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BY E. B. MURRAY & CO. ANDERSON, S. C., THURSDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 2, 1880. VOLUME XVI.—NO. 8.

"Your Lips are Cold."

A remarkably animated and picturesque spectacle was presented at the free swimming bath at the Battery yesterday. It was "ladies day," and before nine o'clock in the evening more than five thousand women and girls had gambolled in the brine of that marine harem. "Some days we have fully 7,000 lady bathers," remarked Senora Fernandez, the vivacious superintendent in charge. Her assistant, Miss Harney, said that much pains were taken to keep out improper characters, and the athletic young keeper of the boys' department explained that it was his refusal to admit disreputable youths that caused them to retaliate by making false charges that fees had been demanded. Senora Fernandez tapped the floor vigorously with the toe of her French boot, and said that necessary rules must be observed and enforced. The city expected it and discipline would be preserved. No girl would be allowed in the water without a bathing suit of some kind. As she spoke a flesh-y woman of generous avoirdupois deposited a gold watch and about $50 worth of jewelry for safe keeping. "You see we have patrons from the best classes. They pass by all the other baths and come down here. The water is purer, but it cost them twenty cents to come because of the 'L' railway fares, which they could avoid by bathing nearer home. They [illegible] water and the bath is popular [illegible] that they bring their jewelry and knitting and valise. One would think they were going to the country to spend the summer."

"But how do you keep the girls from coming right in again after they have gone out?"

"Oh, that easy enough. We don't feel of their noses, as is done when the boys bathe. We try their lips; if they are cold we know they have been here within two hours. Swimming makes boys' noses and girls' lips very cold."

CAUGHT IN THE ACT.

Just then a dainty and rosy cheeked lass came walking down the gangway with an unconscious innocence calculated to deceive Adam and all the serpents in the Garden of Eden. "Come here my dear; how are you to day?" said Senora Fernandez, saluting her with a kiss that would have destroyed the discipline of a man-of-war.

"I am pretty well, thank you," respouded four feet and ten inches of sweet sixteen."

"Well, that is nice; I am glad to hear it; but your lips are cold and you have been here before to-day, so run home to your mamma and come back to-morrow."

What a transformation there was in that profile of girlish loveliness! It turned black, red, and purple, growing more beautiful all the time. Then a scowl, a quiver and a pre-Raphelite thunderbolt tore up the scenery of her lovely mask, and her classic lips parted only wide enough for one sentence to pass them, with commanding firmness:—

"You nasty thing! You think you are smart, don't you, now? Suppose I have been in a dozen times a day, don't I want to wash and get clean? What's the bath for, anyway? What does papa pay taxes for? Do you know? I won't go in now, nohow. You couldn't hire me to swim in your dreary old tub. I've got a fellow [illegible] Bill [illegible] the Fourth of July, and I'll send him to whale the life out of your feller if you've got one. Don't you speak to me. Don't you dare open your mouth to me, after heaping insults on a poor, unprotected working girl, that has to slave for a living and has no time to go to Newport for a wash."

These and several other remarks concluded the conversation, and the carnation tipped maiden from Delancey street walked up the gangplank with the majesty of an insulted heiress. Senora smiled. "We never have any trouble here—no fights, no hair-pulling nor dragging out—only the hot-blooded young misses express themselves rather freely sometimes, but they always get over it. She will come back to-morrow in a nice muslin dress, smiling as sweetly as a June morning."

A DAZZLING SPECTACLE.

The fashionable hour had now arrived; the bathers came swarming in by dozens. The reporter took several sly peeps, and others that were not so sly, at the panorama within the bath. The entire area of the water was alive with youth, beauty old age, gray hairs, 300-pound women, little 16-pound children, slender and sylphlike Calypsos, Oriental eyed Hebrew [illegible] maidens—all holding their anatomy together in ever changing forms of poetry—alive and kicking and swimming in a glorious, healthy way that would make a doctor rich for a month. The reporter was introduced to some of the more venerable visitors and was surprised to learn that they were good swimmers. Miss Harney said more than a score of those who came could swim like some of them were really expert. Near the centre of the bath the sight was interesting and life-giving. A "Kid" not more than six years old was splashing around on its mother's breast. She was [illegible] on her back and the strokes were powerful enough to put an end to all discussions with a refractory husband.

"She weighs 275 pounds," remarked Senora Fernandez.

Near the fleshy lady swam a thin jointed, gray-haired woman, with spectacles lashed on her nose. She propelled herself with the genuine frog stroke and at times put in some fancy work to show the young people what an old lady could do. Some of the poor girls wore only a sort of skeleton chemise, and it made one sympathize with them in their poverty. Among these sheeted ghosts were misses in tights and ride women in embroidered ultra-light suits of the latest Capo May patterns. One of the best divers stayed under water three minutes. She was at work a long time. Senora suggested she had come to Coney Island to [illegible] by the sea. A group of girls standing by one of the dressing rooms spoke of a Presidential candidate as living so near the water that his name was always cold, and therefore the keeper wouldn't admit him on men's day. One lady who came had hard work to find a suit large enough for her body. At last one was found so expansive that it took the policeman's breath away who was standing by. It just filled her and measured two yards in circumference, or two feet in diameter. The airy creature robed herself as if for a feast and then deliberately leaped into the water, making the bath house trembled to its centre, and every time she kicked she disturbed the waters as if a whale were interviewing an iceberg without a lantern.

FAT WOMEN IN A MAJORITY.

During the reporter's visit of an hour no two of the 200 visitors looked like. The number of fat women was something appalling. "It takes seven yards of flannel to fence them in!" "How the bath house groans when they dive!" "How the blue fish outside scoot for Sandy Hook when they see them get off the ferry line street car!" "How much water it takes to wet 'em all over!" were some of the remarks dropped by the dressing room attendants. A well dressed grandmother, with spectacles, a lunch-basket and a little child, came at about five o'clock. "Can you swim," asked the reporter. "Oh! laws, yes. I bring my little grand daughter down here, and while she gambols in the water, I knit and watch the pranks of the young people. Then when I am cooled off, I dive and swim around for a few minutes, but an old gray haired woman like me has to be careful and not stay in too long," she said, taking out a set of 500 porcelain lined teeth. "You see I have to put my hair in an old silk net to keep it from getting tangled up with my specs. When I was a girl, I used to swim in the Harlem River. In those days the waters up there were clear and beautiful."

The venerable and glad-hearted grand mother smiled sweetly as her grand daughter pitched off the steps in to three feet of sea water. "Oh! darling don't swim 'dog fashion.' There, that's a sweet child. Imitate the frog; the Almighty gave him the true secret of good swimming. Laws! laws! I remember when we girls used to swim clear around Blackwell's Island, on moonlight nights, fifty years ago. But, bless me, those days are gone."

As the reporter turned from the scene and entered the reception room he heard loud shouts of girlish enjoyment. The noise sounded like [illegible] Senora, the superintendent, as she turned to give directions for a new supply of fresh suits. "To-night will bring 2,000 girls. You will hear all languages spoken here—German, French, Spanish, Polish, Italian and a little Swedish." As the reporter sauntered up the gangway to the green sward of Battery Park he heard a boy yell to another, "I say, Billy, them uptown girls gits washed in forty seconds. It took an hour for a Rivington street gal to make her hide look like marble." "That ain't nothing," retorted Billy, "I have been washin' for ten years and ain't clean yet."

The Possibilities of Cotton.

Mr. Edward Atkinson has recently written a letter to the New York *Herald* on the subject of cotton-raising in this country, and the gains to be expected from a thorough utilization of what is now wasted. It is full of suggestiveness, as the subjoined extracts prove:

"Although the testimony is almost conclusive that the laborers in the cotton fields are now less numerous than before the war, because more males and less women and children are now worked, their labor is so much more effective that the fifteen crops of free labor exceed the fifteen last crops made by the labor of slaves by 9,000,000 bales, worth in gold coin fully $600,000,000. When the crop now about to be gathered is numbered, if the season ends as propitiously as it has begun, it will be more than double the average of the fifteen ante-war crops, and at least 25 per cent. in excess of the largest crop ever raised by the labor of slaves.

"Nevertheless, what has been done is but a little of what remains for the present power of King Cotton is but the shadow of the substance yet to come. The value of the seed is yet an unknown quantity. It may seem [illegible] if we make 6,000,000 bales of cotton here in a year the weight of cotton seed that will remain after enough has been set aside for the next year's planting will be 3,000,000 tons. If the whole of this seed be treated as a small portion is now treated, this seed will give the following results: About 90,000,000 gallons of oil, about 1,200,000 tons of oil cake or meal, about 1,500,000 tons of hulls, from which there is every reason to suppose from experiments here and actual use elsewhere that 300,000 tons of paper may be made. Otherwise these hulls ground into meal with the oil cake will serve as food for stock—2,800,000 tons in all. Each ton of this ground meal would carry at least five sheep six months; the rest of the year they would have ample food from the annual grasses that are the pest of the cotton planter, or from corn fodder, cow peas or other refuse or alternate crops. The waste of the cotton gin and of the oil press, with other waste of the cotton farm, will therefore suffice for not less than 14,000,000 to 20,000,000 sheep, probably for double that number. These sheep fodded upon the cotton field would so fertilize the soil as to double the crop of cotton on any given acre of uplands—the manure of animals fed on cotton seed meal being richer than that from any other known variety of food.

"The almost unrealized portion of the product of a single year's cultivation of the cotton plant on the area now in use for that purpose (about 13,000,000 acres, or less than 2 per cent. of the area of the Cotton States) may therefore consist of 55,000,000 to 90,000,000 gallons of oil, 500,000 to 750,000 tons of paper, or 50,000,000 to 100,000,000 pounds of fine clothing wool; and, as an incident of this progress, 50 to 100 per cent. more cotton fibre from the same area of land now cultivated will be produced with less labor than is now expended. This is no thing is assured and that a great exhibition exclusively devoted to cotton. What is the secrets of its kingship? May it not be found in the fact that cotton or cotton fabrics are almost a legal tender for all the other commodities that the world yields or needs? In one form or another cotton works more international exchanges than any other substance. Two colored laborers working on good land in Mississippi, Texas or Arkansas may make a bale of cotton in a year, or 10,000 pounds, and with the aid of their children will pick it. The labor of ginning, baling and moving to Lowell will not exceed the value of the work of one more hand. The work done in Lowell in one year by one operative will convert the 10,000 pounds of cotton into 9,000 pounds of coarse cloth, with which she can buy the simple clothing of [illegible] of 30 Indian [illegible] supply themselves with the lesser clothing needed by them in their tropical clime. The leaders of the South are eager to learn the methods of the North. If the result of these efforts could be concentrated and exhibited at one time and in one place, a foundation would be laid for progress in the next decade to which that of the last would seem as nothing. Who will undertake this work? Let the Agricultural Department, the Cotton Exchanges, the Northern associations of manufacturers and the Southern associations of planters and farmers reply?"

Mr. Atkinson's figures will startle cotton growers. It is evident that there are millions upon millions of dollars in what is now thrown away, and such a Cotton Exhibition as is proposed will be useful to every one who is in any way interested in the great staple. The Agricultural Department, the Cotton Exchanges, the Associations of Manufacturers and the Associations of Planters cannot apply themselves to an undertaking of greater utility.—*Charleston News and Courier.*

— A man must be a hardened sinner when he "lies" at the point of death.

An Interesting Interview with General Hancock.

In conversation with Judge Mackey, a few days since, he gave us a very interesting sketch of men and things as he saw them on his recent visit North. He was profoundly impressed with General Hancock, with whom he had an extended interview and regards him as in the first rank of American statesmen. The Judge states that General Hancock is confident of victory in the pending election and expresses his firm conviction that if a free, untrammelled ballot, unswayed by the organized interference of Federal officials, be would be elected by the votes cast in the Northern States alone. He declared that in his judgment the great and vital issue involved in this campaign is the restoration of a spirit of fraternal concord among all American citizens, and that this can best be effected by a just and equal administration of the laws over all, without regard to race, color or station. That the political changes now transpiring throughout the country but mark the general reaction against those methods of government and that sectional party policy which have therefore tended to defeat that benign object. He expressed himself as highly gratified by the broad and national platform adopted by the South Carolina Democracy in 1876, and reaffirmed in 1880. He especially commended the first article of that platform which is in the following words:

"We accept in perfect good faith the thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth amendments to the Constitution of the United States; accepting and standing upon them we turn from the settled and final past to the great living and momentous issue of the present and the future."

Here the Judge made a certain exculpatory statement as derived from General Hancock himself touching the Surratt execution. The Judge reports General Hancock as saying he made a prompt return to the writ of *habeas corpus*, served on him by Judge Wylie, setting forth the authority by which the prisoner was held in custody, and also the proclamation of President Johnson suspending the writ, but declaring that he submitted himself to the judgment of the Court and would obey the mandate of writ if the Court so ordered, after hearing the return, by producing the body of the prisoner in open Court.

Judge Wylie held the return sufficient and quashed the writ.

Judge Mackey states that many of the leading business men North, who have heretofore acted with the Republican party and aided to furnish it the "sinews of war" during the past twenty years, have given in their adhesion to Hancock. Among these he instances Union Adams, of New York, the head of one of the largest, if not the largest, wholesale clothing house in the world and worth many millions of dollars.

The chief fear among men of this class—merchants and bankers—has been that if the Democratic party came into power it might rudely disturb or change disastrously the financial policy maintained by the Republican administration during the past four years. Upon this vital point many of them have conferred with General Hancock, and are perfectly satisfied with the assurances that he has given them.

Judge Mackey had a long conference with Mr. John Kelly, of New York, whom he characterizes as the *Warwick of American politics*, who, by his splendid party leadership, and his unequaled political sagacity and inflexible resolution, averted a great calamity from the Democratic party. He states that Mr. Kelly is universally recognized as an incorruptible public official, who, as comptroller of New York city, has effected a retrenchment and reform in its financial administration which has saved to the taxpayers nearly seven millions of dollars during the past two years. The Judge says that Tammany is in hearty accord with the regular Democracy on the Presidential issue, and has hung the Hancock banner out from its historic hall. He states that General Hancock and the Democratic leaders of the North, who are most distinguished for their political forecast, regard New York, New Jersey and Indiana as sure for the Democracy, while all the indications point to the great probability that Massachusetts and Pennsylvania will be swept from the Republican column.

All the political telescopes in the North are now being directed towards the Southern horizon.

Our friends in the North fear, and our enemies there hope, that there will be collisions between the races in the Southern States that will furnish the Republican party the raw material out of which to weave their bloody shirt.

The great danger of violence springs from the practice of a compulsory division of time with Republican speakers at their own called meetings. This practice is regarded in the North as an outrage upon the Republicans—virtually denying to them the right of freely assembling to hear their own chosen orators, and it is earnestly advised that no attempt will be made to enforce it in this campaign, for it is certainly calculated to provoke violence.—*Charles Reporter.*

USES OF BUTTERMILK.—Bathe the face in buttermilk, sour of course; it is not quite agreeable we know. Take a soft rag and dip in a cup of buttermilk and wash every part of the face, neck and hands. If there has been a greater exposure to the sun than usual, after washing the face well, squeeze out the cloth and just wipe the skin off, and let it remain without washing till morning. You will be astonished to see how soon the freckles and tan disappear. For keeping the hands and skin soft, there is nothing equal to buttermilk. When one gets burnt with the hot sun, one or two bathings in buttermilk will cause the smarting to cease, take out the inflammation and render it comfortable quicker than any remedy ever tried. There is something in the acid contained in the buttermilk that does the work. When one has a stained tongue with either berries, apples or nuts, it will remove the stains almost immediately. It is particularly cooling to the skin. You will never try any other lotion for beautifying the complexion after using the buttermilk; if you can obtain that.

PARTED LOVERS.—They were very fond of each other, and had been engaged but they quarreled, and were too proud to make it up.

He called a few days ago at her father's house to see the old gentleman on business, of course. She was at the door.

Said he, "Ah, Miss Blanz, I believe; is your father in?"

"No, sir," she replied; "pa is not in at present. Did you wish to see him personally?"

"Yes," was the bluff response, feeling that she was yielding the very particular business," and he turned proudly to go away.

"I beg your pardon," she called after him, as he struck the lower step, "who shall I say called?"

He never smiled again.—*Providence Journal.*

Extract from Speech of Hon. Johnson Hagood at the Lexington Survivors' Association.

To-day you are assembled to do honor to these martyrs of a lost cause. It is fit and proper that you do so. Recall their deeds of valor and of endurance. Recount their triumphs and show how grandly they bore themselves in defeat. Tell your children the story of the past; tell them to pray God that when trial comes to them, they may meet it as our ancestors met it, unprovoked, undismayed, unarmed, unprepared, unprotected, unaided, unprecedented, unprincipled, unscrupulous, unmanly, unchristian, unjustifiable, unwarrantable, unpardonable, and damnable. Tell them how their fathers met it, and how they met it, and how they met it, and how they