

The Anderson Intelligencer.

BY CLINKSCALES & LANGSTON.

ANDERSON, S. C., WEDNESDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 22, 1893.

VOLUME XXVII.--NO. 34.

Gout and Rheumatism

Sciatica, white swelling, neuralgia, dropsy, and rickets cured by

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Cures others, will cure you

HOME IS INCOMPLETE WITHOUT MUSIC!



HIGH GRADE PIANOS AND ORGANS!

Having just received a large addition to our stock of HIGH GRADE PIANOS AND ORGANS!

We can supply any who may wish to purchase an instrument at Manufacturers' prices. The justly celebrated Wheelock, Ivers & Pond, Everett and Kimball Pianos are our leaders. Finished in latest style Cases of Walnut, English Oak, Mahogany and Ebony.

Our SPECIALTIES in ORGANS are Farrand & Votey, Kimball and "Crown," with several other well known makes always in stock.

Each instrument is fully warranted for five years, and we guarantee price and quality. You are cordially invited to visit our Ware-rooms and inspect our immense stock. If this is inconvenient please write us for Catalogue and Prices. We can and will save you money by buying from us.

THE C. A. REED MUSIC HOUSE.

The best Sewing Machine on the market—"The Celebrated NEW HOME"—always in stock.

GO TO

GOSSETT'S SHOE STORE

FOR

BARGAINS

IN ALL KINDS OF

SHOES,

MEN'S,

WOMEN'S,

MISSSES,

CHILDREN'S.

JAS. P. GOSSETT & CO.

UNDER MASONIC TEMPLE.

TREMENDOUS REDUCTION!

— IN —

STEEL PLOWS AND PLOW STOCKS!

BLACKSMITH OUTFITS DOWN.

WAY DOWN.

Two Hundred Dozen Axes,

THE BEST IN THE WORLD.

We Defy the World in Quality of Goods and PRICES.

SULLIVAN HARDWARE CO.

CUTTING HIGH STUBBLE.

Next to Farmers and Merchants Bank.

WILL. R. HUBBARD,

JEWELLER.

If you want to see the LARGEST STOCK and the BRIGHTEST PLACE in Town just drop in and see WILL. HUBBARD'S JEWELRY STORE!

SOUVENIR SPOONS, LOVE CHAINS, DIAMONDS, GOLD and SILVER WATCHES, SILVERWARE and NOVELTIES.

It will pay you to give me a call before buying. I don't sell at Cost nor throw in a Chromo, but make a living profit on every article.

Correct representation. Polite attention and promptness.

WILL. R. HUBBARD,

Next to Farmers and Merchants Bank.

Facts of the Rail Road War.

COLUMBIA, S. C., Feb. 9.—Everything in statu quo as to the end of the line today so far as the merry war between the United States court and Governor Tillman is concerned. There is no weakening on the part of any of the State house authorities, and the sherriffs are still holding on to what they have. The only symptom of the administration policy is perfectly normal, and anxiously waiting to see what is going to be done by the court which is guided by either "tyranny or ignorance."

The treasurer of Anderson county telegraphed to the comptroller general to inquire what he should do with the property that is being held. The message was referred to the attorney general, who instructed the treasurer to hold on to the property. The general opinion up here is that the next move will be for an order from the United States courts instructing county sheriffs to release the property in the hands of the United States courts through receiverships.

There seems to be a very general misunderstanding about the case which are causing the conflict of authority. There are many who suppose that the Richmond & Danville system and the South Carolina railway, against which the mischief making executions were issued have not paid any taxes. This is a mistake; these and other roads have paid their taxes on the same basis as they did last year. It is only for the disputed part of the taxes plus the penalty that executions have been issued.

The Richmond & Danville system paid its taxes on the basis of the returns it made. The State holds that it has to pay the entire amount on the basis of the assessment made by the State board of equalization, and the present trouble is caused by the authorities trying to force the collection of these differences between the basis of payment and what the State contends ought to be paid.

The State officials hold that the recent decision of the United States court in dismissing the Central and Anderson, and the present trouble is caused by the amount involved was not \$2,000, establishes the right of the State to collect the difference in dispute without further recourse to the law. In all cases where the amount involved is over \$2,000 it will be noted that the administration is not taking any steps, but admits that it has no authority to act in such cases where the amount is over the \$2,000 limit.

It is to be remembered that the merits of the right to collect this additional tax have never been decided by the United States court. The rail roads claim that the State has no constitutional right to collect this difference, while the State by its act contends to the contrary. The rail roads have paid their taxes as usual, and the tempest is now being raised over the difference between that already paid by the rail roads and that fixed by the State through what is called its arbitrary board of equalization.

The fact that the rail roads through their insolvency are in the hands of receivers and the courts is merely an accident so far as the present status is concerned and has nothing to do with the merits of the case. The rail roads claim that as long as they are in the hands of the United States courts they cannot pay out any money except through its orders, and that not having received any orders to pay this difference in taxes they cannot and will not do so. As soon as the federal court orders them to pay the taxes paid the receivers will do so. The State authorities have not seen fit to ask for this difference through the federal courts, but instead are levying on the property in the counties where the amount is under \$2,000.

The Port Royal & Augusta, Port Royal & Western North Carolina & Charleston, Sumter & Northern cases are not parallel with those of the South Carolina railway and the Richmond & Danville system, as the former had not paid any taxes at all, Governor Tillman today is in communication with his deputies along the line of the Charleston, Sumter & Northern instructing them not to obstruct the line of travel and to give the officers every opportunity to settle with the State.—News and Courier.

Deafness Cannot 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 Eustachian 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; nice 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 cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Nothing Mean About Him.

"Robert," remarked the wife of a peevish man, "I am on my death-bed. I have tried to be a good and faithful wife, and I have but one favor to ask of you before I die."

"What is that, Margaret?"

"You know I was born and reared in Cleveland. It was there I first met you and the happiest hours of my life were passed. You remember this, Robert?"

"Yes," unhesitatingly.

"My relatives are buried there, and when I am gone I wish to rest beside them. Will you grant me this one favor?"

"There will be considerable expense attached to it," musingly.

"Oh, Robert! I will never rest easy in my grave, unless they tell you what I'll do. I don't want to be mean about the thing. I'll bury you here first, and then if I notice any signs of restlessness on your part, I'll take you to Cleveland afterwards."

SARGE PLUNKETT.

The Old Man Makes a Visit to the Mountains.

Atlanta Constitution.

The late "unpleasantness" in the weather caused Brown to have to send for the doctor, and the doctor prescribed a change of air and environment, and so we went to the mountains.

It is enough to cure any sickness just to make a trip out through the hills and coves of northeast Georgia—especially before the "Old Brother Belling" bread is plenty. Old Brother Belling knows just how to have plenty of home raised meat, and his good wife, "Aunt Polly," knows just how to store sausage, and chit'lins, too, away in a big jar and keep them fresh for a long time and for special occasions, one of which our visit was. Aunt Polly places these things into her jar, and then pours larid upon them until they are covered; the larid cures, making them air tight, and they will keep indefinitely, the fishing them out for use when needed.

The mountain folks know me and Brown, and so there was none of that suspicion shown toward us as we read of us being a part of the mountain character. Even parties who are reported as being "moonshiners" had no concealment with us. Of course, we didn't go to their stills, nor did they bear them any grudge, but the "little brown jug" set at convenient places around in the houses, and smacked of the sociability that we use to have when every sideboard at every house was filled with de-centers and "help yourself" was the custom. Those moonshiners are high in hopes of Mr. Cleveland's administration going away with their present troubles, and I hope it will, for I have not had so jolly a time in a long while before as we had the four days last week jaunting over the hills and covers along the trails which, by some, are considered dangerous. There is no danger there for people who are known to attend to their own affairs, and all in all, the mountain people are, the worst misrepesented folks in all the world. Generous, brave and hospitable naturally, they have been hounded right to judgment has given the world a right to judge them as it does. Growing overpious, their late teachings have not hung on the outside, and hardships placed upon them by the law have made the more venturesome criminals—criminals in law, not in their consciences. The people effected the worst by the revenue law are the ones living in the caves and hollows from whence it is almost impossible to get their products. Hogs and turkeys they can drive out on foot, and they do, but they get but little for them, the peddler or the crossroads merchants gets the biggest share of the profits. By stilling their corn, and they think they have a Democratic right to do so, they get it into such bulk as can be carried out, and it is the greatest source of profit they have.

We had a mind at one time to go to a little outen our way to get a look at General Longstreet. The old General lives near Gainesville, and we could have come home that way, but we didn't, and I guess the General can stand it. The old General lives in the mountains, as everywhere else, love this out here, but they have a way up there of associating a male with him that tickles me. The male is as much talked of as if he was a General too, and some folks do believe that he would try to go through the manual of arms if the General would tell him to. I guess the war is more talked about by these retired people, and I guess they are a little bit more attached to war heroes than are folks who live amid stir and bustle. Winnie Davis is much talked up of there now, owing to the Constitution's mention that she is to contribute a series of letters to its columns. This brought on lots of talk around the firesides, and it's amusing, if you will try it, to see how many people have their ideal woman in their mind, and each have a different one. Some dozen of the older set were talking in this connection. I sounded them as to women during the war, starting with Brown.

"Who do you consider as the greatest woman you have known?" I asked him.

"Well—well," said he, as he studied and scratched his head.

"Who? Go on!" I said.

"Well, the greatest woman I have ever known was not a woman, but women—not one woman, but a great many women of the same sort."

"Well?" I muttered, as I saw he had stopped. Raising his hat from his head and placing it upon his knee with one hand, while with the other he roched back his hair, he raised his eyes and said:

"The greatest women were the wives of Confederate soldiers who patiently and patriotically struggled through the war times."

I saw that it was hard to keep the "war times" out of the minds of any of the crowd. The name of Winnie Davis suggested it, I reckon, for one after another mentioned in this connection were women who figured in the war. The woman who got up the "wayside homes" during the war, the "sisters" who went upon the battlefields and into the hospitals, the women who stood at every station along the railroads with water and provisions for the sick and wounded—all these and more were mentioned, and as I did not want to drift back to war stories, I went to work to change the subject. The only way to change a subject like this in such a crowd is to mention things which I did.

"How is wheat," I asked.

This brought a halt in the subject of great women and gave me the information that the prospects for a good wheat crop was never better. The snow melted off leaving it green and flourishing, and everything looks bright in its favor. The good wheat they say goes. The Pickens man who would oppose their will ought to be tarred and feathered and requested to depart.

The Greenville News submits to the Pickens women and wishes to be understood as being in with them. There will be no discrepancy in that dry County.—Greenville News.

Bucklers Arnten Salve.

The best salve in the world for, Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fungus, Scalds, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Hill Bros.

SILHOUETTES OF HAWAII.

Something About the Islands and the People.

If the United States is going to enter upon a career of foreign acquisition, it could find no fairer domain than the little group in the middle of the Pacific. Think of a climate the outside variations of which cover not over thirty degrees from sixty degrees to ninety degrees on rare occasions. Here trees are always green, taking on a new life while still throwing off the old. There is no snow and yellow leaf—no dying year there. Watch the guava trees, and while on one side the fruit is melting into yellow ripeness, on the other side will be green fruit interspersed with white blossoms. In all Honolulu there is but one brick chimney, and that was built by newly arrived New England missionaries before they had learned to tear out of their minds their bleak winter.

ON THE MOUNTAIN SIDES.

By going up the mountain sides one can find regions where the character of the products alter very distinctly from the tropical to the temperate zone. Of late years the advantage of the reciprocity treaty with this country have turned all available capital into the channels of sugar production, and the uplands are entirely abandoned. But there was a time when pretty much all of Oregon was supplied with potatoes raised in the uplands of the Hawaiian Islands, and residents confidently assert that the grains of the temperate zone would grow to advantage there.

IN THE VALLEYS.

In the lowlands and the fertile valleys there is an infinite variety of products that would be profitably cultivated were there a market assured to them. Rice was included with sugar in the list of products accorded free entry to the United States. As a consequence the nearby reed grown shores have been partitioned off into trim rice beds, with intervening banks, by thrifty Chinamen, and their tender vivid green is the brightest feature in the lovely landscape scene from the heights of the neighboring mountain. There is no finer rice in the world than the Hawaiian rice. The grains are large, translucent and look like veritable pearls. These grains are as different from those of Chinese and Indian rice as though it were the yield of a different plant altogether. Here and there in a secluded valley will be found a clump of orange trees shading the grassy banks of a stream.

Originally a plantation, no care has been wasted on these and they have grown and thriven in their own way, yielding as fine fruit as can be found on the Indian river in Florida. These oranges are russet, thin of rind, almost seedless, with the roony cells filled to overflowing with juicy pulp. The shade of such a clump of trees is a rare resting place for a siesta during a tramp. One is likely also to come across a fig tree loaded with its luscious fruit, heavy and pendant. In a bend of the stream will be found a clump of banana trees with green, fibrous trunk and broad frayed leaves. These trees sometimes grow twelve or fifteen feet in height. This is the native banana, the fruit of which is coarser and ranker than the Brazilian variety, which is also grown in these islands.

COFFEE CULTURE.

On the mountain sides a brilliant scarlet berry on a small, dark green, small leaved bush will attract an observant eye. Break open the berry and embedded in each half will be found a white seed with a line running lengthwise through the flat exposed surface. In this unfamiliar guise it will not take you long to recognize coffee, which is indigenous to this soil. Some exports have been made of this product, and it is found in the Honolulu groceries under the title of Kona coffee. Connoisseurs have pronounced its flavor and aroma equal to the Mocha. It could doubtless be cultivated to advantage. Successful experiments have also been made in the cultivation of the olive. Limes grow in great profusion and to a fine size. Efforts have been made to raise lemons in the islands.

FROM LEMONS TO LIMES.

It is curiously asserted that after a few crops of lemons the tree runs into a lime and yields only limes after that. As the lime is the preferable fruit this cannot be called an unfortunate tendency. Pine apples abound and the tamarind can be had by those who like it. Mangoes are especially plentiful and good. Many other tropical fruits have been successfully grown here, though not upon a large scale. There are plenty of noble groves of cocoanut trees along the seashore, one of the finest being at Waikiki, the beach near Honolulu. A quarter will induce a diminutive kamalii (boy) to walk up the slender stem and twist off the nuts from beneath the tuft of graceful palm leaves at the top. Garden vegetables of fine quality are to be had in Honolulu all the year round, thanks to the thrifty foresight and labor of the Chinese gardeners. These can be seen daily with broad pagoda-like baskets on their heads, a tough, elastic stick like a long bow across their shoulders with a great bucket of water hanging from each end passing between the rows of vegetables and plentifully sprinkling them. They carry these vegetables around from house to house in flat baskets, which are substituted for the sprinkling baskets at the end of the yoke stick.

The fish in the islands are remarkably fine and of great variety. The fish market in Honolulu probably presents as great diversity in the fish family as could be found in any similar place in the world. For many natives fish is the only meat diet they have. They swarm in the fish market, and carry their purchases some tied up deftly in a broad, flat leaf so as to leave the stem for a handle. The squid or devil fish or octopus is often seen in the market and is considered a great dainty. There are quiet a large number of stock ranches on the islands, horses and cattle being raised. In times past there have been large flocks of sheep on Molokai and Sanai, but without a market for wool they have died out.

AN IDEAL AMABLE PEOPLE.

Of the people of these islands it can be truly said that they are the most amiable, careless, irresponsible people in the world. The nearest approach to work of any of them is in their employment as cowboys on the stock ranches. They are wonderfully expert horsemen and also become adept in the use of the lasso. A native man, or native woman for that matter, is never so happy as when on a spirited horse, going at hand gallop, decked out with flowery leis and streamers of bright colored cloth, in screaming conversation with a whole troop of companions. They ride their horses to death, they kill their babies with neglect and improper food, and yet it cannot be said that there is a grain of conscious cruelty in their nature. They are licentious and sensual to an unparalleled degree, in fact, the most promiscuous and unbridled intercourse is the universal rule among them. Yet there is no record of any violence ever done by them to a woman. A white woman is absolutely safe among them without any protection, and is exempt from insult or even disrespect, beyond what may come from an unconscious usage of etiquette. Many of them press the greater part of their lives squatting on worn grass mats before the doors of their huts, chattering incessantly and eating their meal of fox why the inclination comes to them.

All Sorts of Paragraphs.

—It is calculated that in the entire world sixty-seven people die every minute.

—The amount of tobacco chewed in the United States last year was eighty-five tons.

—A canary bird, which died at Huntsville, Ga., last week, was reported to be over 15 years of age.

—The average weight of the Chinese brain is said to be heavier than the average weight of the brain in any other race.

—Every man, woman and child who has once tried that specific Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, cannot say enough in its praise.

—The British and foreign Bible society sends out every five days tons weight of Bibles, Testaments and portions of scripture.

—A single mahogany tree in Honduras was recently cut into boards, which, when sold in the European market, realized over \$10,000.

—The most expensive illustrated book yet made is said to be a Bible now owned by Theodore Irwin of Oswego, N. Y. It is valued at \$10,000.

—Ellis: "What makes you think he loves you? Did he say so? Ida: No, but he hugged me. That is a roundabout way of letting me know it."

—Nell: "I think it is nice to be married on one's birthday, don't you? Kate: I don't know. I have known it to bring bad luck. Look at Eve!"

—In Sitka, Alaska, when an Indian wife has lost her husband by death, she goes into mourning by painting the upper half of her face a deep black.

—Mabel: "I really believe Tom thinks the world of me." Kate: "I've often heard him say this was a miserable world and he was heartily sick of it."

—It has only been eighty one years since the first tomatoes were introduced in America. The original plant was cultivated as a vegetable curiosity at Salem, Mass.

—A horse will never stand facing the wind in a pasture, but will always turn his back. A horse heated by driving can be fagged in a few minutes by standing facing the wind or in a draught.

—Crummer: "What are you burning there?" Gilleland: "A bundle of old love letters." Crummer: "That is wise. It is better to burn them than to have them roam about some time in the future."

—Dr. Gatling claims to have produced a new gun which will deliver two thousand shots per minute. The motive power consists of an electric motor, attached by a belt to the mechanism of the gun.

—"You always wear fine collars and cuffs, Mr. Kink," remarked the Colonel to the old darkey. "Yesir," replied Kink; "dat's one advantage ob pabmitin' you wife to tek in washin', sir."

—The number of languages spoken by mankind at present is estimated at 3,000. The Bible has been translated into 200 only, but these 200 are spoken by about two thirds of the whole population of the globe.

The Boys and the Birds.

Now springtime is coming boys, I want to tell you something about birds, and frogs and lizards.

They are our best friends. Don't shoot the robins and the wrens and don't kill the frogs and lizards just for spite. Because God put them here to help the Georgia farmer make his crop. Yes He did. They are the farmers watch-dogs.

Watch-dogs, working from morning until night to keep away insects which multiply so fast that it would be impossible for us to raise cotton, corn or anything else. Of course boys must have guns, and must go hunting and must have some sort of fun. But I don't believe there is a boy in Wilkes County who would kill his father's best friend if he stopped a minute to think about it. No, I like boys too well to believe it of them.

Cat birds, red birds, wood-peckers, mocking birds and even the despised jay birds are some of your father's best friends. Each of these little watch-dogs is worth as much to the farmer as a grown man to whom he pays 50 cents a day and his food. So are lizards and frogs. A lizard is just as useful in the fields as a cat in the pantry. And these very small little frogs that you boys love to torment and kill are sent to Australia from Europe by the carload and sold to keep down insects that are injurious to their fruits and vegetables. So now, boys, don't kill your father's friends. The jaybird has a very bad name I know. He pulls up the farmer's corn and eats his fruit. But never mind that in the long run he does more good than harm. I used to hate him myself. He is a noisy quarrelsome fellow, and steals my strawberries, but after talking him about it and scolding him, he told me he was only taking a few to pay for the work he was doing for me. And sure enough, I watched and saw he was catching all those horrid "pumpkin bugs" and "lady bugs" that are so destructive to fruit and flowers. After this I let Mr. Jaybird have all the strawberries he wanted. He also catches the cabbage worm moth, and makes himself generally useful in the vegetable garden. So now, boys, if Mr. Jaybird is not your father's friend he is your mother's, and don't kill your mother's friend. Some people say the wood-chick is a bad bird, and accuses him of killing trees. Now that is a cruel slander. The truth is he is only hunting for insects that have already killed the tree, and but for him would kill hundreds of others in the neighborhood. There is nothing wrong about Mr. Woodpecker, he is a good friend of the family. Don't kill him.

But of all friends we have in field, forest, garden or orchard, the mocking-bird is the best. I never heard anything mean about him in my life. He is a real old-fashioned gentleman and the South is his home. This is the only country in the world where the mocking bird lives. He is famous for the stagecoach. None of the great singers of the stagecoach compare to him. But as boys do not care much about music or singing I will tell you what else he does. He catches the boll-worm moth, which is the farmer's worst enemy. Haven't you seen a greyish white butterfly with brown spots on his wings, fluttering about in the corn and cotton fields? Well, that is the boll worm moth. One of these moths will lay 750 eggs, and these eggs will hatch out into cotton bolls, and into the silk end of the corn ears, destroying hundreds and thousands of dollars worth every year. In fact there is no telling where it would end but for the mocking bird and some of his helpers.

Suppose a mocking bird has a nest of young ones to feed, and suppose she catches ten of these moth a day, there are 7,500 boll worms gone. But there is the father bird at work also, and between them they catch many times ten moths a day, besides other insects injurious to the crops. Now don't you think he is a very particular friend of the farmer? Don't kill him. But I know something that is a great deal worse than shooting birds and killing frogs. It is so bad that I am almost ashamed to tell it. Then, too, I'm afraid somebody's feelings will get hurt if I say just exactly what I think about a boy who would do such a thing. So I will not say what I think about such a boy, but I will just beg you all, if any of you have ever rubbed a poor little bird's nest, please don't do it again. God gave them the right to make their homes in the forest, but He did not give you the right to go there and break up their poor little nests and destroy their children.

When you see a hawk swoop down and pick up a little chicken, and the old hen run screaming after it trying to save her baby don't you feel sorry for her, and don't you run for the gun and shoot the hawk? Well, that hawk is not shot as mean as the boy who robs a bird's nest. The hawk is only trying to make an honest living while the boy is doing something he will be sorry for to the end of his days.

The following story I read in a book at the Mary Willis library, and I give it here from memory: Dr. Townsend Glover, a great agriculturist, says, "I never allow a bird to be shot on my place. I came to this conclusion by a circumstance that occurred. I noticed a greyish looking bird very busy around my beehives. He was apparently picking up every struggling bee he could find. I was very much enraged at this conduct, and went for my gun. When I came back he was sitting on the top of an enormous bush, and I lost no time in bringing him down. Out of malice and curiosity I determined to cut him open to see how many of my bees he had destroyed. To my utter astonishment I found not a single bee, but instead a great many moth and striped cucumber bugs. Here I had killed the very bird that had been working for me all summer. After committing this foul murder, I determined that another bird should never be killed on my place."

Now perhaps in a week or two we will have another talk on the subject of birds for I have not said all I want to say yet.—Metta Andrews Green in the Washington Chronicle.

Reform Aspirants for Governor.

So far as political chat goes the possible entries from the reform side are: Secretary of State Tindal, who is said to be a prime favorite with the administration, is looked upon as a good man, and one combining certain liberal ideas that would tend to conciliate certain factions.

Senator John Gary Evans is wanted by some of the orthodox Tillmanites, who want an aggressive fighter and a champion of the dispensary bill.

Congressman George D. Tillman is said to have a great many friends who want to see him elected Governor. They say that he is a "sure winner."

Senator W. D. Evans is reported to be in the field, not as an active candidate, but one who has no scruples against accepting the nomination and making a fight.

Chairman M. L. Donaldson is thought to be in the race, if he is not struck with a good Federal position.

State Treasurer Bates' name has been mentioned in connection with the gubernatorial office. His candidacy would be recognized and more generally acceptable than that of many others.

Comptroller General Ellerbe's name has been presented by some Pe Deen enthusiasts. It is said that he is not in any race on account of his health.

Adjutant General Farley is said to have some aspirations to succeed Governor Tillman.

Editor Gantt has found a candidate in Spartanburg, a Mr. L. F. Walker, who is interested in the "Headlight."

It will be seen that the reform element will find plenty of material.—Columbia letter to the News and Courier.

Persons afflicted with chilblains, so troublesome to many, will find a pleasant and permanent cure in Salvation Oil. 25 cts.

An Atchison, Kan., paper says that a very pious young man of that town called on a young lady the other evening intending to pop the question. After talking a few minutes he asked her if she would have any objection to his offering prayer. She said no, and he got down on his knees and he told the Lord that he intended to ask the young woman then present to be his wife, and he hoped that He would move him to consent. After exhorting fifteen minutes he arose to his feet, but the girl had left the room, and has steadily refused to see him ever since. She thinks that he addressed his prayer to the wrong quarter, as was the person competent to answer it.

Reform Aspirants for Governor.

So far as political chat goes the possible entries from the reform side are: Secretary of State Tindal, who is said to be a prime favorite with the administration, is looked upon as a good man, and one combining certain liberal ideas that would tend to conciliate certain factions.

Senator John Gary Evans is wanted by some of the orthodox Tillmanites, who want an aggressive fighter and a champion of the dispensary bill.

Congressman George D. Tillman is said to have a great many friends who want to see him elected Governor. They say that he is a "sure winner."

Senator W. D. Evans is reported to be in the field, not as an active candidate, but one who has no scruples against accepting the nomination and making a fight.

Chairman M. L. Donaldson is thought to be in the race, if he is not struck with a good Federal position.

State Treasurer Bates' name has been mentioned in connection with the gubernatorial office. His candidacy would be recognized and more generally acceptable than that of many others.