

BELTON, S. C.

Short Sketch of a Thriving Town by a School Boy.

The busy little town of Belton, located in the eastern part of Anderson County, on the main line of the Southern Railroad between Greenville and Columbia, was named after J. Belton O'Neal, who was both a Lawyer and Judge. A charter of incorporation was granted from the State Legislature December 19, 1855, the corporate limit being fixed by its term at one-half mile from the Southern depot in all directions. Supervisor Chamberlain, of the Greenville & Columbia Railway, was chosen as the first Intendant under the provisions of the charter.

A second charter of incorporation was granted fourteen years after the first, under which instrument Major B. D. Dean was first elected Intendant, and the first meeting of the Council was held April 21, 1873. Twenty years after this charter was established a third one was granted from the State Legislature. The main points of difference from the old document being a reduction in the number of Warden's from six to four, and the corporate limits from one-half to one mile. Two years later, however, the limits were restored back to one-half mile.

The first Church in Belton was established by members of the Presbyterian denomination, who at a very early period in the town's history removed from Broadway Township to Belton, the building in which they first worshipped. Few of the early members were George, Harp, and William Telford, Thomas Cox, Thomas Anderson and Green Taylor.

The settlement, compared with other towns, advanced but slowly in population and commercial importance. The inhabitants of Belton now number about seven hundred, but it is fast increasing, and in a few years will be a large town. The present government of the town is under the control of Intendant J. T. Rice, Wardens J. T. Cox, D. A. Geer, W. K. Stringer and A. R. Campbell. The latter is Clerk of the town, which position he has held for a number of years. Frank Robertson is the Chief of Police and Street Overseer.

The mercantile establishments of the town are reliable and firmly established, and are in main controlled by energetic men, and conducted on sound and progressive principles, which have drawn people from other counties to come here to trade. Some of the most important merchants are R. A. Lewis, W. K. Stringer, J. T. Rice, J. E. Horton & Co., A. R. Campbell, D. A. Geer, J. T. Cox and T. E. Stokes. Some idea of the amount of business done here may be gathered from the following: The books of G. W. Cox, public cotton weigher, show that for the season 1895-96 6,325 bales were marketed here, 1897 \$10,000, a total increase of 3,675 bales; and also during the season just passed about 2,000 tons of fertilizer were sold. A well-stocked livery stable is run by D. A. Geer, who has just returned from the Atlanta market buying horses.

Belton, in educational advantages, is very fortunate in having such a large and commodious school-building. It is a two-story building, with three rooms down stairs and the hall for entertainments on the second floor. It is well equipped for its purpose, such as desks, blackboards and stoves. The session which is now in progress is under the control of Prof. W. B. West, who has been the principal for several years, and by such work as he did last year has caused several students from other towns to come here. In the school the boys have established a Usaman Literary Society, which meets every Friday evening and is regularly attended. Of this society J. A. Helden is President, I. R. Rice Vice President, I. E. Copeland Secretary, and Clarence Clinkscales Treasurer. The school has an enrollment of about one hundred and fifty scholars. The trustees of the school are: A. T. Cox, J. T. Green, F. Clinkscales and J. J. Rice.

In the town are two church buildings. They belong respectively to the Baptist and Methodist denominations, and are a credit to the community. Rev. Mr. Tate, of Williamston, is now the pastor of the Baptist, and Rev. Mr. Kilgo of the Methodist. The colored people also have two churches.

In the fraternal lodges the town has Woodmen of the World, of which Mr. B. A. Wilson is President; prosperous Masonic and also Knights of Pythias. The lodges meet regularly and are well attended, each having a membership of about twenty-five, and the Masons have one of the largest lodges here in the upper part of the State.

The manufacturing enterprises of the town are: The Belton Cotton Mills, which they are now building, are located in the northern part of the town. The mill is an investment of about \$400,000, and when completed will be one among the largest in the Southern States, and will bring to the

town about 1,500 inhabitants. Mr. E. A. Smyth, of Pelzer, is President, and Mr. Blake is Secretary and Treasurer.

Other manufacturing enterprises are the Belton Cotton Seed Oil Mill, Ginny and Flour Mill, which are owned and operated by Messrs. E. B. & J. T. Rice. The Flour Mill, which has not been completed long, has the honor of turning out some of the best flour in the upper part of the State. The Ginny this year was equipped with the most suitable machinery for its purpose. The Ginny has a capacity of about thirty bales a day. The Oil plant also is of very much importance. The entire plant represents an investment of about \$30,000. The Oil plant is lighted with electricity.

The Hotel, a large and magnificent building, is located in the Southern part of the town, in a few yards of the Southern depot. This place is well adapted for both summer and winter residence, and a few persons come from the North to make it their home during the winter. Mr. McCall is the proprietor of the establishment.

The town contains taxable property of about \$500,000. They have just completed putting 11 lines in several of the homes of the people, which are connected with Anderson, Greenville, Beaufort and several other towns. The people who live here are of good descendants, and a man will do for the town has a promising future. There is plenty of room and a cordial invitation for all well-meaning strangers, and a great many have found happy homes in our community.

CLARENCE CLINKSCALES.

Admiral Montejo's Defense.

The Chicago Tribune prints the text of Admiral Montejo's defense under court-martial proceedings for his defeat at Manila. The bulk of the blame is charged by the Admiral to himself or his fleet, but to the Spanish Government for its unprepared condition. He also claims that Admiral Dewey kept out of range of the Spanish guns—a proceeding which Montejo refers to as a "retreat."

Montejo says: "The only preparation that had been made for war was made by the Americans, who were business, who arranged everything with pencil and paper. The initial velocity of our cannon was 510 metres; that of the smallest cannon of our enemy was 750 metres. Admiral Dewey, with pencil in hand, noted the thickness of his mantlets and his casemates, and knew what energy was required to penetrate them. He also knew exactly the weight of the most powerful projectile of our ships, and by a simple mathematical calculation he arrived at the distance at which he could fight without himself receiving any harm. Thus he ascertained that he could only fight at the distance of 2,800 or 3,000 metres with absolute impunity. The situation, therefore, was just this: We were vulnerable to all the projectiles of the enemy, and this the enemy well knew, while he got out of reach of our cannon and remained out of reach all the while."

Admiral Montejo adds: "In order to give an idea of our miserable situation, I may mention that we had only fourteen torpedoes for the defense of 2,000 metres of space and that the cable which we obtained in Hong Kong, was only long enough for five torpedoes, and, therefore, only five torpedoes could be placed."

This Will Interest Many.

Editor of Intelligencer: If any of your readers who suffer from Blood Impurities, such as eruptions, unsightly pimples, ulcers, eating sores, eczema, scrofula, cancer, tetter, swollen glands, rheumatism, catarrh, contagious blood poison, ulcerated mouth or throat, or any other blood taint, will write us, we will send them free of charge and prepaid, a Trial Bottle of B. B. B. (Botanic Blood Balm), a positive specific cure for all blood troubles. As you are well aware B. B. B. has been thoroughly tested for thirty years, and in that time has permanently cured thousands of sufferers after all other treatment had failed. B. B. B. is undoubtedly the most wonderful blood purifier of the age. It is different from any other blood remedy, because B. B. B. drives from the blood the humors and poisons that cause the unsightly evidences of bad blood, and a cure thus made lasts forever. B. B. B. is for sale by every druggist in the United States, but to satisfy your readers that B. B. B. is a real cure we will send a bottle free of charge and prepaid to any one who writes us. If your readers will describe their troubles we will give free personal medical advice. Ask your local druggist about B. B. B. Blood Balm Co., 380 Mitchell Street, Atlanta, Ga. For sale by Hill-Orr Drug Co. and Wilhite & Wilhite.

The largest corporation in the world is in Pennsylvania—the Carnegie Steel company, capital stock \$250,000,000. Next comes the Federation Steel company, of New Jersey, capital authorized \$200,000,000.

King's Excuse.

"You see, it happened this way," began Mr. King, lighting a fresh cigar. "Last May as I was driving along through the country to Westminster in my buggy I met a good looking young woman, who appeared to be completely fazed out after a long walk. She was accompanied by a lit-boy. She asked me the way to Westminster. I not only told her, but invited her and the boy up to seats by me in the buggy. I questioned her as to who she was and why she was out so late, but she gave me only monosyllabic answers and they were unsatisfactory. I saw something was up and I made up my mind to let her out of the buggy before I got into town."

"Presently I heard a horseman hit the steel bridge behind us. He cleared it in about three jumps. I turned and saw that the rider was coatless and he carried a double-barrelled shot gun on his shoulder, and was wearing a plowline like a marshal's sash. It was beginning to get dark then and I paid no attention to the horseman, and he did not seem to recognize us. But just as he passed the buggy the lit-boy said:

"Mamma, there is papa."

"Then it was that I saw what was up and I trembled."

The horseman wheeled about on me at the sound of the boy's voice, and leveling his shotgun at me, said: "Oh, yes, you — you — you — it's you that's running away with my wife in it. I'll just shoot your G — d — heart out right here."

"I was trembling visibly then. A second more and I would have been killed, and oh my, what a sensation would have been published in the papers about my being killed while running away with another man's wife. The true condition would never have been known."

"But in the crisis that little frail woman saved my life. Just as the husband spoke she jumped in front of the buggy and said to him:

"Here, if you are going to kill anybody kill me. That gentleman knows nothing about me, he simply picked me up awhile ago in the road and offered me a ride because he saw that I was tired and worn out."

"Then the husband began to swear at the woman who had refused to go home with him. He told her that if she would not go with him peacefully he would carry her forcibly, dragging her by her neck to the end of the plow line at his horse's heels."

"I said he would do nothing of the kind, but I guess I did not say it with much spirit, for I was still looking at that shot gun."

"When I spoke the fellow turned on me and asked me what in the hell I had to do with it, and said he would kill us both."

"I told him I did not have anything to do with it, but just didn't approve of his way of escorting a lady home."

"Just then I heard horsemen coming up the road from the opposite direction. Looking up I saw two riders with shot guns."

"I said to myself, 'Oh, Lord, now I'm in it sure enough.'"

"When I turned my attention to the first rider again he was off like a shot, and just as he turned the bend of the road, with the other two men after him they fired at him twice."

"Presently the two horsemen who turned out to be the father and brother of the woman returned, and everything was explained. The woman's husband had been beating her and she had written for her father and brother to come for her and take her back home. But there was a delay in the delivery of her letter and she fearing that the letter had been misplaced, started out to walk the way. The relatives had received the letter a day late and were on their way for her at the time they ran upon us. The woman accompanied the father home and I went on to Westminster, still feeling a little uncomfortable."

Capt King is well known as a jolly good fellow—a 199 pounder—who would make a splendid target for the shotgun of an engaged wife beater. But fortune was on his side, and the Captain is now happy over the result of his late experience.—Greenville News.

The Prevailing Malady

In this country is dyspepsia. Probably more than three-fourths of the people suffer from it in some of its many forms. Many have dyspepsia and don't know it, because they have the painless kind. Such are always half sick and ascribe their ailment to any cause but the true one. Where dyspepsia is known, or suspected, Tyler's Dyspepsia Remedy ought to be used. It is a wonderful medicine, very pleasant to take, and not only corrects digestion in a few minutes, but cures the worst cases of dyspepsia. For sale by Hill-Orr Drug Co. and Wilhite & Wilhite.

Wonderful Sheep Dogs.

"The most celebrated breed of sheep-dogs ever known in the West," said Jud Bristol, the old-time sheepman of Fort Collins, Colo., "were those bred from a pair of New Zealand dogs brought to Colorado in 1875. I had several of their pups on my ranges, and could fill a volume with instances of their rare intelligence and faithfulness."

"I remember one pup in particular. He was only 6 months old when he was sent out one day to work on the range. At night, when the herd was brought up to the corral, we saw at once that a part of the herd was missing. They were 1,600 in the bunch when they went out in the morning, but when we put them through the chute we found that 200 head were missing. The pup was also missing. Well, all hands turned out for a search. We hunted all that night and all of the next day, and did not find the lost sheep until along towards night. But they were all herded in a little draw, about five miles from home, and there was the faithful dog standing guard. The wolves were very plentiful in those days, and the dog had actually hidden the sheep from the animals in the draw. The poor fellow was nearly famished, as he had been for thirty-six hours without food or water. From that day he became a hero, but was so badly affected by hunger, exposure and thirst subsequent overfeeding and petting that he did not long afterwards."

"This same pup's mother was an especially fine animal. One night the herder brought in his flocks and hurried to his cabin to cook himself some supper, for he was more than usually hungry. But he missed the dog, which usually followed him to the cabin of an evening to have her supper. The herder thought it rather strange, but made no search for the dog that night. But next morning he found the gate open and the faithful dog standing guard over the flocks. This herder in his haste the night before had forgotten to close the gate and the dog, more faithful than her master, had remained at her post all night, though suffering from hunger and thirst."

"On another occasion this same dog was left to watch a flock of sheep near the herder's cabin while the herder got his supper. After he had eaten his supper he went out to where the sheep were and told the dog to put the sheep in the corral. This she refused to do, and although she had had no supper, she started off over the prairie as fast as she could go. The herder put the sheep in the corral and went to bed. About midnight he was awakened by the loud barking of a dog down by the corral. He got up, dressed himself, and went down to the corral, and there found the dog with a band of about fifty sheep, which had strayed off during the previous day without the herder's knowledge, but the poor dog knew it, and also knew that they ought to be corralled, and she did it.—Denver Post.

Avoid Unkind Speeches.

Aren't there some times in your life when everything seems to go wrong, no matter how hard you try to have them to go right? Those are the trying days when you want to blame all the trouble on the way you got out of bed in the morning, or on other people, instead of looking the matter squarely in the face, and saying:

"It's one of my exasperating days, and if I can only keep my temper until night comes to-morrow will be different."

Words may be forgiven, but they are not so easily forgotten. The unkind speech that is forced from you because you are not feeling quite well or the pettish, annoying little action that you indulge in simply because you are nervous or worried, doesn't do you one bit of good, and makes everyone about you uncomfortable, and long after the words have been uttered, or the deed done, the memory will rankle and burn, and you will wish that you had held on to your tongue and your temper before you got into such a scrape. Remember this the next time that you feel put out by the world in general.—Rural World.

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The Head of the Herd

Do animals ever feel the fine sense of responsibility which human beings term noblesse oblige? It would seem so, past all doubt, from a pretty story told by Dr. Wood Hutchinson, in the Contemporary Review.

Dr. Hutchinson was hunting one day with another ranchman on the table-lands of the Platte river, when they caught sight of a small group of antelope grazing upon the slope of a hill about two miles away.

Making a long detour to get down the wind, the men hobbled their horses and crawled, it seemed about three miles, mostly on their stomachs and elbows, until they found themselves, hot and sandy, at the back of the ridge on which the antelope had been seen.

Up this ridge they crawled, their hearts in their mouths, while the animals must have grazed up the slope to meet them, for the men suddenly looked up and saw a superb prong-antlered head silhouetted against the sky-line. Instead of taking a steady aim as they lay, Dr. Hutchinson and his companion went crazy at once, leaped to their feet and blazed away wildly at six frightened antelope who went dashing down the steep slope like so many jack rabbits.

Of course they missed everything, and dropping their empty guns they drew their six-shooters and began popping at the antelope as they dashed up the opposite slope of the narrow valley.

Suddenly they noticed the biggest buck drop behind the others, and for a moment they thought he was wounded. To their astonishment, however, he turned again, and they saw what he was doing. He was defying them, to distract their attention until the does and fawns could make good their escape.

The little herd soon reached the top of the ridge, plunged over and were lost to view; but their plucky champion stood proudly for several seconds on the summit, stamping his feet angrily at the ranchmen, until a backward glance assured him that his family were out of range behind the hill, when with a last toss of his head he whirled and was after them like a flash.

"For some reason or other," says Dr. Hutchinson, "we didn't think of loading our rifles for another long-range shot, but took off our hats to him as he went over the ridge, and had the decency to be glad we had missed him."

Crackmen's tools, found on the scenes of recent Paris burglaries, indicate the work of slick American crooks.

Love is the corner-stone of a woman's life. She builds all her hopes upon and around those tender affections which she cherishes toward the ones who are dear to her, and which she looks to receive from them in return.

This is woman's nature; it is the God-given instinct that makes her a fond and tender sweetheart; a comforting, helpful wife; an ever-loving, solicitous, care-taking mother.

When a woman feels that the responsibilities and duties of wifehood and motherhood have become irksome to her—a burden and trouble rather than a source of uplifting and inspiration—it shows that there is some deficiency in her physical make-up; some abnormal and unhealthy condition of the delicate and important special structure of womanhood.

Many thousands of women annually write to Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., the eminent specialist in women's diseases requesting professional advice—which he is always glad to send without charge—and telling him of the marvelous benefits they have received from his wonderful "Favorite Prescription" in building up their special health and physical energy.

"I would like to express my gratitude to you for the benefit I have received from your wonderful 'Favorite Prescription,'" writes Mrs. H. C. Anderson, of South Britain, New Haven Co., Conn. "During the first month of pregnancy I could not keep anything on my stomach. I was so sick that I had to go to bed and stay for weeks."

"I tried different doctors, but with little benefit. I read about many being helped by using your medicine so I thought I would give it a trial. I began to take 'Favorite Prescription' in November and I had a nice little baby girl in February following. My baby weighed over eight pounds. I was only in hard labor about one hour and got along nicely during confinement; was up and dressed on the eighth day."

"The 'Favorite Prescription' helped me wonderfully. It kept me from having a miscarriage. This makes my second child; with the first one I did not take 'Favorite Prescription' and I had a miscarriage. This last baby is as plump and healthy as any mother could wish."

Send 21 one-cent stamps to pay cost of mailing only for a free copy of Dr. Pierce's thousand-page Medical Adviser; or 31 stamps for a cloth-bound copy.

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CAR OF— OLD HICKORY AND TENNESSEE WAGONS, JUST ARRIVED. COLUMBIA BUCCIES. Are going right along, and if you don't buy at once you will have to pay 15 to 25 per cent advance. A FULL LINE OF— Carriages, Wagons, Buggies and Harness. On hand at all times to be sold at the Lowest Cash Prices.

If you have a good young MULE that you wish to sell at a reasonable cash price bring it around and let me look at it. I would prefer to pay you the cash than to take it West. I am also in the market for DRY CATTLE and Feeders. Come to see me when in the city and let's see if we can't trade some. JOS. J. FRETWELL.

A COUGH Is a Little Thing when it Begins! THE longer you put it off the harder it is to cure. THE longer it lasts the more serious it becomes. Let it run on and there's no telling what the end will be. THE worst case of Consumption was a little Cold once.

TAR MINT Will stop any Cough when it first begins. It will stop most Coughs after they get bad. But the best way is to take it at the first sign of a Cold. It ought to be right at your elbow all the time. Tar Mint Is the BEST REMEDY for COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS, and all diseases of the Throat and Lungs. Don't buy any other kind.

50c. HILL-ORR DRUG CO. NEW SHOES! WE have just opened up the best and cheapest line of HEAVY SHOES that ever was offered on this market. There is only one kind that we do not nor will not handle, and that is the cheap, shoddy stuff palmed off on unsuspecting buyers. If we sell you shoes they must be solid leather or we didn't sell 'em. So if you want shoes to wear for only the best—they are always the cheapest. DEAN'S PATENT FLOUR, like Mrs. Cesar, is as pure as the Alpine snow, thrice bleached by the hyperbaric blast. If you want anything purer than that we haven't got it. We have even more pure TEXAS RED RUST PROOF OATS than Carter had, and want to get rid of them—will sell them cheap. Yours for the \$ \$ \$.

DEAN & RATLIFF. N. B.—Parties owing us on either Note or open Account are given notice that our Accounts are due, and that they are expected to settle the same AT ONCE, or bear the costs of sending a man for our money. When our Collector comes to see you, you will save yourself a great deal of annoyance by settling with him at once. He will call to see those whose Accounts are still unpaid on and after November 15th. D. & R.