

Edgefield Advertiser.

THOS. J. ADAMS, PROPRIETOR.

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LIQUOR DOES IT.

J. DOUGLAS MOORE KILLED BY HENRY T. BREEDEN.

Brothers-in-Law and Fast Friends, but Quarrelled While Drinking—Heart-rending Scenes at the Dying Man's Bedside.

The Columbia State.

BENNETTSVILLE, June 6.—Our usually quiet and orderly town has been shocked by a tragedy unparalleled in sadness. Last night about 9:30 o'clock a horseman, with lightning speed, rushed up town to notify physicians and relatives that Mr. J. Douglas Moore had been shot down with a double-barreled shotgun at the residence of Mr. Henry T. Breeden, by Mr. Breeden himself.

They are both residents of this town and are brothers-in-law. Mr. Breeden having married Mr. Moore's sister. They are young men, representatives of the very best and most prominent families in Marlboro county, and had been fast friends.

Your correspondent immediately secured a buggy and drove to the place of the sad affair. I found three physicians and about one dozen citizens present. Mr. Moore was stretched on a mattress on the floor of one of the porches near where he was shot and fell.

Your correspondent obtained the following facts: Both men were under the influence of liquor, they drank together in Breeden's house; hot words passed in reference to family matters. Breeden got his gun, but Moore induced him to put it up; they then drank together. Moore started home and was on the porch near the steps when shot. The load entered just below the navel. The wound bled profusely, and the unfortunate man suffered much pain. Moore told your correspondent that he was leaving for home, and was shot without provocation.

Mrs. Adams, proprietress of the Adams House, is the mother of Mr. Moore, and she, with her daughter, Miss Moore, were sent for. When they arrived I witnessed the most touching and bearing scene of my life.

Early this morning the wounded man was removed to his mother's. His two uncles and cousin arrived from the country. His ante mortem statement was taken by Trial Justice Easterling. The contents of the statement have not been made public.

Dr. C. Kollock, of Cheraw, assisted by local physicians, by investigation discovered that the bladder had been shot to pieces, and they at once pronounced his case hopeless. He can live but a few hours.

Moore stated that he entertained no ill will toward Breeden and that he freely forgave him. Whiskey caused the trouble. No arrests have been made this evening.

Baked Cabbage.

Cook a cabbage till perfectly done in salted water. Take it up with a skimmer, so as to drain out the water as much as possible. Put it into a dish, cut it up fine, season to your taste with butter and pepper, adding a little more salt if necessary; then add a cup of rich sweet milk—less, if the cabbage is small. Put the whole in a baking-dish and cover the top a quarter of an inch thick with rolled crackers or fine bread crumbs, on which put minute pieces of butter here and there. As soon as it browns it is done. Serve in the same dish. This is the most delicious way cabbage was ever cooked. The rolled crackers are put over it to absorb the moisture.

Making the Desert to Blossom.

San Francisco Call.—"The desert wastes of New-Mexico and Arizona may yet be broad fields of pasturage covered with herds of fattening cattle if the hopes of the men who are deeply interested in certain experiments are realized," said J. F. Wilcox, a large ranch owner in the Panhandle country of Texas. "The expectations of these men are based upon the wonderful vitality of alfalfa or Mexican clover, the growth of which is astonishingly rapid and a field of which will yield several crops in a season. Its roots are said to go far down in

search of moisture, sometimes to a depth of eighteen to twenty feet, and its nutritious properties and the avidity with which stock eat it are well known. The large land and live stock investment companies which are now operating in New-Mexico and Arizona have, as an essential part of their schemes of utilizing the desert lands, the growing of large tracts of alfalfa, with which to feed their range cattle and other stock. At one ranch alone, La Cuco, in Mora County, New-Mexico, 1,000 head of range cattle are now being fed and fattened for market on alfalfa. The Mexican clover is grown by aid of modern irrigation and the lands laid down to it tend to improve in fertility. Stockmen down in that country have lost all faith in the prowess of modern rain-makers and their schemes, and they are turning their efforts into more practicable channels."

Various Marriage Ceremonies.

The Westminster Review.

To eat maize pudding from the same plate, or to eat in any way together, is a widely distributed marriage ceremony; in Brazil a couple may be married by drinking brandy together, in Japan, by so many cups of wine; in Russia and Scandinavia it used to be one cup for both. The joining of hands among the Romans and Hindus is common to many parts of the world. In Scotland it is called "hand fasting," and couples live together after. To sit together on a seat while receiving friends, or to have the hands of each tied together with grass, or to smear with each other's blood, or for the woman to tie a cord of her own twisting around the naked waist of the man, constitutes marriage in one part or another.

In Australia a woman carries fire to her lover's hut, and makes a fire for him. In America she lays a bundle of rods at the door of his tent. A Loango negro cooks two dishes for him in his own hut. In Croatia the bridegroom boxes the bride's ears, and in Russia the father formerly struck his daughter gently with a new whip—for the last time—and then gave the weapon to her husband. Down to the present, it is a custom in Hungary for the groom to give the bride a kick after the marriage ceremony, to make her feel her subjection. Even with all civilized peoples the servitude of the bride is clearly indicated.

Damascus Swords.

Good Words.

To the lovers of strange goods the bazaars of Damascus are far more alluring than those of Cairo or Constantinople; the capacious chests of the merchants contain much that we would buy were our purses longer. Old embroideries of wonderful colors, delicate china silks of many hues, swords of cunning workmanship, all these lie piled beside us on the floor. It is but seldom that a really good specimen of the Damascus sword can be obtained, for the art of working and engraving steel is dead.

These swords were made of alternate layers of iron and steel, so finely tempered that the blade would bend to bill without braking, with an edge so keen that no coat of mail could resist it and a surface so highly polished that when a Moslem wished to rearrange his turban he used his sword for a looking glass.

Ice in the Sick Room.

A very simple but little known method of keeping ice is to draw a piece of thick flannel tightly over some deep vessel, like a bowl, for instance, and fasten it there. The ice is placed on top of this drum-head, and covered loosely by another piece of flannel.

In this condition the ice keeps cold, and even freezes to the flannel. Thus a small piece of ice can be kept near the patient all night, so as to avert many weary marches up and down stairs to the refrigerator.

To break the ice, a sharp needle or hot pin is the best thing. Force it in, and you will be astonished to see how easily it will divide the ice.

Chinamen when they refer to their wives, which is as seldom as possible, speak of them as "my doll thorn," or "the thorn in my ribs," or "the mean one or the inner room." Children similarly are styled "insects" or "worms," much as we say "chicks" or "cubs"

MASSACHUSETTS ADOPTS IT

A South Carolina Dispensary Law Passed the House.

"The question of trying the Norwegian liquor system in Massachusetts came before the lower branch of the Legislature on Wednesday week, and the result showed that the campaign of education which has been prosecuted during the last month has produced a result. Although the liquor committee had, a few days before, made an adverse report, the House, by the overwhelming vote of 132 to 39, adopted a substitute bill permitting cities which have voted for license two successive years to adopt the system if a majority favors its trial. The chief opposition came from the extreme Prohibitionists, who hold that the commonwealth should not engage in a business which has produced so much woe and misery. But moderate members, who always vote against license in their towns, favored the system, in the belief that it would eliminate many of the worst features of liquor-selling as now conducted. The most effective argument seems to have been the undisputed fact that the entire liquor interest of the State is opposed to the measure. The bill has still to pass the Senate."

Our Mission at Toluca.

Baptist Courier.

I am just back from the City of Mexico. There were fifty-six of us that went from the convention in Dallas, and we had a most delightful trip, but of this I cannot now write. I only want to tell of our visit to Toluca and of a most wonderful and soul-stirring service which was held there in the home of Bro. Powell.

Soon after we entered the Mexican border Dr. Powell joined us and acted as guide and interpreter for the party. He had made all the necessary arrangements for our comfort and convenience in travel and had engaged rooms for us in advance at the "Hotel Iturbide" in the City of Mexico. We reached the City of Mexico on Sunday morning and here we remained for three days sight-seeing and visiting places of interest in and around the city. Early on Wednesday morning we left for Toluca, which is about a three-hours' ride from the City of Mexico. We engaged three coaches, and one of these was an observation car, to take us over. In this short ride we passed over some of the grandest and most picturesque scenery in all Mexico. One point of the road was ten thousand feet above the sea, from which we could look into the craters of extinct volcanoes and upon snow capped mountains seventeen thousand feet above the level of the sea.

We reached Toluca about 10 o'clock and Bro. Powell took us all to his home for dinner. Think of a Baptist preacher attempting to feed fifty odd hungry pilgrims! But it was just like Powell to do it. He is always doing that which to others seem impracticable and impossible. And all were agreed that the dinner which he gave us was the best meal that we ate in the whole Republic.

After showing us over his beautiful and spacious home, we assembled in the parlor and room adjoining for divine worship. Dr. Willingham presided over the meeting and read a Psalm and called on the writer to lead in prayer, thanking God for his goodness to us and his blessing upon Mexico and our mission work among this people. Bro. Powell then made a speech of welcome, and told us how happy he was to entertain us in his own home. He also told us of his work, of its prospects and its difficulties, of its trial and its hardships. He was followed by Dr. Eaton, who baptized Bro. Powell, in a tender and deeply stirring talk about the trials of a missionary's life and of his relations to Bro. Powell as his spiritual father, and of his interest in him and his work.

It was shown that a house of worship was greatly needed in Toluca, and that an eligible lot adjoining Bro. Powell's house could be had at a great bargain, and that by using the walls of his house a neat chapel could be erected for \$700. It was suggested by Dr. Eaton that we see what could be done towards securing this property for our mission. A subscription was started, and an hon-

ored lady of the party subscribed \$800 to pay for the lot, and other subscriptions followed in rapid succession, and in a few moments we had secured the lot and raised over \$700 towards building the chapel. I never saw greater enthusiasm and such cheerful giving. The Spirit of the Lord was present in great power. Bro. Powell wept for joy and we all shook hands and wept with him as we sang, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow." It was truly an inspiring occasion, and our souls received a refreshing from the presence of the Lord.

Our mission in Toluca is in a flourishing condition. Dr. Powell is honored and respected by the people, and he is making many friends among them, some of them people of wealth and influence. As evidence of this a wealthy gentleman hearing that the party wanted to visit an extinct volcano fifteen miles from Toluca sent Dr. Powell and offered the loan of thirty "donkeys" to assist us in climbing the mountain, and one of the leading string bands of the city sent around to ask Bro. Powell to appoint an hour when they might come around and serenade the party.

There are many other matters of which I would like to write but this letter is already too long. I feel a deeper interest in Mexican missions than ever before, and I think the same impression was made upon every member of the party.

J. Q. ADAMS.
Wadesboro, N. C., June 2.

A Story of Frank Hutton.

Having been brought up in the Methodist Church, Hutton found himself as first assistant general, subjected to many a religious "pull" from persons introducing themselves to his notice as members of the same communion, says Kate Field's Washington. One of these persons was a minister, who had not held a settled charge for some time, but was engaged in itinerant preaching with the duties of an inspector under the postoffice department. When Hutton came in several subordinate functionaries were marked for removal, among others, this one. He hurried about, and by one means and another secured letters from prominent church dignitaries asking for his retention. He applied first to Postmaster General Howe, who turned him over to his first assistant. "I believe I have written you asking for your resignation?" said Hutton, quietly, in response to the visitor's introductory remarks.

"You have, sir, and I am here to ask if you cannot withdraw your request on the strength of all these credentials?"

"No, sir; I cannot. I have made up my mind, and you will have to go."

The applicant assumed the most solemn air and tone. "Brother Hutton," said he, "you are a Methodist, are you not?" "I certainly am."

"And I am a preacher in the Methodist Church. If you deprive me of this office the church all over the country will regard it as a studied insult and a deliberate blow at Methodism."

"Ah, my friend, there you do our church a gross injustice," answered Hutton, coolly. "Since I have been raised to one of the most prominent positions in this department I take it that the Methodist are satisfied. They certainly would not ask for everything, and as I can serve the church better as first assistant postmaster general than you will have to go out, for I shan't. Good morning, Brother Smith."

His Resort.

"Are you the celebrated Mme. Bombastion?" he asked, after he had climbed four flights of stairs and was admitted into a mysterious apartment.

THE SASH OF BRADDOCK

Found in Virginia by the Daughter of Gen. Zachary Taylor.

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 1.—A private letter from Winchester, Va., says that Mrs. Bettie Taylor Dindridge, the only surviving daughter of ex-President Zachary Taylor, has just discovered the sash of Gen. Braddock, along with two sabers of her father's. This sash was sent by Gen. Gaines to Gen. Taylor just after his brilliant achievement on the Rio Grande in 1846. The historian says:

"It is of unusual size, being quite as large as a common hammock. Gen. Worth, who had joined the party in Gen. Taylor's tent, mentioned that the soldier's sash in former times was intended to carry, if necessary, the bearer from the field of battle. When Gen. Ripley was wounded at Lundy's Lane, his sash was used as a hammock."

Mrs. Dindridge was formerly Mrs. Bliss and presided over the White House when her father was President. The sash bears the loom mark of 1707. It is of very dark red, soft silk, some twelve feet long by four in width, and near the centre are three dark, black stains, each as large as a woman's hand, the marks of Gen. Braddock's life blood.

Love Timed by Seconds.

On a Brush street car the other evening, says the Detroit Free Press, was a young colored man and his girl, and they not only had each other's hands as they rode, but the young man slipped his arm about her waist, and didn't seem to care a copper for the winks and smiles of the other passengers. After a time a white man got up and passed out on the platform and beckoned the young man to come out. The latter hesitated to leave a good thing, even for a

was asked:

"Young man, do you love that girl?"

"Yes, sah, I does," he promptly replied.

"And she loves you?"

"She do, sah."

"How long have you known her?"

"'Bout an hour."

"Isn't that falling in love pretty rapidly?"

"Yes, sah, but dat's de way I does. Don take me ober ten minutes to fall in love wid anybody. We hain't like white folks 'bout dat."

"How long does it take you to fall out again?"

The young man looked into the car and saw that another colored man who had been standing by the front door had taken his seat. Not only that, but he was holding the girl's hand in the most affectionate manner. He took this in at a glance.

"How long, sah? How long? Why, jest 'bout ten seconds, sah, an' 'de ten seconds hev expired."

And he dropped off the car and went off in the darkness whistling a tune without a quaver of sadness in it.

The Savannah News says that the Secretary of War Lamont is showing sound judgment in thoroughly reorganizing the war department. His experience in the department convinces him that there is altogether too much red tape in the transaction of public business. The order for reorganization has gone into effect, and the result will be greater efficiency and an immense reduction in expenses. There ought to be just such reform as this in all the departments. The government has altogether too many employes. Some make work for others.

The government printing office was a fair sample of the condition of affairs in other branches of the public service. The new public printer, Mr. Bendict, when he took charge of the government printing office the other day, found there were at least 1,000 employes more than there was any need for. The surplus of labor was at once discharged, and now the work is all done much more satisfactorily and promptly than previously.

Hicks for June.

Rev. Irl R. Hicks, the St. Louis weather scientist, makes these predictions for June: A storm period is central with

the new moon on the 3d. A warm wave of much severity will pass over the country from about the 2d to the 6th, with marked indications of earthquake perturbations. A wave of cooler air will follow for several days. On the 9th and 10th it will grow very warm and a series of rains and storms will set it with many prospects of continuing indefinitely. A storm period is central on the 14th and many startling electrical storms will be natural until the 20th and 21st. A surprising feature of these solstice storms is the tendency of the clouds to whirl into retrograde motion, storms appearing to arise from Easterly directions and drenching the earth with unlooked for downpours. About the 22d to 25th much cooler weather may be expected, with a probable cessation of rains and storms. The last storm period for the month is from the 26th to 30th, during which a wave of intense heat will pass over this country. The Venus equinox, central on July 11th, promises rain for most of that month. In cases of late crops give your soil thorough and repeated plowing as soon as possible after rains. Never let it bake especially in July.

A Blind Girl Printer's Skill.

MANSON CITY, IOWA, May 27.—A remarkable case of what can be done by a blind person is now being exemplified. At Swaledale, near this city, some twelve weeks ago S. B. Angell purchased the Swaledale Bee, and not having enough assistance his blind sister, Miss Hattie Angell, prevailed upon him to allow her to go into the office and assist in the work. For the first few days she found occupation in folding papers, etc., and she soon became so proficient in it that she asked to be allowed to set type, and was given a case to see what she could do. In less than an hour she had the boxes learned and her first stickful of type was set in fifty minutes.

What is still more remarkable she can now set as much type as the average compositor, and do it with greater accuracy. She experiences but little difficulty with her copy. She is expert in writing the language of the blind, and matter is dictated to her. Writing it down in her language she goes to her case and gliding her fingers over the raised surface she retains in her mind entire sentences, and accordingly can set with great rapidity. In order to get the type right side up her middle finger is used in feeling the nicks, and this is done while the type is being lifted into position in the stick. She has not yet attempted to distribute type, but she expects to soon become master of this art as well. Miss Angell is a very intelligent young woman, and is a fine player on the piano. She has also achieved quite a little fame as a singer.

Abraham Lincoln was the son of a poor farmer, and of his boyhood days little is known. He was born in a small cabin on the Big South Fork of Nolin Creek, in La Rue County, Kentucky, which is about three miles from Hodgenville. One of the few little stories of his youth that the writers of his life have been able to find shows that even at the early age of ten he was guided by the same noble and generous impulses that made everybody love him when he grew to be a man. One day, after fishing for hours, he was returning home, tired and hungry with only one fish, when he met a soldier. His mother and father had always taught him to be good to soldiers, and so, thinking this one might be hungry, he unhesitatingly gave him the fish he had worked so hard to catch.

Another suggestion about getting rid of flies, supplementing one recently given, is sent by a correspondent. It is to sponge windows and sills with strong carbolic acid, applied when the sun shines and flies are most numerous, and repeat if necessary. The insects die in a few minutes, and may be swept up and burned.

An exchange tells how a party of sixteen ladies at Susquehanna desired to take the train to Binghamton one day last week, and while waiting became so absorbed in an argument on the suffrage question that the train came and went without their noticing it. Which only shows what a very interesting subject it is.

The Women of Imperial Rome.

The Westminster Review.

In Juvenal's time the women were entirely independent. They could do as they pleased, go where they liked without comment, and were mistresses of their own fortunes and estates. After the great civil wars the religious rite of marriage was discontinued, and a new custom gradually arose, by which a woman on her marriage did not cease to belong to her father's house, to which she could return, if she liked, by divorcing her husband.

With such a loose state of morals, and divorce so easy, it seems to us it was scarcely worth while to marry at all. The Romans themselves were of this opinion. So many were averse to marriage and so objected to the burden of children that the old Roman stock was threatened with extinction, and was eventually superseded by that of freed men and provincials. "Wilt thou tamely drag the galling chain, While hemp is to be bought, while knives remain?" asks Juvenal of Ursidius, on the eve of the intended marriage of the latter.

A rich Roman who married was regarded as a fool. Unmarried and without heirs, he was courted by crowds of sycophants and legacy hunters, who swarmed around him, on the lookout for gifts during his life or for legacies at his death. He was an object of attention to and adulation from all. Each Roman vied with his neighbors in his display of wealth. Ostentation became a passion. A feast was not considered a success unless the cost of it was a matter for discussion by "all Rome." Palaces and villas were built in the most splendid and costly style. Beautiful marbles, gold and silver and precious stones were lavishly used, in order to show the wealth of their owner. Nero had several rooms in his Golden House studded all over with pearls. Goethe might well have said that the greatest part of history.

How To Extinguish Fire.

Take twenty pounds of common salt and one pound of sal ammoniac (muriate) and ammonia, to be had of any druggist) and dissolve in seven gallons of water. When dissolved it can be bottled and kept in each room in the house to be used in an emergency. In case of a fire occurring, one or two bottles should be immediately thrown hard enough to break them; the fire will certainly be extinguished. This is an exceedingly simple process and certainly worth a trial. —Medical and Surgical Reporter.

President Cleveland's Cancer.

It has been rumored that he has it. If he would take a course of Batician Blood Balm, the best blood purifier and building up remedy in the world, he would soon be well. It will not disappoint. Price \$1.00 per large bottle. For sale by druggists. Use it for blood and skin diseases, rheumatism, catarrh, etc.

The troubles that kill us are the ones we borrow.

The crop of corn in this country last year aggregated 1,619,494,000 bushel.

Don't talk too much. A stiff lower jaw is as useful as a stiff upper lip.

More than four-fifths of the murders in the United States last year were by men who had no regular occupation.

One of the sages says: "Don't go to law unless you have nothing to lose; lawyers' houses are built on fools' heads."

Christianity does not propose to make a man better than his neighbor, but it proposes to make him better than himself.

Coffee was not known in England until 1641, when it was introduced as "a new and pleasant drink." What a dreary meal breakfast must have been to the ancients?

A man who really loves horses and dogs loves woman and children next.

All things comes to the way of him who does not expect too much.

The cry of hard times, says the Constitution, is heard everywhere in the land. But are the majority of the people doing anything to make times easier? They spend \$600,000,000 a year for liquor, \$20,000,000 a year for tobacco, and during the past nine months, the worst period of our financial depression, they have imported \$7,000,000 worth of foreign luxuries a month. When people spend so much money for what they do not need there is bound to be a financial stringency somewhere. About 175,000 miners are now on a strike. This voluntary stoppage of work is a poor way to make times better. Then, look at the money wasted on amusements. The Brooklyn handicap cost the 40,000 people who attended it about \$1,000,000 in wages, admission fees, etc. A few few days ago a circus took \$4,000 out of a Tennessee town, and it is estimated that fully 90 per cent of this came out of the pockets of poor people.

Respectfully yours,

JAS. M. NEWTON,

Aberdeen, Brown County, O.

NEWNSVILLE, Fla., June 5, '91.

Messrs. Lippman Bros., Savannah, Ga.

DEAR SIRS—I wish to give my testimonial in regard to your valuable medicine, P. P. P., for the cure of rheumatism, neuralgia, dyspepsia, biliousness, etc. In 1861 I was attacked with bilious muscular rheumatism, and have been a martyr to it ever since. I tried all medicines I ever heard of, and all the doctors in reach, but I found only temporary relief; the pains were so bad at times that I did not care whether I lived or died. My digestion became so impaired that everything I ate disagreed with me. My wife also suffered so intensely with dyspepsia that her life was a burden to her; she would be confined to her bed for weeks at the time; she also suffered greatly from giddiness and loss of sleep. Some time in March I was advised to take P. P. P., and before we (my wife and I) had finished the second bottle of P. P. P., our digestion began to improve. My pains subsided so much that I have been able to work, and am feeling like doing what I have not done before in a number of years. We will continue taking P. P. P. until we are entirely cured, and will cheerfully recommend it to all suffering humanity.

Yours very respectfully,

J. S. DUPRIS.

Mrs. Kendal, who is justly noted for her lovely complexion, gives the following as her beauty formula: Ten hours' sleep every night; a four-mile walk every day; vigorous rubbing in cold water; brown bread; no sweets and no coffee.

We think Gov. Tillman and Senator Butler are right in coming square out against caucus restrictions. Caucuses and combines in this county have defeated many good men and are unjust any way—Ex.