

The Anderson Intelligencer.

BY CLINKSCALES & LANGSTON.

ANDERSON, S. C., WEDNESDAY MORNING, MARCH 1, 1893.

VOLUME XXVII.--NO. 35.

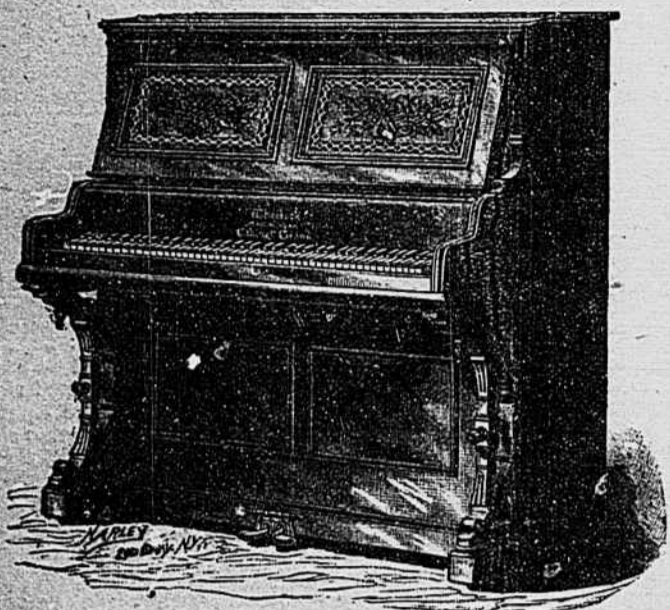
For Asthma, Bronchitis

Colds, coughs, la grippe, pneumonia, and all diseases of the throat and lungs, take

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

Prompt to act, sure to cure

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 Warehouses 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. Respectfully,

THE C. A. REED MUSIC HOUSE.

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

- 40 TONS STEEL PLOWS,
 - 300 PLOW STOCKS,
 - 500 PLOW HANDLES,
 - 5000 HEEL BOLTS,
 - 100 BOY DIXIE PLOWS,
 - BLACKSMITHS BELLOWS,
 - ANVILS,
 - VISES,
 - HAMES,
 - TRACES,
 - BACK BANDS.
- ALL THESE GOODS MUST BE SOLD.

PRICES LOW, VERY LOW.

We are in it, and propose to give you Bottom Prices on everything.

WE STILL SELL,

OWL BRAND GUANO,

THE BEST ON EARTH.

CUNNINGHAM & HUMPHREYS,

Main Street Hardware Store

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.

EASY WAY TO MAKE

\$5.00!

We will pay our usual premium of FIVE DOLLARS for the LARGEST WATERMELON raised from OUR SEED—the Melon to be brought to our Store and weighed on or before AUGUST 15, 1893.

Fresh Seeds of all kinds Just Received.

ORR & SLOAN.

DONN FORGET

Syrup Red Clover is the Best Blood Purifier, and the PARLOR MATCHES at 5c. dozen Boxes.

WOMAN'S MISSION.

[At the recent session of the Union Meeting at Shady Grove Church the following essay was read by Mrs. R. J. Williams, of Hones Path, and a resolution was passed requesting the INTELLIGENCER to publish it.—EDITOR.]

When Christ came into the world, He set all things right. Ignorance, superstition and miracle God had allowed. Man with the law from Sinai, and its precepts perverted to suit the carnal mind, held sway, as it seemed, till earth groaned under its burden of darkness and sin.

But at this time the "Star of Bethlehem" was seen—the Son of God came to be a light to the nations. Not one jot nor one tittle, said He, should pass from the law till all was fulfilled, but He would write upon the heart, and bind about the neck of men His law of love, that He might be glorified. Instead of "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth," it was, "When you are smitten on the one cheek, turn the other also." Instead of a command to the strong to destroy cities, subdue nations and slay the heathen with the sword; the injunction was to feed the hungry, lift up the fallen, soothe the troubled and tell to the world the story of the love of God.

What is woman's part in this work? It must be seen:

1. That woman, in her nature, has been endowed with a fitness for the requirements of this law of love. God has made her tender of nature. We call it unwomanly to be stern and indifferent; to turn a deaf ear to the cries of the needy; to care carelessly for the suffering, or to care not for the expelling of heathen darkness. For woman thus to be, is to quench, yea to drive from her soul that precious gift of God.

Then if there is such adaptability, which was plainly God's purpose, what is woman's mission? What her part in this work of love? It is to do, to bear and to die, if need be, for the glory of God. There is no good work from which woman is exempt; nothing that she may not do in her woman's way, well pleasing to God. If she does not literally stand in the pulpit, she may be the secret influence there. For woman, if she wisely exercise her gifts in the fear of God, may often be the power behind the throne. Then there may be a sweeter savor rising to heaven from the fainter of a tear, than the offering of many sacrifices; the giving of many thimes. More in the feeding of the hungry, in the visiting of the orphan and the widow, than in erecting costly edifices. The woman's mite may be greater many thousands. God despises not small things, and has ordained that the weak things of the world shall confound the strong.

What if woman's sphere is limited? That does not lessen her obligation to go busily on every day serving God. The truth may be as effectually taught at the fireside as upon the stage. As truly may the way to Heaven be pointed out to the dying eyes, as to be cried aloud in the ear. The noble missionary Dias was led to seek after God by seeing moving lips, and the Heaven directed eyes of a sainted woman as she knelt by his sick bed. The rigid discipline and godly teaching of the Wesleyes gave much of the mighty impetus to the lives now immortalized. Many more might be mentioned if space were given.

Then for a second proof of woman's call, God has all along honored her work. When He left Heaven to dwell with men, He chose from among women a mother. The revered head chose to be pillowed on woman's bosom and to "draw his life from her heart." Hosts of angels descended and sang hosannas at His birth, but returned and left the care of the infant Saviour to woman. It was woman whom He honored with the anointing of His body to the burial. It was she who ministered to Him of her substance; whose sympathies He chose to receive while he suffered on the cross; whom He would have first at the sepulcher, and to whom He would give the first tidings of His resurrection. It was Lydia whose heart He touched to open her doors to the apostle, and who stood with other women as the strength of the Church at Philippi.

Then we see that all through the ages God has opened the door to foreign lands for woman. There is a work among the heathen which man cannot do, and which is left to woman. And God has made her a willing subject. Wherever there is a call for men to the field, there are women to volunteer to go with them. Adoniram Judson had his An, and what was she to that great missionary? God honored her with the sustaining of the mission, for it was through her devotion and heroic courage that the life of the noble missionary was spared during that long period of imprisonment and suffering. Boardman, as he toiled among the heathen with a falling body, had his Sarah by his side, who held up the mission after God had taken him away. Moffat, as he gave his life, telling to the one and Africanus the story of Christ, was given a loving companion, who fought the battle for many long years.

So let us not think that our work is small, or that our sphere is limited one. Let us look about us and fill the demands, and we shall receive a crown with no fewer stars than the mighty, mighty men. Mrs. R. J. WILLIAMS, Hones Path, S. C., Feb. 15, 1893.

—There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials.

WILL. R. HUBBARD, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 76c.

BILL ARP.

Atlanta Constitution.

It is an old saying that "there is nothing certain in the world but death and taxes," but I didn't know that both of these afflictions came together. They don't in Georgia, and one of the comforts of dying is to get rid of taxes, but it seems that in some of the States and in many foreign countries, the biggest tax of all is the death tax. Many of the States have had an inheritance tax for fifty years, but it didn't apply to children. It affected collateral kindred only—legacies had to pay it, and all heirs who were not children of the deceased. But of late years this death duty—this penalty for dying, has taken hold of all estates worth over \$10,000, and the government takes the first slice. This law is only two years old in New York, Massachusetts and Maryland, so far as children are concerned, and it has not been heavy on collateral heirs. A. T. Stewart's estate paid only \$300,000. The estate of Mrs. Lenox paid \$200,000, but if there had been children, no tax would have been paid. But now Jay Gould's estate has had to pay nearly a million under the new law, and there is a big fuss over it among the lawyers and some of the preachers. Some of them say it is right and some say it is an outrage on human rights. In England and France and Germany and Australia and Canada this inheritance tax varies from 1 to 15 per cent. on all the estate in excess of \$100,000. The idea seems to be that the deceased got it by interest upon interest or by speculation or good luck and all the time he had the protection of the government, and in nine cases out of ten, his profits were somebody else's lessons and now that he is dead, his heirs must pour some of it back in the jug. They didn't work for it and can well afford to let the State take a slice for the long years of protection their father had. Perhaps, that father, like Jay Gould, began the world with nothing, and the children would have no right to complain if the State allowed them \$100,000 apiece and took all the rest. This would be more than liberal where there are no children, for in the case of A. T. Stewart, Judge Hilton gobbled it all up, and he was no kin to Stewart. Sometimes very remote kindred get the estate because that is the law and that is the reason I have been prospecting for thirty years to get my wife's share of that 200,000,000 of pounds that Sir William Holt left in the Bank of England. The prospect is mortal dim, but there is some comfort in believing that it is there and is still drawing interest like my Confederate bonds.

But the question of how much shall a man be allowed to accumulate and keep is looming up and will have to be settled before long by American people. For the safety of the Republic there will have to be a limitation of some sort. John Stewart Mill says it will have to be done. Andrew Carnegie says the State ought to take one-half of all that a millionaire leaves behind him and this law would force him to divide out before he died and induce him to make his gifts to public charities and colleges, while in life, like Rockefeller and Armour are doing now and like Peter Cooper and Peabody and others did.

The Illinois Bar Association has declared in favor of limitation upon wealth, and Mr. Stead says the time is near at hand when the children's inheritance will be limited to a sum that will give each an income of \$100,000 and no more. It would make about \$30,000,000 to do that at 3 per cent. That law would give Jay Gould's children \$12,000,000, which is enough, I reckon, to support them. The other 300,000,000 would go to the State for hospitals and homes for the poor and the unfortunate. But if that had been the law, Jay Gould would have divided his property long ago and so dodged the law, or else he would have done some big thing with it that would have given him a better obituary than he got. A much better law than Mr. Stead's would be a graduated tax not only on inheritances, but on accumulations made during life. If Mr. Gould with \$20,000,000 can buy up judges and legislatures, as he boasted that he did, what could he do with \$100,000,000 or \$200,000,000? What could a combine of twenty men do whose holdings aggregate \$1,000,000,000? If combines of a few millions can wreck a great railroad system like the Central, what can these billionaires do? Before the war there were but very few rich men, and they were afraid to scheme and corner and combine, but they are multiplying rapidly in the great cities. They are absorbing the wealth of the nation and their methods are attracting public attention and public concern. Something is going to be done. It will not begin down South, for we have not suffered yet, but the tendency of capital is to reach everywhere, and the same evils will reach us before long. There must be some limitation upon wealth. The joint estate of the Astors is estimated at \$250,000,000 and most of it is in real estate in the city of New York. Their chief income is from rents and they can make the rents exorbitant if they choose and defy competition. Rockefeller comforts his conscience with his gifts, but much of his profits came from the wrecks of competing companies that he crushed out of existence. If a man is making \$100,000,000 a year, it is the easiest thing in the world to give away \$1,000,000 occasionally, and that seems to satisfy the people. They will point to the Chicago and Vanderbilt Universities and say he is a great, big-hearted gentleman?

The methods of which these colossal fortunes are made is a bad example to the rising generation. Our young men are restless and are hunting for some short-cut to fortune. Judge Clark made a comment upon it the other day in Atlanta. He was passing sentence upon a young man and said what is the matter with our young men? "Almost every day I am called upon to pass sentence upon some of them, young men who have been raised by respectable parents—young men who have been well educated and are capable of earning an honest living. What is the matter and when will it stop? It grieves me and alarms me and I feel helpless, because I know of no remedy."

Well, it does look like public morals are degenerating. I saw in a paper yesterday that a woman, who had a case in Court against a railroad, testified that ten lawyers came to see her to get their fees before the doctor got there. The lawyers beat the doctor to the tank. And this kind of practice seems to be professional in Atlanta, and it is spreading even to our country towns. And yet the lawyers are on the top of society. BILL ARP.

Observations of Jackson Brown.

Greenville News.

Jackson Brown was in the Greenville News business office yesterday, having come for his copy of the Semi-Weekly, which he calls for about as regularly as clock work. Jackson Brown is seventy-six years old, and nearly everybody in Greenville knows him. A few questions led him to talk about farming.

He has been a farmer about sixty years. When he began work here in Greenville county on his father's farm cotton was five cents a pound and corn thirty-three cents a bushel and the market place was Hamburg, a hundred and twenty miles away. When Jackson Brown was twenty-one those were the prices and conditions and he went to work for his father as a manager for fifth of the yield of the fields. Later on he received a third. When he married a few years later he had a thousand dollars in cash, made and saved by working for the fifth and the third. He has supported comfortably a large family of children and all his sons and daughters are now taking care of themselves. He owns 240 acres of land five miles out of town and does not owe a dollar in the world.

He says there is no business like farming and no better place for farming than right here. He has tried it sixty years and ought to know. He has never asked anybody to endorse for him, has never been harassed by debts or creditors and is always the first man to hand in his property for taxation to the auditor and pay his taxes to the treasurer.

His face is ruddy and strong; he walks into town five miles and out five miles and hopes to live to eighty-five years. Age has made him distrustful of a horse, riding or driving, but he trusts his own legs, although he complains that at seventy-six his knees are getting a little stiff.

There are two or three reasons why he thinks farming here is the best business a man can be in, giving the surest profit and the most comfortable life. He be glad, under his father's advice, with the rule always to make his living at home and to depend on cotton only for surplus. He has sold cotton at five cents a pound and at twenty cents a pound, but no matter what cotton was selling at he never planted an acre in it until he had provided for bread and meat and feed for his stock for the year. When that was secured, so far as human foresight could see, he gave some land and labor to cotton and every pound he sold it was profit. The thousands of pages in which fields are recorded have never had Jackson Brown's name written on them as lien giver.

He does not believe that Tillman or national legislation or war or anything else can make a farmer poor. He has been through them all, has abundance for his simple needs and lives comfortably. Raising cotton to pay for food and pay liens will, he thinks, ruin any farm and any farmer and he has observed scores and generations of them and in his hard common sense way has traced out cause and effect. He has sixteen sheep and he dresses in homespun, wove from the wool of his own sheep. It does not wear out, it keeps him warm, and the big double blue jeans overcoat he wears, spun, woven, cut and sewed by his wife, turns rain like rubber and he hardly paid out a dollar for it. Plenty of clothes, plenty to eat, plenty of food to lead some money, good health and no debt is the condition of Jackson Brown at seventy-six and he asks no odds of anybody and whatever happens is safe.

Jay Gould died between fifty and sixty years old. He amassed between one and two hundred millions of dollars. He probably never had a comfortable or happy day from the time he began to be rich, he hated and feared and was hated and feared and lies dead in a big marble tomb which cost half a million dollars. Jackson Brown hates and fears nobody. He enjoys his life. He "loves" to plow, he says, because he knows he plows well and it is happiness to his heart to tramp earth turn up from the plow point just at the right depth and in the right way. He has all the pride of a master and an artist in it and is alive, strong, hearty, hopeful and happy.

DeLewey is eighty years old. He dug the Santee canal, riches and decorations have been heaped upon him by all the kings of Europe and his name was glorified around the world. Now he is in jail to spend a five years' term for bribery and is overwhelmed with shame and ruin. James G. Blaine narrowly missed being president of the United States four times, but he died a young man in years compared to Jackson Brown but far older in fact—a broken, disappointed, diseased, miserable old man leaving a great reputation and a million dollars behind him. Jim Fisk, the Vanderbilt, Rufus Hatch, Grant, Sherman—scores and hundreds of men in this country and in other countries, have risen, rolled in riches and died ruined and unhappy and with tarnished names while Jackson Brown has been tramping cheerily between his plow handles, proud and happy in the proper lining of his furrows and turning of the fresh earth, watching his crops grow and gathering them year by year, meeting trouble when it came with a stout and hopeful heart, raked no more than to have his toll rewarded with comfortable competence, doing his duty to his neighbors and his country and looking the world fearlessly and squarely in the face. At seventy-six he steps his ten miles a day comfortably, looks around his little domain with the knowledge that it is all his and all paid for and has an honest man's honest pride in the work of an honest life. It is not very brilliant, but it is very satisfactory, and it to be happy

and to do a man's duty in life and go to his grave in comfort and honor be the purpose of life it looks to us as if Jackson Brown has the best of it compared with the great folks who have spoken of—decidedly the best of it.

We are willing to put him up as evidence that health, happiness, a modest and sufficient share of prosperity and comfort, a pleasant life and a peaceful death in good repute can be secured on a farm among these rolling red hills of South Carolina; and that the best life is not by any means that which figures constantly in the newspapers. We are likewise willing to put him up with white beard, clear eyes, sturdy frame and all honest, clean clothes as an object lesson to his fellow farmers—the lesson that to make the farm yield food and clothes first and cotton for money profit is the secret of successful farming.

Seven Scenes in a Woman's Life.

A wee mother is carefully putting her favorite doll to bed. With tender solicitude she carefully removes each dainty garment and fastens on the tiny nightgown. Then, with a fond kiss, she hugs her treasure to her and places it in its little cradle. After patting it gently she tiptoes out of the room as the twilight peeps curiously in.

A fair maiden stands before her looking-glass adding the last touches to her evening toilet. Her lover will soon be here! Her eyes are full of innocent delight! She looks eagerly at her reflection in the mirror. How glad she is that she is pretty! She frowns a little at a wrinkle that will not stay just as it should. A ring comes at the door and she hastens away to meet her beloved.

A young wife sits anxiously watching her husband. At each approaching footstep her heart beats rapidly and then grows heavy with disappointment. She will not go indoors, it is so sweet out there. The creeping shadows cheer her trembling soul; so she waits and wishes, and the shadows lengthen into darkened night.

A mother is rocking her baby to sleep. He looks at her gravely while they move to and fro, as if asking why the bright sunshine must leave and the ugly shadows hide her dear face from him. There is a wealth of wisdom in his great, sweet eyes. He holds tightly to her dress, as if to keep her near him.

When at last his eyes are closed she disengages the loving hand, kisses him lightly—he must not be awakened—and arises to put him into his crib. Then she sinks back into her chair and begins to rock him again. It is so pleasant to rest in the twilight, and he is so sweet to hold!

A woman kneels by a fresh made grave. The headboard stares coldly at her and seems to say over and over again the words inscribed upon it. "He was her only child and she was a widow." With tear laden eyes she bends down lower and lower, till her lips rest upon the earth. She longs so to kiss the quiet form it is hiding from her! And the twilight seems to hurry past and lose itself in the darkness.

A carrowan old woman sits watching the shadows come—they are friends to her—friends that she welcomes—for they always sing the same song to her, "One Day Nearer Home." And she smiles, "One Day Nearer Home." And so life—woman's life—goes on in the twilight till rest comes to her weary body and joy to her aching heart—till her spirit reaches its home, where never a shadow can fall upon it.—New Orleans Picayune.

The Australian Ballot.

MONTGOMERY, Ala., Feb. 19.—Last night the senate passed the Sayer election bill. It had already passed the house. The Governor will sign it and it will then become the law of the State. The new election law provides the Australian ballot. It's effect will be to disfranchise illiterate negro voters to the number of about forty thousand or more in Alabama. Penalties for the violation of the section governing registration and voting are very rigid. The new law will go into effect with the next general election. The Pulk third party populists in both houses were against the bill all the way through. They had been clamoring for a new and fair election law for two years past and when this one was offered they opposed it directly. This bill makes everlasting Democratic rule in Alabama.

Bucklers Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for Cuts Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Corns, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Tetter, 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.

—Uncle Sam pays \$90,000,000 a year in salaries.

—A man that would steal hay would probably do so with the hope of getting out on bail if arrested.

—A good story is told on Senator John T. Morgan, which shows what power money has over some people. When the Alabama Senator is booked for a public address he always provides himself with a roll of money, whether he needs it for expenses or not. He says he can not make a good speech unless he knows he has money in his pocket. Once he went to Mobile to make an address and ran out of money before the day arrived. That evening he called on Judge Price Williams and asked for the "temporary use" of \$100. The money was given him and he made a fine address that night. The next morning he returned the money untouched.

—Promptness in all social matters should be strictly observed, as polite society does not excuse a silence which is practically discourteous.

—Always give precedence to elders and visitors. Offer them the best seat at the table, the best place by the fire and the first of everything. Go further than mere form and see that they are comfortable and happy.

HAD FOUR WIVES.

A Dramatic Meeting.

Atlanta Constitution.

Edward Hagood, sixty years old, a major of the Confederate army, a member of the South Carolina aristocracy, a cousin of ex-Governor Hagood of South Carolina, and a bearer of letters of recommendation from men of national prominence to the best people of this city, is a prisoner of the law.

He was arrested at his home, on the corner of Forest avenue and Jackson street, by Detectives McConnell, Looney and Casson, on a warrant from Charleston, S. C., charging him with bigamy. Without a single word of protest, Major Hagood accompanied the officers, and his second, or third, wife, whom he married in Chicago seven years ago, with whom he has been living since, accompanied him.

Yesterday morning's Constitution told about the presence in this city of youthful and pretty Mrs. Hagood, who is a daughter of Patrolman Beauderott, of Charleston, and who was married to Hagood seven months ago. She came to the city in search of Major Hagood, who had deserted her and gone back to his Chicago wife.

She called on Chief Connolly Sunday and told her story. She was young and pretty, and the chief was skeptical. He doubted parts of her story, and pointedly refused to take any part in having the erring husband arrested. He told Mrs. Hagood that the proper course for her to pursue was to have Chief of Police Martin, of Charleston, officially request the arrest of Hagood. He further informed her that this was the only way in which she could get him arrested by the Atlanta officers.

Very much disheartened, she returned to her boarding house, the Arlington, and wrote to her father of what had occurred. She received, on Monday night, a telegram from him, stating that he would come to Atlanta at once and have Hagood arrested.

She had no further move, resting on her ears until her father should arrive. Yesterday morning she received a visit from the Chicago Mrs. Hagood. This latter lady spent several hours with her, talking the matter over. She wanted her to sign papers to the effect that she would not give Hagood further trouble. Young Mrs. Hagood emphatically informed her that she would not do it, and that she intended to hunt Hagood down and have him punished, if it took her the rest of her life. The interview ended in a stormy manner, and the elder of the two Mrs. Hagoods went off dejectedly to her home, and requesting her to have their joint husband arrested, if she cared to. Young Mrs. Hagood says that the meeting came not being on a serious turn, as the elder lady informed her, at one point in the conversation, that she always went armed. The elder Mrs. Hagood gave the younger a cordial invitation to visit her at her home on Forest avenue.

On the 7 o'clock Richmond and Danville train last night Patrolman H. Beauderott, the father of young Mrs. Hagood, and his wife reached the city. They went at once to the Arlington, where their daughter is stopping. After dining they repaired at once to police headquarters.

For the third time Chief Connolly gave audience to the deserted bride of seven months and in a few minutes he became convinced that justice demanded the arrest of Hagood, whom he had at first refused to molest. Beauderott, the father of the girl, told a straightforward story, which was readily believed and then handed to the chief a warrant for Hagood, which he had had sworn out before leaving Charleston. It required but a few minutes' talk with the Charleston officer to decide Chief Connolly upon what course he would pursue. Calling in Chief of Detectives Wright he turned the warrant over to him and Detectives Casson, McConnell and Looney were sent to Hagood's home on Forest avenue.

The detectives found Hagood sitting in his parlor enjoying a quiet evening with his third wife and pretty eighteen-year-old daughter. The home is an elegant one and is sumptuously furnished, all the hangings and wall decorations, as well as all of the furnishings being of the grandest and of the best of taste.

Major Hagood received the detectives with a curtly manner and listened to their explanation of their visit without losing his composure in the slightest degree. He rose after they had finished and said that he was ready to go. His wife also arose and said she would accompany him.

Major Hagood was ushered into Chief Connolly's office where his youngest wife, her mother and father and several detectives were seated. He looked toward the pretty young woman without speaking. His handsome, fashionably-dressed Chicago wife took a seat beside him. The five people most interested looked at each other. Hagood, soldierly, handsome, dignified, sat upright in his chair waiting for some one to break the silence.

"Major Hagood," said Chief Connolly in a low tone, "this young lady says she is your wife." Major Hagood assented by a nod of his head. Chief Connolly paused, expecting the prisoner to speak.

"I have a warrant for your arrest for bigamy," the chief finally went on. And after another pause he added: "I believe you do not deny that she is your wife?"

"No, sir," said the major, "I do not. She is my wife. I married her in Charleston seven months ago. I was not myself at the time. During the war I received a terrible wound, which has never healed. I am constantly under the necessity of using strong opiates. While under the influence of opiates I married this young woman, not knowing what I was doing. I told her at the time I had a wife in Chicago with whom I had not lived for years, but from whom I had no divorce. This lady here is my wife."

"He did not tell me that he was not divorced until after we were married," said Mrs. Hagood, No. 4, speaking for the

first time. Hagood did not even look toward her.

"We will have to hold you, sir," said Chief Connolly. Hagood bowed in the stiffest sort of manner. "I am willing," he said.

Then some words were spoken about a requisition. He said he would go back without one if allowed to get his clothing and articles he would need. He asked to be allowed to go home alone guarded there by an officer, saying he would pay any price for such service. Chief Connolly curtly informed him that he would have to be locked up.

"Oh, not that, sir," exclaimed Hagood. "Not that, for God's sake. I am willing that Mr. Beauderott here shall go with his family out to my own house and guard me."

"Sir," said Mr. Beauderott, rising excitedly, "I would not do it, sir, for all the world. You cannot buy me with all the money you can get together. You have destroyed the happiness of my home and you shall suffer, sir. I will not rest content until I see you in a Charleston jail."

"I am not trying to buy you," said Hagood, then breaking down to the first time, he exclaimed brokenly: "For God's sake do not lock me up. I am an old man, an old Confederate veteran, and I am almost dying. My body is torn with old wounds that torture me constantly. I am a sick man. I shall die."

The big, warlike man was as meek as a child.

His handsome wife sat beside him calm and collected.

"Offer them nothing," she said.

The scene was intensely dramatic.

Hagood was allowed to remain in Chief Connolly's office during the night under guard of Patrolman Smith, detailed letters of recommendation from several distinguished men.

Fewer Teeth Extracted.

"There are very few men who earn their living by pulling teeth," said a leading dentist the other day. "Formerly a man in my profession was little more than a tooth extractor, just as a physician was little more than a blood letter, but of late years there has been so marked a change that now few dentists look upon tooth extracting as a source of revenue. For my own part I do not pull one tooth in a dozen of those which have been marked for the slaughter, regarding it as a source of evidence weakness to extract a tooth at all for a regular customer. Sometimes a patient will come in frantic with pain and demand the instant use of the forceps, but even then it is generally possible to induce patience and prevail upon the unfortunates to give his usual, although painful, member another chance."

"It is surprising that the science of supplying the place of extracted teeth should have kept pace with the science of saving teeth condemned by their owners but such is the case, and I believe the time will come when the tooth extractor will be looked upon as a butcher and all the honors and dollars go to the tooth saver. With the aid of modern science it ought to be possible to limit the use of false teeth to the victims of accidents."

"It appears to be impossible to make people take care of their teeth and arrest the process of decay thereby, but it is easy to come to the rescue of a partially ruined tooth. As a general principle, no tooth ought to be torn out of a man's jaw. When it is necessary to remove a tooth, nature prepares the way and makes extraction easy. For instance, where a child's tooth has to be removed to make room for another, there is no painful extraction necessary the tooth coming out as a matter of course and without the slightest difficulty."

Novel Race Track Projected.

MADISON, Ind., February 19.—A company has been formed, including some of the most wealthiest men in this part of the State, to give the scheme a practical test. Stock to the extent of \$100,000 has been subscribed for and ground will be broken as soon as the weather opens sufficiently for work to be commenced. It is hoped to get the track in running order by July.

—It is proposed that a primary election be held to settle the postmaster question at Danville, Va.

—It will cost \$12,000 to illuminate and decorate the ball room for the inauguration festival.

—A man never realizes how much furniture he owns until he tries to walk rapidly through his house in the dark.

—People who live in the country should keep Salvation Oil, the infallible antidote for the poisonous stings of bees and wasps.

—The mother who starts to get a sleeping boy out of bed these mornings may be said to have a rousing time of it.

—There are some men to whom a loss of their reputation would mean mighty good luck.

—He had tried 1,500 or 2,000 times to kiss her that evening without success and at last he asked her if he couldn't. "You'll tell," she said with one of those "rowing she would never consent to be ed" smiles. "No, I won't," he protested. "I promise I'll keep my mouth to my self." "Then how are you going to kiss me?" she asked quickly, and he could never just tell how he kissed her, but he did.

All Sorts of Paragraphs.

—The devil's masterpiece is a drunkard's home.

—A man with a bad liver very often has a good heart.

—If the tongue could kill no many would live to old age.

—A Chicago millionaire says that he made most of his money by simply holding his tongue.

—Two women are fighting in the Courts of Atlanta over the ownership of a rooster.

—There is no case on record of a man having