

The Anderson Intelligencer.

ANDERSON, S. C., WEDNESDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 16, 1892.

VOLUME XXVII.—NO. 20.

BY CLINKSCALES & LANGSTON.

Liver Complaint

Aurice, sick headache, vertigo, biliousness, and dyspepsia, cured by

Ayer's Cathartic Pills

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Every Dose Effective.

JAS. P. GOSSETT & CO.

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

BOOTS AND SHOES,

Are offering some of

THE BIGGEST BARGAINS EVER OFFERED IN ANDERSON.

They are selling some lines of Boots and Shoes by the single pair for less money than the same goods can be bought again at by wholesale.

They Buy Bargains and they Sell Bargains.

They have the finest opportunities for buying and handling Shoes of any House in South Carolina. They are the only house in upper Carolina having a man directly connected with the Manufacturers—their Mr. J. P. Gossett being the Agent and Salesman for the celebrated Bay State Shoe and Leather Co., of New York, one of the largest Boot and Shoe Manufacturing concerns in the world.

They are the only exclusive Shoe House in Anderson. They are the only ONE PRICE HOUSE in Anderson. They have one of the largest and best assorted stocks of Shoes in the State. They are carrying a full line of SOLE LEATHER—Homolog and Whiteoak—from 15c. per pair up. A full line of Cut Half Shoes from 10c. per pair up.

Their One Dollar Bargain Counter is a great success.

Biggest Box Blacking in the World for 5c.

THIS IS WORTH YOUR CONSIDERATION!

It is an acknowledged fact that A. G. MEANS carried the largest, best and best fitting Stock of Clothing, Shoes and Hats in Anderson. His stock also that TAYLOR & CRAYTON bought that stock for half its value, which places it in a position to sell you at New York Cost and still make a profit. Common sense teaches you that Merchants CANNOT sell goods without making a profit, and this talk about other selling goods as cheap as we are doing is ALL BOSE.

Buy our Goods from us, and if we are not doing it as well as we ARE, we do not ask your patronage on account of friendship, or as a favor to US alone, but simply as a business transaction, KNOWING that it is in YOUR INTEREST as well as ours.

Very truly yours,

TAYLOR & CRAYTON,
40 and 42 Granite Row.

OUR LEADER FOR 30 DAYS ONLY!

ALL OF OUR

DRESS GOODS

AT OOST FOR CASH,

Including all our Fall Purchases.

HENRIETTAS, CASHMERE,

SERGES, BROADCLOTHS,

BEDFORD CORDS,

LADIES' CLOTHS, in blacks and colors.

The Cashmerez you pay elsewhere 20c. for we will let you have at 15c. The 25c. line at 20c. the 40c. line at 25c. and the 50c. line at 35c. the 75c. line for half a dollar, and the dollar line for 75c.

You will save on a \$3.40 Dress Pattern 60 cents, on \$3.00 Pattern the same amount, but the difference on the finer goods is greater: On \$4.80 you save \$1.80, on the \$6.00 line you save \$2.00, on the \$9.00 line you save \$3.00, on \$12.00 line you save \$4.00.

Remember, this sale will be only for Thirty Days.

Sylvester Bleckley Company.

300 Bushels Seed Rye,
500 Bushels Seed Barley,
1000 Bushels Seed Oats.

New Crop

Blue Grass,
Orchard Grass,
Red Top Grass,
Clover Seed.

FRESH STAPLE AND FANCY GROCERIES

Arriving every day at the Lowest Prices for Cash.

D. S. MAXWELL & SON,
NO. 5 HOWELL STREET, ANDERSON, S. C.

JOHN T. BURRISS,

Successor to Peoples & Burris, still Headquarters for

House Furnishing Goods, Fancy China, Dinner Sets, Vases,
Holiday Goods, &c.

The celebrated IRON KING COOK STOVE is much improved over the old pattern. We have a fine Stove, No. 7, for \$10.00, with 25 pieces, as ornamental as any first class housekeeper need want. A big lot of Second Hand Stoves must go at some price, so come in and view them.

TINWARE LOW DOWN!

Bring your BAGS, HIDES and BEEFWAX to us!

Those indebted to the firm of Peoples & Burris are respectfully invited to call in as soon as possible and settle their Account at the same old stand with

JOHN T. BURRISS.

Southern Progress.

The following table of assessments for taxation 1890-1892 for the twelve Southern States will be interesting:

Year	Assessments
1890	\$2,590,358,022
1891	\$2,670,670,635
1892	\$2,746,105,113

It will be observed that the lowest point was reached in 1871, twelve years after the Civil war ended. Since that time the value of the products of the South has risen steadily, and in 1892 the value of the products of the South was \$2,746,105,113, an increase of \$148,815,481 from the year last named. Since 1850, the per capita wealth of the South has increased by \$148.81, from \$1.25 to \$140.06.

In regard to the re-adjustment of the Southern States to the conditions of economy forested upon her planters by over-production of cotton and the effect of real estate booms, the Charleston Times writes:

"It would be a great mistake to assume that the over-riding of cotton has been wholly damaging. It would be an equally grave mistake to assume that the whole result has been anything but highly beneficial. The Southern planter had gone in on the cotton crop, and that crop was a hard jolt to him. He had advanced the crop from \$5.00 to \$10.00, and he had advanced the price of his land from \$1.00 to \$1.50, and he had advanced the price of his labor from \$1.00 to \$1.50. He had advanced the price of his land from \$1.00 to \$1.50, and he had advanced the price of his labor from \$1.00 to \$1.50. He had advanced the price of his land from \$1.00 to \$1.50, and he had advanced the price of his labor from \$1.00 to \$1.50.

A Row in the Tabernacle.

LONDON, October 31.—The Rev. Dr. Pierson, of Philadelphia, preaching at Spurgeon's Tabernacle this evening. This was Dr. Pierson's first appearance in his pastoral capacity since his return from the States and at first there was every prospect that he would be cordially received. Numerous church officials shook hands with him before the services began, and when he stepped forward to open the meeting many of the members of the church came forward to greet him. There were slight symptoms of dissent from the rear of the room, however, to indicate that the returned States and at first there was every prospect that he would be cordially received.

On Sunday I went to the Episcopal church with a friend who lives there and the venerable minister, Mr. Richardson, took for his text "What went ye out for to see, a reed shaken by the wind?" After he had explained the text and the context he suddenly aroused and surprised his congregation by comparing Sam Jones to John the Baptist, and he drew the parallel at great length. He said "we Episcopalians do not like Sam Jones' methods nor his eccentricities, for they are utterly at variance with our traditions, but he comes like John the Baptist came, and he calls the people to repentance for many long years. I have been preaching to you, but I confess my inability to draw the outside souls who are perishing for the light. My prejudices against Sam Jones have all been dissipated and I thank the Lord for raising up such a wonderful man." He said a great deal more in his praise, and it astonished me, for we all know that the Episcopalians are the last to yield one jot or one tittle of their time honored and stately forms of church worship. The contrast between Sam Jones' simple methods and those of the service that I heard and saw was striking, for here were twenty little boys in gowns and surplices, singing and chanting the ritual and sometimes they were front-face, and sometimes right-face, and at the close of the service their leader took up the staff with its silver cross and they all followed him down the aisle singing and then back again to the chancel. I never saw that done before, but it was pretty and very impressive. They have ladies in the choir. They have boys only, and when I asked my companion why, she smiled and said, "lady singers in a choir always quarrel." I knew they did in our town but I didn't know it was a general thing. I had rather hear them though than boys and they don't quarrel while they are singing.

Every little while the preacher would say 'and what went ye out for to see?' Most of the people went out from curiosity, but Sam Jones, like John the Baptist, soon arrested their attention and for a moment they were his own. It was a wonderful sight to see—over a thousand ungodly men going up to him at the close of the service and with tears, pronouncing him to be better lives. Such scenes are not witnessed at the churches

BILL ARP.

Arp Writes About What He Saw in San Antonio.

Atlanta Constitution.

There is no town on the continent that is so quaint, so antique, so curious as San Antonio. Its tropical palaces and plazas, its narrow streets, its evergreen and flowers, its clean cozy cottages and stately mansions all mixed up in neighborly proximity, its public buildings of peerly state that are made to conform to the old Spanish style, with battlements and balconies and turrets, and its mixed population of all colors and many languages, cause a stranger to feel like he has crossed the Rubicon and gotten into another country—and he has. Of course it is in Texas, but Texas is a free and independent State with imperious and imperious everywhere you go. In Tyler you can't buy a cigar out of the hotel show-case on Sunday, but in San Antonio you can buy anything you want in the stores and saloons, for they are all open and Sunday is no more than any other day, except that there is more frolic and more beer, more whiskey, more shows, more badge fights, more attractions in the suburbs, than any other day. There are enough people to fill the churches but they are a small proportion of the population. The Germans and Mexican and negro predominate and they do as they please. They are not reckless or devilish or malicious, nor does it take many policemen to regulate the city—not as many as it does in Atlanta in proportion to the population, but the general idea is to do as you please provided you don't impose on anyone else. There is an old English maxim that says "custom makes law," and so these Germans are just doing as their fathers have done for generations. They are thrifty, frugal, industrious, peaceable people and are not conscious of doing anything wrong in the way they observe the Sabbath. The Mexicans are a lower order of civilized humanity, but they rank with the negroes or laborers and citizens, except that they are poor cooks, poor waiters in the hotels and poor cotton pickers. It is hard to draw the color line between so many colors. It is hard on the railroads to have to provide special class cars for the negroes when a few of them travel except on excursions.

I have seen a beautiful chair-seated 'ar occupied by one negro woman for one hundred and fifty miles while we white folks were crowded for room in another. But such is the law.

The climate of San Antonio is just like balmy spring. I don't wonder that the hotels are full of Northern people. That is right. Let them come and spend their money and mix up with us. Whenever you see a Northern man move South and invest some money, you may bet that he is a clever man, a fair man. He is neither a fool nor a fanatic, nor has he a bitter prejudice against our people. Such men are always welcome.

I went from San Antonio to Beeville, a lovely little town away down near Corpus Christi—just think what a name!—"the body of Christ." Bee County was named for General Bernard E. Bee, who was killed at Ft. Sumter during the war. This region is called the France of America, and it is full of people of people who grow fruits and vegetables. I rode out to see some of the beautiful gardens. They do not seem to have any seasons but they plant and gather all the year round. I saw corn that was sipping and eggplants that were blooming and the gardeners were still putting seed in the ground.

San Antonio is the great market for all this country and it is growing rapidly. It is already the largest city in Texas. It has been called the wicked city, but I did not see any signs of it except the desecration of the Sabbath. Maybe Sam Jones has reformed it for a time and I saw it as it is. Sam is the town talk and it is certain that he captured all the thinking people, including preachers, and editors, and lawyers and doctors.

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"Did you see a boy about my size round the corner?" a boy inquired of an elderly gentleman who was passing. "Yes, I believe I did," said the man. "Did he look ugly?" "I didn't know," said the man. "Why I had only one word for him, and that was 'what a nice boy!' I don't know whether he was a boy or a man, but he was a nice boy, and I was glad to see him." "I'm going to look him up," said the man.

A contented church member is a Westerner, who was in the pulpit, saying his pastor disciplined for using the slang phrase "not in the pulpit." But the bottom dropped out of his sermon when the program produced the manuscript of his sermon and read this sentence from it: "In a word, my listeners here, the ark was a miniature tower; there was no form of life but it was not in it."

STORIES THEY TELL.

Atlanta Constitution.

If the average railroad engineer were to write a book of his experience it would be full from cover to cover with thrilling narrations, none of which would be overdrawn. The exigencies of an engineer's calling involves thrilling adventures, narrow escapes, close-call, and danger in its worst form. He leads a charmed life, certainly, facing as he does, each and every day, and yet living to tell the story.

But the danger of an engineer's life is outweighed by the fascination it has for him. There is a fascination, an exhilaration about the rattling locomotive that makes the engineer forgetful of his danger.

In the mad intoxication of farm fields, neat painted farm houses, pretty groves, babbling brooks, little villages, all gliding by, like the continuation of a kaleidoscopic picture the engineer loses sight of the fact that death lurks along the rails. It's a fascination that ends only with death. It's stronger with the old veterans than with the younger engineers. When an engineer goes old he can no longer go out on the road, his old love still strong within him, he hangs around the depot and watches the locomotives come pulling in, with a sadly reminiscent look in his dim eyes.

An engineer loves his engine like he loves his wife and babes. He always associates the two together in his affections. In writing about an accident in which some brave engineer has lost his life the newspaper reporters always draw a picture of the engineer sitting at his throttle, watching the track before him, while soft light plays on his features. His face wears a tender look. He is thinking of his wife and babes. When suddenly—but you know the rest. It's a pretty picture though, and is nearly always true to life. If an engineer is thinking of his wife and little ones, he's thinking of his sweetheart.

There were in Atlanta some of the pioneer engineers, who guided the first locomotives that ever swept through the States. They can tell sweet stories of adventure on the rail, and many of them will make your hair stand on end. And their younger brothers, too, have had many lively adventures.

They can spin yarns by the yard, and not a line of them is dull or uninteresting. Bill Love is an old Atlanta boy, and an engineer of many years' experience. Mr. Love is perhaps the best known engineer in the South, owing to his prominence in brotherhood matters. For the past year he hasn't been active on the Central and the Atlanta and West Point roads.

When asked as to the half-breath escapes through which he had passed, said that while he had many accidents the one most to be remembered was when he was engineer in 1883, on the East Tennessee, Virginia and Georgia, between Macon and Rome. He says he was coming down on No. 48 one night, making a fast run for No. 49, with whom he had a meeting point at Powder Springs. When he left Dallas there was just sixteen minutes in which to get there and clear No. 49, and the distance was thirteen and a half miles. But trusting to Providence and his engine in whom he had all confidence started to make the run.

When rounding a curve three miles this side of Dallas my headlight shown on the red lights of a freight caboose standing on the main line. The freight was running to Austell to meet No. 49 and broken down and thinking only of that train, which had the right of way, had failed to send back a flag to stop me. When I saw the caboose I was not a hundred yards from them and running fifty miles an hour, but as good luck would have it the caboose was one of those coaches the Western and Atlantic had built for the expedition, and the old 57 feet walked through her like an egg shell and into the next car that was loaded with sack flour. Just before hitting the caboose I had reversed and plugged her and she went in a spinning, and when we got her out she looked like it had been snowing on her for a week. She was so covered with flour. You talk about your Diarrhy, but I didn't need one for a gentle reminder, for I thought of everything I had ever done in my life. Did I jump off? Well, no, I did that heroic act my newspaper reporters credit us with and stuck to my post. Reversed my engine and put on the air brakes, and saved the lives of the passengers. All because I didn't have time to jump or I expect I would have done the leap frog act. This heroic business sounds very nice in the papers, but it is no fun to read about what you know that you have to act when you haven't a second to think what is best to do in the premises, and if a man jumps off and saves himself he is a coward, and if he stays on and gets killed he is a hero, and in the short space of time in which we act as to him to tell which you want to be, a dead hero or a live coward.

There are many up and downs in an engineer's life, continued Mr. Love, and I have had some ludicrous scars, one or two of which I call to mind. I came up one night from Montgomery to Columbus on a fast through freight on which we made the round trip in the night. I wasn't married then and of course like all single engineers had a girl at each end of the road. I stopped at Mt. Meigs, a flag station twelve miles this side of Montgomery, and asked a section hand to gather some wood for a lady friend of mine and have them for me when I came back in the morning. Between Mt. Meigs and Shorters there are two miles of track and just before day on my return just about half way between the two stations I was running along about thirty miles an hour and my eye out 'suddenly burning up.' I looked ahead and there was a big fire burning in the middle of the track and a man with a torch waving violently in each hand. I immediately reversed my engine, opened my sand pipes and did everything to stop and I got on one step

Mallroad Engineers Become Reminiscent and Talk.

Atlanta Constitution.

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and the freeman on the other ready to jump off when she plunged into the burning bridge. I passed the man who was waiting with all his might for me to stop and asked for God's sake tell me what was the matter.

The Light That Failed.

In a lifetime of service on the rail reaching back to years previous to the war Joseph B. Travis, the veteran engineer, has a story of thrilling experiences that would fill a volume in themselves.

Now he has grown gray in the service and has lost the impetuosity and fire of his younger days, he lives to tell the stories of the rail that abound in exciting situations and that make the blood tingle while they are being told. Mr. Travis is a scholarly and refined engineer. He went on the road when it was as big a thing to be a railroad engineer as to be a Congressman, because engineers were rarer, and he yet carries himself with the dignity of his former years. He walks as straight as an Indian, and as proudly as a school boy.

He began life on the rail on the Illinois Central road nearly forty years ago. He came South a few years afterwards and the opening of the war found him on the Western and Atlantic road. He entered the service of the army and was afterwards detailed to work as an engineer. In this capacity much important work devolved upon and many lively encounters befell him. He had to encounter many heavy obstacles at times, but Joe Travis was known as the navy engineer, and his superior officers always reposed the utmost confidence in him.

"Yes," said Uncle Joe the other day as he stood among a group of engineers around the union depot. "I had many shabby experiences during the war. I remember some that were especially thrilling. But I don't call to mind any that parallels the experience I had at Kingston just after the war, when I saw the streak of light in the dark."

"Saved by Providence—what's that I call it, for I don't know what else it could have been.

"One night I pulled a passenger train out of Atlanta with the old 'Missouri,' Billy Edwards, who was afterwards blown up on this engine, was just ahead of me with a freight. I was to pass him somewhere about Cartersville—he was to sidestreet for me.

"I skinned into Cartersville a little late. I ran up to the tank to get water, and when I pulled out I had no time to lose. I let the 'Missouri' have a full head of steam and she danced along like a two year old. Through cuts, over embankments, past corn fields, then into the shadow of the woods we rushed like something pursued. I kept my hand on the valve and looked straight ahead. Egyptian darkness was walked up in front of us, and on every side.

"Suddenly, as I watched, I fancied I saw a dim light ahead. It seemed to rise a few feet, drop and go out. It was so dim that I was doubtful whether it was a light or not. It flashed no more.

"Nothing—it must have been God—said 'Stop!' A strange sort of feeling came over me, and I shut off the steam. 'It was lucky that I did, for ten feet in front of my engine, when she stopped I stood a freight train on the track. A train-had had waded a match on the track to stop me. Once in a thousand times I wouldn't have stopped for it, but that small voice told me to stop. I never think of it except I shudder."

All Sorts of Paragraphs.

The truth never dodges, no matter who shoos.

Faith is the engine that love puts in motion.

Love is never satisfied until it gets both arms full.

If there were no troubles to talk about some people would always be silent.

One of the most foolish men is the one who worries about things he can't help.

A Portland, Me., woman, who has mania for canceled postage stamps, has won a million of them.

Every season brings a new crop of cough remedies, but they cannot compete with that grand, old Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

The girl who marries for money usually has a look on her face after marriage that indicates that she is having trouble in collecting her salary.

The most tired people in the world are those who do not work.

There is plenty of scripture to show that one may get more rest to do more work.

I suffered for two weeks with neuritis, and Salvation Oil gave me immediate relief. Mrs. Wm. O. Bald, Modest St., Baltimore, Md.

The wealth of the Russian State Church is almost incalculable. It could pay the national debt, some \$9,000,000 and more, and still be enormously wealthy.

Wife: I am thinking of taking swimming lessons. What part do you think will be the hardest for me to learn, dear? Husband: Well, I should think keeping your mouth shut.

Gay Bachelor: Do you think there is anything in the theory that married men live longer than unmarried ones? His unexpected friend (wearily): Oh, I don't know—seems longer.

There is a chestnut tree in Mansfield, Conn., whose circumference at the roots is 54 feet and the diameter of the spread of its branches in one direction is a hundred feet. Its height is 80 feet.

The new Mormon temple at Salt Lake City will be opened April 6, 1893. It has been in course of erection for 40 years, has cost \$2,500,000, and will be, without doubt, the biggest architectural nightmare in the country.

France possesses capital in which it is said to be murdered to take place six months ago in London, Berlin and Vienna together in twice that length of time, but altogether more murders took place in the United States than in any other country.

Of interest to ladies—the scalp may be kept white and clean, and the hair soft, pliant, and glossy, by the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. This preparation never fails to restore to faded and gray hair its original color. Sold by druggists and perfumers.

It is no easy thing to dress harsh, coarse hair so as to make it look graceful or becoming. By the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor, this difficulty is removed, and the hair made to assume any style and arrangement that may be desired. Give the "Vig" a trial.

In the sub treasury in New York City there is on deposit to-day more than \$3,000,000 representing outstanding money orders, and of this amount more than \$2,000,000 represent money orders which are over due, and which may never be presented for payment.

Dallas—I hear that you proposed to Miss Tully last night and got a refusal. Cally—Well, as to that, she didn't bluntly refuse me; she wouldn't enter my feelings by doing that, yet the inference of her remarks was plain enough. She said if I was the last man on earth she might consider it.

A church journal says that the infidel membership of this country is "coming women." And the same journal casually mentions the fact that "out of forty-five thousand convicts in the State prisons more than forty-three thousand are men." Now where should the sexes be placed?

Close observers have noticed that flies will gather upon a half-drunken, sleepy set, while a dozen sober men in the same room are not molested by them. The flies will buzz around their subject with great delight, frequently alighting upon his perspiring face. Off they go and return again and again, quaffing the alcoholic nectar issuing from his pores. After awhile their flight becomes uncertain and collision. Recently a drunken man raised his hand and brushed them from his face. Some fell to the floor and lay there paralyzed. After awhile they got on their feet and warily flew off half-dazed. Perhaps they have a head on many animals yield to the seduction of rum drinking, especially elephants, horses, cows and swine. Poultry, especially turkeys, tumble over in a leaden sleep when they are under the influence of it. If the whole world had exploded it wouldn't have affected me more.

"Why I never killed I don't know," and the engineer's voice grew tender. "It's one of the modern miracles. To have looked at the terrible wreck afterwards one would have regarded it as impossible that a man could have gone through it and lived."

"I found myself lying on the running board of the engine, a narrow strip along the boiler. The seat on which I had sat lay two hundred feet from the track in the middle of the road facing toward the baggage car stood on the tender and the next car was piled upon it. Heaped up all around were shattered remnants of the cars we had struck. Wreck, wreck everywhere. And marvelous to relate one was killed. But several were hurt. I didn't make one! For ten eighteen months. For two weeks I didn't move."

As Ed. Waterhouse finished his story the same Conductor, Ennis, sang out "all aboard," and soon the engineer was once more speeding toward Macon.

Hundreds of such stories could be told. Such exciting experiences soon become one of its attractions.

These close calls quicken their blood and firm believers in the philosophy "that death has its appointed