

GREAT IS BOLL WEEVIL.

So-Called Pest a Benefactor to the South.

The following address was delivered before the Arkansas Cotton Convention at Monte Ne, Ark., last Wednesday, by Mike H. Thomas, a well known cotton broker of Dallas, Texas: I was born and raised in Texas, and the boll weevil is the only thing that I ever saw that raised so much devilment as he has in that great State and still live. He has done more than the country he came from ever did, and that was to lick the stuffing out of Texas and the United States through in as lagniappe. When anybody or anything that wears hair and hides, walks, flies or crawls, whips a native-born Texan, they have my greatest admiration, for I am forty years old and have matched at least 100 fights with them myself, and have my first one to win yet. It is said that a male and female boll weevil, after having passed through their courting days and have been a party to the ceremony and taken the solemn marriage vows, will grind out over a million young in one year, and they belong to the union at that. But it is not the quantity that licks the Texan, its the size of the brute, varmint or bug. That is where he has his advantage, for anything that a Texan cannot go after with a gun is safe, for he has not yet learned the modern up-to-date warfare practiced so successfully in the United States Senate. But Texas is a great and growing State, and her people are the best and smartest on earth, and it will be but a question of a short time until they adopt other and more harmless methods of overcoming their enemies. The efforts that have been made in the past to lick the boll weevil not only by the Texans themselves, but by the United States government, have proved such howling failures that they are ridiculous. They first went after him with Paris Green. George Aldredge and Horatio Adams bought it in car load lots and had their plantations smeared so thick with it that it looked like the Emerald Island. Hugh Fitzgerald and Dan Sullivan went into spasms at the sight of them and wanted to erect a monument to Tom Moore on the spot. The following Sunday morning Aldredge and Adams went out to see the effect of the Paris Green, and they had not gone over fifty feet when they saw an old cook weevil on the top of a nine-root cotton stalk as fat as a Jew goose, who scratched his third rib with his seventh left hind foot and winking his right eye, cried out to his wife, "Good morning, Carrie, the pair is green, if they think they can kill us with this stuff." The next attempt was made by the United States government. They imported some ferocious man-eating Guatemalan ants. South Texas was selected as the battle-ground, and while it is strictly against the laws of the State to pull off a prize fight within its borders, the United States seems to claim to be larger and have more authority, but we do not believe it. Dr. Knapp was selected as referee. Dr. Hunter was chosen as second and bottle-holder for the ant, and Dr. Merrill was given the honor of filling the same position for the weevil. The bears sold the cotton market down forty points, anticipating a favorable result for the ant, and the whole world waited breathlessly for the final result of this great battle. Labor and capital labored together as never before, and telegraph offices to get the latest returns by rounds. "Hurrah" was on the tongue of every man, woman and child. It was cried from the house-tops, from the press and from the lowlands, what the ant would do to the weevil and our country would be saved. But, like nature, the unexpected happened. The ant and the weevil were placed in the ring together, by the sound of the bugle the ant sprang like a panther and made a dash at the weevil. Knapp says, "It's all over. Hunter says, 'He came on all right.' But to their dismay, the weevil disappeared, caught the ant's foot right away, jerked it from his body and beat the ant over the head with the bloody end of it until he was dead.

our forests would be ruined in less than 100 years. "So it is with the weevil. He has already proven himself to be the greatest benefactor the South has ever known. While he destroys millions of dollars worth of cotton, and is looked upon as an enemy, he has put \$10 into the pocket of the South where he has cost it one. He has destroyed 250,000 bales of cotton at \$40 per bale, which is equal to \$10,000,000, and advanced the price of 10,000,000 bales \$10 per bale, which is equal to \$100,000,000. And while Texas alone suffered the loss, and it looked like she was bearing all the burden, and the remainder of the cotton States reaping all the rewards, such is not the case, for while it cost her the entire \$10,000,000, it increased the value of her 3,000,000 bales \$10 per bale, which is equal to \$30,000,000. But the real benefit to this great State is yet to come, for the good this pest has done the State in the past will be as nothing compared to what it will do for it in the future. Our one Great Creator made us all equal and alike, and while we complain of the weevil's ravages and think we are cursed, it is because not one man out of every thousand ever thinks. While God endowed man with the powers of speech, action and reason and made him the master of everything on the earth, he uses all his power, but that of thought or reason. He contents himself with following any one that has the nerve and often, what is commonly called gall to be a leader, no matter whether he uses reason or philosophy or is prying upon the ignorance and stupidity of the people to increase his own income and enrich his own coffers at the expense of the public. It requires a great deal of labor, study and reason to pierce the thick veil that hides from the mass of mortals the mysteries of nature, and while Texas is laboring under the impression that she is cursed with a great pest in the weevil, and has the sympathy of the whole world, she, instead, is to be congratulated. For God made it so that one poison should act as an antidote and panacea for another poison, and that one calamity would overcome another calamity which might be far more dangerous and destructive. Had it not been for the weevil, our vast territory of the west would have remained unsettled for years, and an over-production of cotton might have come to hand, which would have bankrupted the State. The cotton plant is a dry weather plant and its leaves are so formed and grow on the stalk in such a manner that the plant resembles an umbrella and acts as a shed to prevent the rain from penetrating and striking its roots; as the plant requires but little moisture, while corn, wheat, oats, cane and millet have leaves shaped like a gutter that carries the moisture to the root of the plant because they are wet weather plants and require much more moisture. The weevil cannot live in a dry climate, it would be harmless in our western territory which God intended to be devoted to cotton, as the climate was made for that plant. He will be harmful in the rich black, waxy and alluvial soil when devoted to cereals. The day of large ranches is drawing to a close and these lands will have to be devoted to the production of edible food and vegetables for preparing of cattle for market in smaller numbers. Hence, it will be a question of a very short time until the weevil will do for man what he would not have done for himself. It will force him to produce what is best suited to the climate and soil and most beneficial and profitable in the whole world. The potato bug that visited the potato growing States of the Union only a few years ago caused havoc for a time and threatened to ruin millions of people financially and deprive many millions more of the vegetable of the world. At that time it was looked upon with fear and trembling by the people as the greatest calamity that had ever visited the United States. But the laborer trembler of this great people was aroused. They looked at the pest from a philosophical view and commenced to use their reason and look upon it as a mere handful of their brethren as one that had over-ruled their mightiest nation.

how to produce the best and most cotton by the least expense. It has been truly said that God takes care of his own. Some ten years ago, the Dallas-Galveston News, the greatest daily paper in my opinion, and whose columns cannot be bought for any one man or party, but whose columns are free to all who want them for anything that will benefit the human race, saw that diversification was the salvation of the South. They spent thousands of dollars to educate the people and prove to them what was best for all was the best for the country. Now, the much condemned weevil has been sent to force man to do for himself that which is the best. Increasing Farm's Value. Horse traders who are masters of the art know that in the main it is appearance that sells a horse. So persons who know most about selling farms know that they must present an attractive appearance. A writer says on this subject: Many farms could be improved to sell in the future for from \$500 to \$1,000 more than the present value by making improvements, the expense of which would hardly be felt at all. Trees in the right place are always a good investment, and cost almost nothing but the trouble of planting them. The city buyer is quite captivated to find one or two thrifty elms in front of the homestead, and a number of scattered chestnut, shellbark and sugar-maple trees in the pasture; while any buyer, however practical, will pay more for a farm with a promising fruit orchard. Almost anything can be bought to order except full-grown trees, and the farm-seeker is aware of the fact. The selling value of the farm is greatly increased by keeping things in good repair. Begin with the front yard by fencing out the chickens, manuring the grass and cutting it three or four times a year instead of once. Repair the fences and keep down all straggling bushes. If the buildings are not kept neat and in repair the place always look run down, and is, therefore, hard to sell. It has been found when good roads are built that the value of all farms in the section has increased. Hence it will pay for the farmer to agitate for State roads, and to keep the roads on his farm in good working condition.—St. Louis Republic. A Corn-Fed Humorist. Twolemen were traveling in one of the hill counties of Kentucky not long ago, bound on an exploration for pitch pine, says the Reader Magazine. They had been driving for two hours without encountering a human being, when they came in sight of a cabin in a clearing. It was very still. The hogs lay where they had fallen, the thin, clay-bank mud grazed around and around in a neat circle, to save the trouble of walking, and one lean, lank man, whose garments were the color of the clay-bank mud, leaned against a tree and let time roll by. "Wonder if he can speak?" said one traveler to the other. "Try him," said his companion. The two approached the man whose yellowish eyes regarded them without apparent curiosity. "How do you do?" said the Northerner. "Howdy," remarked the Southerner, languidly. "Pleasant country." "For them that likes it." "Lived here all your life?" The Southerner spat pensively in the dust. "Not yet," he said. Embarrassing. A funny story is going the rounds in which the chief actors were one of the judges of the high court, and a well known barrister. During the hearing of a case the judge left his seat to look for a law book and for a few minutes was hidden by the sergeant. Just as he disappeared from view the barrister hurried into court and, seeing the vacant chair, remarked in a loud tone, with characteristic testiness: "What is the old fool gone to lumberhead?" To his chagrin the judge popped his head above the screen and, with a smile that was child-like and bland, replied: "No—he has not gone yet."—London Tit-Bits. The Perfect Lover. Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, the famous women's rights leader, said of an admirer: "I was a woman's club."

BACON AS A FOOD. Properly Cooked It is Valuable and Easily Digested. Lean bacon which contained fairly large proportions of both protein and fat formed a part of the ration in a number of experiments made at the Minnesota experiment station, about nine ounces being eaten per man per day. It was cut in thin slices and baked or broiled in the oven until crisp and brown. All the fat which cooked out was saved and eaten with the bread and other food which made up the daily fare. On an average about 90 per cent of the protein and 96 per cent of the fat of the ration containing bacon were digested, and about 88 per cent of the energy was available. Calculated values for bacon alone showed over 90 per cent digested protein and 96 per cent digestible fat, figures which compare favorably with those which have been obtained for other animal foods. Allowing 5 per cent for waste, a pound of bacon will contain from one-tenth to three-tenths digestible protein and from four-tenths to six-tenths pound digestible fat, which is about two-thirds as much as is found in butter. "Lean bacon contains as much protein and about twice as much digestible fat as other meats," says the experimental station professor, "making it at the same time and even at a higher price per pound a cheaper food than other meats. Bacon fat is easily digested, and when combined with other foods it appears to exert a favorable mechanical action upon digestion." Many who are fond of bacon hesitate to eat it, since they believe that, being very rich in fat, it is a frequent cause of indigestion. As has been pointed out by a number of writers, it seems fair to say that in the majority of cases such digestive disturbances are not due to the fatty nature of the food, but to the fact that the bacon was overcooked, or, rather, cooked at too high a temperature. It is not surprising that this should be the case when it is remembered that fat heated to a high temperature is decomposed, and one of the products given off is acrolein, an unpleasant smelling compound which attacks the eyes, makes them smart, and irritates all mucous surfaces. This compound is plainly noticeable in the acrid fumes of burning or scorching fat. When bacon fat is heated to 350 degrees F. this chemical change is brought about to a greater or less extent. Very often bacon is hurriedly cooked in a very hot frying pan over a bright fire, and more or less scorched fat is an almost inevitable result. When broiled or cooked in the oven there is less danger of scorching, but under all circumstances great care should be taken to avoid too hot a fire.—National Provisioner. It Was on the Bag. An American traveling in Europe engaged the services of a courier. Arriving in Austria, the American asked the servant to register his name according to the police regulations of that country. The man replied that he had already anticipated the order and registered himself as an American gentleman of means. "But how did you write my name?" asked the master. "I can't exactly pronounce it, but I copied it carefully from your portmanteau, sir." "But it is not there," was the reply. "Bring me the book." The register was brought and revealed, instead of a very plain English name of two syllables, the following portentous entry: "Monsieur Warranted Solid Leather." An Extraordinary Light. What is believed to have been an aurora of such extraordinary brilliancy as to obscure the sunlight is thus described in an old number of the Gentlemen's Magazine: On the 2d of January, 1756, an unusual light, far above the brightest day, struck all beholders with amazement. The time was 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and it soon faded away. At 7, however, from east to west, streams appeared like rivers of bright fire. A general feeling of alarm was caused by these, but they gradually faded away to the north, their disappearance being accompanied by shocks which were felt by all, but which did no particular damage. Two Able Liars. Two amateur hunters in the northern woods once saw a deer, and both fired at once. "That is my deer," said A. "I shot it." "No, you did not," hotly replied B. "It is my deer, because I killed it." A third party was approaching from the opposite direction with fury in his eye and a club in his hand. "Which of you two rascals shot my deer?" roared the farmer. "That fellow B. just now told me he did it," said A. And B, now thoroughly alarmed for his personal safety, answered: "He lies. He shot it himself. I saw him do it, and I'll swear to it."—Liver-pool Mercury. A Good Medical Book. A good medical book, written in plain English, and free from technical terms is a valuable work for frequent consultation. Such a work is Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser. It's a book of 1008 pages, profusely illustrated. It is given away now, although formerly sold in cloth binding for \$1.50. Send 21 cents in one-cent stamps to pay the cost of mailing only for paper-covered copy, addressing Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.; or 21 cents for an elegantly cloth-bound copy. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Only a few grains of these pills are necessary to cure constipation.

Fashion in Crime. Compared with what it is today, New York thirty years ago was a more village. Crime was then congested in spots; criminals' headquarters were as well known as the city hall. The old time sleuth would go down to certain places, mostly south of 14th street, and well known at least by reputation, to all old New Yorkers, and get some one to tell him who committed the last job, or probably have the thief himself give up the property. Start the oldtimers talking about those dear old "joints" and you will give them a pleasant hour. Twenty years ago I stood on the steps of a down-town hotel with a celebrated detective, and in the course of an hour he pointed out twenty professional crooks, all specialists. They were as well known as the big men in the financial district, and it was considered a privilege to meet them. The old veteran burglars, with a dark lantern, a bottle of chloroform and a sponge, half a candle, a bundle keys, a big revolver and a knife, a kit of tools and a black jack, belonging to a school entirely different from these people. The old time burglar survives now, mostly, in suburban places. He operates in New Jersey or Long Island, and attacks the isolated house; he has to make sure of the dog, and he goes armed as aforesaid, prepared for a hard fight. Then the army of confidence men is constantly changing. The old fellows are either in jail or dead, and the new ones are not yet sufficiently known to the police; they have not built up their reputations, as it were. Strange to say, however, the old swindlers still remain staple goods in the criminal market. Advertise it as you will, the deacon from the mountains of Tennessee or the peaceful villages of Indiana still comes on to get his bundle of counterfeit money.—Former Police Commissioner McAdoo in Harper's Weekly. A Ring has no end, and if it is bought on the installment plan the paying for it has no end either. How Nature Provides. Our Beauty, Health and Happiness. Is it not possible, and altogether probable that elements contained in the body-health are contained in the medicinal roots found in the earth, digested in the plant laboratory of Nature and made ready for man or animal? There is a growing belief among scientists that the vegetable kingdom furnishes us with the necessary elements for blood making and to keep that delicate balance of health that the human animal is so apt to disturb by wrong methods of living. Thus we know that we should get the phosphates from the wheat in our bread—or some cereal foods, and iron from certain vegetables, such as spinach and greens. If there is ill-health then our best method for recovering our standard balance of health is to go to Nature's Laboratory—the plant life which will furnish the remedy. Buried deep in our forests is the plant known as Golden Seal (Hydrastis) the root of which Edwin M. Hale, M. D., Professor of Materia Medica at Hahnemann Medical College, Chicago, states "In relation to its general effects on the system, there is no medicine in use so uniformly with the necessary elements regarded as the tonic used in all debilitated states." Dr. Hale continues: "Prof. John M. Scudder says, 'It stimulates the digestive processes, and increases the assimilation of food. By these means the blood is enriched, and this blood feeds the muscular system.' I mention the muscular system, because I believe it first feels the increased power imparted by the stimulation of increased nutrition. The consequent improvement on the nervous and glandular systems are natural results." Still, it is Queen's root is another plant which has long been in repute as an alterative (blood purifier) and Dr. John King, M. D., says of it: "An alternative unsurpassed by few if any other of the known alteratives; most successful in skin and scrofulous affections. Beneficial in bronchial affections—particularly acute and chronic cough, irritation—an important remedy in coughs of years' standing being cured. Aids in blood-making and nutrition, and may be taken without harm for long periods." Nearly forty years ago, Dr. R. V. Pierce of Buffalo, N. Y., combined an extract of the two above-named roots with that of Stone root, Black Choke-bark, Bloodroot, Mandrake and Glycyrrhine—into a prescription which he put up in a ready-to-use form, and called it Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It was most successful in correcting and curing such ailments as were due to stomach and liver derangements, followed by impure blood. 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