

To Solve the Cotton Problem.

To the Editor of the News and Courier: Being a cotton planter I take a keen interest in everything relating to cotton. At the present price of that staple and the prices of everything that goes toward making a cotton crop, it really seems foolhardy for any one to plant cotton another year.

But what are we going to do? Cotton is the basis of credit in the South. By it the wheels of Southern commerce turn. Capital of the North and East is obtained upon the papers of cotton planters. This capital is put into the hands of farmers for the sole purpose of planting cotton.

Now, that being the method by which the major portion of the cotton crop is produced do we wonder that the price of cotton is down to zero, and that a plethora of that staple has glutted the marts of the world?

Of these free silver is the most popular and threadbare cry. Then there is talk of a Southern Cotton Association, a corner in cotton, a trust, pure and simple. There also is the cry of reduction of acreage.

Such a law is reasonable, practicable and lawful. The framers of our Constitution never once dreamed that the farmers of this country would or could glut the marts of the world with any product and continue each year to make the plethora more burdensome, and, therefore, never inculcated in the base of civil liberty any clause forbidding the abrogation of what might, as a casual glance, seem the immunities of the agriculturist.

First. Free silver was an issue in the last national campaign, and the result is too well known to mention here.

Second. Trusts are abominable, to say the least, and the temper of the American people is not going to tolerate any long any gigantic trust, be it in cotton, corn, wheat or any other product. If I mistake not, Congress has passed an anti-trust measure. So a cotton association is neither right or legal.

Third. The reduction of acreage or the mere talk of reduction greatly incites the acreage and production. It is one of the surest ways to over-production.

Last. The buying and storing of actual cotton by the farmers is too foolish to notice. Farmers never buy cotton; they sell cotton.

Let us now come down to the problem, and let us undertake a solution of it. Every problem has a correct solution. Though it may be ever so intricate, wrapt in darkest mystery, veiled in deepest doubt, yet to it is a key and when found the mystery is made plain, the intricacies disappear.

Under the present system of cotton planting, with no legal restrictions upon the acreage, the volume of cotton is sure to grow larger each succeeding year, until the final crisis comes. How long under present conditions the farmers can stay the irresistible hour is hard to say, but unless there comes a sudden and permanent change for the better, in a few years few farmers will own the lands upon which they live.

The system of Europe, the peasant system, is knocking loudly at our doors, and it is only a question of time ere it is irrevocably established here. Take up the County papers of South Carolina and observe the legal sales of land being made each month. It is truly appalling and alarming. True, by some fiction of the law, some of these lands revert to their former owners, but in many cases the title deeds are made to other persons than the former owners. But a change of owners does not change the methods of culture. The same old system, regardless of owners, goes on from year to year, the cotton acreage steadily increasing. And the lower the price of cotton goes the larger the area is given to that plant.

Every farmer must have a given sum of money in order to go on. Of course, a few bales of high-priced cotton will yield this sum, and a larger number of low-priced bales are necessary to yield it. So a farmer reasons that a specific sum must be had, and in order to raise it, greater energy is brought into requisition when cotton is low. Although cotton now is, with one exception, cheaper than it has been in fifty years, yet even now every farmer is planning to

increase his cotton crop next year from 10 to 40 per cent. Such is the case here and such is the case all over the South. It has gone on thus since the war, is going on now, even in the face of the fact that production has reached a plethora, and it will go on till the strong arm of the law steps in and calls a halt to the farmers in their hell-bent voyage.

Legal measures must stop this reckless planting of cotton. The law must say how much each individual farmer can plant in cotton. Make the law reach every cotton grower, be he merchant, doctor, lawyer, preacher, farmer, cropper, tenant, or what else. Make the extreme limit under all circumstances not over 124 acres to the plow, and have commissioners in every township to see the law executed to the letter. Make the offense so great till no one dare violate it. Do this, and you have the cotton problem; no other way is possible or practicable.

Do this and the West would have to seek other customers for her grain, flour, meat, horses, mules and provisions; Wall street would have to seek other borrowers of her idle millions; Liverpool would no longer fix the price of cotton; the farmers would soon be independent, self-relying, prosperous and happy; the South would be the grandest, richest, most independent country on earth; prosperity would flaunt her banners to the passing breezes, herald the breaking of a glorious day; peace, happiness, contentment would be our own, and "all go merry as a marriage bell."

Fail to do this, and ruin, gaunt ruin, the harbinger of woe and misery, will make our houses her haunts, her dwelling place. Chaos, from which all things sprung, will come and claim her own, singing as she comes the solemn requiem of the dead.

Such a law is reasonable, practicable and lawful. The framers of our Constitution never once dreamed that the farmers of this country would or could glut the marts of the world with any product and continue each year to make the plethora more burdensome, and, therefore, never inculcated in the base of civil liberty any clause forbidding the abrogation of what might, as a casual glance, seem the immunities of the agriculturist.

Therefore, the Constitution is powerless to interfere. Such is my humble opinion, and I am vain enough to believe the highest Courts will sustain it.

So the true solution of the cotton problem is the intervention of the law's strong arm. No other reasonable solution can be reached. The farmers have reached the point of recklessness and desperation, and in their vain efforts to free themselves are getting deeper in the mire each year.

Our password should be, "To the rescue! To the rescue!" And the motto of every law-maker should be the words of the golden-tongued Ben Hill: "Who saves the country, saves all things, and all things saved will bless him. Who lets his country die, lets all things die, and all things dying, curse him."

A. W. BRABHAM, Kearse, Bamberg County, Nov. 22, 1897.

Benefit From Weeping.

We have heard of people "sick from weeping," but now it appears, according to the Hospital, that tears are positively beneficial. This is partly due to the increased depth of respiration and the improvement in often languid circulation thereby induced, but to a large extent it is the result of the muscular exercise involved by which the general vascular tension, and especially the blood pressure to the brain, is much reduced. The profuse flow of tears, no doubt, also acts strongly on the cerebral circulation in still further reducing tension. The sobbing movements again have a good influence upon the circulation. All of which makes us in favor of what is known as "a good cry."

A Cheap Sneeze.

A German chemist has succeeded in making a first-rate brandy out of sawdust. I am a friend of the temperance movement and I want it to succeed, but what chance will it have when a man can take a rip-saw and go out and get drunk with a fenceboard? What is the use of prohibitory liquor law if a man is able to make brandy out of his hen-roost, or if he can get delirium tremens by drinking the legs of his kitchen chairs? You may shut an inebriate out of a saloon, but if he can become uproarious on boiled sawdust, any effort must necessarily be a failure.—San Francisco News-Letter.

—Mrs. Stark, Pleasant Ridge, O., says: "After two doctors gave up my boy to die, I saved him from crop by using One Minute Cough Cure." It is the quickest and most certain remedy for coughs, colds and all throat and lung troubles. Evans Pharmacy.

—A morn of 100 and a woman of 70 have just married at St. Joseph, Mo. Love may not be entirely blind in this case, but perhaps has to wear very strong glasses.

—Mrs. M. B. Ford, Raddell's, Ill., suffered for eight years from dyspepsia and chronic constipation and was finally cured by using DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous little pills for all stomach and liver troubles. Evans Pharmacy.

—If you accept a favor from a friend in your own hour of need, and refuse to return it when his circumstances are hard and difficult you show yourself to be essentially base.

Sixty-Eight Miles an Hour.

OMAHA, Neb., Nov. 29.—The Union Pacific Road has made another record for fast running. A mail train has been shot across the country, from Cheyenne to Council Bluffs, 519 miles, in 559 minutes. This is actual elapsed time, and includes all stops. Engines were changed twice and one engineer was relieved. All the regular stops were made and one extra, when an air-brake burst and had to be repaired at the expense of several minutes.

A burned-out bridge, near Medicine Bow, Wyoming, delayed the mail train five hours and thirty minutes. The train reached Cheyenne five hours late. It was necessary to reach Council Bluffs on time or pay a heavy fine to the Government. It was a most remarkable run against time. Cheyenne to Sydney, 102 miles, was made in 107 minutes. Engineers were changed, and the run from Sydney to North Platte, 123 miles, was made in 118 minutes. On this run a stop was made at Julesburg to get the Colorado mail. From North Platte to Grand Island, 138 miles, the time was 154 minutes. Engineers were changed at Lexington, and other stops were necessary. From Grand Island to Council Bluffs, 156 miles, the time was 165 minutes, including a stop of five minutes to fix a bursted tank hose. Regular station stops, a delay by a Missouri Pacific freight train entering the Omaha yards, and other annoyances.

The mail was landed in Council Bluffs with 13 minutes to spare, the actual average running from Cheyenne being a little more than 62 1/2 miles an hour.

The most wonderful burst of speed was shown on the 100-mile stretch between Grand Island and Ames. This was covered in 93 minutes, actual time. From this must be deducted five minutes for the delay with the broken hose at Columbus, making the time 88 minutes for the 100 miles, including all regular stops, or more than 68 miles an hour.

Women Jurors in Idaho.

Boise City, Idaho, has experimented with women jurors, and the result has been entertaining anyway. Perhaps it was instructive, too, for in the end justice was done, and the next time these particular women sit on a jury they will have learned the fundamental principles of law.

It was a probate case before Judge Blake. The jury was mixed in the matter of sex, there being two men and four women. Mrs. R. E. Green, Mrs. Royakin, Mrs. E. J. Pasmore and one unmarried woman, Miss S. F. Wood. Perhaps the men couldn't explain the fine points of law, or perhaps the women wouldn't let them. Anyway, after being out six hours, when the hearing of the evidence took only one hour, and after deliberating in voices which reached the uttermost parts of the court building, the jury came into court with the announcement that they couldn't agree, no, never.

"We can't agree, that's all there is to it. I never saw such a lot in all my life," was the report brought by Mrs. Green, the foreman. They had been laboring heavily under the impression that the statements of the district attorney were part of the evidence. In telling the story Mrs. Green told ten times more than the judge thought should be given out in open court, but there was no stopping the flow of words until the source had been exhausted.

When the judge gave the jury to understand that the statements of the district attorney were not evidence the jury retired and in a few minutes brought in a verdict giving the plaintiff every cent asked for.

The jury was seriously put out because the bailiff hung around so he could hear every word that was said, and when another court officer went into the jury room to build a fire the women begged him to give his opinion on the case.

But the judge was mollified by the verdict, because the jury had agreed, and that was more than the previous jury in the same case, a jury composed entirely of men, had done.—Kansas City Journal.

—Prosperity comes quickest to the man whose liver is in good condition. DeWitt's Little Early Risers are famous little pills for constipation, biliousness, indigestion and all stomach and liver troubles. Evans Pharmacy.

—Little Willie: "Are you tongue tied?" Featherston: "Of course not, Willie. What makes you think so?" Willie: "Sister says she has been waiting for months for you to speak."

—J. A. Perkins, of Antiquity, O., was for thirty years needlessly tortured by physicians for the cure of eczema. He was quickly cured by using DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve the famous healing salve for piles and skin diseases. Evans Pharmacy.

—If you are in a hurry and want your Groceries quick, come to us. Our services are at your disposal.

All Sorts of Paragraphs.

—Faith in God will never grow stronger by neglecting prayer.

—A hot argument, strange as it may sound, can most effectually cool a man.

—People who are addicted to tattle, gossip and scandal are no better than those they talk about.

—Web to the length of two and one-fourth miles has been drawn from the body of a single spider.

—What is that which you cannot hold 10 minutes, although it is "as light as a feather?" Your breath.

—Miss Allie Hughes, Norfolk, Va., was frightfully burned on the face and neck. Pain was instantly relieved by DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve which healed the injury without leaving a scar. It is the famous pile remedy. Evans Pharmacy.

—The most popular female in the United States is the blonde lady whose face adorns the twenty-dollar gold piece.

—"Say, do you believe that story of the goose laying a golden egg?" "Well it would be just like a goose to do such a foolish thing."

—Tom—"Why do you call your mother 'the mater'?" Dick—"Any woman who could succeed in marrying off my four sisters deserves the title."

Mrs. Mary Bird, Harrisburg, Pa., says: "My child is worth millions to me; yet I would have lost her by crop had I not invested twenty-five cents in a bottle of One Minute Cough Cure." It cures coughs, colds and all throat and lung troubles. Evans Pharmacy.

—Sheet-iron is rolled so thin that the Pittsburgh iron mills that 15,000 sheets are required to make a single inch in thickness. Light shines as readily through one of these sheets as through ordinary tissue paper.

—One Minute Cough Cure cures quickly. That's what you want! Evans Pharmacy.

—"At no time," said the Cornfed Philosopher, "is a man so willing to take the burden from the weak shoulders of frail women as when she is harassed with the care of a large and paying property."

—In Alaska the natives use a fat fish, like a smelt, for a candle. They light them at the tail, and they burn 15 minutes. There are millions of them. The crabs measure six feet from tip to tip of the claws.

—Miss Bettie Rannels, of New Orleans, a social favorite and a young woman of genuine worth, has the unique distinction of being the first female law student in the State of Louisiana. She has matriculated at Tulane University and will take the full law course preparatory to entering the practice.

—Quick-firing guns are more depended upon at the present day than extreme length of range, and in this respect what is considered the most wonderful of guns, perhaps, is one of the Maxims, which can fire as many as 600 shots a minute, and yet is so light that a soldier can carry it strapped to his back.

—Billiken: "What's the matter, Williken?" Williken: "Matter enough. You know, some time ago I assigned all my property to my wife to—keep it out of the hands of—of people I owe, you know?" "Yes."

"Well, she's taken the money and gone off—says she won't live with me because I swindled my creditors."

TO THE LADIES!

IF YOU WANT THE MOST Reliable Fancy Groceries,

From the best equipped Store in the City, it will be to your personal interest to purchase from us. To please and accommodate is our constant aim.

Why trade with Mr. A. or Mr. B. just because they are nice fellows, or that you have been trading with them so long that's "where the war" sentiment. That won't do. Sentiment in business has played out long ago, and it is now a matter of dollars and cents.

Heaven Lost Its Charm.

"Mamma," the Chicago Post quotes the 5-year-old, sitting in his bath, as saying, "we have to die."

"Yes," assented the mother, rubbing him cheerfully.

"I have to die, and you have to die."

"Oh, yes, sometime."

"Then we have to go to heaven. Will they live in different houses, or all together in one family?"

"Perhaps all in one family," suggested the mother, carelessly.

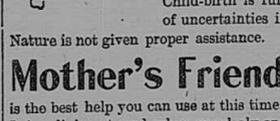
"Then I don't want to go to heaven. There wouldn't be anybody to visit."

—One of our exchanges reports the following as a curiosity of law: "A young man purchased 2,000 extra fine cigars, and had them insured for their value, smoked them up and demanded the insurance, claiming that they had been destroyed by fire. The case was taken to the court and the judge decided in favor of the young man. The insurance company then had the young man arrested for setting fire to his own property, and the same judge ordered that he pay a fine and go to jail for three months."

—"A married life isn't what it's cracked up to be," remarked Mrs. Grimesleigh. "When I married Daniel I thought it would be so handy to have a man about the house; but lor! that's all it amounted to. He's never at home when he's wanted for anything, and if he is, he's tired or busy or something or other; and so I have to go to work and do the thing myself. 'S far as I can see, men are only in the way when they are in the house, and out of the way when they're wanted."

GETTING READY

Every expectant mother has a trying ordeal to face. If she does not



get ready for it, there is no telling what may happen. Child-birth is full of uncertainties if Nature is not given proper assistance.

Mother's Friend

is the best help you can use at this time. It is a liniment, and when regularly applied several months before baby comes, it makes the advent easy and nearly painless. It relieves and prevents "morning sickness," relaxes the overstrained muscles, relieves the distended feeling, shortens labor, makes recovery rapid and certain without any dangerous after-effects.

Mother's Friend is good for only one purpose, viz.: to relieve motherhood of danger and pain.

\$1 dollar per bottle at all drug stores, or sent by mail on receipt of price. Full particulars, containing valuable information for women, will be sent to any address upon application to THE BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., Atlanta, Ga.

An Innocent Sufferer!

How often you hear of a sweet, innocent child suffering from some terrible blood disease which is hereditary, and which, if not irradiated from the system, will be a source of much misery during its entire life. If you are a parent and your child is suffering from any blood disease, don't neglect getting a bottle of AFRICANA, the sure cure.

Read the following: I had been troubled for years with leucemia. I took two bottles of your most excellent medicine, Africana, which has about relieved me entirely, and I feel like a different man. My little daughter, eight years old, was greatly afflicted with sore eyes of her life, and less than one bottle of Africana has affected apparently a permanent cure. It affords me great pleasure to recommend your most excellent medicine, the "Africana," as a great relief to suffering humanity.

REV. F. M. JORDAN, Brevard, Transylvania Co., N. C. For sale by Evans Pharmacy and Hill-Orr Drug Co.

FOR LOW RATES WEST, Texas, Mexico, California, Alaska, or any other point, with FREE MAPS, write to— FRED. D. BUSH, District Passenger Agent, Louisville & Nashville R.R. 361 Wall St., Atlanta, Ga. FOR SALE.

THIS IS NO FAKE! That Jewelry Palace WILL. R. HUBBARD'S, Has the Largest, Finest, and Finest lot of XMAS AND WEDDING PRESENTS IN THE CITY.

Competition don't cut any ice with me when it comes to prices. I don't buy goods to keep. I want the people to have them. Gold and Silver Watches, Sterling and Plated Silverware, Jewelry, Clocks, Lamps, China, Spectacles, Novelties of all kinds. Rogers' Triple Plate Table Knives \$1.50 per Set. A world beater.

WILL. R. HUBBARD. BIG BARGAINS FOR NOVEMBER.

CLOTHING. A Big and Complete line. Something to please all. Best part. Prices to suit the times. Listen: Men's Suits from \$17.50 up. Boys' Suits from 65c up. 9-ounce All Wool Jeans Pants 98c.

DRESS GOODS. I have a big line of New and Stylish Goods of all kinds, on which I have knocked the bottom out of prices.

CLOAKS AND CAPES. A line that will tickle you, especially prices.

UNDERWEAR. Ladies' Undervests from 10c up. Men's Undervests from 12c. up. SHOES, HATS AND CAPS. Just come and see for yourself. Great big No. 7 Shoe \$5.00. GROCERIES.

LET'S HAVE SOME FUN!

We propose to give away absolutely for nothing, the following Presents on 15th January, 1898:

- Present No. 1, one barrel Standard Granulated Sugar. Present No. 2, one barrel best Patent Flour. Present No. 3, ten pounds fine Rio Coffee. Present No. 4, ten pound box good Cheving Tobacco. Present No. 5, one pair Men's Fine Shoes. Present No. 6, one pair Ladies' Fine Shoes. Present No. 7, one Fine Decorated Bowl and Pitcher. Present No. 8, one Set Fine Decorated Plates. Present No. 9, one Fine Decorated (covered) Dish. Present No. 10, one Set of Fine Cups and Saucers.

The person who guesses, or comes nearest to the number of Bales of Cotton received and weighed by the Sworn Weighers in Anderson from Sept. 1st, 1897, to Jan. 14th, 1898 (inclusive), will receive Present No. 1, and the next nearest guess, Present No. 2, and so on through the list. Every one who trades with us will be entitled to a guess for each dollar's worth of cash goods purchased from us between now and 31st Dec. next; guesses to be made and dated on day purchase is made; in case of a tie, the guess bearing earliest date to count first. Guesses to be deposited in a locked tin box; Mr. J. R. Vandiver, Cashier F. & M. Bank, will hold key until 15th Jan., when he and Mr. W. T. W. Harrison (cotton weigher), will award the presents to the best guessers.

We will not add one cent to the price of our Goods, but will sell you Goods as cheap as you can buy elsewhere, and somebody will get the presents that we will give away for absolutely nothing. If you get one, it will be a clear gain to you. If we don't sell you Goods cheap, don't buy them. This is the most liberal offer ever made by a merchant in Anderson, as we propose to give you value received for every dollar spent with us. Guess early and often!

D. P. SLOAN.

Advertisement for 'CHINA' jewelry, featuring 'FINE FRENCH CHINA' and 'NOVELTIES'. Price listed as \$9.00 with silver.

Advertisement for 'Piano for Sale'. Text: 'IF not previously sold at private sale, will be sold at auction on Friday, Dec. 17, at 1 o'clock p. m. one Knebe Square Piano, in perfect condition and in all respects as good as new. R. R. TODD, Dec 1, 1897 23'

Advertisement for 'SOUTHERN RAILWAY'. Includes logo and text: 'Condensed Schedule in Effect JULY 4, 1897.'

Table with 2 columns: STATIONS and Daily No. 11. Lists stations like Lv. Charleston, Lv. Columbia, etc.

Table with 2 columns: STATIONS and Daily No. 12. Lists stations like Lv. Greenville, Lv. Columbia, etc.

Table with 2 columns: STATIONS and Daily No. 13. Lists stations like Lv. Greenville, Lv. Columbia, etc.

Table with 2 columns: STATIONS and Daily No. 14. Lists stations like Lv. Greenville, Lv. Columbia, etc.

Trains 9 and 10 carry elegant Pullman sleeping cars between Columbia and Asheville, enroute daily between Jacksonville and Cincinnati.

Trains leave Spartanburg, A. & C. division, northbound: 6:27 a. m., 3:47 p. m., 6:18 p. m., (Vestibule Limited); southbound: 12:33 a. m., 5:13 p. m., 11:37 a. m., (Vestibule Limited).

Trains leave Greenville, A. & C. division, northbound: 5:46 a. m., 2:31 p. m. and 5:30 p. m., (Vestibule Limited); southbound: 1:23 a. m., 4:20 p. m., 12:30 p. m., (Vestibule Limited).

Pullman Service. Pullman palat sleeping cars on Trains 35 and 36, 37 and 38, on A. & C. division. W. H. GREEN, Traffic Mgr., Washington, D. C. W. A. TURK, S. H. HARDWICK, Gen. Pass. Ag't. Asst. Gen. Pass. Ag't., Washington, D. C. Atlanta, Ga.