The Anderson Intelligencer.

BY CLINKSCALES & LANGSTON. ANDERSON, S. C., THURSDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 18, 1890. VOLUME XXV.--NO. 11

SPECIAL NOTICE

TO THOSE

THAT EAT!

I have just received a Car Load of

Fresh Excelsior Flour,

Which I guarantee can't be excelled by any Patent on the market—also fresh lot of other grades. I am still selling—

Kingan's Reliable Ham.

I have the finest qualities of—

Canned Vegetables, Fish and Fruit,

That can be bought. Call and see for yourselves.

R. S. LIGON,
Wholesale and Retail Grocer,
ANDERSON, S. C.

Sheriff's Sale for Taxes, &c.

THE STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA,
ANDERSON COUNTY.

BY virtue of various Executions to me directed I will expose to sale on Salesday in October, A. D., 1890, at Anderson C. H., S. C., during the legal hours of sale, the following Lot of Land, to wit:

One Lot of Land, containing two acres, more or less, situate in the City of Anderson, and bounded on the North by Reed Street, on the South by South Boundary Street, on the West by West Boundary Street, and on the East by Jail Street. Levied on as the property of John C. Drennan, at the suit of the State of South Carolina and others.

WM. L. BOLT,
Sheriff Anderson County.

Sept 11, 1890 10 4

MASTER'S SALE.

STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA,
COUNTY OF ANDERSON.

In the Court Common Pleas.

Wm Stegall, et al, against Irena Stegall, et al.—Payment of Debts and Partition.

IN obedience to the Order of Sale in the above entitled action, I will sell at Anderson C H, S C, on Salesday in October next, the land below described, to wit:

All that Tract of Land, situated in Williamston Township, of Anderson County, S. C., containing 144 acres more or less, adjoining lands of J. F. Clardy, Samuel Durham and others.

Terms of Sale—One-half cash, the balance to be paid twelve months from day of sale, with interest thereon from day of sale—secured by a bond and mortgage of the premises. Purchaser to pay extra for papers.

W. W. HUMPHRYS, Master.

Sept. 10, 1890. 10 4

Executor's Sale.

BY virtue of the authority vested in me as Executor of the last Will and Testament of John Hall, deceased, admitted to probate in the Probate Court for Anderson County, I will sell to the highest bidder, on Wednesday, October 1st, 1890, at the late residence of said John Hall, deceased, in Anderson County, at 10 o'clock a. m., the Real Estate of said Testator.

Said Real Estate will be sold in five separate Tracts, as shown by plats of same, which can be seen at any time.

Terms of Sale—One-half cash, balance on credit of twelve months, with interest from day of sale at eight per cent, to be secured by note and mortgage of the premises, with leave to the purchaser or purchasers to anticipate payment. Purchaser to pay extra for papers.

At the same time and place I will also sell to the highest bidder for cash the Personal Property of said Testator.

For further information apply to

J. B. HALL, Executor.

Sept 11, 1890 10 3

MASTER'S SALE.

STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA.
ANDERSON COUNTY.

In the Court of Common Pleas.

Lizzie L. Brown, Trustee, against Thomas A. Hudgens.—Foreclosure.

IN obedience to the Judgment of Foreclosure in the above entitled action, I will sell at Anderson C H, S C, on Salesday in October next, the mortgage premises below described, to wit:

All that Tract or Plantation of Land, containing 237 acres, more or less, (originally 240 acres, 3 acres heretofore sold for church and school purposes,) adjoining lands of Obediah Shirly, Marion Shirley, Hugh Gantt, M Dunlap and others, formerly owned by John G Gantt.

Terms of Sale—One third cash, and the remainder on a credit of twelve months, with interest from day of sale, to be secured by bond and mortgage of the premises, with leave to anticipate payment at any time. Purchaser to pay extra for papers.

W. W. HUMPHREYS, Master.

Sept 11, 1890 10 4

Judge of Probate's Sale.

THE STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA,
COUNTY OF ANDERSON.

In the Probate Court.

Mrs. Sarah T. Bigby, as Executrix of the last Will and Testament of G. M. Bigby, deceased, Plaintiff, against George A. Bigby, Lillie E. Bigby, et al., Defendants.—Complaint to Sell Land in aid of Personal assets, relief, &c.

BY virtue of an order in the above stated case, made in this Court, I will sell Salesday in October next, at Anderson C. H., S. C., the one-half interest of G. M. Bigby, deceased, in the following Tract of Land, to wit:

All the one-half interest of G. M. Bigby, deceased, in that Tract or Parcel of Land, situate in Anderson County, State aforesaid, containing forty-one acres, more or less, situate on Broadmouth Creek, adjoining lands of Joel Cox, lands formerly belonging to estate of George Davis and others, known as the Gantt Mill place, conveyed to G. M. Bigby and Chas. Davis.

Also, all that Tract, situate in the County of Anderson, State aforesaid, on Broadmouth Creek, known as the Saw Mill place, containing eighteen acres, more or less, adjoining lands of E. Robertson, Joseph Ashley and others.

Terms of Sale—One-half cash, and balance on credit of twelve months, with interest from day of sale, to be secured by bond and mortgage of the premises, with leave to anticipate payment. Purchaser to pay extra for papers. W. F. COX, Judge of Probate.

Sept 11, 1890 10 4

Land for Sale.

ONE Tract, situated in Oconee County, four miles from Townville, on public road leading from Townville to Bachelor's Retreat, containing 177 acres—60 acres in cultivation, 10 acres bottoms. Good tenant house, well watered, lies well, convenient to school. A first-class cotton farm.

Another Tract, containing 200 acres, situated in Anderson County, on Seneca River, adjoining lands of Dr. John M. Maxwell and others. 40 acres in cultivation, mostly fresh land, balance in original forest. About 10 or 12 acres of good bottom. Good cottage, ordinary outbuildings.

For further particulars apply to

JOHN R. ZACHARY,
Pendleton, S. C.

Sept 4, 1890 9 8

THE ALLIANCE STORE

IS TOO BUSY OPENING AND

SELLING NEW GOODS

This week to write an Advertisement, but the Trading Public can be assured that we

HAVE SURPASSED ALL OUR FORMER EFFORTS,

And will in a few days exhibit a

STOCK OF GOODS IN ALL LINES

Far Superior in quality, quantity and variety to any

EVER OFFERED IN UPPER CAROLIMA.

HAVE added new features to all of our Departments, and to make our MILLINERY Department second to none in the South, we have secured the services of an accomplished and experienced Designer and Trimmer from perhaps the best Millinery House in New York City.

All our former employees are still with us, and many more besides, which will enable us to serve the trade more readily than in the past.

Cordially inviting everybody to call and inspect our Goods and Prices,

Very respectfully,

R. S. HILL.
MANAGER.

P. S.—

STOVES, STOVES, STOVES.

Don't Buy before seeing our Stock.

MY COLLECTING HORSE
ON THE WAR PATH.
I Must have Money and Mean what I Say.

I HAVE a word or two to say to those who owe me. I am determined to COLLECT MY MONEY this Fall, and short crops will not be taken as an excuse for not paying Notes due me

I MEAN THIS!

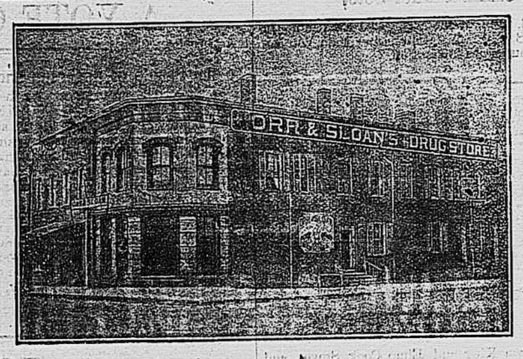
And will not carry paper that is due, unless in cases where it is so agreed in writing.

I hope that this will be sufficient notice, as I do not want to wear my "Collecting Horse" out this season.

With a big notion of Collecting, I am yours truly,

J. S. FOWLER.

Sept 11, 1890 10 4m



$5.00 $5.00 $5.00

REMEMBER that we offer our usual Premium of FIVE DOLLARS for the **Largest Turnip** raised from our Seed and brought into our Store by 15th November.

ORR & SLOAN.

ATTENTION, GENTLEMEN!

THE undersigned desires to inform his friends and customers that he has moved to the room—

Over Wilhite & Wilhite's Drug Store,

Where he keeps a full line of SAMPLES from the best markets in the North, and is better prepared than ever before to give satisfaction in the—

MERCHANT TAILORING BUSINESS.

I have now a stronger force employed, and can make up a Suit on short notice. I now have several orders for Wedding Suits, and make a Specialty of such work.

☞ Suits altered, cleaned and repaired neatly, and at reasonable prices.

JOHN H. CLARKE, Merchant Tailor.

Aug 28, 1890 8

TEACHERS' COLUMN.

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

PROFESSIONAL TEACHING.

Teaching is sure to become scientific—that is, to be recognized as a profession. But not all teachers will be professional—a large number will "try it on," and give it up. Out of 1000 young men who are graduated as phpsicians fully one third do not practice medicine. Why? They have not the make up of physicians in them. So there are thousands of young men and women who will want to try teaching. They find they are invited to read of Frœbel and Pestalozzi, and they are determined not to go to that trouble; they drop out. It is well for the children, and it is well for the profession, that they do so.

How shall a teacher know that he is progressing toward professional teaching?

1. He will have a professional spirit—he will be studying the children and watching the ways they learn and having found out these ways will govern himself accordingly. The unprofessional teacher simply follows the way he was taught—a reading lesson or two, a spelling lesson or two. Then "boys may go out," and so he goes on—calling it keeping school. Let him call it this—it is not teaching.

2. He will collect a library of books on education and read them. Now this library may be small at some part of the career of the professional teacher, but as the physician has his library and the lawyer his, so the teacher will have his. The real teacher will study the art of teaching; will feel impelled to commune with other minds, and to gain more information.

3. He will find some solid ground for his daily work—that is, he will gain some principles. For example: 1. That an educational principle is in every mind and we can only set it to work. 2. That there should be all-aroundness in the teacher's aim. 3. That the child's horizon must be widened daily. 4. That all teaching must be self-teaching. 5. That primary instruction must be concrete. 6. That the teacher must proceed from the known to the unknown and not be dogmatic. 7. That facts must go before causes—the concrete before the abstract.

This little summary is given simply to show the teacher some of the principles he must apply in every lesson, and every day. Yet there are thousands who do not know of a principle—only of a method. That is, they know that pupils are to learn lessons, and they to hear them. Remember that that plan if widely followed, is not teaching; it is "hearing lessons." But the desire to teach scientifically has been wide-spread. It was said at a convention this summer that "it had been the fashion to study education." The speaker meant to deride the fashion; has opposed it for years—but, it has become more the fashion every year.

The wise teacher will take measures to-day, and every day, to increase his scientific knowledge. A new race of teachers are entering the field; and the old fogies, the dry as-dust teachers, the reciting posts, will disappear and be heard of no more. The methods these are employing will be the subject of wonderment and laughter in the years to come.

Last September a teacher wrote: "I have returned from my summer school a new being; I shall *teach* this winter. I shall be 'a director of child power, child earnestness, child growth,' as one of my instructors put it, and as I quickly put it down. I have a new spirit in me. Once I thought all this talk was mere talk, but now I have a clearer insight, and see what teaching really is."

That teacher had got upon the track, you see. Her school-room will be transformed; there will be little whispering done in it, not because she commands it to disappear, but because the children are too much engaged in employing their faculties to want to whisper.

How many who read this will get on this high plane? There will be a large number, we venture to say. There will be twice as many as last year.

Your pupils may be troublesome, noisy, disrespectful. War against discouragement. Fix in your mind what the school-room should be like, and then plan the means to achieve it.—*Teachers Institute.*

Diphtheria.

Of those who were attacked by yellow fever during the prevalence of that disease in Florida a year or two ago only about one in eleven died. In the same year there were 1,422 cases of diphtheria in Boston, of which 470, or one in three, proved fatal. During the last eleven years there have been 14,367 cases of diphtheria in Boston with an aggregate of 4,825 deaths.

Such a fearful prevalence of this deadly disease with its incessant desolation of homes is not by any means necessary. In Glasgow, Scotland, its ravages have been greatly checked by means of enforced isolation and disinfection, and there is no reason why our own boards of health, if they were armed with the requisite legal power and backed up by a wise public sentiment, might not be able to accomplish a similar result.

Diphtheria is much more fatal than smallpox, and the fact that it is less contagious only increases the necessity of compulsory isolation, for many persons expose themselves to smallpox.

It is a fact of public interest that diphtheria does not go from house to house apart from personal communication. Except in tenement houses, therefore, the patient can be safely isolated at home, provided the public is duly notified by some simple but familiar signal attached to the door. For such as cannot be safely isolated at home adequate municipal accommodation should be provided.—*Youths Companion.*

— Little but active—are Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets.

— A burglar sometimes breaks into a man's chest with false keys, but a woman attempts to break into his heart with false locks.

ARP AND THE WOMEN.

Females Should be Given the Ballot.

Atlanta Constitution.

We are a better people than our ancestors. The civilized world is more tolerant, more humane, more reasonable. We have more common sense, less prejudice and less fanaticism. I was reading about the Mississippi Convention and the debates over the proposition to allow women to vote. This proposition comes from the men, and has not been asked for by the women. I see that it is confined to women who can read and write and whose husbands own $300 worth of property, or who have that much in their own right. What objection can there be to such a law, especially when it provides that there shall be a separate place for them to exercise the privilege—a place where no man shall go unless he goes with his wife or mother or daughter? We need just such a power in this land. Poets and orators have eulogized the blessed influence of woman, but if to that influence could be added a little power at the polls it would be all the better for the country. When whisky was voted out of Bartow county by only four majority, how many would the majority have been if women had had the privilege of voting. Woman is always on the side of virtue and temperance and religion. She does not ask for the right of suffrage, but we need her votes as well as her influence. It is not probable that she would take any part in general politics, but in local questions that involved the welfare of her children she certainly would not hesitate. Mississippi needs her votes for the preservation of her State Government and her morals. The South needs them, and I wish that our own State had a Convention that was ready to act on this question. Here is Widow Brown, who for ten years has been managing her farm and educating her children, and is close up among the largest taxpayers in the county, and yet has no voice in choosing her rulers. The veriest vagabond whose vote is always for sale has more power than she has.

The time was even in my recollection when a married woman was nobody. She not only lost her paternal name, but her property became her husband's, and all that she afterwards inherited became his. She was allowed a few things that were styled her "paraphernalia,"—that is her ornaments and trappings—and was allowed her dowry when her husband died—but nothing else. But a Christian civilization has every few years enlarged her rights, and she can now stand up beside her husband and be his equal in all respects, save government. Here is our public school with 300 pupils, and every teacher employed is a female. The superintendent is a man, but the seven teachers are women, and yet not a mother in the town has a voice in these matters. It is virtually saying, we recognize your superior fitness to teach our children and train them, and to give them proper direction to their conduct and morals, but we can't trust you to choose our teachers or to take part in making rules for the school. I am one of the school board, but I can name a dozen women in my town who are better qualified and better fitted for the place than I am. Mrs. Arp is one of them, and if she didn't give me a hint occasionally on the important matters I wouldn't be of much account, hardly. Woman knows her sphere about as well as we know ours, and if she is entrusted with the right of suffrage I don't believe it would make any difference in her deportment as a wife or a mother. She is always on the side of good morals, and always will be.

I said that we were a better people than our ancestors—some of our ancestors. I have nothing to say against the Pilgrim Fathers, but I have been reading the history of the Salem witchcraft and of Increase Mather and Cotton Mather and Samuel Sewall and others who figured in the trials and persecutions of those poor women, and it made me sick at heart. It is just 200 years since this devilish fanaticism broke out at Salem, Massachusetts, and it seems to me that I wouldent dare to live in Salem now. The history that I have been reading was written by these very men, who repented some years afterward, and published their own mistake and infatuation as a warning to future generations. Just think of 180 innocent women in prison at one time and executed most every day—women torn from their husbands, mothers from their children and even children of eight years of age executed as witches. One mode of execution was for three men to sit upon a prostrate woman until her tongue came out and she ceased to breathe, and in her last agonies her tongue was punched back with a stick. Increase Mather and his son, Cotton, were both eminent preachers and they urged on these horrors and wrote long chapters in defense of their conduct, and referred to Richard Baxter as approving it. Cotton Mather closes a chapter with a memorandum:

"Mem.—This rampart hag, Martha Carrier, who was executed, was the person of whom it was proven that the devil had promised her she should be queen of hell."

Samuel Sewall was the learned judge who presided at the trials. He was a preacher, too, and a good, kind hearted man, and had great regard for a woman unless she happened to be a witch. He was twice married and his diary of his courtship of the Widow Winthrop is rare and racy reading. Every visit he made her is recorded, and what he said and she said. Here is a sample: "I drew my chair in place and had some converse, but she seemed cold and indifferent; I asked her to acquit me of rudeness if I drew off her glove; she inquired the reason and I told her there was great odds in handling a dead goat and a living lady; I got it off, she propounded seven different women for me to marry; but I said none of them would do; I gave her a book on marriage that cost me 6 shillings; she gave me a glass of canary, and sent Juno with a lantern to see me safe home; I gave Juno 6 pence; fear I made much haste and small speed with the widow; Jehovah Jireh!

"Wednesday—Called again; Madame Winthrop not within; gave the maid 2 shillings, Juno 1 shilling and the nurse 18 pence.

"Friday—Went again; took half a pound of sugared almonds that cost me 3 shillings; she seemed pleased with them; but said she could not change her condition, and quoted the Apostle Paul who said that a single life was better than a married. I bewailed my rashness in making more haste than speed, but 'Jehovah Jireh.' When I essayed to leave the widow gave me a glass of canary, but kisses are better than wine. I gave Sarah 5 shillings."

This man tried the witches, and, five years afterwards, made a public confession of his great offense. He says: "I take the blame and the shame of it. I take pardon of all men and their prayers to God that he will not visit the sin upon any other nor upon the land." It was a long and full confession, and he stood up while it was read. From that day, for thirty years, he fasted one day in each month and prayed for forgiveness all the day long.

The twelve jurors, who found the poor woman guilty, did the same thing, and published their confessions and asked foregiveness What a commentary upon man! How easy for him to become a victim to prejudice and fanaticism, and to do things that the devil would shudder at.

But the world is growing better. Such inhumanity could not happen now. Even the beasts are now cared for with humanity. When religion verges into fanaticism it becomes the vilest of curses. Let us all be tolerant and have regard for each other's opinions, whether religious or political. The heated term of politics is now upon us, and let us all resolve to keep the peace. If you can't conscientiously vote my way don't vote at all, and we will harmonize. In any event the country will be safe as long as women are respected. Let the good work in Mississippi roll on.

BILL ARP.

Lightning Rod Men and Spartanburg Farmers

Unless rods are well put up, it is doubtful whether they benefit a house or not. There should be plenty of points that reach higher than the chimneys and the lower end of the rods should reach water or dirt constantly moist. It requires no special art to put up a rod. A gas pipe would make as good a rod as iron twisted in any shape. Electricians have never demonstrated whether the shape of a rod has anything to do with its conductive power. Now, any man that can climb a ladder can rod his own house. There is no special art about it. If the well is near the ground connection, the rod should enter that and reach the water. The rods and points, just as good as any, can be furnished by hardware stores. The cost of iron rods is only about $9.00 a hundred feet.

These traveling agents may do good and faithful work and they may be reliable men, but some of them in this country have paralyzed some of the farmers. Pink Collins states that they went to his house and stated that it would cost him $20 to have his house rodded. He very foolishly signed a contract. When the rod was put up the bill was $63. Jesse Cooper was visited by them. His understanding was that it would cost $17 to have his house ornamented with a twisted rod and shining points. When the work was done the bill was $74.90. He also signed a contract, or paper of some sort without reading. They went to Eber Tinsley and agreed to do the work for $19. Before the rods came, he had heard of their methods and declined to have the work done. They drew the contract on him when "Uncle Eber" got his blood up and took the contract from them and tore it up before their faces. There is a lawsuit now pending. They have sued him for the price they would have charged, or they are talking about suing. They went to W. H. High's five times to talk him into a rod. He asked to see the contract before signing. They refused to let him see it, but read portions of it to him, just such as suited their case. He refused to sign. There are various other cases reported.

The Alliance must go to work and educate their members about lightning rods and traveling agents. Never sign a paper presented by a strange traveling agent. He may be all right, or he may be all wrong. Sign no contract. If these agents cannot take your word do not take theirs. Remember that there is no special art in putting up lightning rods. Also remember that one of these contracts you sign is much more dangerous than lightning. Finally sign no contract offered by traveling agents of any sort.—*Carolina Spartan.*

Deafness Can't be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustacian tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give one hundred dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that we cannot cure by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO,
Toledo, O.

☞ Sold by Druggists, 75c.

— Best liver pills made; gentle, yet thorough. They regulate and invigorate the liver, stomach and bowels.

— It is said that the capital of the United States is unquestionably the finest and largest building of the kind on the face of the earth.

— A Brown county editor bought his ink by the jugful because he could get it cheaper, but his wife went to fill the inkstand one morning, and found it wasn't ink by a jugful.

— "Did your wife listen to your excuses for staying out so late last night?" "Oh! yes, of course she listened to me and then—" "Then what?" "I had to listen to her."

The Intensive System.

Mr. Rufus M. Allison, of Broad River township, is remembered as one of the competitors for the *American Agriculturist's* corn prize last year. Though failing to secure the prize, he did not neglect to profit by the experience gained in the contest, and this year has about ready to harvest another crop that bids fair to greatly exceed the previous one. A representative of the *Inquirer* has been out to see it, and finds that the reports that have already been printed have been in no wise exaggerated.

Mr. Allison's plantation is on Clark's Fork of Bullock's creek, about three miles northeast of Hickory Grove, and his residence, which overlooks the magnificent bottom lands in which his corn is grown, is situated on a high hill about a half a mile from the creek. The view from the house over the plantation is as pleasing as the most ideal farmer could desire. Stretching away up the creek until the sight almost grows monotonous, is a broad level valley that is as rich and productive as years' deposits of sediment can make it. On either side, this valley is walled in by high hills, in places so steep as to be difficult of ascent. At the lower end of the plain, indeed the only end in sight, an almost mountainous ridge runs directly across and forms a huge basin, probably a quarter of a mile in width. But for a narrow gap of less than a stone's throw from side to side here there would be, as it is possible there once was, an immense lake, more than fifty feet deep and miles in length. As it is, the creek flows through the gap without a ripple, and so deep is the channel through the bottoms, that except when overflowed by freshets, every acre is as dry and workable as the choicest uplands. Appreciating the advantageous conditions in which nature had left the work, the owner, at a cost of some three thousand dollars, has constructed a strong stone dam about, twenty feet high and eight feet broad at the top, across the gap. In case of drought he is now enabled to inundate all the fields above and make a full crop independent of the rain.

This is where Mr. Allison raised his one hundred and four bushels of corn on one acre last year, and where it is not at all improbable that he will harvest from two hundred and seventy-five to three hundred bushels on two acres this year. Nearly all of the bottom is planted in corn, and the reporter is free to confess that he never saw a finer prospect on so large a scale. The stalks range from one and a half to two inches thick at the ground, and are from twelve to fifteen feet in height, all having one or more heavy ears, many of which, in shuck, will measure two feet. The rows are uniformly six feet apart and the stalks stand about two feet in the drill.

The two pet acres are especially fine. They occupy the same spots as the prize acres of last year, but have been manured and planted after a different plan. In manuring, Mr. Allison put one hundred bushels of green cotton seed on each acre, and in laying off, run the rows alternately two and six feet apart. This, he says, was in order to give the corn the advantage of necessary distance, and at the same time plenty of cool air. It is his experience that though the land may be strong and rich enough to luxuriously grow a very heavy crop, if planted too close, it will necessarily suffer from the intense heat that will generate beneath the foliage. The seed used on one of these acres is Garrett's improved gourd seed, and on the other the West corn, which took the premium at the Atlanta exposition for the heaviest ear. The former is a large, but somewhat soft-grained variety, while the latter has a white, hard, compact and heavy grain. It is difficult to judge which of the two acres promise the largest yield. The prospect for both seem most flattering, many stalks in either acre holding three large, fully developed ears, and some few having as many as four. Although the prospects are not quite so good as last year, before it was damaged by the freshet, Mr. Allison thinks the two acres will make between two hundred and seventy-five and three hundred bushels of corn, and it is not probably that he will be badly disappointed.

In addition to the pet acres of corn backed up by an exceptionally fine general crop, Mr. Allison is also nursing a pet acre of cotton. The seed planted were of the Crawford variety, and the rows were laid off 5½ feet apart. The weed is now 6 to 7 feet high and the branches interlock so strongly in the centre that it is somewhat difficult to to walk up the rows. It is well fruited, the stalks containing all the way from twelve to fifty bolls each, and the acre will probably yield between a bale and a half and two bales of cotton.—*Yorkville Inquirer.*

Their Think Pans Lighter.

It is not gallant to refer to it, perhaps, but the illustration is necessary. At birth an average female brain weighs 337 grammes, and the male brain 393. The female brain begins to lose weight after the age of thirty; that of a man not till ten or fifteen years later. The *Medical Record* tells us that there is just five ounces less amount of brain matter standing between women and idiocy than there is in the case of a man.

It is very evident from this that our wives, mothers and sisters need to have a care of themselves. When debility, depressed spirits, enervated sensations, loss of appetite and dyspepsia make their appearance in the home circle, the ladies should, by all means, have that universally accepted remedy, Dr. Westmoreland's Calisaya Tonic, to insure a return of health, vigor and spirits. It is invaluable in malarial districts, and is a sure anti periodic. For sale by all druggists.

— WORTH KNOWING.—Hughes' Tonic, the old time, reliable remedy for fever and ague. Reputation earned by 30 years' success. You can depend upon it. Try it. Druggists have it.

— Several wealthy colored men in Birmingham, Ala., have organized a colored men's bank with a capital of $50,000. The officers, stockholders and depositors will all be negroes.

Strange Recoveries of Lost Money.

The following incidents are certainly interesting, as they concerned very large amounts of money.

The paymaster of a railroad company, having its headquarters in Boston, went out on one occasion with $30,000 to pay off its employes. The money was carried under his arm, wrapped up in an old newspaper. He stopped at a little wayside eating house for dinner, and on going away in a fit of absent-mindedness, left the money lying on a chair. He had not gone many miles from the place before he missed it, and his dismay on discovering its loss can well be imagined. Almost despairing of recovering the package left in so public a place, he hurried back, and, with trembling voice, asked the woman in charge if she had seen the parcel. "There's a bit of paper on the chair beyant," said she; "perhaps that's it," which it proved to be, and the gentleman returned a happier and a wiser man.

A man in the same city lost a roll of bills amounting to $10,000, which also was wrapped up in a newspaper. He told a friend of his loss, and the friend made him describe all the ground he had been over since he had the money. The last place mentioned was the postoffice. The night was wet overheard and slushy under foot. They visited the postoffice, and going to the spot where the man had been standing they found two or three bits of torn newspaper. It was the same. They looked further, and at last found the lost treasure. It had been kicked in turn by every one who came into the office, and when found was untied and completely soaked with water. It was all, there, however, and the friends returned to the hotel and spent several hours in cleaning and drying it. The gentleman was so grateful for the sensible advice which had saved him from a serious loss that he took out his friend and bought him the handsomest gold watch chain that he could find in the city.

A still more remarkable incident is related of the finding of $130,000, lost by M. Pages in the Northern Railway station in Paris some ten years ago. As one Ezelot, a French soldier, was walking with two comrades, through the station, they noticed on the floor a small package wrapped in a newspaper. They kicked it along before them for some distance, and when Ezelot was getting into the train, going home on short leave, one of his comrades, picking up the package, thrust it into the canvas-forage bag slung at his side, Ezelot going on his way without having perceived the little pleasantry. Arriving at Neuilly, where his parents lived, Ezelot's mother, emptying the forage bag, discovered the bundle, but, thinking it a roll of old newspapers, put it on a table in the kitchen. There it remained for four or five days, till a married sister, calling in, and seeing the package, was moved by an unwonted curiosity. Opening it she discovered documents representing £26,000, the loss of which M. Pages had advertised throughout Europe. The soldier and his parents, however, had not seen the advertisement, and not knowing what else to do, had recourse to the maire. That functionary, communicating with Paris, speedily brought down M. Pages, who, gladly paying the promised reward of £1,000, went off with his oddly-recovered treasure.

It would be an interesting supplement to the narrative, if we could have a record of the feelings of the soldier who thrust this unexpected good fortune upon Ezelot, when he heard the sequel of his little joke.

The Effect of two Letters.

She was a little old woman in black, with the least bit of white ruching about her neck—just such a creature as it takes to bring one down to the real thought of humanity, out of the hurly-burly of every day existence to the little sorrows and little rays of sunshine that go to make up life as it is. Everybody noticed her as she came in the car. Her sweet old face didn't have many wrinkles in it, and the passengers wondered if she wasn't the prettiest girl in her crowd when she was young.

The little old lady had two letters in her hand, and after she had given the conductor her nickel she opened one of them, at the same time adjusting a pair of steel rimmed spectacles to her nose. As she read the letter a smile gathered all over her face and then broke into a laughing chuckle that everybody in the car noticed. Another smile came, then a laugh and more smiles, and the letter was finished. The little old woman was the happiest person on the car and she seemed to want to say something to somebody. As she put away the first letter and began opening the other one she turned to a lady sitting by her and said:

"There is a letter from Johnny; my boy, I mean. He's been gone a long time now, and every Saturday I get a letter from him. He never forgets his old mother, John doesn't, and some day he will come back to me. You don't know the comfort of such a son, young lady."

The second letter was taken from the envelope and the old woman began reading. In a moment she started and then jumped to her feet, staring wildly at the sheet she had in her hands.

"No, no!" she screamed. "No, it is not so—it cannot be so."

The little woman reeled, and a big, burly home going laborer caught her in his arms. She was taken from the car, accompanied by a number of the passengers, and lifted to a drug store. When she was finally laid down one of the passengers put his ear close to her heart, and then rising shook his head.

The little old woman had died. In one of her hands a letter was clasped and in the other she clutched a rumpled sheet. The bit of paper was taken by one of the passengers, who read aloud to the others:

"Dear Madam—It is with pain that we disclose to you sad news concerning your son. As he was returning to the mining camp from the postoffice last night his horse threw him against a rock and he never spoke again. He died this morning.—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

A New Crop.

The *Manufacturers' Record* of Baltimore is of the opinion that hops can be grown to great advantage in the South. The *Record* calls attention to the well known fact that before the days of commercial yeast powders hops were cultivated on a small scale by enterprising housewives in this section. Many a Southern home, a few years back, had its verandah, covered with hops or a little frame in the family garden, on which they grew luxuriantly. There was no attempt at their scientific cultivation. They were simply planted and grew, bearing an abundant harvest to supply the needs of the household and neighborhood for bread raising and for the composition of soothing poultices. A significant fact is that hops in the South were never known to be injured by mildew or insects, while in the New York district, where the crop is a staple, these attacks are always dreaded and frequently destroy a large per cent. of the fruit. The Southern hops have another great advantage, in that they mature much earlier than the crop in the North. In the South they can be cured in the sun and air without the expensive aid of drying houses and other processes universally employed in the North and in Canada. No additional machinery would be needed in this section in the preparation of hops for the market, because they could be packed and baled in the cotton presses which are to be found in every militia district and almost on every plantation. Now hops are a profitable crop. The demand for them is increasing. Experiments conducted in the idlest and most unscientific way have demonstrated that hop vines yield liberally on Southern soil. There is every reason to believe that the careful culture of hops would be profitable here. This question ought to be taken hold of by our agricultural experiment stations. They can demonstrate just how much promise there is in hop culture in the South, and they ought to do so as soon as they are able.—*Macon Telegraph.*

The Importance of Tree Planting.

Tree planting time will soon be here.

I want to tell the farmers something that will be of more service to them and their country, ten years from to-day, than the election of any man to office.

It is this. Plant out black locust trees on bluffs, hillsides or any waste places they wish to grow up, and in five years they will have an abundance of the best posts for their cutting.

These trees grow surprisingly fast anywhere in the Piedmont country, and when one is cut two or three shoots spring from the stump and in a few years will make posts. They come also from the seed and by sprouts, so there is no trouble in getting a supply if once started.

I know of a bluff which was nothing but galled spots and gullies a few years ago, and used as a place of deposit for the sweepings of the yard, that had a locust or two on it. That bluff has grown a dense thicket of locust trees, and furnishes all the posts needed to keep up the place.

I have a bluff around my bottom lands set out in trees, and they thrive everywhere, in the densest shade and deepest gullies, but do best in good soil.

I have a tree five years old on thin land that measures eight inches in diameter and will make three good posts that will last a life time.

The locust tree as every one knows is but a nuisance and can be exterminated at any time.

Mr. Editor start an arbor day for the County. Get the young men interested in tree planting and tree preserving. Nothing adds so much to the comfort and beauty of land as trees properly located and protected. They require no keeping—only hands off. An ignoramus, (either white or black, we have both,) with an axe, can in a few minutes destroy what it takes God years to make.

Some one has said, "he that has a child, builds a house and plants a tree, has accomplished his whole destiny."

The last is the least important, but is easily done.

Stick a locust sprout in the ground and it will grow.—*Spartanburg Spartan.*

Bagging for Cotton Bales.

In various sections of the country we see that the members of several local Alliance clubs have determined to continue the use of cotton bagging.

It seems to us that the Alliancemen of this section know a good thing when they see it, and will use either jute at the reduced price or second hand sugar sacks. The sugar sacks weigh about 2½ lbs to the yard, and costs only about 7 cents. Of course it is to their interest to use the sugar sacks, both as to weight and cost.

As six per cent. is discounted for bagging and ties, it would be well for our farmers to give the weight of their bales some attention. Four hundred pounds is the standard bale, and when six hundred pounds is put in a bale thirty-six pounds is knocked off in Liverpool as tare. If only twenty-four pounds of bagging is put on such a bale, the farmer will lose twelve pounds of lint. It will be very easy to see that in every instance where a bale weighs over four hundred pounds that the farmer will necessarily lose something, according to the excess of four hundred pounds, and the price of the lint.

Let no one misunderstand. Four hundred pounds is a standard bale. Six per cent. is knocked for tare. By weighing the cotton, it will be easy to tell how much bagging to put on. On a four hundred pound bale, should be 24 lbs bagging; on a five hundred pound bale, 30 lbs., on six hundred pound bale 36 lbs. Think of this.—*Abbeville Press and Banner.*

A Pleasing Sense

Of health and strength renewed, and of ease and comfort follows the use of Syrup of Figs, as it acts in harmony with nature to effectually cleans the system when costive or bilious. For sale in 50 cents and one dollar bottles by all leading druggists.

— A colored woman was so frightened during a thunder storm, that, as she expressed it, "she trembled like an ashpan."