

Anderson Intelligencer.

BY CLINKSCALES & LANGSTON.

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HOT WEATHER CLOTHING!

THE BEST AND MOST COMPLIMENTARY

Straw Hats,
Crash Hats,
Negligee Shirts,
Summer Underwear,
Serge Suits,
And Light-We. at
Coats and Vests

We have what you want, and as to PRICES you know . . .

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THE SPOT CASH CLOTHIERS.

THE GREAT Champion Mower!

IS especially adapted for the very rough country. Its peculiar gearing and plan of construction are such that among stones, or stumps and trees and shrubbery, and over rough ground, it has no equal. Without moving from his seat, without checking the team, the driver can lift either end of the cutter-bar, independently, or both ends at once; or can raise the bar to a vertical position, and thus pass by or over obstacles for which other Mowers must be turned out.

It makes no noise when at work. There is no wasted power. It has only two cog-wheels and no pitman. It has more genuine improvements than all other Mowers combined.

Come and let us show you this wonderful Machine.

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IS now open for the inspection of the public, and we know we can suit everybody in exactly the Shoe you want. In Men's Shoes we have cut prices, are selling high grade, first quality Harvard Ties at \$1.00—former price \$1.25. Men's Satin Gait, thoroughly solid Shoes—former price \$1.25—our lot at only 90c. In Fine Shoes we have all the latest and newest products, in all shades of Tans and Vici Kids, Cordovans and Patent Leathers, can give you any style Toe or any width made. In Ladies' and Misses Shoes we are sure there is no house in the city can compare with us—

IN STYLE, FIT OR PRICE.

We have everything in Oxfords and Spring Heel Shoes, in Blacks and . . . If you want to see the most perfect-fitting, attractive and elegant line of fish and up-to-date footwear ever shown in Anderson come in to see us. We are headquarters for Shoes. Very truly,

D. C. BROWN & BRO.

BILL ARP'S LETTER.

Bill Gives an Interesting Talk on Trusts.

Atlanta Constitution.

David saith "Put not your trust in princes," and if he had lived in our day he would have added nor in millionaires or oil trusts or sugar or whiskey or tobacco or even in chewing gum trusts. "Trust in the Lord and do good" is the only trust he commended. I wonder why these combines are called trusts. I reckon it is because the combiners know it is a rascally business, and they will have to trust one another to tote fair and divide square, for they can't enforce it by law. These trusts seem to be a modern invention—a North American idea—an idea of our northern brethren to make the rich richer and the poor poorer. The consumers of oil and sugar and such things are not complaining of the price—nor would they complain if they got them for nothing, but these combines are founded on selfishness and greed. They disturb the general welfare, destroy the equilibrium and put the public in constant peril. They can raise the price when they wish to and there is no competition to keep it down. If competition dares to build up against them they can destroy it in a week or a month. They have no heart or pity or kind consideration for their employees, but can reduce their wages or discharge them at their pleasure. They defy the law and bribe courts and law-makers. Now, it may be possible that the oil trust or the sugar trust sell us those commodities as cheap or cheaper than if there were no trusts, but we would rather pay more and have a free fight. It is all a one-sided business and the old maxim that "competition is the life of trade" has been virtually destroyed.

We old men have not ceased to lament the destruction of the hundreds of small industries that before the war enriched our State and made our people happy and contented. The time was when there was a wagon shop and a blacksmith shop at every cross roads—a hatter's shop and two or three shoeshops in every village—a tanyard in every settlement and little mills on every creek. But big fish have swallowed up the little ones. Their products may be cheaper now, but the producers have had to move away or go to planting cotton. Northern capital takes our iron and timber and hides and wool and after paying freight both ways sell back to us what we had been making at home. Time was when I wore shoes that were made in our village—made from leather that was tanned not far away. Time was when I was proud of the wool hat that Ben South made—made while I was looking on. I remember that the whipping post was planted not far from the hatter's shop and how I ran home on one occasion to keep from seeing a white man whipped. "I will meet you at the hatter's," was a time-honored maxim, but is not now. Time was when once a week I rode the little bay mare to mill three miles away and left my grist so as to have a race back with some other boy. And there was a country school on the road and the boys vied with us because we had dared to cry "school better." This reminds me to say in passing I received a letter the other day from some Alabama school-boys wanting to know the origin and meaning of school better. My father was an old-time school teacher and said that in his boyhood the expression was "school better" and signified that "our school is better than your school," and it always provoked a collision. Some very hungry boys corrupted it into "school butter." But the town boys never go to mill nowadays; the mill comes to them. Home-made shoes and hats are things of the past—everything comes from the north, and is now made by a trust; and on almost everything we use or consume there is a duty or tariff, and we pay our part of it to keep up the government expenses and pay the pensions and fight the Filipinos. Talk about the trusts—that pension trust is the biggest trust of all, and the most corrupt. How the north stands it, I cannot understand. Over \$2,000,000,000 have already gone that way, and John Brown's soul keeps marching on. Ohio gets \$13,000,000 this year, and Georgia has to pay her quota of the 100,000,000 and gets nothing. Yes, Georgia pays about \$6,000,000 annually through the operations of the tariff. I bought a pocket knife today for 50 cents that I could have bought in London for half the money. Just think of it, my brethren, \$6,000,000 in tariff taxes annually to support a million pensioners, one-tenth of whom are entitled to it under the law and nine-tenths are frauds. This scandalous trust is backed by the G. A. R., and they are backed by the republican party, and that party is backed by the cohesive power of public plunder. If this was all that Georgia paid we would be happy, but our State has to pay her part of \$900,000,000 more than it takes to run the national machine. Altogether we pay not less than \$40,000,000 annually for the privilege of remaining in the union—How is that for oppression? I tell you, it takes a vast amount of patriotism for a southern man to love his government and fight for it. The only way to be a patriot is to shut one's eyes and go it blind. It would not do to think about our grievances,

for they interfere with our digestion.

Besides all these troubles there is a long, dry drought upon us, and our gardens have dried up and the money has given out, and the cook is sick, and I have to hunt up kindling wood and fire up the stove before sun-up and go to market, and there is a picnic on hand to-morrow and one of the little grandchildren got hurt on the jogging board. It tore the flesh from her ankle, and I almost cried; and our dog and another dog got to fighting right over another little one and knocked her down and scared her into fits, and I couldn't run to her as fast as I wanted to, for my corporosity interferes with my alacrity. Besides all this, the town is kept in commotion about the jug business, and it has got into the courts and into the churches, and folks have taken sides and friends are alienated, and a man don't dare to go to town hardly for fear of being drawn into it. "A soft answer turneth away wrath," but they are not soft in these parts. "When a man's ways please the Lord he maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him," but his ways don't seem to please the Lord in Cartersville, for his enemies are not at peace with him. The great question here is not about drink-ink or selling whiskey, but is about the right of a man to order a bottle or a jug from Atlanta for his private use or for medicinal purposes; and its agitation and denunciation has made as much talk as the magna charta, and both sides declare they will take it to the supreme court of the United States of North America and the Philippines.

Then, again, Hon. Pope Brown, the zealous president of the State Agricultural Society, says the State will not prosper any more until the negroes are sent away or colonized; but if they won't go, what is to be done about it? He says that education has ruined the negro as a laborer, but how is it to be stopped? The rich fools at the north keep on dying and leaving money to negro schools, and our law-makers keep on making appropriations for them and taxing us to educate them to oppose our people and to take sides with our political enemies, who are killing negroes in Indiana because they want work.

And now the war party want negroes to go to the Philippines and fight other negroes. That would be a good deliverance all round, but I don't believe they will go to any extent. The nigger is in the wood-pile, and he is here to stay. Let him stay as long as he behaves, and if they won't behave and be good citizens they will suffer in the flesh. Our people are tired fooling with them, and are desperately in earnest. I reckon we can get up excursions and take all the bad ones to Indiana and drop them. They will go on an excursion. BILL ARP.

The Facts of the Situation.

Although the war in the Philippines is Mr. McKinley's own—Congress never having declared it—the American people are fighting and paying for it. They are, therefore, entitled to full and trustworthy information concerning it. A double censorship at Manila and at Washington keeps this information from the people. But these facts are not denied:

1. The war has now lasted for 139 days, or 25 days longer than our war with Spain. We hold, after this period, less of the territory than Spain occupied and less than we held in August of last year. The rebel forces are now more "troublesome" than at any former time.
2. The war has cost nearly 700 men killed, 6,500 wounded, 40,000 invalided. It has cost \$63,000,000 in money and is costing nearly \$800,000 a day. Our losses in the fighting in Cuba which resulted in the surrender of Santiago and the end of the war with Spain were about 230 killed and 1,300 wounded. Our losses in Porto Rico were 3 killed and 40 wounded.
3. There have been sent to Gen. Otis 38,000 men. Some 4,500 more are under sail orders. The President has decided, it is said, quietly to enlist the 35,000 volunteers he was authorized by Congress to add to the army for temporary use.
4. According to the best expert testimony it will take from 100,000 to 150,000 troops to subdue the Filipinos and hold the principal points in the islands.
5. The rainy season will soon put an end to campaigning. "Fifty per cent of our men will be incapacitated by sickness and the territory overrun will have to be abandoned; Manila will be in a state of siege again." This is the testimony of Dr. McQueston, late of Gen. Otis' staff, and health officer at Manila.
6. The President's peace commission is a total failure, owing largely to its inability to consider any terms except unconditional surrender and absolute submission to the "sovereignty of the United States."
7. This is not a pleasing picture. It is neither "benevolent assimilation" nor successful conquest. It has all the appearance of a foolish and futile and endless guerilla war. If Mr. McKinley can "crush the insurrection by an overwhelming force," as his supporters are urging him to do, it is manifestly the part of wisdom for him to do so. There is neither honor nor profit in permitting this unnecessary and Un-American war to drag on into another year.—New York World.

W. C. T. U. DEPARTMENT.

Conducted by the Ladies of the W. C. T. U. of Anderson, S. C.

Masters Made Slaves.

One thing which led me to make up my mind never to touch liquor was the ruin which I saw it bring to some of the finest minds with which I have ever come in contact. I have seen, even in my few years of professional life, some of the smartest literary men dethroned from splendid positions, owing to nothing else but their indulgence in wine. I have known men with salaries of thousands of dollars a year come to beggary from drink.

Only recently there applied to me for any position I could offer him, one of the most brilliant editorial writers in the newspaper profession—a man who two years ago easily commanded one hundred dollars for a single editorial in his special field. That man became so unreliable from drink that editors are now afraid of his articles, and, although he can to-day write as forcible editorials as at any time during his life, he sits in a cellar in one of our cities writing newspaper wrappers for one dollar a thousand. That is one instance of several I could relate. I do not hold my friend up as a "terrible example." He is but one of a type of men who convince me, and may convince others, that a clear mind and honor do not go together.

I know it is said when one brings up such an instance as this: "O, well, that man drank to excess. One glass will not hurt anyone." How do those people know that it will not? One drop of poison has been known to blow into flame an almost hopeless fire, and one glass of liquor may fan into flame a smoldering spark hidden away where we never thought it existed. The spark may be there, and it may not be. Why take the risk? Liquor will never do a healthy boy or young man the least particle of good; it may do him harm. A man who will willingly tempt a young man who he knows has a principle against liquor is a man for whom a halter is too good.

Then, as I looked round and came to know more of people and things, I found the always manueverable argument in favor of a young man's abstinence—that is, that the most successful men in America to-day are those who never mix a wine-glass to their lips. Becoming interested in this fact, I had the curiosity to inquire into it: I found that of twenty-eight of the leading business men in the country, whose names I selected at random, twenty-two never touch a drop of wine. I mixed up my mind that there was some reason for this. If liquor brought safe pleasures, why did these men abstain from it? If, as some say, it is a stimulant to a busy man, why do not these men, directing the largest business interests in this country, resort to it? And when I saw that these were the men whose opinions in great business matters were accepted by the leading concerns of the world, I concluded that their judgment in the use of liquor would satisfy me. If their judgment in business matters could command the respect and attention of the leaders of trade on both sides of the sea, their decision as to the use of liquor was not apt to be wrong.—Edward W. Holt, Editor Ladies Home Journal.

An Old Idea Exploded.

That burglars of the more advanced type can and do use chloroform in the commission of their crimes is a belief widely held and rarely contradicted, and yet there is, curiously, little foundation for it. Indeed, those who are most familiar with the administration and effects of anesthetics assert that there is no foundation at all for it except in the imagination of sensational writers and in the needs of people whose losses cannot safely be explained by statements of fact. The question has been raised at Pittsburg recently by several robberies at which chloroform is said to have been employed, and opinions of the local experts are strongly against the possibility of such use. One of the physicians interviewed is quoted as saying: "As far as known, chloroform and ether have never taken effect on a healthy sleeping person without that person knowing it. Both of these anesthetics are at first stimulating and invigorating in their effect and will arouse a sleeping person. The entire system is excited and the heart beats violently and fast. The use of either chloroform or ether, or any other anesthetic, by burglars is absurd. It frequently takes physicians with their various appliances from 10 to fifteen minutes to put a person under the influence of either of these anesthetics, and often a patient will become so stimulated and active before the effect is secured that it requires several strong men to hold him." The idea that the mere introduction of chloroform into a room would cause unconsciousness was declared as absurd. Even if doors and windows were airtight, it would take several gallons of either anesthetic so to fill a room with the heavy fumes as to affect a sleeper on a bed of average height. And the first effect would be, not deep sleep, but excited wakefulness. The chances are, then, that when anybody claims to have been chloroformed by burglars there is something queer about the case.—Exchange.

Five Girls Drowned.

LAMPASAS, TEX., June 23.—Mrs. T. J. Lloyd, living seven miles northwest of this place, five daughters and a visitor, Miss Childers, went in bathing in a creek to-day. The three youngest girls went beyond their depth. Their oldest sister and Miss Childers went to their rescue and all five were drowned. Mrs. Lloyd saved her other daughter only by heroic efforts. The bodies were recovered.

—An unbridled passion sometimes leads to the halter.

STATE NEWS.

—Court will convene at Walhalla on the second Monday in July.

—Twenty-three cows with the tuberculosis have been discovered in one herd in Charleston.

—Newberry county reports a fine wheat crop this year. York county has about a half crop.

—Wm. M. Kersh, of Atlanta, died suddenly at the Mansion House in Greenville last Sunday.

—Prioleau Southern was shot and instantly killed near Marietta, Greenville County, last Sunday by Tench Cox.

—John Taylor, a popular young man of Laurens, was drowned while sculling with a party of friends Tuesday afternoon.

—Mayor James T. Williams, of Greenville, announces himself as a candidate for the mayoralty of that city for the fourth term.

—Governor McSweeney wants it understood that there are no vacancies on the constabulary force to be filled and there is no use to send in applications.

—Col. G. McDuffie Miller is quite sick at his home in Ninety Six. This will be grievous news to his many warm personal friends and the survivors of Orr's Rifles.

—J. Edward Nettles, Master of Darlington county, formerly State senator and United States consul at Trieste, Austria, under President Cleveland, died at his home in Darlington last week.

—T. M. McCants, a farmer of Orangeburg county, sowed nine acres in oats last fall and two in wheat. He made 531 bushels of oats and 12 bushels of wheat. That was at the rate of 59 bushels of oats to the acre.

—Capt. Ezra B. Fuller, of the Seventh cavalry, who has been instructor in military science at Clemson College, has been ordered by the war department to join his regiment now stationed in Cuba.

—J. H. Morrah, of Abbeville county, is dead. Several weeks ago in attempting to mount his horse, the stirrup leather broke and he fell to the ground, being painfully hurt, but it was thought not to be a serious matter.

—Four prisoners escaped from the Florence jail last week, one of them being James Abraham, convicted of murder and sentenced to be hanged July 7th. Three of the escaped prisoners, including Abraham, were captured in Darlington and taken back to Florence.

—All veterans and visitors to the State Reunion of Confederate veterans in Chester, July 26th and 27th, are requested to report to J. W. Reed, chairman committee, Chester, S. C., as soon as possible, so that arrangements can be made for entertainment without confusion.

—Rev. William Aiken Kelley, who has the faculty of disappearing from family, home, friends and work as suddenly as one of the rapid firing guns of modern make, suddenly dropped out of sight last December in the city of Charleston. For weeks he was lost. Finally he turned up in New Orleans begging for help to get back to his home. Bishop Duncan has placed him over his appointment to which he was assigned at the last Conference.

—A few days ago in Spartanburg Paul, the five-year-old son of Presiding Elder W. P. Meadors, playing in a stable left in his father's lot, fell through the floor, his head striking the wall and fracturing his skull. The wound is a serious one and there is some doubt as to his recovery.

—Last Wednesday at Conway, Horry county, a party of negroes attempted to lynch a white youth named Sam Dowe, who had killed a negro named Green. The negro ran into Dowe with a bicycle and the killing resulted. Dowe's father drove away the lynching party with a shot gun.

—It is said that about fifty or fifty-five appointments will be allotted to South Carolina in the clerical force of the census bureau. The appointments will be made upon recommendation of the Senators and Representatives, the appointees being required to pass the census office examination.

—The Confederate veterans are getting after pension frauds. In accordance with orders from Gen. Walker, commanding the S. C. Division, the matter will be thoroughly investigated at the reunion in Chester on July 26th, by a committee composed of one member from each camp in the State.

—During the thunder storm last Saturday night, at Sellers, Mr. David Carter lost three horses from an electric discharge. His stable has a passage, and three horses were stalled on one side of the passage and one horse on the opposite side. The one horse was uninjured. The stables were not set on fire and were very little injured. Mr. Carter saw the flash, but was unaware of his loss until the next morning.

—Fever and Better Roads.

In another column appears a notice of a "Road Builders' Institute" to be held in Charlotte, N. C., on July 11 and continue 10 days or two weeks. Every reader of The News should read this notice, think about and decide what should be done to have this city and county represented at the institution. This city should send its engineer or such other officer as may have charge of improving the streets. The county should send its supervisor and a representative from every township—the man who has charge of roads and who is responsible for road improvements. Only those should go who go to learn, something. This is not a junketing, free and easy outing, but a school for the betterment of every man's property in the city and county. If we learn nothing from last winter's experience, then our name is mud. One good road is better than 10 of the kind we now have. Not more roads but better roads.—Greenville News.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

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

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

F. J. CENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Cheap Printing.

Law Briefs at 60 cents a Page—Good Work, Good Paper, Prompt Delivery. Minutes cheaper than at any other house. Catalogues in the best style. If you have printing to do, it will be to your interest to write to the Press and Banner, Abbeville, S. C.

Over Two Hundred and Fifty WAGONS and BUGGIES

To Arrive in next few Days.

I am sole Agent and control this territory for— Old Hickory and Tennessee and other Wagons. Babcock, Tyson & Jones, Columbia and Columbus, and many other makes.

These Wagons and Buggies are well known to you all, so don't buy a "pig in the poke" by buying something that is represented as being "just as good."

Wagons have advanced \$2.50 each, but to reduce my stock I will continue to sell for thirty days at same old price. A first-class 23 1-4 Wagon for \$345.00.

The Celebrated "Columbia" Buggy, with Grade Wheels and Dust Proof Axles for \$50.00, worth \$65.00.

When they arrive I will sell you a first-class Piano-Body "Barnett" Buggy for \$35.00. Worth a good deal more, but must be sold.

While in the West a few days ago I secured a line of Carriages at a price that will surprise you.

I am in the Buggy and Wagon business to stay, and no one in the business can sell you cheaper than I can. I pay spot cash for my goods and get benefit of all discounts.

Let every one that wants a vehicle call on me and I will SURE DO YOU GOOD.

JOS. J. FRETWELL.