

# The Anderson Intelligencer.

BY CLINKSCALES & LANGSTON.

ANDERSON, S. C., WEDNESDAY MORNING, JANUARY 24, 1894.

VOLUME XXVIII.—NO. 30

**SULLIVAN**  
**HARDWARE**  
**COMPANY'S**  
Special Offer:  
**BLACKSMITH BELLOWS,**  
**BLACKSMITH COMPLETE OUTFITS.**  
No such Prices,  
No such Goods,  
Ever offered before.  
**BARBED WIRE—50,000 pounds.**  
**POULTRY and GARDEN FENCING.**  
**AGRICULTURAL HARDWARE,**  
**AND IMPLEMENTS.**  
**EVERYTHING USEFUL.**  
PRICES down with any market in the United States.

## LEO!

THIS is to certify that Messrs. TODD & EVANS are sole Agents for Leo's Indian Medicines for the City of Anderson, S. C.

FRED. LEO.

P. S.

WE have received a limited supply of DR. LEO'S RENOWNED LINIMENT and BLOOD PURIFIER, which will be sold at the same prices charged by Dr. Leo.

TODD & EVANS.

## 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.

Our Motto: "Best Goods for Least Money."

TAYLOR & CRAYTON.

## LADIES' STORE!

BEGINS A GRAND CLEARANCE SALE!

FOR THE 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 clean store to begin the Spring with, 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. THE 1893.

## Mutual Benefit Life Insurance Co.,

OF NEWARK, N. J.

AMZI DODD, President.

Assets:

Market Values, \$51,395,903.59.

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 non-forfeitable, 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.

## 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 CHICOULA PLACE.

160-acre Farm to rent.

## 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 ordinarily usually stumbles 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 \$4.00. 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.

### BILL ARP'S LETTER.

Arp Still in Florida Where There are Plenty of Visitors and Good Fishing.

Atlantic Constitution.

I saw two fishermen unloading a cargo of salted fish from their boat at Tampa. The barrels were all marked for Charleston. I interviewed these fishermen and they told me they caught as many as 70,000 in a week down at Sarasota bay. Now I am done with fish stories. I left my folks fishing at Clearwater, but they are not so wild about it now and will soon get tired. I saw a girl hang an enormous trout and she held him and played him around until he got tired and a boat was sent out to secure him. I guessed he weighed fifteen pounds and others guessed twelve and ten, but when he was put on the scales he came down to nine. An old fisherman remarked that it was a sin to weigh a fish, for they always fall short.

Tampa is lively. The hotels are filling up, trade is good and money circulating just like it used to before the panic. Most of this money comes from abroad and is quickly scattered around. Every other house is either a hotel or a boarding house. The strangers come from everywhere up North and many from Georgia and Tennessee. I came down with a man and his wife, who were from North Michigan, and had never been South. It entertained me to see their amazement, for he said he had just put up 180 tons of ice before he left home. They are delighted with the country and with the people. He said everybody was so kind and nobby and that he had no idea of finding such good people down South. I think that his wife was almost afraid to come, but she is in bad health and she had just as well risk the rebels in Florida as death at home, and so she came. She has improved much within a week. The Tampa Bay hotel, where the millionaires congregate, has not yet filled up, but will be by the middle of the month. It is a magnificent house and so bewilders me that I feel solemn in its beautiful apartments and don't dare to talk in my usual tone of voice. Everybody else seems to feel so too, for it is not like a hotel. While you are walking on velvet carpets that cost \$5 a yard, or sitting on chairs that cost \$50 apiece, and see paintings on the walls that cost from \$100 to \$5,000, and the whole building in a blaze of heavenly lights and delicious music charming the ear and delightful odors perfuming the air and the servants all in livery, a common man feels like the old woman at the circus for the first time in her life. When the grand procession of beautiful horses, with their riders in spangled garments, came marching in, she said: "John, John, it's more like the kingdom of Heaven than anything I ever expected to see in this world." Now, with all that, I was invited to lecture in the music hall of this grand structure, and I did it. It was just large enough for my audience, and I am pleased to say that I was able to conceal my embarrassment. Not that I was afraid of the people who sat before me, but somehow I never felt at ease in a house that is so much finer than mine own. It is art, not nature, that makes me timid. Mr. Plant must be a wonderful man to plan such a grand system of railways and hotels and parks and steamship lines and yet he makes no great noise in the world. For years and years he has been perfecting this system, and every branch of it moves along like clockwork. Thousands of men are employed by him and his enterprises have already added many millions to the value of property in Florida. This beautiful city of Tampa is a monument to his genius. More than half a century ago Richard Henry Wilde wrote a little poem, beginning "My life is like the summer rose," and the last verse was—

"My life is like the prints that feet Have left on Tampa's desert strand,  
Soon as the rising tide shall beat,  
All traces vanish from the sand,  
Yet as if grieving to efface  
All vestige of the human race,  
On that lone shore loud wails the sea,  
But none, alas! shall mourn for me."

Mr. Wilde was an Irishman, who came over here after Emmet's untimely death, and settled in Augusta, and I suppose he had some reason for penning such sad, sweet verses. I wish that he could see Tampa now. I wish that Rev. Frank Goulding was alive to see it, for it was here that he located that terrible devil fish that carried the boat and his children ("The Young Marooners") far out to sea. There is no desert strand now; no lone shore; no devil fish.

Lakeland is a little gem of a town and I have not found a better hotel in Florida than the Tremont. It is just fine enough and good enough for anybody. It overlooks one of the prettiest lakes I have yet seen, and the town is surrounded by many others. This is quite a railroad center and might have been a city if Tampa was farther off. It will be a city yet, for such beautiful locations and surroundings are not common, even in Florida. As old Father Dobbins used to say, "The Creator has quit making land, but He keeps on making people," and Lakeland will be found out before long.

I have been to Bartow, the center of the phosphate region. Thirty companies have organized within the county and millions of dollars invested in land and machinery. There is capital here from Boston, New York, Baltimore, Richmond, Pittsburg, Charleston, Savannah, Augusta and Atlanta. But all is not gold that glitters. Of these thirty companies only sixteen are in actual operation. Of these six-

### THE HERO OF MORRIS ISLAND.

Why the Magazine of Battery Wagner was not Blown Up.

Five miles from Charleston lies Morris Island, facing the broad Atlantic to the east, and divided from James Island by a wide marsh and a winding channel. It is a bare, desolate tract of barren land, scarcely rising above the level of the water. The wind sweeps over it, whirling the sea sand into ever shifting hillocks and hollows, like the deserts of Arabia, but without the attractions ascribed to those wildernesses by the poet Moore, for down those slopes spring no "silvery-floated antelopes" and nowhere does "the Aecacia wave her yellow hair." Only a few stunted shrubs grow on the western side of the island, near the creek, affording a scant refuge to the little sea birds which build their nests among the wind-tossed branches. The only inhabitants are an oyster gatherer and a few men who attend to the light house. If human vision could reach so far one might stand on the beach and look across the intervening space to the continent of Europe, but as this is impossible, and we can only gaze at the waste of waters, there is nothing to awaken fancy or enlist anyone's attention, and a stranger would merely consider this low-lying island to be a hopelessly desolate and utterly insignificant part of the surface of the earth.

Yet the waves that break heavily along the shores seem to murmur the sad refrain of the prophet of old, "Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?" while the wind replies mournfully, "Nothing," for, strange as the statement may appear to be, during the months of July and August in 1863 that parched and sterile island was the most important spot of ground in the State of South Carolina, and was the point of interest to which all our hearts turned. This was the outpost of Charleston, and under the burning rays of the summer sun our best and bravest soldiers were fighting in defence of this old city. When friends met in those days the first question asked was: "What is the latest news from Morris Island?"

The shells could be plainly heard in town, of course, as for weeks they continually swept like a hail storm over that island, while on our side the artillerymen at Battery Wagner and Battery Gregg replied loudly, and the guns of Sumter and Moultrie joined in the awful concert, keeping up and unremittent fire, day and night, upon the enemy's camps, assaulting columns, working parties and the fleet.

The fighting for Charleston, which was to continue without cessation until the evacuation of the city, almost at the close of the war, began at the southern point of Morris Island July 10. Then Battery Wagner was repeatedly assaulted by infantry until the enemy was obliged to abandon the hope of ever capturing this work by force of arms, and their engineers undertook the task of obtaining possession of the much coveted fort. This they did by steadily advancing their lines of earthworks closer and closer to ours until they effected by their skill what the infantry and artillery combined had not been able to do by valor.

The canon of the enemy were of much heavier calibre than ours, and tore down our parapets, which could not even be repaired by night towards the end of the struggle, because the Yankees mounted a calcium light which threw an illumination almost as bright as day upon our defenses.

On the 8th of September an attack was made upon Battery Gregg by barges from Vincent's Creek, but our signal officers had been clever enough to read the enemy's signals, and we were therefore prepared to meet their advance, our entire force at Battery Wagner, except the artillerymen, having been temporarily transferred to the point where the assault was expected; so when the barges approached they were surprised, instead of our men, who received them so warmly that they soon withdrew in confusion.

Col. Keith, the Confederate commander on Morris Island, having reported Battery Wagner to be no longer tenable, a council of general officers was held, and it was decided that Morris Island must be evacuated. Battery Wagner had held out fifty-eight days, but the end had now come, and this fort was, at last, to be abandoned. The evacuation began at 9 o'clock on the evening of the 7th of September, the wounded being taken to Comming's Point, and embarked first. After their departure the infantry was taken across to Fort Johnson, on James Island, next followed the artillerymen, then the rear guard, which was composed of a small detachment of regulars from Battery Gregg and Battery Wagner, and last of all, three officers and a sergeant, who remained to deceive the enemy up to the moment when Major Hugenien left the fuse which was expected to blow up the powder magazine. They moved about from angle to angle firing off rifles as fast as they could load them, so that the Yankees might not be aware that our troops had departed, and that all they had to do was now to walk in and take possession. This was a very trying ordeal to the three remaining Confederates, for at any moment an attack on our shattered lines might have been made and this minute garrison have been captured or killed. One o'clock had now come and the moon had risen.

The doors of the powder magazine were opened and the fuse ignited; then they hastened down to the beach to take their places in our last boat.

How's This!  
We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot 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. WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. WALKING, KINMAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

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

Sold by Druggists, 70c.

Two New York surgeons mistook a case of skull fracture for drunkenness and refused to admit the patient to the hospital. They must have thought it the "pop-skull" brand of whiskey.

### THE HERO OF MORRIS ISLAND.

Why the Magazine of Battery Wagner was not Blown Up.

"Hurry!" shouted the sailors who manned this barge, for the enemy had discovered that something unusual was taking place and had sent their barges forward either to make another attack on Battery Gregg or to discover our movements. They had intercepted two of our boats and captured forty-nine men. In obedience to the warning summons the little squad of officers hastened on, but Major Hugenien had been twice struck that day by fragments of shells, which had exploded near him, and was so lame that he could not advance rapidly. "Go on," he said to his comrades, "and I will overtake you." But when he reached the beach he found, to his dismay, that in the darkness and confusion they had gone off and left him, supposing him to be on board. His position was now truly a melancholy and precarious one, for the guns of the enemy's batteries and those of the fleet swept the open beach, as the tide was out, and if he returned to Battery Wagner he would find no refuge there, as he hoped every instant to hear the explosion of the magazine, and Moultrie and all of our batteries had been instructed to concentrate their fire upon that work as soon as the signal of our having evacuated Morris Island was given. To surrender himself a prisoner was also dreaded. Just as these fearful alternatives presented themselves to his mind a boat, which was apparently going out to sea, swept by. He hailed it and was informed by its crew that it was a ten-oared Confederate barge which had turned back to escape capture, and was going round by Sullivan's Island. The officer in charge, in reply to Hugenien's earnest appeal, "For God's sake, take me with you," replied, "The Yankees are too near to stop, but wade out and we will take you in."

So the last Confederate soldier who left Morris Island waded out breast high in the water, and was hauled aboard as the boat shot by.

They reached Fort Johnson at about 3 o'clock in the morning, and found that Col. Yates and a detachment of the 1st South Carolina regular artillery were about to set off for Morris Island to make an attempt to rescue him, but the effort would probably have been vain.

A report that Major Hugenien had been killed preceded him to the city, and when he reported himself at about 8 o'clock at Gen. Ripley's headquarters the greeting given him by the General was very characteristic. In his bluff military manner he said: "Is that you? Why, I thought you were dead. I am glad to see you." It appears, therefore, that in South Carolina, as well as in Scotland, "short greetings serves in times of war."

Gen. Beauregard was much disappointed at Batteries Gregg and Wagner not having been blown up. Why the zealous and reliable officers who were deputed to do this failed to accomplish their design was because the fuses they were ordered to use were defective.

As soon as Major Hugenien was told that the duty of blowing up Battery Wagner was assigned to him he cut off several pieces of the fuse and touched them off to ascertain if this important factor was in good order, but he soon found that it was worth nothing. In some parts the fire died out after being kindled and in others the powder flared up so quickly that it was anything but a slow match. He, therefore, went to Col. Keith, and said: "This fuse will never explode the magazine. It was brought here in an open rowboat, and probably got wet, for it is useless; but, if you will allow me to use my discretion, I will guarantee such an explosion that where Battery Wagner now stands there will soon be a creek. We have two barrels of resin here. I will put them into the hospital, which adjoins the powder magazine, set them on fire, and open the doors of the magazine, so that the flames may soon ignite the powder, and if the Yankees take possession of the fort one minute after I leave it, no man will be found bold enough to venture to go in to try to extinguish the fire."

Col. Keith called a council of officers to consider the question, but they decided that, as the commanding general had said "a fuse," nothing else could be used. So the letter of the order was obeyed, while the important object in view was lost sight of.

The fuse was accordingly lighted the night of the evacuation, and after burning awhile the fire died out. Neither Battery Wagner nor Battery Gregg consequently were blown up, and the enemy quietly took possession of them next morning, and mounting their guns upon our parapets, proceeded to batter down Fort Sumter at their leisure. CLAUDINE RIETT.

Bucklers Arctica Salvo.  
The best salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, 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.

A 22-year-old man of Bangor, Me., learned for the first time, a few days ago, that he has a twin sister, alive and well, in Providence, R. I., where she is married and has a family. Their mother died when the twins were five months old. Two Bangor families adopted them, and the one taking the girl moved out of the State shortly thereafter. The boy's father and five brothers and sisters kept track of the boy but never told him of his twin sister, and it was only by accident he learned of her existence.

### Some Bits of the History of Cotton Culture in South Carolina.

Cotton was early sown in Charleston. The packages in which it was put up varied in weight from one to thirty pounds. In 1787 the fleecy staple was taken to the City by the Sea from Orangeburg, Newberry, and, perhaps, from Union, and sold at two pence a pound to the merchants, who resold it, mainly to the ladies to make "patchwork bed quilts." About the year named two or three bags, each weighing near a hundred pounds of seed cotton, were packed in the store of Wadsworth & Turpin by Samuel Maverick and Jeffrey, a half-blood Indian. (This Maverick, by the way, claimed to be the first person that made sugar in South Carolina. About the year 1800 he planted some ribbon cane, purchased in the Havana, in his lot to the east of the present orphan house. It yielded 300 pounds. The cane was pounded in a mortar and the juice boiled in iron pots.)

These bags were sent to England as a sample and an experiment. The parties to whom they were sent wrote that the article was not worth producing, as it could not be separated from the seed.

In 1794 Dr. James Otis Prentiss planted cotton for market near Orangeburg Court House. Either in that year or the next Col. William Thomas, the Revolutionary soldier, planted cotton to sell at Belleville, in St. Matthew's parish. In 1796 cultivators of this crop appeared in several parts of the State. Among them was Samuel Felder, of Orangeburg, John Mayrant and Asbury Sylvester first grew cotton in the high hills of Santee in the year 1798. A year later Gen. Wade Hampton introduced the plant into Richland District, gathering over 600 bags from 600 acres.

Gen. Hampton was the first man in South Carolina to use water as the propelling power of Whitney's cotton gin. Fifty years ago Col. Wade Hampton wrote Whitemarsh B. Seabrook: "When Whitney's gin was exhibited in Georgia none but women were permitted to enter the room. An ingenious young mechanic at length introduced himself into the apartment in woman's apparel, and, by a minute examination of the machine, satisfied himself that he could not only imitate but improve on its construction by making it more efficient. This discovery was communicated to my father by Gen. Gun, who spoke so confidently of the capacity of this individual that my father was induced to visit him at his residence in Georgia. This visit resulted in a contract for three gins, applicable to a large scale of operations and they were unquestionably the first ever driven by water power."

It has been written that Gen. Hampton's gins were furnished by an ingenious artisan of Georgia, assisted by William Munson, of Richland. These gins were roughly constructed, still they were models for others made in 1801 by William Munson and James Boatwright, of Columbia. These were the first of the new machines of home manufacture. Gen. Hampton was not, however, the first to use the Whitney gin in South Carolina. Capt. James Kinkaid, of Fairfield, put up one near Monticello in 1795.

How to dispose of the cotton seed was a perplexing problem to some of the early spinners. It was considered worthless and carelessly thrown on the ground like sawdust. The hogs ate the seed and died. Then it was put up in pens like shucks. The pigs got the seed out through the cracks and soon went the way of their elders. As a last resort and hoping to get rid of the "nuisance," the seed was dumped into the creeks, but in time of low water an odor was generated which was so offensive as to create a strong feeling of prejudice against the further culture of the crop.

The fear of "overproduction" is no new thing. Ninety years ago an opinion prevailed that the supply of cotton would soon exceed the demand. A planter of St. John's, Colleton, looking at his first crop, the produce of a few acres, after it had been housed, exclaimed: "Well, well, I am done with the cultivation of cotton! Here is enough to make stockings for all the people in America."

These items. Mr. Editor and kind reader, are taken from an essay on the cotton plant, written two score and twenty years ago, by an Edisto Island planter, Whitemarsh B. Seabrook, afterwards Governor of our State, whose very words and sentences have been freely used. W. S. M. Clemson College, S. C.

Farming for a Living.  
Secretary Norton reminds the croakers that only about three per cent. of all the merchants escape failure; whereas, hardly three per cent. of the farmers fail. The statistics really show that agriculture is safer than banking, manufacturing or railroading, taking all things into account. There is no farmer of good sense and good health anywhere in the West. Mr. Norton declares, who cannot make a good living for himself and family, and that is as well as the majority of men are doing in any other pursuit. The man who owns a farm and sticks to it is certain to profit by it in the future. There is practically no more land to be added to the area of cultivation. The supply of agricultural products has reached its limit in the United States, and must now remain stationary, while the demand will go on increasing every year. This implies a gradual improvement in prices and a steady appreciation of the value of farming lands.—Selected.

### Profitable Pork Making.

Pig-growing formed the subject of some recent questions and answers between a Tennessee man and Waldo Brown, in the New York Tribune. Said the former: "I have a farm of two hundred acres, kept from forty to sixty acres in grass, and a fine brook runs through it. There is always a ready sale for hogs on foot, and they are about the only thing we can produce for which we do not have to look for a market. We wish to improve our stock. What shall we buy, Berkshire or Poland China? We think of buying a sow in pig, and a boar not what I would like to pay for a purebred stock, and on what terms is it sold?"

The answer came thus: For several years past I have been impressed with the fact that to the man who would manage intelligently a money-making business could be established in the production of pig pork. The best success would be attained by keeping a dairy and selling butter or cream and feeding the milk to the pigs, but I have proved by repeated experiment that fine, thrifty pigs can be put on the market at six months old without milk by feeding on slop made of bran and oatmeal. I sold pigs in 1892 at 44 months old, averaging 110 pounds, that had been raised on this food. The brook running through the pasture is an advantage, providing it does not become a source of contagion; but if cholera prevails in the locality the virus is likely to be carried by the water to farms below.

As to breeds, I have been familiar with most of the leading kinds and have lived for forty-five years in the Miami Valley, where the famous Poland China hogs originated and probably no other station in Ohio has shipped so many breeding hogs as Oxford. I believe that as now perfected there is no better breed of hogs than this in Ohio or in the United States, and if I was starting in the business of pig pork production I should certainly use thoroughbred Poland China sows, but would use a Berkshire sire. These crossed pigs must not, however, be used as breeders, as their offspring will not be uniform in character; but brood sows can be kept for five years or more, and thus a new lot procured.

For early maturity use old sows and young sires. Teach the pigs to eat by the time they are four weeks old, and wean at eight weeks, by which time they will be eating so that they will not miss the mother's milk. Breed the sows for two litters a year, and feed them well so as to keep them in good flesh, but never winter brood sows on corn. Feed roots largely if you can grow them. Beets are best, but turnips will answer, and I believe sweet potatoes could be profitably grown in Tennessee for this purpose, feeding the culls and selling the better ones, but if roots cannot be had feed bran mostly. If a sow is bred for her first litter to be dropped at one year old, do not breed her soon again, but let her have that year for growth and drop her second litter at two years old. After that breed regularly for two litters each year as long as she does well. You must have good fences to control these old sows, for there is no animal more likely to break through a fence than an old sow in heat.

I hardly know what the cost would be of registered pigs, but think good ones could be bought at from \$20 to \$25 each—this for pigs six months old. There would be a saving in expense, as well as first cost, to ship pigs soon after weaning—say at ten weeks old.

Headlight of the Future.  
BALTIMORE, Jan. 11.—While several railway companies are experimenting with improved headlights, the Georgia Southern and Florida is one of the first, if not the first line in the country, to use electric light regularly in operating its trains. In a letter to the Manufacturers' Record Receiver W. B. Sparks writes as follows:

"We have eight electric headlights. They cost about \$375 each in place on the locomotive. The cost of maintenance is not greater than the oil light. An old headlight will not throw its light on a very dark night more than 150 feet, and it is impossible for an engineer to slow up his train in that distance, even with the emergency brake. The electric light throws its light from a half to three-quarters of a mile. Obstructions can be easily seen at that distance, and some of our engineers claim that a switch disc can be more easily detected by it at night than in the daytime. These lights do away with road switches, which is quite a saving to roads that use them to any great extent.

"Railroads, such as ours, running through the pine lands of the South, kill a great many cows. During our rainy season the lands along the line of road become very wet; in places they are entirely covered with water and the cattle come upon the track seeking some dry spot on which to sleep. We have killed, when we used the old headlight, as many as thirteen at one time, and our claims for stock killed per month have sometimes amounted to over \$1,000. The engines using the electric headlight have never killed a cow, and I am confident that the saving in stock claims alone will more than pay for the lights within the next two years.

Chronic coughers are stupid bodies and should be forced to use Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, the only infallible remedy.

### All Sorts of Paragraphs.

—St. Augustine is the oldest city in the United States.  
—Every thousand years the human race grows an inch taller.  
—Spain has more daily papers than any country in Europe.  
—Latin is used all over the world for physician's prescriptions.  
—Some mahogany trees in Honduras are worth from \$5,500 to \$9,000 each.  
—Last crop year Minneapolis flouring mills ground 9,347,615 barrels of flour.  
—Over 3,000,000 women in the United States earn independent incomes.  
—A baby always helps to make home happy—particularly when the baby is asleep.  
—Woman is a powerful weak creature, but she can move the biggest kind of man without touching him.  
—All our city fathers say: Use Salvation Oil, the greatest cure on earth for pain, for rheumatism and neuralgia. 25 cts.  
—Workmen boring an artesian well in Louisiana struck a maple log in a sound state of preservation 540 feet below the surface.  
—Mrs. Kenneth McLeod, of Crosswell, Mich., has celebrated her centennial. She was 20 years a maid, 40 years a wife, and 40 years a widow.  
—Tommy: Paw, what does it mean when a man runs on a ticket as a laboring man? Mr. Fig: It means that he has got tired of working for a living.  
—An eastern doctor says too many people die from sleeping with their mouths open. There has to be a good many, but it would be a provocation if there are too many.  
—"Is it true that a woman always has the last word in a quarrel?" "My wife always has it; but then, there is nothing mean about her. She is always willing to give it to me."  
—Timothy: Say, Ma, did our baby come from heaven? Ma: Av course he did. Timothy: Well, he was a darn fool to leave heaven for a place like this, and then run the risk of never getting back again.  
—"Paw, is there any difference between a cold and an influenza?" "If the doctor calls it a cold the bill is about \$4; if he calls it influenza, it's about \$18. The difference is \$14, mson."  
—In the four years ending 1891 there were 15,947 murders in the United States. But only 1,050 of the murderers were ever called to account for their crimes, and of these 410 were hanged and 640 lynched.  
—A family named Walker, living in Mitchell County, North Carolina, consists of seven brothers and six sisters, all of whom are over 6 feet in height. One of the brothers is said to be 7 feet 9 inches tall.  
—His Mother: Why don't you play with your Christmas toys, Tommy? They're just as good as new, and you've had them 10 days. Tommy: That's just it. They're no good. Willy Nabors got some that he bust in no time.  
—She: I am so worried about my aunt. She is at the point of death. He: Is that your wealthy aunt? She: Yes. He: Well, never mind, dearest. You have my love, which is greater than ever.  
—It had been over four months since they were engaged, and as they read the evening paper together he said: "See, my dear, only \$20 for a suit." "Is it a wedding suit?" she asked, sweetly. "No, a business suit." "Well, I meant business," she answered.  
—Some co-educationalist young man is clamoring for admission to Vassar College. Why not? The women are now admitted to Harvard, Cornell, Columbia and other colleges for men, and it's a poor rule that won't work both ways. But Vassar says she won't, and if a woman won't she won't and there's an end on't.  
—Less than 125 years ago the little plant known to the botanists as Lepachy's Columnaris, was only known to inhabit a small section of country in the very southern portion of Louisiana. Some time later it was reported as occurring sparingly along the Canadian River; and, later still, on the Arkansas. Since that time it has slowly spread north, west and east, even to the very source of the Missouri, over into the British possessions, and is now said to be creeping along the Saskatchewan towards Hudson Bay. How a plant which originated in a warm climate could accustom itself to such changes is another of nature's mysteries.  
—Some three hundred and odd cats are maintained by the United States Government, the cost of their support being carried as a regular item on the accounts of the Post Office Department. These cats are distributed among about 50 post offices, and their duty is to keep rats and mice from eating and destroying postal matter and canvas mail sacks. Their work is of the utmost importance wherever large quantities of mail are collected, as, for example, at the New York Post Office, where from 2,000 to 3,000 bags of mail matter are commonly stored away in the basement. Formerly great damage was done by the mischievous rodents, which chewed holes in the sacks and thought nothing of boring clear through bags of letters in a night. Troubles of this sort no longer occur since the official pussies keep watch. Each of the Postmasters in the larger cities is allowed from \$8 to \$40 a year for the keep of his feline staff, sending his estimate for "cat meat" to Washington at the beginning of each quarter.