The Anderson Intelligencer.

BY CLINKSCALES & LANGSTON. ANDERSON, S. C., WEDNESDAY MORNING, JULY 11, 1894. VOLUME XXIX.---NO. 2.

$50.00 IN GOLD ABSOLUTELY GIVEN AWAY!!

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I MAKE no pretensions to buy cheaper than others, but confidently claim that when QUALITY is desirable my Goods have few equals, if any—certainly no superior. I seek to furnish the VERY BEST at prices consistent.

While I was prevented from going to market by sickness, I have succeeded in getting a—

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MONEY SAVED IS MONEY MADE

It will pay you to examine the BARGAINS in

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WE beg to call your attention, not exclusively but especially, to our Fine Brand of FLOUR—"Omega"—guaranteed to please the most fastidious. Also, to our superior line of—

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JELLIES and JAMS,
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And everything, too numerous to mention, usually kept at a First Class Grocery Store. We shall be more than delighted for you to give us a call, and let us fill your orders. Thanking you in advance, we are,

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THE BIGGEST LOT OF

READY MIXED PAINTS,

OILS,
COLORS,
VARNISHES,
STAINS,
GLASS AND PUTTY,

Ever Brought to this City.

GUARANTEED—your house repainted without extra charge if Paint does not give entire satisfaction.

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IN HIS NEW STORE.....IN HOTEL BLOCK.

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The Prettiest Goods in the Town, and it's a pleasure to show them.

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160-acre Farm to rent.

PIANOS AND ORGANS.

Things to Remember when you Go to Buy.

A PIANO or ORGAN is something about which ordinary buyers know absolutely nothing. The market is flooded with cheap rattle-traps, which to the eye look as well as really good instruments. They are actually sold at about three times their value. Ludden & Bates Southern Music House being the largest buyer in the South is able to represent only best instruments made. Every man in its employ is an expert in his line, and they permit no faulty instrument to leave their warerooms. Buy only from a House with an established reputation for skill and fair dealing.

For further particulars write or call on

J. L. HAYNIE & DAUGHTERS, Greenville, S. C.

BILL ARP'S LETTER.

He is Kicking Like a Mule Against Educational Tax.

Atlanta Constitution.

We see that the call is made on the State democracy for increased educational facilities. How far is this thing to go? It stands now at 5,000 teachers and a million and a quarter dollars annually. The few who are very rich and the many who are very poor can stand it perhaps, but how about the common people who are worth from $1,000 to $5,000 in property and who are the bone and sinew of the State? Can they bear additional burdens of taxation to educate other people's children? Where is paternalism to stop? If the principle is right, why not run it to the end on that line? Why not give a high school education and a collegiate finish to every boy and girl in the land and tax the people to pay for it? While we are seizing railroads let us seize the colleges, too, and run them. Why not make the system universal and complete and build a college in every town? Why not furnish books and globes and charts to the pupils of all the schools? If a boy is lame and can't walk, why not furnish a horse and buggy for him to ride to school in or else provide a tutor or a governess to teach in the family? Where did this fad, this new departure, come from, anyhow? Our forefathers thought it honest and fair for a man to pay for his children's schooling just like he paid for their clothes and they would have been shocked at the idea of being forced to pay to educate other people's children. But New England got up this thing on the idea that education made good citizens and, therefore, it must be universal. And so the new system worked its way down South and it looks like it is not only a fixture, but must be enlarged. New England would take the back track now if it could, for it has been demonstrated that public school education does not make good citizens, but, on the contrary, increases crime; "not just a little, but immensely," says Mr. Stetson, the statistician of Massachusetts. That State has now five times as many white criminals as Georgia in proportion to population, and another Dr. Parkhurst is now in Boston exposing its municipal corruption. The old-fashioned school, where the teacher was directly responsible to the patrons, has never been excelled and the private schools in every town and city is a proof that the people are not satisfied. But how are the poor children to be educated? In the same good old way. We never knew one to be turned off for poverty, but it left a debt behind and it ought to. The doctor does not refuse to attend the poor, but he keeps books and charges it up and they pay when they can. The obligation is upon them. Paternalism has run mad in this country and it is the foundation of indolence and communism and anarchy. Heard a good man say yesterday that his school tax was a burden, an oppression, and amounted to 7 per cent of his income, and it was filched from him by law to support 5,000 teachers and educate other people's children—black and white. And it was worse than that, for nearly half of it was carried off to other counties and spent, perhaps wasted in the piney woods, or on the mountains of Hepsidam, where the lion roareth and the whangdoodle mourneth for its first born. Well, it is an outrage upon human rights. Our school tax in this County is $27,000 and $10,000 of it is transferred elsewhere. I would rather give my part of that surplus to my wife for the missionary society, for then she could keep track of it and know who got it. I saw a big, black negro the other day who pocketed $600 out of our school fund and carried it off to Atlanta, where he lives, and another man carried more than that to Tennessee, where he lives. They will want a horse and buggy after awhile, or free transportation over the railroads that are to be seized and run for the public benefit.

I tell you that we are tired. The only excuse offered is that it makes good citizens. But the records don't prove it. The penitentiary reports disprove it. Go to New York and New England and Illinois and see. Mr. Stetson says that 50 per cent of their convicts have a high school education, and 12 per cent are graduates of a college, and only 4 per cent of the whole number are unable to read and write. What is to become of our college boys, anyhow? What are they going to do? We see that some of them went back to Athens last commencement and got on a tare and tried to bulldoze the chancellor into taking a drink. Well, of course, they are not a sample of the graduates, but what are the well-behaved boys going to do? The teacher's occupation is about full, unless, indeed, we are to have more educational facilities. Law and medicine are full and loafing is running over. Heard a good, kind, indulgent father say the other day: "It is the most anxious trial of my life to determine what to do with my boy, who has just graduated." What then? Shall we not send our boys to college? Not as a matter of course. More than half who have been sent were unfit for the trust to risk the experiment. If eight years of school life, from eight to sixteen, and four years of college life, from sixteen to twenty, does not unfit a boy for work, then he is an extraordinary youth, and deserved a college education. The trouble is that parents are loving and hopeful and ambitious for their boys to make their mark in the world, but I can prove by five parents out of six who have boys in college that there was but one of the six who was fitten to go. Of course, I am not alluding to business colleges nor the technological nor industrial schools, for they mean business at the start. But if my boy had a fitness and inclination for a profession, such as law or medicine or chemistry or journalism, I would give him a first-class education—otherwise I would put him to work. You can't insure him success nohow, but it is bad policy to turn a boy loose at twenty-one with nothing but a smattering of Greek and Latin and mathematics. Even the smattering is a comfort to him, but it is dead capital. It unfits him for every day work, and he is not going to do it if he can help it. Germany has already receded from her extreme of university education, and has limited the number of beneficiaries, for there was not room in the professions for the graduates—nor was there room in the army or the clergy, and the young men were useless in the field or the workshop. England has never gone to extremes, but provides free schools for poor children under twelve years of age. The presumption is that then they should go to work.

But the present disposition is to degrade manual labor if possible. The dignity of labor is the poet's dream. There is not much dignity in digging a ditch or pulling fodder or scalding a hog or cleaning out a stable, but somebody has it to do. Some folks have to cook and some to wash and some to drive the drays. Some folks are born to honor and some to dishonor, and there is no use in fretting about it. To labor in some way is the common lot, and it is the law, both human and divine. All of us would like to have choice of work, but we can't. There is a colored teacher on trial here now for telling his pupils that they ought to rise above doing menial work for the white folks and that it was high time the colored race should quit cooking and washing and waiting on them. That is the accusation, and it comes from some of the patrons of the colored school. What was proven I do not know. He is a smart, well-educated negro, a graduate of Clark university and has conducted himself in a respectful and proper manner and is a superior teacher.

But the question arises, what are the negroes to do for a living if they don't pursue these menial occupations for the white folks? Suppose the negro men get on a high horse and swear they will not drive drays any more nor work in livery stables or hotels or shine shoes or chop wood for the white folks, what would become of the town negro? What would become of Aunt Ann if she didn't cook for me and get her $2 every Saturday, while I am taxed to educate her children? It is all well enough to rise higher if they can, but they can't and it is bad education to excite false hopes. We have been educating these negroes for twenty-five years and they will spend their last cent on a circus or an excursion or a funeral or for a watermelon. They still live for to-day regardless of to-morrow. There are some exceptions, but improvidence is the rule and neither teaching nor preaching has changed their race traits. The Irish emigrant might as well swear off from digging on railroads and public works as for the negro women to swear off from cooking and washing. But the common negro's contented disposition will make him discard all such bad advice. What ever they deserve they will get, and, as Aunt Ann says, "Effen I don't get a crown in dis worl' I will in de next, an' I hain't got long to wait, thank de Lord."

But what is all this worth. The gentle remonstrance of the old-fashioned few will not avail against the tidal wave of the many on the subject of education. Encroachments on human rights never go backwards and laws that grant pensions and plunder and privileges are rarely repealed. Then there is the truckling fear of what our northern friends, the enemy, would say were we to stop spending public money on the negro. What benefit have we ever secured from paying obeisance to northern opinion? Not even an intermittal of slander, and it is humiliating to see our Governor stoop to answer their accusations. Better say, in the words of Colonel Oates, "What are you going to do about it?" But maybe we can stop this enormous drain upon the treasury where it is and not any further increase the facilities. And maybe we can stop these annual dress parades of the military. If ever there was a time when retrenchment was demanded, it is now. And now I think I feel better for having had my say. Let the procession proceed.

BILL ARP.

A Hero in Humble Life.

Our telegraphic columns the other day contained the story of a hero in humble life.

A few nights ago a mob of striking miners, over the protest of their more conservative associates, made an attack upon a long trestle of the Kansas City, Memphis and Birmingham road, near Adamsville, in Alabama, in the center of the mining district. Some of the more reckless miners who were determined to prevent the hauling of coal mined by non-union labor tried to burn the trestle.

But they found a lion in their path! William McLain, the watchman, heard the mob approaching one end of the trestle about 3 o'clock in the morning. The men saturated the wood work with oil and set fire to it. McLain saw that the odds were overwhelmingly against him, but his brave heart never faltered, and in the face of almost certain death he opened fire upon the marauders.

He was soon out of ammunition and had to return to his station, where he summoned his two daughters, one aged nine and the other twelve, to his assistance. Back to the trestle they went to put out the fire and save the property. A fusillade of bullets came from the mob, badly wounding McLain and his youngest daughter and killing the older girl.

In this sad plight the wounded watchman dragged himself to a place where he was able to obtain help to save the company's property.

Of all the heroes whose names are linked with great occasions, not one ever showed more fearless courage and more single-hearted devotion to duty than this poor fellow, who, with one child murdered, and the other badly wounded, while he himself was disabled by the bullets of the enemy, still had the pluck to protect the property of his employers.

Our railroads make a great mistake when they fail to properly recognize and reward such heroism and faithful service.

A loyal, true man is worth more as an employe than any one who takes the place only for the money that is in it. A disloyal man can destroy the work of a thousand good citizens in an hour.

When the railroads find a man like McLain they should reward him. Such conduct should be specifically mentioned and proper praise should be given. Thousands of men in Europe are decorated with crosses and medals for heroism when they are not half as much entitled to the honor as gallant William McLain!—*Atlanta Constitution.*

— Last June Dick Crawford brought his twelve-months-old child, suffering from infantile diarrhœa, to me. It had been weaned at four months old and had always been sickly. I gave it the usual treatment in such cases but without benefit. The child kept growing thinner until it weighed but little more than when born, or perhaps ten pounds. I then started the father to giving Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy. Before one bottle of the 25 cent size had been used a marked improvement was seen and its continued use cured the child. Its weakness and puny constitution disappeared and its father and myself believe the child's life was saved by this Remedy. J. T. MARLOW, M. D., Tamaroa, Ill. For sale by Hill Bros.

SARGE PLUNKETT.

Old-Time Camp Meeting Days.

Atlanta Constitution.

Our folks are saving up eggs and beginning to primp for a visit to the chautauqua at Ponce de Leon springs.

Brown and I have our way sometimes—times when there is not much at stake—but we never try to control the movements of our households upon such an issue as visiting the chautauquas. When a woman gets it in her head that it is an indication of "advanced ideas" in one to see them taking a hand in these chautauquas, old fogies like me and Brown had as well take a back seat. We generally agree at once and go along just to set and wink at each other as the wives look knowing when the lecturer gets off some Greek phrase with a scientific flourish. Me and Brown would like to know if there is any fellow in Georgia who has women folks, who will acknowledge that they do not exactly appreciate scientific lectures nor think operatic music "just splendid." Brown says that at least a few people run the world—set the pace and mold opinion.

As for us—me and Brown—we acknowledge that we had rather sit on slab benches under a bush arbor at some good, old camp ground and hear one of the old "unlarned" preachers with a hallelujah lick. These old preachers would make you understand that there was a hell, and they would be so plain about it that you could almost smell the brimstone; and they would make you understand that there was a heaven, and that over there we would meet our friends, and generally at about this stage in their sermon, some good old sister would begin clapping her hands and hollering "Glory, glory, glory!" and in a shorter time than it would take a "larned" lecturer to sip a little ice water from his glass the whole arbor was in a wild uproar in praise to God and in love with Jesus. A scientific discourse never created such a scene and can never count on such results.

We have been watching the family getting ready for the chautauqua and it forced upon us memories of the old campmeetings. Our old meetings were held after lay-by. Work time was over; there was no anxiety, a sweet peace reigned in all the rural land. Away back at hog-killing some of the nicest hams had been put away for campmeeting. Chickens had grown as campmeeting chickens. Preserves had been kept, eggs saved up, butter on hand—everything had been anticipated to make the occasion a joyful one.

At the proper time neighbors met and cleaned up the campground. The "tents" were seen to, new brush was put upon the arbor, old benches were replaced with new ones, and what a time the children would have sweeping, raking and burning to make everything clean. Tents were filled with new wheat straw at last, cooking utensils and provisions, beds and bedding and the people began to move in. A revival was right on hand—a revival of old friendship, of brotherly love—of love and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. If neighbors had grievances one with another, they brought them not to the campground. The sorrowing came to be cheered and the weary came to rest. From away off the good old preachers would come. From other counties friends and kindred would pour. From the towns the young cousins would flock and such times can only be imagined now. Such a feast of friendship renewed, such a forgiving of hearts estranged, such a flow of good old-time religion I am afraid is a thing of the past.

How many of the dear old "unlarned" could we name to-day whose utterances at these meetings saved souls and set the pace of moral standards. Sectarian roles were laid aside and the "amends" of the staunch old Hardshell mingled with the "glory hallaluah" of the shouting Methodist. To God was all the glory given in word and song. A thousand voices would join in—

"All hail the power of Jesus' name,
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all."

Under such strains the young people pressed to the altar and implored the prayers of these old preachers. Mothers wept over sons and fathers kelt by the daughters, and such an outpouring of thanks to the Lord as was there could hardly fail to bring its reward. For months afterward the result was seen, as young men and young women connected themselves with the church of their choice and dated their turn in life from the sermon at the camp ground at the last camp meeting. God bless these old preachers! They may be forgot under the pressure of so much learning and science, but the world must get back to their simple ways and honest methods, or go to the eternal pow-wows. You may hammer upon the understanding with all your weight of learning, but the heart must be touched with brotherly love and simple faith in Jesus. Sensation in the pulpit, science in religion, feeds the mind on diet as unwholesome in its effects as the overshadowing of the old-time preacher is damning in its results.

The young generation may wonder how such a multitude of people could be fed and slept without a great hotel at hand. It was easy enough and a happy privilege of the country people. They vied with each other in securing the crowd, and if there was ever a jar in all the meeting it might be caused by some good old preacher not sharing the hospitality with some one who thought he had a right to claim him. Long tables were set in front of every "tent" for the hungry, and sweet-scented straw answered for the beds at night. A partition made by the stretching of sheets along the center of the tent generally divided the boys from the girls at bed time. At daylight a bugle was sounded from the arbor to call the multitude to morning prayers. Then began a lively hustling. The men took themselves off to the spring branch for a morning's wash, while the girls "poured" for each other out by the tent and dressed each other's hair and arranged the ribbons—anyhow the whole crowd was generally ready to meet at the arbor at the second blowing of the bugle and as the sun peeped up it was welcomed by a thousand voices with

"Come thou fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise;
Oh, to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrained to be
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee."

Of course, in such a crowd you would always find a few who were forever on the outlook for a little mischief—innocent mischief. Brown was one of these and I want to tell you how he got "took down" with one of his own tricks. The boys generally got out and away from the tent before the girls began to stir. One morning as we all went out Brown had to return for something. When he got inside by himself he had to be "smarty" and take a look at the form of some one of the girls who was laying so that her shape was plainly seen against the sheet that hung for a partition. If the fool had stopped at looking a little it would have been all right, but he didn't. Just a wee bit of the lady's foot was peeping from under the curtain and Brown is a sort of fellow that the more he sees the more he wants to see. He gave the sheet a soft push which showed a little more of the sleeping lady's foot, and, in fact, showed her pretty ankle. Brown never was selfish and he rushed out and gathered us all and showed us the pretty sight. Nothing would do but what Brown must find out who the foot belonged to. It was easy enough for him to go to the door of the tent and peep in, which he did. He returned in a shorter time than it took him to go and he looked the most changed I ever saw a man in so short a time.

It was Brown's wife's foot he had been having us look at in such great glee.

SARGE PLUNKETT.

The Jew as a Soldier.

Nashville Daily American.

Among the delegates to the B'nai Brith Convention in this city recently there were thirty who were old enough to take up arms during the late war. Of this number twenty-five shouldered their muskets in defense of their country, twenty-four belonging to the Confederate army, and one to the Federal. This shows that the Israelite is as much of a patriot as any other man when the liberties of his country are endangered. In this connection the following letter will be read with interest.

"GALVESTON, TEX., May 17, 1894.—Leo N. Levi, Galveston—Dear Sir: My attention having been called by you to the published remarks of a writer in disparagement of the patriotism and gallantry of the Jew as a soldier, and having the honor to command a force composed to a considerable extent of Israelites, I feel impelled by this attempted injustice to the race to give my experience with them as soldiers.

"Under a commission from the Government I organized 'Waul's Texas Legion,' upon the express terms that they were to leave the State, cross the Mississippi River and join in the fray where the blows fell heaviest and thickest. The legion consisted of ten companies of infantry, five companies of cavalry and two companies of artillery. Two of the infantry companies had a large number of Jews in their ranks, and the largest company in the command, 120 men, were officered by Jews, and three-fourths of the rank and file were of that faith. There was also a number of Jews scattered through the command in other companies.

"They were all volunteers, and I know there was not a Jew conscript in the legion. As soldiers they were brave, orderly and well disciplined, and in no respect interior to the gallant body of which they formed a prominent part. Their behavior in the camp, as in the field, was exemplary. No Jew in the command was arraigned before a Court-martial, and, in proportion to their numbers, there were fewer applications for leaves of absence, and their regular habits caused very few of their names to appear on the hospital rolls.

"In battle, without distinction of race or religion, all were apparently willing and eager for the contest. I will say, however, I neither saw nor heard of any Jew shirking or failing to answer to any call of duty or danger.

"I regret I can not go more into details, but am unwilling to permit an aspersion that remotely may affect the Jews who served with me to pass unnoticed, as to a considerable extent the reputation won by the command and personally obtained by myself was acquired by their conduct, courage and soldierly qualities, and I say without hesitation that in no attribute suited to the soldier, whether as an officer or in the ranks, will the Jew suffer by comparison with the best and bravest of our army.

"As these happenings were before your time I jot down these recollections that you may have the testimony of one gentile to attest the courage, endurance and patriotism of the Jew as a soldier. Yours sincerely,

T. N. WAUL."

A Surgeon's Terrible Mistake.

"A few years ago," said Charles J. Patterson, of Philadelphia, "I learned the secret of the life of a man who had passed more than a quarter of a century with scarcely a smile. He had been a physician and surgeon and on one occasion had to remove an injured eye in order to save the other eye and prevent total blindness. The night before the operation he had been drinking heavily with some friends, and, although the following morning he was sober, his hand was unsteady and his nerves were unstrung.

"After administering chloroform he made a fatal and horrible blunder, removing the well eye by mistake, and thus consigning his patient to perpetual blindness. The moment he discovered his error he turned the man over to a competent surgeon, deeded everything he possessed to him, and hurried from the neighborhood like a convicted thief. The remainder of his life was one constant round of remorse, and he rapidly developed into a confirmed misanthrope. The secret of his life was known to a number of people, but when it was finally revealed to me it explained a mystery and made me respect the man, for however grave was his original blunder, which in some respects was, of course, worse than a crime, his repentance was of the most genuine character."—*New York Recorder.*

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.

Hall's Catarrh Cure for sale by Wilhite & Wilhite.

— Indignant Customer—Say, when you sold me that horse you told me that he had as much sense as a man had. I find that the women around the house can't manage him at all. Dealer—Well, that not only proves that he has as much sense as a man, but that he has even more.

For His Sweetheart.

ATHENS, GA., June 26.—A pretty young girl of about seventeen summers, just blossoming into womanhood was the victim of a serious accident here three weeks ago. She was working in one of the cotton mills near Athens, when her hair, which was plaited down her back, by some chance was caught between the wheels of a weaving machine. She felt a quick, steady pull, and in a moment she was being dragged to torture. She screamed for help, but it was too late. The relentless machine could not be stopped, and her scalp was torn from her head, leaving the bare bone exposed as large as a plate.

Dr. S. C. Benedict, of this city, attended the suffering girl. Despite the horrible wound she was otherwise the picture of health. Faster than seemed possible the flesh began to form over the bare skull, but the skin was missing, and the wound would never heal without it. Yesterday the flesh was in condition for a covering of skin, which the doctor desired to graft upon the wound.

The brave sufferer bared her arm and several pieces of skin were transplanted from the arm to the head. Not caring to put too severe a strain upon the wounded girl, the doctor called for volunteers, and two of the girl's bosom friends, who were near, demonstrated the sincerity of their love and sympathy for the afflicted girl by letting the doctor cut away their own skin to cover the wretched wound.

When these two had given as much skin as their strength would allow and began to feel faint from the strain and loss of blood, a young man of about twenty years asked if a man's skin would be of service on a woman's wound. He was assured that it made no difference, and he bared his arm with a look of supreme satisfaction and happiness, asking that the doctor take a few slices from him.

A faint blush of pride overspread the sad face of the afflicted girl. An old lady who had been commenting on everything that had happened, and was evidently a great gossip and a greater tease, said, with a twinkle in her eye: "Doctor, you can skin his whole arm off." The doctor looked up, surprised, and then, in an explanatory whisper, which could be heard throughout the entire room, the old lady said, winking her eye and screwing her face into a look of infinite wisdom: "He's her feller."

This was too much for the young man, and his face turned scarlet. The poor girl dropped her eyes and began to play with one of the surgical instruments that was on the bed. Everybody felt so sorry for both of them, except the mean old tease, who smiled blandly, and seemed to say by her satisfied expression: "I guess I knocked a home run then," that if the old lady had been a man she would certainly have been ejected from the room without tenderness or ceremony.

The young man gritted his teeth when the sharp edge of the razor slid its way unmercifully beneath the cuticle, but there was no look of regret on his face. The deeper the cut the more apparent was the satisfaction to the young girl. The girls had undergone seven cuts each. When the sixth cut had been made on the young man's arm the blood began to leave his face and it could be seen that he was getting weak.

Now was a chance for the old lady to again come to the bat. With every appearance of the wildest alarm she inquired: "Say, ——, are you going to faint?" What could have caused the lover more infinite disgust. He was sick, there was no question about it, but his sweetheart didn't know it—and for the old wretch to expose his secret to her before a room full of people—that was too much. With the gruffness of a caged bear he growled, "No, I'm not sick, of course not."

The old lady was accustomed to having her own way, so she hit again. "Well, you look mighty pale. You are paler than either one of the girls were and they had seven slices tuk out er them an' you haven't had but six."

The poor boy knew not what to say, but he determined that he would show the company that he loved the girl better than her girl friends and had more grit, too, so when the doctor asked him if he had had enough, he said, "No, go on." Seven slices and he was paler than ever. Eight, he had won and suffered more than any one else. Then he gave up and consented to let another take his place. He had scarcely left the room when there was a hurried shuffle of feet and cries of "he's fainted: bring the camphor, quick." It was even so. The strain had been too great and the noble fellow, in spite of heroic effort, had been forced to give in. He soon recovered to find himself surrounded by at least twenty of the men and women of the factory, and foremost in all the throng and the first one for his languid eyes to rest upon was the old lady, her face beaming with an "I told you so" expression.

A sympathetic young man present, who may himself have been in love, made some excuse about the room being so crowded and hot and the poor fellow who felt himself forever disgraced for having fainted said: "Yes, I should never have fainted if it had not been so hot."

The old lady, much to my surprise, had enough of the milk of human kindness still unclabbered in her sour old heart, not to deny this explanation, though she evidently wanted to do so.—*Special to Atlanta Constitution.*

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address,

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

Sold by Druggist, 75c.

—She was a lawyer's daughter, but he kissed her. "Sir," she exclaimed, "how dare you! Don't you know I can have you indicted for larceny?" "All right," he replied, "if you do, I'll have you charged with receiving stolen property."

Seasick Vessels.

The sea is a grand and yet a treacherous mother to the thousands of ships that sail over its broad expanse, and after buffeting with its storms, the ships must go to their hospital for repairs. The hospital is the dry dock and the doctors are the army of careful workmen who look over carefully and repair every faulty seam or broken rivet.

Salt water is teeming with parasites of plant and animal life that cling to the bottoms of ships, eat slowly yet surely through wood and iron alike, or rust it away, while they act as a check on the speed by vastly increasing the resistance and friction of the water against the ship. The "gods of the storms see everywhere," and pick out each weak seam or faulty rivet, and slowly and surely eat into the vitals of the ship, so that every few months it becomes necessary to examine and repair the vessel. To do this she must come out of the water. The dry dock is just a great box of wood, iron, or stone, connecting with the sea by a great gateway. When the ship is ready to enter, the gate is shut and the water all pumped out then the workmen with practiced skill place the great blocks at the bottom of the dock for the keel to rest upon, taking the dimensions from the plans and drawings of the vessel. These in place, the dock is flooded again, the gate opened, and the ship hauled in. The gate is now closed again, and while the water is slowly pumped out and the ship settles down, the dockers pull her this way or that till she rests evenly on the keel blocks; then shores or heavy wooden beams, are braced from the sides of the dock to the sides of the ship, and as the water is pumped away the ship stands "high and dry," a veritable "fish out of water," the bottom, which was below the water line, covered with sea weeds and parasites, that hide the defects they have caused.

The workmen scrape and scour the unwelcome barnacles and grass away, the seams and rivets are all examined and repaired, a fresh coat of paint goes on again, and as the dock is again flooded the ship rises from her hospitable bed, and the wooden supports are knocked away until she floats out on the sea again "healthy and strong," to battle with wind and sea, and the enemies of the flag she proudly flies at the peak.

When wood was used almost exclusively in building ships a very easy and convenient means was found to protect the underwater portions of the ship from the insidious attacks of barnacles and parasites of plant and animal life. This was done by covering the whole bottom of the ship with a plating of thin copper, for the galvanic action of the salt water upon the copper was to convert the ship and sea into a vast battery where the copper became the negative pole and was slowly yet constantly eaten away, the particles, as they fell away, taking with them the barnacles and sea weed as fast as they formed on the ship, thus keeping the ship's bottom and sides always clean so that the speed was not cut down by dragging the barnacles and yards of sea weeds through the water. Yet, even then the copper needed repairs, faulty timbers rotted and crumbled away, so that every few years the ship had to go into dry dock and be thoroughly overhauled, each faulty timber replaced and rusty bolt repaired, until no loophole was left for the sea to work upon.

But with the advent of iron in the building of ships the old means failed, for where copper was placed over the iron the iron became the negative pole of the great battery and was eaten away, quickly riddling the bottom of the ship with many leaks. Many devices were tried—the under-water portions of the vessels were covered with a water-proof layer of wood, which was then coppered as before—but wherever there was any metallic connection between the copper and iron the whole force of the battery acted there, and holes were eaten in unexpected and inaccessable places, bringing in an element of uncertainty and enforcing great care in "sheathing" the vessels as the coating of wood is called, and the ship still had to go more often than ever to the dry dock.

Then the various methods of painting the bottoms with protective paints have been tried and are used in all of the cruisers of our new navy. The skill of hundreds of chemists has been exerted to find a paint that would act as the copper does and throw off the barnacles and sea weed. Great prizes have been offered, and a fortune awaits the successful discoverer of such a coating for ships, yet, so far, none has been discovered that acts completely, and the iron and steel ships which start from port with freshly painted sides and bottoms return in a few months covered with barnacles and sea weed, which, as it trails in the water, very materially cuts down the speed and power of the ship. Then she must be put in the dry dock and scrubbed and scraped and repainted. Still worse than the barnacles and sea weed is the water itself when it finds an entrance, be it ever so small, through the paint to the steel below. Slowly but surely it rusts out a little pit, which extends sometimes almost through the plate before the paint scalp drops off and discloses the defect, which can even then only be seen by putting the ship in dry dock and examining every square foot of her bottom plating.

This all shows how necessary it is for the ships to go to their "hospitals" and how careful her "doctors" should be, for millions of dollars' worth of property and millions of priceless lives are carried every year on these "messengers of the sea." The greatest docks in the world are those of the great shipping port of Liverpool, where the great stone docks, with their powerful pumping engines, stretch for miles along the water front. The stone docks are the best, for if solidly built, they may last a hundred years, and, in fact, the old stone dock at Norfolk navy yard, which is now in use, was built when John Adams was President of the United States. Yet in America, where fortunes are made and lost in a few years, we do not often build for future generations, but only for the present, hence many of the docks in the United States are wooden affairs that, though cheap at first, soon cost more in repairs than they did in building.

Another kind of dock frequently used is the floating dock, a great platform supported by water-tight caissons, which are first filled with water and allowed to sink until the ship can be brought over the platform, when the water is pumped out and the platform slowly rises, borne up by the buoyancy of the caissons, until the ship is high and dry above the water. But the danger in these affairs is that the caissons may break away from the ends or center, thus breaking the ship in two, or a storm may come, capsizing dry dock, ship and all, thus converting that which was intended for the ship's greatest good into a death trap.

When one thinks of the many dangers a ship is to encounter from the waves in storms and from nature's parasites in calms he will not be surprised, as many are now, that ships apparently "healthy and strong" must go to navy yards every few months to "undergo repairs" for even if nothing serious is found on inspection "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure."—*Washington Star.*

All Sorts of Paragraphs.

— Cupid is thinkless.

— Love is the divine hypnotism.

— A certain amount of friction is necessary to friendship.

— Good railroad tires are expected to last eight years.

— London bridge is crossed by 220,000 people daily.

— India has 131,600 lepers according to the last census.

— No woman is too silly not to have a genius for spite.

— There are as many men angels as there are women angels.

— Man's inconstancy is no greater than woman's inconsistency.

— A kind "no" is often more agreeable than a rough "yes."

— Truth is mighty and will prevail when there is money in it.

— A woman will do more kindly things than she will say.

— Men would be different if their consciences were not elastic.

— What a woman says to-day does not apply to what she may think to-morrow.

— When times are hard, nobody can reasonably expect to have a soft time of it.

— As much as $2,500,000 is expended for lead pencils in the United States every year.

— Don't rein up the plow horse. Make him as comfortable in every way as possible.

— Generally the more aimless a boy is the better he likes to run around with a shotgun.

— The best way to manage a church quarrel, or any other kind of a quarrel, is to stop quarreling.

— More than one hundred and fifty flags are a necessary part of the outfit of every American warship.

— Common-sense does not ask an impossible chess-board, but takes the one before it and plays the game.

— A Cincinnati chemist has invented a process of milk making which reduces the price to five cents a gallon.

— Speaking of the widow's mite, a single lady says it is just like a widow to attract all the attention to herself.

— It is estimated that there are 500,000,000 of sheep in the world of which about one-tenth are in North America.

— There are now 74 survivors of the famous Balaklava charge, so far as the British army authorities can trace.

— Remember that horses suffer from heat as much as humans; therefore, neither overfeed, nor needlessly expose them.

— The highest mountain in the world is Mount Everest, in the Himalayas—29,000 feet, or five and three-fourths miles.

— The reports show that there are 46 State banks now doing business in North Carolina. There are 28 national banks.

— We have always had an idea that the philosopher who takes everything as it comes, without swearing, has a hard time of it.

— One difference between wealth and fame is, fame is what other people think a man has, and wealth is what he knows he has.

— According to careful estimates, three hours of close study wear out the body more than a whole day of hard physical exertion.

— "You look so much like your brother," said Dennis to Phelim, "that I could tell yez was brothers if I'd never seen aither av yez."

— The royal library of Nebuchadnezzar, recently unearthed at Babylon, contains innumerable tax lists and records of the taxes paid and unpaid.

— The German emperor recently issued an order that no sermon preached before him by a court chaplain must exceed fifteen minutes in delivery.

— One of the new rifles used by the Italian soldiers sends a ball with force enough to go through five inches of solid oak at a distance of 4,000 feet.

—For croup, while you are waiting for the doctor, put lard on a cloth, sprinkle with mustard, and apply to the chest. Give also doses of syrup of ipecac.

— A New England dictionary offers the following definitions: "Bicycle: Pleasure's treadmill. Ink: a black fluid often used to make black seem white."

— Powdered charcoal, if laid thick on a burn, causes the immediate abatement of the pain. A superficial burn can thus be healed in about an hour.

— The United States manufacture more iron, steel, copper and lead than any other country on the globe, Great Britain being a little ahead in zinc and tin.

— Pekin, China, has an estimated population of 1,300,000 and 15,000 police, who signal from station to station by yelling until the news reaches headquarters.

— The expressions "Hallelujah" and "Amen" are said to have been introduced into Christian worship by St. Jerome, sometime about the year A. D. 390.

— A very good authority gives a very simple remedy for hiccough—a lump of sugar saturated with vinegar. In 10 cases, tried as an experiment, it stopped hiccoughs in 9.

— W. H. Nelson, who is in the drug business at Kingsville, Mo., has so much confidence in Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy that he warrants every bottle and offers to refund the money to any customer who is not satisfied after using it. Mr. Nelson takes no risk in doing this because the Remedy is a certain cure for the diseases for which it is intended and he knows it. It is for sale by H