The Press and Banner

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Wednesday, Dec. 12, 1888.

Have the People No Friend at Court?

Only a short while ago the Supreme Court pronounced the issuing of township bonds as illegal and without proper authority of constitutional law.

Immediately thereafter our respected daily contemporaries of Columbia and Charleston spoke cautiously of the matter, and deplored any decision which might possibly impair the credit of the State in the matter of floating her bonded indebtedness, which will very soon become due.

The Legislature is in session, and now it seems that the bondholders, or their friends, propose to "validate" the bonds which have been issued contrary to law, and thereby impose a hardship on the tax-payer to the intense satisfaction and infinite profit of the bond-holder.

When we review the legislation of this State, and when we recall the editorial positions of our leading newspapers, whether we are in error or not, the impression is forced upon us, that the people—the tax-payers, the farmers, the bone and sinew of the country—have few defenders either in official or political circles, or among the leading newspapers of the State.

The *Register* has filled columns of its editorial space with figures and hypothetical conclusions to show to the world that one-half of our farmers are tax-dodgers of the ugliest kind. When we show that newspaper that some of the country banks are paying about two-and-a-half times as much per cent. taxes as the Charleston banks. It cannot be induced to say a word. We say this too, with the full recollection that we believe the *Register* is as honest and true to principle as any paper that is published within the bounds of the State. We only note the persistency with which the little one-mule, or two-mule, or three-mule tax-payers were held up to ridicule, while the rich bankers go scot free of criticism.

When the Attorney General decided that the banks must pay taxes according to law, did not the *News and Courier* immediately thereafter boastfully announce that the Charleston banks would not pay as the country banks had paid and are still paying? The records prove how faithfully that threat has been kept.

In Abbeville county, we learn, that poor white men have been thrust in jail because of their inability to pay one dollar to the school fund. Is it not known to the Governor, the Comptroller-General and the Auditor of Oconee county that a rich old man there, possessing $100,000, returned only $5,100 for taxation? As far as we are informed no action has been taken to bring the colossal tax dodger to justice. Do you see an equal administration of the law, as regards poor white men in Abbeville and rich tax-dodger in Oconee and millionaire bankers in Charleston?

And again, Abbeville county, with a population of 40,000, pays on over 5,000 polls. Charleston, with a population of 60,000, pays on about 1,600 polls. Has the *News and Courier* or the *Register* ever thought of this matter?

To return to the "validating" act. Some people might vote for that act under the thoughtless impression that the credit of the State would be in jeopardy. This argument is too weak and too groundless to impress any one who would refer to the fact, that the bonds were issued contrary to law; that the State of South Carolina only a few years ago repudiated one-half of her indebtedness because of alleged or actual fraud; that the State of Georgia repudiated Radical bonds, and when Democratic bonds were recently put on the market they were immediately taken by investors at the lowest rates of interest.

The best way to sustain the credit of the State is not to assume unlawful indebtedness. Such act is more damaging to the credit and business tact of our State than any cry about the sacredness of unlawful bonds by townships.

To say the least, there would seem to be room for honest difference of opinion, but it seems that the "validating" act is to be hurried through for the benefit of the bondholders without even consulting the tax-payers.

If this act becomes a law, we trust the vote of the different members may be recorded and published.

There were a number of good citizens who protested against this tax both before and after the unlawful election whereby bonds were issued.

They went into Court to have their rights protected, and the highest judicial authority in the State has thrown the protection of law, justice and common sense around them. It is now proposed to legalize a wrong on innocent tax-payers, and leave them to the tender mercies of the voracious bondholders. We shall see what we shall see.

Faithful Printers.

Last Wednesday morning when the fire broke out in the block of buildings in which the *Press and Banner* is situated, the printers of this newspaper were not less faithful than "the boy who stood on the burning deck." The *Christian Neighbor* had not long been to press when the alarm was given. It was then two o'clock. Both inside and outside forms of the *Press and Banner* had to be made up, worked off and mulled before ten o'clock. No time was to be lost. Notwithstanding the excitement incident to a fire in a country village, and notwithstanding the fact that it was thought at one time the office would soon be in flames, the press was run with its accustomed regularity, and the type was being corrected and put into the forms for the *Press and Banner*, as usual at that hour, and in time the mails were made up. Neither the excitement of the fire, nor the hilarity of the crowd which succeeded the fire, interrupted the work which was then going on.

We mention this circumstance as an acknowledgment of the fidelity of those who are employed on the *Press and Banner*. We have not yet been disappointed in the expectation of faithful service, from those who have stood to their duty under any and all circumstances. A like instance of fidelity is seldom seen, and never excelled. The force on the *Press and Banner* have never failed to do all that was expected of them, and it is to them, more than to us, that the credit of much that is done in this office, is due.

$5,000---Paid Up.

The policy of insurance on the late W. D. Crosland for five thousand dollars has been settled by the "Equitable," through its agent. The proofs reached New York on Nov. 26th, and the check for the claim was drawn on the 27th. That is the way they settle losses.—*Marlboro Democrat.*

Now, friend, what is there in this paragraph that it should be published? Is there anything strange in the Insurance Company settling its debts? Was there any necessity or object in calling attention to the fact that the legatees of the deceased were in possession of $5,000? When a reputable merchant in that section pays a debt, or when a farmer settles an account or lien at any of the stores, is such act published in the newspapers? It looks to us very much like the publication of the above paragraph is an implied reflection on the former conduct of the insurance company.

We ask our readers attention to the new advertisement in another column of a genuine "pure tea," put up and hermetically sealed in cans, so as to prevent adulteration and deterioration before it reaches the consumer. The brand "O. & O. Tea" is unique, and simple enough to be easily remembered by any one. This tea is guaranteed by the proprietors, the Oriental and Occidental Tea Co., L't'd, of New York, to be the highest grade leaf, and is warranted full weight. This "O. & O. Tea" may be found at all of our enterprising groceries and an early trial of its merits is recommended to all lovers of an economical pure tea.

There is a real, imminent danger lest Thanksgiving Day become a mere holiday, divested of all religious features, except a short service in the church, which very few attend. Amusements of a questionable character are not thanksgiving. God will not accept a service which lacks every element of devotion. It is an abomination unto Him. The day may be made one of signal blessing, but there must be a sincere, heartfelt observance of it.—*Associate Reformed Presbyterian.*

We have been impressed with the matter of which our Christian brother speaks so truthfully and so plainly. The fear is not, that the day may be "divested of all religious features, except a short service in the church," but that doubtful sports and doubtful amusements may be substituted for even the forms of worship.

We have long been impressed, too, with the manner in which the Christmas holidays are spent. Neither is the shooting of birds, nor taking part in games of chance, nor the entering upon a drunken debauch—or the less excessive use of intoxicants—a proper way to render thanks to Almighty God, nor is it the right way to celebrate the birth of the Saviour of mankind. It is eminently right and proper that we give thanks for blessings, and that we celebrate the birth of our Saviour, in innocent pleasures, but we submit that neither time is a proper occasion for gambling, drunkenness and cruelty to dumb animals. The Christmas day is the most sacred of all the days in the calendar of the Christian church, and yet no day in the year is celebrated with more drunkenness and other wickednesses. Whatever disposition a man—living in a Christian country—may have to indulge in unlawful or immoral practices, he should at least restrain himself on the Christmas day. To celebrate the birth of our Saviour by immoral acts, is doubly sinful, and it is indeed wonderful that a Christian people will tolerate such open violation of the precepts and commandments of Him whose nativity is celebrated. To celebrate the birth of our Saviour by a drunken debauch must be offensive to all true followers of the Lamb.

"Anderson has the cleverest and most accommodating set of business men of any town I have ever visited," said an Abbeville county man to us Monday.—*Anderson Intelligencer.*

Please give his name, neighbor. If he thinks our merchants are not "accommodating," is it because they refuse to credit him? or perhaps he has never "visited" a place like Abbeville. There is no use for any man to try to throw mud at our merchants. They are as good as anybody, including any man who would go abroad to injure their good name. Let the world know who it is that speaks disparagingly of Abbeville.

OUR friend, East End, asks us about the railroad tax. As a matter of fact, we think the decision actually referred to the contestants or parties to the suit. But there is now a certainty that others can contest, and so all may be finally relieved. But it seems that the whole business is about to collapse and break down. The bondholders are now looking to the Legislature to perpetuate the tax collections for township bonds. Our own opinion is, that the people having been relieved of a heavy burden, would not be grateful to a Legislature which would throw it back on them.

HAPPINESS FOR THE TWAIN.

Marriage of Miss Lipscomb and Captain Twiggs---A Pleasant Account of a Happy Event.

We attended last Thursday evening one of the most brilliant weddings of the season, that of Miss Rockeppa Lipscomb, one of the fairest of Abbeville county's fair and gifted daughters, to Capt. H. C. Twiggs, of Augusta. Capt. Twiggs is a handsome and popular young conductor on the Augusta and Knoxville road, and is well known in Georgia, being one of the noblest sons of a grand old aristocratic family of that State. There were about fifty guests present who enjoyed the evening to the fullest extent, for

Soft eyes spoke love to eyes that spake again,
and all went as merry as the proverbial marriage bell.

The ceremony was particularly beautiful and impressive. Just as the clock struck four all eyes were turned to the entrance of the front parlor, where was placed a lovely arch of white flowers from which the marriage bell of white marguerites was gracefully suspended by white ribbons. The bride entered leaning on the arm of her husband elect, and preceded by her two little nelces, Misses Christine and Bessie May Lipscomb, of Greenville, who placed at their feet a luxurious oriental silk cushion, upon which they knelt to receive the blessing. The bride wore a very stylish traveling suit of goblin blue ladies cloth, and carried in her hand a bonquet of natural orange blossoms, which filled the atmosphere with the soft balmy odor of a far southern clime. After the ceremony was over the happy pair received the congratulations of a host of admiring friends, and then all repaired to the dining room where they were served to a sumptuous dinner. The dining room presented a beautiful appearance with its decorations of choice hot house flowers, foliage and fruits, and the glitter and sparkle of silver, glass and china. It was altogether one of the most stylish and elegantly served dinners we ever attended. The presents were numerous and costly, thus testifying to the high regard in which they are held by a host of friends, and the love and appreciation of a large and devoted family. Capt. and Mrs. H. C. Twiggs left on a special train for Savannah immediately after dinner was over, accompanied by quite a party of friends, who went as far as McCormick with them. This was quite an enjoyable afterpiece, as all were in the gayest spirits imaginable. Abbeville has lost one of her fairest and best loved jewels, while Augusta claims for her own adornment one of the truest and loveliest of womankind. D. J. V.

LIVELY TIMES AT NINETY-SIX.

Railroad Talk and the Tax Mystery--Commendable Spirit in Offering to Share Expenses of the Tax Suit.

NINETY-SIX, S. C., Dec. 11, 1888.

Mr. J. D. Watson left yesterday to attend the Grand Lodge, Masonic, which meets in Charleston to-day.

The election to fill vacancy in Town Council occasioned by resignation of T. T. Beacham, is being held to-day.

Col. Wallingford will leave next Saturday for his home in Indiana. He will return in January with a drove of fine young mules.

Mr. Geo. W. Anderson has been appointed town marshal. We may now expect good order on the streets.

Misses Attie and Zorah Anderson, of Spartanburg, are visiting Mrs. A. S. Osborne.

Maj. James Orchard, of Atlanta, is here visiting his sister Mrs. T. C. Lipscomb.

Dr. H. M. Julian has moved into the house made vacant by Mr. L. M. Moore, who moved to Greenwood.

Send in your subscriptions to Mr. James Rogers, Jr., this week for the *Sunday School Times*. Don't forget it.

Misses Mary Williams, of Greenwood, and Jessie Aiken, of Cokesbury, are visiting Miss Maggie Rice.

Ex-Judge T. L. Moore took possession of the Clerk's office yesterday. Ninety-Six endorses the Judge and we trust he will give entire satisfaction to the whole people of Abbeville county.

The railroad meeting to be held at Ninety-Six on the 14th inst. is looked forward to with a great deal of interest. We expect big things from this meeting.

Mr. H. R. Turner will move to Laurens C. H. soon and Mr. John Foster will occupy his old home.

We don't pretend to know much about the railroad tax matter, but we venture to say that the editor was wrong in the last issue when he said that the decision would only affect those who brought the suit. Give us more light, Mr. Editor.

It is in order now to help the anti-tax people to pay their counsel fees. We think it is only right that as much as we are relieved of the taxes we should help. EAST END.

The "Press and Banner" Receives a High Compliment from a High Source.

Associate Reformed Presbyterian.

The indefatigable *Press and Banner* man come to the front again. He is always equal to the occasion. Last week his paper was out in a twelve page form, brim full of the 'great day" of the Presbyterians at Abbeville on the 25th. It contained, in full, the Dedication sermon of Dr. Thompson, the prayer by Dr. J. Lowrie Wilson, the pastor, history of the church from its organization, the full roll of members and a cut of the church building, &c., &c., The name of Hugh Wilson has become synonymous with all that is enterprising.

Bargains in children's hose at R. M. Haddon & Co.

New millinery just received at R. M. Haddon & Co.

Bargains in shoes may be found at R. M. Haddon & Co.

Wanted—School claims, for which we will pay face value in merchandise at lowest cash prices, or will pay cash at usual bank discount. R. M. Haddon & Co.

Bring your school claims to R. M. Haddon & Co.

A BLOODY LESSON IN LAW.

TERRIBLE SLAUGHTER OF LYNCHERS IN BIRMINGHAM.

A Dozen Men Killed or Fatally Wounded, and Some Thirty Less Seriously Injured—Attempt to Take from Jail a Man Accused of the Murder of his Wife and Child—The Mob Rush to their Death Heedless of Warning—A Sheriff who Knew his Duty and Did it.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA, December 9.—Special; A terrible tragedy was enacted in this city last night, caused by an effort on the part of a crowd of 2,000 men to reach the county jail for the purpose of lynching R. R. Hawes, charged with murdering his wife and child. Not till the roar of guns was heard and the deadly flashes were seen at every window and every vantage ground about the jail did any one realize how the matter might end.

Early in the evening the sheriff was told that a mob was forming, and he accordingly prepared for it. In and around the jail there was a suppressed vein of excitement during the entire night. Outside the guards were located on the corner of 3d avenue and 21st street and 4th avenue and 21st street, respectively. These guards challenged jail parties approaching in the direction of the jail, and all such parties were summarily ordered to halt. The inner guards were stationed near the entrance to the alley leading to the jail, and there kept a close lookout for all who came near them, and who for any reason had escaped the outer guards.

In and near the jail the arrangements were even more complete. The entrance to the old jail on 21st street, was well guarded and barricaded, leaving no possible hope of entrance from that point. A number of men were also stationed near the entrance to the alley, immediately between the wall to the jail and the fence to the new court house. The outer door of the jail, facing the new court house, was open, and on the narrow platform and stone steps leading to the door were gathered a dozen determined men under the lead of Chief Pickard and Sheriff Smith, all armed with Winchester rifles and with numerous rounds of cartridges. All were disciplined to the last degree, and the instruction were issued to shoot directly into the crowd as soon as they appeared at the entrance to the alley leading from 21st street.

"SHOOT DIRECTLY INTO THE CROWD!"

were the instructions issued by Sheriff Smith, and the policemen and deputy sheriffs on duty patiently awaited the onslaught of the expected mob with a sense of duty to law and order that could not be easily mistaken.

Before 10 o'clock all preparations were reported complete, and a warm reception was certainly in store for those who were reported to be coming to avenge the gross outrage on law and society committed by a man, who surely a fiend, to have encompassed the death of the wife he had sworn to honor and protect and the children it should have been his delight to love and cherish.

But ample as these preparations were, all has not yet been told. On the roof of the jail a number of men, all armed with Winchester rifles, were stationed, and these men were likewise under instructions to prevent the entrance of the crowd into the alley leading to the jail. A number of men were also stationed in the second story of the new court house. A feeling of intense anxiety prevailed, and the silence at times was ominous. At 11 o'clock the shouts of,

THE APPROACHING MOB

could be plainly heard. The shouts grew closer and louder still, and the officers on the inside fingered their guns and began making preparations for the inevitable. A mass of men of appeared in the entrance to the alley, and in a loud voice Sheriff Smith ordered them out of the alley

AT THE PERIL THEIR LIVES.

It was very dark and impossible to distinguish exactly where the men at the entrance to the alley were located. Some were evidently on the opposite side of the street. Again the mass of human beings appeared in the entrance to the alley. "I am going to shoot at three," called out the sheriff. "One, two three," but the sheriff and his men did not fire. "I will fire at five," announced Sheriff Smith. He was very much excited. The officers could see the forms of the men creeping up the alley way toward the jail. Again the voice of the sheriff called out, "One, two," &c, and when "five" had been reached he called out,

FIRE!

A perfect fusillade followed, and when the smoke cleared away the alley leading to the jail door was blocked with dead and wounded men. The crowd scattered in every direction, and no further attempt was made to reach the jail.

THE KILLED AND WOUNDED.

Three men were killed instantly, seven fatally wounded and about thirty others wounded more or less seriously.

The following is the full list of the killed and wounded.

W. B. Throkmorton, postmaster and a very prominent and popular citizen. Throckmorton was about 30 of years age. He was born in Louisville, and came to Birmingham in 1880 as agent for the Southern Express Company. About eighteen months ago he was appointed postmaster. He leaves a wife and one child.

An unknown negro was shot through the lungs and died this morning at 8 o'clock.

J. R. McCoy was toward the front of the crowd when the firing commenced. He fell at the first volley.

A. B. Tarrant was shot in the back. After the first volley he lay down on the ground with the hope of avoiding the flying bullets. Fate would not have it so, however, and a ball struck him as he lay on his face and ranged up the back. After a few minutes' suffering the young man died.

A. D. Bryant was shot through the heart. He was standing rather near the front and was doing his best to restrain the crowd going any nearer. He fell at the first volley and died instantly.

C. C. Tate was shot through the hip and through the loin; he is dying. He is a painter, and lived at East Lake. He is about 45 years old and had a family.

Colbert Smith, colored, was shot through the right lung and died this morning.

Lawrence Fitzhugh, civil engineer, badly wounded. He was shot through the shoulder. He is about 30 years old.

Charles Barley was shot through the head, it is thought fatally. He lived formerly at No 24 Church street, Boston.

A. S. schiede, mechanic, was shot in the left side just under the shoulder. It is thought he will die. He came recently from Kalamazoo, Mich. Several of his companions were wounded, but less seriously.

Charles Jenkins was shot in the back of the heed, the ball coming out in the centre of his forehead. He lingered until 10 o'clock this morning, when he died. Jenkins was 20 years old, and lived at Smithfield with his parents and three brothers.

Bratdon was at the hospital, wounded in the thigh and abdomen. He died about 8 o'clock this morning. Just after he was shot he told his attendants that he boarded at the house of the sheriff of Etoway County at Gadsden, and was here on business before the United States Court.

J. W. Montgomery, wounded in the left jaw.

Mr. Berkley, shot through both legs, below the knee, while sitting on the porch of the residence of Mr. W. Siddon.

Charles Bailey, brakeman on the Louisville and Nashville Railroad, shot in the right side, just below the nipple. His home is in Boston. His wound, while not necessary fatal, may prove serious.

John H. Merritt is at the hospital, shot through the calf of the left leg.

Matt Kenerdy is also at the hospital, shot in both legs below the knees; right leg badly shattered, left flesh wound. He is also shot in the left arm just below the elbow, and the bone is broken. He is about 50 years old and has a wife and seven children.

J. W. Owen is at the hospital, shot entirely through the right thigh. He is a carpenter, about 50 years of age.

J. W. Gilmore, fatally wounded through the bowels, is 46 years of age, has a wife and five children living at Green Springs.

Frank Childer, dead.

Albert Smith, colored, shot in the back and seriously wounded. He worked for the Louisville and Nashville Railroad Company, and has a family in the city.

William Youngblood, Mr. Alexander and Ed S. Cooper, reported as killed or wounded, were not hurt.

W. A. Bird was shot in the right shoulder, the ball passing entirely through him and coming out near the spinal cord. Bird is 30 years old and unmarried.

Col Thomas G. Jones, of the 2d regiment Alabama State troops, arrived here this morning with five companions and is confident of his ability to prevent any further attempt at mob violence. There was much excitement for a while last night, but it had subsided somewhat to-day.

ARREST OF THE SHERIFF

Sheriff Smith has been arrested on the charge of murder.

THE MISTAKE OF NOT FIRST FINDING OUT WHAT SORT OF A SHERIFF THEY HAD.

Military Power Alone Represses the Angry Passions of the People and Saves Sheriff Smith from their Mad Vengeance—Hawes and his Fearful Crimes Almost Forgotten in the Excitement of the Later and Greater Tragedy.

BIRMINGHAM, December 10.—Special: There is a forced calm in Birminghan today. At 3 o'clock this afternoon the funeral of Postmaster Throckmorton occurred. As he was one of the most popular men in Birmingham, it was feared there would be trouble. It was the largest funeral ever seen here, but passed off without any attempt at violence.

By order of Mayor B. A. Thompson all the saloon were closed till further orders. His autnority is questioned and more than one suit was filed for damages.

Chief of Police Packard said that he advised against firing on the people, and that it was disgraceful. Mayor Thompson disclaims having given orders to fire. Sheriff Smith, Nat Stanley and several others are under arrest, charged with murder.

THE JAIL.

is guarded by military companies from Montgomery, Anniston and Tuscalousa. Col Thos G. Jones, in command, has telegraphed Governor Seay asking that prisoners S. R. Hawes and Joseph Smith be removed to Montaomery or else that the military be relived. A petition signed be over a thousand names has been sent to the Governor, asking to have Sheriff Smith removed from office. Governor Seay will arrive in Birmingham to-night.

SMITH IN MORE DANGER THAN HAWES,

All is quiet so long as the military is kept here, but there will surely be more trouble from the people if they are removed. The people are very angry, but the cannon at the four corners keep from making any attempt to mob any one. If they were to get in the jail Hawes would be overlooked. but Sheriff Smith would come in for more than would be pleasant.

BIRMINGHAM PARALYZED.

All the jurors will meet to-night. Birmingham has hardly begun to realize what had happened in the last two days. The reaction will be horrible. No business was done to day.

TALK ABOUT THE TRAGEDY.

Reported Confession of Hawes-Dying Words of the Victims of the Riot—How Long will the Soldiers Remain?

BIRMINGHAM, ALA. December 10.—It is reported that Hawes, who has been the cause of Saturday night's tragedy, has made a full confession of the crimes charged against him.

The following are statements from several men who were near the front of the crowd when the volley was fired:

C. C. Tate, who was mortally wounded, said: "I went up to see what the crowd was going to do. I don't think they would have tried to break the door down, but they might. I did not think the officers would shoot."

A. J. Brannan, deputy United States marshal from Gadsden, now dead, said: „I went there out of curiosity and to see the lynching, if there was one. I did not expect to take part in it."

Matt Kennedy, who is badly wounded, said: "I was there begging the crowd to go back. I had friends in the crowd and did not want them to do anything rash. I wanted law and order maintained, and was doing all I could to that end. I did not think the officers would shoot unless an attack was actually made on the jail."

W. E. Vaughn, a lawyer, said: "I had just left the jail. I met the crowd and pleaded with them to go back. I told them time and again the officers would shoot. They had no leaders, but just before the shooting several men, who were drunk, pressed to the front and said, 'Tear the jail down and hang Hawes: Then the volley was fired."

All thoughts of attempting any further attacks on the jail were abondoned upon the arrival of the troops ordered here by Governor Seay, although a crowd of curious people stood all day forming a line across 21st street and 2d avenue, where the military guard was formed.

Certain prominent officials in the city have telegraphed Governor Seay that they consider it necessary for him to be here, and have asked him to come at once.

The question has been repeadly asked by a large number of people: How long will the military remain here? "The military," says Col. Jones, "will remain here as long as it is necessary and until officially notified by the Governot to leave. No one but the Governor has power to remove them from their posts of duty. The Governor will dismiss them when it is thought all danger is past, and not before. If Hawes is to be removed to another city, it may be that the military will be dismissed at once. If not, will probably be several days before they go."

A Few Articles Specially Adapted for Christmas.

On hand and to arrive:
Choice nuts of all kinds.
Candies of all kinds.
Raisins, currants and prunes.
Citron of very superior quality.
Apples and oranges, chocolate and maple sugar, macaroni and cheese.
Pickles and olives, cocoanuts and lemons.
Cakes and crackers, malaga grapes.
Self-raising buckwheat flour.
All the above articles and a great many others can be found in the grocery department of WHITE BROTHERS.

A full stock of all kinds of groceries and provisions always kept on hand by White Brothers.

Special bargains in ladies cloaks. White Brothers have a few ladies cloaks remaining which they are offering at greatly reduced prices. Call and see them. Also a full line of carpets and rugs to which special attention is called.

Trunks, valises, &c. White Brothers have just purchased a second stock of trunks, and any one in need of an article in this line would do well to look at their assortment before making a purchase.

Ready-made clothing, hats and shoes. The attention of the public is called particularly te the extensive and complete lines of the above which are always to be found at the store of White Brothers.

The Boys We Need.

Here's to the boy who's not afraid
To do his share of work;
Who never is by toil dismayed,
And never tries to smirk.

The boy whose heart is brave to meet
All lions in the way;
Who's not discouraged by defeat,
But tries another day.

The boy who always means to do
The very best he can;
Who always keeps the right in view,
And aims to be a man.

Such boys as those will grow to be
The men whose hands will guide
The future of our land; and we
Shall speak their names with pride.

All honor to the boy who is
A man at heart I say;
Whose legend on his shield is this.
"Right always wins the day."

Worth Ten Times its Cost.

Augusta Chronicale.

Let our people reflect one moment.

If the Exposition has done nothing more than lift the town out of the mire left by the September flood it has been worth the great efforts made to get it up and ten times the money spent to make it.

The Exposition has within the past month attracted one hundred and fifty thousand people to Augusta. These people of course have spent money, but they have done more. They have inspected the advantages of the city. been witnesses of her great pluck and enterprise, felt the impact of her progress and have contributed to the great vitalizing stream of advertising which has placed Augusta upon a high plane before the world.

The Exposition has paid Augusta ten-fold for its investment. It has shown the public, and better than that, has convinced our own people that with united and untiring effort we are superior to the greatest of misfortunes and the equals of any community in vim and versatility, North or South.—*A Sensibla View of It.*

Messrs. Simkins & Butler.

Edgefield Chronicle.

We are very much pleased to note the deserved prominence into which the late startling decision of the Supreme Court regarding the validity of township bonds, has brought our two gifted and high-toned young townsmen Messrs. S. McG. Simkins and W. W. Butler, of the firm of Simkins & Butler. These two gentlemen, who have proved themselves keen attorneys in a case of extreme doubt and difficulty, represent the Ninety-Six contestants—Jefferson Floyd et al—and argued the matter very ably before Judge Norton in Abbeville in February last. This decision, if we mistake not, will not only bring them fame but shekels. We have an abiding faith that they will make us a Christmas present commensurat with their present brilliant prospects.

Greenville Enterprise and Mountaineer.

As far as the Oaklawn and Dunklin Townships of this County are concerned, which have issued bonds for the construction of a railroad through their territory, we doubt if a single feeling of regret at the decision will be felt. After issuing the bonds, the prospect is they are not to secure their enterprise; and thus defrauded of their just rights, and for which they were every year paying.

If sustained, the decision will have a wholesome effect in checking taxation. While the country will move slower, probably, in railroad building, the taxable property in general will not be so much encumbered.

A beautiful and useful Christmas present—one of our elegant smyrna rugs. P. Rosenberg & Co.

Gentlemen, if you are contemplating matrimony go to Messrs. P. Rosenberg & Co. and get your entire wedding outfit.

China sets for children suitable for Santa Claus. P. Rosenberg & Co.

Get your Christmas china from P. Rosenberg & Co.

A few pieces of flannel sackings for dresses worth 50c. I will sell at 30c. Full 38 inches wide. This is the best bargain that was ever offered in this town. W. E. Bell.

Two combination suits for ladies dresses. I will close them out at $5 worth $10. These suits are pure English goods and cost me much higher than I offer them for. W. E. Bell.

Abbeville Ideas, and Abbeville Talk.

The origin of the fire here last week is still unsolved. Some seem to be of the impression that the store of Mr. Christian was first robbed and then set on fire, but there seems to be no proof to that effect or any suspicion. Abbeville has been unfortunate about fires, but the town seems to put great faith in Providence to prevent them. This faith goes to such an extent that the town does not keep either a bucket or a ladder for use when providence forgets us and allows a fire to destroy our property. There is nothing like faith in its proper place, but when it comes to a fire there is nothing better than water, buckets, ladders, and a fire-engine.

Every person you meet with will tell you that there is no money in Abbeville County, and if we had to judge by our own purse just now, we would back the assertion. The sales of real estate last salesday were a surprise to many. Lands brought good prices and the purchasers seemed to be flush with the ready cash, thus refuting the oft-repeated assertion that there was no money in the county.

Please take notice—That on and after the first day of January, 1889, the barrooms of Abbeville C. H. will be closed for an indefinite period, in accordance with the will of the people of the County and State aforesaid expressed by their ballots last Spring. After the date aforementioned, to wit, the first day of January, 1889, all those desiring to keep up their spirits while visiting or attending to business at the Court House town aforesaid, must bring their spirits with them. This notice is absolute and to remain in force until the wet ticket wins, which will terminate the indefinite period herein above mentioned.

If report is true, we will have very few single people in town after next Spring. Your correspondent and several other hardened old bachelors in town will be so lonely after that time that they will have to form an amusement of some kind or join a baseball club to keep from dying of disappointment, old age or "ennui." None, of us, of course, are over thirty, and are all quite spry and gay.

The A. M. E. Conference has been in session here since last Wednesday. There was a large crowd in town Sunday attending services.

President-elect Harrison is opposed to the Blair educational bill, if he stands up to his record as a Senator. There are a great many men here who will side with him in that matter. When Senator M. C. Butler voted against the bill several years ago, he was telegraphed to and congratulated from this place, and his position endorsed. The bill is evidently unconstitutional and if it ever passes both houses, it is to be hoped that Harrison will have the manhood to veto the bill and to protect the constitution.

The above reminds me of another man who has followers or rather men who agree with him on the negro question in part. I refer to Ingalls and his utterances in regard to the negro as a citizen of the South. There are those who believe with him that the two races cannot live here together for any length of time, and who favor any plan to remove the negro from our midst. ROSSDHU.

A Disposition to Excuse.

The biographer of William Wirt says of the Swiss aunt who mothered the young boy after his own mother died, that although she was a firm and successful disciplinarian, she had "a tender disposition to excuse," for which all children feel deeply grateful.

This "tender disposition to excuse," on the one hand, balanced on the other by firm control, makes the most perfect motherhood in the world. Do the two things seem incompatible? Oh! be sure they are not. The control must be the wheels upon which the family government moves, but a readiness to forgive and forget may be the springs upon which the family rides smoothly.

"I wouldn't mind being beat once in a while," said a sturdy little chap to me not long ago. "What I hate wust is the way mammy jaws me all day."

Do not too many "mammys" make "jawing," which is easier to them, do the work of prompt, over-and-be-done-with-punishment, which would be so much easier to the little offenders? Easier, and much, much more efficient.

"Oh! you old newspaper advisers," cried a perplexed mother in my hearing, giving a certain religious weekly a thump as she spoke, "you always make your examples fit your theory; but I'd have you know that your fine-phrased theory don't fit my five noisy, boisterous examples."

The offending paper contained no less than three articles, from different pens, warning mothers against keeping muddy-booted boys off the parlor carpet, and sticky-fingered girls out of the library. "They always make the children ask the most reasonable things," complained this mother of five noisy examples, "and then make the mother refuse in the most cruel manner. While the biggest part of the truth is, that the precious children want to do unreasonable things most of the time, and the mother has to say don't, don't, don't, as a steady refrain all day."

And I, fresh from the picture of Wirt's aunt, was prompted to suggest "the tender disposition to excuse." I believe my suggestion was taken, for I overheard from the parlor, the next day: "Mabel, Mabel, how can you be so careless as to set your chair on my lace curtain? See! you've tore a hole in it; that's too bad; now don't sit in the bay window again to-day." There was a sulky little answer, and then the mother's voice in an entirely different tone: "Never mind, dear; little heads cannot always remember. I'll have to keep you out of the bay window to help you remember; but I'll stay out, too, to keep you from being so lonesome." This time there was an unmistakable sound of a kiss, and the little girl's voice, sweet and loving now: "Indeed, mamma, I'm sorry; I know I can't mend it nicely enough; but I'll run and get your work-basket, and then I'll read What Katy Did to you while you sew."

O mothers! don't you wish we each had a picture of that good Swiss aunt, so firm, so gentle, to hang over our nursery fireplaces?

Take Your Hands out of Your Pockets, Young Man!

To begin with, it does not look well when a young man crooks his arms and thrusts his hands into his pockets, making a figure 8 of himself, and then stands up against the sunny side of the house.

How would the girls look, all turned into 8's and leaning against the wall? How would your mother look in that posture? Catch her doing it! You don't find her hands in her pockets. Your mother's hands! While you are loafing, they are the hands that sew and bake and stew and fry and sweep and darn and nurse, but she does not sink them in her pockets and then loll against a building.

Are your hands cold? Warm them up at the end of the hoe-handle and cythe. Swing the hammer; drive the plane; flourish the axe. There is untold caloric about the spade, trowel, and wrench.

Besides, pocket heat is not profitable. Have you money there, though? Are your pockets the safes in which you have hidden treasure, and your hands the bolts that secure the safe door? Money may be there to-day, but it won't be a guest over to-morrow night. An idler's money is apt to leap out of his pocket. It is likely to go for a pipe, a cigar, a tobacco plug, a mug of ale. There is no money in pocket-warming.

Take your hands out of your pocket, young man! You are losing time. Time is valuable. People feel it at the other end of the line, when death is near. Time is a quarry. Every hour may be a nugget of gold. It is time in whose invaluable moments we build our bridges, spike the iron rails to the sleepers, launch our ships, dig our canals, run our factories. You might have planted twenty hills of potatoes while I have been talking to you, young man. Take your hands out of your pockets!

Amuse Your Children.

Some mothers seem utterly incapable of amusing their children. They can cook for them, sew for them, take care of them when they are sick, but have no faculty for making them happy. The little people fret and mope because the atmosphere about them is so work-a-day, so devoid of the imaginative element on which they thrive. Among the rich, as well as the poor, they are often forlorn because they are in a grown-up world; there should be a stooping of elders to their small estate. See how heartily they will respond to the crudest effort for their entertainment! Particularly do they like to believe that they are helping; with tiny brooms they can sweep; they can dust and wash a bit of kitchen paint—only let the mother carry on the work as if it were play. By thus becoming a part of the child-life of their little ones, mothers can gain a real influence, attainable in no other way. The child will be guided by the one who is in sympathy with him.

The cookery of jelly is difficult, and deserves more attention than it usually receives. The following recipe may be applied to all kinds of fruits:

Select currants that have been freshly picked and are not too ripe. If they are sandy, wash, but do not stem. Mash a small quantity at a time in a stone jar with a wooden potato masher; squeeze through a coarse bag and then drip again through a flannel bag, without pressure, that the juice may be perfectly clear. Measure it and turn it into a porcelain lined kettle. Stand over a brisk fire and boil rapidly for twenty minutes. Put the sugar, allowing one pound to every pint of juice, in earthen dishes, and then in the oven to heat, add it to the juice; after the twenty minutes' boiling, stir hastily until the sugar is dissolved, not longer. Bringing quickly to a boil, try to see if it jellies. If it does not, which is very unusual, boil it rapidly for a minute or two longer, but be very careful not to over boil. Dip tumblers in hot water, fill them with the boiling jelly, and stand in a cool, dry place for twenty-four hours. If not sufficiently jellied by this time, cover the tumblers with common window glass and stand them in the sun for a day or two until it does jelly.

CARE OF CHILDREN'S FEET.—Wise mothers see that the children have dry feet. Shoes should be loose enough to be comfortable always—half an inch longer than the foot, but not loose enough to slip around. Never let the child wear a shoe that is run over on the side or heel, and constantly discourage the habit of standing on the outer edge of the shoe, turning in the toes, or rubbing one foot over the other. Have the child taught from the earliest hours of understanding that the moment his feet are wet he must change shoes and stockings. If mothers will make it a rule that the child's hose must be hung up when taken off, and the feet warmed before going to bed they will save themselves much trouble. Soo many mothers tie up a child's throat, a most pernicious habit, and allow the child to wear thin shoes or sit with rubbers on for hours.

CHILI SAUCE.—This sauce is taking the place of the old-time tomato catsup. It is better to keep, and better in every way than catsup. This tested recipe can scarcely be too highly recommended: Remove the skin from a peck of ripe tomatoes, and peel eight white onions. Put them on the fire, and cook them ten or fifteen minutes; then add a pint of venegar, and a table-spoonful each of ground cinnamon, allspice, and black pepper, and a table-spoonful of cloves. Tie the spices in a bag of coarse material. Cook the mixture from four to five hours, or until it is quite thick. Be careful not to let it burn. When it is ready to take off the fire stir in a table-spoonful of ground mustard, a tea-spoonful of cayenne pepper, two tea-spoonful of white ginger, and salt to taste.

A Scotch minister, in one of his parochial visits, met a cow-boy, and asked him what o'clock it was.

"About twelve, sir."

"Well," remarked the minister, "I thought it was more."

"It's never any more here," said the boy; "it just begins at one again."

Magnitude of the Pension System.

The gigantic proportions of the pension system of the United States are seen in the report of the Secretary of the Interior. There is no such system in any other country of the world, and it is growing at a wonderful rate. The Secretary shows that in the fiscal year ending with June last the amount paid for pensions to old soldiers was $73,775,862, or an increase of $5,308,289 over the pensions a year. The payments of the Pension Bureau for the year constituted 31 per cent, of the total disbursements of the government, and 21½ per cent, of its total gross income. Truly, no one can deny that the veterans of the war are liberally dealt with. All that we desire in the case is that the legislation regarding the granting of pensions be consistent with common sense, and the same desire is entertained by all who were honorable soldiers of the Union.—*New York Sun.*

At one of our Conference this fall Bishop Joyce was greatly perplexed by the demands of lay committees that come to see him about the new preachers. Finally he requested all members of these committees who habitually