

TERMS:

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KEOWEE



COURIER.

To Thine Own Self Be True and It Must Follow as the Night the Day, Thou Canst Not Then Be False to Any Man.

BY THOMPSON, SMITH & JAYNES.

WALHALLA, SOUTH CAROLINA, FEBRUARY 6, 1890.

VOLUME XLII.—NO. 5.

KEOWEE COURIER,

ESTABLISHED AT Old Pickens in 1849, MOVED TO Walhalla in 1868.



Destroyed by Fire June 21st, 1887.

Re-Established August 11 1887.

The Old Time Oven Lifter is Good Enough for Me

New Goods.

175 Per Cent Pure Fire Proof Oil. The best oil is the safest and cheapest. This oil is clear as crystal and won't explode and gives the best light.

Daisy Patent FLOUR. Oven Lifter

These two brands of FLOUR are the best and cheapest on the market at present. Everybody ought to use this Flour and no other.

Buist's GARDEN SEEDS. and Ferry's

We will sell both of the above SEEDS this season. Of course every one knows that these are the best on the market.

OATS.

RED RUST PROOF SEED OATS.

Moore's PLOWS. Plow Stocks, &c.

We have a large and complete stock of the above Plows, Turners Extra Points, &c. These Plows are the cheapest and best on the market.

SHOES To Arrive. CLOTHING

We have invested several thousand dollars in CLOTHING and SHOES direct from the manufacturers, which are now being made up to order. Now we must make room for this IMMENSE STOCK, and we have decided to sell our entire stock of Shoes on hand

AT COST!

Since writing the above, part of our Clothing has been shipped and we solicit an early inspection.

OTTO H. SCHUMACHER, Proprietor.

Goods Packed and Delivered Free.

January 23, 1890.

Auditor's Notice.

Assessment of Real and Personal Property.

THE Auditor of Oconee County or his Clerk will appear at the following places and times for the purpose of taking TAX RETURNS for the year 1890:

- Cleveland, Monday, January 20th. W. E. Welborn's, Tuesday, January 21, A. M. W. D. Deaton's, Tuesday, January 21, P. M. D. F. Carter's, Wednesday, January 22, A. M. Henry Lee's, Wednesday, January 22, P. M. Jonas Phillips', Thursday, January 23, A. M. M. J. Moore's, Thursday, January 23, P. M. Abel Robins', Friday, January 24. Mountain Rest, Saturday, January 25, A. M. Richland, Monday, January 27. Haley's Store, Tuesday, January 28. South Union, Wednesday, January 29. Fair Play, Thursday and Friday, January 30 and 31. Sifton's Mills, Saturday, February 1. Mrs. Cherry's, Monday, February 3. Seneca, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, February 4, 5 and 6. Westminster, Friday and Saturday, February 7 and 8. High Falls, Monday, February 10. Salem, Tuesday, February 11. Little River, Wednesday, February 12.

I will be in my office at Walhalla during the above period, except from the 4th to the 9th of February. Unless Returns are made on or before the 20th day of February, 1890, the penalty of fifty per cent will be added in all cases and collected.

All Real Estate as well as Personal Property, will be listed this time for taxation, and it is desirable that all persons owning Real Estate make out a list of the number of acres or lots and their value, and the number of buildings and their value before going to make returns, as they will then have time to study and prepare the valuation of their lands and houses, which will be a great help to the Board of Assessors, as well as facilitate the making of Returns. All Notes and Mortgages, and Moneys are taxable, and other Choses in Action. All persons between the ages of 21 and 60 years are liable to poll tax, unless exempt by law. I hope every one will come and make his or her return. Study it before you do come, so as to get down the property correctly.

T. R. NORRIS,

COUNTY AUDITOR. December 5, 1890. 48-1f

CITATION.

IN THE COURT OF PROBATE. BY RICHARD LEWIS, JUDGE OF PROBATE. WHEREAS, F. M. Barton has made suit to me to grant him Letters of Administration of the Estate and Effects of Sallie H. Armor, deceased— These are, therefore, to cite and admonish all and singular the kindred and creditors of the said Sallie H. Armor, deceased, that they be and appear before me, in the Court of Probate, to be held at Walhalla Court House, S. C., on Saturday, the 8th day of February, 1890, after publication hereof, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any they have, why the said administration should not be granted.

Bill Art.

HE WRITES ABOUT THE FAMILY DOCTOR AND DOCTORS IN GENERAL.

There is an awful mystery about these doctors. They know so much that common people don't know. When I was a child I had profound reverence for them. Our family doctor was a three hundred pounder and was gruff and short in his speech and not very fond of children. And yet he seemed to have a great many hid out somewhere and was always giving them away. Whenever a new child came into the family or in the neighborhood, it was said that the doctor brought it. I used to wonder where he kept them. I asked my mother once and she said, "in Heaven, maybe," and this increased my veneration. Our big fat doctor had a shop—we didn't call it an office—and I used to peep in at the door sometimes and look at his little bottles on the shelves. I was sent there once for some medicine and he gave me some licorice root and some cinnamon bark. There was a mysterious box standing up in the corner—a long narrow box about big enough to hold an old-fashioned clock (a grand-father's clock), and the door was open a little and I saw an awful thing in there—a skeleton suspended from a scree in the skull. There were dark cavernous holes for the eyes and a hole for the nose, and there were jaws with teeth in them and they looked fierce and malicious. I had a little primmer at home and it had pictures in it. One was a picture of a skeleton with a scythe in his hand and I had learned the lines—

"Time cuts down all, Both great and small;"

and I thought I had discovered where the old rascal was kept hid. He was in that box. It was a long time before I recovered from those childish superstitions.

One time I had a long spell of fever and that old doctor bled me till I had fainted, and he wouldn't let me have any water, and when I got delirious, I thought that he had that skeleton on my back and I was to be cut down with a scythe-blade. He bled me several times. Five little scars are on my arm yet. Bleeding was a big thing then. Mark Hardin says his arms are just tattooed with scars. I reckon they bled more in Mark's day than in mine, for the older a man is the more scars he has, and Mark says he has got forty. I can't tell how old a man is by his scars. Mark says that "bleeding was a good thing and ought not to have been abolished. That these modern doctors are always talking about blood-poison—blood-poison. Well, if the blood is poisoned why not take it out—bleed a man until he can hardly wag and let new blood form that is not poisoned."

But we lived—blood or no blood—water or no water—doctors or no doctors. The Baptists lived and the Presbyterians lived, for they say that Baptists don't die until their time comes, and predestination saves the Presbyterians, but it is a wonder that any Methodists were ever raised in those phlebotomy days. We never had any medicine except castor oil and calomel and epsom salts and jalap and number six and sheep saffron tea and some jaw-breaking, tooth-pullers that were made just like these crow-bar hooks that you turn over logs with at a saw mill. There were some patent medicines like paregoric and Bateman's drops and Godfrey's cordial and opodeldoc that were kept in the stores and they were good too. But the noble science has made progress—wonderful progress—and I like it, because it offers such a wide field for a smart man and such a slim chance for a fool.

We've got a boy studying medicine and are hopeful for him. Of course we are. His mother thinks he will be a great surgeon, for he is the seventh son and when he was a lad our peacock got his leg broke and I was about to kill him to put the poor thing out of misery, but Ralph begged me to give the bird to him and he made some splints out of a big cane and fixed him up in a swing and he got well, and another time he sewed up a bad cut on one of the mules and he just loves to pick out splinters or get a cinder out of your eye and so we consented to his being a doctor and he is attending lectures in Atlanta and the other day I called to see him at the college. It was a kind of recess when I got there, and I was intro-

duced to Dr. Kendrick and he was mighty kind and said they were just about to perform on the clinic and invited me in. I thought it was some kind of electric machine, but when I got in the room there were 125 young doctors sitting all around on tiers of seats that got higher and higher so that all of them could look down on the little circular pit at the bottom—a little pit about ten feet across and looked like it was built to fight chickens in. I heard that the boys did fight chickens there on the sly some times.

The clinic was a revolving table that had a cot on it and was placed in the middle of the pit. Dr. Kendrick went in first and I followed along with a sick white man and two sick darkies. All of a sudden the young doctors commenced cheering and so I took a cheer and sat down. I didn't know whether they were cheering the professor or the sick men and for fear they would think I was sick I rose forward and took another cheer and they cheered again. The professor then introduced me to the audience and I came to a perpendicular attitude and they cheered again and again. I took my cheer. After this little episode was over the professor asked one of the darkies what was the matter with him and he said he didn't have breath enough, he was short of breath, he couldn't walk ten steps and his heart went like a kettle drum. So the professor thumped on him and put his ear to his left breast and began to ask the young doctors questions about diseases of the heart and they seemed to know right smart. One said the heart had two beats to the bar, and another said the reason the darkey was short of breath was because he didn't have enough of it, and another said the valves were out of order, and another thought that the valves of the sternum were contracted, but a knowing young man said there was not enough oxygen in his blood. I noticed that when a young man hesitated and got things mixed the professor was very kind and helped them along just like Dr. Waddell used to help us boys along in Latin when we were in college.

"Quidam is a pronoun, is it not, Mr. Jones?" "Yes, sir." "Well, quidem is what—an adverb is it not?" "Yes, sir—yes, sir. Quidam is a pronoun and quidem is an adverb." "Correct, Mr. Jones," and Mr. Jones thought he had done wonders until his report came out and he was put down 45 in Latin.

"Well, what is the remedy for that?" said the professor. If his blood lacks oxygen how can oxygen be supplied?" "Give him a tonic, sir," said a young man with a bad cold, "an iron tonic." Then the book-keeper wrote a prescription.

Good gracious thought I! Has that darkey got to eat a whole tonic? A tonic is a lump of iron as big as a water pail. But maybe he is not to eat it but is to handle it. Maybe he is going to dig in the mines. It does make a man strong to dig up tonics in the mines. It is like swinging a pair of iron dumb bells to get strong. But our boy told me afterwards that it was not a tonic but a tonic. I wish I knew as much about the human frame as Dr. Kendrick knows. He put a little glass quill in the other darkey's mouth and when he took it out he told the young doctors all about his disease and how it came and what must be done for him and then he began on the white man and asked him what was the matter, and the man pulled up the leg of his pants and showed an awful case of big leg and the doctor said something about an elephant and told him he had come the wrong day and belonged to Dr. Westmoreland's clinic. Poor fellow, thought I. You are gone up. Dr. Westmoreland will cut that leg off in ten minutes and smile. Next I was invited into the dissecting room. Yes, I was invited, and the big fat black janitor who steals all the stiff's opened the door, but I didn't go in. I saw enough and one whiff of the odoriferous atmosphere satisfied me and I departed those coasts. The young doctors laughed at me tumultuously. There were ten tables in there and a cadaver on every table, and some of them were split in two and some dismembered, and there were arms and legs hanging on the walls, and from some all the nerves had been taken out like a bunch of strings, and from some all the mus-

cles had been taken out; and there were backbones and haslets and spareribs just like you see at hog-killing time. And all this is to teach the doctors anatomy, and it is all right, and if a man has any genius at all it does look like he ought to know how to treat every disease and what to do for every wound that humanity is liable to. Those 125 doctors seem to be in earnest and some of them will make their mark. Our boy came home the other day and had a darkey's ear wrapped up in his pocket and wanted to tell his mother all about its anatomy. For a minute she didn't understand what it was and asked him in amazement if he had got to chowing tobacco. That is a darkey's ear that— She rose forward and then, and was more indignant than when I hid that mole in the sugar dish. Ralph had to leave the room and hide out the ear, and she wouldn't let him eat his dinner until he had washed his hands with lye soap and cologne two or three times. But still she is proud of that boy and tells how he used to speak a speech and say, "Friends, Romans and Countrymen—lend me your ears. 'Little did I think,' she said 'that he would some day go about cutting them off from dead negroes.'" BILL ART.

The South Carolina Farmers.

The Farmers' Association of South Carolina have issued a proclamation which is interesting from several points of view. This proclamation sets forth the fact that the Democratic party of South Carolina has been deeply agitated for four years past by the efforts that have been made at the primaries and in the conventions to secure retrenchment and reform and a recognition of the rights and needs of the masses.

Since April, 1886, there have been four Farmers' conventions held in South Carolina, all largely attended by the agriculturists of the State, and at each of these, so the present proclamation says, the demands of the people for greater economy in the State government, greater efficiency in its officials and a fuller recognition of the necessity for cheaper and more practical education have been pressed upon the attention of the legislators.

The proclamation goes on to say that all serious efforts at reform have been crippled and prevented by the peculiar situation which requires the efforts of all white men to preserve white supremacy, and, with it, the very civilization of the State. Under these circumstances, as the farmers have submitted to the edicts of the party heretofore, they propose to carry on their fight within the party lines, and they pledge themselves to maintain the party organization intact.

This fact gives significance to the movement, and lends importance to the complaints which the proclamation formulates. One of these complaints concerns the working of the railroad commission of South Carolina. "The people demanded," says the proclamation, "that the railroad commissioners should have something to do besides draw their salaries and spend them. We want protection against the greed of the gigantic corporations owned at the North which regard South Carolina as a lemon to be squeezed and care nothing for the welfare of our towns, our State, our people. The railroad laws made the commission a power to defend the people against imposition. The same Legislature which enacted the commission, having been bamboozled or debauched at the very next session left it only as a sinecure with fat salaries and no power. We have just seen the same disgraceful farce repeated."

This is a very serious complaint indeed, especially at this time, when it is absolutely necessary that the people should be fortified in some degree against the results of the remarkable railroad development that has taken place in the South. Railroad development, as we have frequently remarked in these columns, is a vital necessity of the South. It is equally necessary that the public should be protected against the results of unwise and selfish railway management. If the Democrats of South Carolina will look over into Georgia they will see the effects of a wisely conceived railroad law justly and impartially administered; they will see the results of a railroad commission perfect in all its parts standing as an impartial arbitrator between the rights and interests of the roads and the rights and interests of the people.

There is no reason why the Democrats of South Carolina should not give to the people the wonderful benefits of a railroad law as perfect as that under which the transportation lines of Georgia operate. A railroad commission was an experiment in Georgia in 1878, but for ten years it has protected the public without injury to the railroads, and it became long ago a definite part of the machinery of the State. There is no reason why South Carolina should not follow the example of Georgia in this matter.

The address of the Farmers' Association calls for a convention of Democrats that sympathize with the views set forth to meet at Columbia on Thursday, March 27th, to nominate a ticket for every State office from Governor down, to be put in the field for ratification or rejection by the next Democratic State Convention, and the farmers pledge themselves to abide the result, whether it is for them or against them.

This seems to be reasonable enough, and yet some unforeseen controversy, some unexpected incident or episode may have a tendency to divide the Democratic party, or to render its councils inharmonious. All the reforms that are necessary to the welfare of the people can be made by the Democrats themselves, and the party ought to hasten to make them whenever and wherever they are found necessary. We need not warn South Carolinians against the danger of Democratic division. They have had a taste of Republican rule that ought to last them for a century.—Atlanta Constitution.

But They Haven't Started Yet.

If the Africans shall go back to Africa it will be no such journey as that of the children of Israel. They were forty years in making it, and one who was alive and more than twenty years of age when the march began was permitted to live to its termination. Their journey was a disturbed one. They were bitten by venomous serpents; they encountered famine, thirst and plagues. The Moors in their return to Africa left in their pathways encumbered by their dead, old and young. The lance and the sword were the instruments which stimulated their progress. There will be no snakes, thirst, famine, plague, lance or sword in the return march to their native land of the Afro-Americans. It will be first-class traveling the entire route. Meals will be served at all stations and ample accommodations on all the steamers.—Chicago Herald.

Ingalls' Prophecy.

The following is from a speech by Senator Ingalls, made in the Senate about ten years ago:

We cannot disguise the truth that we are on the verge of an impending revolution. Old issues are dead. The people are arraying themselves on one side or the other of a portentous contest. On the one side is capital, formidably entrenched in privilege, arrogant from continual triumph, conservative, tenacious of old theories, demanding new concessions, enriched by domestic levy and foreign commerce, and struggling to adjust all values to its standard. On the other is labor, asking for employment, striving to develop domestic industries, battling with the forces of nature and subduing the wilderness. Labor, starving and sullen in cities, resolutely determined to overthrow a system under which the rich are growing richer and the poor are growing poorer—a system which gives to a Vanderbilt wealth beyond the dreams of avarice and condemns the poor to poverty from which there is no escape but the grave. Demands for justice have been met with indifference and disdain. The laborers of the country asking for employment are treated like impudent mendicants begging for bread.

Epoeh.

The transition from long, lingering and painful sickness to robust health marks an epoch in the life of the individual. Such a remarkable event is treasured in the memory and the agency whereby the good health has been attained is gratefully blessed. Hence it is that so much is heard in praise of Electric Bitters. So many feel they owe their restoration to health, to the use of the great alternative and tonic. If you are troubled with any disease of kidneys, liver or stomach, of long or short standing you will surely find relief by the use of Electric Bitters. Sold at 50c. and \$1 per bottle at Norman Drug Co.'s drug store.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best Salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Norman Drug Co.

Going Mad from Want.

CHICAGO, January 31.—A special from Heron, S. D., to the Tribune says: "There are hundreds of people sitting in the farm houses on these snow covered plains going mad from want." The Tribune's correspondent visited many farmers near Heron, and reports that there is pressing need for relief, as starvation is staring hundreds of people in the face. One farmer, who expressed the belief that he was much better off than others, said: "We have something to eat—hominny and a little pork. It won't last long, and we have to be careful of the coal, but the worst is the stock. We haven't got a thing to feed the horses and cattle. Can't sell them, can't feed them. Stock is going to die by the thousands unless we get something for them to eat. We won't have horses to plough with in the spring; no seed to sow. I tell you it goes against the grain to see dumb creatures suffer."

Another one said: "Do you know the only help we have had is from the railroad—the Northwestern? They have brought coal to us for \$2 a ton, free of freight, and have done it all winter. Even at that price we have to economize on coal. I tell you, if it had not been for the railway company thousands of people would have frozen to death last week, when the thermometer went down to 40 degrees below zero."

J. S. Oliver, superintendent of the Dakota Central Division of the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad at Heron, said: "That is all true that you have heard. People are undoubtedly suffering for necessities, but this road will see that no one freezes. It is to the interest of the company that the people stay here. They are brave and their present condition is no fault of their own. The facts have not been advertised as extensively as they should have been." Mr. Oliver, continuing, said: "I believe you will find things still worse Northwest of here. Governor Mellette has marked nineteen counties as being in need of relief, and this county is, I think, mild to what some others are."

Some Important Discussions.

Rapid progress is being made the world over in all that effects the masses. In nothing is this more eminently true than in the condition of the farmers. Agricultural problems were never studied as earnestly or as successfully as they have been within the last few years. Happily the farmers' hardest problems seem to be solved. Organization has lifted them out of their despondency and put them on a more independent foundation.

At first they were on the defensive. They were organized for protection, almost for self preservation. Now they are on the aggressive, and some of the most interesting problems being discussed and solved experimentally to-day are in the line of innovation and aggression. They are branching out into new enterprises, and, as a rule, with success.

Manufacturing and merchandise are two fields they have recently invaded in Georgia, and there are indications that they will eventually be their own bankers. An interesting phase of their manufacturing experiments was described in full last week. Yesterday we printed two interesting articles on "Co-operative Stores" and "Finance for Farmers," with the views of Col. L. F. Livingston and Treasurer Hardeeman. The facts presented in these articles will be a revelation to most of our readers, and every patriotic citizen must be enthused by the brightening outlook and magnificent possibilities of the great body of citizens who make up three-fourths of our population.

Their Business Booming.

Probably no one thing has caused such a general revival of trade at Norman Drug Co.'s drug store as their giving away to their customers of so many free trial bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption. Their trade is simply enormous in this very valuable article from the fact that it always cures and never disappoints. Coughs, colds, bronchitis, croup and all throat and lung diseases quickly cured. You can test it before buying by getting a trial bottle free, large size \$1. Every bottle warranted.

The Centerville Alliance, of Laurens county, has passed a resolution requesting merchants not to sell pistols or pistol cartridges; and the members pledge themselves not to trade with any merchant who disregards this request.