The Anderson Intelligencer.

BY CLINKSCALES & LANGSTON. ANDERSON, S. C., WEDNESDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 7, 1894. VOLUME XXIX.--NO 19.

AN OPPORTUNITY

FOR MEN and BOYS!

To Secure a Good Suit of Clothes at a nominal Price!

ARE YOU IN DOUBT { In regard to where you shall buy your **FALL SUIT?** If so, consult the best dressed man—they will tell you B. O. EVANS & CO.

DO YOU WISH { TO BUY NEW CLOTHING? TO BUY STYLISH CLOTHING? TO BUY YOUR SUIT CHEAP? TO SECURE A GOOD FIT? TO BE WELL DRESSED?

Then don't hesitate, but go to—

B. O. EVANS & CO,

The Leading Clothiers, Hatters and Furnishers.

SALESMEN—BELTON O. EVANS, formerly with C. F. Jones & Co.; JOHN M. FLYNN, formerly with Means Co.

The Successful Advertiser!

Is the man who writes something the people will read, and reading, believe. In this age of education and enlightenment, when men read and think for themselves, all that stuff about "selling goods cheaper than your competitors buy them," being the "only competent dealers in the line," "handling better stuff than anybody else," &c., is mere clap trap, and subjects the writer and the firm back of it to the contempt of all right-thinking people. The man who has something to offer, and then tells the folks about in a plain, business way, is the man who "gets there," and getting there, stands.

Lots of people handle Paint. Some handle one kind, some another, but they all realize, if they have any business sense at all, that in order to make that business a permanent success it is absolutely necessary to give the people the very best material. This we have tried to do, and at a price that puts it in the reach of all.

In this connection we call attention to the fact that crops are about laid by, time is plentiful, and a little paint not only freshens and beautifies, but improves wonderfully the sanitary condition of the premises. If your house is all right maybe the fence needs a coat. A little Paint would keep that old buggy from falling down, and the wagon might last a year or two longer by spending seventy-five cents or a dollar in Paint on it.

Remember this, the longer you put it off the more it takes and the less good it does. Remember another thing, it costs just as much, and takes just as much time, to have cheap paint put on as it does good Paint. Always buy the best, even if you pay more for it.

HILL BROS., Druggists,
ANDERSON, S. C.

Fleming Cement and Brick Co.

MASONS' SUPPLIES,
276 EAST BAY,
CHARLESTON, S. C.,
IMPORTERS OF
ENGLISH PORTLAND CEMENT.
AND DEALERS IN
Eastern and Southern Rock Lime,
Rosendale Cement,
N. Y. Plaster Paris,
Hair, Laths, Shingles,
Tiles, Bricks, Fire Clay,
All sizes T. C. Pipe,
Best Full Size Fire Brick,
Roofing Slates,
AND ALL
BUILDING MATERIAL.
Telephone 291.
Aug 22, 1894 8 6m

W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE IS THE BEST. NO SQUEAKING.

$5. CORDOVAN, FRENCH & ENAMELLED CALF.
$4. $3.50 FINE CALF & KANGAROO.
$3.50 POLICE, 3 SOLES.
$2.50 $2. WORKINGMENS EXTRA FINE.
$2. $1.75 BOYS' SCHOOL SHOES.
LADIES.
$3. $2.50 $2. $1.75 BEST DONGOLA.
SEND FOR CATALOGUE
W. L. DOUGLAS, BROCKTON, MASS.

You can save money by purchasing W. L. Douglas Shoes.

Because, we are the largest manufacturers of advertised shoes in the world, and guarantee the value by stamping the name and price on the bottom, which protects you against high prices and the middleman's profits. Our shoes equal custom work in style, easy fitting and wearing qualities. We have them sold everywhere at lower prices for the value given than any other make. Take no substitute. If your dealer cannot supply you, we can. Sold by

C. F. JONES & CO.,
ANDERSON, S. C.
GEER BROS., Belton, S. C.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

All persons having demands against the Estate of W. A. Brownlee, deceased, are hereby notified to present them, properly proven, to the undersigned, within the time prescribed by law, and those indebted to make payment.

LEMUEL D. STRIBBLING, Ex'r.
Richland, S C.
Oct 31, 1894 17 3

Application for Charter.

NOTICE is hereby given that we, the undersigned Corporators, will apply to the next session of the General Assembly of South Carolina for a Charter to build a Railroad from Greenwood, South Carolina, via Due West, Anderson, Townville and Westminister, S. C., to the South Carolina and Georgia line at or near the point where the Blue Ridge Railroad crosses said line, to be called "The Greenwood, Anderson and Western Railway."

J. C. Maxwell, T. F. Riley, J. K. Durst, J. S. Bailey, J. G. Simmons, B. W. Cobb, H. P. McGee, M. B. Clinkscales, G. F. Tolly, D. C. DuPre, W. L. Durst, R. B. Wilson, W B Millwee, D. A. P. Jordan, J. W. Wideman, R. S. Galloway, Geo. E. Prince, C. A. C. Waller. Corporators.

Aug 22, 1894 8 3m

Application for Charter.

NOTICE is hereby given that we, the undersigned Corporators, will apply to the next session of the General Assembly of South Carolina for a Charter to build a Railroad from Greenwood, South Carolina, by way of Cokesbury, Pelzer and Piedmont to Greenville or Easley, South Carolina, to be called "The Saluda Valley Railway."

J. C. Maxwell, T. F. Riley, J. K. Durst, J. S. Bailey, J. G. Simmons, B. W. Cobb, D. C. DuPre, E. A. Smythe, T. J. Ellis, W. L. Durst, R. B. Wilson, W. B. Millwee, D. A. P. Jordan, G. W. Connor, J. C. Moore, G. B. Riley, J. L. Orr, T. E. Pollill, Corporators.

Aug 22, 1894 8 3m

Railroad Charter.

NOTICE is hereby given that we, the undersigned corporators, will apply to the next General Assembly of South Carolina for a Charter of a Railroad running from Piedmont, in Greenville Co, to Abbeville C. H., by way of the Towns of Pelzer, Williamston and Belton, and from there to Abbeville C. H by the most desirable and practicable route.

J. C. Klugh, W. C. McGowan, W. A. Templeton. Dr. J. A. Anderson, A. M. Erwin, J. E Wakefield, R. B. A. Robinson, T. L. Clinkscales, Jr., J. T. Ashley, G. W. Sullivan, E A. Smythe, Jas. L. Orr, J. T. Rice, L. D Harris, R. A. Lewis, Dr. J. W. Wideman, M. B. Clinkscales, R. C. Brownlee. 7—12

SHAKEM UP AND LETGO GROCERY!

WE beg to announce to our many patrons in Anderson and throughout the County that we have moved our place of business to the elegant and commodious salesroom—

IN HOTEL CHIQUOLA BLOCK, NO. 5,

Formerly occupied by D. S. Maxwell & Son. We will be better prepared than ever to supply you with the BEST GROCERIES at the lowest price consistent with the quality of Goods given. We haven't disappointed you in the past, and hope to do even better for you in the future.

No compromise nor winking at adulterated goods. Strictly pure food at popular prices. Come and see us. We are ready to make things lively.

Shakem up and letgo,

J. A. AUSTIN & CO.

GLASS IN ALL SHAPES,

CUT TO ORDER, AT

Evans' Pharmacy.

REMEMBER our **$5.00 TURNIP PRIZE,** due November 20, 1894. Bring on your Turnips and have weight registered.

NO. 4 HOTEL CHIQUOLA.

HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE, ETC.

Iron King and Elmo Stoves at Prices you cannot afford to be without one.

WE have just received a nice assortment of Goods in our line, and we are going to sell them at prices to suit the people and times.

It will pay you to inspect our varied Stock and Prices.

We take pleasure in showing and pricing customers and visitors our Goods, whether you wish to buy or not.

Soliciting your future wants, and thanking you for past favors,

I remain yours, &c.,

JOHN T. BURRISS.

P. S.—Parties indebted to me by Note or Account will accommodate me very much by coming in and settling as soon as convenient.

Respectfully,
JOHN T. BURRISS.

SHOES in all Styles!

SHOES OF ALL QUALITIES,
SHOES FOR ALL PEOPLE,
THE MEANS SHOE,
THE MILES SHOE,
THE HYNDS HONEST HOME MADE SHOE,

And all the Best Makes at Popular Prices!

ONE entire side of our Mammoth New Store is devoted entirely to Shoes. This is a sight worth seeing, and the PRICES WILL INTEREST YOU. Don't forget that. WE MEAN WHAT WE SAY.

And then you kn w—

We are always in the Cotton Market!

Come to see us, and we will do you right.

McCULLY & CATHCART.

A REMEDY FOR HARD TIMES!

I DESIRE to inform the trading public that I am now reducing my Stock for the Fall season, and for the next few weeks will offer great inducements to Cash buyers. Come and see my Stock of

Family and Fancy Groceries,
Canned Goods,
Confectioneries,
Tobacco, Cigars, Etc.

And I will please you in prices and goods.

G. F. BIGBY.

$1.50 $1.50

THE BARGAIN OF THE YEAR.

WE HAVE JUST RECEIVED A DRIVE IN

MEN'S FINE HATS.

Your Choice of the Lot, $1 50.

Had we bought these goods regular we would have to sell them at three dollars. No two Hats alike. All the latest shape and colors.

Whenever we get a Bargain we give you the benefit.

TAYLOR & CRAYTON.

$1.50 $1.50

BILL ARP'S LETTER.

Arp at a Fair.

Atlanta Constitution.

If a man would escape all this hurly-burly of politics let him take an overland trip to some quiet country settlement where there is a camp meeting or a fair going on. I found a place last week that surprised and pleased me. There is a territory about ten miles square down in the corner of Troup, Heard and Coweta counties that seems to loom up a little higher and is a good deal richer than the average land of either county. The old original surveyor who laid off these boundaries would not put all this fine land in a single county, but tried to tote fair with all. He gave Heard the largest share because it needed it. About the center of this territory is a little village called Corinth. Some old Bible reader gave it that name, I reckon, in honor of Paul, who lived and preached in the ancient city and planted churches there and turned them over to Apollos to be watered. This Corinth has no Paul nor Apollos, but it used to have a reputation for its school. Just as Beman and Fouche and Isham and Dick Johnston made reputation so did a man by the name of Corbett acquire renown as a teacher at Corinth. LaGrange boys and Newnan boys were sent there, especially those who were hard to manage at home. Ben Hill got his rudiments there. Rudiments in those days included the use of persuaders as well as books, and the persuaders were generally from three to four feet long. But the boys are so much better nowadays that the persuaders have been discarded. One of our teachers whipped a boy the other day and has been arrested for it and a big rumpus raised over it. That boy is in danger of the state reformatory just as soon as they build one. I mean what I say. I have noticed these boys whose parents raise a row when they are whipped at school and they turn out bad. Dick Johnston's rule was a good one—"beg pardon, take a whipping or quit school."

Corinth is high and dry, a kind of plateau of red chocolate land that grows cotton and bermuda grass to perfection and corn and oats in abundance. It is only sixty miles south of Cartersville, and yet there has been no killing frost. The cotton leaves and potato vines and late corn are still green and the cape jessamines take the winter out of doors. Bermuda grass can be seen all along the roads and streets and when grown for hay makes three crops a year.

Corinth has just closed her fifth annual fair—a settlement fair that draws the farmers and their families together like a camp meeting. It does not pretend to be a thing, but it costs nothing hardly and the people like it. They brought the best products of their farms, some corn stalks eighteen feet eight inches high and twelve feet to the ear. Wheat and oats and hay, hams and leaf lard and butter, cane syrup and sorghum, potatoes and pumpkins and many kinds of garden seed. A fine display of fowls, some hogs and Jersey cattle. In the woman's department there were some of the same old coverlets and counterpanes and patch-work quilts that we have seen ever since we were boys, and there was some beautiful embroidery work that we didn't see in the long ago. There were all sorts of preservers and jellies and pickles and I counted six kinds of home-made wine, among them was some maypop wine that the judges said was delicious, but they never offered me any. Some of the old veterans brought their guns and swords and canteens. There was an old battered tin canteen that was in all the war and had I been such a poet as my friend Lucien Knight I would have written an apostrophe to it in verse—

Hall old canteen, the Southern Soldiers' friend,
While on the march his country to defend.
Close by his side thy shining form was seen
And none stuck closer than his old canteen,

or words to that effect. And the Italians were there with monster performing bears. These wandering songs of Italy were 3,000 miles from their home ministering to the pleasure of our children for a mere pittance, but where the bears came from I know not. They danced and pranced to music. They marched and countermarched and made bows and sat in chairs and wrestled with their keepers and did many funny and fantastic things that amused and entertained us all. The men and the bears sleep together in some outhouse. They eat together and share a common fortune. The chief difference is that God clothes one and man the other.

When dinner time came the matrons and maidens spread their table cloths upon the ground under the shade of the trees and filled them with good things for the multitude. Everybody was invited everywhere and all were pressed to eat and drink, for spring water and coffee were abundant. I eat chicken and sausage until I didn't know whether to crow or to grunt, and so I did neither.

Next came the races—horse races, upon a mile track that was in the shape of the figure eight. It was in a close sheared meadow of bermuda grass. This racing business seems to be quite orthodox with the people, for the stock is all home-made, and there was no jockeying or betting that I discovered. There was some good stock, but none that were kept for the turf. They pulled the plow or the wagon and made the crop. Nobody seemed to time them, and the only question was, which beat? Maude S. was not there nor Nancy Hanks. I think there must have been 300 or 400 buggies around that track, and in most of them were young men and maidens. There was no drinking nor swearing and not an accident of any kind. I met some people I used to know, but had forgotten. One middle-aged gentleman introduced himself by saying: "Major, you do not remember me, but I will refresh your memory. Many years ago when you were living in Rome you was a member of the school board and I was an applicant for a teacher's commission. You were chosed to examine me on arithmetic and when it was your turn you asked me to go to the blackboard and write down eleven thousand eleven hundred and eleven, and I busted, but you let me in." Yes, I remembered then that his name was Duke, and how mortified he was at his failure. My friend Judge Ware was president of the fair. He stands six feet four, and is large in proportion. Seven sons and three daughters of like proportions ornament the family, and nearly all are married. Almost everybody in that settlement seemed above the average size, just as they do in Kentucky, where the blue grass grows. All flesh is grass, you know. Cattle eat the grass and folks eat the cattle, Judge Ware is a pious man and doesn't approve of the races, but he says he is obliged to stand around and keep order, but he always turns his back when the horses are running. This reminds me of my son, who is in England, and while he was walking around the old historic tower of London wanted a sprig of ivy that mantled its walls. Old soldiers were slowly walking about as guards, and the signboards said, "Hands off," but he humbly approached the guard nearest the wall and told him he was all the way from America, and would be glad to take home a sprig of that ivy to remember the tower by, and the old man turned his back to the wall and whispered: "I'm not looking at ye." So he quickly cut a branch and put it under his vest. It is now growing in a little pot, and he will bring it when he comes.

I met but one populist at Corinth that I know of and he said he had always liked Mr. Atkinson until they told him he had got to drinking and whipped his wife scandalous. "Maybe it was his wife whipped him," said I. From all political liars and slanderers may the good Lord deliver us.

BILL ARP.

To Measure an Acre.

Few farmers know the size of their fields or how many acres they contain. It is desirable—in fact, indispensable—for good work that a farmer know this, otherwise he cannot apportion seed or manure for it; nor can he tell how much time it should take to plow, harrow or cultivate it. A good cotton cord, the size of a plow line, should be kept for this purpose. To make one, buy 67 feet of cotton rope, one inch round; fasten a ring at each end, and make these rings precisely 60 feet apart. This is four rods. Tie a piece of red rag in the center. One acre of ground will be a piece four of these cords long, and two and one-half wide equal to 16 by 10 rods, making 160 square rods to an acre.

The advantage of the rings is that one person can measure alone by driving a stake in the ground to hold the rope while he stretches it out. The rope should be soaked in tar and then dried. This will prevent its shrinking.

Last year a neighbor of the writer had a heavy sod plowed by contract at $2.50 per acre. Three persons stepped it off. One said it was four acres; another made it a little over five, and the third said it was three and a half acres. The contractor sent over and got this rope, and all five men measured it, and it was found to be just three and a half acres. He had paid to have the grass cut off it for three years at $1 per acre, or $5 each season, counting it to be five acres in extent, thus losing $4.50 through ignorance.

Get a measuring line, and when not in use, put it away, so that the hands cannot get at it, or they will be very apt to cut a piece off it to tie up harness, thus making it worthless for measuring purposes.

That Fool Book-keeper.

A lady who buys provisions regularly of a dealer in Boston, was a little puzzled over one of the items of her monthly bill. The item was as follows: "To 3 lbs psalmon, 90."

It suddenly occurred to the lady that she had puschased three pounds of salmon on the date given, and the meaning of the mysteriously spelled word was apparent to her.

Greatly amused, and feeling well enough acquainted with the provision dealer to tell him of the little laugh she had enjoyed at his expense, she said, when she went to pay the bill: "Mr. Blank, I had quite a laugh at the way some one in your establishment spells salmon."

When the item had been pointed out to him, Mr. Blank said, in a tone of contempt for such ignorance: "That's the work of a new book-keeper I have. I'm ashamed to have such bills sent out, and shall have to speak to him about it. He is a good book-keeper, but he's got to learn to spell if he stays in my employ. Let me correct the bill."

Taking a pen, Mr. Blank crossed out the word and wrote above it "Sammon."

"There, ma'am," he said, complacently, handidg back the bill, "I'll teach that book-keeper how to spell 'salmon' when he comes in, or tell him to find a new place."

He Was Helped Out.

Not being blessed with a superabundance of money, two medical students, the one a very large and the other a very small man, were roommates and bedfellows. Only a few nights had elapsed when the big man, who was on the inner side, suddenly awoke to the consciousness that he was being crowded to the wall, his companion having taken a good sized reservation in the middle of the bed. By way of punishing the encroachment with neatness and dispatch, he gently adjusted the soles of his feet, and ousted the little fellow so effectually as to land him quickly on the carpet.

The ejected showed no signs of resentment until several nights later, when, finding his bulky comrade occupying a similar position to that in which he had given offence, he plotted a revenge. Stealthily climbing over the huge form, he braced his back against the wall, and placing a foot on either side of his friend's spine, collected all his forces, and gave a tremendous push. The effect was instantaneous, and if not just what he anticipated, was in strict accordance with the laws of nature.

The big man moved, but the bed moved with him, opening a wide space between it and the wall, through which the other one disappeared. The little fellow had shot himself out of bed.

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

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.,
Toledo, Ohio.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

— The man who lives only to please himself has a hard master.

A STORY OF SAND BAR FERRY.

Tragic Fate of two Charlestonians in Edgefield.

Sunday News.

EDGEFIELD, Oct. 27.—Mr. James T. Bacon's lecture on "Anecdotes and Reminiscences of Early Edgefield," delivered in the Opera House here a few days ago, was a masterpiece of pathos and humor, wit and merriment, incident and accident, romance and history. Among many others he told the following pathetic story of a once famous duel, so illustrative of old-time Southern chivalry, and the consequent death blow to a mother's heart. It is reproduced in his own simple and eloquent words:

In the year 1828 there was in the South Carolina College a beautiful, brave, noble, gentle youth from Edgefield, of barely 18 years. His name was Hampden Wigfall. The Wigfall family had then lived in Edgefield only four years. They were rich Huguenot people of the Parish of St. Thomas and St. Dennis, in Charleston District, where they built an Episcopal church of brick, which is still standing, and around which they are buried. In 1820 old Durand Wigfall bought a summer home in Edgefield, where he died in 1825. His widow, a gentle, shrinking and devotedly pious woman, was left with three sons and one daughter, Hampden being the eldest. This lady was the paternal grandmother of my sister.

At college a misunderstanding arose between Hampden Wigfall and his intimate friend, young Cogsdale, of Charleston, another very noble young man, only 19 years of age. The misunderstanding turned out to be absolutely trivial, but the lie had been passed and in those days of extremely strained chivalry and honor no reconciliation could be effected. The Code Duello then reigned in its most absolute and pitiless power. The man who was challenged to fight a duel and even wavered one second in accepting it was forever socially damned, branded, ostracized forever and ever. Young Wigfall challenged young Cogsdale to meet him in mortal combat. The boy of 18 challenged the boy of 19, whom he loved and who loved him.

They met with all the formalities—the seconds, the doctors, and the inevitable negro attendant—at San Bar Ferry, near Augusta, before that and since the most noted duelling ground in America. Mrs. Wigfall, the widowed mother, and my old grandmother, who had also been a widow for two years, went to Augusta in Mrs. Wigfall's carriage to be near the scene and await the result. The mother was more dead than alive and bordered on actual lunacy.

The duel was to take place at sundown of a summer day. At 5 o'clock in the afternoon, having sent their carriage on before to prevent suspicion, my grandmother and Mrs. Wigfall crept out of Gen. Glascock's house in Augusta, travelled down the South Carolina shore of the river on foot, and hid themselves in a thick wood not two hundred yards from the scene of the duel. They could hear the sounds, but could see nothing. The carriage had been driven by my grandmother's old coachman, "Uncle Watt," and by his side, on the loftly old-fashioned dickey seat, sat Matilda, the negro waiting maid. The carriage could not enter the woods, so it waited on the outskirts, one hundred yards off.

Hampden Wigfall fell at the first fire, killed instantly. The mother rushed frantically to the scene. The seconds and doctors were terribly surprised. Such a thing was unheard of as a woman near a duel. And when the mother threw herself also upon the body of his unhappy slayer, for young Cogsdale, breaking away from his seconds, had rushed to the body, thrown himself prostrate upon the earth by it, wound his arms around it and was sobbing out like a little child, and in tones of unutterable anguish, "Oh, Hammie, Hammie, Hammie!" as if trying to awake the dead boy.

My grandmother has often told me that the cry of the slayer was ten thousand times more heartrending than even the cry of the mother. And then followed a scene of Christian spirit perhaps unexampled in all history. The hitherto wild mother calmly unwound the arms of young Cogsdale, and lifting him up, kissed him tenderly on the forehead and said, with commingled pity and fervor: "God be with you, my child; God be with you! You will need Him more than I will, for I willl soon be with Him, I will soon be with my God and with my child." And as the seconds led the weeping boy away she cried out to him, wringing her hands, "God be with you, my child. In Heaven Hammie and I will pray for you." It was now quite nightfall and the twilight lingered upon the saddest picture that was ever seen on sea or shore.

In the meantime the wretched mother had overheard the words, "We must wait for the coroner." Creeping up to my grandmother she whispered in tones of terrible agony, "No coroner must touch the body of my child," and then, with what was seen afterwards to be a woman's and a mother's cunning, she went twenty paces away, whither the seconds, the doctors, Gen. Glascock and the negroes had all withdrawn, to leave her somewhat alone with her dead, and begged them all to retire for one hour to the ferry, a half mile away, that she might pray beside the body of her child. Knowing her to be a woman of deepest and purest piety they quickly departed, every one of them, to the ferry.

As soon as they were fairly out of sight, although a frail and slender woman, she lifted the body of her dead boy in her arms and bore it without shaking or staggering or resting a moment to the carriage at the skirt of the wood. The carriage was an immense old-fashioned, round-bodied coach. My grandmother and Matilda followed her closely, pressing up in fact to her very shoulders to catch her if she should fall. But she did not waver a moment, and as the carriage came in view, she ran vigorously towards it. This was a mother bearing her dead child away from what she considered the profaning touch of the coroner.

Delivering the dead body into the arms of Matilda and the coachman she entered the carriage and seated herself in a corner of the back seat; my grandmother followed her and took the oblique front corner. Then Uncle Watt and Matilda lifted in the dead body. The mother received the head upon her bosom, while the legs rested upon my grandmother's lap, and through the fifteen miles home in the warm, black summer night, thus they travelled. Home was reached at midnight, and the bereaved mother laid herself upon her bed with her dead boy on her bosom.

On the morrow the coroner did comply with the legal formalities, but the mother never knew it. She buried her boy, standing at his grave without uttering a cry, and then she went back to her bed only to leave it, as she had said on the fatal field, to go home to her God and her boy. Young Cogsdale, 19 years of age, left college and left the State. In his 30th year, unmarried, with snow-white hair, he died in Newark, N. J., never, it is said, having smiled since the hour of the duel.

SIMKINS.

Dr. Shepards Tea Farm.

To the Editor of the Sunday News:

Following an invitation of Dr. Shepard to visit his tea fields, nurseries and curing house, the iron horse of the 4 o'clock train wheeled us in forty minutes to Summerville and fifteen minutes later we arrived at Pinehurst, the Doctor's rustic ville and the governmental seat of his pet industry, which considering its recent origin and present wonderful development, gives great promise of future success.

Owing to the late hour the Doctor could this evening only show me his curing house, where two men were sitting in the porch preparing cuttings of the broad leaf and narrow leaf Assam hybrid tea, which we saw later planted in a hot house with artificial heat under the frames.

In the house he showed me the baskets with little holes in the covers in which the children gather the tender leaves from May to October. These leaves have to be wilted by spreading them on the floor and on frames, then they are rolled by an ingenious, elaborate and costly English machine called the Little Giant, which was invented by William Jackson, a brother of John Jackson, who was at the head of the first experiment of tea culture in Summerville. The two surfaces of the machine, which have a complex rotory motion, press upon each other and have openings with ridges like human fingers, do the work which in China is done by human hands more thoroughly, more evenly and naturally, much more cleanly, preserving the pristine aroma of the leaf, which is bound to suffer from contact with the human hand. The Little Giant is a great step forward, and the difference in the quality of tea is very great, as proved to me the next day by comparing its product in the cup with tea rolled in the primitive way.

Then the tea must be oxydized by the atmosphere, after which it is carried to the evaporator, then sifted to get the dust, takko and big leaves out. Finally the process of firing perfects the article, which is now ready for the table.

After supper, over a bottle of most excellent chablis, the good Doctor dived into the reminiscences of his student life at Gottingen, and I was surprised to find that two of my brothers had studied under the same Prof. Baum five years before him. Several interesting episodes of the birth of the German Empire the Doctor confided to my ravenous ear, but the recital of these would spin out my article too much.

In the morning we rose with the sun, and after a hearty breakfast the Doctor carried me to his tea patches, which he has distributed here and there as he thinks a field is adapted and prepared for the culture. "You see," the Doctor said, "this all is the broad leaf Assam hybrid, which, I think, makes the best tea here, but notice how the plant has improved without treatment. Look at the coarse, tough, dark leaf of the mother plant and now observe the bright, tender, large pliant leaf of the voluntary shoots around the root. But even these leaves are too large and old for use. We can only use these tiny young leaves at the end of the branches, because my aim is to produce only the best tea. In lower grades I could not compete with the imported article, which is brought in free of duty, whereas I had to pay a handsome duty on the Little Giant rolling machine. My tea is a perfectly natural product and will not stain the table cloth like many of the imported varieties, some of which are even colored with Berlin blue. My tea also holds out better in strength and is especially adapted for iced tea. Some of my friends have told me that my tea goes twice as far as the imported article. Next year I hope to produce the famous Mandarin tea, which in China costs $10 to $25 per pound, and which is only used by the Mandarin class over there. This variety can only be produced from the very tip ends of the tenderest shoots. You see here this tiny newborn leaflet, which has not yet unfolded? These have to be treated with the utmost care, and finally to be packed in tiny little bundles wrapped with ribbons like you do some cigars. This tea is never exported from China because its flavor is too delicate and evanescent and cannot stand the trip on the sea."

"But, Doctor," I said, "you do not expect to get $20 a pound for this tea here?"

"Why not," he answered. "Look at the elegant dinners and suppers, given by the wealthy classes at the North, where often hundreds of dollars are spent for flowers alone. What should prevent a lady that wants to give an afternoon tea from buying a quarter of a pound of the Mandarin tea for $5? This will give her fifty cups of this delicious beverage at the cost of 10 cents per cup. And once an aristocratic lady starts the ball rolling, I shall not be able to satisfy the demand."

The tea farm has now under cultivation twelve acres Assam hybrid, five acres Ceylon, three acres Chinese, two acres Indian, one acre Japan.

We next went to a remote field in the extreme corner of the Doctor's possession. It was a beautiful sight—the even bushes, planted like soldiers in accurate rows, four feet each way, almost all of the same size, the glossy foliage glistening in the bright October sun.

"How strange," I said, "that the plants should thrive so well in a soil with so much sand. And pray what are these red lumps?"

"Oh," retorted the Doctor, "this soil is most excellent for my purpose, and as to these red clap lumps, they even contain a little phosphate."

Dr. Shepard expects to produce this year four hundred pounds of tea, next year eight hundred pounds, and so he hopes to double up year by year, as new fields get ready for the culture, till he will have reached five tons of tea per annum when fifty acres are in full operation. This will be his maximum and will prove that tea culture is practical and profitable in South Carolina.

"Quod erat demonstrandum."

RAKSO LEUCIA.

— All of us have a chance to hear the word of God; but how many of us heed it? It is easier to hear than to heed; but heeding is quite as important as hearing.

REVISED INSTRUCTIONS.

What the Governor Tells the Constables to do.

Since the State Supreme Court has held the State dispensary constitutional and the work of the constabulary has become so much more active than ever before, Governor Tillman and his State board of control have entirely revised the instructions to constables heretofore in use. The revision has been printed in circular form a copy to be given each constable. The circular is headed in large type: "State Constables.—Their Powers and Duties." Here is the circular:

"The Constables appointed under the dispensary law will act only under that law. They will wear their badges where they can be seen when on active duty, but when doing detective work they can conceal their badges.

"They have the right to exercise all the common law and statutory powers of Constables and all authority given to the police or watchmen by the statutes of the State, and by the charters and ordinances of incorporated towns and cities concurrently with such officers.

"They are specially authorized and required by the dispensary law to seize without warrant all contraband liquor while it is being transported or after its arrival, whether in possession of a common carrier, depot agent, express agent, private person, firm or corporation or association, being in an open car or house, or exposed to view. But persons coming from without the State carrying liquor as personal baggage, not exceeding one gallon, shall be allowed to keep the same. But if such is transparting it for another, and does not own it exclusively himself, it may be seized.

"A State Constable may arrest, without a warrant, for an offense against the dispensary law committed in his presence, but when he does so arrest he should at once carry the offender before a trial justice, and a warrant sworn out particularly describing the offense. In all other cases, when other witnesses are to prove the facts, he should swear out a warrant and arrest the prisoner under it.

"Should any trial justice refuse a warrant, the Constable will report the fact immediately and proceed to obtain one from the next nearest trial justice so as to make the arrest promptly. When arrests are made the Constables will carry the prisoners before the trial justice issuing the warrant, and it is the duty of the trial justice to commit the prisoner to jail or require sufficient bail. Any trial justice taking a straw bond will be removed.

"A warrant must be obtained from a trial justice of the county in which the crime was committed. If the criminal leaves his county and goes into another, the officer should apply to the trial justice of the latter county to endorse the warrant before he attempts the arrest in the said county.

"The affidavit should have the signature of the party swearing it out. It is important that the warrant should have the seal of the trial justice.

"This law authorizes the seizure, without warrant, in all open lots or all open places, including bars and stores.

"Whenever they are informed or suspect that any suspicious package in the possession of any common carrier contains contraband liquors, they are required, and have power to detain the same for examination for the term of twenty-four hours without any warrant or process whatever.

"When a package is detained for examination, notice should be given to the agent of such common carrier of the cause of detention. The interference of such agent with the Constable, or resistance or obstruction to him, is punishable by a fine of $100 or 30 days' imprisonment.

"Constables may search any depot without any warrant, but express cars will not be searched, except by special permit of the Governor in writing.

"For the searching of all places, under Section 22, where liquors are sold, bartered or given given away, or where such liquors are kept for sale, barter or delivery in violation of the law, the said places not being open nor exposed a warrant of arrest and a search warrant must be applied for, on personal knowledge or information and belief, against the keeper or manager of the places and his aides and his assistants, whereupon the trial justice shall issue his warrant to the sheriff or any special constable, commanding him to arrest the defendants and bring them before him; and shall issue his search warrant, commanding the search of the premises and the seizure of all liquors found therein, and of all the vessels, bar fixtures, screen, bottles, glasses and appurtenances apparently used or suitable for use in retailing liquor, which said liquors and appurtenances shall be turned over to the sheriff; the trial justice, upon the finding of any of these articles, shall send the case up to the higher court for the punishment required by law for maintaining such a nuisance. The trial justice shall then make out in duplicate all the papers including the return of the officers, and shall transmit them to the solicitor of the circuit, who will apply for the judge at chambers for the injunction. The original should be returned to clerk of court to be marked "File," copy or copies made, the officer serving the order will show original to defendants and leave a copy with each of them, and after making his return on the original should deposit it with the clerk.

"All contraband liquors must be disposed of under Section 31.

"A certificate from the State commissioner is necessary to ship to him, unless sent by express. Packages under twenty pounds must always be sent by express, and no certificate is needed to ship. Notice of all such seizures must be made to the Governor, giving the quantity and name of package.

"Having contraband liquor in possession is an offense under the law, and when it is seized the person should be arrested and tried before a trial justice under Section 1.

"Constables will study the law and enforce its various provisions with vigor.

"Constables will report twice a week to the Governor or to their immediate superior.

"Constables must be courteous to all and refrain from use of whiskey on pain of dismissal."

B. R. TILLMAN,
Chairman State Board.

— During the Civil War the Confederate cruisers captured or destroyed 80 ships, 64 brigs, 84 bargues, 67 schooners, and eight other vessels flying the American flag.

All Sorts of Paragraphs.

— There are over 20,000,000 fruit trees in California.

— Norwegians are the most temperate people in the world.

— An inventor has devised a child's swing which will work the well pump as the child swings.

— Among the pupils at one of the public schools in Georgia is a negro woman 43 years old.

— Sioux Indians, of South Dakota, sell more than $100,000 worth of grain to the government every year.

— The robin is always the last bird to go to bed in the evening. Its eyes are large, and it can see well by a dim light.

— John—"I'm beginning to lose confidence in my friends." Mary—"Why?" John—"There isn't one of them that will lend me $5."

— The largest plow in the world is owned by Richard Gird, of San Bernardino Co., Cal. This immense sod turner stands 18 feet high and weighs 30,000 pounds. It runs by steam.

— "When er man smites yer," said Uncle Eben, "tu'hn de uddah cheek. Den of he's mean 'nuff ter tek advantage ob yer Christianity, he deserves de bes' lickin' yoh knows how ter gib 'im."

RUDY'S PILE SUPPOSITORY, is guaranteed to cure Piles and Constipation, or money refunded. 50 cents per box. Send stamp for circular and Free Sample to MARTIN RUDY, Lancaster, Pa. For sale by Wilhite & Wilhite, druggists.

— Some persons are content with a partial success, but the grand, heroic and persistent soul wants the fullest measure of success. With the best exertions, the happiest results are to be expected.

— Jinks—Brobson seems to be just as hard up as ever, though he has married a rich wife. Filkins—Oh, well, that takes time, you know. He probably hasn't learned how to find her pocket yet.

— Ethel—Mamma, I saw a sign in one of the stores to-day that said they were selling kids at half price. Mamma—Well? "I thought maybe you would go down and buy me a little brother while they were cheap."

— It is stated in some of the papers that astronomers predict for Nov. 12, 1894, the most remarkable configurations of the planets ever known, and that there is no reason to doubt that the period will present the phenomena of earthquakes, floods, tidal waves, etc., with special violence.

— If other States would follow the lead of Iowa a vicious class would soon learn a lesson. One of her courts recently convicted a man of sending obscene matter through the mails, and sentenced him to eight years' imprisonment in the penitentiary and to pay a fine of $4,000.

— For a pain in the side or chest there is nothing so good as a piece of flannel dampened with Chamberlain's Pain Balm and bound on over the seat of pain. It affords prompt and permanent relief and if used in time will often prevent a cold from resulting in pneumonia. This same treatment is a sure cure for lame back. For sale by Hill Bros.

— Little Ethel: At the circus I saw a monkey riding a dog, but he didn't sit up like a man on a horse. Mother: How did he ride? Little Ethel: Oh, he screwed up his legs and stooped way over so his head 'most touched the dog's ears. He looked 'most as funny as a boy on a bicycle.

— "I couldn't eat all the beans you served me," said a man with a prudent mind to the railway restaurant keeper; "can you not make an allowance on the bill?" "That is against our rule," replied the bean seller, "but we can give you a check, and you can have the balance next time you are here."

— "Why did she refuse him?" "He