

Edgefield Advertiser

LOCAL BREVITIES.

April will have five Sundays and two full moons.

Look out for Easter bonnets and gowns next Sunday.

Our Baptist and Presbyterian Churches are still without pastors.

Full moon next Saturday after which you can just plant anything you please.

Mr. W. A. Strom and family remove to their country residence at Limestone this week.

It is estimated that four million tons of ice have been harvested on the Hudson river this season.

Mr. W. B. Maffett, a good farmer and business man of Fruit Hill, was in town one day last week.

Happy and content is a home with "The Rochester," a lamp with the light of morning. For Catalogue, write Rochester Lamp Co., New York.

Our County Alliance meets on April 12th. The District and State Lecturer are expected to be present.

A postage stamp licker has been invented. Postmaster Brunson has sent for a sample. It out licks "Calliner."

Jno. M. Ward, Jr., of this county, has been appointed railroad agent and telegraph operator at Walhalla in this State.

The Edgefield Oil Mill will be sold in May, but will not shut down, however, or discontinue operations.

The Revs. W. P. Jacobs and Matthews will conduct services at the Presbyterian Church next Sunday.

Such is the scarcity of pigs and hogs in Anderson county that the people are riding day and night hunting them.

Mr. W. A. Livingston advertises in this issue his beef market located in the old Colgan house, near the depot. Give him a call.

About twelve hundred executions have been issued against persons in this county for non-payment of taxes on real and personal property.

Walterboro is about to have a cotton factory. Edgefield is three times as large as Walterboro and has none. We have great expectations, however.

Mr. W. F. Strickland, at present studying theology at the Presbyterian College at Clinton, was in town last Sunday and gave a nice little talk to the Y. M. C. A.'s.

Ninety-five cents on the dollar for school checks at the ADVERTISER office, that is, if you are a subscriber, or become one at the time you bring in your checks to be cashed.

Court adjourned last Friday, the longest term we have had in several years. The last case tried was that of S. S. Tompkins against the railroad company, in which a verdict was rendered for the railroad.

Married, at the residence of the bride's father, Mr. N. D. Timmerman, Edgefield County, S. C., March 15th, 1893, by Rev. J. L. Ouzts, Mr. Luther Miller and Miss Charlotte Timmerman.

A few bushels of cotton seed, Peterkin's Cluster, for sale at the ADVERTISER office at \$1.25 per bushel, or will exchange for ordinary seed at the rates of one for four.

Alliance Lecturer Gaston has made the following appointments in his, the second district: Edgefield C. H., April 12; Aiken county, at Rocky Springs, April 13; Barnwell C. H., April 14; Hampton, April 15.

Every business man should have his name and postoffice printed on the envelopes he uses in correspondence and then no letter would ever go astray. The place to have them printed is at the ADVERTISER office. Farmers should have them too.

The "Annals of Newberry," by Judge O'Neal and Mr. John A. Chapman, is out. It gives a history of Newberry county from its early settlements to the present time. It has been the aim of the compilers to make a book, valuable not only for the present time, but for generations to come. The book was published by Aull & Houseal, of Newberry. Mr. Chapman is now engaged in writing a history of Edgefield county.

Mr. Jos. H. Bouknight, of John-
ston, got a verdict in Edgefield last Saturday, against the C. C. & A. railroad for \$13,125 for damages. Mr. Bouknight's foot was mashed off in August, the 24th of December, 1891. He was standing on the platform because there was no room in the coaches, and his foot was caught between the bumpers. Mr. Bouknight has hosts of friends over here who congratulate him on the verdict.—Newberry Observer.

Cotton still continues to go down, down—fair and timely warning to the farmers. On this subject the Cotton Plant says: "Cotton is turning down to the bottom again, where it is likely to stay. It will help out the cry for a reduction in the acreage. We wan't our readers to remember that we change the demand for a reduction in cotton acreage to a demand on them to make it their first business to raise their first staple at home. When that is the done, we'll take care of itself."

Cotton will sell at 6 and 7 cents next fall as sure as gun is iron.

Maj. W. T. Gary, of Augusta, has been appointed U. S. Attorney for the southern district of Georgia.

Mr. Dick Parker has rented the Presbyterian parsonage, and will remove thither in a few days with his family.

We are requested to announce that the Rev. J. M. White will preach in our Baptist Church on next Sunday.

Miss Sophie Abney and Capt. W. H. Brunson are the only applicants for the postoffice at Edgefield so far as heard from.

Miss Ida Covar invites the attention of our readers to her spring and summer millinery. She certainly has a beautiful line of goods.

Thieves broke into the house of Mr. Joseph P. Ouzts last week during the absence of himself and family. We have not ascertained the extent of his loss.

The writer had the pleasure of visiting Johnston a few days ago and meeting a great many friends and old acquaintances; the young people there have a skating rink, and I had the opportunity of seeing many of the Johnstonites at the rink.

Mrs. Joe Jay who was very ill a few days ago, is convalescing under the skilful treatment of Dr. Kirksey.

It seems that the young ladies "around Dennys" are devoting a great deal of attention to poultry raising, especially turkeys; but I'm afraid the hawks and minks will be the most successful.

Attention, Pensioners.

The blanks for Edgefield county artificial limb pensioners have been received by Clerk of Court John B. Hill, and are ready for signatures. The law requires that vouchers for the future delivery of said checks must be signed by each pensioner in his own proper person and in the presence of the Clerk. So there is no other alternative but that each and every pensioner must come to Edgefield to get his pittance.

Lecture on Greenland.

On Friday night of this week there will be a lecture in the Y. M. C. A. hall at this place by S. J. Entriens, a member of the Peary Relief Expedition of 1892. Mr. Entriens will have present a native Eskimo costume and a number of other curiosities—no polar bears or walruses—and photographs from Greenland. He will describe his experiences while on the coast of that ice bound land, scaling her icy mountains, the finding of Peary, and the return voyage. The Eskimos will play a few of their old timey shake down tunes on their little banjos. The lecture is for the benefit of the Y. M. C. A.'s and should be largely attended. Admission, adults, 25c.; Children, 15c. The Eskimos, as many of our older readers will remember, used to spell their names E-s-q-u-i-m-a-u-x, but at a convention held last August they determined that, as their surnames were so short, they would drop the q's and x's from their alphabet.

How Much Tax.

From Auditor Davis's books we ascertain that a two mill levy on the town property of Edgefield realized last year \$800. These figures show that a levy of five mills would probably realize \$2,000, enough to run the town, if it were not for the fact that the town itself would have to do its own assessing and collecting, which work is now done by the Auditor and Treasurer. There would have to be a town assessor and a town tax collector, a treasurer, and also a set of tax books for town purposes. An accurate survey of the incorporation would also have to be made, and all of these things will take money. Perhaps it would require a levy of 7 or 8 mills to get the town going under the new order of things, that is to say to have no bar-rooms and no Dispensary. All these things should be looked into, talked over, and thought about before our spring elections for intendants and wardens. There should be no leaps in the dark.

A Tribute to Eddie Cochran.

MR. EDITOR: It was with feelings of deepest sorrow that I heard of the recent death of Eddie Cochran. I knew him to be a devoted son, a most worthy companion, and consistent Christian. He was a model youth—a star among the young men of his community.

While I was his pastor at Rehoboth, on one occasion I called on the young men present to pledge themselves not even to enter a "bar-room," except in cases of absolute necessity. Eddie was among the first to make the pledge. This he kept faithfully until his death. Honorable record! What a comfort it must be to his bereaved parents and loved ones, as they reflect upon the rectitude of his course! May the young men of our country follow Eddie Cochran's example, so worthy of their emulation.

J. L. Ouzts.

Kirkseys, S. C.

Ladies Hats at Cobb's.

Ladies have you seen Jas. M. Cobb's beautiful assortment of Ladies and Misses Assorted Hats. Don't fail to see his millinery at home.

Mohammed taught the doctrine "to the victors belong the spoils."

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Dots from Dennys.

MR. EDITOR: As the ADVERTISER has no correspondent from Dennys I thought I would send you a few lines for publication.

The farmers are preparing their lands for another big crop of cotton.

Our energetic young farmer, Bob Crouch, planted some corn about two weeks ago, which is now coming up.

Our handsome "little" Dr. J. D. W., who spoke of moving away a few weeks ago, we are glad to say, has declined for a while.

Our genial young friend, Mr. Sidney Riley, is at Mt. Willing in the Alliance store; we do not see him so often now; don't forget your friends around Dennys, Sidney.

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M. Dennys, S. C.

Confederate Survivors.

There will be a meeting of the Edgefield County Survivors' Association in the court-house the first Monday in April. The president earnestly desires a full meeting as business of importance will come before the Association. Turn out, comrades, and let us get our association in ship-shape.

L. P. HARLING,
Pres. E. C. S. A.
JOHN COLGAN, Secretary.
Johnston Monitor please copy.

Ups and Downs.

A late issue of the Washington Post gives some truthful pictures of the average office seeker in that city.

"There he goes," said the clerk at the National as one of the green cars trundled by. "See that man near the grip? Despite his common clothes he has rather a distinguished air, hasn't he? Well, he is a gripman, too, and is probably taking a day off, or else is going to some other part of the line to meet his car. I have known him four years, and always liked him. He is an example of what happens to men who come to Washington seeking office. I first met him in the early part of March, 1889. President Harrison had been sworn in, and the city was filled with those who wanted pap. This man was from the West. He stopped with us. His coat was of the Prince Albert cut and made of the finest diagonal. His trousers were light in color, and he wore tan gloves. The suit could not have cost less than \$125. He had money and spent it like water.

He wanted one of the larger consulates, and had a valise full of letters. He didn't get it, of course, and gradually became shabbier and shabbier. I saw him late in the summer, wearing a battered straw hat, and his lines had evidently been cast in hard places. Then I saw him swinging to the car grip. He must be faithful to his work, because he has held the job ever since. He is a great deal better than many of those who come upon a like errand, as well as more fortunate. Generally when they go broke they put in a month or two holding up such friends as come to town, and when these play out they drift into even more reprehensible ways of making a living. They are generally ashamed to go home, you see. Not one of them ever leaves his town without assuring all of his acquaintances that he has a dead sure thing, and they are afraid of endless jeering if they return.

"So," said the court, "you have been assaulting your wife?"

"Yes yer honor," admitted the prisoner doggedly.

"Well, you ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"I am, yer honor."

"The very idea, sir, of a great big fellow like you whipping a little woman like that!"

The little woman flushed up, but kept still, with her eyes fixed on her husband expectantly.

"I didn't whip her, yer honor."

"Didnt' whip her?" exclaimed the judge. "Don't lie to me, sir. You did whip her."

Again the little woman turned her eyes on her husband.

"Beg your pardon, yer honor, but I didn't whip her. She licked me in about three minutes, and that's why I'm ashamed of myself, yer honor."

The judge fairly gasped.

"That's right, yer honour," put in the little woman. "Henry goes ugly sometimes, but he won't lie when I'm watching him."

The judge took a good long look at both of them and dismissed the case.

The historic episode of the slipping of a piece of ice down the neck of the Prince of Wales by the Jersey Lilly is recalled by an incident at Pugilist Corbett's recent appearance before a Kansas City audience. The champion was called on for speech, and while he was bowing his thanks for the honor, "a pretty young lady in the gallery" leaned over and poured a handful of corn down the back of his neck. "Up I go! If I had this thing to undergo again I would rather plow seven days in the week and feed the mules myself."

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Colonel Calhoun Caughman.

Washington, D. C., Evening News.

I met in the lobby of the Metropolitan hotel last night a country boy from Vandemore, Plamice county, N. C., on Saturday. As Mr. Morrissey's son, Coolidge, about 15 years of age, was cutting wood, his little brother ran under the axe as it was descending and received the blow on the top of his head. The axe glanced and cut out a piece of the skull bone one and one-half inches square so that puncture of the brain could be discerned. Dr. G. S. Attmore, of Stonewell, attended to the wound. The piece of bone was left out but the cut portion of the scalp was placed in position again and three days after the accident Dr. Attmore pronounced his little patient in a fair way to perfect recovery, his youthfulness being in favor of such a result.

A Boy's Essay on Dogs and Cats.

I'd rather have a dog than a cat any day. Dogs can race cats, they can race other dogs, they can race boys or anything. Nobody is scared of a cat. A mouse is; but not if it ain't somewhere that it can't get out of, or a rat either. A dog can make a cat dead if he bites her enough. When he comes in the yard he can make her tail look like Christmas tree. He can make her fix her back like a camel. I ain't afraid of thieves; but thieves are afraid of dogs. If a thief comes where a dog can get him, he'll run like fun; but the dog won't run. A dog can watch a house better than a policeman. He won't let the man that owns it come in the back yard in the middle of the night, but a cat would. If a man or any other thief was to sneak in, would a cat care? She'd go over the fence quick. That's what A dog knows when you're home from school. He ain't asleep, then. He has fun with old hats if you give him one. You've got to pay for keeping him, but you don't a cent. I'd rather have a dog.

Carlisle's Proposition.

Washington, D. C.—The Star says that Secretary Carlisle expects to have ready to submit some financial propositions by the time Congress meets, which will form the basis of agreement between Congress and the executive on the vexed financial problem.

Gentlemen who have talked with him on the subject say that he has a plan pretty well outlined in his mind, which will involve a complete reorganization of our financial system.

It is said that it will include the repeal of the law compelling the purchase of silver by the government and will provide for the deficiency of currency by providing for the repeal of the State bank tax and the issue of currency by banks under State charter under the general government, the security for the currency provided for under the laws of the States, requiring the approval of the government.

CURRYTON, S. C., March 20, 1893.

Mr. D. Durisore, Agent Georgia Home Insurance Company.

DEAR SIR: Allow me to thank you, and through you Mr. R. P. Spencer, the Special Agent and Adjuster of your Company, for the prompt payment