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Devoted to Agriculture, Horticulture, Domestic Economy, Polite Literature, Politics, and the Current News of the Day.

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BILL ARP'S LETTER.

THERE IS NO SUCH THING AS THE 'NEW SOUTH.'

The "Old South" is not dead by a long shot, and I am proud of it. Just let anybody come out and fling at her and her friends come out like hornets from a nest. Professor Tillett, of the Vanderbilt University, has been ventilating his sophomoric opinions in the *Century*, and belittling the grand old gentlemen of the olden time as "dependent idlers" and "gentlemen idlers," and says they were little more than overseers of the blacks. He asserts that "all our advancement in industry and prosperity, and education, and literature, and morals, and religion is due to the emancipation of the white man from his bondage to idleness, which is inseparable from the ownership of slaves."

I don't know who this professor is, nor where he was born, but the spirit of his article is a foul slander upon the old South. He either knew nothing about her or he is just writing for buncombe. Just such a tissue of misconception and misrepresentation was never gotten together—not even by Cable.

The *Christian Advocate* of Nashville, seems to be intensely disgusted, and says: "Is it all new? Was there no manhood until now? Was the great names that we revered only the creatures of fancy—the myths that appear in the early history of all barbarous people? Were Washington and Jefferson and Madison mere creatures of a mythologic age? Were Jackson, and Clay, and Calhoun, and Benton, and Mason, and Polk, and Bell, and Stephens, and Crittenden the demi-gods of a prehistoric race? Is it a delusion that Taylor, and Houston, and Crockett, and Travis, and Lee, and Jackson, and Sidney Johnston, and Stuart, and Morgan, and Forrest belonged to the old South? Who are the men that now lead the new South, but the men who led the old South? Who represent us in the halls of Congress, and who administer our State Governments? Who run our railways, and factories, and furnaces, and educational institutions? In a word, what is there that is good in the new South that was not rooted in the old South?"

Then the *Christian Index* takes it up and says:

"We belong to the new South and hope to keep abreast of her in all her progress in what is good. But we also belong to the old South and are proud of her history. We acknowledge our present as the offspring of our past and not of somebody else's past. What there is good in us is not of puritan origin. The puritans are welcome to their own glory, but they shall not appropriate ours. We shall transmit to our posterity what we received from our forefathers—the history, traditions, characters and blood of the cavalier."

But the most elaborate and admirable reply to Professor Tillett comes from Dr. B. F. Ward, in the *Mississippi Clarion*. It is grand, it is eloquent and convincing. It is worthy to be preserved in every scrap book. It swells the heart of the true Southerner with pride. He reads it and feels good and reads it again. He says in the outset that 'the professor is skirmishing to bring himself within the scope of the gale which has recently given such a graceful swell to the sails of Mr. Grady, but unfortunately his zeal is not tempered with the vein of native loyalty which singles through the eloquence of Georgia's gifted and popular editor.'

He says in his summing up for a period of 64 years, from 1789 to 1853, the South furnished eight Presidents whose terms covered 52 years. She furnished fourteen Secretaries of State, eleven Secretaries of War, thirty-nine Presidents of the Senate, thirty-one Speakers of the House, two Chief Justices of great eminence, twenty-nine Associate Justices, twenty-one Attorney Generals and ninety-nine ministers to foreign countries.

There is no new South. The term is a misnomer and a myth. It is simply a masquerade through modern prints seeking to pervert the education of Southern children into the conviction that their ancestors, if not criminals, were little more than a race of idlers, blunders, blockheads and failures. The literature left by our statesmen will stand as monuments of wisdom and models of classical lore. In all the departments of government, in law, literature and science, while the South has boasted of no great army of writers, she has furnished the minds productive of the grandest results to the country and the world.

When a prolific little animal, vain of her progeny, twitted the lioness for nursing only one, the noble beast replied: 'Yes, only one—but it is a lion.'

Dr. Ward closes his splendid defense by saying:

'Does this order of men spring from a race of idlers whose energies have been emasculated by the curse of slavery. * * * * * Let Southern parents look to the education of their boys, and act with circumspection when the friends of education come to us 'bearing gifts' in the shape of endowments for Southern Universities, where the boys are to be taught to forget history and blush for the character and deeds of their ancestors.'

That's it; that's it exactly, that's what I have been thinking for lo these many years, and what I have been trying to say, but no man has ever said it as well as Dr. Ward. I know him personally, and was his guest at Winona, Mississippi. I felt that I was communing with a thinker, a philosopher, a Southerner of the old school, a type of the grand men that the old South produced and the new South will not produce and cannot produce. I affirm this humbly, conscientiously and with faith—reluctant faith—that our present methods, will not and cannot produce as grand and noble men as the last half century before the war produced. I do not mix it with the slavery question, but with other questions more radically significant. I have only copied a scrap from Dr. Ward's defence of the old South, her men and measures, her patriotism, her integrity, her statesmanship, but if I had my way I would have it published as a classic, and have it planted in every school and college in the South as an authority not to be questioned. I say to my children: 'There is no taint upon your ancestry. There was no curse in slavery. Harriet Beecher Stowe wrote a romantic lie and the whole fanatical crew revelled in slavery—but slavery had its day and served its purpose. Its time was out—let it be out. We are glad of it if it was the will of Providence, but be careful lest a worse evil befall us. Let us fortify and entrench against the love of money, which the Bible tells us is the root of all evil.'

We want no more slavery. It had its mission, not its sin nor its curse, but its mission both to white and to black, and we are content.

Here are a whole lot of fools who strut around on speculators' money and say let the old South alone, she's a dead dog and stinks. I heard a bloated bondholder say that not long ago, and in the same conversation he bragged about a painting he bought at Stuart's sale, and said it was 300 years old. We will talk about the old South just as much as we please, and no man shall make us afraid. We love old things, anyhow. They are the best. The poet says:

'I love it, I love it, and who shall dare To chide me for loving that old arm chair.'

There is Old Hundred and Old Lang Syne, and here are the old trees and the old landmarks and the old men and old women with good old honest habits and limited desires, who indulge in no folly and hanker after no big thing, but live calm and serene and covet nothing but the happiness of their children: I see that Mr. Barnett has presented a shingle that is a hundred years old to the agricultural department. I expect it paddled his grandfather, and is therefore a sacred relic of the old South. The new South don't paddle much. But the school teachers do thrash around some in these parts. Carl was telling me to-day how the teacher whipped one of the boys yesterday. 'I tell you what, papa, that boy got forty-nine licks, for I counted 'em, and he never blinked nor winked, and set down laughing.' 'Why he is a tough one,' said I, 'he must have a hide like an alligator.' 'No, sir,' said Carl, 'but he had on a big, loose jeans coat; and he held back his shoulders so that the coat never touched him, and nothing got a whipping but the coat.' Smart boys these days, and shifty. The old South may whip, but the new South knows how to dodge.

BILL ARP.

Don't be De-fraud-ed. Westmoreland's Calisaya Tonic is being imitated. See that you get Westmoreland's Calisaya Tonic, manufactured by Westmoreland Bros., Greenville, S. C. Every bottle should have a red metal cap over the cork, with the following imprint: 'Westmoreland's Calisaya Tonic. Westmoreland Bros., Sole Proprietors, Greenville, S. C.' Every bottle of Westmoreland's Calisaya Tonic should have the following:

THE TREASURY DEPARTMENT, OFFICE OF INTERNAL REVENUE, Washington January 25th, 1883. Messrs. Westmoreland Bros., Greenville, S. C.—Gentlemen: Your formula for making your 'Calisaya Tonic,' certified to under oath on the 22d instant, has been examined. My decision is that, for purposes of taxation under the Internal Revenue Laws this Tonic, so made, may be classed as a proprietary medicinal tonic, subject to stamp tax, and that sales thereof will be subject to the provisions of Section 3243 U. S. Revised Statutes. Respectfully,
GREEN B. RAUM, Commissioner.

Sleepless nights, made miserable, by that terrible Cough, Shiloh's Cure is the remedy for you. For sale by J. W. Posey & Bro.

BEAUTIFUL CREOLE WOMEN.—The aristocratic Creole lady is often a model for the imitation of her sex. She is an obedient and respectful daughter, a faithful wife and a devoted mother. She is soft of speech and has a grace of manner which gives a charm to all she does. Well educated and accomplished, with keen wit, she makes a brilliant figure in society, but is nevertheless, an excellent manager of her household, and gives a most careful supervision to every detail that will enhance the comfort of her lord. She looks diligently after the physical and intellectual welfare of her children; especially are her daughters trained under her own eyes in all that goes to make women lovely in mind and person. Their tasks for school are coned by her side, their music lessons are practiced within her hearing, that she may detect the least false note. She shares in all their amusements, she is their companion, their confidant, their friend. They come to her with all their little hopes and fears, sure of her sympathy. When her daughter is grown, the Creole matron blooms again into a rich second youth; her own girlhood is renewed in that of a child; they are scarcely mother and daughter any longer, but a pair of loving sisters. The young girl is educated in a convent, and leads a secluded existence until she is launched in society, and then in the joyous life that bursts upon her she always surrounded by the same watchful care that guarded her childhood. Young girls are not allowed to go into society without being accompanied by their mothers, or some other married lady, as chaperon—one of the many Creole customs which has been generally adopted by the American residents of New Orleans.

These young girls are often wonderfully beautiful. Good features, handsome eyes and graceful figures combine to make them very attractive, their beauty being not infrequently Oriental in type, though the vivacity of their manner marks them as essentially French in character. Many Creole women are very accomplished. They have a skill in music and painting that is often artistic. In the literary clubs which society women have inaugurated of late years in New Orleans, the American ladies have been astonished to find the Creole ladies quite as well posted as themselves in English literature, while possessing a much greater knowledge of the literature of other countries. But an accomplishment still more attractive to the impecunious young man seeking matrimony is the exquisite taste with which these maidens fair will fashion their own gowns and bonnets when circumstances require them to make these things at home. The Creole women have inherited the French taste for dress, and in a greater degree than other Americans, they regard the *fiat* of Paris as the supreme authority in all matters concerning the toilet. Also, the Creole women of all ages and of all classes are devout. Neither social engagements, nor weather, nor other obstacles are allowed to interfere with the discharge of their religious duties. Are they not somewhat superstitious? Some of them a little so, perhaps, in remembrance of voodoo stories told them in their infancy by old negro nurses.—*Letter to Omaha Republican.*

DON'T EXPERIMENT.—You cannot afford to waste time in experimenting when your lungs are in danger. Consumption always seems, at first, only a cold. Do not permit any dealer to impose upon you with some cheap imitation of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, but be sure you get the genuine. Because he can make more profit he may tell you he has something just as good, or just the same. Don't be deceived, but insist upon getting Dr. King's New Discovery, which is guaranteed to give relief in all Throat, Lung and Chest affections. Trial bottles free at J. W. Posey's Drug Store.

That hacking cough can be so quickly cured by Shiloh's Cure. We guarantee it. For sale by J. W. Posey & Bro.

WHIPPER IN JAIL AT LAST.—The *Palmetto Post* of Saturday says: 'W. J. Whipper, Probate Judge of this County, was arrested this week and brought before Trial Justice T. G. White of Beaufort, on a charge of official misconduct, corruption in office, fraud, oppression in office, preferred by one Thomas C. Scott, of his own color, who claims that Whipper has, officially and individually, defrauded him. Robert Smalls, S. J. Bumpfield, and a number of other prominent colored citizens are material witnesses. Whipper was bound over in the sum of \$1,000 to appear, Messrs J. F. Hutchings, E. A. Scheper and Sammy Green going his security. 'It is due to Whipper to say that he has been the Attorney for Smalls in the contest against Congressman Elliott, and claims that Smalls owes him \$138 for services in such capacity and refuses payment. Subsequently Whipper had been arrested in a civil action growing out of the same cause, and being unable to furnish requisite bonds was committed to jail, where he now is.'

THE WESTERN EARTHQUAKE.

San Francisco, May 4.—An earthquake shock occurred yesterday which extended from Centerville, Cal., through Arizona and New Mexico to El Paso, Texas. The shock was also felt at Guaymas, Mexico.

Tucson, Arizona, May 4.—An earthquake occurred here at 2.12 yesterday afternoon. No person was injured. Considerable damage was done to buildings. Goods were thrown from shelves of stores, and many houses were more or less cracked. The shock was accompanied by a rumbling sound. Many clocks were stopped, and the entire population of the city took to the streets, terror-stricken. The Court-house cupola swayed like the mast of a ship in a turbulent sea, and the building itself seemed as though it were toppling over.

When the shock struck the Santa Catalina Mountain, great slices of the mountain were torn from its side and thrown to its base. Vast clouds of dust arose above its crest 7,000 feet above the sea level, at three different points from three to four miles apart. It was believed for some time that a volcano had burst out on the crest of the mountain. One towering peak known as 'Old Castle,' a prominent landmark from Tucson, has entirely disappeared. The extent of the damage cannot be told for several days.

This was the first earthquake ever experienced in Tucson. The public school building rocked to and fro like a cradle, and some of the plastering fell, creating the utmost consternation among the pupils. The school was at once dismissed for fear of a repetition of the shock. According to a gentleman who timed it, the shock lasted just four minutes. One or two slight vibrations have since been felt. Shortly after the earthquake a volcano broke out at a point twenty-two miles south of this place in the Total Wreck Mountains. The sky is brilliantly illuminated.

A HOUSE DESTROYED.—Wilcox, Ariz., May 4.—A severe earthquake shock was felt here at 2.10 o'clock yesterday afternoon. The vibrations were from north to south and lasted one minute and forty-five seconds. The residence of N. J. Wilson was ruined by the shock. No one was injured.

Centerville, Cal., May 4.—A heavy earthquake shock was felt here at 7.12 yesterday morning. The direction was from North to South.

The Shock was preceded by what seemed to be a heavy rumbling explosion.

THE GROUND OPENS.—Benson Arizona, May 4.—A person just in from the vicinity of the San Pedro River reports that the ground opened about six inches and the water rose in places that had hitherto been perfectly dry. Smoke was noticed about 5 o'clock, which appeared to be in the neighborhood of Whetstone Mountains, eight miles from here. Some say it is a volcanic eruption, and as nothing of that character has ever been known in this region the greatest surprise and curiosity exist. Several buildings in this city were damaged by goring cracks.

A LAKE GOES DRY.—Tombstone, Arizona, May 4.—Ten miles from this city, a lake covering an acre of ground was completely dried up in twenty minutes. Embankments along the New Mexico and Arizona Railway were moved from their former positions, in many instances as much as twelve inches.

THE QUAKE IN MEXICO.—Guaymas, Mex., May 4.—At 12.45 yesterday afternoon two earthquake shocks were felt here at short intervals, lasting altogether a few seconds. The direction was east and west. The clocks all stopped running, but no damage is reported so far. Similar shocks were felt along the line of the Sonora Railroad. The following is from an agent at Torres station: 'One minute after the first quivering sensation was felt the highest cliff of Chivato Mountain fell.'

WEE TOTS AS BRIDESMAIDS AND USHERS.—And speaking of the bridegrooms recalls the Tuesday wedding at Grace Church. Six young gentlemen from six to eight years old, in dark violet stockings and black velvet knickerbockers, acted as ushers; the bridesmaids were five little girls. Two in Nil; green tulle slips, carried white hyacinths and maidenhair fern; two in pink, rose tulips and carnations—the maid of honor, a dignified person of three in canary color, had a bouquet of yellow daffodils, tied with yellow satin ribbon. The bride wore a most lovely and girlish costume of yellow tulle, the skirts held in place with bunches of pink bouvardis, and carried a big bunch of the same flower. The veil is always thrown back from the face, and falls the length of the train; the wedding march is a relic of former years. Every well-conducted couple comes in church and goes out by the chanting of white-robed choir-boys.—*N. Y. Letter.*

IT TAKES THE CAP AND BELLS.—The *News and Courier* has added to its suit of motley the well worn cap and bells of the *Abbeville Press and Banner* and editorially appeared on Friday in complete uniform.

Our Abbeville contemporary promulgated the sapient and profound suggestion that it will be well to arm all prisoners charged with capital crimes with Winchester rifles as a method of preventing lynching. With equal sapience and profundity our Charleston contemporary accepts the suggestion as a good one and argues in its favor. All men who help to lynch criminals are murderers, and should be shot; but as they are cowards, and the fact that the persons to be lynched are armed and in shooting condition would keep the lynchers back and prevent mischief.

We are not told what would become of the sheriff and jailer in the event of a lynching raid of the ordinary kind, but it is easy to imagine that they would be in a painful position, if the reasoning and assumption of our Charleston contemporary would hold good. The lynchers, being cowards, would remain outside the jail and would therefore be safe. Only the officers would be in jeopardy with armed prisoners having a direct interest in their early and painless decease inside and armed lynchers outside clamoring for vengeance for the arming of the prisoners. With the rule suggested by our contemporaries the office of sheriff would be divested of the monotony that sometimes surrounds it; but it would not likely be regarded as desirable. Dodging nimbly about the corridor of a jail with propelled buckshot entering the doors and windows and rifle bullets emerging in rapid succession from the cells would be an interesting—we may say exciting—amusement, but it would not be wholesome.—*Greenville News.*

THE LIQUOR QUESTION.—Seneca, Pickens Co., May 3.—Seneca is about to be badly stirred up. Three members of the town council elected in March were known to be pronounced 'wet' men, while the landlord and the warden are just the opposite; but it was distinctly intimated that there was no issue on the liquor question at all. The ticket was elected as the working-man's ticket, and a great many men who are known as anti-liquor men were influenced thereby to vote it. Now they begin to show the stuff out of which they are made. Yesterday application was made by two men for barroom license.

The position taken by the liquor men is that when the Statute prohibiting the sale of liquors in Oconee County was repealed it carried with it the Seneca bill. The three liquor men in the council passed an ordinance granting license, but Intendant M. N. Sitton and R. B. Hayes, who is also clerk of council, refused to sign the ordinance. These gentlemen have the moral support of most of the property-holders and nearly all of those known as the best people, white and colored. The liquor men may expect, if they go into the fight, that the anti-liquor men are going to give up till they win or are defeated in the Supreme Court.—*Cor. News and Courier.*

Faults of digestion cause disorders of the liver, and the whole system becomes deranged. Dr. J. H. McLean's Strengthening Cordial and Blood Purifier perfects the process of digestion and assimilation, and thus makes pure blood.

ALIEN LANDLORDISM.—A bill similar to the Alien Landlord's bill, passed at the recent session of Congress, is pending in the Illinois legislature. It provides that hereafter aliens shall not be allowed to buy land in the State until they shall have declared their intention to become citizens; that unless they shall become citizens within six years their lands shall revert to the State, and that all aliens now holding lands in Illinois must become citizens within three years. This bill is aimed at one William Scully, an Orangeman who is said to have imitated in Illinois the practices that have made English landlords objects of hatred in Ireland. Scully owns in the State from 75,000 to 100,000 acres, which are tilled by wretched tenants upon almost hopeless terms. The leases are said to contain some of the worst features of the Irish lease in use ten years ago. Scully also owns about 100,000 acres in Kansas. He lives in London. The people of Illinois appear to have determined that he must either sell out or become a citizen, for it is predicted that the pending bill will surely become a law.

SAVED HIS LIFE.—Mr. D. I. Wilcoxson, of Horse Cave, Ky., says he was, for many years, badly afflicted with Phthisis, also Diabetes; the pains were almost unendurable and would sometimes almost throw him into convulsions. He tried Electric Bitters and got relief from first bottle and after taking six bottles, was entirely cured, and had gained in flesh eighteen pounds. Says he positively believes he would have died, had it not been for the relief afforded by Electric Bitters. Sold at fifty cents a bottle by J. W. Posey.

For Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint, have your printed guarantee on every bottle of Shiloh's Vitalizer. It never fails to cure. For sale by J. W. Posey & Bro.

FACTS AND THOUGHTS FROM A TRADE PAPER.—We are not in our province in this paper to particularize or define the claims and facts pertinent to industrial agitation. We can, however, summarize the problem as being resolved into a claim for the principle of distribution as against the corrective of monopolization. This is the kernel of the nut. We quote the following figures from a paper prepared for the Commercial club of Chicago as illustrative:

The machinery of this country is controlled by 21,000 men, there being 10,250,000 men affected and governed thereby. Two million seven hundred and fifty thousand hands receive a wage of \$346 a year. Of these, 232,000 are women and 171,000 children. The average wage of farm hands, of which there are eight millions, is \$283 a year, or less than 83 cents a day. Vanderbilt made more from 1880 to 1885 than a million farmers. The profits of 2,000 banks were equal to the earnings of 500,000 farmers; the net gains of 100 railroad companies equal to the earning of 2,500,000 farmers. 290,000 stock-holders in railways owning 170,000 miles of road, representing with equipments about \$8,000,000,000, charge for their service about \$8,000,000 and pay some 300,000 employees about a dollar a day.

We are no guarantee for the absolute truth of these figures; there is, however, no disputing the fact that the increasing power of wealth and the qualities in its distribution have a tremendous emphasis in labor's discontent. As an adjunct and logical consequence we find ourselves nearing the point in wealth in which luxury makes pleasure the object of life and labor its worst misfortune. We pay \$50 for a dress, \$5,000 for a pair of carriages, and go to the White House with some \$30,000 of jewelry adorning five feet and a-half of ordinary humanity. We give \$1,000 a night to an opera singer, whilst in the same city some poor seamstress is earning 25 cents a dozen working at button holes, and men are glad to pick a herring's bone in sight of a palace where others are banqueting on wine \$16 a bottle and strawberries 30 cents a piece. If history has a lesson for us on this matter, it has an unpleasant significance.

Greece was in its noon of art and luxury when Phidias was filling the Parthenon with immortal sculpture, but the stamina and vitality of the people was gone and left them an easy prey to the ruder races who fought well and knew nothing of luxury. Rome went the same way. The Parthenon was but the tomb of a degenerate race. France was a banquet hall for its nobles when the volcanics of revolution inaugurated the reign of terror, and now we run the same way we will fall over the same stump.—*St. Louis Age of Steel.*

FOR ASTHMA.—Hoping to benefit some one afflicted as I have always been with asthma, I send the following simple remedy to loosen the phlegm: Take one tablespoon sunflower seeds, steep, strain and sweeten. This will make two-thirds of a tea-cup. Drink freely until it loosens, then as often as one likes. It is perfectly harmless, (splendid for coughs and colds) should be taken a little warm. Is a preventive not a cure for asthma.—*L. M. Emerson.*

If you suffer pricking pains on moving the eyes, or cannot bear bright light, and find your sight weak and failing, you should promptly use Dr. J. H. McLean's Strengthening Eye Salve, 25 cents a box.

FARMERS WHO MEAN BUSINESS.—St. Louis, May 7.—A special from Waco, Texas says: The State Farmers' Alliance Cotton Congress, which has been in session here for a week, adjourned to-day. The object of the Assembly was to arrange to enter into the manufacturing of wagons, agricultural implements, cotton presses and oil mills. Over \$10,000,000 were represented. Arrangements have been concluded for collecting statistics and for an early charter under the laws of Texas. Five hundred thousand dollars were appropriated to the erection of cotton mills. Other manufacturing enterprises will be taken up right away. The body was a representation of the agricultural interests of the State. There were one hundred delegates present.

A MIXING DISASTER.—Victoria, B. C., May 4.—A special dispatch from Maniamo, on the eastern shore of Vancouver's Island, says:

'A terrible explosion occurred in No. 1 Shaft of the Victoria Coal Company's mines at 6 o'clock last night. One hundred and fifty men are believed to have been in the mine at the time. At midnight several bodies had been recovered, and twelve persons seriously burned were rescued alive at the same time. There was little hope of recovering alive any of those still in the mine. A rescuing party went down, but owing to the black damp, were unable to do anything. One of the rescuing party died shortly after coming out of the mine. The scene around the shaft was most heartrending. A special train carrying surgeons from Victoria arrived at Maniamo at 2 o'clock this morning.'

DESPERATE FIGHT ON AN ENGINE.—Jessup, Ga., May 6.—Joe Smith, a desperado, attempted to assault a colored woman last night, and during the struggle cut her with a knife, leaving her to die. As train No. 19, on the Savannah, Florida and Western, was slowly pulling out of town Smith boarded the engine. It was sometime before Engineer Crawford noticed the presence of his crowching companion. He ordered Smith to jump off, which Smith declined to do, and a struggle took place in which Smith again used his knife and slashed up the engineer pretty freely, causing Crawford to surrender and allow Smith to remain on board. About fifteen miles out, Crawford stopped his train opposite a lonely house. He entered the house, secured a double-barreled shot-gun and with it returned to the engine, where his defiant companion still held the fort. Smith dared Crawford to move, brandishing his knife. Crawford then discharged both barrels shooting the desperado dead.