The Anderson Intelligencer.

BY CLINKSCALES & LANGSTON. ANDERSON, S. C., THURSDAY MORNING, MARCH 26, 1891. VOLUME XXV.--NO. 38.

ANOTHER CUTTING SCRAPE.

THE PRICES ON

School Books, Stationery, Blank Books, School Supplies,

PICTURE FRAMES, NOVELS,

And all the rest of our Stock has been dangerously stabbed. Come at once and secure bargains, for we are offering real bargains in our line.

WATKINS' BOOK STORE.

J. N. WATKINS, Proprietor.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT!

In order to reduce our Large Stock of

Winter Dry Goods,

WE WILL NOW OFFER THEM

AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES,

COMPRISING A COMPLETE LINE OF

FOREIGN and DOMESTIC DRESS GOODS, &c.

We would call special attention to our large and well assorted line of BLACK CASHMERES, HENRIETTAS and MOHAIRS that can't be beat in the city.

HOSIERY.

Our line of Hosiery for Ladies, Misses, Children and Gents is immense.

NOTIONS.

A large line of Notions of all kinds.

TABLE LINENS, DAMASK, TOWELS, &c.

FLANNELS AT COST.

☞ We are agents for Ferris Bros. GOOD SENSE CORSET and Hall's BAZAR FORMS.

TO THE LADIES.

We extend a most cordial invitation to call and inspect our entire stock, as we will take pleasure in showing you through, and will guarantee to sell you as cheap as anybody. Promising you prompt and polite attention,

We are yours truly,

SYLVESTER BLECKLEY COMPANY.

SPOT CASH.

THAT'S THE WAY WE ARE SELLING.

SHORT PROFITS

NOW ALL WE EXPECT. ALL WE WANT.

IN CAR LOTS

We will give you lowest WHOLESALE PRICES on

FLOUR, CORN, HAY, BRAN, OATS, &c., &c.

ARMOUR & CO'S. WHOLESALE AGENTS FOR

HAMS, MEAT, LARD, CANNED MEATS.

☞ *LOWEST CHICAGO PRICES* made on Cases and lots weighing one hundred pounds and over.

PATENT FLOURS.

Our *BALLARD'S BLUE BIRD FLOUR* the best in America for the price. Try a Barrel.

No Firm Can Sell you TOBACCO as Low as we Can.

BROWN BROS.

BELLS, BELLS!

WHEN the rain stops you will have to do about to get ready for planting; so to get a good start buy one of these Crystal Metal Bells to wake yourself and neighbors up at four o'clock in the morning and make up for lost time. Cunningham Bros. will sell you one of these Bells low down. Come and see them, and you will find lots of other things you need—

Hames, Traces, Backbands,
Plow Stocks, Singletrees, Plows,
Hoes, Rakes, Forks, Spades,
Shovels, Briar Hooks,
Bush Blades, Heel Bolts,
Log Chains, Cow Chains,
Horse and Mule Shoes, Blacksmith Tools,
Builders' Hardware.

☞ We have a few SHOES and HATS that we are selling at COST. Come and see us.

Yours truly,

CUNNINGHAM BROS.

P. S.—To those who owe us past due Accounts: We will be compelled to collect unless they are paid in the next thirty days. C. B.

HARD TIME PRICES.

Kerosene Oil	14c	2 quart Dairy Pans	5c
2 quart Coffee Pots	10c	3 quart Dairy Pan	6c
3 quart Coffee Pots	11c	4 quart Dairy Pan	7c
4 quart Coffee Pots	13c	6 quart Dairy Pan	8c
2 quart Covered Bucket	8c	8 quart Dairy Pan	9c
3 quart Covered Bucket	9c	1 quart Deep Pudding Pans	4c
4 quart Covered Bucket	12½	2 quart Deep Pudding Pans	5c
10 quart Dish Pan, pieced	14c	3 quart Deep Pudding Pans	6c
14 quart Dish Pan, pieced	20c	4 quart Deep Pudding Pans	7c
10 quart Dish Pan, pressed	15c	6 quart Deep Pudding Pan	8c
17 quart Dish Pan, pressed	25c	1 quart Graduated Measure	5c
No. 6 Wash Pans	5c	2 quart Graduated Measure	9c
No. 7 Wash Pans	6c	6 quart Milk Bucket	10c
No. 8 Wash Pans	7c	8 quart Milk Bucket	15c
9 inch Pie Plates	2½c	Gem Toilet Setts	1 15
2 quart Oil Cans	10c	Gem Toilet Setts	1 40
4 quart Oil Cans	14c	1 gallon Glass Oil Can, best	33½
quart Dairy Pans	3c	Best Rat and Mouse Traps	15c

PISTOLS, GUNS and RIFLES AT COST.

ROOFING and GUTTERING promptly done, and warranted first class.

Also, Roofs Painted.

STOVES low down.

☞ Come and see us before you buy, and we will SAVE YOU MONEY.

SEEL & ARCHER.

TEACHERS' COLUMN.

☞ All communications intended for this column should be addressed to C. WARDLAW, School Commissioner, Anderson, S. C.

MEMORY GEMS.

"O what a tangled web we wear,
When first we practice to deceive."

"True worth is being, not seeming,
In doing each day that goes by
Some little good—not in dreaming
Of great things to do by and by."

The school at Flat Rock is without a teacher. This makes a place for a teacher who is a good disciplinarian.

Will the grammar classes of the County parse this sentence and send us their work? "John said that that that, that I wrote, was a pronoun." We saw it on the blackboard at Hunter's Spring.

The Examination of Teachers takes place on the 24th of April. Those expecting to come before the County Board of Examiners for certificates should remember this date, as no special examination can be had under any circumstances.

Abbeville County heard from. The following pupils of Miss Nannie Harkness, teacher at Level Land, in Abbeville County, have sent in answers to the questions, but they came in too late for last week's issue: Cora Bell, Carrie McWhorter, Emma Carwile and Lula McWhorter.

The following names came too late to appear as answering questions last week: Claude E. Gambrell and Walter L. Casey of Melton's Academy, L. Eugene Knight of Whitefield school, Neta McGee of Ivy Hollow School, and A. M. Reed, H. W. Caldwell and P. C. McAdams of Shady Grove school, in Fork Township.

Two miles from Savannah, Ga., is a spring neatly walled in called "Jasper Spring." Hundreds of visitors resort to it. How did it receive its name, and what makes it so interesting to visitors? All the history schools who can do so will please send answers to the above questions to the Editor of the Teachers' Column. M. N. MITCHELL.

The Superintendent of Education has requested the School Commissioners and other members of the County Board of Examiners to meet with the State Board in Columbia on the 3rd day of April. All interested in the cause of education are invited to be present at that meeting. It is stated that many things of importance will be considered. We should be pleased to see a goodly number of the teachers of Anderson County in attendance on this occasion, 3rd of April.

We should be very glad to see around every school house in Anderson County a neat, well kept flower garden. This can be done without trouble, and will yield a rich reward. Let each pupil bring a nice rose bush, chrysanthemum or something else, and all work and care for them. Let the children get a collection of wild flowers also, into their garden. The effort should be to get a variety, and remember they should be well cared for. Will not the teachers look after this.

At Hunter's Spring, in Centerville Township, is a good school house, but very poor and uncomfortable seats. That community is able to treat its children better than that. For about one dollar a scholar we can supply the best patent desks, and should be very much pleased to see them placed in Hunter's Spring school house. What do the patrons think of this? We can supply the very best patent desks to the schools of Anderson County cheaper than they can be purchased from any other source, and should be pleased to help the patrons supply the scholars. We do not wish to make a cent by the transaction. All we ask is that the patrons pay the wholesale price. We will give them our commission, which is very large. It will be more than any other one man will be called on to give. This is a golden opportunity.

IRREGULAR ATTENDANCE.

There is nothing about which we hear so much and universal complaint among the teachers as the irregular attendance of the pupils. And we might add that there is nothing that militates more against the progress and development of the scholars than this.

An enrollment of forty pupils generally gives an average attendance of about thirty. That is, almost one-fourth of them are absent all the time. This is probably due in part to the inclement weather, but not altogether so. It is safe to say that the average attendance is not more than four fifths of the enrollment.

This causes more trouble than any other one cause. It places the pupil absent at a disadvantage on its return, and breaks the chain of the lessons, and to that extent checks the interest of the child in its books. It causes so many hindrances in various ways, that we could not enumerate them all if we so desired. Some children are always glad of an opportunity to stay away from school on any pretext. Others never stay away when they can help it. Sometimes children are kept at home to help with work of one kind or another, or to go on an errand, or are allowed to lose a day from school to go with papa or mamma to town. Sometimes, may be, a boy or girl stays at home every chance because he or she feels that the teacher and the other children will not miss him or her. This is often the fault of the teacher and other pupils. The teacher should never allow a pupil to feel that it will not be missed when away from school. Each pupil should feel that the teacher is deeply interested in it and its progress.

A pupil should never be allowed to return after a day or more's absence without the teacher's taking notice of its return and enquiring the cause of absence, and expressing gratification at its being back again. This has a wonderful power in it. It is sad to see a child in school who feels that the teacher takes no interest in it, and does not care whether it returns the next day or not. Be interested in such pupils and let them know of that interest. Manifest it to them. Children, in some respects, are like grown people. They do not generally like to go where they are not wanted.

In most instances the irregular attendance can not be charged against the teacher. It is to be charged chiefly against the parents, either directly or indirectly. In many instances they do not make the school house comfortable, and the children regard it a punishment to be required to go and sit for hours on the hard, uncomfortable seats in the school room and suffer with cold feet and bodies, too, sometimes. In many instances there is absolutely nothing to cheer and encourage the child in its pursuit of knowledge. No maps, globes or anything else, except a very poor blackboard.

Provide your school house with all that you can to help and encourage your children. What have you, parents, to live for except your children. Make your school house a place where children will want to go.

Anderson County's Own Mosby.

Mance Jolly, of Anderson, was one of the most noted Confederate guerrillas in the South just after the war. He was fearless of all danger, as courageous as a lion, and at the same time as kind hearted as a woman. He was drowned in the Brazos river, in Texas, several years ago, and a gentleman who lives in Texas and is in the city, yesterday told a reporter some of Jolly's daring deeds. Jolly and five of his brothers were Confederate soldiers, the guerrilla being a member of Orr's regiment of South Carolina volunteers. He was as daring a soldier as a guerrilla, and went through the war with his Company. Fate was cruel to his brothers, and all of them were shot dead in different battles. Jolly determined upon revenge and swore that for every brother who had been killed he would kill one Federal. He returned to Anderson and began to terrorize the Federal garrison. The garrison was made up largely of negro soldiers and little respect was shown the people of Anderson by the negroes until Jolly began operations. A large reward was offered for his capture by the commander of the garrison, a man named Brown, and this infuriated the guerrilla. Every effort made to capture him was unsuccessful and generally resulted in some of the soldiers being killed or wounded. The people in the County sympathized with him and gave him shelter. Jolly seemed to lead a charmed life. The superstitious negro soldiers began to think that he was not a human being and his sudden appearance in a party of them was the signal for a helter-skelter race for a safe hiding place. Guns were thrown down and the few negro and white soldiers who had the presence of mind to fire at him were so frightened that their bullets went wide of their mark.

Jolly owned a magnificent sorrel horse named "Dixie." It was sure footed and as fleet as any in the country. The animal was as well trained as those of the Indian scouts years ago, and seemed to be endowed with the brains of a human. On his charger, Jolly rode one day into a party of negro soldiers at the "Blue Ridge" depot in Anderson. He asked them what they were doing there, and some of them replying curtly, he began firing with a pistol from each hand. Some of the soldiers were shot and the others fled. When Jolly's pistols were exhausted he gave rein to "Dixie" and went out of town. One day Captain Brown sent a squad of men to search the country for Jolly. They went to Jolly's mother's house and not finding him there, they took a beautiful gold watch from Jolly's sister. The watch had been sent to her by a dying brother, who was shot down at the battle of Chancellorsville. Jolly heard of the depredation and next day rode into Anderson well armed. He called at the hotel for Captain Brown, told him he understood there was a large reward for Mance Jolly and said he had the man. The commander asked where, and Jolly said "Im the man. Your crowd stole my sister's watch. I'll give you twenty-four hours to send it back to her. If it is not back in that time there'll be twenty-five dead yankees here." The commander knew Jolly meant what he said and the watch was returned. Jolly rode quietly out of town. One Sunday he went to a country Church to attend services. The soldiers heard of his being there, surrounded the Church and demanded his surrender. With a pistol in one hand and a knife in the other, he jumped out of a window, mounted his horse, cut the halter and dashed away with the bullets whizzing by his ears. He went a number of yards, got behind a protection, and with his carbine returned the fire. The soldiers were routed. The foregoing are only a few of the many daring deeds of the guerrilla and his escapes. It is said that he fulfilled his oath. He tormented the garrison as long as it remained in Anderson and then moved to Texas, married and became a peaceable law abiding citizen. His whereabouts was never known to the Federal officers.—*Greenville News March 19th.*

—It's sometimes said patent medicines are for the ignorant. The doctors foster this idea. "The people," we're told, "are mostly ignorant when it comes to medical science." Suppose they are! What a sick man needs is not knowledge, but a cure, and the medicine that *cures* is the medicine for the sick. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures the "do believes and the don't believes." There's no hesitance about it, no "if" nor "possibly." It says—"I can cure you, only do as I direct." Perhaps it fails occasionally. The makers hear of it when it does, because they never keep the money when the medicine fails to do good. Suppose the doctors went on that principle. (We beg the doctor's pardon. It wouldn't do.)

Choking, sneezing and every other form of catarrh in the head, is radically cured by Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. 50 cents. Sold by druggists everywhere.

— Reports from Delaware promise an abundant peach yield this summer.

BILL ARP'S CHAT.

An Essay on the Keeping of Sweet Potatoes.

Atlanta Constitution.

Uncle Simon Peter Richardson heard a man say that he had kept sweet potatoes sound and sweet all winter and some years until potatoes came again.

"That's so," he replied. "I have no doubt of it. I have seen them kept for seven years, and they were still keeping, and what is more remarkable, they were growing and getting larger every year."

Uncle Simon's assertions are very frequently surprises to his hearers, for he has traveled much and seen a great deal, and is a man of observation. His manner of talk carries truth with it, and being a preacher, the presumption of truth are all in his favor. "I lived at Key West a long time," he said, "and as there is no winter the potatoes don't sleep long in the ground, but start up again and grow some more. They swell and crack open and put out sprouts, and are not fit to eat, but they don't rot if left in the ground. They will grow and grow until they get as big as a young log." Sometimes a man weak in faith will walk off from Uncle Simon, and leave him talking, and hence he is very cautious about narrating extraordinary experiences for fear they will not be fully believed and it will bring discredit upon his calling. It is astonishing how little we know about other countries and other people. When I was in Florida I heard a man ask another man if he had any sweet potatoes to sell. And he said, "No, but if 'laps' will do you you are welcome to them. I expect you can get a 100 bushels in half a day's plowing, if you don't mind the trouble." "All right," said he, "I'll go for the laps." I found out that laps were potatoes left in the ground after the season was passed and they grew again and made potatoes the next season without cultivation and the second crop was called laps.

A friend of Uncle Simon told me that he was a truthful man—strictly truthful, and not given even to innocent exaggeration. Said he: "I had heard that he was born and raised in South Carolina, and as that was my native state, I asked him one day what part of the State he came from and he replied, without hesitation, "I came from Dutch fork." He saw me smile and said: "You are acquainted with the Fork I presume. Yes, I was born and raised right there and am not ashamed to own it. If I am anybody or have done anything worthy of a man I deserve the more credit for having sprung from the Fork."

My friend told me that Simon Peter was the first man he ever heard admit that he came from Dutch Fork—for it was a poor, barren, God-forsaken region, between two rivers about twenty miles this side of Newberry, and the people who lived there had nothing and dident want anything, and raised their scrawny, tow-headed children on potatoes and dirt. Clay was a popular diet among them and a good substitute for chewing gum and tobacco.

Uncle Simon used to be a book agent. That business is a good school for a man or even a woman to acquire cheek and learn the ways of the world. He was appointed an agent to sell Bibles, and to beg money to buy more Bibles, and he gave Bibles away to the poor, and so he traveled overland all over the country, and talked and prayed and preached as he went along. No refusal ever bluffed him, for his heart was in his work, and he rarely left a man without getting something out of him, or leaving a Bible with him. One day he stopped in front of a store and introduced himself and made known his business. The merchant was a loud-talking, obstinate man and said: "Well, you needent stop here for money. We have been bled to death in this town. There's hardly a day passes but what some broken down man or woman comes along for charity. No, sir, we are bled to death."

"But," said Uncle Simon, "my work is for the Lord. I'm after giving the people God's book, and—"

"Well, you'll get nothing out of me. I tell you we are bled to death."

"Won't you give me $1 for the Bible cause?"

"No, sir."

"Fifty cents?"

"No, sir."

"Twenty-five cents?"

"No, sir; not a cent. I tell you we are bled to death by beggars."

"Well," said Uncle Simon, "please step inside and let me show you my arm."

"I don't want to see your arm," the man said, gruffly.

"Well, just come in. I want to show it to you. It is a curiosity."

And the crowd followed Uncle Simon into the store and watched him take off his coat and roll up his sleeve. He pointed out three little scars near the elbow, and said:

"One time I was very sick, and sent for a doctor to come and bleed me, and he tried three times to hit the vein, but missed it, and never got a drop of blood." He rolled down his sleeve and put on his coat and remarked: "A man can be bled that way every day, but if no blood comes he is no worse off for blood, is he, my friend?"

The crowd laughed, and the merchant's face turned red, and he took Uncle Simon back to his desk and gave him five dollars.

One time the old gentleman was traveling in a hack that was full of passengers, and as they were passing a poor, desolate farm they saw a woman picking cotton, and there were six little half clad cotton headed children near by trying to help her. One of the men pointed at her and said: "Yonder is the old hen and her chickens; I'll bet the whole shebang don't get fifty pounds a day." Uncle Simon said; "Stop driver; stop a minute. Gentlemen, that is a poor woman; a very poor woman. She can hardly stand up stright, she has been stooping so long over that little low cotton. Let us make her happy for awhile. Suppose we give her one dollar a piece. They all agreed but the first man who had made fun of her. The others made up five dollars and Uncle Simon called the eldest girl to the fence and gave it to her. She looked wild and scared and took it in her trembling hand and ran to the mother. "Go ahead, driver," said Uncle Simon, but every head was turned toward the old hen and her chickens, and when she seemed to understand that no harm was intended and it was a gift from generous men, she took off her old sun bonnet and bowed to them and pointed her hand to heaven. It was learned afterwards that the woman was a poor widow, and she was trying to harvest her husband's crop. That was a big thing in that family, and they are talking about it yet I reckon. The other man caught the infection before they reached their journey's end, and gave another poor child a dollar for bringing him a gourd of water from the spring at the foot of the hill. He didn't want the water, but just wanted an excuse to get even with the crowd.

But I have heard as big stories as Uncle Simon's tater story right here at home. It was in the Judge's room one night when we were all talking about what a great country was Gilmer for apples and Irish potatoes and cabbages. Judge Underwood declared that you might take a sprout from any poor, no account apple tree down here and stick it in the ground in Gilmer, and it would grow and bear fine apples. And General Hansell said he had been to see the famous apple tree on old Cantrell's place, about a mile off the Dahlonega road, and he found it sixty feet high and sixty feet broad, and he stood up beside it and tried to span it with his long arms and couldn't reach more than half way round. He looked to Judge Underwood for a nod of confirmation and got it. "That is so—so, exactly so," said the judge. "I have seen that tree. It came from a seed that was planted by old Noonatootly, a half-breed Indian who came from North Carolina about fifty years ago." Thus fortified General Hansell continued his remarks by saying that the average annual crop of this tree was 500 bushels, and the apples were what is known as the black apple—they were such a very dark red.

Judge Underwood cleared his throat and said: "And general, don't you remember that lane—Frazier's Lane, on Laughing Gal creek—where there is an apple tree in every fence corner on both sides of the lane clear up to the top of the hill, and the limbs of the trees have got tangled up together in a solid mass and you can't see the sun above you as you drive along?"

"Oh, yes," said the general, "I remember it perfectly. And one fall when you and Trippe and Chastain and Hanks and Hatchet and John Word and Hooper and ever so many more of us struck that lane there were twelve buggies all in a row going to court. And you and I were in the hindmost buggy and that lane was ankle deep in apples, and the horses could hardly get along, and I looked back and the horses and the wheels had mashed apples until there was a stream of cider running down the hill that was big enough to turn a mill. You remember that general?"

"Perfectly, perfectly," said the general, but he was weakening a little.

"And old man Frazier told me," said the judge, "that one year he turned the cider into the vats in his little tanyard, and it made very fine leather. Cider makes very fine tannin, you know, general. My father wore a pair of calf-skin shoes for seven years that were tanned with cider, and you could turn them wrong side out as easy as india-rubber."

The judge had out heroded Herod and a general hilarity succeeded his last effort. Baron Munchausen and the Arabian Nights had a wonderful influence over the grand old gentlemen of the olden time. They were fine story tellers, and and could just make them up right along.

BILL ARP.

Population of the State by Counties.

The last bulletin issued by the United States Census Department gives the following as the population of the several Counties of South Carolina:

	1890.	1880.
Abbeville	46,854	40,815
Aiken	31,822	28,112
Anderson	43,696	33,612
Barnwell	44,613	39,857
Beaufort	34,119	30,176
Berkeley	55,428	.....
Charleston	59,903	102,800
Chester	26,660	24,153
Chesterfield	18,468	16,345
Clarendon	23,233	19,199
Colleton	40,293	36,386
Darlington	29,134	34,485
Edgefield	49,259	45,844
Fairfield	28,599	27,765
Florence	25,027	.....
Georgetown	20,857	19,613
Greenville	44,310	37,496
Hampton	20,544	18,741
Horry	19,256	15,574
Kershaw	22,361	21,538
Lancaster	20,761	16,903
Laurens	31,610	29,444
Lexington	22,181	18,564
Marion	29,976	34,107
Marlboro	23,500	20,598
Newberry	26,434	26,496
Oconee	18,687	16,256
Orangeburg	49,393	41,395
Pickens	16,389	14,389
Richland	36,821	28,573
Spartanburg	55,385	40,409
Sumter	43,695	37,037
Union	25,363	24,080
Williamsburg	27,717	24,110
York	38,831	30,713

From the above figures it will be seen that our population increased from 995-577 in 1880 to 1,151,149 in 1890, or about fifteen per cent.

—I've been a sufferer from rheumatism for years and have been unable to obtain any relief at all. Salvation Oil gave me entire relief, and I heartily recommend it. HENRY WINKEL,

Baltimore Md.

— Michigan has a cow insurance club, of which the *Dairy World* says: On joining each person pays into the treasury 75 cents for each cow in his possession, and when a cow belonging to a member dies an assessment is made and $40 is paid to the loser. After the initiation fee the members are required to pay nothing except the assessments, and as the club already numbers 130 members, a comparatively insignificant sum is levied upon each. Three claims have thus far been paid.

WHY DO NOT WOMEN WED?

Is it Wholly the Fault of Men, or are Women to Blame?

It requires considerable temerity to recommend to the attention of a reading public already distracted with a prolonged and hysterical discussion of the question, "Is marriage a Failure?" the consideration of another question antedating the former in sequence if not in importance, namely: "Why Women do Not Marry," or rather why so few in proportion to their numbers attain the dignity of wifehood.

But an ingenious man correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette* has thrown down the guantlet by declaring with the assurance peculiar to his sex that the reason is simply because men do not propose, supporting his premise by a collateral assertion to the effect that men do not propose because one-half of the women world is too modest to attract and the other half not modest enough to win the regard of the superior creatures of the genus homo. 'Twas ever thus since the days of the feasting of forbidden fruit in the garden, woman is always the offender, the originator and precipitator of disaster.

With all due respect to the *Gazette's* "Modern Daniel come to judgment," it is safe to assert that the real reason of the celibacy of woman is not due to their own deficiency in grace or person or manner, but simply to the fact that there are not men enough in the world to marry. Go where you will—to the seashore, in the mountains, to receptions, balls, teas, any of the important functions of social life where men and women are gathered together—the men are in the minority.

It is safe to premise that not one woman in fifty ever lived to be 40 years old without receiving one or more proposals of marriage, and not one in 500 may be found who might not have received more offers than she did if she had not avoided them with all a woman's kindly tact and diplomacy. In the same ratio that the old chivalric adoration for women has diminished among men a certain dignity and strength has developed among women.

The avenue of employment, usefulness and honor that the necessity of woman has opened and is continually widening make some future possible for every woman of intelligence besides that compassed by the clear starching of one man's linen and the cooking of one man's dinners to that standard of excellence established by the way his mother did it. Marriage is to many women the interruption rather than the consummation of her ambition, and she is inclined to weigh well in her mind the worth of the man who honors her with his regard before she relinquishes interests endeared to her to bear his name, provide for his home and rear his children, all for the sake of support, in many cases less satisfactory than she could if untrammelled, secure for herself and for his love, which sometimes outlasts the decay of her beauty and survives the fascination of the first fair face that comes under his observation and frequently does not.

As has been already stated, there are more women qualified to become competent wives than there are men capable of developing into worthy husbands. In every group of children, girls and boys in the same circumstances of life and subjected to the same influences, a greater proportion of girls grow up into sweet, womanly women than there are of boys who develop into honorable, successful men. Formerly there was no alternative but for the girls to wed the boys, worthy or unworthy. A woman unwed was a woman dishonored. The old maid's prayer for "Oh, any man; good Lord," was unconsciously the desire of every girl's inner consciousness. Now the stigma of dishonor has been removed from the brow of the spinster, and the petition is changed from "any one" to "the one, good Lord"; for, in spite of being bracketed with senior wranglers; holding professorships and offices of honor and trust, notwithstanding the writing of books, and the perfection of great enterprises by woman, the woman's heart vibrates just as sweetly, as tenderly, as gladly to the touch of true love as in the days when Adam won his consort in the garden, when Paul wooed Virginia and Siegfried kissed Brunhilda's silent lips to life and love.

Now the average woman of intelligence realizes that the unmarried girl has the best of it. As some one has said, "In the soul of every unwon woman there lies eternal youth." Within her heart is hidden still the holy of holies, violated by no high priest, however righteous, wherein golden-winged cherubim preside over the sanctity of her womanhood. She is, as a rule, fresher and fairer and better dressed than her married sister in the same circumstances, stronger in body, brighter in intellect. Walking the floor nights with teething babies and crying one's eyes out over husbands that stay out at the club until the keyhole is a whirling Catherine wheel, are not conducive to health or beauty. The unmarried woman reads and studies more than the matrons find time to do, with the children and the marketing and the husbands and the social duties. She rides and rows and runs, thinks and travels and lives. If she has money she is to be envied of the gods. If she hasn't she sets about earning it in the manner most congenial to herself, and spends it, too, right royally in her own adorning if she will, without giving an account to any one of her purchases or buying a cheaper bonnet, because Johnnie has to have shoes and the baby a cloak, because trade is poor or John has bet on the wrong horse or lost a pile in the street. It requires something besides a tailor's sandwitch man in stylish clothes, a conceited beau who dreams all women are ready to wed him, a widower with small children who is looking for a nurse or a gourmet who is seeking a cook to convince this style of old maid that she is a blighted being.

As for those who have old maidism thrust upon them—there are hundreds of sweet-hearted, womanly women to whom wifehood and motherhood belong by all that is worthy in instinct and pure in purpose who are cheated out of their birthright by the lack of enough men worthy to touch the hem of their garments, by designing and false-hearted women, who bear off matrimonial prizes only to be unfaithful to the husbands and neglectful of the children; and by the conditions under which we live, which enable the girls with money and influence to secure husbands in a most mercenary way, to the inspiration of ranters on the "Is Marriage a Failure" question, the cynicism of men and the despair of women.

The question, "Why do you not marry?" was asked a young woman, and she answered, "I cannot earn enough to support two yet."

To a young man the same question was propounded, and the reply was: "The ones we want will not marry us, and the ones we might have we do not care for."

When the reaction comes from this unmarriageable age, when men and women mutually require less of each other in the marriage vows, when women do not look upon husbands as safety deposits of wealth where drafts are cashed on sight, when men explain carefully their resources to their wives, giving them their share of the income as freely and unrestrainedly as they help themselves to their own allowance instead of doling out the shekels niggardly, as to beggars upon the highway, and when the little god of love ceases to be so mercenary and so malicious, hurling his darts at random among the people, causing the impossible and unattainable to be ever the desirable, there will be more giving in marriage, more solemnity in its ceremonies, less talk of its failure, and more devotees to its convenants.

The New Cotton Picker.

WACO, TEX., March 12.—The Lone Star Cotton Picker Company was recently organized in Waco, Tex., capital stock $5,000,000, Colonel E. J. Gurley president and Mr. Seth P. Turner secretary and treasurer. Mr. Angus Campbell, the inventor and patentee, is a citizen of Waco. The controlling interest is held in this city. Grounds have been purchased on the east side of the river for the location of the factory. Machinery has been bought and will soon be placed in position for manufacturing the picker. The company is chartered under the laws of the State of Illinois.

A brief description of the Lone Star Cotton Picker might be interesting to your readers. The picker is mounted on two traction wheels, so balanced as not to press heavily on the necks of the horses. It can be readily raised or lowered by the driver while in operation. There are 300 picking fingers inserted in a drum having a compensating movement that allows the fingers to stay in one position while in the plant, thus avoiding any drag motion that would injure the leaves, blooms and immature bolls. The fingers are bearded with innumerable points of bristles, placed in longitudinal grooves, projecting slightly from the periphery, and while in the plant have a rapid rotary movement about their individual axis, instantly engaging the fibrous lint and spinning it around themselves. As the drum revolves the loaded fingers, upon reaching the top, come in contact with a stripping device. This device is a series of large disk-shaped brushes, which are on one shaft, double in diameter the length of the fingers, and run at a fast speed, so that the brushes strip the cotton from the fingers and the centrifugal force throws it into a large receptacle in the rear part of the machine.

This machinery is encased in a box or body, open front and bottom, wire gauze sides, top and end. The entire weight of the picker is about 1,000 pounds, of light draught and easily drawn by an average pair of horses or mules. Only two laborers are required to operate it. It will pick 90 per cent of all open cotton, and will gather per day from 3,000 to 3,600 pounds, or two bales. The lint is as free from dirt or trash as that picked by hand. It was thoroughly tested last fall in the cotton fields of Waco, and pronounced a success by all who witnessed it in operation. It does not injure the plant.

The Little Children that are Gone.

Why do they come, these little ones, that enter our homes by the gateway of suffering, and that linger with us a few months uttering no words, smiling in a mysterious silence, yet speaking all the time of the purity and sweetness of heaven. Why must they open the tenderest fountains of our natures only to leave them so soon, choked with the bitter tears of loss? It is impossible wholly to answer such questions of the tortured heart; but one can say, in general, that these little temporary wanderers from a celestial home come and go because of the great love of God. It is an inestimable blessing to have been the parent of a child that has the stamp of heaven upon its brow, to hold it in one's arms, to minister to it, to gaze fondly down into the little upturned face, and to rejoice in the unsullied beauty of its smiles, and then to give it back to God at his call, with the thought that in heaven, as upon earth, it is still our own child, a member of the household, still to be counted always as one of the children whom God hath given us. Such a love chastens and sanctifies the hearts of father and mother, carries them out beyond time and sense, and gives them a hold upon the unseen. As things of great value always cost, it is worth all the sorrow to have known this holy affection and to have this treasure in heaven.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury,

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell, and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescription from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is tenfold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made by

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

☞ Sold by Druggists, 75c.

All Sorts of Paragraphs.

— It is estimated that Indian wars have cost the United States Government $70,000,000.

— In this country alone 5,000 young physicians are turned out from the medical colleges yearly.

— Missouri paid over $7,000 last year for tobacco supplied to the convicts in the State penitentiary.

—A rich man's heirs weep together on their way to the graveyard, but they hate each other on the way back.

— To complete their growth, the nails of the left hand require eight or ten days more than those of the right.

— What so wonderful as a severe cough cured by Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup for twenty-five cents. Try it!

— North Carolina, Tennessee and Virginia crop of 2,970,000 bushels peanuts, averages an annual yield of $2,500,000.

— The California millionaire, Murphy, owns 4,000,000 acres of land, which is equal in area to the State of Massachusetts.

— In 1890, 52,685 Irish emigrants came to the United States, against an average for the four preceding years of 61,785.

— He who gives pleasure meets with it; kindness is the bond of friendship and the hook of love; he who sows not, reaps not.

— If the spine is weak rub it with a mixture composed of one teacupful of water, one tablespoonful of brandy and a pinch of soda.

— A Boston, Mass., Judge has decided that cigars are medicine, and as such may be sold on Sunday. The judge must be a smoker himself.

— By due process of law in New York last year 100,000 people who could not pay their rent were turned out into the street without a place to go to.

— There is a house in Fayette, Me., 90 years old, in which, it is said, four generations of the same family have lived, and yet only one death has occurred.

— The wide awake farmer visits other farms than his own. When he finds conveniences, methods and crops better than at home it improves his farming.

— Samuel N. Rockhill, a prominent citizen of Bordentown, N. J., blew out his brains with a revolver Sunday night after having been told by his doctor that he had Bright's disease.

— The ice harvest in Maine is now practically completed. The crop is considerably less than one half as large as that of last year, when, old ice included, there were about 3,000,000 tons under cover.

— Patient—"I am ever so glad to be up again, doctor. You wouldn't do anything to cause a relapse, would you?" Doctor—"Why, of course not." "Then don't bring in your bill for about twelve months."

— "The other night, just as Robinson was getting down on his knees to propose to a girl, his suspender parted." "How unfortunate. I suppose Robinson was in a terrible rage, wasn't he?" "No, but the girl was."

— A wealthy Atchison (Kan.) woman made her will recently, and she says in it that at the end of five years all her fortune is to be given to her husband if he can prove that he has visited her grave ten times in that length of time.

— Blankets are loaned to the poor, during the winter months, free of cost, by a kind-hearted citizen in Brunswick, Germany. They are stamped, to prevent them from being sold or pawned, and they are returned at the close of the cold weather.

— Young John Jacob Astor goes to housekeeping, in spite of the fact that potatoes are $1 60 a bushel and McKinleyed eggs are high. And his salary in being an Astor is only about $100,000 a month. It is strange what chances some people will take nowadays.

— Mr. Brantly Saunders lives down in No. 8 township, and it is safe to say that the combined weights of the members will aggregate more than any other family in North Carolina. He and his wife together weigh 490 pounds; four sons weigh 670 pounds; and four daughters pull the scales to 815.—*Concord Times.*

— Adam Oberhoizer is an 80-year-old resident of Wapakoneta, O. A year or so ago he induced a young woman to marry him by giving her a large oil farm and $5,000 cash. The other day she presented him with a son and heir, and Adam vented his joy by going about the streets singing at the top of his voice.

— J. H. Inman tells the Augusta *Chronicle* that while no definite proposition has been made it is more than likely that the Richmond Terminal will lease the Georgia Central for ninety-nine years. He says minority stock holders will be consulted and that every effort will be made to perfect an arrangement satisfactory to everybody.

— The increasing prevalence of the scientific spirit, with its passion for exact statement, makes it more and more necessary for men to say precisely what they mean and nothing else. "What is your last name, my little man?" asked the new teacher. "Tommy," answered the boy. "Indeed! What is your full name?" "Tommy Jones." "Then Jones is your last name?" "No, ma'am, excuse me. When I was born my name was Jones, and they didn't give me the other for more than a month."

— It is said that between the island of Madagascar and the coast of India there are 16,000 islands, only 600 of which are inhabited. In any of these islands a man can live and support his family in princely luxury without working more than 25 days in the year. In fact on some of these islands he needn't work at all, as nature provides the food, and no clothes are required. It is strange that the great fraternity of lazy men have not drifted to these islands; or it would be if they were not so lazy.

Confirmed.

The favorable impression produced on the first appearance of the agreeable liquid fruit remedy, Syrup of Figs, a few years ago has been more than confirmed and the pleasant experience of all who have used it, and the success of the proprietors and manufactures the California Fig Syrup Company.