

The Anderson Intelligencer.

BY CLINKSCALES & LANGSTON.

ANDERSON, S. C., WEDNESDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 19, 1892.

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For That Tired Feeling

Nervous and general debility, depression of spirits, loss of appetite, insomnia.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Cures others, will cure you

OUR LEADER FOR 30 DAYS ONLY!

ALL OF OUR DRESS GOODS AT COST FOR CASH, Including all our Fall Purchases. HENRIETTAS, CASHMERES, SERGES, BROADCLOTHS, BEDFORD CORDS, LADIES' CLOTHS, in blacks and colors.

The Cashmere you pay elsewhere 30c. for we will let you have at 15c. The 50c. line at 20c., the 40c. line at 25c., and the 60c. line at 33c., the 75c. line for half a dollar, and the dollar line for 75c.

You will save on a \$2.40 Dress Pattern 60 cents, on \$3.00 Pattern the same amount, but the difference on the finer goods is greater: On \$4.80 you save \$1.80, on the \$6.00 line you save \$2.00, on the \$8.00 line you save \$3.00, on \$12.00 line you save \$4.00.

Remember, this sale will be only for Thirty Days.

Sylvester Bleckley Company.

LADIES' STORE

STILL LEADING IN HANDSOME GOODS!

OUR Buyer has been in the Northern markets for these weeks, and has brought the HANDSOMEST STOCK OF LADIES' GOODS that has ever been brought to this market AT PRICES TO SUIT ALL. We have added a new feature in the way of—

A BARGAIN COUNTER.

Don't fail to inspect our entire Stock, for you will SAVE MONEY! Thanks for the past and hopes for the future.

Respectfully,

MISS LIZZIE WILLIAMS.

JOHN T. BURRISS,

Successor to Peoples & Burris, still Headquarters for House Furnishing Goods, Fancy China, Dinner Sets, Vases, Holiday Goods, &c.

THE celebrated IRON KING COOK STOVE is much improved over the old pattern. We have a fine Stove, No. 7, for \$10.00, with 25 pieces, as ornamental as any first class housekeeper need want. A big lot of Second Hand Stoves must go at some price, so come in and price them.

TINWARE LOW DOWN!

Bring your RAGS, HIDES and BEESWAX to us.

Those indebted to the firm of Peoples & Burris are respectfully invited to call in as soon as possible and settle their Account at the same old stand with

JOHN T. BURRISS.

Having bought the A. G. Means Stock of

CLOTHING, SHOES, HATS, & C.,

And being desirous of giving out the same, we will SELL ALL GOODS AT

NEW YORK COST!

When we say New York Cost WE MEAN WHAT WE SAY.

Come early and make your selections and SECURE BARGAINS.

TAYLOR & CRAYTON, Red Front Granite Row.

WHY ORDER

PIANOS AND ORGANS

From any other Market when

THE C. A. REED MUSIC HOUSE

Can and will Save you Money by Buying at Home.

OUR Goods are bought in large lots from the Manufacturers for CASH.

Our expenses are much lighter than dealers in larger cities, who sell almost exclusively through Sub-Agents, thus adding largely to the prices charged you.

And, besides, we have the LARGEST STOCK IN THE STATE to select from, and every instrument is sold under A POSITIVE GUARANTEE. We respectfully solicit your patronage, which will be highly appreciated.

C. A. REED MUSIC HOUSE,

ANDERSON, S. C.

McGee & Dillingham.

We are very much obliged to our friends for their liberal patronage for the past year, and will say that we will have on hand at our Stables—

FIRST CLASS MULES AND HORSES.

AND WILL GIVE YOU LIVING PRICES.

Be sure to call and see us if you want a First Class Mule or Horse cheap for cash, or with good security.

We also can furnish you a first class Turnout at any time. Our Livery Department is equipped with first class Horses and Buggies. We also have on hand a lot of—

PHETONS, BUGGIES AND HARNESS

That we will sell at Rock Bottom Prices.

McGEE & DILLINGHAM.

TEACHERS' COLUMN.

All communications intended for this Column should be addressed to C. WARDLAW, School Commissioner, Anderson, S. C.

MEMOIR GEMS.

No man ever failed who did his duty. "Nothing great is lightly won; Every good deed nobly done, Will repay the cost. Leave to heaven, in humble trust, All you will do to; But if you succeed, you must Paddle your own canoe."

FAREWELL.

Farewell, a word that all learn early in life, and yet one of the last words that fall from the human lips. A word that all like, and still all dislike the occasion which calls for its utterance. A word which, when rightly spoken, was wrapped up in it is prayer.

I come now at the close of two years' work with and for the children and teachers of Anderson County, and I might say, in a small measure, with the educational interest of the whole State, to that time when I shall say to them all farewell. And I do wish that the children, the teachers and the cause of education may fare well.

My work in most respects has been exceedingly pleasant. My life has been made better by association and work with the light hearted, cheerful and bright pupils, and the noble and pure-hearted teachers. It has been my privilege to inspire the boys and girls with higher and holier ideas of life, with more intelligent conceptions of manhood and womanhood, and to stimulate and encourage the teachers in working for such results. I have carried as my guiding star in the work this gem of truth, "It is better to be good than to be educated."

The people must learn, sooner or later, to rely less on the public schools and more on their own exertions and energies, for "there is just enough public help to paralyze individual effort." The rural schools need generally better houses and better furniture. The schools will never be what they should be until this is accomplished. Considerable has been done along this line within the past two years, but much more remains to be done, and must be done, if we would not have the cry continue that "the public schools are a failure." The Trustees could help in this work wonderfully if they only would. It would be better if it could not be accomplished otherwise, to stop the public schools for one term and spend the money in securing better school houses, desks, blackboards, &c. But such a course is not necessary, as has been demonstrated in Coatesville, Garvin and Belton Districts. One other thing I have worked for and have, by the kindly aid of the Trustees, accomplished in several Districts, and that is to get the finances in such shape that the teachers will be paid cash at the end of each month without borrowing money.

Another thing necessary to a good school is a unity of purpose and effort among the patrons. They, too, often let their little differences work their way into the school room. They cannot agree on a teacher. One wants a male, another a female, and others are not satisfied with anybody unless they can have their choice. All should join in with the majority and make the school a success, whether the teacher is the one wanted or not. There are other things that I might refer to, but am a realist.

In taking my leave of the schools of Anderson County I feel no fears concerning them, while in the hands of such teachers as we have. So far as the writer is concerned, he would not give the good wishes and expressions of commendation conveyed to him both orally and by letters from the teachers, for the office. Two thousand times more to be desired are the respect and commendation of the people than their votes.

As I have said, my work for and among the children and teachers has been very pleasant and beneficial. I have always loved the children, and my work during the last two years has intensified and strengthened that love. I see in them the coming men and women, and feel that whatever of greatness is to be must come through them. I see also that the country needs better men and better women, and the only hope of securing them is in making better boys and girls of the school children. The hope of the country is in the children. The children have been exceedingly kind to me, as have also the teachers, and consequently there has grown up between us a mutual friendship that will not soon fade away. And in taking my leave of you, children and teachers, be assured that I will ever remember you with most pleasant recollections, and will ever be glad to hear of your prosperity and success.

If in the future I can, in any way, serve any of you, you have only to command me. Farewell!

"Peter Piper Picked a Peck of Pickled Peppers," was a line of alliterative nonsense, that the children used to say. Nowadays they can practice on the Perfect, Painless, Powerful Properties of Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets. It will improve a fact which will be useless to know. These Pellets cure sick headache, bilious attacks, indigestion, constipation and all stomach, liver and bowel troubles. They are tiny, sugar-coated pills, easy to take, and, as a laxative, one is sufficient for a dose. No more groans and gripes from the old drastic remedies! Pierce's Purgative Pellets are as painless as they are perfect in their effects.

—How you spend your time largely determines your character. Stay at home at night and you will at least keep sober; read good books in your leisure hours and you will at least not be a blank fool; keep smutty tales and fool slush out of your talk and you will at least not be a bore. Live within your means and you will at least not be hampered with debts.

BILL ARP'S TALK.

As I struck with the Pretty Town of Marshall.

A Home Observation.

When a town grows to have 8,000 inhabitants it is just about large enough. No town ought to have more than 10,000. If the influence of great cities is detrimental to good morals, as Jefferson said, then how large can a city safely be before the pestilence begins. It seems to me that 8,000 is about right, for that number ensures good schools and perhaps a college or two. It ensures good churches of at least four denominations with good preachers who are fairly well paid—churches that living do not languish and preachers whose families are not ploughed with poverty. Church assemblies are invited there once or twice a year and their ministers and laymen mix and mingle with the people in their homes and leave the influence of their good example as a benediction upon the community. For those who like secular pleasures it secures good halls and opera houses, good shows and troupes and concerts, good orators and lecturers. It secures good streets and sidewalks, and waterworks and gasworks, and ice factories and other luxuries that a prosperous people can afford to indulge in. It secures a good market, good butchers and bakers, a laundry and, last but not least, a daily newspaper.

I was rambling about this because I am here in Marshall, which has just a little more people, and is just such a place. It is big enough and everybody seems to be content. They don't want to strain their towns with a boom, for they say it grows fast enough from the natural increase, and they don't want prosperity to go up so high that they can't pay the taxes on it. It is the outspread town for its size I ever saw, for most every family of any pretensions has got an acre or two enclosed and a grove of shade trees somewhere. Many of them have from two to five acres and fruits and flowers abound everywhere. The mechanics and the unpretending people generally own their residences where the good wife and daughters can plant their vines and shrubbery and hang a few pictures on the walls and re-paper the room and fix up the kitchen without feeling that they will have to move when Christmas comes. If I was a king and a Croesus, my highest ambition would be to see to it that every family, however humble, should have a home, a home that they could beautify and adorn and love, a home that the children would love to think about when they grew up to manhood or womanhood and become transplanted to some other less hallowed spot. There is no purer pleasure in this life than in adding to the little comforts in and around home. It is far better to make these improvements from time to time as the purse will admit of than to buy them already made. It is better for the children to make them if they can, and let their own handiwork embellish and adorn the home and the front yard. I thought of this the other day when our girls called me up stairs to show me their day's work. They had bought a beautiful papering for 90 cents and had made the paste and put it on their room and the entire cost, including the bordering, was only \$1.80, and they bought a little can of paint for half a dollar and re-coated the mantel and the doors and window casings and everything looked so new and clean. Most anybody can do these things if they will try and there is refinement and pleasure in it. "Make home happy" should be the motto of every family. It is common, or it used to be, to see in a frame over the mantle worked in crochet or painted with a brush, the prayer "God Bless our Home," but a better thing is to go to work and bless it yourself. A Marshall man told me that there was but one rich man within her limits and not half a dozen poor ones. No beggars for charity and nobody utterly poor. Old Agnes's prayer has been answered to this people. A magnificent courthouse is the only extravagant thing I saw, but that is Texas. If they did have that, Marshall would be just over the line in Louisiana. The railroad shops add a good deal to the prosperity of this place. They are very extensive and employ several hundred hands and pay out not less than \$5,000 a week for labor, and all this is expended and circulated in the community and keeps things lively. Without them the town would languish and soon go into a state of innocuous desuetude, or words to that effect. I never did know what Mr. Cleveland meant by that, but it must be something mighty bad. I hope it won't catch him in November.

Considering the great benefits of these shops to the prosperity of Marshall, I supposed that almost every citizen would vote for Clark for governor, but they say he was fairly nominated and they will vote for him, and they say he will be more friendly to railroads and to capital than he has been. But I shall take no part in the contest. Mr. Cleveland and I have concluded to keep our heads off this factional quarrel.

Last evening I saw the cows milked. Mr. Lotkoh, whose guest I am, has a small herd of seventeen beautiful Jerseys, besides the calves. They are said to be the finest in the State and no finer in the South. It was a novelty and a revelation to me. There they were in a row. Every one in her stall halted to her feed trough and all looking calm and serene and seemed to be happy to have their swollen udders emptied. Some of them gave two gallons and some less, but I learned that the quantity of milk is no longer a test. We used to speak of a three-gallon cow or a four-gallon cow, but now the butter record is all that is mentioned. The standard is fourteen pounds a week. There are only 3,000 Jerseys in the United States who come up to that record. Of course, there are many who have broken the record, as they say about Nancy Hanks. There are many cows who make twenty-five pounds a week and a few who have gone to thirty. Such cows are almost priceless and their calves bring from five hundred to five thousand dollars before they are a year old. Mr. Lotkoh knows the pedigree of every one of his cows as far back as he does his own. They are all registered in the books and his books are well

bound and make quite a library, for there are 65,000 Jerseys registered in them. He is a director in the national association and is desperately in love with his business. He sells 150 pounds a week of golden butter, and realizes 874 cents a pound for it. Every pound of milk in Marshall and he cannot supply the demand. I saw the separator at work—the machine that has cylinders revolving 6,400 times in a minute—and the centrifugal force sends the cream out at one tube and the skimmed milk at another. That milk is fed to his litters of Berkshire pigs that are coming on in a bucket, and I saw that kind of pork must be good and sweet and healthy. One of the heifers dropped a beautiful calf yesterday, but it happened to be a boy and the poor little unfortunate thing had to be knocked in the head, for he says it doesn't pay to raise boys. Fortunately, the mother never cried about it nor mourned for more than a day. Give her enough to eat and she is happy. A cow has got less sense and less emotion than any creature of its size upon earth. You can teach horses and dogs and birds many things, but a cow nothing—nothing hard, and this is all for the good of mankind. Providence created them to supply us with meat and milk, and butter and cheese, and that is all. In haste, BILL ARP.

Fall Care of Cows.

Too many dairymen talk about "putting their cows upon their Winter feed." The good dairymen do not know when Autumn ends and Winter begins. With him there is no sudden change from wet to dry, or cold to warm; and the man who sees that the Summer dairy is as well cared for as the Winter one, and the reverse, will be the one who has succeeded in keeping his cows giving milk until near feeding time. In our dairy, judicious feeding and care doubly pay for furnishing milk even in the month of Summer, so that the milk-cans make it trips to the creamery every day in the year, when by the old plan of dairying, the cows rested from milk-giving at least eighteen weeks, and the time of their greatest cost, namely, Winter months. Few dairymen begin to stable their cows early enough in the Fall. To them seems a loss not to have cows in the pasture night and day until the ground is actually frozen, the idea being that this frosted feed will be lost if not eaten. The fact is ignored that milk, if secured in profitable quantities, is a result of warmth and comfort, and so cow on frosted feed, deluged by a cold and penetrating rain of Autumn and chilled by frost, can maintain the flow of milk that she would if kept in the stable at night and on stony days. Teaching a cow to endure cold weather, and expecting her to do well in milk yield, has not paid since the advent of Winter dairying. The Winter dairymen have found that the nearer they make the Fall and Winter other like June, the better the results. In general practice I find that as soon as the chilly nights set in October, it pays to keep the cows in, and feed them in the stable, for a cow by preference never likes a wet and a cold bed, and by the same reasoning is never found on the windy side of a fence, but hunts a sheltered nook, if one is to be found. Let us take a hint from the cow herself, and as soon as the frosts are needed in the house, put this mother cow, that in her milk-giving is more susceptible to cold than the "dry" one, into the warm stable and generously feed her, and defer the toughening period until warmer weather in the spring, and by this more generous and humane treatment secure many more gallons of better milk, and place ourselves among the more progressive dairymen of the country. —John Gould, in O. J. Farmer.

The Deacon's Wooling.

Deacon Sharp, who lives in Buckeye Valley, has never married. He made the attempt once, says the Free Press, but his humility and pious work against him. He was the same long solemn-visaged chap that he is now, with what is known as a "gift of prayer." In season and out of season he was ready at any moment to bow down on his knees and tell all who knew of spiritual grace. There were those who said he liked to hear himself talk.

On this occasion he asked Jenny Price to be his partner for life, and Jenny, who was a prime little school teacher, consented.

Then the deacon flopped. He began in his usual strain by invoking forgiveness for his sins. He was everything that was vile, and as he enumerated the crimes laid down in his own imagination, Jenny began to flidget. At last she touched the deacon on the shoulder.

"You needn't pray any more on my account," she said; "I wouldn't think of marrying such a wicked sinner. If you are only half as bad as you say you are, I wouldn't have you. I hope you will repent before it is too late."

And she left the astonished deacon to his own reflections upon matrimony and grace.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

By local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by Catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

P. J. O'BRYEN & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

Sold by all Druggists, 75c.

It is calculated that 1000 thrifty coffee trees will yield a fair average of 3200 pounds of coffee per annum.

A STAR OF HOPE.

Interesting Communication About Wheat Milling.

In the Cotton Plant of July 30th Mr. Rodgers asks for the name of an agent or a dealer in "patent flour mills." He can obtain the address of such by the dozen by consulting the advertising columns of the milling and other industrial journals.

His card and questions relate to a subject of such vital importance to those who make and consume bread that I hope the readers of this paper will not consider what I have say an intrusion. To make every point in every detail plain in treating this subject, from the time the seed wheat is committed to the soil under the barrel of flour is rolled from the packer or the oat is drawn from the oven, would require a considerable volume. As that volume is impracticable, and would be (to the writer) unprofitable, many things that are necessary to be known will have to remain obscure.

Mr. Rodgers has evidently scented the right trail when he proposes to organize a joint stock company for the manufacture of the farmers' wheat into flour. Such a company, composed of farmers who raise the wheat, are the only ones that would be likely to succeed in such an enterprise, because such stockholders would find it to their interest to use their land, capital, energy, skill and influence to improve the quality and augment the quantity of the wheat that alone could make the business of wheat milling a success in our State.

Flour milling in this State with imported grain should not be thought of, for there are many incontrovertible arguments to prove that it could not succeed. Flour milling in South Carolina on South Carolina raised wheat could be made remunerative if a sufficient quantity of wheat was raised to supply home demand. To move in this direction the first thing necessary to be done would be to inaugurate a system that would bring farmer and miller in close touch with each other, and keep them there. The next things of supreme importance to consider are: first ample capital; second, ample water power; third, a sufficient quantity of wheat; fourth, skill-knowledge. Neither one of the above named requisites could be dispensed with, and without a guarantee of all four no individual or company could succeed. Without ample capital debts would be made, the interest of which would swallow up all the profit in spite of the best mechanical skill and business management. By ample capital I do not mean millions of dollars, but I do mean a few thousand dollars, sufficient to establish a small plant, such as any wheat growing county or community would need, and place it at once on a solid, substantial cash foundation. As to power—water would be superior to steam—the verdict of engine builders to the contrary notwithstanding. Water power is steady and free from the fluctuations and retooling of steam engines, which is a prolific source of black ink that is dreaded by intelligent flour millers. Water power also has decided advantages over steam in the cost of fuel, engineer's wages, risk of life and property from boiler explosions and fire insurance. As to wheat: that is of so much importance that it cannot receive justice in this short article. As has already been stated, imported grain should not be thought of, except on a very light experimental scale, to mix with home-raised, to make fancy brands for city folks that never buy any other but the highest priced articles, and also to keep business going when the domestic supply runs short.

In the face of so many drawbacks to wheat raising in this State, such as rust, Hessian fly, warm Winters, hot Springs, impoverished land, stinking smut, chest, cockle, rat flitch, oats, wild garlic, etc., the very serious question arises: Can wheat growing and wheat milling be ever made a success? Without attempting a direct answer, I will state that experience has demonstrated the fact that a great majority of the above obstacles can be surmounted, for some years the farmer makes a good crop of wheat in spite of his carelessness. Farmer stockholders in a small, neat, well-equipped flour mill would be likely to investigate, and the result of such investigation would in a few years improve the average quality and yield of wheat wonderfully, and the light could not be hid but would be contagious. The knowledge, skill and experience required for such an undertaking; the ability to plan building and machinery so as to suit both custom and merchant milling, as well as looking very carefully after cleaning machinery, and most especially the purifying and grading of the farmer's seed, is a matter of the greatest importance when a permanent business is aimed at. Such necessary knowledge must be based upon something more than being versed in the claims of manufacturers of water wheels, steam engines, corrugated and smooth iron and porcelain rolls, middlings, purifiers, bran dusters, etc., at the same time quite forgetful of the fact that such manufacturers and their hired agents are intensely human, generally making their wares to sell, and very generally, after a sale is consummated, a majority of them are done with the transaction, and the over-confident purchaser left to lament the fate of a man who has been swindled. Experience along this line, to have a money value, must also extend beyond the simple knowledge of what per cent. of ground alum or sulphate of zinc is necessary to mix with a certain grade of wheat that will produce, when ground, a grade of flour that will sell for the most money.

Mr. Rodgers says: "We have only burr stone mills, and it makes no odds how good our wheat is it is ruined almost by the slow process of grinding." It is too true that much of the farmer's wheat has been ruined in custom mills by grinding wheat, fuff, bran, dirt, rat flitch, onions, oats, chest, etc., together, making a dark, greasy, slick substance called flour, but better named by an ancient miller "Jarsey Blue." Much of this, however, the farmer himself is re-

sponsible for. The slow process of grinding does not ruin the flour, as the roller thinks; but rather the reverse. Neither is the old style burr entirely responsible. A portion of the responsibility rests with the man who makes the original plan; still another portion rests with the so-called miller who has not learned perhaps that good flour cannot be made from bad, damaged or imperfectly cleaned wheat, and that "between the stones the flour is made." Many millers and millwrights, when they have finished what in kindness is called stone dressing, (stone butchering), both face and furrow has the appearance of an irregular cut bastard die, a dozen times magnified; then such stones are in a fit condition to grind coarse clobs for dogs or cattle, and we beside the customers who, for the first dozen, grind after that flat, clean burr, and an article of flour that is pure, clean and sweet, and though fine enough to bolt through No. 12 xx silk, it reveals, under a magnifying glass, that it is perfectly granulated and has a delicious nutty taste that all pure flour should have; they get bran as fine ground, as sharp and nearly as heavy as fine nearly grit. And the flour, well, if "Jarsey Blue" does not describe it, Webster's next edition may contain the right word. "That patent flour mill" that Mr. R. spoke of may be too costly and complicated and would hardly suit our immediate wants. Many of the devices of the patent sharks are treacherous and dangerous, as many custom and small merchant millers of the past could testify.

Many of the elaborate patent processes were introduced not so much to improve the product and increase the yield, so that the farmer, miller and consumer would all be benefited; but, like the popular practice of medicine to-day, they were intended to mystify and put money into the pockets of patent rights, their henchmen, manufacturers, and drive the small merchant and custom miller to the wall, thereby putting the whole business in the hands of the big mill owners—giant monopolies. While there is more science about bread making in all its ramifications than there is in the art of doing out medicine to the stock, still the farmers have it in their power to raise and manufacture the bread we eat, and we are very foolish if we don't combine and do it.

A majority of the old burr mills with the judicious outlay of a few hundred dollars, could be so improved that they would give their customers abundant satisfaction. The addition of an oat and corking machine, a proper adjustment of the scouring machine that every mill has, would, by intelligent management, be sufficient to do fairly good work in cleaning the grain, especially by running it through two or three times instead of one. Then the stones would have to be in good condition. A pair of simple, cheap, (not patent) smooth break rolls, a small purifier and a proper adjustment, and clothing and bolting reels; and if intelligence and competency has planned and directed the work, an excellent job would be the result, that might bring a smile to the entire community, especially at the breakfast table after a good crop of wheat was harvested, threshed and ground. The "Long Roller" patent system could practically do no better work than this "little" combination will, and the good part would be that farmers could mix alum in their bread at the table to their own liking. The little combination mill would cost only hundreds, while the big roller process would cost tens of thousands, and could never be reached by a company of a hundred farmers.

To give an idea of the value of the wheat that grows in a Southern latitude, matures and ripens under a Southern sun, I will from memory quote in substance what I read several years ago. A test was made with flour made from North Georgia wheat and flour made from Michigan or Minnesota wheat. (I cannot now call to mind which.) The sample of Georgia flour contained in round numbers, 8 per cent. of moisture, while the Northwestern flour contained in round numbers, 16. By calculation based upon said test, a barrel of that from Georgia would make from thirty to fifty pounds more than the Northwestern. That test and analysis showed also a considerable difference in the per cent. of gluten contained in the different flours, being in favor of the flour of Georgia wheat, and a corresponding less quantity of starch. The sum of that test showed that Southern flour contained less water and less starch, but contained more gluten; because it contained more properties that make muscle, brain and strength. Have any thing to serve as proof that our wheat is superior to Northern and Western? We have abundance of it. Every housekeeper who has used flour, both home raised and imported, knows that there is a marked difference in the time a barrel of home flour will last the family over the barrel that is bought from the store. The barrel of imported flour is loosely packed, but contains full weight, 200 pounds net. The barrel of home flour, if it weighs 196, it is packed solid and requires much digging with a saw to get it out. The gluten test is also familiar to all "poor" housekeepers. The woman who makes starch from flour takes about a teaspoonful of nice white flour, adds enough clear water to make a stiff dough. After thorough kneading, it is then worked or kneaded in a bowl of clear water until the starch is all dissolved, leaving the tough lump of gluten, which is insoluble, in water. To finish the starch the water in which it is dissolved is strained through a thick towel and then carefully boiled, and the gelatine, glucose and other impurities is skimmed off the top; a final straining is finished. By trying Western flour for starch making, it will be found that some of it is very little starch and still less gluten. If people were educated along this line, there would not be so much kaolin and alum used for bread, because with a few simple tests the breadmaker could detect much of the adulteration.

In conclusion, I will apologize for the length of this article; but there is a motive behind every man's actions or written sentiments. I see no reason to keep

mine in the background. I have had an interest in the trade described in this article. I have studied it carefully with all the diligence I possess, but I see no way out, save by farmers and millers mutually co-operating. Flour milling must die in this State, must go overboard, without the hearty co-operation of the farmers, and the farmer's wheat would be a valueless incubus without the mill to manufacture it in first class flour. Will we ever get government ownership of railroads? If we do, we have not a great deal of use for home-raised wheat. But if we do not get government ownership of railroads, then we need to make our own wheat and flour. I should like to see this subject discussed by more competent and able writers than myself; but if you are not ready for it, brethren, I am sure I am not.

I will say to friend Rodgers that the business of making flour is a progressive one and cannot be successfully carried on by simply investing in some company's patent machinery. It is a business that has to be learned step by step, and the man embarking must expect many disappointments and discouragements; but ultimate success would mean much more than a simple compensation for a single individual or company, for our depressed and downtrodden South Carolina farmers. Is the prize worth laboring for?

P. I. RAWL, Rocky Hill, S. C., August 10, 1892.

Better Than Cotton.

Mr. J. F. Erwin, of Cabarrus, the father of Mr. John Erwin, the night clerk at the Central Hotel, has been in the city for a few days. He and his son, Mr. O. L. Erwin, are conducting a grass and stock farm in Cabarrus, and yesterday an Observer reporter had a very interesting conversation with him on the subject. The farm consists of 237 acres and the land had been used for the production of cotton for 75 years, or until it was washed and run down. Five years ago Mr. Erwin realized that there was no money in cotton, though it was then selling at 10 cents and he was raising a half bale to the acre, and that besides if he kept on his land would soon be worthless. Thereupon he abandoned cotton and has raised none since; but turned his attention instead to grain, grass and stock raising. He filled the gullies with brush, fertilized the lands and sowed clover and orchard grass seed. At the same time he began stock raising on a small scale and now has twenty-five head of horses and mules. One of these, a one-year-old colt, a grandson of Abdul Korso, took the first prize at the recent Concord fair. He is raising stock for market and sees something in it.

As to the grain and grass growing: Mr. Erwin last year raised 1,100 bushels of wheat and oats. On ten acres of ground he made 300 bushels of wheat—an average of 30 bushels to the acre, and but for the loss from the wheat falling down would have realized 33 bushels per acre. All of his wheat is made on clover sod, clover, in Mr. Erwin's opinion, far surpassing peas as a fertilizer. He is satisfied that he can grow wheat at better profit at \$1.00 per bushel than he could cotton at 10 cents per pound. He has fifty acres in clover now, makes his own clover seed and will hereafter have \$5.00 to \$8.00 per bushel, it will at once appear that the clover seed industry is not an insignificant one.

It is as good as a play to hear Mr. Erwin talk farming. He could give the cotton farmers of this section valuable points. He does not run much to corn, but sees great possibilities in stock raising and growing grasses and the small grains. —Charlotte Observer.

A Thousand Cattle Burned.

BOISE CITY, October 2.—Blaisen Bros. have received word from the superintendent of their stock range in the Bear River Valley that more than 1,000 head of fat cattle have been destroyed by the great forest fire that have for weeks been sweeping over that region. Nine houses and four cabins were also destroyed, and three herdsmen fatally burned.

The cattle were feeding in a small valley on Tuesday last. A strong wind suddenly blew a sea of fire down upon them. The animals stampeded, but they ran in the wrong direction. Before the cowboys could turn the maddened animals the herd was surrounded by flames. The cattle huddled in the centre of a clearing, about a mile square in extent, and the cowboys thought they might remain quiet and eventually escape. Showers of cinders and sparks fell upon the herd, however, and presently a steer ran amuck among his companions, going there with its horns and blowing frightfully. The other animals broke and ran in all directions. Many of them dashed into the midst of the flames, where they perished in horrible agony. Others ran into the burning forest near where the cabins had stood and paused to drink at a water-hole, but the fire was scalding hot, and the poor brutes, maddened by their intensified sufferings, viciously charged each other and every other living object in sight. To save their lives the four cowboys who were within the fiery circle attempted to force their horses through a narrow belt of grass-wood, the shrubs standing about two feet high. Before they had gone ten feet the animals had inhaled flames and dropped to the earth, their riders being compelled to run back to their starting place.

After nine hours the wind drove the flames onward, and the men on Ransom's range attended to the needs of their suffering friends. Only twenty