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Vol. XX.

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1884 THE 1884 CONSTITUTION

THE DAILY CONSTITUTION has come to be a necessity to every intelligent man in the range of its circulation. For the next year it will be better than ever. Nearly \$100,000 is now being invested by its proprietors in a new building, presided over by the late Hon. J. M. Calhoun, and improved to meet the demands of its growing constituency.

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For the working class. Send 10 cents for postage, and we will mail you a royal, valuable box of valuable goods that will put you in the way of making more money in a few days than you thought possible at any business. Capital not required. We will start you. You can work all the spare time only. The work is universally adapted to both sexes, young and old. You can easily earn 50 cents to \$5 every evening. That all who want work may test the business, we make this unparalleled offer: to all who are not well satisfied we will send \$1 to pay for the trouble of writing us. Full particulars, directions, etc. sent free. Fortune will be made by those who give their whole time to the work. Great success absolutely sure. Don't delay. Start now. Address: Silson & Co., Portland, Maine. Nov 22-17

THE EVENING Chronicle and Constitutionalist, Augusta, Ga., AND THE NEWBERRY HERALD

will be furnished for \$1.00 a week. The Evening Chronicle and Constitutionalist is the largest and cheapest daily newspaper in the South. It contains every word of telegraph per day from the New York Associated Press. This service is supplemented by telegrams from Atlanta, Columbia and Washington. As a newspaper, the Chronicle is one of the best in the South. It is new, progressive, reliable and free from the demoralizing details of crime.



The Emperor Louis Napoleon smoked only the finest cigars the world could produce. Prof. Howland says the Emperor's cigars were made especially for him in Havana from the best tobacco in the Golden Belt of South Carolina. His being the finest leaf grown. Blackwell's Bull Durham Smoking Tobacco is made from the same leaf used in the Emperor's cigars, is also entirely pure and is unquestionably the best tobacco ever offered.

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Poetry THE SILVER LINING.

There's never a day so sunny But a little cloud appears, There's never a life so happy But has had its time of tears; Yet the sun shines out the brighter When the stormy tempest clears.

There's never a garden growing With roses in every plot; There's never a heart so hardened But it has one tender spot; We have only to find the border To find the forget me not.

There's never a cup so pleasant But has bitter with the sweet; There's never a path so rugged That bears not the prints of feet; And we have a Helper promised For the trials we may meet.

There's never a sun that rises But we know 'twill set at night; The tints that gleam in the morning At the evening are just as bright; And the hour that is the sweetest Is between the dark and light.

There's never a dream that's happy But the waking makes us sad; There's never a dream of sorrow But the waking makes us glad; We shall look some day with wonder At the troubles we have had.

There's never a way so narrow But the entrance is made straight; There's always a guide to point us To the "little wicket gate;" And the angels will be nearer To a soul that is desolate.

There's never a heart so haughty But will some day bow and kneel; There's never a heart so wounded That the Savior cannot heal; There's many a lowly forehead That is bearing the hidden seal.

Miscellaneous. NOW AND THEN.

MR. BEECHER GIVES THE BAPTIST CONFERENCES SOME MEMORIES OF HIS LIFE. At the Baptist Conference held in New York, Henry Ward Beecher said: "During my journey from Amherst to Boston, after graduating and while on my way to Ohio, the driver on the stage pointed out to me a bank of earth, and said: 'That's a railroad, I guess they call it.' That was the Boston and Worcester Railway, and it was the first I believe, with the exception of a small railway between Quincy and Boston, that had ever been constructed. It took me ten days to go from New York to Cincinnati. I rode from Albany to Schenectady with Martan Van Buren, and as soon as it was known that we were on board we were saluted with salvos of artillery from every place that we passed, and that will account for the fact that I have been making a noise ever since.

"Looking at our railway system for hundreds and thousands of miles, I think that this iron road has been, under God, the means of changing the civilization of this country, both socially and politically, and it has had great influence in war and in peace.

"The most important applications of steam have been in my time, and to day the rivers are miserable demoralized, looked down upon by the aristocratic steam road everywhere. Then the whole telegraphic system has been in my day, and the telephone, which I don't yet believe in. Although it's the evidence of things not seen, things heard and not seen require more faith. Then the development of the electrical machinery, which has been the post-boy over land and under the sea, and is now coming to bring light everywhere. Then I was in college and had some love letter to write, I could write on a sheet as big as a newspaper, but if I put in a bit of paper as large as my little finger they charged me double price. It was first 25 cents, then 18-3-4 cents, then 12-1-2 cents, and it was a great triumph when we could send a letter for 10 cents or five cents. So I have seen the problem of cheap postage solved in my time.

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HENRY CLAY'S HEROIC SON. "Do you know what killed Henry Clay?" my genial Kentucky storyteller asked me the other day. "If not, I will tell you. He died of a

hiding place for his wonderful work. He shows you everything and tells you what he thinks of doing that he has not done. He gave me one of the little revolving tubes that picks the cotton from the bolls. It is seven inches long and about 1 1/4 inches in diameter. This little thing is the invention. All the rest of the contrivance is to put it in motion. Four dozen of them will be working at once on a cotton open they will find it. There are two upright cylinders three feet high that straddle a cotton row like a sulky plow straddles a row of corn and the little tubes revolve horizontally in the bolls, and pick the cotton round and round. The cylinders revolve on their axis and these tubes revolve on theirs as they follow the cylinders round and round. They are sure to touch every boll and if the cotton has opened and swells out a fraction of an inch the little delicate points of the pickers get it and roll it all out in an instant and by a reversed motion unload it on a platform and from there it is carried up and put in a sack and packed until it is full. Horse power pulls the machine along the row. The machine weighs three hundred pounds. Some of them are made for three feet cotton and some for four and some for five. I saw the little spindles set to work on cotton bolls half opened and they left nothing, and yet they will revolve in your hand and not hurt you or prick you. There are 300 sharp points in each spindle. They are just under the surface and will catch the lint but not catch your flesh or the leaves or the stems. The imperfect machine of last year picked 300 pounds an hour. The perfect machine which he has now is expected to pick 600 pounds an hour. Mr. Mason has his own machinery, makes his own lathe and his dies and stamps and wheels and everything. He is backed by capital unlimited and has refused a million of dollars that was offered him. He is making large machines for Texas and Arkansas and smaller ones for the eastern states. His plan is to charge a royalty and let the machines be made anywhere. It is a thing of life and sense and does just what you tell it to do. When the cotton is well open for the first picking it goes along and picks it and then you wait for the next picking. It takes in no dead leaves, nothing but cotton. Now he has a gin that operates on the same principle. These little pickers have expanded into a cylinder as long as the shaft and as large round as a gin saw and they catch the lint and an iron bar keeps the seed from following the lint and forces them back. The lint is not cut or torn. He is using a Winship frame, taking out the saws and putting his cylinder in their place. It gins twice as fast as the saws and there is no danger to hands or arms, I put my open hand on the cylinder while it was making 2,000 revolutions a minute. He dropped a handful of single naps in the opening and they were carried through in an instant and did no harm. Experts from northern factories say the lint is worth ten per cent more than lint cut by the old method.

I was ruminating over this new mode of picking cotton, and to my mind it is going to work a revolution in our farming. In the first place a poor man can't buy one. In the next place he can't afford to give fifty cents a hundred for picking when his neighbor, who has got a machine can pick his for ten cents a hundred or less. Then again the machine won't work well on rough or hilly land, and so that kind of land will have to be planted in something else.

So I take it that poor folks and poor land will have to quit cotton and that will be a blessing. It may be, however, that some interesting fellers will buy a machine and go about the settlement picking for the farmer just like they go about now threshing their wheat. What will become of the nigger women and children in cotton time, I don't know; maybe we can hire them to cook and wash after a while when they can't get anything else to do. I hope so.

Sumter is a good old town; the best shaded town I know of; elms and water oaks everywhere, and lonely cottage homes set back in spacious lots and surrounded with shade and beautiful flowers, and the sweetest girls sitting in the broad piazzas, and the prettiest children playing in the grass, and the good people are so hospitable and homelike and the preachers so gentle and kind, and have such good feeling, and our jolly landlord of the Jerry house so merry and entertaining. There is no chance to be blue or homesick in Sumter. I never passed two days more pleasantly and had rather make an annual pilgrimage here than anywhere I have been. The best prospect for a coming crop that I have seen, is here. The cotton is splendid and the corn high and heavily eared all the way to Manning, which is another lovely town, though not so

old or so large as Sumter. These people go slow but they go sure and live happy and content. They show content and leisure in their form and feature, in their walk and conversation. They are not in a hurry. They have time to talk to you. They love their state and their town and their people. They stand up to their preachers and their statesmen. Their boys are sober and diligent and manly, and their girls are modest. I wish the boys and girls were so everywhere, but they are not. I was in a town not long ago and a good man told me he had but one daughter, and there was not a young man in the town he was willing for her to marry, for they all drink on the level and had no good principles to be had. Then I heard a young man in another town say he did not marry because he could not afford to, for the best girl did nothing but dress and visit, and he was afraid to marry one of them. Well that is bad and sad, ain't it? But maybe the picture is overdrawn. I hope so. One thing I know, the hope of the nation and its salvation in these small, unpretending towns and the good farming country that support them. The young folks are not afraid to marry there, and they go to work and live happily and humbly and do not strain to keep up with society! Fashionable, hypocritical society. I know of no greater curse to any land or people. I wish every young man when he marries had the courage to say to his society friends, "Now, see here, we have started out with small capital and can't follow you. When you are sick I will nurse you, when you die I will help dig the grave and bury you, but don't you try to troll my wife off into your extravagant notions and your society ways."

BILL ARP.

SEVENTY YEARS OF PROGRESS.

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HENRY CLAY'S HEROIC SON. "Do you know what killed Henry Clay?" my genial Kentucky storyteller asked me the other day. "If not, I will tell you. He died of a

broken heart, not because he lost the Presidency, but his son, Henry Clay, Jr., was his father's idol. He was sent to West Point, where he graduated second in the class. After four months in the army he resigned and began practicing law in Lexington, living with his father at Ashland. Not a young man in Kentucky promised better things than he did. When the Mexican war broke out he was determined to go. His father made no objection and he went as Lieutenant Colonel of the first Kentucky regiment. At the battle of Buena Vista, Santa Anna, with 32,000 troops, nearly overwhelmed General Taylor, with about one eighth of that number. Clay fought hard, but as his regiment was falling back, he was shot through both legs. He was not mortally wounded and three men picked him up to convey him to the hospital. It soon became evident that the Mexicans would off the field.

dent that the Mexicans would take them. "Save yourselves, boys," he said, and taking the pistol which his father had given him, he handed it to one of the men with the words, "Take this and return it to my father. Tell him I have no further use for it." With that they dropped him and ran after the retreating troops. The last they saw of Clay he was lying on his back, fighting a squad of Mexicans with his sword. Next morning his body was found, hacked to pieces and unrecognizable by the comrades who had killed him. The pistol came to his father, then a Senator, and, though he lived several years after, I am convinced that he died from the blow.

PEOPLE WHO NEVER EAT BREAD.

There are civilized nations a large proportion of whose peasantry eat little or no bread. Baked loaves of bread are unknown in many parts of South Austria and of Italy and throughout the agricultural districts of Roumania. In the villages of the Obersteiermark, not very many miles from Vienna, bread is never seen, the staple food of the people being sturz, a kind of porridge made from ground beech nuts, which is taken at breakfast with fresh of curdled milk, at dinner with broth or with fried lard, and with milk again for supper. This sturz is also known as heiden, and takes the place of bread not only in the Steiermark, but in Carinthia and in many parts of the Tyrol. In the north of Italy the peasantry live chiefly on polenta, a porridge made of boiled maize. The polenta, however, is not allowed to granulate like Scotch porridge or like the Austrian sturz, but is boiled into a solid pudding, which is cut up and portioned out with a string. It is eaten cold as often as hot, and is in every sense the Italian peasant's daily bread. The modern Roumanians are held by many scholars to be descended from a Roman Colony, in other words to be the cousins of the Italians; and, curiously enough, a variation of the national dish of Roumania, the mamaliga, is like the polenta in that it is made of boiled maize, but it is unlike the latter in one important respect, as the grains are not allowed to settle into a solid mass, but are kept distinct, after the fashion of oatmeal porridge.

THE MEN AND THE PIG.

A few days ago two men, who were afterward found to be Detroiters, arrived in a town about fifty miles to the west of this, leading a pig. It was perhaps big enough and heavy enough to be called a hog, but they termed it a pig, and as they turned it over to the care of the landlord at whose inn they proposed to rest for the night, one of the men explained:

"I've twiggid the racket, them two fellows are sharper, and that's a guessing pig. To-morrow they will give you a chance to guess at his weight at ten cents a guess, and you'll be cleaned out—only you won't. As the fellows sleep we will weigh the pig and beat their game."

Nobody slept until the pig was taken over to the scales and weighed. He pulled down 170 pounds to a hair, and the villagers went home and hunted up their nickels and dreamed of pigs and scales and sharpers through the remainder of the night.

Next morning the pig was led around in front, and before starting off on his journey, one of the owners remarked to the assembled crowd: "Gentlemen, I'm going to weigh this pig directly. Maybe some of you would like to guess on his weight? I'll take all guesses at ten cents each, and who ever hits it gets fifty cents."

This provoked a large and selected stock of winks and smiles, but no one walked up until the pigman said that any person could guess as many times as he cared to, provided a dime accompanied each guess. Then a rush set in. Three or four merchants put up fifty guesses each. A justice of the peace took thirty. A lawyer said about twenty would do for him. Before there was any let up in the guessing about 600 had been registered and paid for. Every soul of 'em guessed at 170 pounds. It was curious what unanimity there was in the guessing, but the pig man didn't seem to notice it. When all had been given a chance the pig was led to the scales, and lo! his weight was exactly 174 pounds!

"You see gentlemen," explained the spokesman, "while this animal only weighs 170 pounds along about 11 o'clock at night, we feed him about five pounds of corn meal in the morning before weighing! You forgot to take this matter into consideration!"

Then somebody kicked the landlord, and he kicked the justice, and the justice kicked a merchant, and when the pig man looked back from a distant hill the whole town was out kicking itself and throwing empty wallets into the river. [Detroit Free Press.

GEORGIE AND THE GEESSE.

"Georgie, do you want to go to the orchard with me while I hang up the clothes?" "Oh yes, yes, yes, Barbie," said Georgie, clapping his hands. He was always glad to go to the orchard with some one; but he was afraid to go alone, he was such a little fellow. He felt sure Barbie would take just as good care of him as mamma always did; but when the clothes were hung up, Barbie went to the house without saying a word to Georgie.

The little boy very soon found that he was alone, and set up a loud cry. "This drew the attention of a flock of geese, who were nibbling grass near by, and they all came around him. No doubt they wondered what small thing it was that stood so still and made such a noise. It couldn't be a goose, though Georgie was not much bigger than a goose, and, you may think, acted much like one. Was it something good to eat?"

They quacked to each other these questions, and then began to nibble his fingers. Georgie's cries grew louder and his tears fell faster, and oh, how far away the house seemed, and there were no windows looking out upon the orchard! He would run, but he was afraid the geese would knock him down with their wings. If he stood still he was afraid they would eat him up, and mamma would never know where her little boy had gone to.

Oh he must get home to mamma; and giving one great, big, frightened yell, he started and ran, expecting the next moment to feel the strong white wings beating him to

the ground; but to his great surprise the geese made no objection to his going, and he was soon showing his bleeding fingers to mamma and telling the story of his wonderful escape. Mamma listened, and kissed the little finger-tips, and bound them up carefully. She rocked her little boy in her arms and sang to him. The geese in the orchard went on quietly nibbling the grass. They had forgotten all about him.

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Then somebody kicked the landlord, and he kicked the justice, and the justice kicked a merchant, and when the pig man looked back from a distant hill the whole town was out kicking itself and throwing empty wallets into the river. [Detroit Free Press.

THE SPARTANBURG AND ASHVILLE RAILROAD.

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