

# The Anderson Intelligencer.

BY CLINKSCALES & LANGSTON.

ANDERSON, S. C., WEDNESDAY MORNING, JANUARY 17, 1894.

VOLUME XXVIII.—NO. 2

## COME TO SEE US!

In our New Quarters,  
15 South Main Street,  
Broyles New Building.

In order to close out our Stock of  
**CLOTHING AND GENTS' FURNISHINGS,**  
AT ONCE, we offer every article in this department at a SACRIFICE.  
Don't fail to see the Stock. You certainly need some of our Bargains.  
Don't buy a pair of SHOES until you see our Stock.

Our Motto: "Best Goods for Least Money."

**TAYLOR & CRAYTON.**

## LADIES' STORE!

BEGINS A GRAND CLEARANCE SALE!

NEXT SIXTY DAYS WE WILL SELL OUR ENTIRE  
STOCK—  
**AT AND BELOW COST!**

In order to be ready for a large "Spring Stock," we are determined to have  
a clearance sale to begin the Spring week, so we propose to give our Goods for  
COST. All who want BARGAINS can have them by calling early with the  
CASH.

This is a bona fide offer. We invite all to come and see for themselves,  
and be convinced that we mean just what we say.  
With thanks for the liberal patronage you have bestowed this season,  
We are respectfully yours,  
**MISS LIZZIE WILLIAMS.**

1845. 1893.

**THE**  
**Metropolitan Benefit Life Insurance Co.,**  
OF NEWARK, N. J.  
**AMZI DODD, President.**

Assets:

Market Values, \$51,395,903.69.

Paid to Policy Holders since Organization:  
\$124,558,722.56.

Surplus:

Massachusetts Standard, \$3,661,250.01.

Policies Absolutely Non-Forfeitable after Second Year.

In case of lapse the Policy is continued in force as long as its value will pay for,  
or, if preferred, a Paid-up Policy for its full value is issued in exchange.  
After the second year Policies are incontestable, and all restrictions as to residence  
and occupation are removed.

Cash Loans are made to the extent of 50 per cent of the reserve value, where  
valid assignments of the Policies can be made as collateral security.  
Losses paid immediately upon completion and approval of proofs.

**WEBB & MATTISON,**  
Managers for South Carolina, Anderson, S. C.

You Miss Half Your Life when you Fail to See

**WILL. R. HUBBARD'S**  
**JEWELRY PALACE.**

MORE Goods than you can shake a stick at, and at prices that will astonish the  
natives. You will certainly lose money if you don't see me BEFORE BUYING.  
My stock of Gold and Silver Watches cannot be surpassed in the State.

Plain Gold and Set Rings.  
Sterling Silver and Plated Knives, Forks and Spoons.  
Japanese Goods, China Novelties.  
China Tea Sets, Chamber Sets, &c., in great variety.

**JEWELRY WORLD WITHOUT END.**  
Promptness in everything. Watch Work a Specialty.  
Repairs free on all Goods bought of me.

**WILL. R. HUBBARD,**  
Next to Farmers and Merchants Bank.

## SEED BARLEY AND RYE,

FLOUR,  
HAMS,  
LARD,

And a Fancy Line of Canned Goods,  
For sale at Low Prices by

**D. S. MAXWELL & SON,**  
NO. 5 CHICQUOLA PLACE.

160-acre Farm to rent.

## GROCERIES.

LARGEST STOCK EVER SEEN IN ANDERSON!  
COME AND SEE FOR YOURSELVES!

Our prices can't put in print exact amounts of Goods, as one day we may have  
a full Stock of—

Flour, Meat, Sugar, Coffee, Hams, Lard, &c.,  
And the next it will be very much reduced. Our sales some days would astonish any  
man. Now, there is certainly a reason for this, which we will try to explain. First,  
we carry a large Stock of Flour of all grades, Bacon, Lard, Hams, Sugar and Coffee,  
as anybody in Upper Carolina; and second, we give good weights and the  
lowest prices on first class Goods.

We have exclusive sale of Chase & Sanborn's Roasted Coffee, which  
are the best in the world. If you don't believe it, ask any friend who visited the  
World's Fair if he drank a cup of Coffee on the ground while there. They had  
the exclusive sale of their world-renowned "Star Brand" at the Fair.

FRESH RAISINS, CURRANTS and CITRONS arriving every day, and we are  
ready for Xmas. Call and see us.

**LIGON & LEDBETTER,**  
Wholesale and Retail Grocers.

## ONE MOMENT, PLEASE!

We may be able to save you some money, provided you need any  
kind of Groceries.

If you ever expect to buy FLOUR CHEAP, now is the time to buy, as a man don't  
nearly stumble on Bargains like we are offering more than once in an ordinary  
life-time.

**FLOUR! FLOUR! FLOUR!!!**

Just received a big lot of Blue Ribbon Flour—the best Flour on top of dirt for  
\$1.00. Don't forget the brand. Remember, too, that you can only get this Flour from  
**JOHN A. AUSTIN & CO.** It is the nearest approach to the \$5.00 article to be had.  
We have had a nice trade, indeed, for which we return our sincere thanks to our  
friends; but we want a larger trade, and to get it we will make special inducements in  
all kinds of Groceries. **AUSTIN & CO.** is the place. Call on us and we will give you  
a cordial welcome.

**PALACE GROCERY.**

**J. A. AUSTIN & CO.**

**H. B. FANT** W. H. SIMPSON.

## PREPARE FOR CHRISTMAS!

BY GOING TO—

**FANT & SIMPSON'S,**

WHERE YOU WILL FIND THE

Choiceest Fruits, viz: Oranges, Apples, Bananas, Cocoanuts, Raisins,  
Grapes, Nuts, &c.

Also, a beautiful assortment of Vases, Gift Cups and Saucers, Fire Crackers, Candi-  
des and articles too numerous to mention. Come, everybody, and get the  
nicest Goods at the lowest prices.

**FANT & SIMPSON.**

P. S.—If you want the best FLOUR in Town for the money you can get it here.  
FREE CITY DELIVERY. F. & S.

**SARGE PLUNKETT.**  
The Old Man Mourns for the Wickedness  
of Chicago.

Atlanta Constitution.  
Christmas is over, the weather is  
fine and the farmers are beginning to  
stir the ground for the next crop.

That the farmer feeds the world is  
too well known to waste time stating  
the fact. So important he is, and yet  
he has less to do with forming or dic-  
tating the policy of the government  
than any other class of folks in all the  
world. The nigger is getting clear  
ahead of the farmer in political im-  
portance, and the heathen Chinese is  
gaining ground mightily fast. The  
farmer knows his importance and he  
feels the slights, but it is next to im-  
possible to get them to profit by the  
knowledge of their importance or to  
resent their slights by united effort.

As in politics, so it is in the matter of  
pitching their crops. They pay but  
little attention to each other in this  
and so lose benefits rightly their own  
if they were to plant intelligently and  
act in concert. Right now one neigh-  
bor is nosing round to see if he can't  
slip in a big cotton crop unbeknowing  
to the other neighbor, while all of  
them know and preach the doctrine of  
"less acreage." Let 'em rip; I don't  
care, for next fall I will have a good  
time laughing when they are cursing  
the low prices.

Anyhow, we of the south should be  
thankful. I feel that we should when  
I read of the great distress in Chicago.  
But I am not surprised at anything  
that happens to Chicago. I have  
been there and a more ungodly place  
was never upon this earth. It was in  
this great city that I felt more than  
ever before in my life like exclaiming  
"God bless old Georgia! God bless  
the South!" The immorality one  
sees there is enough to inspire the  
sentiment above. It is a city of for-  
eigners. No America there. Every-  
where and everything smacks of the  
foreigner. I would not give one day  
of hearty greeting that is present al-  
ways in Georgia for all the sociability  
that a life time would bring from these  
immoral, cold, business-bent foreign-  
born people of Chicago. The wonder  
to me is that the Lord does not smite  
the whole State of Illinois, much less  
Chicago, for the sins of this great city.

I have talked to men from London and  
they tell me that Chicago has more sin  
in one day than London in a year. And  
it is licensed immorality. A wicked  
city it is, but I am sorry for the  
women and little children who are  
suffering there, and I am sorry for any  
who may scorn the idea of the Lord  
punishing for such immorality as is to  
be met with in Chicago. I have heard  
that man's extremity was God's op-  
portunity. I hope that Chicago will be  
bettered morally by her trouble. I  
told Brown this morning that I felt  
like calling upon all the world to pray  
for Chicago, but I know that I would  
be laughed at if I did. Anyhow my  
remarks to Brown caused him to re-  
member a little story which I had for-  
gotten, and Brown wants me to give it  
here as an evidence of there being yet  
some efficacy in prayer.

Brown's little story dates from We-  
dowee, Randolph County, Ala. We-  
dowee, from an Indian village, came to  
be the County seat of Randolph when  
the County was organized. The little  
town does not stand now where it was  
first intended that it should stand,  
and where it was first located. At  
first the town was on the banks of  
Wedowee creek, and there the Smiths,  
the Heflins and others started on the  
road to eminence. Beneath the shel-  
ter of a bush arbor, which was then  
the court house, these men clashed  
their legal swords and made the wild  
woods resound. As an adjunct to  
this busharbor court house was the  
County's first jail—a poplar log.

The jail was simply a big poplar log lying  
upon the banks of Wedowee Creek.  
The prisoner was thrust into the hol-  
low of this great log and a sliding door  
at the end shut in.

There had been a bloody murder  
committed on the Tallapoosa river,  
one of the rivers of the County. A  
coroner's inquest placed the crime  
upon a young man who had always  
borne a good character and who was  
the only support of a widowed mother.  
He was convicted by circumstantial  
evidence and the day was set for his  
hanging.

The young man was innocent. He  
knew it and his mother knew it, and  
subsequent events proved it, but for a  
time the people were much stirred up  
and clamored for his execution, and so  
it was he had resigned himself to meet  
death as coolly as possible.

The night before the hanging was to  
take place on Friday was a terrible  
night for that poor mother. All night  
she had walked the floor of her little  
cabin, wringing her hands and shud-  
dering at the thought of the rope  
pressing her dear boy's throat. The  
rattle of wagons and the tread of  
horses could already be heard upon  
the road as the citizens were making  
their way to Wedowee Creek to be at  
the hanging.

The mother gave way to despair as  
she heard these reminders. Tears  
gushed from her eyes and with hands  
clasped she fell beside the bed in the  
darkened room and there poured out  
her soul in sorrowful prayer to God.

"Oh, Lord," was her cry, "have  
mercy upon my poor, poor boy!"

The wails of the poor mother at-  
tracted the passer-by, they dropped a  
tear, some of them, but shook their  
heads and muttered: "No hope, he  
must pay the penalty," and went on  
their way to be at the hanging.

"Oh, Lord, have mercy!" was the  
wail of the mother, there all alone in  
the darkness.

"Oh, Lord, have mercy and save  
my boy!" and away from the south  
there came the sound of distant thun-  
der.

"Oh, Lord, save my boy!" and the  
thunder roared and the lightning  
flashed.

"Oh, Lord, have mercy and save  
my innocent boy!" and a storm broke  
upon the little cabin and drowned out  
the wails of the mother.

As I have said, the jail was a big  
poplar log, which lay upon the banks  
of Wedowee creek. It was here this  
son was confined with the extra pre-  
caution of having a guard to watch.  
The terrible storm had raised the wa-  
ter until the creek had burst its  
banks, the guard had to flee for his  
life and the log jail was swept away  
toward the Tallapoosa river.

The storm was over and streaks of  
day were beginning to show in the  
east when gentle raps at the cabin  
door called the mother from her place  
of kneeling beside the little bed. At  
the door she met her boy. He had  
made his escape from the hollow log  
and stood before his mother in seem-  
ing answer of her appeal to the Lord.

Before the joyful meeting of mother  
and son had subsided the sheriff with  
a great crowd was at the cabin to tell  
the news—to tell the dying confes-  
sions of a bad man of the County who  
had been killed in the storm by a fall-  
ing tree. This bad man had confessed  
to the crime for which the widow's  
son came near being hanged.

Brown says he was saved by prayer—  
a mother's prayer—but I have al-  
ways said he was saved by a flood.  
Anyhow, there is no harm in trying  
to let us all pray for Chicago.

But Christmas is over, the hard,  
old year of '93 is in the past and we  
hope for a kinder year in the one  
that is upon us. I have turned over  
a new leaf in everything—  
I've done gone jined the 'banco,  
And Brown will pretty soon,  
He says that we will "spoil a horn"  
Or else we'll "make a spoon."

I don't know much about it yet,  
But one thing I do know,  
We can't get in much worse fix  
Than we were in before.

I tell the office bunters this,  
Right square up to their face,  
When they begin on politics  
And of the coming race,  
They swear that we'll be worsted  
But failed to show us how  
The times are to get harder  
Than what it is right now.

I hope, and smile and tell 'em  
That in the bye and bye,  
The "hayseed" and the workin' man  
Will eat the "chicken pie."

**SARGE PLUNKETT.**

**Wife Retrieved the Bomb**

"The hero of my story," he began,  
according to the *St. Louis Republic*,  
"and he was a hero of the first water,  
was an Arkansas farmer who sailed  
under the honorable name of Miller.

Of course, you all know that in Ar-  
kansas it is against the law of the  
commonwealth to use dynamite in the  
public waters. Well, to hurry through  
the statement of the case, a lot of us  
came to the conclusion that if we  
wanted to make a big haul of fish it  
would be necessary to use a little  
force. Accordingly, dynamite bombs  
were secured and we asked Miller to  
go up stream and throw the bombs in,  
while we, his guests, would gather at  
a ford a few rods down and secure the  
floating fish. Miller, accompanied by  
a highly educated water spaniel, went  
up the bank and prepared for his at-  
tack upon the denizens of the water.  
He hurled one missile, fuse attached,  
into the stream. An instant later his  
dog was in the water, and in a moment  
he had the bomb in his mouth, swim-  
ing for the shore.

"Drat it, Tiger!" shouted the farm-  
er, "Drat it, I say!"

"But the dog would not obey. He  
swam wildly forward and in twenty  
seconds had landed. Miller started to  
run, the dog coming after him at a  
break-neck gait. Miller ran toward  
the fisherman below. They realized  
the situation in an instant, and leveling  
their guns warned the farmer to head  
in another direction. The situation  
for all its seriousness, was the fun-  
niest that I ever saw. Miller ran down  
the hill, yelling at the dog to go back.  
"Stop!" he yelled, "Drat it, Tiger.  
Go home!" but the dog only in-  
creased his efforts to reach his master's  
side.

"But the end soon came. The fuse  
burned its length and then—Miller  
never recovered even the collar of poor  
"Tiger."

**How's This!**  
We offer One Hundred Dollars Re-  
ward for any case of Catarrh that can-  
not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.  
F. J. CHENEY & Co.,  
Proprietors, Toledo, O.

We the undersigned, have known F.  
J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and  
believe him perfectly honorable in all  
business transactions and financially  
able to carry out any obligation made  
by their firm.

W. E. & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists,  
Toledo, O. W. ALDING, KINMAN &  
MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, To-  
ledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken inter-  
nally, acting directly upon the blood  
and mucous surfaces of the system.  
Testimonials free.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

—John Walters, who lives near  
Catonville, Md., is 66 years old, and  
is an expert shot. Notwithstanding  
his advanced age, he takes great pleas-  
ure in gunning. Recently he walked  
about twelve miles in pursuit of game,  
and in the afternoon walked to Ca-  
tonville and return, a distance of six-  
teen miles, in one day.

**A Doctor's Waiting Room.**

To the best of my recollection there  
is an old saying, not in the least com-  
forting to an outsider—the man on the  
fence—which assumes that "misery  
loves company." If there is any place  
where this axiomatic proverb finds a  
complete and peculiar halo of glory  
attendant upon it, it is in the waiting  
room of a medical specialist; say, for  
an instance merely, that the waiting  
room of an oculist be taken as an ex-  
ample, or, better, as an illustration.

It was only a few days ago that  
while coming from Macon I succeeded  
in getting a cinder firmly transplanted  
in my eye. All of my efforts to get it  
out were unavailing. The rubbing  
and amateurish efforts to relieve the  
pain only made it the worse, and when  
I stepped into the office of an oculist  
my injured eye was considerably irri-  
tated and swollen, while the other  
was bloodshot and pained from what I  
afterwards learned was "sympathy."

Sitting in the room were two patients  
who had preceded me—a little girl and  
a very old man. I was surprised at  
this, since it was only 8 o'clock in the  
morning and I had thought to be the  
first patient. The old man had a large  
red cloth tied firmly across his mouth  
and wore a pair of large, dark blue  
glasses. When he became tired of  
sitting down he hobbled about the  
room with the aid of crutches, as one  
leg was gone. The little girl had  
rather short, curly, red-tinged hair,  
mischievous brown eyes, a snub nose,  
a saucy little mouth. A silk hand-  
kerchief tied carefully about her  
throat was the only indication of the  
necessity of her presence in this room  
of affliction and malady. She was  
hardly more than ten years old. I  
walked in, stood by the stove a min-  
ute, took a turn about the room and  
finally sat down in a chair near the  
little girl; she was the preferable  
company, I thought.

She wasn't long making my acquain-  
tance.

"say," said she, "you're a new one,  
ain't you? Well, I thought you was,  
'cause you looked like you felt kinder  
scary. I was scary 'en I first come,  
too, but I've got over it."

I told her that this was my first  
trip.

"It won't be your last, 'cause I  
know 'Doc' does," she continued  
wisely. "You've got somethin' the  
matter with your eye, ain't you?" I  
nodded and told her I had. "Well,  
'Doc'll take you in an 'look at you, an'  
shake his head like somethin' awful  
was the matter; but don't you get  
scary, 'cause they ain't. That's the  
way he does. Then he'll take a miky-  
scope and look in your eye and shake  
his head again. Then he'll set down  
and commence to write out a prescrip-  
tion for you, an' he'll get up an 'look  
in your eye agin. Then he'll finish  
writing the prescription and tell you  
to be mighty careful of yourself, to  
come back agin to-morrow an' two  
times'll cost you \$6, and 40 cents for  
the prescription."

"I been comin' here most three  
months now, and I ain't well yet. I  
had the dipheria and the doc says I  
haven't got over it yet; so you see it  
costs somethin' to be sick. Now,  
there's that ol' fellow over there now.  
He's been comin' longer than me.  
He use ter come blindfolded, but he's  
wearin' glasses now, an' somethin' the  
matter with his bronchitis tubes,  
and he ain't got but one leg. That's  
worse. I don't know what I'd do if I  
didn't have but one leg. I guess he  
use ter it. He always goes in ahead  
of me, no matter how soon I come.  
'Doc ain't come yet or he'd be inside."

At this interesting portion of the  
naughty girl's conversation a lady in  
furs entered the room. She was  
richly dressed and wore a pair of gold  
glasses.

"You see her?" whispered the  
little girl. "She's rich folks. 'Doc  
told me it was a case of eye-open-  
er with her."

"Myopia," I suggested, timidly, and  
the naughty girl frowned and said,  
"maybe."

"Well, anyway," she continued, "I  
don't like her. I kinder think she's  
stuck on the doc, 'cause he's awful  
clever to her, an' he says she always  
pays spang-up all the time. I  
wouldn't be him," she suddenly  
branched off, as a middle-aged man  
with a heavy bandage about his head  
came in the room. "He's only got  
about a half a head, an' I don't think  
he ever was much. I'd heap rather  
have no voice at all than be like him.  
I saw him with it off—I mean the  
cloth, not his head," she commented  
seriously, "an' he ain't good looking  
no bit. His eyes twich all the time,  
an' he looks like he's scary!"

The door was opened quickly and as  
quickly closed. The new-comer was  
a boy about fifteen years old, in knee  
trousers. The naughty girl turned  
toward him. "Who is the last one?" I  
asked. "That's a sorter nice one," she  
replied. "He's better than most  
boys, an' I reckon it's 'cause he's  
always got the carache. One time  
'Doc told me that he was a real hero,  
'cause they let 'em out his head open.  
There's another boy that comes that  
I don't like. He's got a catarrh,  
though," she added, reflectively, "an'  
he's the only one that's got one that  
comes here. I wish you could see  
him."

In the meantime patients had been  
coming in by twos and threes and the  
naughty little girl had to talk fast to  
keep up.

"I've got a joke on that old woman  
in a green dress," continued she, most  
irreverently, for the lady was a motherly  
looking soul. "Doc went to look  
down her throat and when she opened  
her mouth her false teeth dropped  
down her throat. She liked to choked

to death, an' 'Doc was awful scary  
about her. She always takes her teeth  
out now. Do you have false teeth?"  
she asked suddenly, allowing the con-  
versational vein. "Mamma has, an' I  
guess I will too when I'm old enough."

I might have been told a great deal  
more, but the "Doc," who happened  
to be a personal friend of mine,  
opened a side door and beckoned for  
me to come. When I went out a few  
minutes later the old man with one  
leg hobbled in, while the naughty girl  
glared at me in the most indignant  
style because I was called in ahead of  
her—and she a regular—in direct  
violation of the Doc's waiting room  
ethics.—*Julian Harris, in Atlanta*  
*Constitution.*

**Economy of Labor.**

In these days of close competition,  
combined with low prices of farm  
products generally, and the scarcity  
of money, it becomes necessary for  
every farmer to study closely and in-  
telligently the best methods in the  
preparation of his soil for the next  
year's crop.

To begin with, it is to be presumed  
that every careful and progressive  
farmer has made every exertion possi-  
ble to save as much manure as his  
means will allow, for the next season.

For the purpose of illustration, we  
will assume that a farmer who runs a  
two-horse farm and cultivates fifty  
acres of land, and employs two hands,  
is ready to begin his operations for  
1894. By the use of the proper tools,  
on a two-horse crop he will need one  
hand only until the 1st of May, or  
until he begins the cultivation of his  
crop. He should break all of his land  
that he expects to cultivate with a  
two-horse plow, turning at least six  
inches in depth during the months of  
January and February and March, and  
during this time, especially when the  
ground is frozen, the manure should  
be hauled out and put in convenient  
piles for use. One hand, with a two-  
horse team, can break the land and  
haul out the manure for a two-horse  
crop by the 1st of April. Then the  
same hand, with a two-horse team,  
can, by means of a Corbin disk har-  
row, thoroughly pulverize and prepare  
the land for planting. Then, by the  
use of a planter, which opens the fur-  
row, drops the seed, and puts in the  
fertilizer, if any is to be used, the en-  
tire crop can be planted by one hand  
and two horses.

By this plan you save the hire of  
one hand for the months of January,  
February, March and April. Then  
with the Planet, Jr., cultivators and  
hoes combined, he can work the  
entire crop without paying one cent  
for the hand hoeing.

The old fashioned way of farming  
with imperfect tools and doing much  
of the work by hand that should be  
done by horse power, makes the crop  
cost so much that there is no profit  
left. The way to remedy this is by  
the means of improved machines in  
place of hired hands. When you im-  
prove tools, they say, "I can't afford  
to buy these machines—I haven't got  
the money;" yet he can afford to pay  
a man fifty cents a day to hoe cotton  
or corn for him, when, with the aid  
of a horse-hoe and cultivator, he can  
plow and hoe his cotton and corn at  
one-half the expense.—*Yorkville En-*  
*quirer.*

**Soft Drinks in Haverhill**

Temperance people in Haverhill,  
Mass., have determined to open what  
they call a "temperance saloon" in  
opposition to the saloons which make  
no claim to temperance. It is not to  
be a coffee house. In fact neither  
coffee nor any of the milder liquors  
are to be sold in the temperance sa-  
loon. Beer and wine will be the staple  
beverages of the temperance estab-  
lishment.

The temperance people will out-  
rate from the start. Everything will  
be sold at actual cost. Beer will go  
at two cents for a schooner and one  
cent for a skiff. Perhaps the other  
saloons will meet these prices, but  
whether they do or not it is clear that  
if the stock of the temperance saloons  
holds out Haverhill is going to have a  
glorious time, and "not go home till  
morning."

The mistake of the temperance sa-  
loon managers will be found to lie in  
the fact that they have refused to in-  
clude whiskey in their bill of fare.  
There are but few Germans in Haver-  
hill, and where a population is com-  
posed largely of Americans and Irish-  
men whiskey is the favored tipple in  
preference to either wine or beer.  
This fact will be recognized by the  
temperance saloon keeper before he  
has been long in the business, and he  
will not be much longer in learning  
that he must either sell whiskey or  
put up his shutters. People who are  
in the habit of drinking whiskey can-  
not be induced to mix their drinks.

The Haverhill experiment will be  
watched with as much interest as that  
of South Carolina. Governor Till-  
man, who has nothing but an Ameri-  
can trade, declares that beer is the  
most unprofitable drink for temperance  
saloons to handle. Whiskey, he  
declares, is the only drink that will  
pay expenses. The temperance peo-  
ple of Haverhill should profit by the  
Governor's experience.—*St. Louis*  
*Republic.*

**Bucklers Arica Salve.**

The best salve in the world for Cuts  
Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum,  
Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands,  
Cuts, Burns, Corns, and all Skin Erup-  
tions and positively cures Piles, or no  
pay required. It is guaranteed to give  
perfect satisfaction, or money refund-  
ed. Price 25 cents per box. For sale  
by Hill Bros.

**The Counsel's Good-Bye Words.**

A prominent lawyer of the Lone  
Star State, who recently visited New  
Orleans, related to a reporter the fol-  
lowing story of a murder trial in his  
Texas home:

The prisoner was on trial for his  
life. The evidence had all been  
heard. The State's attorney had just  
taken his seat after a most incisive  
statement of the evidence, wherein he  
demonstrated the utter failure of the  
prisoner's theory of self-defence.

The counsel for the prisoner was a  
stranger, known only by reputation to  
the Judge and Bar, and that reputa-  
tion was one of great ability, perfect  
integrity and a marvellous knack of  
"snatching verdicts" each time by  
some new turn. This gaunt, yet  
graceful, gray-haired man arose, seem-  
ingly without looking at the jury,  
though each man felt he was under  
the power of that wide-open eye. Af-  
ter bowing to the Judge and saying a  
few almost inaudible words of courtesy  
to his