The Anderson Intelligencer.

BY CLINKSCALES & LANGSTON. ANDERSON, S. C., WEDNESDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 30, 1895. VOLUME XXX.--NO 1

JUST IN . .

NEW LINE OF GOFF CAPS,
In Greys and Blues, only 50c.

NEW LINE OF STIFF HATS,
Dunlap style, the correct shape, at prices from $1.50 up to $3.00.

Clothing !

We were never more pleased with our sales in this Department. We sell 'em easier than we have ever in our business career. The people know a good line of Goods, and when we are compared with others we are gratified to hear 'em say you have the nicest assortment in Town.

B. O. EVANS & CO.,
CLOTHIERS and FURNISHERS.

CHAS. T. BALLARD, President. S. THRUSTON BALLARD, Sec.

BALLARD & BALLARD CO.
(INCORPORATED.)
Daily Output 1500 Barrels of Flour!

LOUISVILLE, KY., Oct. 17, 1895.

To whom it may Concern :

This is to certify that BROWNLEE & VANDIVERS are at present our only customers in Anderson, South Carolina. They buy from the Mill direct, in Car lots, and are thus able to sell to the trade at very close prices. Our Flours are recognized as Standard, and are of the highest quality. We guarantee every package to be absolutely pure, and free from adulteration of any kind.

BALLARD & BALLARD CO.,
By CHAS. T. BALLARD, Pres.

Oct 23, 1895 17 4

Below we mention a few Goods on which . . . . . .

WE CAN SAVE YOU MONEY!

Doors, Sash and Blinds,
Builders Hardware of all kinds,
Syracuse Turning Plows,
Syracuse Subsoil Plows,
Rubber Belting,
Leather Belting,
Machinery Supplies,
Pipe and Pipe Fittings,
Inspirators, &c.
Sporting Powder,
Blasting Powder,
Shot,
Loaded Shells, &c.

☞ When in the market for any of the above named Goods, or anything in the Hardware line, you will do well to inspect our stock and get our price before you buy.

Yours truly,

BROCK BROS.

PROPHYLACTIC--"Preventive of Disease."

THE PROPHYLACTIC TOOTH BRUSH!

Unlike other Brushes in Construction, Use and Results.

IT CLEANS THE TEETH!

— FOR SALE BY —

ORR & SLOAN.

"THE BOYS' STORE!"

RESPECTFULLY invite one and all to call and inspect their NEW STORE and FRESH STOCK OF GROCERIES. They are in the—

New Store between R. R. Cut Bridge and Hill Bros. Drug Store,

On North Main Street, and are receiving **FRESH GROCERIES** every day. Below is a list of a few things that have already arrived:

N. Y. Biscuit Co's. Fine Cakes, Crackers and Nic-Nacs, Blank & Bros. Fine Candies, Clemson College Full Cream Cheese, Half Pound Can Columbia River Salmon, Dixie Baking Powder—we give a spoon with every Box we sell. Come and see it.

Can Goods of every description always on hand. Also, Country Produce and Vegetables in season can always be found at "THE BOYS' STORE."

Honor us with a call, and we will endeavor to make you feel repaid for your trouble.

Yours very respectfully,

"THE BOYS," **RUSSELL & BREAZEALE.**

P. S.—Prompt City Delivery.

If you want to see Pretty Things, in Endless Variety drop into that

Jewelry Palace,

Next Door to Farmers and Merchants Bank.

BRIDAL PRESENTS.....BIRTHDAY PRESENTS,

World without end, and at PRICES that will make you SMILE.

I have certainly bought the largest and prettiest Stock ever opened up in this City No trouble to find what you want.

NOVELTIES BY THE CART LOAD.

A visit to my Store will knock the blues sky high
ENGRAVING FREE.
☞ No trouble to show Goods.

Eight-day Walnut Clocks $2.00.

WILL. R. HUBBARD.

BILL ARP'S LETTER.

Arp Sees the Fair.

Atlanta Constitution.

The World's Fair was a grand show. We did not see it, my wife and I, but some of the family did and the talk and tell of it lasted six months. It was the greatest show that ever was on earth. But it was too big a show for a day or a week. My folks say they never got through with it and had to hurry over what they did see. The Fair at Atlanta is big enough for me—big enough for my time and my comprehension. My wife and I have been and it has renewed her youth and now she has something else to talk about besides the missionary meetings and the grandchildren and the flowers that I havent put in the pit. Yes, I took her down last Wednesday. It took right smart of preparation, of course, for she had an idea that the people would all expect her and observe her outfit, and she has great respect for public occasions and for herself, too, and so her paraphernalia had to be revised and remodeled. She knows how poor I am and said it would cost too much for her to go, but I told her she should go if it broke me and all my friends and relations. These maternal ancestors, who, for thirty and forty years, have served the Lord and their country in the infantry service and toiled day and night in raising children, nursing and sewing and caring for offspring—slaves to destiny and the curse that was put on Mother Eve—never without a little child that was too young and helpless to take care of itself, never with a day or a night that was free from anxiety, they should have a good time in their last days if there is a good time for anybody in this sublunary world. They are like the heroes who came from the war. They are like Paul, who said, "I have fought a good fight." But Paul would have known a little more about fighting if he had been a family man and had to get up in the night when he was almost dead for sleep and walk the floor in his night gown with a teething child in his arms and singing, "Hush my dear; be still and slumber," or

"Oh, where shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul."

Paul had a hard time, but he never graduated in the fighting business. He was too smart to enter the infantry service.

My wife was almost afraid to undertake the Exposition—afraid she would get tired and worn-out tramping around, but like all mothers she lets the youngest child persuade her. The older ones have scattered and gone and some of them we fear are weaned, but the youngest of all the flock is here and she is not weaned. She was twenty-one yesterday and is married and has a child of her own, but she is not weaned. Oh, no; she is still our comfort and brings us sunshine every day. Just think of it. Ten living children and the youngest has passed her twenty-one. The oldest is clean out of sight. He is almost as old as I am and has sons who have graduated and gone to work. One of them, who has my name and my birthday, is an electrician at the Exposition. He escorted us round and when we were asked to register our names in a book I wrote mine in full and he took the pen and just wrote "ditto," and we went on.

We got safely into the grounds, my wife and I and our youngest daughter, who was celebrating her birthday, and began the grand rounds about 9 o'clock in the morning. We stopped long enough to take a bird's eye view of the situation—to look at the panorama and to locate the particular buildings. I was the chaperon, for I had been there before, and so I pointed out everything before we began the perusal. "There is the government building," said I. "I wish you could spend half a day there. That Smithsonian exhibit is just magnificent. There is the Woman's building. There is the Liberal Arts. There is the Agricultural building and there the machinery. Over there is the Midway. In every Church, you know, the devil has a pulpit at the rear end and the Midway is his pulpit here."

In due time we started on the grand rounds. I had two shawls and a basket of lunch and some other traps to carry, but that was all right for a while. I will carry anything on such occasions. I carried those paraphernalia until 1 o'clock, when we got to a place where we could eat up the lunch and leave the shawls and the etcetera. We took it in by slow degrees. Sometimes I was in the lead like a pilot; sometimes I was behind like a shepherd dog. I am very docile on such occasions. Sometimes I would sit down somewhere and wait till they got done looking. I had no trouble anywhere except at the fisheries. The crowd was very thick there and most of them were niggers and white folks and the passway is narrow. "Gentlemen," said I, "please don't crowd this lady—she is my wife," but they paid no more attention to me than if I was a common man and I reckon I am. If I could have called back twenty years I would have knocked one fellow a rod and taught him some manners. Those fish are just beautiful, but I have seen sheepshead down at Clear Water just like them. I have seen them all around a palmetto post sucking the barnacles and they were so thick you could not see through them. They wouldent notice a hook with the most tempting bait on it, but I could take a grain or a gigpole and strike it down amongst them and kill half a dozen at a stroke. It took us an hour to get through the government building and we did not see it all to our satisfaction. That alone is a great show. Our paternal government has been good to us and the Smithsonian institution carried out the will of that noble Englishman who left a million dollars for the diffusion of knowledge among men. The preface to the catalogue says they would have sent us much more if we had had room for it. Since Smithson died many other philanthropists have left money to that great institution. Lots of money in various sums from $5,000 up to a quarter of a million. Say what you please about the Northern people, they are the greatest people on earth to make big fortunes and then die and leave them to some charity or some beneficent cause. Just think how this Smithsonian institution has grown. They have now a library of 37,000 volumes on scientific subjects. A museum of 30,000 historical collections of coins and medals, 1,219 musical instruments, 3,500 specimens of pottery and porcelains, 1,300 chemical products, 3,300 textiles, 423,000 specimens of ethnology, which means all sorts of things used and invented by barbarous nations, 33,000 specimens of aboriginal pottery, some of which came from the Indian mounds in Georgia; 13,000 mammals, 73,000 birds, 58,000 birds' eggs and nests, 34,000 reptiles, 125,000 fishes, 510,000 mollusks, 610,000 insects, 520,000 marine animals, 113,000 fossil plants, 252,000 modern plants, 25,000 minerals, 63,000 geological specimens and a zoological park of 162 acres with all the wild American animals. It is twice as large as the largest animal park in the world. Over five million people have visited that institution in the last twelve years.

Now, just contemplate what a wonderful institution that is—and it is all ours. Not many of us down here can see it all, but it is a big thing for us to see a part. It expands and broadens us to look upon these things. Of course I mean intellectually, for otherwise my wife and I are broad enough. In fact, our broadness interferes with our alacrity and I had to sit down every half hour while my folks pursued their wanderings. Next we perused the Plant system and saw Florida in all her glory. His building looks like an Egyptian pyramid and is covered with pebble phosphate. Next we visited the Art building, where all the fine paintings are. I couldent tell a fine painting from a common one, but I did like the bull fight and the old woman reading her Bible by candle light. My wife went into raptures over some others, but they made no impression on me. I wish I was smarter—more cultured and more esthetic. I saw a painting in New York once that cost A. T. Stuart $60,000—and I wouldent have given a hundred dollars for it. I can get up more internal inspiration from a view from Lookout mountain or a sunset scene at Clear Water than from all the paintings in the world.

By and by we got to the Costa Rica building, where our Florida niece is queen of the realm, and there we got coffee and hot waffles and spread our lunch and had a good time. It is the pleasantest place to rest that is upon the grounds. Clara Meer is at your feet and the view all around you is charming. There we heard the exquisite music of Gilmore's band and wondered if there could be any sweeter music in heaven. From there we journeyed to the Agricultural and Manufactures and Liberal Arts buildings and by this time my wife was tired and surrendered upon the steps. She had seen enough for one day, and said she wished she was at home. The mind has to have time to digest things just like the body. We urged her to go up to the Midway and shoot the chutes and ride on the scenic railway, but no, she said she had shot enough and seen enough and would wait for some other time to see the rest. "Won't you take a boat ride on Clara Meer?" But no, the collapse had come. We went back to Costa Rica and sat down and listened to more music and saw the electric lights turned on and were happy. By half-past 7 o'clock we were back to the city and I feasted them at Durand's hospitable table up the winding stairs. What a delightful effect good oysters and beefsteak and delicious coffee do have upon both mind and body. We all got back home at 10 o'clock that night and there were lights in the window for us and even the little girl had kept awake to see if grandma came and how she liked the fair. She had already been there on the children's day and wanted to go again and show her grandma round, but she couldent.

But we will all go again before it closes, stay a week. BILL ARP.

No Temptation in $400,000.

Maurice Dore, real estate agent, died yesterday at his home, 1015 Jones street. He was soul of honor, and few men of the days of 49 have been so conspicuous as he is in this one respect.

The most striking illustration of his honor is a part of the history of the State. After the failure of the Bank of California on Aug. 25, 1875, and the suicide of William C. Ralston, little or no trace could be found of the large private fortune of the man who had done so much for this State and whose memory is beloved to this day. Then Maurice Dore came forward voluntarily, and said:

"I have in my name about $400,000 worth of property belonging to Mr. Ralston. Though there were no papers signed between us, the property was his."

It was Ralston's habit to trust his friends just as he had trusted Maurice Dore, and it is certain that to many the president of the Bank of California thus turned over large portions of his private fortune. Of these confidants of the millionaire, but one was worthy of the trust, but came forward, and that was Maurice Dore. No one but he knew that Ralston had placed the property in his name. No one would ever or could ever have been any the wiser if Maurice Dore had not himself come forward and said that the property belonged to Ralston. Mr. Dore was not a poor man, even in those days, though he was not a millionaire by any means. The quiet, unostentatious manner in which Dore resigned the $400,000 worth of property staggered people, and to this day his name is not mentioned without the story being recalled. He earned his reputation as an honest man, and few men have ever paid so high a price for the satisfaction of knowing that he was honest—for no one would ever have known that he was not if he had held the $400,000 worth of property.

Maurice Dore was born near Limerick, in Ireland, in 1820, and came to California by way of Australia in 1840. He landed in San Francisco, and soon after entered the liquor business which he followed for about twenty years. Since 1869 he has been a real estate dealer and auctioneer. It was in this latter occupation that Mr. Dore met and won the esteem of Ralston. Always a temperate man, of modest tastes, he acquired a comfortable fortune, and though at one time he was beset by financial troubles, he weathered them successfully, and at his death was in good circumstances.—*San Francisco Examiner.*

If Troubled With Rheumatism Read This.

ANNAPOLIS, Md., Apr. 18, 1894.—I have used Chamberlain's Pain Balm for rheumatism and found it to be all that is claimed for it. I believe it to be the best preparation for rheumatism and deep seated muscular pains on the market and cheerfully recommend it to the public. JNO. G. BROOKS, dealer in boots, shoes, etc., No. 18 Main St.

ALSO READ THIS.

MECHANICSVILLE, St. Mary County, Md.—I sold a bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Balm to a man who had been suffering with rheumatism for several years. It made him a well man. A. J. MCBEE. For sale at 50 cents per bottle by Hill Bros.

THE PRESIDENT IN ATLANTA.

Heaven Smiles Upon the Auspicious Occasion.

ATLANTA, GA., October 23.—President's day at the Cotton States Exposition broke bright, balmy and beautiful. Incoming trains brought thousands of visitors, and the streets were crowded at an early hour. The President remained in his apartments at the Aragon until the committee called for him. Secretary Carlisle and Vice President Stevenson were out early, however, for a stroll. The throng collected around the hotel long before carriages arrived for the distinguished visitors. Calls were made for the President, but he did not respond.

At 10 o'clock the military procession formed down-town and half an hour later passed the Aragon on its way out to the Exposition. The military was not intended as an escort, and Mr. Cleveland and his official family were driven rapidly to the Exposition grounds. They reached the reviewing stand in front of the Government building a few minutes before the head of the column of troops wound around the hill in front of the Administration building, past the Pennsylvania, New York and Fine Arts buildings.

Beside President Cleveland and Secretaries Carlisle, Lamont, Herbert, Smith, Morton and Postmaster General Wilson on the reviewing stand were Vice President Stevenson, Governor Atkinson and the Exposition and city officials. The military parade was long and picturesque. United States regulars from Fort McPherson, volunteers from Connecticut, Virginia, North Carolina and Georgia were in line. Governor O'Ferrall and staff, of Virginia, received prolonged cheers as they rode by Governor Coffin, and the red-coated Governor's Foot Guard from New Haven, Conn., got a great round of applause. Mr. Cleveland lifted his hat to the commanding officers as they passed and gave the Governors a special smile. The review being over Dr. T. S. Hopkins, of Atlanta, delivered a prayer for the President and the prosperity of the nation and the success of the Exposition, then, in a ten-minutes speech, introduced the President. Several thousand people were on the plaza within sight of the President. Though only a small part of these could hear the introduction, all recognized him and gave a mighty cheer. President Cleveland had most respectful attention while he spoke. He said:

Mr. President: On my own behalf and for my colaborers in the executive branch of our Government who accompanied me, I thank you for your kind words of greeting. We are here to congratulate you and your associates upon the splendid success of the Exposition which you have set on foot, and upon the evidences you have here gathered, chiefly illustrative of Southern enterprise, Southern industry and Southern recuperation. But we are also here to claim a share in the pride of your achievement. No portion of our countrymen, wherever found, can exclusively appropriate the glory arising from these surroundings. They are proofs of American genius and industry which are the joint possession of our people, and they represent triumphs of American skill and ingenuity in which all our citizens, from highest to humblest, have a proprietary right.

While my fellow citizens of Georgia and her neighboring States may felicitate themselves to the fullest extent upon such evidences as are here found of the growth and prosperity of interests and enterprises in which they are especially concerned, I cannot be deprived of the enjoyment afforded by the reflection that the work that they have done emphasizes in the sight of the world the immense resources and indomitable thrift of the people of the United States. It seems to me that the thought may be suggested, as not inappropriate to this occasion, that what we see about us is an outgrowth of another Exposition inaugurated on American soil more than a century ago, when a new nation was exhibited to the civilized world, guaranteed and protected by a Constitution which was ordained and established by the people of the United States, with the declared purpose of promoting their general welfare and securing the blessings of liberty to themselves and their posterity.

The sucess which has attended this exposition of products and manufactures is not altogether due to the quality of the soil or character of the people in any of the contributing States, but it rests largely upon the fact that these States are members of a beneficently governed nation, whose natural resources and advantages everywhere have been tempered and improved by the influence of free institutions and whose people have been stimulated and encouraged by the blessings of personal liberty. A contemplation of the blessings vouchsafed to us by our Government easily reminds us of the importance of a hearty and united co-operation in its support and protection. We should lovingly watch and guard it, not only because we are recipients of its precious gifts, but for its own sake, and because it has been put in our hands in sacred keeping to prove to the world that man can be trusted with self-government. We shall walk in the path of patriotic duty if, remembering that our free institutions were established to promote the general welfare, we strive for those things which benefit our people, and if each of us is content to receive from a common fund his share of the prosperity thus contributed.

We shall sadly miss our duty and forfeit our heritage if by narrow selfishness we are heedless of the general welfare, and struggle to wrest from the Government private advantages which can only be gained at the expense of our fellow countrymen. I hope I may therefore be permitted, in conclusion, to suggest as a most important lesson taught by this occasion the absolute necessity to our national health and welfare, and consequently to our individual happiness as citizens, of a careful discrimination in our support of policies and in our advocacy of political doctrines between those which prompt the promotion of the public welfare and those which simply seem to serve selfish or sectional interests. If we are to enjoy the blessings our Government was framed to fairly and justly bestow we shall secure them in due time by cultivating a spirit of broad American brotherhood and insisting upon such conduct as will within the spirit of the golden rule promote the general welfare.

The conclusion of the speech was greeted with cheers. Then the crowd called for Carlisle, and he arose and bowed, but refused to speak. Vice President Stevenson in the same manner acknowledged the shouts for him, and shook his head when the people called for a speech.

President Collier announced that Mr. Cleveland would shake hands with the people if they would pass by in an orderly line. Instantly there was a break for the reviewing stand. Here and there the ladies caught in the jam fainted, but that did not deter others. For an hour the President shook hands, faster, he said, than ever before in his life. When he grew weary the committee rushed him into a carriage and drove off to the Piedmont Driving Club, just in the outer edge of the grounds. There a champagne luncheon was served to the President, Cabinet officers and their wives, after which the party began to take in all the buildings systematically.

The lunch and the rest refreshed the President, who had been fatigued by standing so long speaking and shaking hands. He was especially anxious to see the displays made by the United States Government and the negroes. He spent more time in those two buildings than in any others. At the negro building he was met by I. Garland Penn, chief of the negro department, and his associates. The President shook hands with them and, after looking the building over, congratulated them on the excellence of their display and the evidence of their race's material advancement and prosperity. He was greatly impressed by the showing which the race made. Commissioner Penn and his assistants were highly elated by the President's comments. Mr. Cleveland was greatly gratified, too, at what he saw in the Government building. The display there is the best which the country has ever made, and the President complimented the men in charge. Uncle Sam's building is the most popular on the grounds, and the fisheries exhibit always has the largest crowd. When Mr. Cleveland was seen approaching that display some of the committee remarked to the President that the fish had better hunt deep water. He replied that he did not know that Atlanta offered such good fishing. A short visit was paid to the Woman's building, where Mrs. Joseph Thompson, chairman of the woman's board, and her associates received the Presidential party. The other buildings were done more hurriedly, but the visitors walked through the Fine Arts, Electrical, Transportation, Machinery and Forestry buildings. They were driven around the grounds, past all the State buildings and through the Midway, which was packed with spectators. Chinese, Dahomeyans, Indians, Japanese and representatives of a dozen other nations lined up to see the procession pass. The spellers forgot to spell, but the Egyptian and Mexican bands attempted something, supposed to be "Hail to the Chief." The fireworks were brought on early.

Pain gave a brilliant illumination of the grounds, winding up with a fiery portrait of the President.

During the pyrotechnic display some one cut the high wire on which Jean Weitzman was walking over the lake. He fell fifty feet, but beyond getting a cold bath was none the worst for it. His fall was thrilling, but the spectators were uncertain whether it was part of the programme or an accident. Weitzman says the wire was cut by some jealous professional.

The President did not have time to rest at the Aragon before the reception hour at the Capital City Club. The reception was largely attended and it was a swell affair. Mr. Cleveland remained from 9 o'clock until nearly midnight, when he withdrew to prepare for his return trip to Washington. He stood the day's trying ordeal very well and said at the reception that he had enjoyed his visit to Atlanta very much. He was highly complimentary in his references to the Exposition.

President Cleveland and all his party, except Secretary Smith, left Atlanta at 12.40 to-night for Washington. The President looked a little tired, but said he was feeling all right. He travels in Mr. Pullman's car "Wildwood," and the train is exactly the same as the one that brought the party South. General Passenger Agent Turk, of the Southern Railway, returns with them. Fifty people saw the President off. The attendance at the Exposition was 50,000

An Infidel Silenced.

A noted infidel was traveling in a car in which a minister was seated. He at once commenced an argument with the clergyman in a loud tone, so as to be heard by other passengers. Among the latter was a blind man, who listened attentively. Turning suddenly to him in a pause in the argument, the infidel said:

"Do you, sir, believe in a God, who has made this beautiful earth, and the sun to shine upon it, and who has adorned the heavens, with myriads of stars, and yet, without any offense on your part, has deprived you forever of the power of beholding them."

"I am surprised, my dear sir," replied the man, "that you should ask such a question. I do believe in the existence of God as firmly as I do in my own, and I could doubt the one as easily as the other. There is, however, one thing that strikes me as being very peculiar in what you have said. When you reason of God, you do not seem to be governed by the same principles as when reasoning about men and the common affairs of every-day life."

The infidel denied the inference, and the blind man continued:

"Suppose, on reaching your home and on entering your room, you find a lighted lamp upon the table—what will be your conclusion?"

"Why," answered the infidel, with a sneer, "I shall conclude that some one placed it there."

"Well, then, when you look into the heavens and see those innumerable lights of which you have spoken, why do you not come to the same conclusion, that some intelligent Being placed them there?"

The skeptic declined to talk any more on the subject, but it was evident to all the passengers that he felt thoroughly humbled and uncomfortable.—*John Wahall.*

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

☞ Sold by Druggists, 75c.

— Live honestly, hurt no body, and render to every one his just due.

BATTLE AMONG THE BEES.

How the Little Busy Workers Dispose their Forces.

When the chill of the autumn days blights the life of the leaves and flowers in woods and garden, the flow of honey is checked, and the busy bees find their labors doubled. A restless activity seizes them, and they fly around in an unsettled condition of mind until the approaching cold weather drives them permanently into their winter quarters. No creature seems to regret the change of season more genuinely than the honey bees and one is inspired with sympathy for the shivering, drawn-up bodies that hover around the entrances to the hives, or return from their long flights with only a speck of honey in their sacs.

But this transition season is one of alarm to the apiarist, for the bees, tormented by hunger and the lack of work to do, get into mischief in the fall of the year very easily. The quietest, most industrious worker of the hive may at any moment lead a body of organized robbers against a neighboring hive to steal the stores of honey that have been gathered through the warm season. A mania for robbery seizes the colonies, and the weak stand in daily fear of being destroyed by the stronger. An extra sentinel is placed at the entrance of each hive, and the strictest watch is kept for all intruders. On some quiet autumn day, when the buckwheat blossoms are slowly closing their petals for the last time, the restless bees of one large hive may be seen flying around in great activity, reconnoitering the field for an attack upon some weaker colony. Standing in front of the hive that has been singled out for the premeditated assault, a most interesting sight may be observed. A single bee comes buzzing through the air and alights upon the board in front of the entrance to the hive. One of the two or three bees standing guard at the entrance advances toward the newcomer and extends its tongue. The intruding bee must give the countersign by passing some of its honey from its sac, which sample, if found satisfactory, will admit to the hive. If the honey is not right, or if the bee refuses to offer a sample, the sentries immediately pounce upon the intruder and kill it.

When the bee is simply a lonely creature trying to effect an entrance into some warm hive, the work of killing it and throwing the carcass over the side of the board is brief, but if the intruder is the forerunner of an attack by a large colony a very different result follows. While the sentries are trying to kill the bee, the rest of the attacking party will try to force an entrance into another part of the hive, or into the unprotected entrance in front. The weak points of the hive have been noted by the bees beforehand, and the whole attack is arranged even to the smallest detail. On the first signs of warfare the whole colony inside rush to the defence, and a general alarm is given.

When a war between two colonies is thus precipitated, the bees will pay no attention to a human intruder, and one may stand close to the hive and watch the proceedings. The attacking colony has one great object in view, and that is to get inside of the hive, while the home bees work strenuously to keep them out. The former generally place themselves upon the defensive, and the latter on the offensive. The tacties of the bees in battle are very simple. They go upon the plan of sending two bees to kill one. When two of the home bees fall upon the first intruder, the latter gathers up its addomen in as small a space as possible and tries to avoid being stung. Meanwhile he forces himself gradually into the hive to make room for other intruders. The body of the bee is vulnerable only at its joints, and the the home defenders collars him and by following him around through various contortions sometimes find and unprotected spot. The intruder is then rapidly stung to death, and the two warriors turn to attack another enemy in the hive.

The size of the colony does not always determine the results of such a battle. There are defensive arrangements of the bees which often enable an inferior force to keep twice their number outside. The defences are so arranged that the entrance is narrowed down to a small point inside, and at this place the best warriors of the colony are stationed. As the intruders enter they are seized one by one, and generally killed. In a properly guarded hive it is difficult for a strong colony to force an entrance unless there is some weak point. Sometimes the attack is made so suddenly that a great many bees get inside before the guards are called to their stations. If the attacking party prove successful, and the bees get inside of the hive, they then suddenly assume the offensive, and fall upon the home bees and sting them to death. The slaughter of the inhabitants becomes general, and the bodies of the dead are hauled out and thrown upon the ground.

But at this point of the conflict the human side of the bees is manifested. Some of the attacked party will suddedly turn traitors, and the weaker ones will join the forces of the intruders and help to kill their former friends. When the battle is waging hot, the strongest defences may thus be abandoned by the defenders and turned over to the enemy. Only a few of the bravest warriors will fight until the very last for their homes. When the hive is finally captured, the few traitors who joined in the fight against the home defenders are admitted into regular fellowship with the victorious party. They show special vigor in helping to carry away the stores of the down-fallen colony. The work of carrying all of the honey away will occupy several days and the bees will be kept busy even though the days are so chilly that the late flowers refuse to open their petals to the sun. The bees from several other hives will probably join the others in robbing the hive and no dispute over the question is apparently made.

The attacking party, however, is not always successful. They are frequently defeated in their purpose by reason of strong defensive arrangements, and they finally retire from the conflict with a good number of their best worker bees left behind dead. In modern apiculture, the owner of the bees is generally on the lookout for these fall battles, and by observing the attack early in its stages he prevents the destruction of a weak colony. Standing near the hive with a flour-dredger in his hands, the apiarist dusts the attacking party as they go into the hive. The bees are too excited to become frightened at this. By removing the top of the hive, he can soon locate the stronghold of the attacking party by the presence of their white badges of flour and a few puffs of smoke so frightens them that they cease to fight. As many as possible seek exit into the open air. The entrance to the hive is then protected by a piece of cloth saturated with carbolic acid. The home bees will pass this to get inside, but the attacking bees will not do it. All bees associate the odor with danger, and nothing but powerful inducements will make them enter a place saturated with the acid.

Generally when a honey bee stings a man his sting is left behind, and sometimes even the entrails, but one bee is able to sting another and withdraw the sting. This enables a strong worker to kill as many bees as he can penetrate with his sharp weapon. The sting cannot be withdrawn by a direct pull, but by several motions which unscrew the sting without injuring it. When the sting is driven into the body of the bee up to the very hit, it is said that nine turns are required to withdraw it. In the hand-to-hand encounters, then, the work of killing a bee is slow and intricate, even after a vulnerable point has been discovered.

The drones have no stings, and consequently are useless in a fight. Only the worker bees which gather the honey protect the home from intruders or organize together to attack a weaker colony. The drones are not stung to death as a rule when no longer needed in the hive. Their wings are frequently nibbled by the bees as they carry the helpless creatures out of the hive. Driven from its home, the drone soon falls exhausted from hunger and cold, to die on the ground near the hive. There is no sympathy or feeling expended upon the drones when no longer needed. The worker bees are relentlessly utilitarian, and discharge all members who perform no function of economy in the colony.

The "battle royal" in the hive is when two queens are found in one colony. This occurs oftener than one imagines, but it does not last long. The bees will not entertain two queens, and they must fight it out between them. When two weak colonies are joined together by the apiarist two queens are apt to come together, and one must abandon the throne, and the other reign over the consolidated colonies. Sometimes a new queen is hatched out before the old queen is dead, and a similar result of fighting it out between them occurs.

The strange part of this battle is that the worker bees assemble in a circle around the two queens, but offer no help to either side unless there is foul play. One of the agreements of the battle seems to be that both queens are not be killed, and if they get into a position where the lives of the two are endangered they must draw apart to begin over again. There is honor between the queens, and they withdraw by common consent when this danger threatens the two lives. Possibly, if they did not, the worker bees would interfere and settle the conflict themselves. The survivor of such a battle is never known to be injured, while the other is killed, and the body is carried out by the worker bees. The battle is sometimes short and fierce, and again it is drawn out for a long time. It never ceases, however, until one queen is killed. The survivor is then made queen of the colony, having demonstrated her right to the position by risking her life in the deadly conflict.—*New York Evening Post.*

Air Currents Help Them.

The soaring of a bird may be compared with a boy sliding down hill on a sled. If a hill is, say, 100 feet high, and the sides slope off in a horizontal direction, 2,000 feet from the summit, and if the snow is smooth, a boy can mount a sled and advance 2,000 feet while he is falling, as relates to the earth, 100 feet; that is, the sled, with the boy on it, in falling through a distance of one foot develops a sufficient power to drive the sled forward 20 feet, but when the boy is at the bottom of the hill and can develop no more power by falling the sled soon comes to a state of rest. Suppose now that a hill could be made in such a manner that it would constantly rise at such a velocity that the sled would never reach the bottom of the hill. The boy would then be able to slide forever, and this is exactly what occurs to a bird. A bird places its wings in such a position that, as it falls in the air say one foot, it moves forward through the air 20 feet, that is, it slides along on the surface of the air underneath its wings in the same manner that the boy slides down the hill. Suppose now that the velocity of the bird should be about 30 miles an hour, this would account for the whole phenomenon of soaring on an upward current of only one and one-half miles an hour. With an upward current of two miles the bird would rise, as relates to the earth, one-half mile an hour, while actually falling through the air at the rate of one and one-half miles an hour.

There is no doubt that a bird, by some very delicate sense of feeling and touch, is able to ascertain whether it is falling or rising in the air. If a surface fish sinks too deeply in the water the compression of its swim bladder produces a sensation or impression upon its brain, which causes the fish to change its course, and relieves the pressure by coming nearer the surface, and a similar thing is true of the deep sea fish. If they approach the surface their swim bladder becomes enormously distended and no doubt produces a sensation which the fish knows is relieved by again sinking into very deep water. If these fish are caught and drawn to the surface the distention of the swim bladder becomes so great that it displaces all the other organs of the body. In all probability the numerous air cells which are found in the body of a bird are provided with delicate nerves, which operate in a similar manner to those of the swim bladder of a fish, so that as the bird is moving forward through the air it is able to take advantage of a rising column of air. As a whole, we may consider that the rising columns of air would be half of the total area of the earth's surface, so that a soaring bird would always have a rising column of air which would serve as a support.—*North American Review.*

— The Darlington, Wis., *Journal* says editorially of a popular patent medicine: "We know from experience that Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy is all that is claimed for it, as on two occasions it stopped excruciating pains and possibly saved us from an untimely grave. We would not rest easy over night without it in the house." This remedy undoubtedly saves more pain and suffering than any other medicine in the world. Every family should keep it in the house, for it is sure to be needed sooner or later. For sale by Hill Bros.

All Sorts of Paragraphs.

— The horse, of all animals, is quickest to succumb to cold.

— The highest exercise of charity is charity toward the uncharitable.

— People with ugly disposition may say some sharp but not clever things.

— The pen is a mighty engine, but it sometimes runs away with the singer.

— Life is too short to take upon one's shoulders the quarrels of other people.

— For a journey of 200 miles or so a sound reindeer can travel at the rate of about 25 miles an hour on good roads.

— He:—"Why did you return my written proposal with the letters 'C. O. D.' written over it? Am I to take it as a refusal?"—She (shyly):—"No, you silly goose; that means 'Call on Dad.'"

— "Minnie has been in to see me today," said little five-year-old, "and she behaved like a lady." "And I hope you did too," said her mother. "Yes, indeed, I did; I turned somersets for her on the bed."

— If another man gets a higher salary than you receive, it is probably because he is worth more. Employees do not pick out men to pay good wages to because they have curly hair or part it in the middle.

— Winks: "What makes you look so blue?" Jinks: "I have six daughters, none of them married, or likely to be." Winks: "And are married, all have children, and I have to support the whole crowd."

— The States are rapidly doing away with the "days of grace" law. Among those where it has been abolished are California, Idaho, Oregon, Utah, Vermont, Wisconsin, New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania.

— "Ten years ago," said the contemplative gentleman, "I was a bachelor and hustling for a wife." "And now?" "And now I am not only hustling for my wife, but for her mother and two of her aunts."

— Molly: "I think young Brownly is working on some air machine or other." Polly: "What makes you think so?" Molly: "Every time he calls on me he says he'd fly to the uttermost parts of the earth for me."

— Prosepective Father-in-Law—And you promise to make my daughter happy? Enamored Youth—I will care for her like a beautiful flower.—Prospective Father-in-Law—I hope you don't mean that she is to live on water and air.

— Mrs. Simson: "I am getting a little anxious about Maude. Here it is almost supper time and she has been in the parlor all the afternoon with that young man." Willie: "She's all right, mamma. I heard him asking her to be his half an hour ago."

— Appetite Sam: "Say, kind lady, won't you please give me a nickel?" Kind Lady: "If I do you will go and get drunk." Appetite Sam: "No, kind lady, if you know where a man can get drunk on a nickel give him information and keep the coin."

— "If I were bald as you," said Gus DeSmith to one of the most prominent citizens of Austin, "I would wear a wig." "I don't see why you should ever wear a wig if you are bald," was the quiet reply. "An empty barn doesn't need hay."

— Miss Murray Hill: "I thought I had become a politician and received a nomination to office." Miss Homewood: "What do you mean by that?" Miss Murray Hill: "I have just received a proposal of marriage, and am about to write a letter of acceptance."

— "Henry, you look worried; what is the trouble?" "I was stung to the quick by an adder this afternoon." "Heavens! How did it happen?" "Why, I went to the bank this afternoon and the bank clerk, after adding up the ledger, told me my account was overdrawn."

— A writer in an English paper claims for Woodbridge the credit of possessing the meanest man in the person of a miserly yeoman who refused to allow his daughter to receive a sealskin jacket as a present because he could not afford to pay for the camphor which would be needed to keep moths out of it during the summer.

— One of the most remarkable oddities on record is found in the case of a child born only a few days at a house in the limits of the city. The father of the child is a mulatto and the mother an octoroon. The entire body of the child is distinctly divided into black and white, one-half being very fair and the other as black as an Ethiopian.—*Mankato News.*

— If your children are subject to croup watch for the first symtom of the disease—hoarseness. If Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is given as soon as the child becomes hoarse it will prevent the attack. Even after the croupy cough has appeared the attack can always be prevented by giving this remedy. It is also invaluable for colds and whooping cough. For sale by Hill Bros.

— A singular incident took place the other day on Damariscotta Lake, Me., which shows the veracity of the bass in that lake. A party from the Kennebec were fishing from a boat, when one of them caught the end of his fish pole in his watch guard and flung his gold watch overboard in 40 feet of water. About an hour after and a quarter of a mile distant, the party caught a 6 pounder, and noticing the fullness and peculiar appearance, he was opened, and there was the gold watch, still going.

— A negro of Athens, Ga., got a cinder in his ear a few days since, and it gave him a great deal of trouble. He went to a doctor and asked him to cure his ear, which was badly swollen. The doctor charged him $1, and the negro agreed to pay it. The doctor took the cinder out in a jiffy, and the negro refused to pay him, saying he hadn't done enough to him to warrant the charge. The doctor put him back in the chair and put the cinder back in his ear. The negro paid him the $1 before he got the cinder out again.—*Savannah News.*

— No bad man is ever brought to repentance by angry words or by bitter scornful reproaches. He fortifies himself against reproof, and h