

# Anderson Intelligencer.

BY CLINKSCALES & LANGSTON.

ANDERSON, S. C., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 9, 1899.

VOLUME XXXV---NO. 7.

## Silver Dollars

# GIVEN AWAY

BY

## B. O. Evans & Co.,

ANDERSON, S. C.

### THE GRAND KEY AND TAG SALE!

We have placed in our Store a handsome Oak Money-Box containing Silver Dollars.

We have had made for us a number of Keys, some of which will unlock the BOX. With every CASH purchase of \$1.00 will be given a KEY attached to a tag. Keys can be tried—

The First Saturday in each month after Sept. 1st,

and holders of Keys that unlock the box will be given Five Dollars as a present.

This is a new and novel way we have of advertising and bringing to our trade in Cash what we have heretofore paid for advertising, with the hope the greater number will be benefited.

## B. O. Evans & Co.,

THE SPOT CASH CLOTHIERS.

### BILL ARP'S LETTER.

Bill Says He Can't Fool His Wife.

Atlanta Constitution.

Mr. Lincoln said, "You may fool some of the people all the time—you may fool all of the people some of the time, but you can't fool all the people all the time." That's so, I reckon, but I will add that a man can't fool his wife at all. She catches up with him by instinct. My wife has been away to Rome and so I took advantage of her absence and had two trees cut down. One was dying at the top and the other was crowding two other trees and doing no good. But she is utterly hostile to cutting down a tree and so I have to do it while she is away. One of them was cut down low to the ground and after every chip and twig was cleared up I had grass put over the place where the tree was. I was going to do the other the same way but I got sick and she came home prematurely and there was the stump grinning with its fresh cut edges. I was getting better, but when I saw her coming I took a horizontal attitude on the couch and tried to look sick and sad and melancholy. It was two days before she noticed that stump and when she called my attention to it I told her that it was an old stump and had been there for years. She never said anything, but there was a doubtful expression on her tranquil countenance. If there were no grandchildren around here I could get along, but they let the cat out of the bag every time and I am the victim. "I don't remember ever seeing that stump before," said she, but I persuaded her that the late rains had colored it. When she found me out, I assured her that the tree was hollow and was bound to die soon and that its proximity to the other trees prevented their expansion and that expansion was now the policy of the country. "Yes," said she, "I suppose we must cut down the smaller trees so that the larger ones can have more room. We must kill off the Filipinos for the same reason. I wonder how many of the poor creatures they have killed. If our people kill a black brute down here, they make an awful fuss about it, but they are killing thousands because they are defending their native land. It is all very strange to me."

I don't like some of our governor's late utterances. The daily paper prints in big lines that he said the man or men who lynched a negro were as guilty in the sight of God as the negro they lynched. Surely he didn't say that. The reporter must have misquoted him again. It does not sound like him. There is no such theology in the books. If God had not have put a mark upon Cain anybody might have slain him.

Moses had to provide cities of refuge for those who accidentally killed anybody, lest the avengers of blood should pursue and overtake and slay them. The avengers of blood were recognized factors in the administration of the law. What would have been the punishment of these black brutes in Moses's time for their outrages we cannot imagine, for with the Jews no such crimes were known, and to this day no such crime is known among them. As a race they are the purest people in their domestic relations. Husbands are loyal and true and kind to their wives and wives to their husbands; children are obedient to their parents and affectionate to one another. But here among us are a numerous people who seem utterly devoid of those family virtues that are the safeguards of all good government. Within the last thirty years they have grown from childhood to manhood and have become infinitely worse than their fathers and mothers were while in slavery. There are more bastard negroes in and around this city than those born in wedlock. They are not mulattoes, but they are negroes of full blood. The moral degeneracy of the race is alarming. The State convicts and County convicts now aggregate over four thousand, and all of them have come to maturity since the close of the civil war. The morals of these negroes gets worse and worse and their outrages upon white women more frequent and more brutal. Our people are shocked and whisper to one another, who will be the next victim. When the savage Indians burned the homes and tomahawked the women and children our forefathers pursued them by day and by night and had their revenge. We have a people among us many of whom are worse than savages, and every man among us who is loyal to his wife or mother or sister or daughter is an avenger of blood and should never stop until the brute is caught and slain. For such there are no cities of refuge and no horns of the altar for him to lay hold of. This is one crime that makes a man an outlaw and the people have no more fear of provoking the vengeance of God than did Governor Candler when he was leading his brave men against the enemy and crying at the top of his voice, "Shoot 'em, boys! Shoot 'em! Kill the last rascal; come on, boys; Come on and follow me!" He never thought of giving them a trial by jury nor of being guilty of murder. Let governors proclaim in their perfunctory fashion—let preachers and judges speak ex-cathedra from the pulpit and the bench, our people will lynch a brute as soon as they can catch him, and it is no sign of lawlessness, either. You cannot find in any State a better citizenship than in Early County, and my letters from friends who live there defend them most heartily from

all their slanderers. If you wish to hear the truth, just sound the common people—the country people, the working people, who live in the peril of these outrages—the people who are too poor to move to towns or cities—the people who are of all people the most obedient to law—the people who serve on our juries and work the roads, and nurse their sick neighbors and bury their dead, and who gather at the humble church on the Sabbath day and worship God. These are the lynchers for this particular crime and always will be. If a thoughtless, reckless element joins them it cannot be helped. The people of our county of Bartow, I suppose, are a fair sample of the people of Georgia. There has been but one hanging in twenty-two years. We have no white citizens in the chain-gang, nobody ever shoots or fights in our streets. Sometimes at long intervals there is a small fight between lawyers in the courthouse, while court is in session, and the judge on hand to stop it, but nothing more. But nine out of ten of our grand and petit juries would lynch a negro for this crime as soon as they could catch him. Ex-Governor Jones, of Arkansas, has got sense—common sense—and he says: "All this stuff about the law's delay provoking lynchings is the merest nonsense. When this crime is committed no man stops to think or to care whether the brute will be tried next week or next year. They want vengeance right now and they are going to have it, and that is human nature in all civilized countries and is to be commended rather than condemned."

And so let Governor Candler reconsider and take back, if he said it. He can with propriety teach us patriotism and the purity of politics, but his "obier dictu," as the lawyers call it, on our guilt or innocence before God is "ultra vires"—it is beyond his jurisdiction and hence goes for nothing.

But we are all getting along pretty well. Two weeks ago it looked like starvation was staring us in the face. The garden had dried up, the corn was perishing away; everything save cotton had withered, but the rains came in with the dog days, which this year began on the 20th, and the change is wonderful. It looks like a miracle of grace. Verily, God moves in a mysterious way and, as the poet says, "Behind a frowning providence He hides a smiling face."

Our second crop of garden vegetables is better than the first. We did not count on any more beans or squashes or cucumbers and the tomatoes were nearly dead, but everything is on a boom. Our roses are more beautiful than ever before and every morning I fill the vases with a fresh supply, and my wife smiles her sweet rewards. Verily, we cannot foresee what a kind Providence has in store for us. Now, if the Philippine war will be honorably closed and our northern brethren will apologize and be reconciled to us, and our negroes will behave and vote the democratic ticket, we will all be happy.

BILL ARP.

### STATE NEWS.

The Christian Scientists have organized a Church in Charleston.

Five times more cotton is said to be needed by the mills of Spartanburg than the County raises.

Congressman Talbert says that he will not oppose Senator Tillman; that he is entirely content with a place in the lower house.

Charleston received her first bale of new cotton last week. It came from the farm of Hon. L. W. Youmans, in Barwell County.

Adjutant General Floyd announces that thirty companies in the militia service of the State have been completely and entirely equipped.

Darlington had her opening tobacco sale one day last week. Between 60,000 and 70,000 pounds were sold at prices ranging from 5 to 20 cents.

The South Carolina Railroad Commissioners have gone to Denver, Col., to attend the national convention of railroad commissioners, which convenes to-morrow.

The old South Carolina railway shops at Charleston and those of the Augusta Southern at Augusta are to be removed to Columbia and consolidated with the Southern shops in the latter city.

W. L. Moise, of Sumter, won the prize for oratory in the Southern Colleague contest at Montague, Tenn., last Friday. He is now the champion orator of the State, having carried off the honors at Due West.

An unheard of thing has happened in this State: Mr. W. J. Connor, of McCormick, Abbeville County, who was recently appointed a notary public has resigned and returned his commission to the Governor.

Spartanburg is reported by one of her noted citizens to have melons this year so small that they can be swallowed whole. The tomato record is on the other extreme, one weighing 27 ounces having been reported.

A young son of Calvin Reeves, near the town of Kershaw, was handling a pistol when it was accidentally discharged, the ball entering the back of his brother, penetrating the heart, and killing him almost instantly.

Last Thursday night Herbert S. Ellerbe, brother of the late Gov. Ellerbe, was killed by a passenger train near Florence. It is almost impossible to tell how the accident happened. Mr. Ellerbe was 25 years old and was not married.

As a result of a gun shot wound received a week ago, Eli Sherman, a negro more than sixty years of age, has died in the Dark Corner of Greenville County, of blood poison. Sherman was shot in the leg with an old and rusty gun, but it did its work. George Sherman, son of the deceased, did the killing.

James Wesley Mayne came to Greenville last Winter from Wheeling with the Second West Virginia Regiment. When mustered out he remained in Greenville, obtained employment and married a pretty girl. Now a first wife and two children appear on the scene and Mayne is in jail on the charge of bigamy.

Gov. McSweeney has received a check for over eight thousand dollars for payment of war claims against the government. The check has been deposited in the Carolina National Bank in Columbia, and arrangements have been made with the bank whereby claimants entitled to a share of the money may obtain it at the bank.

A Ridge Spring special says: "Our town and community is seriously feeling the effects of having no fruit this year. Heretofore at this season from \$50,000 to \$75,000 have been received here for peaches. The crop this season has been shipped and returns have amounted to only a few hundred dollars, and some large growers have not shipped any at all."

Dr. Charles U. Shepard, in charge of the experimental tea station at Summerville, S. C., has made a report to the secretary of agriculture on the progress of the work. He says there are 500 acres under cultivation. Thirty thousand pounds were sold last year at a profit of 25 per cent. It is estimated that if all the plants mature they will yield 10,000 pounds annually.

**\$100 Reward. \$100.**

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

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