many to enrich the few, it destroys legitimate competition and dictates legislation, State and national. Mighty forces are being marshalled which shall test the strength of our virtue, our patriotism, our appreciation of self-government and our love of liberty. In these closing years of the nineteenth century is the struggle again to be renewed for ascendancy between individual rights and consensual government on the one side and centralized capital and arrogant monopoly on the other?

When that supreme hour of our trial shall come the rejuvenated, self-made South, which has "come up out of great tribulation" and whose honest hands, thank God, we can proudly claim, are unspotted by the rapine of greedy, selfish avarice, or the spoils and plunder of the helpless—the South, true to her glorious history and traditions, will be in the language of Governor Hill, not only "solid for good government, solid for the welfare of its people, solid for integrity in private and official life, solid in its opposition to a paternal administration of public affairs, solid against Congressional extravagance, solid in its renunciation of the errors of the past, solid for American ideas, solid in its devotion to the new nation, solid in its aspirations for a higher civilization, and solid for all that would make us a prosperous and powerful republic," but it will also be solid against pools, combines, trusts and monopolistic conspiracies for the robbery of the people, solid against any policy which fosters or tolerates them, solid against Anarchism, Communism, Socialism, and Nihilism, solid for the greatest good to the greatest number, solid for justice and equity among the people, as advocated by our patriot fathers, solid for the rights of the

many as against the arrogant assumptions of the few, and solid for the integrity and dignity of that race which has illumined the brightest pages of the world's history with its grand achievements for the civilization and elevation of humanity.

I have thus but briefly adverted to some of the causes and conditions which have brought into being that splendid and powerful organization known as the Farmers' and Laborers' Union of America. Seeking to restore agriculture to its just position among the other great industries of the country, and to reconstruct and re-establish our economic systems on the great and eternal principles of equity and justice, we ask not, but refuse to accept any special or class legislation on its behalf. Spurning the nursing bottle of the Government, we ask only for an open field and an equal chance. We ask not for charity, but we demand simple justice. Disguise it as we may, we are threatened to day with the mightiest revolution—peaceful and bloodless, I pray God, it may be—that the world has ever witnessed. "Gentlemen may cry peace, peace, but there is no peace." The professional politician may renege against "the farmer in politics," but there are great economic and legislative reforms demanded, alike, by justice and the necessities of the times, which in importance and magnitude, rise far above any or all considerations of mere partisan character, and which "will not wait on his bidding."

Humiliating as it may be to the pride of the American heart, painful and alarming as it may be to the Christian patriot, we have reached already, in the spring time of our national life, the point where we must decide whether this is really a Government "of the people, by the people and for the people," whether the citizen or the dollar is sovereign in this country, whether we shall have an aristocracy of wealth or an aristocracy of manhood and merit, or whether we shall re-enthroned in accepted power the majesty and sovereignty of the people, whether we shall restore our old ship of State to its ancient moorings, or whether it shall be engulfed in anarchy and ruin.

Reaching from New Jersey to New Mexico, and from the Gulf to the Great Lakes, the millions of American freemen who are rallying to the standard of this grand organization, undivided by sectional lines, unbiassed by sectional prejudice, united by common dangers, impelled by a common interest, actuated by a common purpose, knowing but one name, acknowledging but one flag—the flag of our common country—involving the benedictions of Heaven in their patriotic endeavor, they enter on their holy pilgrimage, led and guided by the Spirit of Justice "a pillar of cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night," they will restore the ark of our covenant, fashioned and bequeathed to us by our fathers, to its ancient place in the holy of holies, in our Temple of Liberty.

Ladies, I had thought my task done, but it would be unparadoxically incomplete and I would do violence to every impulse of my nature did I fail to express to you from a grateful heart my profound appreciation of the distinguished honor done me by your inspiring presence and your most respectful attention.

Among the celebrities of Grecian mythology was Orpheus, who was crowned the "Father of Song." The gods were enchanted by the melodious strains of his melting minstrelsy—the trees of the forest bowed their stately heads, and the glad streams hushed their happy song at the grand swelling sweep of his tuneful lyre. At his death friendly muses bore him to his father's tomb, and he lay in the arms of his father, as the foot of Mount Olympus, and summoning a nightingale they charged it with the duty of appearing every evening to warble its sweetest lays as a ceaseless dirge over his lonely grave.

Not more touchingly beautiful is this legend than will be to future generations the story—the proud, the wonderful story—of the heroic devotion of the women of the South.

A sympathizer and true as that which moved Israel's maidens to reappear annually to the hills of Gilead to sweep over the mournful fate of Jephthah's daughter, mingled with a grief deep and unutterable as that which smote the hearts of the fathers and mothers of their first born, inspired the maidens and mothers of the South, in the dark hour of our calamity, with a heroism and devotion unparalleled in all the annals of the world. Their fathers, brothers and sons charged fortifications crowned with bristling cannon, which belched forth fiery streams of destruction and death; they stood in the red haze of battle, face to face with the foe, and looked him in the eye over gleaming gun barrels with unblanched cheer; they went to the feast of carnage and death, presided over by the war gods, like maidens going to a marriage feast, and made a record that eclipsed Rome's legions in her palmyest days.

Grand and resplendently sublime as is that record, yet the chivalrous and grateful South would present as the model of her heroic spirit the name of one which is not to be found on the muster rolls of her immortal soldiery. She would point, not to waving plumes in victorious battles, but rather to the splendid wreck of that once proud and luxurious home, surrounded by all the comforts and elegance which wealth and affection could bestow. Amid the drear desolation and ruins of that home stands the proud figure of her whose delicate fingers had never known a rude touch than the worried keys of the piano, or the silken strings of the guitar, and from around the tulle waves of her hair swept everything save her grand and superb womanhood; yet in the firmness and majesty of her great and noble spirit, she proudly proclaimed to the world, "We, the women of the South, accept the situation."

Proud, and justly proud, as we are and should be, of the record of Southern men, yet had I the power I would summon all the grand old heroes of the living, and the immortal spirits of the dead, and align them in front, and ask them to join me in saluting her as the queen of the heroes of the world.

I have been made to thank God over and over again that I was born in this

our beloved Southland, where the proudest boast of our manhood and honor is that "here her fat is omnipotent, and that she sways undisputed the sceptre of absolute social dominion."

May the noble example of her sublime moral heroism never perish from our memories! Inscribe it on imperishable tablet! Enbalm it in undying song! Let the genius of pencil and chisel embellish it with its most resplendent inspiration! Let fame place it among her richest treasures in the pantheon of immortality, and let the time sweep bars of the ages swell in grander strains the giant anthem of praise to Southern mothers and maidens.

A HISTORICAL REVELATION.

Why the Plumed Knight Declined the Presidency.

NEW YORK, October 28.—The *World* prints five and a half columns from its European correspondent, dated Florence, showing that James G. Blaine, when he wrote his famous letter of January 5, 1888, declining to allow his nomination by the Republican Presidential Convention in Chicago, did so by the urgent advice of his physician. He was then a very sick man, was paralyzed and speechless and was also suffering from intense melancholia. The article, after giving the various dictionary definitions of paresis, continues as follows:

"Poor Mr. Blaine! For nearly two years he has endured misrepresentation and abuse for suddenly rejecting a Presidential nomination which at last was absolutely in his own hands. He has kept silent. He has striven to envelop in mystery his reasons for writing the Florence letter. The truth should be known. It does not reflect upon Mr. Blaine. It commands for him, on the contrary, the apologies of his querulous friends and the sympathies of his political opponents. The facts herein set forth belong to the history of American politics, though not by any means are all the occurrences of that sad winter to Mr. Blaine's life presented, because there is no wish to add to the sorrows of his recollections of it."

Mr. Blaine had a stroke of paralysis, brought on by a chill caught in the St. Gothard tunnel. He was prostrated at Milan for twenty-four days, and with his convalescence appeared a most distressing type of melancholia, which fully developed after he reached Florence. During this stage of his long and painful illness, acting on the advice of a cautious physician, Mr. Blaine wrote the letter withdrawing his name from the list of Presidential candidates.

The *World* correspondent first called upon Dr. Baldwin, of Florence, upon whose advice the letter was written. He argued that the writing of the letter was a matter of life or death to Mr. Blaine, who did not consult any of his friends in America upon the step he was taking. When asked why he had urged Mr. Blaine to write the letter, Dr. Baldwin replied:

"I will never tell what was the matter with Mr. Blaine, further than to say that his trouble was functional, not apoplectic. But it was of the utmost gravity. For him to have gone into the excitement of a summer and fall campaign such as would have followed his nomination would have cost him his life. I am certain of that. It is a matter as far removed from the realm of doubt as we are from Madison Square. Everybody who saw Mr. Blaine that winter in Paris or elsewhere before he came here knows that he showed unmistakable signs of mental overwork."

"It was not so many months since he had lost the Presidency by what shall we say? 'A fluke.' He suffered, no doubt, disappointment of the most poignant character. He was morose and hypo-chondriacal to a degree seldom seen. If you knew the awful depression of Mr. Blaine's mind you could understand everything and see it all."

The physician, turning to the correspondent, then said:

"O, now let me ask you a question. Will Mr. Blaine be a candidate again?" "I am sure I don't know. Is there any reason why he should not be?" "Absolutely none whatever. The functional trouble from which he suffered is not again likely to interfere with his aspirations, and I think he ought to try once more."

Then the correspondent went to Milan, where Mr. Blaine had stopped before going to Florence. At the Hotel Cavour the proprietor said that the presence of Mr. Blaine and his family at the hotel was kept very secret and but few people knew of it, although they remained there twenty-four days. Mr. Blaine, he said, became ill on the night of his arrival and Dr. Fornoni was called.

This physician was next called upon by the *World's* correspondent. He said that when he reached the hotel Mr. Blaine, whom he did not then know, was suffering from paralysis of the right side. He could not utter an intelligible word, though he made spasmodic efforts at intervals to do so. His right arm and leg were utterly helpless. His pulse was very weak and his heart quite irregular. He vaguely understood, or appeared to, when the doctor addressed him. The doctor finally succeeded in getting a look at his tongue, but it was drawn over to one side of his mouth. The physician was not certain that complete paralysis might not ensue, so he remained an hour and then gave directions to the family and some remedies to the patient and left.

Mr. Blaine remained this way for a week and then recovered the use of his tongue. He became very despondent and hypochondriacal and daily became more depressed. To the physician's reassuring talk he would answer:

"No, I am finished," or "I am done for," or "My career is ended."

One afternoon suddenly he said:

"I'll all over with me. I will cable my friends that I am hopelessly sick. Oh, I am done, doctor; I know it. There is no hope."

His melancholia increased and he spent hours writing his name upon slips of paper and complaining that he could not write as well as formerly although no one else could see any appreciable difference. He was cured of this delusion by being shown his signature written some years previously.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

—There are about six hundred women in Chicago who own and ride bicycles. —Electricity is computed by Watstone to move 288,000 miles in a second. —Army statistics show that the best shots are found among grey eyed men. —A patent furrier has found that in 12,000,000 years the sun will be as dense as the earth. —A dog in West Gardner, Me., earns enough money to pay his tax, doing a big churning each week. —There is only one colored congressman. He is from North Carolina, and his name is Cheatham. —The fire loss throughout the United States during the month of September amounted to nearly ten millions of dollars. —J. B. Green, of Mosherville, Mich., captured an eel in his mill flume which weighed 91 pounds and was forty inches long. —The sum and substance of all the preparation needed for eternity is to believe what the Bible tells us and do what the Bible bids us. —A farmer in Brooke county, W. Va., has an old fashioned pocketbook that his father and grandfather used to carry. He estimates that more than \$200,000 dollars has been in it since it has been in use. —The human skin is composed of three layers, averaging in all between one twelfth and one eighth of an inch in thickness, and in extreme cases, as in such as one-fourth of an inch in thickness. —T. H. Ball, of Aurora, Ill., has invented a cotton picker which has lately been tested on a Mississippi plantation. It is pronounced a success and is said to have done the work of one hundred negroes. —Annie Price, the fattest woman in the world, died in New York last week. She weighed 550 pounds, and was exhibited as a freak in a dime museum. Her husband was a very thin man. His eye was his great attraction. He had only one, and it was pink. —Mr. Goodrich (calling on the eldest sister)—"Why, Johnny, how you are growing? You'll be a man before sister, if you keep on." "You bet I will. Sister will never be a man if she keeps on being twenty like she has for the last 5 years." "Then there was trouble in the household. —In China the inhabitants are counted every year in a curious manner. The oldest master of every ten houses has to count the families, and has to make a list, which is sent to the imperial tax house. Last year the whole number amounted to 397,383 inhabitants. —All plants and trees consume water in large quantities. Sir John Laws discovered that an acre of barley will take up 1,094 tons of water in two days. Trees and plants are composed more largely of water than any other substance. The branch of a tree will lose nine-tenths of its weight by dying. —A calf was recently caught on the cow catcher of a locomotive on a Georgia railroad, near Gohuta, and carried nine miles. When discovered the young bovine was lying complacently on the pilot apparently enjoying the ride. It was unharmed, and when released trotted off as if nothing had happened. —The Savannah *Morning News* report two-thirds of the rice crop now on the market, the yield average, but quality very fine, and states that the June rice has been somewhat affected by the frosts having the same appearance as if the grain birds had sucked the milk from it. —Two brothers-in-law in New York were engaged in a rough fight the other day, and the blind son of one took up a slate and hurled it in the direction of his uncle's voice. His ear was better than the eye of some of our riflemen, as the slate bit the man in the forehead and fractured the skull, so that his condition is critical. —The following is said to be a good application to prevent metals rusting: Melt one ounce of rosin in a gill of linseed oil and while hot mix with two quarts of kerosene oil. This can be kept ready to apply at any time with a brush or rag to any tools or implements required to lay by for a time, preventing any rust, and saving much vexation when the tool is to be used again. —The cotton crop of Texas, according to a dispatch from Galveston, is now established at 1,750,000 bales. The wharves and warehouses there are full of cotton, and there are now nineteen steamships for foreign port. There are four steamers a week to New York with a capacity of 4,500 and 6,000 bales each. All the cotton-screwmen and longshoremen of the ports are at work and the season thus far has been the busiest for many years. —A most destructive flood has recently occurred in Japan. In a review of the calamities caused by the flood during the year 1889, the *Japan Mail*