The Anderson Intelligencer.

BY E. B. MURRAY & CO. | ANDERSON, S. C., THURSDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 2, 1886. | VOLUME XXII.---NO. 8.

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July 22, 1886 2

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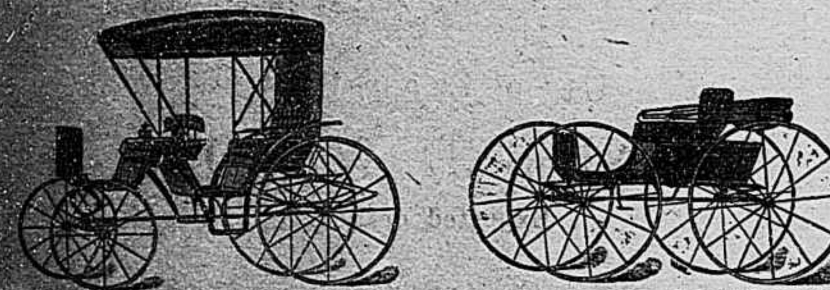

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Anderson, S. C., July 15, 1886 1

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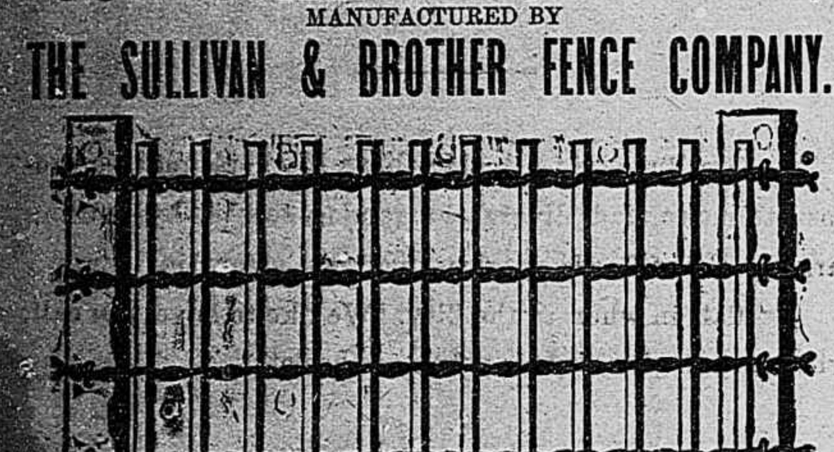

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JOHN E. PEOPLES,

Agent for the Celebrated

VAN WINKLE GIN, FEEDER AND CONDENSER,

Manufactured at Atlanta, Georgia, and to which Premiums were awarded at the Atlanta Cotton Exposition, Charleston Industrial Exposition Feb. 2, 1882, and at the South Carolina and Georgia State Fairs 1881.

THE VAN WINKLE FEEDER AND CONDENSER can be attached to any other Gin, so parties having other make of Gins and wishing Feeders or Condensers can be supplied by sending in their order in time, and I will guarantee satisfaction.

All kinds of PULLEYS and SHAFTING and most IMPROVED CANE MILLS and EVAPORATORS furnished to order.

Van Winkle King Cotton Press

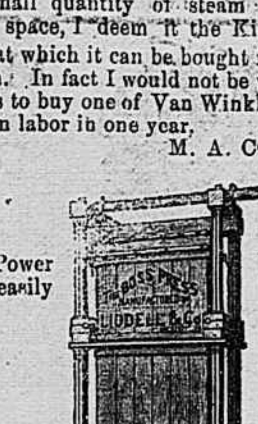
Has long been before the public, and is too well known to need any further description. Its chief points of merit are: It takes very little room, is easily handled, and takes so little power; can be used on all kinds of powers—horse, water or steam. Ginning and packing can all go on at the same time, without interfering with the Gin. A two-inch belt will pack a 500 lb. bale of cotton. It saves its cost the first season in labor. Read the following testimonial:

ANDERSON, S. C.—Mr. John E. Peoples—Sir The Steam Power Van Winkle Cotton Press bought from you last Fall has given entire satisfaction. I packed bales of cotton weighing 660 to 725 lbs. in five minutes with all ease, using a 4-inch belt and 25 lbs. steam. There did not seem any more strain on the Press than with a 400 lb. bale. For durability, strength, lightness of power, small quantity of steam required, economy of space, I deem it the King of all Cotton Presses—especially so as the low price at which it can be bought for puts it within reach of every man running a steam Gin. In fact I would not be without it for twice its cost. I would advise all my friends to buy one of Van Winkle's Steam Power Cotton Presses, as you will save its cost in labor in one year,

M. A. COBB.

BOSS PRESS.

I am Agent also for the "Boss Hand and Power Presses," which are strong, easily handled and easily erected.



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I am Agent also for the Star Hand Press, which gives general satisfaction. Suitable for traveling Gins.

THE HALL SELF-FEEDING COTTON GIN,

Manufactured at Sing Sing, N. Y., has given satisfaction wherever used. The saws are made of the best imported steel. The saw shaft is the largest made. An examination of other Gins will convince you it is the most substantially built Gin in use. It never breaks the roll, and therefore does away with the expense of the revolving head, as the secret of making the Gin to prevent its breaking the roll is in the proper shape of the roll box. Every one should examine the improvements in the Hall Gin made this year, especially the improvement in the Feeder.

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I have a lot of second-hand GINS and PRESSES, which are almost as good as new, that I will sell for about one-half the price of a new one.

☞ Come in and see me and get prices before buying.

JOHN E. PEOPLES.

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OUR EUROPEAN LETTER.

Special Correspondence Anderson Intelligencer.

We mailed our last letter at Bar le Duc, but we will not take the time to describe our journey before reaching the frontier. We were assured that we had crossed the line by meeting squads of students here and there with their parcels of school books, a thing we had not seen on a trip of more than 400 miles in France, except in Paris. The next object of interest that met our gaze was the German soldiers, who surpass anything we have seen on our trip in the military line. Thursday night we lodge at Savern, 24 miles from Strasbourg. We are off early in the morning, and nearing the city we climb a long hill which overlooks the beautiful valley of the Rhine. We have hardly reached the top when the great cathedral looms up in the distance and to the right and to the left of the city as for as we could look the valley appears as level as a quiet lake, the hills upon either side shooting up like mountains and fade out in the dim distance. We put on a little more steam and soon reach the heart of the city, being able to ride our wheels the entire distance up hill and down between Dieppe and this place. But we are now in the land of sauerkraut and limburger, and what of it? Well we observe that many of the people of this section develop different physically speaking than do the citizens of central and western France, and we conclude that the beer so celebrated for 400 years, and manufactured at Strasbourg, possesses the same inflating qualities as our American beverage we call lager. Please don't get the idea that Frenchmen don't imbibe for they drink most anything else but water. That was made for the lower animals and to sail ships upon. A Frenchman told me in good English that he had not tasted water for three months, but modified the statement a little and acknowledged that he had used the fluid a few times for cleaning his teeth. After careful observation we are impressed with another fact, that this country, both France and Germany, though as beautiful as God and man can make it, is terribly hard on women and dogs, the dog having it the easier of the two. Many from the country do their marketing in small carts, and its a common thing to see a woman and a dog hitched up together going to town with their load of truck. We very seldom see the man of the house on market days, so we conclude stays at home to take care of the babies. If there is work to do in the vineyard or garden, the weaker vessel straps her long basket upon her back, takes the dinner and tools to be used, then away she goes to return at night, a distance of perhaps several miles with a burden heavy enough to break a donkey's back. The other part, that some one has seen fit to call a man, carries a little of the respect and love he had during the honeymoon, and concludes that the wife has load enough and walks. Poor woman, and yet she seems as contented and as happy with her lot as the proprietor of so valuable a piece of property. We have reasons to be thankful for many things that we enjoy in this world and especially are we grateful for the privilege of traveling abroad in a country so mature with age, so beautiful, so full of romantic history, but paramount to all of this are we thankful that not many centuries ago a child was born and named Christopher, and that he lived to be a man and conceived the idea that the world was round and sailed westward upon the unknown deep and discovered a land that we are proud to call America. Ladies what do you think about it? We are in Strasbourg, "the wondriously beautiful city," as it has been styled of old, and as we observe the odd construction of some of the very old buildings, the peculiar but picturesque dress of the Alsatian and Barden peasants that swarm the streets on market days and become more acquainted with the history of the city and people, we are much impressed with the truth of the saying, that the great attraction of the city is the cathedral and clock, together with the Cologne cathedral, the Minster of Strasbourg ranges as the noblest creation of mediaeval architecture, existing in Germany. It is built out of the red sand stone of the Vosges which by its durability preserves even to this day the finest sculptures as if they had just left the sculptor's hands. Tradition tells us that upon the ground where the present cathedral stands stood an old heathen temple consecrated to Hercules which was destroyed some time in the 4th century. The present building was completed in 1265 and though it has been considerably damaged by war, especially by the bombarment of 1970, it has been repaired and to day is in a fine state of preservation. As far back as the year 1352 may be traced the existence of a celebrated astronomical clock in Strasbourg cathedral. At the beginning of the 16th century the first clock ceased to work, and a second one was constructed, the machinery being destroyed in 1689. For the third time the municipality of Strasbourg decided in 1836 that a new astronomical clock should be placed in the frame work of the old one, and entrusted Mr. Schivilgree, a watch maker of Strasbourg with the task. The same completed it within the space of four years. We visit the university and other places of interest and on Friday arrange a journey to Switzerland by rail. We will probably take the train to Bern and stop a few hours from there to Lausanne by train, then by boat to Geneva where we will spend Sabbath and on Monday take the cars for Lucerne where we will spend a day or two after which we will return to Strasbourg and resume our journey down the Rhine. We will give an account of our Switzerland journey in our next.

VAN DE VENTER.

— According to the last Israelitish Annual, the number of Jews in the world at present is but 6,300,000, of whom 5,400,000 are in Europe. There are 230,000 Jews in the United States, 2,552,000 in Russia, 1,644,600 in Austrian Hungary, 668,000 in Gallicia, 638,000 in Hungary, 562,000 in Germany, and in France, notwithstanding all the fuss that M. Drumond makes about them in his "Jew France," only 63,000.

— A man was drowned on Saturday swimming the whirpool rapid at Niagara in a cork suit. On Sunday a Boston athlete undertook the same job for $1,000 offered by men who had bet $10,000 he could do it. He was successful, but says he wouldn't do it again for ten millions.

ARP AT HOME.

After a Few Weeks' Visit to His Friends.

Atlanta Constitution.

The love of home is not an art nor an accomplishment. It does not come from early training or education. It is the instinct of humanity. It is the gift of God. It is a pure emotion and brings joy and comfort to the humble and the great. "Be it ever so humble, there is no place like home." No wonder that the simple song of John Howard Payne endeared him to the world. The world felt its touching, tender truth and wept a sympathetic tear. It is the want of a home that makes tramps and vagabonds and desperate men. Sometimes I think the nation could well afford to give every father and mother a home. Besides the love of those dear to us there is something in the locality that affects us—something in the familiar scenes, the trees, the fields, the branches, the running spring, or the generous well. We love the trees and vines that have borne us fruit or given us shade; the open fireplace that gives us welcome on a Winter night; the bed that gives us rest and sleep, and the ever pleasing prospects of the distant hills and mountains that seem as if reaching up to God. Even the beasts and birds are conscious of this love of home. "The lowing herd winds slowly o'e the lea," as they seek their accustomed place. The faithful loving dog will travel miles and leagues to reach it, and the cat cannot be easily weaned from the chimney corner. Man has made use of this never failing, never-ceasing love of the carrier pigeon, and it commands our respect and admiration when we see it released from its unwilling prison in a distant land and watch it ascend and circle and take its bearings, and then with swift and tireless wing make for its home by the nearest line.

We are home now again and are happy. It is very pleasant to make a little visit off among our friends but there is always something left behind that like a magnet draws us back again. When we go away our daily habits are broken up or restrained. It was very kind and very sincere in Colonel Crayton to say, "Now major, you must make yourself perfectly at home," but how could I and be respectful. I couldent take off my coat and rest my feet upon the railing. I couldent stretch myself upon the sofa for an evening nap. Carl and Jessie were not there to follow me around and make me do their bidding. My dog was not there to wag his tail. The affection we have for even the inanimate things about our homes is a part of nature and is stronger than we imagine. A good old mother, who now lives in Rome, removed from Cedartown to Arkansas about thirty years ago. Her husband sold his furniture to the nabors, for he could not move it so great a distance. A few weeks ago she made a visit to them and found at one house the sofa—the same old sofa—and at another the bedstead and at another the table—the dear little mahogany table that she sewed by and her lamp was upon it every night as she read her evening chapter in the Bible. She told me about it in her own sweet way, and said:

"I had a good visit and my heart was full all the time. I stayed among them two weeks, which was longer than I intended, but they were so glad to see me, and were so kind I didn't want to come away. I almost cried when I saw those dear old things we had to sell and leave them behind us when we went West, for I felt like they had been our friends in happier days when my husband was alive and I was not old nor tired and had not seen much trouble."

I had a good time at Anderson. Of course I did, for Anderson is in South Carolina. It is a beautiful town and is full of good people. The Calhouns and Perrys and Orrs and other noble men left their mark upon that region. It is astonishing how long the influence of a good man lasts. Not long ago a fellow came to our town and traded horses and got badly cheated, and he was abusing our people for letting such mean men live among us. An old gentleman heard him and said: "My friend, I know that we have some mean men among us. You will find them here and there in every community. But I used to live in the very region that you come from, and my recollection and experience is that up there the good men are very lonesome, but the mean ones go about in droves." When I was in Florida I visited a little town that was settled by a lot of folks from Eau Clair, Wisconsin, and they were pretty close on a trade. One of our folks got used up among them, and he said one day, "I'm going to leave this town. I'm going to move." "Where are you going," said I. He replied, "I think I shall go to Eau Clair, in Wisconsin, for my opinion is that every doggoned rascal has left there."

I met some old schoolmates in Anderson, and we exchanged memories, pleasant memories. I couldn't keep up with Rucker—Elbert Rucker—for he never forgets anything and never tires. He had a most wonderful memory when a young man, and it has not faded yet. I used to envy him his gift of memorizing in a few minutes what it took me an hour to half way learn. They say it is dangerous to start him on Milton's Paradise Lost now. After vacation one of the boys came back late. He was two weeks behind and asked Rucker what we were studying. Rucker mischievously told him we were in logarithms and had to get them all by heart, and showed him the next lesson of two pages. How the poor fellow did sweat over it! We watched him as he tried it in his chair, then on the bed, then walking the floor, then heaving a sigh of despair, and at last he laid down on the floor, face foremost, with the book open right under his eyes, and his fingers in his ears. There was column after column of figures. There were decimals without number, and his lips moved nervously from line to line. "Rucker," said he, piteously, "did you get this lesson?" "Oh, yes, of course," said Rucker, 'but you ought to go back to the beginning. You are thirty pages behind the class." His look of mute despair was distressing, for he was a willing student, though slow. It is not worth while to give his name, but I can safely say it was not Howard, Chess Howard nor John Grant nor Beverly Thornton nor Joe Ganahi—nor myself. We were not even suspects.

I met Randall there—"My Maryland" Randall, and Colonel John Davidson and Joe Ganahl, of Augusta. They were among the orators at the railroad banquet and filled the bill. Demosthenes and Cicero were more eloquent at a railroad banquet than they were. In fact all Augusta was eloquent, and it was a love feast all around. Colonel Crayton gave us a reception next day at his lovely home, where I saw more Jersey cattle than I ever saw before. There were near a hundred, all handsome and sleek and gentle, and they seemed a larger breed than usual. The milch cows were very large. Augusta was going to leave us that evening at four. I dined with some of them at General Humphrey's and had the seat of honor by the genial hostess who sat fronting an old fashioned chicken pie. What a privilege. When a lovely refined young matron graces the festive board with a chickenpie in front, and you are near to both, what more is wanted? Especially when the pie has green corn in it for a flavor. We cook too much at the South—too many dishes, too much temptation of the appetite. I said so at Mrs. Crayton's and we all talked it over and then gave us a recital of the trouble about cooks. The same old trouble that the North always have but the South never experienced before the war. Mrs. C. said she was trying white ones now-a-days, for she couldn't get any other kind, but they seemed ashamed of their occupation and avoid all they can. They wear their sunbonnets and utterly refuse to wait upon the table. "The cocking and eating absorbs us," she said, "and gives no time for anything else. The stove is always hot, the fire is never out, while at the North it is but a small part of the day's duties." Now that is a sensible, candid admission. We do cook too much and we eat too much, especially in Summer. We complain about the excessive heat of these Summer evenings, and we fan and perspire and take on, when in fact, it is mainly due to the tired, overworked stomach that is grinding away to keep up with the food that is poured in the hopper. We ought to have a cold lunch for dinner with plenty of fruit—fruit is the food for Summer. Dame Nature makes it to ripen for us just at the time we need it. Randall gave us an essay on it that was charming. You see Randall got left and so did Davidson. They ventured to take an evening nap and napped a little too long. They hurried to the train and waved their hats and hankerchiefs and screamed and shouted most piteously, but the cruel train just went on all the same. Slowly and sadly they returned. They cast one longing, lingering look behind, and then laid down on the verandah floor. Randall wept. Colonel Crayton heard of their desolation, and we went after them. Davidson was holding up pretty well as he paced the floor with rapid strides, but Randall had not spoken a word, and the water was in his dreamy eyes as he gazed lovingly towards Augusta. A wife and eight children and one at the breast were expecting him, and there would be a light in the window and a nice supper awaiting him, and how the good mother and her bairns would be disappointed! I thought of Waycross, where I was left, and sympathized. So we took them up and assisted them to the carriage, for Randall was weak, very weak. Colonel Crayton began his jokes, and I put in with all my might:

"Rouse up, my Maryland," said I.
"The despot's heel is on thy shore,
His torch is at thy temple door."

"It is very distressing," said he. "It makes me sick—sick at heart and sick in body."

"I tell you," said Davidson, "what we can do. We can hunt a yaller jacket's nest and fight it. That's a good thing to kill blues."

"Splendid," said Colonel Crayton.

"To arms, to arms, for the South needs help,
And a craven is he who flees."

Stretching forth my arm, I added:

"Thou wilt not cower in the dust,
Thy gleaming sword shall never rust."

These efforts seemed to bring him to life. His pallor left him. His eyes brightened as I exclaimed:

"I see the blush upon thy cheek,
For thou wast even bravely meek,
My Maryland."

Colonel Davidson shook his ambrosial locks and fired up with recovered vigor as he recited:

"There's faith in the streams, there's hope in the hills,
There's life in the old landyet."

What a blessing it is that misery wears out. It wears itself out. Our wobecome friends were soon all right, and as we walked around among the herd of Jerseys this war renowned poet was seriously discussing his ability to fight and conquer a belligerent bull who was pawing dirt in the air.

After tea we discoursed on children and how to raise them. Randall had discovered many improvements and novelties upon the old methods, and among them a new food for infants which was superior to the mothers' milk, for it was already digested. He had ordered a case of it from New York, or a carload perhaps, I am not certain, and when I was appealed to for my opinion, I said that I was reminded of a Dutchman who went about selling a powder to kill bedbugs. "Shust catch de pedpug and open his mouth and put de power in," said he. "But why not mash him with your foot," said an old lady. "Ah, vell," said he, "dat is a goot vay, too."

But we all had a good time at Colonel Crayton's, and enjoyed his family and their generous hospitality. My Maryland and Colonel D. were at the train an hour ahead of time that evening and waved their hats and kissed their hands as they went steaming home.

I met Mrs. Arp and Jessie in Atlanta. They visited all the pretty stores on Whitehall and looked at a thousand pretty things and bought a fan—one of those palm leaf fans. Jessie looked out of the window at the Markham house and saw the line of carriages waiting at the car shed and exclaimed: "Oh, papa, do come here and see what a funeral procession." We are home now and have enough to talk about for a month. From all I can learn my wife paraded around Lawrenceville like she built every house and planted every shade tree there and the whole concern belonged to her. Jessie says her mother laughed and cried with everybody she met, white and black, and when she left the old plantation for Suwanee station she stopped so often to talk with the old darkies who used to call her "missis" that the train went off and left them and they had to go back to the plantation again. She brought a basket of beautiful grapes home with her, a present from Mr. Gotleb Wanner, of Walhalla, a German; who enclosed a note in German text:

"Mrs. William Arp and her youngsters: From a Union soldier of '62-'64, but now a lover of the sunny South and her people."

That is right—all right. Mr. Wanner is welcome, and we will greet all such sensible men. Let them come in droves. Mrs. Arp made no gushing demonstration over the painted house, but the children say she is delighted. I notice her fingering the new green blinds and turning the lattice, and as she moves around the room she hums a quiet tune, which is a sure sign of content—a sweet content.

BILL ARP.

The Railways of the World.

The lines of railways in the five divisions of the earth cost, in round numbers, $16,000,000,000; and would, according to Baron Kolb, reach eight times round the globe, although it is but little over half a century since the first railway worked by steam was opened between Darlington and Stockton, Sept. 27, 1825, and between Manchester and Liverpool, Sept. 15 1830. It is shown that in France, previous to the existence of railways, there was one passenger in every 335,000 killed, and one out of every 30,000 wounded; whereas between 1835 and 1875, there was but one in 5,178,890 killed, and one in 580,450 wounded; so that we may infer that the tendency to accidents is yearly diminishing. Railway traveling in England is attended with greater risk than any other country in Europe. A French statistician observes that if a person were to live continually in a railway carriage, and spend all his time in railway traveling, the chances of his dying from a railway accident would not occur till he was 960 years old.

— Greenville *News*: Pickens County led off with her primary election on Tuesday. W. T. Field beat J. H. Bowen for the Senate by a majority of 202 in a total poll of about 2,000. Messrs. Johnson and Easley—known here as "Jack"—go to the House. The other candidates elected are Clyde for Auditor, Hill for Treasurer, the Rev. G. W. Singleton School Commissioner, G. M. Lynch, J. C. Alexander and A. B. Turner County Commissioners, and J. B. Newberry Judge of Probate.

THE JUICE OF THE GRAPE.

Season for the Making of Delicious Native Wines.

[Correspondence News and Courier.]

GREENVILLE, August 16.—Greenville grape-growers and wine-makers are now in the midst of their busiest season, and good prices for fruit and good wine depends more upon prompt and intelligent work and careful handling than upon any other consideration. There is no waiting. Grapes intended for the market must be carefully and neatly culled and packed in neat, clean baskets and shipped hurriedly. The people of the North use greater pains to make their packages attractive and tempting than do the beginners in the South. For instance, their baskets and boxes of grapes go into market in the neatest trim, lined with tinted paper and on the lid of each is neatly pasted a colored plate of the fruit, presenting a highly colored and even an exaggerated picture of the luscious clusters in the highest state of perfection. In this there is an element of humbuggery, notwithstanding the fruit inside may be of fine quality. Be that as it may, this beautifying of the packages has much to do with selling the fruit, and the same identical product, shipped in rough, dirty packages, put up carelessly and in a bunglesome way, will sell for two or three cents less per pound than when packed with the pains and care described. This being the case, it pays to be painstaking, and all extra expense is regained in better prices and prompter sales. Ten and fifteen pound baskets, made at the factories in North Carolina, are most commonly used here.

The shipments this season have been quite heavy notwithstanding the crop was greatly diminished by rot during the continued wet weather of June and July. Messrs. Marshall Brothers alone have up to this date shipped nearly twenty thousand pounds of grapes to the Northern and Charleston markets, and there are others who have made considerable shipments. Mr. Carpin, whose vineyard is the most extensive in the State, comprising seventy acres on which there are 70,000 vines, makes his entire crop into wine and ships no fruit. He has lost heavily by the rot and where he was sure of a vintage of at least ten thousand gallons, he will scarcely make five thousand. Such seasons of continued rain are few and far between. Never before has such a year come upon the grape crop of this locality. Greenville growers are not discouraged, therefore, for such a season is not likely to occur again in many years.

The wine-making season is at hand. The grand question is how to make good wine. As asserted in a former letter, the practices of Carolina people are all wrong and contrary to nature. Good dry wines are the wines that wine-drinking people want, and they will have no other. A dry wine is that in which all the sugar contained in the juice has gone through the process of fermentation. Fermentation converts sugar into alcohol and carbonic acid gas, the gas escaping. Twenty-five per cent. of sugar in grape juice will ordinarily produce about 12 per cent. of alcohol in the wine—sufficient to preserve it. If the fermentation is not complete, that is to say, if all the sugar is not fermented, or, as the California people express it, if the wine is not "fermented out dry," the wine will be sweet, and unless very carefully managed and watched, or unless alcohol is added, it will be very liable to sour or cloud into an unpalatable stuff that wine drinkers will not have. Neither sweet wines nor wines dosed with alcohol to preserve them are the kinds of wines to sell to wine-drinking people; nor are they wines that will encourage home people to drink wine instead of whiskey and beer. The stomach rebels against their use. It behooves our wine-makers, therefore, to learn to make, keep and handle good dry wines devoid of sugar and excess of alcohol. The main purpose of alcohol in wine is to preserve it. How much alcohol is necessary for this purpose? In California they frequently reduce the percentage of sugar below that of the normal juice, and ferment it at from 18 to 23 per cent., of sugar, resulting in from 9 to 11 per cent. of alcohol. When it is known that most of the grapes grown in this State contain, when dead ripe, nearly 30 per cent. of sugar in the juice, and when it is known also that in California the wine-makers consider it very difficult to completely "ferment out dry" a juice containing over 28 per cent. of sugar, it looks like superfluous foolishness to add two and three pounds of cane sugar to the gallon of juice, as is practiced commonly in this State. The very opposite—a reduction of the percentage of sugar is what is needed to make a dry wine. This reduction is accomplished by the use of pure water, in which case the use of small quantities of tannin—say at the rate of one-fourth of a pound or less to a hundred gallons—is advisable to give the wine character and color, and to prevent souring. All wine-makers should have a Balling saccharometer. It is stated by good authority that what is called milk-sour does not occur in wine unless there is sugar in it—that is, unless a part of the sugar remains unfermented, and is the original unconverted saccharine matter, sweet to the taste.

These things are clear: To make a good, palatable dry wine not more than 25 per cent. of sugar is necessary; less will do. The temperature during fermentation must not be too high or too low; either will arrest fermentation. Between sixty-five and seventy-five degrees Fahrenheit is the proper temperature, making it necessary to have a cool cellar in which to carry on successful wine-making.

It is the custom in California and in France to crush the grapes and allow the pomace to remain in the juice from twelve to twenty-four hours and even longer before pressing. This gives additional tannin, more body and richer color to the wine. If wine is fermented in a hot room where the temperature goes up to ninety or higher the heat will be so great as to kill the ferment germs, and fermentation will stop, and the wine, only half made, will not keep. Most people would imagine that fermentation would be more rapid and complete at a high degree of heat, but the experience of wine-makers proves that fermentation is steadier, more certain and more complete and that alcohol is formed more quickly at a moderate temperature —65° to 70°. Any one about to engage in wine-making and having no cellar, should by all means go into the ground in some sort of way for a moderately cool temperature. A square hole, four or five feet deep in a shady place, the same covered and protected from the heat of the sun, would do for temporary use. An able-bodied laborer can do the job in a day. Wine can be successfully fermented in tubs, jars, kegs or barrels. All such vessels should be made scrupulously clean, especially wooden vessels, which should be sweet and free from any foreign filth or matter of any kind. Wine is extremely sensitive and its flavor and taste can be easily spoiled. When fermenting in a barrel or keg the vessel should be kept open and the liquid up to the bung hole. The liquid will fall as fermentation progresses. Fresh grape juice should be poured in to keep the barrel full. It is the custom to draw off the wine after the first fermentation is completed, and put it into fresh, sweet, thoroughly cleansed casks, leaving out the lees or settling in the bottom of the first barrel. But the bung must not yet be driven in. The wine will go through a second fermentation, and is not ready for use for several months. When racked into the second barrel a small bag of sand laid over the bung hole, the barrel lying on its side, is all the closing that is necessary. After the second fermentation is over the barrel should be bunged tight. The same rule applies to jugs. In spring the wine should be bottled and the bottles laid on their sides in a cool cellar. They should be tightly corked.

If the wine shows signs of souring it should be Pasteurized. This process is the invention of the celebrated French scientist Pasteur. It is simply to bring the wine to 140° of heat, and seal at once hermetically. The souring is owing to the presence of noxious germs, known as milk sour and vinegar germs, which have stolen into wine that has not been thoroughly or properly fermented. These germs are life organisms. The heating kills them, and if the bottles or other vessels, are sealed promptly before cooling, no fresh germs can enter, and the wine is safe. Where bottles are used the Pasteurizing can be done by immersing the bottles of wine in hot water, about 150°. It is described by the authorities as the simplest and surest way of Pasteurizing. Where casks are used a Pasteurizing apparatus is necessary, and it is expensive and difficult to manage. Pasteurizing is fast taking the place of the use of antiseptics to cure diseased wines. Germs are the cause of all diseases of wines. Heat and antiseptics, such as salycilic acid, gypsum, &c., will kill the germs. The objection to the antiseptics is that they are injurious to health, especially salycilic acid. The French Government allows the use of gypsum or plaster in minute quantities. When the germs are killed by simple heating there can be no injury to the health of the consumer, hence the growing popularity of Pasteurizing. The common way of preserving fruits and vegetables in cans and jars is nothing more nor less than Pasteurizing. Peaches, tomatoes, &c., are preserved by that process by every housewife, while many of them doubtless know not the reason of it.

Wine will go through the first proper fermentation in from five to eight days. It sometimes happens that fermentation will cease from some unaccountable cause, probably a disproportion of acids and tannin. The longer the pomace is allowed to remain with the juice the greater will be the development of these constituents. Where the fermentation stops, as above mentioned, a small quantity of good yeast sunk into the vessel will start it again. In wine-making circumstances and conditions vary greatly. No positive and unerring rules can be laid down by the best authors except in a general way. Experience teaches the most important truths.

A. M. H.

The Farmers' Encampment.

SECRETARY'S OFFICE,
POMARIA, S. C., Aug. 7, 1886.

At the annual meeting of the State Grange of the Patrons of Husbandry of South Carolina, in Charleston, February 4, 1886, Worthy Master, James N. Lipscomb, brought to the attention of the Grange the most wonderful success of the Grange Encampment held annually at Williams's Grove, Penn., and he urged that in view of the great good accomplished by these annual gatherings of the farmers of the country, that this Grange should take action looking to the establishment of a similar encampment in our State. Thereupon a committee was appointed to take the matter in hand as to a location, and such other action as would secure permanency in the enterprise, and to invite the co-operation of the State Agricultural and Mechanical Society of South Carolina, to carry out the objects desired; also the State Granges of North Carolina, Georgia and Tennessee, and the State Agricultural Societies of these States.

The matter of location for the encampment was the first for consideration. There were four points bidding for the location, all making liberal propositions, but after a careful and disinterested survey of the several points submitted, the committee accepted the proposition coming from Spartanburg as possessing equal natural advantages to the others, and decidedly more in railroad lines operating under different systems.

Spartanburg City is growing rapidly in population and resources, is in full view of the Blue Ridge Mountains, a salubrious climate, near Glenn Springs, noted for its mineral waters, where hundreds annually go to recuperate their debilitated health, as scores will attest from personal experience. The city of Spartanburg is also within a few hours ride of Asheville, N. C.

The Pomona Grange of Spartanburg County, the citizens of the county generally, as well as the citizens of the city, are taking an active and earnest interest in the enterprise, agreeing to erect suitable buildings on ample grounds provided for them, and to lay a side track for the accommodation of trains coming to the encampment. As soon as the co-operation of the States named is secured, work will be commenced.

In addition to the action of the committee, the following was submitted, and unanimously adopted at the Joint Meeting of the State Grange and State Agricultural and Mechanical Society at Columbia, August 5th instant.

Whereas, the committee appointed at the meeting held in Charleston, February 4th, 1886, for the purpose of locating the Inter-State Agricultural Encampment have completed their work by locating said Encampment in Spartanburg County, therefore be it

Resolved, That this Joint Meeting request the Board of Agriculture to allow the Honorable Commissioner of Agriculture of this State to make an exhibit of the minerals, timber, and products of the State at the first meeting of said Society to be held in the year 1887.

This statement is presented for the information of all interested in an enterprise of such great importance to the agriculturists of the State, and when fully established will increase the means for the development of the vast resources of the State.

THOS. W. HOLLOWAY,
Secretary.

Mrs. Cleveland on Temperance.

WHEELING, W. VA., August 19.—The following letter has been received by Mrs. Crow, of Littleton, Wetzel County, the wife of a prominent merchant, who asked of Mrs. Cleveland her idea as to the propriety of a woman signing the pledge:

"Executive Mansion, Washington—Mrs. A. M. Crow: The subject to which you refer and ask my advice is one in which your own conscience must dictate; the wisest course for yourself to pursue. You have better opportunities for knowing how you can do most good, and it seems to me that should be the standard by which we women should settle all our great questions in life. It rarely occurs that a woman needs for herself the restraining influences of a temperance pledge, but if by placing ourselves under the obligations of such an organization we can better help our fathers, brothers, lovers and friends, I think there should be no hesitation in the matter. I know something of the Good Templars, and that they do much good. I think it is quite certain you can do no harm by casting your lot on the side of temperance, and you may do much good. I do not consider it a small matter by any means, and I am glad you asked me the question. It is encouraging to know of every sister who wants to add her strength to the cause which happily some day will rid our land of ruined men and broken families.

Very truly yours,
"FRANCES CLEVELAND."

August 12, 1886.

FORTY YEARS AGO.

How we Went to War With Mexico and How we Came Out.

In 1835 the people of Texas, mostly colonists from the United States, finding the despotism of Mexico, of which country Texas formed a part, intolerable rose in rebellion, and after a year's fighting achieved their independence. General Samuel Houston, the most conspicuous Texan soldier, became President of the new Republic in September, 1836. Six months later the United States acknowledged the independence of Texas. Mexico did not relinquish its claim to Texas, although making no further formal attempt to subjugate it. Then as now the Sabine river formed the eastern boundary of the Texan Republic and the Rio Grande the western. After solicitation on the part of Texas it was annexed to the United States in 1845, the act of Congress which brought it about being signed by President Tyler on March 1st of that year, three days before the expiration of his term of office. This led to the war between the United States and Mexico.

James K. Polk, who succeeded Tyler, as President, had been nominated and elected because of his advocacy of annexation. One of his first official acts was to send General Zachary Taylor, with a force of about 4,000 men, to occupy the territory between the Neuces river and the Rio Grande, in Texas. The United States contended that the latter river formed Texas' westerly boundary, while Mexico insisted that the former, about one hundred miles to the eastward, constituted the western line. Taylor reached the Rio Grande, opposite Matamoras, on March 28th, 1846, and erected Fort Brown. The Mexicans also began fortifying their side of the river. General Ampudia, the Mexican commander, ordered Taylor to retire beyond the Neuces, saying that non-compliance would be regarded by Mexico as a declaration of war. Taylor refused to fall back, and said that if Mexico insisted on a conflict the United States would not avoid it. A collision occurring, in which the Mexicans were the aggressors, President Polk asked Congress for men and money to carry on the war forced upon the country by Mexico. Congress at once appropriated $10,000,000, which was deemed a large sum for any such purpose in those days, and empowered the President to call for 50,000 volunteers. This force was quickly raised, but before they were placed in the field hostilities had actually begun.

General Arista, who succeeded Ampudia as commander of the Mexican army on the Rio Grande, crossed that river into Texas on May 8, 1846, with 6,000 soldiers, and attacked Taylor, who had only 2,300 men. The Mexicans were defeated with great loss. This was the battle of Palo Alto, the first regular engagement in the Mexican war. Arista retired to Resaca de la Palma, where he was attacked the next day by Taylor and driven across the river into Mexico. Taylor, who was then promoted to the rank of Major-General, invaded Mexico and occupied Matamoras. Receiving reinforcements he began his march into the interior of Mexico in September, and on the 24th of that month, after desperate fighting, which continued several days, he captured Monterey.

The American force in that battle was 6,625, nearly all volunteers, while the Mexicans consisted of 10,000 regulars. Part of his army was then sent to reinforce Gen. Scott who entered Mexico from Vera Cruz. On February 22, 1847, Taylor, with 5,000 men, defeated 21,000 Mexican veterans under Santa Anna at Buena Vista. This was the last battle of Taylor's campaign, the Mexicans not attempting to interfere with the Americans in that portion of Mexico during the remainder of the war.

In August, 1846, General Stephen Kearney marched from Fort Leavenworth, and wrested New Mexico from the mother country. He went to California, which had also been a portion of Mexico up to this time, and found that Colonel John C. Fremont and Commodore Stockton had conquered that province in the name of the United States. The victorious career of the Americans was continued by 1,000 Missouri volunteers, under command of Colonel Doniphan, making a descent on the city of Chihauhau and capturing it.

Fifteen days after the battle of Buena Vista General Scott, with 15,000 men, invested Vera Cruz, the principal seaport of Mexico, defended by its strongest fortress, which was soon captured. Then began another series of American victories as brilliant and conspicuous as those won by General Taylor 500 miles to the northward a few months before. That at Cerro Gordo took place on April 18, followed by the capture of Jalapa on the 19th, Perote on the 22d, and Puebla on May 15. Being re-enforced, he stormed and captured Contreras and Cherubusco on August 20. An armistic ending without result, Chapultepec was taken by assault on September 13, and the following day the American army entered the City of Mexico, the capital of the country, and flung the stars and stripes to the breeze from the top of the national palace. This ended the hostilities.

The Americans, whether under Taylor or Scott, had been successful in every battle fought, although confronted with superior numbers, in a country which interposed a great natural obstacle to the march of an invading army. Considering the result attained and the difficulties surmounted with the means at command, those campaigns should rank the most conspicuous military exploits recorded in the annals of war, and deserve a place in history beside Alexander's subjugation of Asia, Cæsar's conquest of Gaul, Bonaparte's overthrow of Prussia, and Nathaniel Greene's campaign against Cornwallis.

On February 2, 1846, about five months after Scott entered the Mexican capital, the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo was negotiated, and a few weeks later Mexico was evacuated by the American troops. Mexico in this treaty, conceded the Rio Grande as the westerly boundary of Texas, and gave New Mexico and California to the United States, our country paying Mexico $15,000,000 and assuming Mexico's debts to American citizens, providing those debts should not exceed $3,500,000. Thus ended the third and last war waged by the United States against a foreign power.

The principal of the public debt was $15,550,202 on July 1, 1846, which had grown to $47,044,862 on July 1, 1848, an increase of $31,494,660, nearly all of which growth was caused by the war.

A Photograph Imprinted by Lightning.

A remarkable freak of lightning occurred at Plainfield, N. J., on July 18, at the house of Cornelius D. Paul, in West Fourth street. The family had all retired early, with the exception of Miss Lillian Paul, aged 18, who was sitting up awaiting the arrival of a servant. On stepping into the dining-room to close the window the young lady saw that a small tray that lay upon a table in the bay window was attracting the lightning in what seemed a dangerous manner, being in the centre of an almost constant blaze of light. Approaching for the purpose of removing it, she was suddenly startled by a fearful flash and hastily turned away, but waiting for a few moments for an opportunity, she succeeded in drawing it off and covering it with a rug. Nothing further was thought of it until next morning, when, on removing it, a profile likeness of Miss Paul was found apparently burned into the lacquer of the tray.

The Scientific Accuracy of the Bible.

I make three propositions, 1, that the Bible has never been convicted of one essential error; 2, when it touches science it is entirely correct; 3, its elastic terms accommodate it to scientific advance. Let us take sciences in their order and subject the Bible to the successive tests. First, cosmogony, the science of creation. Let us consider that first verse in Genesis; and we find eight creative stages shown in science exactly as declared by Moses. Both tell us that first of all was a watery waste, and the sun was obscured by vapors; life follows, preceding light; the atmosphere expands, the continent appears above the surface of the water; the heavens and the sun and stars shine out, the sea develops the monsters of the deep, and last of all man is created. Second, geology shows the succession of the great stages of the world's creation. The Hebrew word "day," translated means also a "period," and the word is used for the forty years sojourn in the wilderness by the Israelites, as the "days of temptation," and in Genesis iv. 2, "the days that the Lord God made the earth and the heavens." Thus geology supports the biblical statement of creation taking place in a succession of days. Again, geology shows that all carboniferous vegetation preceded that the three orders of growth, herbs, plants and trees must have been developed without the sun, exactly in accord with the Mosaic assertion. Third, natural philosophy sustains the Bible. Light was long supposed to be a substance; it is known now to be only a form of motion, and God knew it, when he said, "Let there be light," this being the only instance when "be" is used instead of the work make. And in obedience to God's word, light instantly began to move. Job did not understand what he said when he described the sun and stars singing together; but we know the connection between sound and music. And when 1500 B. C. the Bible refers to the fact of the refraction of the sun's rays at the ends of the earth, Job xxxviii.: 17, no one could understand it then. The Bible plainly referred to the weight of the air, Job xxviii: 25, when it said, "to make the weight for the winds," but Galileo thought he had discovered it; and Solomon knew the natural course of the winds when in Ecclesiastes 1: 6, he said "the wind returneth again according to his circuits." When the inspired writer said in Job xxvi.: 7, "He stretched out the North over the empty space, and hangeth the earth upon nothing," he proclaimed for the first time the great fact of gravitation and ether beyond the atmosphere; and how many dreary centuries before man could understand it! Solomon again said: "All the rivers run into the sea, yet the sea is not full; into the place from whence the rivers came, hither they return again," Ecclesiastes i: 7, but he nor any other man knew that he spoke of the fact of the evaporation of water. 3. How does the Bible stand the test of chemistry? Moses said man was made out of dust of the ground, and it is a scientific fact; for lime, phosphate, silex, gas and water enter in the composition of both. When Peter wrote: "The earth standeth out of the water, and in the water perished; but the heavens and earth which are now by the same word are kept in store, reserved into fire against the day of judgment, and perdition of ungodly men," he referred unwittingly to the chemical composition of water and air; for oxygen is the greatest feeder of fire known; and is kept from consuming the rocks and metals by the presence of nitrogen in the air, the lazy giant; and water is composed of hydrogen and oxygen: hydrogen being the most inflammable substance known, and need only to be separated for the total destruction of the world. 4. And what do we find from comparative anatomy of the order of creation of living beings as told in Genesis? What shows the grade to which animals belong to-day? the proportion of the brain to the spinal column; and we find that the brain of a fish has the proportion of 2 to 1 to the spinal column, of reptiles 2½ to 1, birds 3 to 1, of mammals 4 to 1 and of man 33 to 1, proving exactly what we are told in Genesis of the order of creation.—*The Rev. Dr. Pierson at Mt. Hermon.*

Another Niagara Crank.

NIAGARA FALLS, ONT., August 22.—Wm. J. Kendall of Boston to-day swam successfully in a cork vest the whirlpool rapids of Niagara River. The trial was to settle a wager of $10,000 made by Boston parties. He was to receive $1,000 of the stakes. There were few spectators of the affair, it having been kept quiet. Kendall relates the following experiences: When he reached the spot where Captain Webb is supposed to have lost his life the water seemed to go from under him and a huge wave struck him on the head and shoulders, knocking him senseless. He found his swimming abilities of no use whatever, and never expected to come out alive. When entering the whirlpool he was so benumbed, and partly unconscious, that he could not use a limb, and did not know what he was doing. The current took him right into the main eddy, and sucked him down like a flash, keeping him under fully fifteen seconds. Upon reaching the under-current he was shot out of the pool fully fifty feet from its centre. When he reached the surface of the water he had partly recovered consciousness, and knowing there was no time to spare before he would be dashed down the lower rapids, he swam to the shore. While landing he was so overcome that he again became unconscious, and his assistants were fully half an hour occupied in reviving him with the aid of stimulants and by rubbing. When asked if he would ever repeat the experiment, he replied most emphatically: "No; there's not enough money in the world to induce me to repeat this afternoon's experience. A child would have the same chance to go through the rapids and come out all right as an expert swimmer." It took him three minutes to go from the railroad bridge to the whirlpool. Kendall is twenty-four years of age, six feet and two inches in height, weighs one hundred and ninety-five pounds and is very proportioned. He was born in New York, but has spent most of his life in Boston. The cork vest consisted of five pieces of cork, sixteen inches long, four inches wide and two inches thick, which were sewn in white canvas similar to a life-preserver.

— Last Thursday night two negroes from Charlotte arrived at the house of Prince Steele, colored, bringing with them a jug of corn whiskey. They placed it in a corner, and early the next morning Jimmie, 11 years old, son of Prince Steele, got hold of the jug and drank freely of its contents. A short while afterwards it was noticed that he seemed to be intoxicated, but no special attention was paid to him, as it was supposed he would soon be all right. At 12 o'clock he was still in a deadly drunken condition, and a messenger was dispatched for Dr. T. M. DuBose, who hurried to the bedside of the boy, but nothing that he could do could revive the child, and at night he died. It is supposed he drank about a pint of the whiskey.—*Rock Hill Herald.*

— The *Railroad Gazette* of August 6 shows that since the census of 1880 our population has increased 9,800,000, or nearly 20 per cent., and that on July 1 it amounted to 59,961,000. With the immigration for the next four years no larger than last year, and the same rate of natural increase in our population, it would bring it up to 66,300,000 in 1890, or about 16,000,000 increase in the ten years.