The Anderson Intelligencer.

BY CLINKSCALES & LANGSTON. ANDERSON, S. C., WEDNESDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 8, 1893. VOLUME XXVIII.---NO. 19

BROWNLEE & VANDIVERS,

DEALERS IN

General Merchandise,

CASH COTTON BUYERS,

Are now loaded from Cellar to Ceiling with their Immense Line of

FALL AND WINTER GOODS.

WE CAN SAVE YOU MONEY ON

Jeans, Shoes, Cassimers, Outings, Ginghams, Prints, &c.

WE havn't the largest Stock of Goods ever brought to Anderson, and not near as much money as we need, but one look at our Goods and Prices will convince any fair-minded man that we carry one of the best selected Stocks of heavy and staple Dry Goods and Groceries, and are--

Satisfied with Less Profit than any One!

Yours in earnest,

BROWNLEE & VANDIVERS.

P. S.—The Finest Coffee, Tobacco and Flour on earth.

CUTLERY!

Pocket Knives,

Table Knives!

One Thousand Varieties!

The Rangoon Razor

Every Razor Warranted.

Price, $1.50.

SULLIVAN HARDWARE CO.

You Miss Half Your Life when you Fail to See

WILL. R. HUBBARD'S

JEWELRY PALACE.

MORE Goods than you can shake a stick at, and at prices that will astonish the natives. You will certainly lose money if you don't see me BEFORE BUYING.

My stock of Gold and Silver Watches cannot be surpassed in the State.

Plain Gold and Set Rings.

Sterling Silver and Plated Knives, Forks and Spoons.

Japanese Goods, China Novelties.

China Tea Sets, Chamber Sets, &c., in great variety.

JEWELRY WORLD WITHOUT END.

Promptness in everything. Watch Work a Specialty.

Engraving free on all Goods bought of me.

WILL. R. HUBBARD,

Next to Farmers and Merchants Bank.

LADIES' STORE!

42..................PATTERN HATS..................42

PERFECT beauties, all different shapes and exquisite colors, All who have seen them exclaim, "I have never seen the like in Anderson!" Forty-two Pattern Hats at prices ranging from $3 00 to $10 00.

We have never had as Complete line of Millinery!

In fact, our stock of SILKS, SATINS, VELVETS, DRESS GOODS, NOTIONS and HIGH NOVELTIES has no equal in the up-country.

Our prices are as low as the lowest, quality of Goods unsurpassed. We cordially ask an inspection of Goods, and—

DEFY COMPETITION.

Our polite Sales-ladies are ready and willing to show Goods and quote prices. If you are pleased with Goods and prices they will be delighted to sell you.

Thanks for the past, and hoping for the future, we are

Respectfully yours,

MISS LIZZIE WILLIAMS.

A FREE TRIP

JUST now around the world would be a most enjoyable thing, but the undersigned wants to inform the trading public that he has just opened business at the old Hubbard stand, in the McCully Block, and will be more than pleased—

TO

Greet his old friends there. His Stock consists of **Staple and Fancy Groceries, Cigars, Tobacco, Confectioneries, Fruits, Etc.,** and—

THE

Prices on the same are so low that the stingiest man in the County would be so well pleased as to take a trip to the—

WORLD'S FAIR.

Come to see me when you want anything in the Grocery line. I want to build up a good trade, and will make it to your advantage to trade with me.

All orders from City patrons will be highly appreciated, and will be delivered promptly and FREE OF CHARGE.

Respectfully,

G. F. BIGBY.

GLENN SPRINGS WATER

— WILL CURE —

Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Chronic Heptatitis, Jaundice, Torpor of Liver, and general debility following upon malarial diseases. Dropsy, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Constipation, Hemorrhoids, Uterine, Renal and Cystic Diseases, Hæmaturia and Catamanial derangements.

— FOR SALE BY —

A. N. TODD & CO.

May 31, 1893 48 6m

BILL ARP'S LETTER.

He Gives Some Advice to the Legislature.

Atlanta Constitution.

The Legislature is in session. Most of the members are politicians, of course, and will keep an eye on their own personal advantage, but we trust they will keep the other on the public welfare. Tote fair, gentlemen, tote fair with us. We want no fooling around. Do your work and do it quickly and go home. The people are already burdened with taxation. The plain truth is there are thousands who can't pay their taxes, and the newspapers will be full of Sheriff sales. Have mercy upon the people. You will have more applications for all sorts of appropriations, but I wouldn't grant a single one outside of maintaining the government on the most economical basis. Wait until we recover from the present distress. Some things are needed very bad right now, but we can't afford them. One thing we ought to have above all others, if we could afford it, and that is a reformatory prison with workshops and other attachments for criminals under sixteen years of age. What are we to do with the boys who are going to destruction? A few years ago Mrs. Lou Gordon visited Elmira, N. Y., to see the reformatory there and she wrote a very interesting and instructive letter about it. Two thousand boys under sixteen working like heroes in the shops at different trades, and every few months a number discharged as reformed and good places found for them among the farmers or the mechanics. Boys of that tender age can be reformed, but not when serving a sentence in the chaingang with hardened criminals. We had that system in our Penitentiary. I remember well a man who stole money when only sixteen years old. He was sent to the Penitentiary for four years and learned a trade. Four years of work painting wagons made him a good artisan, and he stuck to it and kept a good name and was respected. When the war came on he was among the first to volunteer. He joined a Rome company and fell with his face to the foe at the first battle of Manassas. He used to tell me how kind the principal keeper of the Penitentiary was to him and how he got new ideas of life, and its duties from that good man and resolved to come out of there reformed. That good man was Dr. Alexander, the father of my friend, Dr. Jim. That is the way to do it. The boys want kind words. They want a friend. Most of these young criminals have had a hard life with no friends to encourage them—perhaps an intemperate father and a miserable mother and poverty in the place called home.

What can we do to stop the progress of crime in our State? It is increasing in ratio every year—increasing much faster than population—increasing among a rising generation. The chief causes seems to be idleness and the lack of parental restraint. "Idleness is the parent of vice," so said Ben Franklin, and he knew, for he liked to have turned out a vagabond. Work was all that saved him. The most striking difference between the parents of the present day and those of fifty years ago is in the way they control their children. In the olden times children feared their parents, but now the parents fear the children. "Why don't you stop that boy of yours from smoking cigarettes?" "Because I can't. I have talked to him and so has his mother, but it don't do any good."

Yes, talked to him. Fifty years ago a father would have taken that boy behind the smokehouse and talked to him with a rod about three feet long. There was no fooling around with the boys. Obedience to parents was a cardinal principle in the household. I remember a boy who got a good threshing for speaking disrespectfully to his mother. He answered her back, that was all, but his father heard it and then his back answered for the disrespect. The poor mother cried and when the father had gone she rubbed the marks with liniment, and that was all. If Solomon didn't know, who did? He must have had several hundred boys to look after, and I reckon he had an acre or two of switches. If a school teacher whips a boy nowadays he is threatened with prosecution and a big fuss is made over it in the newspapers, and the boy comes out a martyr and a hero. When Dr. Jim and I were boys we were afraid to let our fathers know that we got a whipping at school. One day Jim Wilson ran away from John Norton to keep from a whipping. Old Dr. Wilson, the preacher, found it out that night and next morning marched Jim up to the schoolhouse and he took his medicine like a little man. But I know some preachers' sons who need medicine, but they don't get it anywhere. The teachers and the fathers are afraid of the boys.

We had a first-class Southern outrage in our town the other day, and I am surprised that it hasn't got in the Northern papers. A negro boy of sixteen was lynched right here in John Anderson's livery stable. John Anderson is one of our best citizens, but he actually connived at this lynching. The boy is a street vagabond and was caught stealing the lunch out of a buggy that was left in the stable. He had eaten up one from another buggy and had begun on the second when discovered. He was tied in a stall and his mother sent for. She weighs about 200 pounds, and when she came and learned of the trouble, she exclaimed, "Dar now, told you so, tank de good Lord I dun got you dis time. I bin trying to git hold of you for six munts and you git away from me ebery time. But I got you now, tank de Lord." She asked for a whip or cowhide or something, but was given a light buggy trace. She stripped him in a posterior fashion and bent him over a cross bar, and those licks and those yells were awful to hear and awfuller to behold. She lynched him while John Anderson and other humane gentlemen looked on and approved. That darkey will never steal another lunch from that stable nor any other stable.

But there is one law I do hope the Legislature will pass. Let these public hangings be abolished. We had one here last week and several thousand people gathered to feast upon the scene. Now, I don't raise my hand in holy horror about men going to see a man hung—but one time ought to satisfy any man, and no time for women and children. It should not be witnessed as a farce or a frolic, but rather as a funeral. There were, perhaps, a thousand white women around the gallows, and some few whose appropriate place was at home. It is encouraging a morbid and debasing curiosity, and women with tender hearts and refined feelings have no business at such places. It will profit us to imitate the older government, such as England and Germany, whose executions have been private for half a century. Some thoughtful persons say that public executions are a warning to the vicious, but this was not, for there stood the man with a cigar in his mouth selling a book and showing no sign of fear or repentence—but rather a desire to play the hero to the last. What kind of a warning is that which trifles with death as he did?

An intelligent Englishman said to me that since he had been in the South he had noted one striking difference between our criminal procedure and theirs. "England," said he "does not allow her laws to be trifled with. They are executed promptly. The law's delay that Shakespeare wrote about in Hamlet is a thing of the past. Criminals are brought to speedy trial." Another difference in murder cases is that murders in England are generally done in cold blood—planned and premeditated, and the murderer is a vicious, brutal man. It is rare, very rare, that a killing is done in the sudden heat of passion. Men do not shoot each other there for being called a liar or a swindler, or for an insult or indignity. They quarrel and call each other hard names, but they don't often come to blows, and never to weapons. Hip pockets and pistols are unheard of. And so when a murderer is brought to trial, he gets speedy justice. He is convicted and sentenced and disappears.

When our country grows to that then, perhaps, these lynchings will stop—lynchings for all crimes save one.

BILL ARP.

Pork vs. Cotton as a Money Crop.

It is usually the case, when you are reasoning with a Southern farmer and trying to show that cotton, at present prices, does not pay, that he replies by asking the question, "What else can I raise that will give me ready money in the fall?" When it requires practically all that he gets for his cotton to produce it, it is certainly a poor money crop.

We have, in several articles, urged the advisability of a change in our system of almost total dependence upon cotton, and a resort to a system of combined stock-raising and cotton farming, whereby a larger yield of cotton may be produced upon a smaller area, by using larger quantities of manure, made from the keeping of stock, and at much less cost per pound.

To say that there is no profit in stock-raising in this country; that we cannot compete, so far as the supplying of our home demand is concerned, with the rich and virgin corn lands of the West, is a mere assertion and is not true. As well, and perhaps with more truth, might we say, that with the present rate of production per acre, that we cannot compete, in the raising of cotton, with the rich lands of the Mississippi bottoms and the fertile prairies of Texas.

The United States census shows that the average yield of cotton in this State is about 150 pounds of lint per acre; that is, three acres are required to produce one bale of cotton. At present prices, this gives a gross income, including the sale of the seed, of $12.70 per acre. After deducting feed of the horse, labor, tools and fertilizers, this must necessarily leave very little, if any, ready money. Twenty-five acres of land, we believe, is considered a one-horse crop of cotton. To each horse will be required at least two good hands to properly cultivate this number of acres. A simple calculation will show that there will be but little left for the farmer after all expenses are paid.

The eight bales of cotton, now requiring twenty-five acres for its production, should be grown upon eight acres to be profitable. It is of no use to say it cannot be done. It has been done and can be done again, if you will bring your lands up to a proper state of fertility by the mixed system of stock raising and cotton, as outlined in my article upon "Modified Intensive Farming."

We assert, without fear of successful contradiction, that there is more profit to-day in raising pork than there is in cotton. Let us suppose, for instance, that any one of our farmers should devote twenty-five acres—a one-horse crop—to raising hogs, and should set ten acres in clover and grass, and the remaining fifteen acres in corn and peas, or better still, in corn and soja beans. We know from personal experience that one acre of land set in clover—and that none of best—will maintain five hogs in full growth, without any other feed, from the 1st of April to the 1st of September. So that the ten acres of clover will support fifty pigs for six months of their life, and the fifteen acres of corn and peas will fatten them. We believe that the labor of one man and one horse will grow and fatten fifty hogs per year upon this plan, that should average 200 pounds each, and worth at present prices $800; a sum of money equal to twenty-six bales of cotton at present prices, as against eight bales of cotton as present grown upon twenty-five acres.

Here is a wide margin for any overestimation I may have made. The brood sows to raise this number of pigs, as we also know from experience, may be wintered upon turnips, beets and potatoes, and kept in better condition than on grain. In fact, their keep will cost very little, as they are good scavengers and will eat much that otherwise would go to waste on the farm.

We hope our farmers will think seriously about this stock question, with a view to making it a part of their farming operations, and not dismiss the whole thing from their minds as unprofitable, without giving it that consideration which any proposition that purposes to bring about an improvement in present system, deserves.

You cannot point to a single country or section, either in the present or past history of the world—and this is covering a good deal of space and time—where the farmers have been permanently prosperous when engaged in the growing of a special crop. The one crop idea has, sooner or later, resulted in disaster, either from overproduction, followed by low prices, or from a gradual impoverishment of the soil which necessarily follows, when no rotation of crops or stock raising is practiced.

In proof of this fact, we may cite you to the present condition of our Southern cotton farmers, the tobacco regions of North Carolina and Virginia, and to the wheat growers of the great Northwest, where, from overproduction, the price of wheat has fallen lower this season than ever before in the history of this country.—*Yorkville Enquirer.*

SEEN AT THE GREAT FAIR.

Snappy Paragraphs that Cover Much Ground.

Glass bricks.
Electric buoys.
A $16,000 clock.
A golden chair.
A $25,000 organ.
An $18,000 clock.
A $40 onyx cane.
A bed worth $950.
1,500 year old corn.
A $1,500 music box.
A $1,000 arm chair.
Dom Pedro's chair.
A 73-pound salmon.
A $2,500 glass dress.
A $300 Panama hat.
Microbe incubators.
John Wesley's clock.
Electrical engravings.
A pole 215 feet high.
A $500 sea-otter skin.
A 107-ton locomotive.
A cape worth $17,500.
A 45-foot high clock.
A 26-ton block of coal.
Lace at $1,000 a yard.
A buffalo in alabaster.
Milking bp machinery.
A plate valued at $167.
A palace built of corn.
A spun-glass umbrella.
A steam mocking bird.
The Mayflower's Bible.
A nugget worth $41,883.
Footgear of 1,500 sorts.
Girdle valued at $30,000.
Tree 26 feet in diameter.
A mantel marked $1,000.
A bureau 150 years old.
"Ta-ra-ra" in Egyptian.
An orange liberty bell.
A $10,000 gold cartificate.
Leather of 300 varieties.
A handsaw 220 feet long.
One of Gladstone's axes.
A 150-year-old tea plant.
A $13,000 fisheries display.
Grace Darling's life boat.
Tea worth $175 per pound.
A steel ignot worth $250.
Diamonds worth $1,000,000.
Billard balls worth $80,000.
Watches valued at $400,000.
Horse and rider in prunes.
Bamboo poles 70 feet long.
A 300-year-old dwarf cedar.
Japan exhibits corned beef.
American birds of 106 kinds.
A $35,000 solid silver model.
$30,000-pound block of salt.
A horse model costing $5,000.
Two miles of lunch counters.
A skycycle or flying machine.
A Spanish vase worth $50,000.
Egyptian "bum bum" candy.
Java women affect white hose.
An ammonia street car engine.
A 8,000-pound piece of copper.
A Jersey cow valued at $15,000.
The brick warship cost $80,000.
A 12-ton lump of crystal alum.
Forty races in friendly rivalry.
The national capital in flowers.
A chocolate tower worth $40,000.
Chickens hatched by electricity.
A cheese weighing 20,000 pounds.
Vases made in the 15th century.
An iron eagle with 3,000 feathers.
Watches mounted as butterflies.
A hand that dates from 100 B. C.
A silver statute weighing 2½ tons.
A pavilion built of packing boxes.
The biggest moulding in the world.
Pearl necklace valued at $100,000.
An exhibit of "swiftest" poisons.
A shawl containing 24,000 stitches.
A Krupp gun that shoots 20 miles.
The judges of awards number 650.
Oregon shows an 82-pound salmon.
Humpbacked whale, 47½ feet long.
A 50-foot high anthracite pyramid.
One jewelry exhibit worth $400,000.
Munich shows an $8,750 microscope.
A Japanese doll "baby" 6 feet high.
Brazil shows 2,000 grades of coffee.
Oldest lathe extant—the Blanchard.
Forestry exhibits of eighteen States.
Clay pipe smoked by Miles Standish.
The Washington monument in coins.

A group of windmills worth $200,000.

A stained glass window worth $6,000.

A gold nugget weighing 3,040 ounces.

The first umbrella imported to America.

World's Fair exhibits number 50,000.

Log 42 inches square and 41 feet long.

A set of 20 stamps valued at $500 each.

A fountain that squirts California wine.

Paintings executed by Queen Victoria.

A Shakespearan vase valued at $2,500.

An elephant tusk weighing 158 pounds.

A piece of lead ore weighing 6,500 pounds.

A 52-ton gun, with 1,000 pound projectiles.

The lumber in the Ferris wheel cost $12,000.

Sixty-nine engines operate the machinery.

One hundred and twenty car loads of glass.

A machine that makes 2,000 nails an hour.

A tanned elephant hide weighing 500 pounds.

A bridal set in the Irish village that cost $1,200.

One thousand pots of Shamrock from Ireland.

A bit of silk once owned by Marie Antoinette.

A New York firm's fur exhibit is worth $200,000.

Plate glass 148 inches by 214—largest in America.

Kaiser William's statue contains 1,500 silver dollars.

Smallest watch—less than a half inch in diameter.

A shoe machine that embroiders letters in three colors.

Largest hot-rolled steel band—90 feet long by 12 inches wide.

The gates of Germany's liberal arts building are valued at $50,000.

A watch with two faces which gives the time in the various cities of the world; contains a thermometer and a perpetual calendar.

Bucklens Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for Cuts Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Prise 25 cents per box. For sale by Hill Bros.

— Aunt Samantha is visiting at a house in Buffalo, says the *Express.* She is an old maid, and is very devout, always concluding her prayers with the gloria. "Why does she say such funny things in her prayers?" asked the little daughter of the house. "Why, what does she say?" replied the fond mamma. "I don't remember all she says, but she always ends with 'World without men, ah, me!' "

The Mountaineer.

The mountaineer, with his covered wagon laden with apples and cabbage, is beginning to wend his way to our town. He and his conveyance make a picturesque sight, but of this fact he is of the ways of fashionable society.

Up among the spurs of the Blue Ridge, where the atmosphere is pure and bracing, where cool clear springs burst boldly from the craggy hillsides and rush gleefully seaward, and where nature presents some of her most charming phases, the mountaineer has built an unpretentious house. Though perhaps not fully appreciative of his surroundings, he loves the mountains and his humble and peaceful mode of life.

An ancient philosopher has said, "That man approaches nearest to perfect happiness who has the fewest wants." Measured by this rule the mountaineer is quite a happy individual. He desires no better house or furniture and no finer clothing than he possesses. His little farm furnishes him an abundance of corn for bread and for "mountain dew," rye, wheat, cabbage, etc., while chickens innumerable swarm around his cabin and rosy-cheeked apples hang in profusion from the orchard trees.

He is not ambitious and he pines neither for wealth nor fame. The old fashioned loom and spinning wheel are still in use in his household, and furnish most of the cloth used by the family.

He needs a little money to pay taxes, and for some other purposes occasionally. One of the easiest ways, frequently, for him to obtain cash is to convert some of his corn into a liquid form. He has no more conpunctions of conscience in doing this than has the housewife in making jam out of blackberries.

When he does not resort to moonshining to make money, at this season of the year he loads a wagon with cabbage and apples, occasionally placing a jug of mountain dew or a keg of apple jack underneath his produce. He hitches his slow, but sure oxen to the wagon and starts to market, often twenty-five, thirty and even fifty miles distant. Time is not regarded as money by him, and if he is absent from home eight or ten days he cares not. He carries food for himself and his cattle and sleeps in the wagon, so his expense on the trip is nothing.

When his produce has been disposed of he buys some salt, a little sugar, and that is about all. If his load brings him $5 or $10 he considers that all as clear profit.

A little later in the season he may be expected to return with chestnuts.

Thus through generations has lived among the grandest scenery in Georgia the mountaineer, in this primitive and simple way. Perhaps it was of such as he of whom the poet said: "Where ignorance is bliss, 'twere folly to be wise."

The mountaineer is a unique character, but he doesn't know it.—*Toccoa News.*

The Greedy Bottle.

A poor, under-sized boy, named Tim, sitting by a bottle and looking in, said: "I wonder if there can be a pair of shoes in it." He wanted to go to a Sunday School pic nic but he had no shoes. His mother had mended his clothes, but said his shoes were so bad he must go barefoot. Then he took a brick and broke the bottle, but there were no shoes in it, and he was frightened, for it was his father's bottle. Tim sat down again and sobbed so loud that he did not hear a step beside him until a voice said:

"Well! what's all this?" He sprang up in great alarm; it was his father.

"Who broke my bottle?" he asked.

"I did," said Tim, catching his breath, half in terror and half between his sobs.

"Why did you?"

Tim looked up. The voice did not sound so terrible as he had expected. The truth was, his father had been touched at the sight of the forlorn figure, so very small and so sorrowful, which had bent over the broken bottle.

"Why," he said, "I was looking for a new pair of shoes; I want a pair of shoes awful bad to wear to the pic nic—all the other chaps wear shoes.

"How came you to think you'd find shoes in a bottle?" the father asked.

"Why, mother said so. I asked for some new shoes and she said they had gone into the black bottle, and that lots of other things had gone into it, too—coats and hats, and bread and meat and things; and I thought if I broke it I'd find 'em all, and there ain't a thing it it!" And Tim sat down and cried harder than ever. His father seated himself on a box in the disorderly yard and remained quiet for so long a time that Tim at last looked cautiously up.

"I'm real sorry I broke your bottle, father; I'll never do it again."

"No, I guess you won't," he said, laying a hand on the rough little head as he went away, leaving Tim overcome with astonishment that father had not been angry with him. Two days after, on the very evening before the pic nic, he handed Tim a parcel, telling him to open it.

"New shoes! new shoes!" he shouted. "Oh, father, did you get a new bottle? And were they in it?"

"No, my boy, there isn't going to be a new bottle. Your mother was right—the things all went into that bottle; but, you see, getting them out is no easy matter; so, God helping me, I am going to keep them out after this."—*Selected.*

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, LUCAS COUNTY. } ss

FRANK J. CHENEY, makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & CO., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

[SEAL] A. W. GLEASON, *Notary Public.*

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

— Everybody is familiar with the music of the katydid. It is the male that has the voice. At the base of each wing cover is a thin membranous plate. He elevates the wing covers and rubs the two plates together. If you could rub your shoulder blades together you could imitate the operation ver[illegible]cely.

The Real Indian.

Notwithstanding philanthropists and Indian worshippers are continually asserting that all the Indian needs to make him a good citizen, is a fair chance, experience so far does not show that as an industrious member of society he is a shining success, asserts a writer in the Boston *Commercial Bulletin.* There is no doubt that, as long as the younger ones are kept apart from their various tribes, and the influence of their example, they do get a sort of whitewashing, that looks like civilization; but the moment they get back to the family tepee, and see the rain dance, the war dance or the scalp dance they forget all they have learned at school, and are Indians, the same as before.

The recent uprising of the savages in New Mexico is conclusive evidence that they are not to be trusted under any circumstances; for the Navajoes have all they could ask for, in the way of land and opportunity, and have had nothing to complain of; all of which goes to prove that an Indian can no more change his nature than a leopard can change his spots, except that when he gets tired of one spot, he can go to another, which he generally does. He has been fed and clothed and talked to and preached to, and there has been the civilizing influence of Yankee schoolmarms thrown around him, until he ought to be an angel. About the only tangible result is, that the schoolmarm has married some buck Indian, and instead of making him an angel, he has made her a squaw.

It is more than useless to refer to the nobility of Red Jacket, Logan, Pontiac and Black Hawk. If their nobility was not the emanation of some morbid imagination, it certainly does not show up to any degree in the Indian of to-day, for he is pure and simple a thief, a beggar, a loafer and a worthless vagabond; physically, he is a miserable little bow-legged, round-shouldered caricature of a man. There is not a single trace of nobility, manhood, or even cleanliness to be detected in him with the most powerful microscope. When the average Indian dresses himself up in an old pair of army trousers, a dirty blanket, and an old hat with a buzzard's feather in it, you see him in all his esthetic splendor. There is one thing that will always be an insuperable obstacle in the way of an indian becoming civilized, and that is the necessity of washing himself, for if there is any one thing that he hates worse than another, it is to come in contact with cold water. He would die first.

The next greatest obstacle is the necessity of working; for nobody ever saw an Indian that would work. When the announcement was made, "by the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat thy bread," the Indian must be the exception that proves the rule. This has been demonstrated by the Indians in Kansas, namely the Kickapoos and the Powtawatamies, who had a tract of the best land in the State, numbering thousands of acres, given to them in severalty. General Morgan, one of the best Indian commissioners that the country has ever had, did his best to get him to settle down on these lands and earn a living like other people, but they did not take kindly to the plan, for that meant work.

Occasionally you will find a half breed that will cultivate his farm and make quite a respectable stagger toward earning a living; but this was never known of a full-blooded Indian. He is not of a social nature; but on the contrary, is morose and stolid. Nobody ever saw or heard an Indian laugh, at least I never did, and I have seen a good many of them. Once in a while a grin will be noticeable on his dirty face, but that is all.

One would naturally infer that the noble red man does not care for money. He does not if he has to work for it; but as long as the government disburses it to him, he is sure to be present on pay day. Nobody has ever been able to convince the Indian that it is wrong to steal, and the man who makes any headway in getting him to take hold of the ten commandments must eliminate the one that says, "thou shalt not steal."

The Indians do not appreciate the efforts of the government to educate the rising generations of the sons of the forest; this is shown by the fact that they think they ought to be paid for allowing their children to learn the white man's way of living.

The Indian, while he is quick to learn anything that requires observation, is slow in acquiring knowledge that requires any mental effort. No Indian ever learned mathematics. He has not a mathematical mind. It will take the average Indian boy a month to learn the multiplication table; but let him get off in the bushes with another boy and a deck of cards, and he will learn the relative value of a pair, or a flush, or three of a kind, with admirable celerity.

One of the most difficult habits to break an Indian of is that of walking single file. No matter how wide the walk or road is, he insists on walking single file; the buck in front, and his squaw following some distance behind. If he is traveling along a road skirted with timber, he will invariably prefer to dodge along through the bushes at the side of the road rather than walk in the road itself.

The average Indian has nothing like emotion in his nature. He regards it as an evidence of weakness, and not without some cause, to show any sign of wonder or surprise or astonishment at any sight or revelation however strange. Take an Indian out of the depths of the forest and drop him down in Broadway, New York, and he will evince no more surprise or wonders at the sights around him than if he had been to the manner born.

There is a marked difference in the appearance and looks of the bucks; but the squaws all look alike. I never could tell one of them from the other.

There are a good many half-breeds in some of the tribes, especially among the Potawatomies. These have their homes scattered along the banks of the streams. Their homes vary according as the Indian or white man's nature prevails. If he is more like the former, he will probably be contented with a wigwam; if the white man has the accendency, he may aspire to a respectable house, lathed and plastered and possibly painted.

As an early riser he is not a success; and after he is up he loafs most of the time. He is in no sense industrious; this is particularly true of the full-blooded Indian. He not only hates to work because he is lazy, but because the white man works, for he hates the white man and all of his ways. I believe the Indian will disappear before he can be made in any degree self-sustaining. Habits of industry are so foreign to his nature that it is like changing the nature of a lion into that of a horse to make him act like the race he has been taught for generations to hate.

A Question of Dress.

When Christine Wall's Uncle John was going back to New York last summer he said to her: "Coax your father to bring you and Laura up to town some day. I will drive you out to the park and we'll take luncheon at Blank's," naming a fashionable restaurant.

Christine's eyes sparkled. "That would be delightful! Indeed, we will come, uncle!"

The Wall girls had a few amusements. Their father was a mechanic in a country town, with a limited income. But he was glad to bring any possible pleasure into their lives, and when he heard of his bachelor brother's invitation he promised his girls in Christmas week to take them to New York for the day.

"Just in time to see the city in its holiday dress," said Christine laughing with delight.

"But what shall we wear?" asked Laura, anxiously.

"Our cloth dresses, of course," said Christine.

"Impossible!" exclaimed Laura. "Why all the fashionable women in New York go to Blank's, and what would they think of these brown frocks?"

"They would think nothing," said Christine, "and if they did it would not matter to us." She went on quietly with her daily duties, keeping the thought of the day in New York to cheer her when she was tired.

But Laura was weighted down with anxiety. She consulted every fashionable paper within her reach; she had long consultations with the village dressmaker.

She and her sister were able to earn more or less money at certain seasons of the year by doing work at home for a manufacturing establishment in town. So she felt at liberty to incur some extra expense in dress. After much thought and hesitation she at last discovered that a certain color was in vogue in Paris. She bought a gown of it, which she made in what she supposed was the extreme of fashion, going in debt to the shopkeeper, the dressmaker and the milliner for a new hat, gloves, shoes and a fine umbrella carried the bills up to a height which it terrified her to think upon.

"But it would be impossible to appear among fashionable people in New York unfashionably dressed," she said.

"I do not see why," said Christine calmly.

When the eventful day arrived and the girls with their father entered the great room at Blank's their Uncle John glanced at Christine's plain brown gown and hat with a pleasant smile. He knew nothing of details, but he saw that the dress was neat and becoming.

They passed to their table. Christine was delighted with the pretty room, delicate dishes, the gay groups around her, but Laura could enjoy nothing, so great was her astonishment and chagrin. Not an eye rested on her or her gown. These people are all too busy with their own meals or companions to notice her.

The waiter, indeed, who served her like an automaton, observed her dress and thought it loud and vulgar. But fortunately Laura did not know that. The day was one of continued mortification to her. When she went home her useless finery remained, and with it a a load of debt, which proved a burden of misery to her for months.

When at last it was paid she said to her sister, with a laugh that was not far from tears: "Ah, Christine, how much worry and anxiety and money would be saved to a girl if she only knew in the beginning how insignificant a place she holds in the world!"

The lesson of our own insignificance is a bitter and hard one, which some men and women never learn. But those who do find that it greatly simplifies the conditions of life and lifts them above all petty anxiety, envy and jealousy.

The poor in spirit reach even in this world the peace of the kingdom of heaven.—*Rebecca Harding Davis, in the Household.*

Two Romances.

NEW YORK, Oct. 20.—Dr. Robert Collyer, the venerable pastor of the Church of the Messiah, preached to his congregation Sunday at the reopening of the services for the fall and winter season. Among other things he said:

"It has been my good fortune to celebrate more than 200 marriages since I have been in this city. Some of my experiences in this regard, have, I think, been a little out of the common. One day a man of 70 bid me to his wedding. He told me that he had fallen out with his sweetheart in Scotland forty or fifty years before and had come to America. Hearing that she was still alive he wrote to her and asked if they should not make it up. She replied that she was willing, and he sent for her to come to him. She, a woman of 72, was then on the sea on the way to meet her lover. He awaited her at the pier and the scene I shall never forget. They were married, and went away happy.

"But this case, I think, is the most remarkable of any within my experience: A couple had pledged their troth twenty-five years before. They had pledged it in the presence of their friends and kinsfolk, but no regular marriage ceremony had been performed. In the meantime they had raised up a family of children. As the time for the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the union of their lives approached, the husband said to his wife: 'What shall I give you to commemorate our silver wedding?' To this she replied: "There is only one gift I beg for. I want to go to New York and find some man to say the sacred words that were not said twenty-five years ago.' He consented. They came to me and I said the sacred words that good wife had so longed to hear. Then they departed to their distant home, 1,800 miles away on the rolling prairie."

— Yawning in company is admittedly an instance of bad manners, and if it cannot be suppressed, it is always concealed as far as possible. But the act of yawning otherwise serves a very good purpose. High medical authorities declares that it often gives instantaneous relief in cases of catarrh and other affections of the throat, by putting the muscles of the pharnyx under a kind of massage treatment.

All Sorts of Paragraphs.

— Two-thirds of all the cotton d[illegible] produced in the world is made wi[illegible] 20 miles of Baltimore.

— An otter has been trained b[illegible] Grayland (Mich.) sportsman to d[illegible] into streams and catch fish.

— One hundred and fifty thou[illegible] Odd Fellows have died since t[illegible] ganization of the order in 18[illegible]

— "Don't be down-hearted. E[illegible] rose must have its thorn, you know[illegible] "Yes, what I'm kicking about is th[illegible] every thorn doesn't have its rose."

— "I hear you are going to be [illegible] ried." "That is news to [illegible] "Some one surely told me y[illegible] engaged." "That's different.[illegible]

— "So your son John is co[illegible] woman at last? I'm afraid, how[illegible] that he'll be too bashful to propo[illegible] her." "He won't need to prop[illegible] she's a widow."

— An European mathematicia[illegible] world-wide celebrity claims that [illegible] a single potato a careful culti[illegible] could raise 10,000,000,000 t[illegible] within a period of 10 years.

— Robby—"Papa, I ran all the way up Long Hill to-day." Papa—"And how did you feel when you reached the top?" Robby—"I felt just as if I had a stomachache in my feet."

— The coldest place in the world is the region about the mouth of the McKenzie River, in British America. The thermometer there has been known to sink to 70 degrees below zero.

— God is a prayer-hearing and a prayer-answering God. And He hears and answers not according to your culture or your standing in society, but according to your faith and your confidence.

— "But, Ethel, how do you know that this young man loves you? Has he told you so?" "Oh, no, mamma! But if you could only see the way he looks at me when I am not looking at him!"

— The largest nugget of gold found in Mexico within the memory of white men was picked up by a Mexican at Planchas placers, Sonora, in the spring of 1892. It weighed 14½ pounds.

— The most destructive epidemic that has ever been was the "black death," which appeared in the fourteenth century and is said to have destroyed 70,000,000 people. Let us think of it and be happy.

— Statisticians claim that the ea[illegible] will not support to exceed 5,994,0[illegible] 000 people. The present population is estimated at 1,467,000,000. At that rate the utmost limit will be reached in the year 3,072.

— A Texas clergyman about to be appointed chaplain of the penitentiary preached a farewell sermon to his congregation that had treated him rather badly. He selected the following text: "I go to prepare a place for you, so that where I am ye may be also."

— The assayer who examined the ærolite that fell on the farm of [illegible] rence Freeman, near Bath, S. D., [illegible] the afternoon of August 29, 18[illegible] reports that the principal minerals [illegible] contains are gold, silver, nickel a[illegible] cobalt.

— Smythe—"Is your son Jame[illegible] gold-bug?" Tompkins—"He tried [illegible] be, but mistook himself entomolo[illegible] cally." Smythe—"What do y[illegible] mean?" Tompkins—"Well, after se[illegible] eral drops in Wall street he conclude[illegible] that he was more of a tumble-bug."

— The longest reach of railwa[illegible] without a curve is that of the Ne[illegible] Argentine Pacific Railway from Bu[illegible] nos Ayers to the foot of the Ande[illegible] For 211 miles it is without a curve an[illegible] has no cutting or embankment deep[illegible] than two or three feet.

— The Schenectady (N. Y.) P[illegible] Office once received a letter bearing this address: "Mr. Rev. G. W. Drees, Servant of God, Learned Man of Scriptures, Preacher Over the Sheep, Bucks and Mother Lambs of the Congregation of the Lord."

— In calculating "exact time" at the National Observatory at Washington, the astronomers do not, as is generally supposed, use the sun as a basis of their calculations. Such deductions are made only from [illegible] relative position of the "fixed stars[illegible]

— Old Bramble: Want to marry my daughter, do you? Let me say, sir[illegible] that you are not exactly the sort of [illegible] man I would like for a son-in-law[illegible] Young Gentleman: Well, you are no[illegible] the sort of a man I would like fo[illegible] father-in-law; but then, you kno[illegible] we needn't be chummy unless we wa[illegible] to.

— A little girl had been rummagi[illegible] in her mother's trunk. There s[illegible] found a "church letter" which h[illegible] mother had neglected to prosent t[illegible] the church into whose neighborhood she had moved. The little explorer rushed, into her mother's presence, shouting, "Oh, mother! I've found your religion in your trunk!"

— Professor Knowlton, of San Francisco, spells potato "Ghoughphtheighteau" according to the following rule: "Gh stands for p, as you'll find from the last [illegible]tters in hiccough; ough for o, as in dough, phth stands for t, as in phthisis; eigh stands for a, as in neighbor; te stands for t, as in gazette; and eau stands for o, as in beau."

— It is related as an illustration of the currency famine in New York, that a messenger of one of the large manufacturing firms there went to a Wall street bank the other day and presented a check for $30,000, the money being wanted to pay wages. The company had a good deal of cash on deposit, but the teller told the messenger that he could not give him the money in currency, and tried to persuade him to take it all in gold and silver. After a good deal of negotiation the messenger managed to get half of it in currency and [illegible] away with $10,000 in gold and [illegible]00 in silver. He was obliged to get two men to help him carry it and a policeman as an escort.

— Everybody knows that the earth makes one complete revolution on its axis once every 24 hours. But few, however, have any idea of the high rate of speed necessary to accomplish that feat. The highest velocity ever attained by a cannon ball has been estimated at 1,626 feet per second, which is equal to a mile in 3.2 seconds. The earth, is making one revolution in 24 hours, must turn with a velocity nearly equal to that of a cannon ball. In short, the rate of speed at the equator has been estimated at exactly 1,000 feet per second, or a mile every 3.6 seconds. Therefore it has bee[illegible] calculated that if a cannon ball we[illegible] fired due west and could maintain [illegible] initial velocity independent of [illegible] earth, and could keep up the sp[illegible] with which it left the mouth of [illegible] gun, it would beat the sun in [illegible] apparent journey around the eart[illegible]