

Anderson Intelligence.

BY CLINKSCALES & LANGSTON.

ANDERSON, S. C., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 23, 1899.

VOLUME XXXV---NO. 9.

He didn't have the Lucky Key!

THE fellow who broke our plate glass show window with a brick last Wednesday night didn't have the lucky key, else you people who now hold keys wouldn't have a chance to try them on September 2, 1899. The box is somewhat disfigured, but the money is all O. K., and if you want to win—

Five or more Dollars!

BETTER DO YOUR TRADING WITH US.

We give a key with each dollar's worth you trade, and then we give you more for your dollars than any credit Store can possibly give. Remember—

"WE SELL IT FOR LESS."

B. O. Evans & Co.

THE SPOT CASH CLOTHIERS.

WHITE FRONT.

OUR

Buggy and Wagon

Trade is on the increase, but we want it to increase more.

THOUSANDS of Farmers can testify that "Old Hickory," "Tennessee," "Studebaker" and "Milburn" Wagons are the lightest running and will wear longer than other makes on the market. You may find in this County these Wagons that have been in constant use for the past twenty years.

We also have on hand a large and varied assortment of BUGGIES and CARRIAGES, and among them the celebrated "Babeck's," "Columbias," "Tyson & Jones," "Columbias," and many other brands.

Our record for selling first-class Goods is evident by the brands mentioned above, that we have exclusive sale for in Anderson County.

Our "Young Men's" Buggy has no equal.

Have also a large and select line of HARNESS, SADDLES, BRIDLES, &c., and have recently secured exclusive control and sale of the celebrated "Matthew Heldman" Harness, which is well known in this County, and needs no "talking up."

The Wagon and Buggy manufacturers are advancing prices on all their goods on account of the advance in price of all the material, and in consequence we will have to advance our prices from \$5.00 to \$10.00 a job; but we wish to give you a chance to buy before the rise, so you had better join in the procession and buy one of our Buggies or Wagons at once, for on and after September 1st next our prices will be at least \$5.00 higher than at present. We regret having to do this, but cannot get around it.

Buy now and save this advance.

JOS. J. FRETWELL.

Will still sell you a first-class Buggy for \$30.00. Carriage \$85.00.

THE WOMAN, THE MAN and the THE PILL.

She was a good woman. He loved her. She was his wife. The pie was good. His wife made it. He ate it. But the pie disagreed with him, and he disagreed with his wife. Now he takes a pill after pie and is happy. The pill he takes is EVANS'.

MORAL: Avoid Dyspepsia by using—

EVANS' LIVER and KIDNEY PILLS.

25c.

EVANS PHARMACY.

WHEELMEN, ATTENTION!

IF YOU WANT

BICYCLES AND SUNDRIES

FOR COST,

Bring the CASH and call on—

THOMSON BICYCLE WORKS,

THE BICYCLE PEOPLE.

BILL ARP'S LETTER.

Bill Says Politeness Costs Nothing and Pays Well.

Atlanta Constitution.

Politeness costs nothing and pays well. Whether it is natural or artificial, it always makes an agreeable impression. The oldtime negroes are yet the politest people I know, but they have nearly all passed away. There are two that we meet or pass almost every day, and they are favorites with my folks because they bow humbly and give the sidewalk with alacrity. One of them goes bent with age and deformity. His body is nearly at a right angle to his legs. He is set just right for digging a ditch or chopping wood and makes a fair living at it, for he is no beggar and says he loves to work when he is well. Sometimes I drop a dime in his trembling hand, and he always says "God bless you, massa; you is a gemmen, sir." His gratitude and his compliment always reward me. The other day I overtook him as he was struggling along and, as usual, he shuffled to the edge of the sidewalk to let me pass. I didn't have a dime, but a half-dollar came into my hand. Out of mischief I said: "Uncle Jordan, didn't you drop this money back there on the sidewalk?" "No, sir; no, massa. I knows I didn't, for bless God, I didn't have no money like dat. I jes had two nickles, sir, and Ise got dem yet. I was jes gwine to Mr. Stanford's, sir, to buy some bread for Sunday." "I reckon you must have dropped this money," said I, "but if you didn't, you had better take it. You will want some meat to go with the bread." His old gray head, his bent form, his astonishment made a picture. I would give a dollar for it in photo. I looked back at him and he hadn't moved. He hadn't taken it all in and seemed afraid lest it was a trick to get him into trouble. That old negro carries me back to the days of my boyhood, when I went to school with his young master, Roddy Gresham, at the Manual Labor school in old Gwinnett. The Greshams were good people, and old Jordan was happy until freedom came. Nobody cares for him now, save charity—the charity of the old-time white folks. It has always seemed strange to me that negroes were so indifferent to the poor and afflicted of their own race. They will bury them with great satisfaction and ceremony. They will hire the finest hearse and carriages and buy a coffin with silver handles and have a dress parade and weep and wail at the grave, but that is all.

The other negro whom we pass and re-pass is a curiosity in his way. He is loose crazy—as crazy and as devoted as Shakespeare's Orlando, who wandered about carving the name of his love on the bark of the beech trees. This darky flame is a cook for one of our neighbors, and she will not notice him. In fact, she hides from him. Day after day he walks past the house and from all the day long hoping to get a glimpse of her ebony face. The corner of my garden overlooks the backyard of this neighbor and there he comes and stands and poses in despondent attitudes. It would be romantic and pathetic if it were not so ridiculous, for he goes dirty and ragged and is mortal ugly. But he is always humble and polite and that will give favor and a friend even to a vagabond. These old-time negroes will soon be the missing link between the slave and his master. Shunk foot-mats and horse collars and baskets and brooms have already gone. The new set have neither good manners nor politeness. Education and the ballot have alienated them. Our children and the children of the old slaves have no common bond to bind them, and the animosity between them deepens and broadens as the years roll on. I reckon it is time to separate, but how is it to be done and who is to do it? Of course these good old negroes will not wish to go, and it would be cruel to force them. I remember when the Creeks and Cherokees were forced to go and how some of the old Indians were left behind. I remember old Sawny on Sawny mountain near Cumming, and how his old wife and four of his grandchildren were allowed to stay with him. When the old folks died these grandchildren followed the tribe. But, of course, force is not to be used with the negroes, and it is not certain that any considerable number will go. Bishop Turner says they will, Booker Washington says they will not. One negro paper in Atlanta professes to be in favor of going. The other is opposed to it. Their exodus is yet afar off, for Congress will not vote a dollar to it, but if their ballot is eliminated maybe we can get along in peace. Suppose we try it. White primaries should be the watchword in every town and county, and then we can elect legislators and municipal officers who are not afraid of the negro. As it is now, neither our law makers nor our mayors or marshals will do their duty for fear of offending the negro and losing his vote. Dirty, oederiferous negro men and boys not give the sidewalk to white ladies on one of our business streets! There is a regular den on another street that leads to two churches and all the negro vagrants of the town gather there and as many as possible stick their feet or their posteriors on the railing of the piazza and spit tobacco juice on the sidewalk to the disgust and annoyance of the ladies who

have to pass there. The ladies have complained time and again, but this den can't be abolished while the negro has a vote. When the trains arrive our ladies can hardly get on or off for the negro brigade. There is a dozen on one of our business streets and are always in the way. As the Constitution said recently in a well considered article, we must have white primaries, not partisan, but white, to purge the towns of negro indolence and negro insolence. They must be eliminated from the polls just as they have been in Atlanta. The dens must be broken up, the sidewalks kept clear for ladies and the passways to and from the trains unobstructed. Ben Franklin said that idleness was the parent of vice and crime. The young bucks who congregate at this den are either living off of some hard-working man or some cook or washerwoman, or they are stealing from somebody. Every vagrant should be arrested and put to work or we will soon hear of some outrage and have another lynching. These are perilous times. The old devil seeds are painfully observant. Last week, when the day was hot and the dust was deep, a young man with his best girl dashed by two of our ladies in a buggy and almost stifled them with dust. They had to stop, for they could not see. He made no apology nor said please excuse me and yet he was from a neighboring city, and Polis means a city and politeness comes from Polis. Not long ago I was coming from Atlanta and a Marietta man who sat behind me elevated his dirty shoes to the top of the back of my seat and kept them there within six inches of my head while he gassed away to his companion in the car. He reached his seat and I looked daggers at him, but it did no good. I leaned as far away as I could, and felt like treating him like I did a cowboy once in Texas. The cowboy stuck his big boots and spurs on the back of my seat and I deliberately got up and—went over on the other side. I would have done this tough, ill-mannered rough the same way but the seat was full. Young men can show their breeding anywhere—in the cars or at church or at the postoffice while waiting for the mail to be opened. A true gentleman will fire and fall back and while waiting for his mail give somebody else a chance to look into their box, but a selfish, ill-bred man won't. He will stand and peep through the glass at the postmaster until he gets his own. The best mannered man at the postoffice in our town is the oldest. There are a few well-raised lads in our town whom it is always a pleasure to meet. They make a gentle bow and tip the hat and smile a pleasant greeting. There was a rich old bachelor who died in Jefferson some years ago, and he left \$10,000 to a poor woman because, as he said in his will, "She always gave me a pleasant smile when she met me." The Irish, as a race, are naturally polite. "Pat," said a good lady, "you passed me on the street yesterday and never even looked at me." "Ah, me sweet lady, I was in a great hurry and I knew that if I looked at you I could not pass you." My good father was an old-time schoolmaster in the days when manners and morals were taught as well as books. The first day of his employment down in Liberty county he made the boys and girls talk, and said the boys must make a respectful bow and the girls a courtesy to him before they could go out for water, and that was all. All complied pleasantly except the biggest boy in school, who said he bedogged if he was gwine to make a bow to anybody. Father gave him a talk next day, but it did no good, and two other boys quit bowing. That evening at the close of school father told him to wait a few minutes. He reluctantly waited. After the other scholars had all gone out father closed the door and told him he had either to bow or take a whipping or quit the school. He studied awhile and said: "I'll be darned if I'll do either." Then the row began, and lasted quite awhile. They fought all over the benches and under them and turned over the water bucket and used it as a mighty commotion, but the hickory was going all the time and all the outside scholars were peeping through the cracks of the log school-house. After a long struggle the boy gave up and belted his way home. That was the end of all rebellions in that school, and my father's reputation as a teacher was established.

"As polite as a Frenchman" has grown into a proverb. The whole nation is polite, men, women and children. It is chiefly artificial, for it is taught in the schools; but it is pleasing and seems to be sincere. In Mexico the politeness of the higher classes is painful. When two persons meet at the hotel door one will decline to go in a manner and it takes a minute or more for the question of precedence to be decided. In England the courtesies of social intercourse are never forgotten; no, not even in a quarrel. Two Englishmen had a bitter quarrel here in our town while I was present, and each addressed the other as "my dear friend" and "pray excuse me" all the time they were quarreling. But still that was better than our American style of "you are an infernal liar" and "you are another" and then a blow or a shooting scrape. Englishmen quarrel, but they never fight. Americans fight but rarely quarrel. With them it is a word and a blow, or what is worse, a ball from a pistol drawn from the hip pocket. They have no respect for a man who habitually carries a pistol. He is a coward.

One of Boston's lawyers has not had his hair cut for thirty years. No man ever turns a deaf ear to advice that coincides with his views.

\$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 of the Bladder. It is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease requires a constitutional treatment. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills 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 \$100 for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Northfield Summer Conferences.

EAST NORTHFIELD, MASS., Aug. 18. EDITORS INTELLIGENCER: It will no doubt sound strange to most of your readers to hear a man say that he is sleeping under two quilts and a blanket, but so I am doing nevertheless. Northfield is situated in the Connecticut Valley on the northern boundary of Massachusetts. Nearby on one hand are the Green Mountains of Vermont and on the other the White Mountains of New Hampshire. The country is limestone and the Kentucky blue grass, timothy and other grasses seem to grow spontaneously and luxuriantly as if indigenous to the soil, and all the face of the earth is green from the grass, trees and growing corn. The town of Northfield sits on the hip of the hills, or mountains, I know not what term to use, on the east side of the Connecticut river. It was founded in 1668, and has 2,000 population. There are three churches and a public library. It is not a business town but a town of homes and of beauty. The people seem to take an interest in preserving the history of the place. You will read on huge granite monuments here and there as you walk about the place: "Here on this lot was built a poop in 16—" (?) "Here under a spreading oak was held the first public religious service in 16—" (?) "Here James Dickinson and William Hamilton, a companion of Dickinson, were murdered and scalped by the Indians in 1747."

Perhaps the most important feature of Northfield to-day is its schools. Here in East Northfield, where the Convention is being held, is the Seminary for girls. This school has in attendance 450 students. Over the river on the west side is Mount Hermon, the boys' school, with about 450. The schools are, in the features of their work, Clemons and Winthrop. Northfield has Clemons on one side and Winthrop on the other. Here in the seven or eight separate brick and stone halls of the Seminary and in numerous buildings stretched on the green fields and in the fringe of the woods the visitors to the Convention are lodged, and in three separate buildings they are fed. These schools have been built by the influence and energy of Mr. Moody. The different buildings of each are in large measure the private gifts of individual men. They stand here silent testimonials to the willingness of some Christian men of wealth to give their money when they are satisfied it will be usefully and successfully employed. The meetings of the Convention are held here in a large Auditorium, built by order of the Convention and paid for by the same from year to year. The Auditorium will seat about 3,000 people and I judge is about 2-3 or 5-6 full at each meeting. There are three meetings a day at the Auditorium and one open air meeting on "Round Top" at 6:30 p. m. The attendance at the Conference includes all ages and almost all names of people—pastors, missionaries, teachers, and Christian workers of all descriptions and from all parts of the country. The South is largely represented here, especially Georgia. Your correspondent has been pleased to meet here Dr. and Mrs. Osburn, from Columbia, and Dr. Broughton, from Atlanta. I had the pleasure personally to congratulate Broughton on the completeness of his victory in Atlanta.

The principal speakers of the Conference are F. B. Meyer and Campbell Morgan, of London, and Sidney A. Sylvan, of Bournemouth, Eng., and R. A. Lorey, of Chicago. Meyer is a Baptist, Morgan is a Congregationalist, Sylvan is Church of England and Lorey Presbyterian. Meyer and Morgan are princes in pulpit work. Morgan is a master preacher and Meyer is a master of both preaching and teaching.

All the meetings are presided over by Mr. Moody. "He is monarch of all he surveys" around Northfield. This is the home of Moody and Sankey, and Northfield is Moody, and Moody is Northfield! Everybody does willingly what Moody says. He is a born general and leader of men. He is a typical Yankee in bluntness, practicality and common sense. The singing is led by a choir of about 200 voices, which is itself led by Ira D. Sankey and George C. Stebbins. The meetings are "In demonstration of the Spirit and power." The air is surcharged with Spirituality, insomuch that a young girl the other day publicly reproved a cat for eating a bird, and that, too, at Northfield.

Well, I know it is time for me to stop, but one other thing: When one comes up the Connecticut Valley from New London on the Sound, to Northfield and observes the rugged and rocky country he may form some idea of the underlying causes of the steady, stolid, frugal, flinty, rough and rugged character of the New Englander. One striking feature of the country all along this valley is the large areas showing signs of a past cultivation but now lying waste. The wood-covered hills with their rock fences marking and bounding the separate fields speak of a departed glory. An old countryman said to me, "These hills were once all cleared off. Up there now in the woods you will find the ruins of the former homes, but the young men have gone West."

Some day another wave of population will roll over this country and reclaim the waste places. O. L. M.

Cheap Printing.

Law Briefs at 60 cents a Page—Good Work, Good Paper, Prompt Delivery. Minutes cheaper than at any other house. Catalogues in the best style. If you have printing to do, it will be your interest to write to the Press and Banner, Abbeville, S. C.

A Trip to Georgia.

HOLLAND, S. C., Aug. 17, 1899. MR. EDITOR: I have just returned from a ten-day visit to Elbert and Hart Counties, Ga.

The prospect in Georgia is worse than in South Carolina. They have had even less rain than we. With the exception of a little spot of Abbeville and Elbert Counties, probably 10 miles wide, the cotton cannot make even a half a crop, and corn on uplands is still worse. Bottom corn is good, of course. The people of Elberton are making grand preparations for the Carnival next week. Everybody in Anderson County that can possibly leave home ought to go. There will be diversions suitable to all, old and young, of both sexes. Among other entertainments there will be horse racing on a splendid new track, bicycle races, pigeon shooting on the wing, theatrical performances in the splendid new Opera House, dancing every night in the beautiful and comfortable dancing pavilion at the Vanduser park and spring, with splendid bands of music, &c., &c. In fact, there will be every diversion usually met with in such places. The people of Elberton are making preparations to entertain all that come, and there are no people anywhere more capable of making their guests feel at home. I have never, in all my travels, met with a community more intelligent, sociable and hospitable than the people of Elberton. The town and country adjacent is still filled with worthy representatives of those grand old families that first settled the country, among others the Hesters, Buckers, Whites, Brewers, Harpers, Vanusers, Deadwylers, Adams, Greens and many others that I cannot think of. I called on Col. Hester, and at the request of a friend, Mrs. Hester, who is one of the most refined and elegant ladies I have ever met, showed me, among other relics, a splendid silk dress and shoes in which her grandmother, Lady Temple, had danced with the Marquis Lafayette, at the ball given to him on his visit to Columbia, in 1825. The shoes are prunella pumps, with French heels and pointed toes, just like the present style. They are made of sky-blue satin embroidered with gold to match the dress. She also showed me a plate, cup and saucer that Washington used and a great many other relics of Colonial times, including letters of Washington, Lafayette, Aaron Burr and other celebrities. Among other books and documents I noticed a large, finely-bound volume printed in Latin, in the sixteenth century, belonging to David Garrick, the actor, and friend of Dr. Johnson, and presented by him to Sir Wm. Temple, the ancestor of Mrs. Hester. Mrs. Hester does not ostentatiously obtrude these things on the notice of her visitors. It was only accidental and at the request of a friend that I got to see them. Mrs. Hester, among other accomplishments, is a splendid musician.

In conclusion, let me insist on everybody, especially the young people, going to the Carnival, if they don't have a nice time, I am no prophet. The thermometer last week registered 100 degrees in the shade for two days, which was the hottest I have ever recorded at this station. CITIZEN.

Pisgah Locals.

The health of the community is very good.

There are a series of meetings going on at this place, being conducted by the pastor, Rev. D. W. Hiott, and ably assisted by the Revs. Spearman Williams and Burts. Great interest is being manifested. We are glad to see the good work going on.

Mr. and Mrs. R. O. Branyon and their two charming daughters, Misses Leslie and Allie, visited the family of Mr. M. W. Callahan last week.

Messrs. K. and T. Davis, of Belton, worshipped at this place Sunday.

Miss Nellie Walters, who has been visiting the family of Mr. W. C. Scott, returned home Saturday.

The Pisgah and Slabtown boys crossed bats Saturday afternoon and resulted in a score of 26 to 4 in favor of our boys. We hope that Slabtown will get in the game the next time.

Messrs. Long & Mauldin have about completed their ginny, and will be able to do first-class work in a few days.

Several of our young people attended the celebration at Beaverdam Thursday and report good singing and a big time. COUNTRY CRACKER.

Antun Items.

We had a very pleasant time while at the reunion of Orr's Regiment at Sandy Springs last Wednesday. We are sorry to know the survivors wish to have their reunion at different points hereafter. They decided to have their next meeting in Oconee.

Another week has passed and the rains have not yet paid us a visit. Cotton is opening very fast, and very soon this great mass of people that has been resting almost a month, will be drawn into the arena of the cotton field.

Miss Myrtle Brown, from the Hope-well section, is visiting her sister, Mrs. J. A. Stevenson.

Some of our young people are attending the Normal Singing School at Salem. They are well pleased with their teacher.

A good many of our people are thinking of going to Georgia. Mr. Robt. Milan has already gone. He reports that he is getting good wages.

Look out, girls, some of you will get a chance of riding in a new buggy before long. Mrs. Rebecca McElroy has been very sick. Our boys have been very much interested in playing baseball recently. They have not yet played any match games. BOB AMATEUR.

STATE NEWS.

The undertakers of the State will hold a convention in Charleston on September 6th.

A young negro has been lodged in jail in Yorkville charged with beating his own child to death.

During the thunder storm Thursday afternoon of last week, a negro woman was killed by lightning at Cowpens.

The Attorney General has decided that students who go away can be made to do road duty on their return to their homes upon due notice.

This year's South Carolina tobacco crop will amount to fifteen to twenty million pounds. The price up to date has ranged from 4 to 20 cents a pound.

Last Saturday night in Walhalla in a difficulty Sam. White was struck with a rock by Sam. Elkins. White died Sunday and Elkins made his escape.

Mr. Cunningham, a member of the Board of Directors of the State Penitentiary, has resigned. He has been appointed a district supervisor of the census, and under the State law cannot hold two offices at the same time.

It is said that Senator Tillman has not given up the hope that Congressman Latimer may run for governor, though Governor McSweeney so far has not given such a candidacy much ground for encouragement.—Spartanburg Herald.

A farmer living in Saluda county and 12 miles from a railroad is making quite a nice little sum each year selling ducks and lambs. For the ducks he gets 40 cents each and for the lambs \$3 each. He raises not less than 100 lambs a year.

The cornerstone of Furman University's new alumni hall will be laid on the 31st at 5 o'clock in the afternoon. Recovery lodge Masons will have charge of the ceremony, and Dr. E. C. Dargan, of Louisville, will deliver the address.

Hon. Samuel Lord, one of the oldest and most highly esteemed members of the Charleston, S. C., bar, died at Summerville Sunday. Mr. Lord was a native of Charleston and was identified with the best interests of Charleston. He was 70 years of age.

During the thunder storm on last Thursday afternoon Mr. Govan Gunter was on his way to visit a sick neighbor in Aiken county when a thunderbolt struck him killing both him and his mule. It is reported that nearly every bone in the body of Mr. Gunter were broken by the electric current.

The county of Florence has bought a portable iron or steel cage, in which to house and transport the chair-gang from place to place. It is about thirty feet long, ten feet wide and about eight feet high. It is portable, and is well made. The cage is provided with wire coats, which are swung to the sides of the cage. It will accommodate about twenty-four.

Two thousand people attended the reunion of the Peden family at Fairview, nineteen miles from the city of Greenville, last week. It was the largest affair of the sort ever held in this State. The celebration lasted two days. During the celebration a monument to John Peden and his wife was unveiled, the address being made on that occasion by Colonel Hooper Alexander, of Atlanta.

Frances Grier, colored, was caught in the city Saturday night with about a gallon and a half of liquor on her person. On her skirts were found nineteen pockets made to hold bottles from quart to half pint sizes. On her promenades about the city Frances had a faltering and uneasy gait that appeared not to be assumed without cause, which led to her detection.—Greenville Mountaineer.

Several months ago Mr. and Mrs. James Lide moved from Atlanta to Darlington. They were faith curists, and tried to get sick people to bounce the doctors and "trust in the Lord," but they made few converts. A few weeks ago their 11 years old daughter took sick and they relied on faith for her restoration. Last week the little girl died, and the coroner held the inquest on Monday.

Last week at Clinton a little boy, six years old, while playing around in the Thornwell Orphanage campus, was accidentally run over by a wagon heavily loaded with lumber. One of the front wheels passed over the little fellows' chest, mashing his ribs almost straight, the rear wheel stopping on his body. Marvellous to say, in an examination the doctors found only the cartilage bruised. He is now ready to play again.