

CENSUS NOVELTIES.

Director Merriam Speaks of New Methods in Counting Noses.

News and Courier.

WASHINGTON, April 21.—"The twelfth census is being conducted on altogether new lines," said Director Merriam yesterday. "The last census required seven years to gather and publish all the data of popular, vital statistics, agriculture and manufactures. We shall finish those four branches of the work, which are the most important ones, in two years, and at the end of that comparatively short period the eight volumes covering such matters will be issued simultaneously. Indeed, this is what is required of it by the law establishing the twelfth census.

"It is quite wonderful to consider how enormously the work of taking a census has grown since the first one was made in this country. In 1790 there were in the United States only three million and odd people to be counted, and the only object in enumerating them was to fix the apportionment for representation in Congress. The first five censuses were under the supervision of the department of State, and the bulk of the labor they involved was performed by United States marshals, who collected all the facts and sent in the returns. But in 1850 the whole affair was handed over to the Secretary of the Interior, under whose control it has since remained, and from that time until now it has steadily developed, taking on one new feature after another, such as manufactures, agriculture, mines, etc.

"When the eight volumes are out, covering population, vital statistics, agriculture and manufactures, we shall take up special subjects of investigation. Just what these subjects will be I do not know as yet; we shall not cross that bridge until we come to it. Doubtless they will include transportation, fisheries, telephones and telegraphs, electric light and power, crime and pauperism, and a careful study of the defective classes, comprising the insane and feeble-minded, the deaf and dumb, the blind, etc. The facts assembled under these various topics will be published as special reports, having the character of appendices to the census proper.

"The greatest difficulty with which we have to contend is that of securing capable men for an employment so essentially temporary in its nature. Good men are apt to have permanent employment, and they will not give it up for temporary work. Rather more than 60,000 people will be required to perform the labor of this enumeration of the population of the United States, and it is obvious that much of the value of the results obtained must depend upon their efficiency. But Congress is jealous of any approach toward the creation of a permanent census bureau, and the present Act antagonizes such a project in express terms, providing that nothing herein shall be construed to establish a census bureau permanent beyond the twelfth census. Nevertheless, I am convinced that it would be a most excellent plan to have a permanent bureau, with an organized staff to serve as a nucleus for the great force required every ten years to make a fresh count of the people. It would not be necessary then to create the entire enterprise anew every decade.

"In many ways the twelfth census will be a great improvement upon the eleventh. We shall spend about half a million dollars more on the work of enumerating the populations of cities—especially cities of 200,000 or more inhabitants—and, as a result, the counting of these populations will be much more accurate than heretofore. We shall apply this idea particularly to New York. At this moment I am sending out postal cards which are intended to reach every household in New York, asking whether the inmates expect to be out of town after June 1. In cases where they reply that they will be out of town we shall trace them up and include them in our list. Those people who expect to be absent when the count is made are asked to tell where they will be at that time. The importance of this idea is made clear when I tell you that out of 21,000 replies received from the metropolis up to date, 4,400 give notice of intention to be away. This proposition, however, will not hold for the whole city.

"Then we have the new street-book plan, by which enumerators will report by number every vacant house on each street. If a house is found unoccupied a second man is sent to find out where the people are, and they are traced up. This, of course, does not apply to untenanted houses, which are easily distinguished from those which are merely vacated for the time being. It is an important new departure and will be carried out all over the United States. I may say

here that my own opinion is that many of the estimates for the total population of the country are considerably exaggerated. I shall be very much surprised if the enumeration gives us more than 74,000,000 of people and the total may not exceed 73,000,000.

"We shall spend more money on enumerators and supervisors than ever before, giving them better pay. This seems advisable because we have got to depend upon them for the bottom facts upon which the census is based. Last time in some of the States the enumerators did not average more than \$1.50 per day, but I think it desirable that the pay shall not fall below \$2.50. Generally speaking, it is not possible to get good work for poor wages. The supervisors, of course, pick out the enumerators and are responsible for the accuracy of their work. Perhaps the most important branch of the whole census business is the data relating to manufactures and mechanical pursuits, and in these lines our investigation will be much more thorough and more satisfactory than in previous censuses. About three hundred supervisors, in charge of as many census districts, will choose 50,000 enumerators, who will be instructed through the supervisors.

"The 50,000 enumerators will sweep the country of facts and throw them in bucket loads, as it were, into the office in Washington, where 2,000 clerks will sift them and resolve them into intelligible shape. When the facts are reduced to final shape each human being in the country will be represented by a card, punched holes in various parts of which will indicate race, sex, age, conjugal condition, condition, birthplace, occupation, years of residence in the United States, etc. These cards are punched by machines somewhat resembling typewriters, 1,000 of which are operated simultaneously, so that all of the cards will be prepared inside of four months. So thin are they that 1,000 of them are required to make an inch in thickness, but if all of them were piled one on top of another, the stack would be nine miles high, and would weigh 200 tons.

"The cards, when finished, are fed into machines which count the various holes by the closing of corresponding electrical circuits. Each hole means a particular fact, and when all of the cards representing a census district have passed through a machine, an automatic record shows exactly how many native born white males of voting age there are in that district, as well as a great variety of other data relating to the population. This is what is called counting by electricity, and it is an immense improvement over the old method both in respect to accuracy and rapidity. The machine never makes a mistake, and it never gets tired, or is out of sorts. If a card that is not completely and properly punched is put into the apparatus it refuses to work.

"It costs about ten cents a head to take a census of a people. Of course, in the twelfth census we shall enumerate the populations and gather facts regarding the products of Alaska and the Hawaiian Islands. A good deal of money we shall save by the concentration of the working force under one roof. The business of the eleventh census was distributed among nine or ten buildings, scattered all over Washington, and the arrangement was not at all satisfactory. Now we have the entire working force in a single building, constructed especially for the purpose. Out of the 60,000 employees perhaps 1,500 will be women, nearly all of whom will be occupied in office work."

The earliest census of which there is any record is said to have been taken in China in the year 2042 B. C. Periodical enumerations of the people, with the amounts of their taxable property or income, were made in Athens long before the Christian era, and in ancient Rome, as far back as the reign of Servius Tullius, every citizen was required to appear on the Campus Martius and declare on oath his name and dwelling and the value of his property, under penalty of having his goods confiscated and of being scourged and sold for a slave. Under this system people did not try to dodge the census-taker, but were eager to be counted. It was under Augustus Caesar, however, that census work was first carried out in a scientific way. The most primitive method of counting people related in history was that which was practiced by Xerxes, who, desiring to reckon his huge army, numbering millions, built a pen, drove the soldiers into it until it was full, and, having counted the contents, filled the pen again and again until all of the troops had gone through it.

RENE SACHS.

Saturday Night.

Ten, twenty, a thousand souls may be glad when any one day has slipped away, but to millions the coming of Saturday night—

Ah, have you ever thought of the majesty, the solemnity, the blessing, the peace that broods when the sun goes down and it is the eve of the Sabbath?

Cover the furnace fires—the great bleaching, flaming furnace fires that drive a thousand wheels and shafts and needles that turn and weave and force and weld. Let the factory be still, with neither the hum of voice nor of machinery. A hundred men and women are now trooping from the doors of the great, dull building. There is a bright look on their faces, brighter than that of yesterday. Maybe it is only borrowed from the glory of the sunset.

And maybe it is because it is Saturday night.

Workman, put up your pick and turn your face toward the glowing west. There sinks the great, red sun that marks the end of your week of toil and the coming of a day of rest.

It is Saturday night!

A lush steals over the farmyard. The old sun-burned horse, weary with his work in the field all day, stands by the stable door and whinnies contentedly. He will have an extra share of food for supper and an extra amount of brushing and rubbing down.

For it is Saturday night!

To-morrow he will enjoy the dignity of passing the plow that the farmer left standing in the fallow earth, while he draws the carryall with its load of bright faces and contented hearts to the little white village church.

There is a hum and a briskness and an odor of baking and steaming sweets and meats in the kitchen. The puddings and pies and cakes are coming from the oven and are being put by on the dresser. The busy housewife is now concerned about her salads and cold meats for the Sunday dinner.

It is Saturday night!

Pink-toed children, as fresh as flower buds from their dip in the bath of warm water, cuddle down into snowy and unwrinkled sheets, sweet as the grass over which they were dried in the sun. They have repeated the text of the Sunday-school lesson, have said "Now I lay me down to sleep" at the mother's knee, and now she bends over them to kiss their drowsy lids.

The "Song of the Shirt" is hushed for a little time. To-morrow the tired eyes of the weary stitcher may look about on the green fields and the arching trees at the edge of the busy, heedless, careless city. As the sun goes down the breath of untrammelled nature seems to steal over her senses. There is only a small window, high up to be sure, through which the pink and gold light of the departing day may steal, but she does not fail to catch the gleam.

It is Saturday night!

There are throngs on the city's streets. There are baskets and bundles being borne homeward. There is the belted shopper, who needs must wait each week for his meager wage to buy the little shoes or the little hat or cap that is waited for so eagerly by some bright-eyed girl or boy. He bears the treasure home proudly, and no more proudly wears a King his robes of state than does a poor man's child his "new clothes." Many of the shops have kept their doors open for this belated shopper. They knew he would come.

It is Saturday night!

The millionaire ceases reckoning his gold and wondering whether stocks will go up or down. The great struggle for wealth is put aside, if not forgotten. To-morrow the tick of the telegraph machine in his ears will be replaced by the mighty tones of a church organ. He will read of the wall, back of the pulpit, "The Rich and the Poor, They Meet Together; the Lord Is the Maker of them All." O, Hope and Love and Peace come creeping, softly creeping, and claiming a place in the great world's throbbing heart when the sun goes down and it is Saturday night.—*Madeste H. Jordan in St. Louis Republic.*

An Epidemic of Whooping Cough.

Last winter during an epidemic of whooping cough my children contracted the disease, having severe coughing spells. We had used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy very successfully for croup and naturally turned to it at that time and found it relieved the cough and effected a complete cure.—John E. Clifford, proprietor Norwood House, Norwood, N. Y. This remedy is for sale by Hill-Orr Drug Co.

—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."

W. H. Shipman, Beardley, Minn., under oath, says he suffered from dyspepsia for twenty-five years. Doctors and dieting gave but little relief. Finally he used Kodol Dyspepsia Cure, and now he eats what he likes, and as much as he wants. It digests what you eat. Evans Pharmacy.

Fed by Means of a Tube.

Frederic Seelig, upon whom the rare operation of gastronomy was performed some time ago, was reported as resting easier. It was said that his meals were given to him regularly and that he seemed to strengthen under the nourishment.

The operation performed upon Mr. Seelig recalls the fact that a similar one was performed ten years ago upon Col. Michael C. Murphy, who is now president of New York City's board of health. Col. Murphy's health has been remarkably good ever since he submitted to the surgeon's knife and he suffers but little inconvenience, although food has not passed his lips in ten years. During all this time Col. Murphy has been an active man of business.

During these ten years Col. Murphy has had his daily meals pumped into his stomach through a hole cut in its walls. A silver tube is kept in the opening and does not cause him any inconvenience. The food passage in his throat is hopelessly and forever closed.

Strange to say, so thoroughly accustomed to this mode of life has Col. Murphy become that it is very doubtful if it ever occurs to him that he is in any way handicapped.

Col. Murphy's case is one of the medical marvels of the age. Since 1890 practically every particle of food that has gone to build up the wasting tissues of his frame has been pumped into his stomach through an incision in his abdomen. This process has to be gone through with every morning, noon and night. Col. Murphy sits back in his easy chair in his office, in the board of health building, and smokes and laughs and chats with his friends, and tells them that he enjoys the unique experience of taking his meals laying down.

Previous to 1889 Col. Murphy was one of the strongest and healthiest men in New York politics. In that year he was serving his thirteenth year in the Legislature, the last six as a Senator. He suffered during that winter from what he supposed was indigestion. Later he learned that he was suffering from an ulcer of the stomach. At the end of sixty days his stomach was pronounced healed.

In the meantime Col. Murphy had almost died of starvation. From a portly man of 225 pounds he had wasted until he weighed barely 100. He was taken to Saratoga, where in 1890 it was found that he was suffering from a stricture of the oesophagus. On December 18 it was decided to operate on him, and Dr. Weir performed the operation of gastronomy upon him. His case was watched by the most eminent surgeons on both sides of the water. Few believed that the cure would be permanent. Dr. Weir, who was naturally more interested than anybody else, watched the feeding of the patient personally. He decided what kind of food Colonel Murphy should receive and finally made out a list, which has been followed ever since.

Col. Murphy receives into his stomach meat, eggs, bread, milk and other nourishing foods, but they are all one to him. Everything is thoroughly cooked, crushed to a pulp and mixed and strained until it is about the consistency of heavy consommé. Then it is pumped into Col. Murphy's stomach with a pump specially designed and manufactured for the purpose. For a year or two after this operation was performed upon Col. Murphy the physicians tried to operate on the stricture in his throat, but without success. It was finally decided that the patient's health would be better preserved by continuing the treatment he had been receiving for several years.

To all appearances Col. Murphy is to-day in good health. He goes regularly to the board of health, at 55th street and 6th avenue, and during the morning hours attends to the business of the office he holds. To a stranger nothing can be noted about Col. Murphy which would lead one to suppose that he took his meals in a way different from the rest of mankind, and it is only his intimates who know of the narrow escape he had from death, and from which the operation of gastronomy alone saved him.

J. I. Carson, Prothonotary, Washington, Pa., says, "I have found Keo Gold Dyspepsia Cure an excellent remedy in case of stomach trouble, and have derived great benefit from its use." It digests what you eat. Evans Pharmacy.

—The Sultan of Morocco owns the most expensive bicycle, the whole of the framework of which is gold-plated, and which cost him \$2,000.

Otto Korb, Grand Chancellor K. P., Boonville, Ind., says, "DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve soothes the most delicate skin and heals the most stubborn ulcer with certain and good results." Cures piles and skin diseases. Evans Pharmacy.

—"Are you ready, Emma?" "Yes, John, I'll be there in a minute;" "I only my bonnet to put on." "All right. I'll have time to shave before you go."

Not a Safe Jurymen.

"I should like to be excused, your honor," says a man who has been summoned on a jury.

"What for?"

"I owe a man \$10 and wish to hunt him up and pay it."

"Do you mean to tell the court that you would hunt up a man to pay a bill instead of waiting for him to hunt you up?"

"Yes, your honor."

"You are excused. I don't want any man on the jury who will lie like that."

How George Disposed of his Relatives.

Just ahead of me in the train the other morning sat two men who were telling the stories that are never old, about the bright sayings of their children. One of them, however, had a brand new one about his four-year-old Georgie. This youngster had the most fatiguing play. He yawned while being undressed, and was all but asleep by the time that he found himself between the sheets. His mother none the less insisted upon his repeating the prayer of childhood. He started sleepily, requiring prompting at the beginning of every line. Drowsiness had nearly won the mastery by the time that he had obediently got as far as "take my soul."

"God bless—" prompted his mother. Georgie has a long list of relatives. There was a flutter of his sleep-laden lids as he lumped them altogether:

"God bless the whole shooting-match!"

And he was asleep at last.—*Boston Transcript.*



The real rough rider is the man who rides the river with a twisting, squirming log for a saddle, on which he stands, balancing himself to its every motion. If his coolness fails or his nerve gives way, disaster and death reach out for him.

It's the giving away of the "nerve" which proves fatal to so many a man. Perhaps he is simply crossing the street, as he has done ten thousand times. He hears a shout, stops, hesitates, gets "rattled" and is run over. When a man finds that his memory plays him false often, when he starts off to get something and forgets what he went for, when he knows he has locked the front door and yet an irritating uncertainty compels him to get up and verify his knowledge, then that man is in danger at any minute when confronted by a trifling danger. He is unerved.

This condition can be perfectly cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It strengthens the stomach, nourishes the nerves, and purifies the blood. It contains no alcohol, whisky or other intoxicant.

"The reason I delayed writing was because I wanted to wait one year after I had taken the medicine before giving my statement, and now I can send a good, conscientious testimonial," writes Chas. H. Serrano, Esq., of Flamin City, Madison Co., Ohio. "During the summer and fall of 1897 I became all run down, weak, fell out of order and stomach out of order. I wrote to Dr. Pierce for advice. He said I should use his Golden Medical Discovery, and thanks to you for your advice, I used six bottles; and since I stopped taking it, about one year ago, I have not needed any medicine of any kind, and have been able to work every day. My appetite is good, I can eat three square meals a day, I do not feel that miserable burning in the stomach after eating, and my blood and nerves are in good shape!"

Dr. Pierce's Pellets cure biliousness.



A GOOD WORD

Has been said about the QUALITY of our LAUNDRY WORK by those who know "what's what."

Nothing short of perfection is the rule here, and we aim for that always. If we don't quite reach it at any time it is simply the exception to the rule.

Give us the opportunity to prove how good your Shirts, Collars and Cuffs look when well laundered. Respectfully,

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122 acres, near Home Park, up-to-date condition. Can be bought low now.

168 acres, Fork, bottom price. (40 to 50 acres bottom—good condition.)

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2500 acres in Deane, Eleven settlements. Already surveyed into six tracts. Timber valuable.

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A PERFECT HOE should have a straight, well-seasoned handle, made of the best grade selected timber. The blade should be made of a high quality of steel, perfectly tempered and properly sharpened. The shanks should be of the same high quality of steel, and so fitted into the handles as to make their pulling out, from ordinary usage, impossible. All Hoes should be set to exactly suit the purpose for which they are intended. To find a Hoe that fully meets all of these requirements we invite you to come and inspect our line. Men, women and children will here find a Hoe to suit them. All weights and sizes are comprised in our mammoth stock.

Please bear in mind that we are the only dealers in this section who buy their Goods in solid car lots, and hence are in a position to name such prices as cannot fail to make it to your interest to favor us with your patronage.

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DRUGS and MEDICINES, Perfumery, Toilet Articles, Fancy Soaps, Sponges, Combs, Hair and Tooth Brushes, Rubber Goods and Druggist Notions, Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Dyes, Buists' Garden Seeds.

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We are not going to make prices here for they are so ridiculously low you would not believe it, but if you would inspect our low prices and do yourself a kindness come and see what we say is true.

We will show you prices on some things, regardless of the advancing prices on almost everything, that is lower than ever before known in the City of Anderson. If not, we will pay you in cash for your trouble. How is that? Now is your chance to buy at low prices and save your cash.

Percales, Serges, Lawns, Calicoes, Etc., at Cut Prices. Let them go. Short profits and quick sales for spot cash does the work. A guaranteed sale on GLASSWARE if you see it.

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CAR Georgia Cane Syrup just from the farm—the only pure Molasses you can get—all in half barrels. Just the thing for every family to buy. N. O. Molasses, all grades, and Sugar Syrups. Will save you 5c. to 10c. per gallon by the barrel or retail.

All grades Flour. Try our half patents from \$3.75 to \$4.00 per barrel. Special prices in big lots.

Now is your chance to buy your Tobacco cheap. 500 lbs. Rainbow Tobacco, 9-inch 5's, 28c. per lb.—well worth 33c. 1000 lbs. Farmer's Friend, 6-inch 5's, 10 lb. Caddies, 33c. The best piece of goods for the price we have ever seen. Should you want a box of Schnapps will sell cheap as dirt.

Six cans good sound Corn just arrived. Will let it slide cheap for the next few days. Buy before it goes up.

We want your business and will treat you honestly. Come and look at our goods—it won't cost you anything, and we will promise to save you money on your bill of goods. CAR LIME and CEMENT on hand at low prices.

Yours for business, O. D. ANDERSON & BRO.

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IF you want a PERFECT BAKING STOVE, and never burn on the bottom. There is no Stove on the market that can equal it in durability and even baking on top and bottom. Also, full line of—

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And at prices to beat the band.

Your trade solicited, JOHN T. BURRIS.