MR VANCE MAKES HIS REPLY

A SERIES OF SWORN STATEMENTS.

Each Affidavit Concludes With Saying That Ouzts' Charges Are "Absolutely False."

Ex-Commissioner S. W. Vance, who was the predecessor of Mr. Douthit, makes a contribution to the current dispensary literature by refuting the charges of Ouzts with affidavits from sundry persons, and to his card we append the sworn statements without repeating captions and signatures:

To the People of South Carolina.

Mr. Ouzts, in one of his chapters of revelations, has seen fit to make charges against me. For two years I held the position of commissioner at the State dispensary. The first year Mr. Ouzts was the shipping clerk; the second year he was my confidential clerk and bookkeeper. My desk was never locked. As my confidential clerk Mr. Ouzts opened all my mail, and at all times had free access to all my papers. During the two years that we worked together Mr. Ouzts at all times treated me with the utmost courtesy and consideration, and I met him in the same spirit. I could submit othe affidavits, but think the following sufficient reply to Mr. Ouzts.

Very respectfully,
S. W. VANCE.

Columbia, S. C., Oct. 26, 1899.

D. M. Miles, being duly sworn, says that he is the chairman of the State board of control; that he has read in the papers in the statement of D. A. G. Ouzts that Col. Vance, when commissioner, had paid to Mr. Earhardt the sum of $12 without his knowledge or consent, and pronounces the same to be absolutely false.

M. R. Cooper, being duly sworn, says that he is secretary of State for South Carolina; that he has read in the papers the statement of D. A. G. Ouzts in reference to the changing of prices of certain liquors and wines by Col. Vance, the commissioner, and that he had complained of the same to other members of the board, and pronounces the said statement to be absolutely false.

M. H. Mobley, being duly sworn, says that he is one of the bookkeepers in the State dispensary; that he has read in the papers the statement of D. A. G. Ouzts in reference to the sale to him by Col. Vance, then commissioner, of one gray horse; that he bought the horse openly and fairly, after the other bids had been rejected, and that any statement by D. A. G. Ouzts to the contrary is absolutely false.

J. P. Easler, being duly sworn, says that he is an employe at the State dispensary; that he worked there while Col. Vance was commissioner; that he has read in the papers the statement of D. A. G. Ouzts that last Christmas, through some of the hands, Col. Vance gave to the railroad employees $20 worth of whiskey; that he was the man who carried the whiskey to the depot; that to the best of his recollection Col. Vance sent by him six bottles of X rye pints on the day before Christmas to the hands at the depot who handled the dispensary shipments; that said six bottles of X rye pints were worth about $2; that the statement of D. A. G. Ouzts that Col. Vance sent $20 worth of whiskey to the railroad hands is absolutely false.

H. B. Howie, being duly sworn, says that he has read in the papers the statement of D. A. G. Ouzts in reference to the sale of some contraband wine to himself and W. J. Hill by Commissioner Vance; that at the time of the sale of the wine Messrs. Williams and Douthit were in the board room; that Col. Vance took a sample of the wine to them accompanied by himself and W. J. Hill; that Williams tasted the wine, and remarked that "it tasted like pokeberry juice, and was unfit to drink." Mr. Douthit upon tasting it pronounced it worthless; that Col. Vance said he thought it pretty fair claret wine, and could sell it for 10 cents per gallon; that Messrs. Williams and Douthit told him to sell it immediately; that the statement of D. A. G. Ouzts that Col. Vance sold this wine on his own motion is absolutely false.

T. W. Collins, G. B. Pettigrew, J. E. Earhardt, J. P. Easler and R. C. McCants, being duly sworn, say that they are employes at the State dispensary; that they were there while Col. Vance was commissioner; that they have read the statement of D. A. G. Ouzts in the papers in reference to Col. Vance trying to compel the employes to vote for Sloan in the last municipal election; that Col. Vance never intimated to them that he had any choice in the matter, nor do they know of Col. Vance having spoken to any of the employes about whom they should vote for, and that to the best of their belief and information the statement of D. A. G. Ouzts is absolutely false.

John Black, being duly sworn, says that he is the shipping clerk at the State dispensary; that he filled said position 12 months while Col. Vance was commissioner; that never at any time did Commissioner Vance intimate to him in the remotest degree that he would prefer any one brand of whiskey shipped to another; that he has read in the papers the statement made by D. A. G. Ouzts that Col. Vance pressed the shipment of certain liquors; that to the best of his belief and information said statement is absolutely false.

B. C. Webb, being duly sworn, says, that he is the clerk of the State board of control; that he held same position while Col. Vance was commissioner; that he has read the statement as published in the papers by D. A. G. Ouzts, in which he charges that Col. Vance loaned to Mr. W. McB. Sloan the coal belonging to the State, and that Sloan did his own weighing, returning some and paying for some; that some time in March Mr. Sloan delivered to the dispensary one car of coal, but not 100 tons as charged by D. A. G. Ouzts; that the car, according to the railroad weight contained 58,700 pounds of coal; that Mr. Sloan got 14,140 pounds, as shown by the certificate of City Weigher Griffin attached to the voucher in the office of the State board of control; that on April 6 Mr. Sloan presented his bill and was paid for 44,290 pounds, as shown by voucher in the office of the State board of control; that Mr. Sloan did borrow from Col. Vance 10,320 pounds of hard coal; that the coal borrowed and the coal returned was weighed by City Weigher Griffin, as shown by his certificate of weights attached to the voucher in the office of the State board of control; that Mr. Sloan returned all the coal borrowed save 60 pounds, which he paid for at the rate of $7.50 per ton, as shown on voucher in the office of the State board of control; that the statement of D. A. G. Ouzts in reference to this transaction is absolutely false.

G. H. Charles, being duly sworn, says that he is one of the bookkeepers at the State dispensary; that he has read in the papers the statement of D. A. G. Ouzts that Col. Vance invariably gave the orders for Lanahan & Son's whiskies to be shipped out first, so that the same could be bottled up and shipped out before the next meeting of the board of control; that Col. Vance never gave verbal orders for the shipment of liquors purchased by the State board; that all orders were in writing; that he has examined the orders given by Col. Vance from April, 1898, to April, 1899, inclusive (during which period D. A. G. Ouzts served as bookkeeper to Col. Vance, who was commissioner at that time); that these orders, which are now on file in the office of the clerk of the board of control, by their dates show conclusively that the statement of D. A. G. Ouzts is absolutely false.

F. E. Young, being duly sworn, says that he is the receiving clerk at the State dispensary, and as such keeps a record of all goods received; that prior to his appointment D. A. G. Ouzts kept this book; that the entries from April, 1898, to May, 1899, except when Mr. Collins was doing Mr. Ouzts' work, are in the handwriting of D. A. G. Ouzts; that he has read in the papers the statement of D. A. G. Ouzts that Col. Vance when commissioner would order the Lanahan purchases shipped first, so that their liquor would be first received at the dispensary, bottled up and shipped out before the next meeting of the State board of control; that the receiving book shows when the whiskey purchases were received; that the record as kept by D. A. G. Ouzts himself proves conclusively that his charges as stated above against Col. Vance are absolutely false.

BLACK IS ON THE WAR PATH.

He Hits Ouzts in the Eye and Uses Ugly Language—When Will the End Come?

Capt. Black, the shipping clerk at the State dispensary, comes back at ex-Bookkeeper Ouzts in the following communication:

To the Editor of The State:

Since X-Bookkeeper Ouzts has finished his book of revelations, I wish to call the attention of the public to the following facts: I have been connected with the State dispensary as shipping clerk since May, 1898. I served under Col. Vance, the commissioner, till May of the present year. From the time I entered upon my duties in May, 1898, till Col. Vance left, in May, 1899, there was no reason for anybody to believe or suspect any wrong doing; everything worked smoothly, with the exception of one man; that was Ouzts. He was always creating trouble of some kind in every way that he possibly could; he wanted to run everything; he always disliked me, and, for several reasons, when the board of control saw fit to displace him as shipping clerk, I was put in his place; this, I have been reliably informed, nearly killed him. He had a talk at the time with some of the employes about me, said that I was no gentleman, etc., and that he would have rather had his salary reduced $25 than to have lost his place as shipping clerk, getting, as I am told, so much a case on certain brands of whiskey to ship them. All of this passed on till in January, 1899, when the Legislature met; there had to be one member of the board of control elected to succeed now X-Commissioner Douthit, then a member of the State board of control. His opponent was Hon. T. C. Robinson of Pickens, S. C., and from what I had seen of Mr. Robinson I thought him the right man, and a better man than Douthit. I went to work for Robinson; did all that was in my power for him; he was elected; this added fuel to fire with Ouzts and others. In May of this year Douthit was elected commissioner, and Ouzts was as near heaven as he wanted to be; he said that he would have a say when Douthit got in; this he has had, in the way of stealing, etc. He at once set about to run the building—all of the departments. I found that he was (every time my back was turned) going through my desk, looking at my private papers, trying to give orders to my hands, etc. I told my truck hands to tell me when they caught him in my desk looking over my papers, books, etc.; this they did on many occasions. At last, a few months ago, Mr. H. S. Thomas, one of my hands at that time, reported to me that Ouzts had been going through everything. I immediately went to the commissioner's office and told Ouzts that if I ever caught him in my office again—a G—d d—n thieving scoundrel—examining my private papers, I would shoot the top of his head off. I told him then and there all I knew how, and the language could not be mistaken. I was so rough with him Capt. Webb came down from up stairs and asked me to stop; I told him I would stop as soon as Ouzts decided whether or not he was going to fight. I offered to fight him in any way he wished, and, although he weighs about 275 pounds and I weigh about 140 pounds, the cowardly cur didn't dare open his mouth.

All of these dates that he has given in the papers were stolen from our offices, but a large majority of them are lies. He says I was drunk and disorderly. Well, I suppose he must have been a coward and badly scared when I cursed him for all the low ——— ——'s that I could, and told him that he was a thief.

Ouzts has taken all of the mistakes of the dispensary and laid them at my door; this, he knows, is a low, cowardly act. I am free to admit that I do make mistakes, the daily shipments running from 500 to 1,500 cases, but there are dozens of times when the goods are put in the wrong stack, and very often marked wrong at the wires; this is caused in a great measure by putting new men to mark the cases, and this is in a great measure due to the fact that Ouzts was too lazy to do his duty. Mr. Collins, at the last of each month ever since I have been connected with the State dispensary, had to help Ouzts with or straighten his books. This would make it necessary for the superintendent to put a new man to do the marking; then, of course, the errors would be heard from all over the State. I have nothing whatever to do with the marking, and therefore am not responsible for errors there.

Letters from dispensers and others are given, and Black continues as follows:

"This is only some as this infernal liar knows. I have sent as many as five cases marked wrong back to the wires to be remarked at one time. I admit, as I said before, that I make mistakes, and believe every man does; this, however, is not stealing. When I make a mistake it is my duty to correct it, which I have always done; when a man steals he should not be allowed to go at large like this fellow Ouzts, but the penitentiary is the proper place for such criminals."

Statements from Capt. B. C. Webb and Mr. M. H. Mobley are printed to show that Ouzts also made mistakes, and then Black goes on to say that Ouzts has on several occasions sent cases of whiskey from the building; this he might say was sent to him, and no doubt some of it was, but too much went away. There is now locked up in the desk that he worked at, at the State dispensary, twenty or twenty-one bottles of whiskey—a regular "blind tiger." He is mean enough to say something about Mr. Earhardt getting a little over his regular wages in the absence of a superintendent, when I must say he has on all occasions made, when left in charge of the bottling department, as good a superintendent as ever saw the building; still Ouzts goes North, visits whiskey men, and stays three weeks and on his return draws his regular salary and Mr. Collins, who took his place, I am informed, only received $15.00 for doing Ouzts' work for three weeks. Why did he visit for three weeks whiskey men at the North? Who paid for the trip? Of course, we all have an idea. He says, too, that all of the members, I believe though that he only mentions three in number, have relatives in the dispensary. Suppose that they have, if they are competent and honest, whose business is it but theirs? The fact of the matter is, Ouzts has a nephew there himself, and while he didn't have the power to put him there it was his influence.

One of the most cowardly things that I ever heard of was when he tried to stab Mr. Miles in the back by slapping at Mr. E. F. Young in the newspaper. Mr. Young is an orphan boy, working hard to support his mother and aunt, everybody likes him in the building, he is as true as steel, the right kind of blood runs through his veins, he is honest and upright in every respect; this is the kind of boy Ouzts don't like. If he could be induced to steal he would be an angel. Ouzts says he is not competent and says that he made lots of mistakes; I believe he does, like any other man, make some. There was a shipment from Tallapoosa, Ga., that Ouzts says was checked up wrong by Mr. Young, 65 cases of empty bottles. The following will show what the glass company had to say about it:

TALLAPOOSA, GA., Sept. 22, '99.
State Board of Control, Columbia, S. C.

Dear Sirs: We have your telegram ordering one car of half pints, also letter confirming same and ordering one car of pints, which shall receive our prompt attention. We are now loading a car, in which we will put one half pints and one-half half pints, so that you can have some of each, and as soon as we can get another car set in we will send another loaded one-half each.

We herewith enclose to you credit voucher for 65 cases, 27 1-12 gross error in shipment August 31st, and thanking you for favors shown, we remain,

Yours very truly,
(Signed,) DIXIE GLASS CO.
By C. A. NORTON, Treas.

As to my doing my duty, whether I was drunk and disorderly or not is a matter with the State board of control, and not Ouzts; if it had been left with Ouzts he would have displaced me with his lies long ago, and instead of my making the report that I did a month ago and showing these things up, and doing so without any fear of anybody they would have had full swing and instead of their being out of the State dispensary, the State dispensary would have been out of sight of the people of South Carolina, and it would have only taken a short time for such men as Ouzts to sink it financially, and forever.

He has something to say about my working for Hon. M. R. Cooper at the last election; I am no Judas, I did, I worked night and day for him, and I am indeed glad that he is elected, and if I live till next summer will do so again. This is my first and last communication to the newspapers. Ouzts is not my equal. I would not speak to such a cur on the streets, but slap his dirty face if he was to dare to speak to me. I am still in the city of Columbia, work at the State dispensary and live at the corner of Sumter and Taylor streets, and in conclusion wish to say to the public, that Ouzts was turned out for dishonesty, and violating the orders of his superior officers, and my opinion of him I have expressed to him in the presence of witnesses and have not hesitated to repeat it in this article.

JOHN BLACK.

THANKSGIVING PROCLAMATION.

President McKinley Calls Upon Americans, Cubans, Porto Ricans and Filipinos to Observe a Day of Thanksgiving.

President McKinley has issued the following thanksgiving proclamation:

A national custom dear to the hearts of the people calls for the setting apart of one day in each year as an occasion of special thanksgiving to Almighty God for the blessings of the preceding year. This honored observance acquires with time a tenderer significance. It enriches domestic life. It summons under the family roof the absent children to glad reunion with those they love.

Seldom has this nation had greater cause for profound thanksgiving. No great pestilence has invaded our shores. Liberal employment waits upon labor. Abundant crops have rewarded the efforts of the husbandman. Increased comforts have come to the home. The national finances have been strengthened, and public credit has been sustained and made firmer. In all branches of industry and trade there has been a steady gain in the moral and educational growth of our national character.

Churches and schools have flourished. American patriotism has been exalted. Those engaged in maintaining the honor of the flag with such signal success have been in a large degree spared from disaster and disease. An honorable peace has been ratified with a foreign nation with which we were at war, and we are now on friendly relations with every power on earth.

The trust which we have assumed for the people of Cuba has been faithfully advanced. There is marked progress toward the restoration of healthy industrial conditions, and under wise sanitary regulations the island has enjoyed exemption from the scourge of fever. The hurricane which swept over our new possession of Porto Rico, destroying the homes and property of the inhabitants, called forth the instant sympathy of the people of the United States, who were swift to respond with generous aid to the sufferers. While the insurrection still continues in the island of Luzon, business is resuming its activity, and confidence in the good purposes of the United States is being rapidly established throughout the archipelago.

"For these reasons and countless others I, William McKinley, President of the United States, do hereby name Thursday, the 30th day of November next, as a day of general thanksgiving and prayer, to be observed as such by all our people on this continent and in our newly acquired islands, as well as by those who may be at sea or sojourning in foreign lands; and I advise that on this day religious exercises shall be conducted in the churches or meeting places of all denominations, in order that in the social features of the day its real significance may not be lost sight of, but fervent prayers may be offered to the Most High for a continuance of the Divine guidance without which man's efforts are vain, and for Divine consolation to those whose kindred and friends have sacrificed their lives for country.

I recommend also that on this day, so far as may be found practicable, labor shall cease from its accustomed toil and charity abound toward the sick, the needy and the poor.

In witness whereof, I have set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed. (Signed)

WILLIAM MCKINLEY.

UNDER NO OBLIGATION.—On returning from the barn early one morning the old man found his wife in tears.

"Wha' cher crying about, Melissy?" he inquired.

"'Nother—one—uv our darters—was stole las' night," she sobbed.

"The red-headed un?" he asked laconically.

"Yes—pore Mag—she was the best gal—"

"Bob Scuttles?"

"Uv course; hasn't been no other feller waitin' on her. Ain't you goin to pursue after 'em an' arrest 'im?"

"Uv course not," he replied, sternly. "I'm not under obligations to help Bob Scuttles out of no difficulty. Let him go ahead and work out his sentence, same's I've been doin' fur the las' 40 years."

—A boy, on starting to church one Sunday, was given, by his father, a nickel and a twenty-five cents piece, and told that he could put either the one or the other into the contribution box. On the boy's return he was asked which coin he had contributed. He thereupon explained that the preacher had said that the Lord loveth a cheerful giver, and added, "I knew I could give the nickel a good deal more cheerfully than I could give the quarter, so I threw in the nickel and kept the quarter."

TRUTH REVEALED IN DREAM

A STORY OF ACTUAL LIFE.

The Innocent Wife Has the Real Murderer Shown to Her By Her Slain Husband in a Vision of the Night.

The Thornton murder, which occurred at the McKinley mines, in Virginia, has developed into one of the strangest sensations of the times and the profound mystery which developed the bloody deed has been revealed by a dream.

The innocent wife of the murdered man, who was incarcerated in jail, charged with the crime, seemed to have had some strange visitation during her sleep in her prison cell, and the unknown murderer was revealed to her in a dream, in which her dead husband told her that her cousin, George Ray, was his murderer.

John Thornton, who was so mysteriously assassinated on the morning of July 30th, was a popular mining man who had many friends at Prosperity, where he resided, and also at Webb City, his former home. He was thirty-four years of age when killed. About eight years ago he married a girl, and for several months they lived happily together. She was insanely jealous, and he seemed to often delight in trifling with her jealous feelings and to amuse himself by exciting her suspicions, especially when she chanced to provoke or irritate him.

On one occasion he had aroused her jealous fury to such an extent that she got a pistol and attempted to kill him, on the streets of Webb City, but the bullet missed its mark. Two years later she again tried to kill him, but he seized the pistol and in the scuffle for it Mrs. Thornton was shot in the stomach, but soon recovered.

After that they lived more peaceably together, and seemed happy and devoted to each other, except for occasional little family tilts, when she would become infuriated with anger, almost always the result of jealousy.

Once in her life she vowed that she would never be happy until she had drunk John Thornton's heart's blood, but when her anger passed away she was the same loving and affectionate, but suspicious wife.

On Saturday night, July 29th, John Thornton went to his usual work as night engineer and watchman at the Bulldog mine, one of the McKinley group, just west of Prosperity. It was his custom to remain there all night when the mine was not running a night shift.

About midnight he received a visit from a friend, E. D. Hawkins, the night watchman of the Good Enough mine, close by. During their conversation Hawkins noticed a new ring on Thornton's finger and spoke of it admiringly. Thornton said: "Yes, I paid $9 for it on the installment plan at 25 cents a week." Saying this, he took off the ring and handed it to Hawkins who examined it and then returned it to Thornton. The two men chatted pleasantly together until after 1 o'clock, when Hawkins took his departure. He was the last person, except the assassin, who ever saw John Thornton alive.

Next morning about 8 o'clock J. R. Cornett, an employee of the Victor mine, was passing, and glancing into the engine room saw Thornton lying down, apparently asleep. He called to him, but receiving no response shook him, and then discovered that the man was dead, with his throat cut from ear to ear and an immense gaping wound and mass of clotted blood presenting a ghastly spectacle. Thornton had been lying face downward in a pool of blood and a mass of cinders from the boiler, and his face was covered with cinders and ashes and his own life's blood.

Cornett soon spread the alarm and the coroner appeared. When the murdered man's face was washed a bullet hole was found in the right temple. The coroner's jury returned a verdict to the effect that John Thornton had come to his death at the hands of some person or persons to the jury unknown. It was a mystery to which no clew could be found until Hawkins, the man who had last seen Thornton alive, appeared. He told about his visit to Thornton and his chat about the ring. It was then noticed that the ring was gone, and robbery was supposed to have been the motive of the murder.

While the mystified miners and villagers discussed the strange killing and advanced various theories as to its cause and as to the assassin, a curious coincidence happened at the Thornton home.

The wife of the murdered man handed her mother a gold ring and told her to put in on John's finger; that she wanted him buried with the ring on the finger where he had worn it. Those who heard of this incident and had heard Hawkins tell of seeing this same ring on Thornton's finger the night before coupled the two incidents together and thought they had found a solution of the mystery and had discovered the assassin.

Mrs. Thornton was asked where she got the ring.

"I shook it out of John's clothes," she answered, unconscious of the part the ring was to play in leading to her accusation of the murder.

There was talk on every side. The wife of the dead man was believed to be the assassin or an accomplice. Her several attempts to kill her husband were recalled, as also her assertion that she would never be happy until she had drunk John Thornton's heart's blood.

The gossips told of Mrs. Thornton's past, and the dark spots in her career were magnified until she was made a fiend in human shape. The more they talked the more firmly convinced were they of the woman's guilt, and no other theory was considered and no other clew was sought. Her guilt was fully established, according to all accepted theories, and on Monday a warrant was issued for the arrest of Mrs. Thornton on the charge of murder in the first degree. In some respects the case resembled the great Maybrick murder sensation, but a merciful and mysterious spirit or power revealed the truth and saved Mrs. Thornton from the awful fate of Mrs. Maybrick.

In jail charged with her husband's murder, Mrs. Thornton seemed astounded and unable to realize the situation or to understand why she should be accused of murder. But her protestations of innocence and expressions of astonishment were all accepted as a part of the tragedy which a fiendish woman had committed. Her guilt was regarded as certain and the unfortunate woman had no defenders. She soon found that her only hope was in higher power than man, and that in order to prove her innocence she must find the murderer.

In her adversity she had lost her friends. She felt as if all the world had deserted her, and in her wretchedness she sought relief in prayer. Imploring Almighty God to be merciful and reveal to her the murderer of her husband and free her from the charge of guilt and open her prison door, the dejected woman feel asleep and dreamed that her dead husband had returned to her. When he appeared before her she asked him if he could not tell her who killed him. He bowed his head and told her to send for her cousin, George Ray, and accuse him.

The dream seemed so real to the imprisoned woman that when she awoke she could not control her emotion. She was sure that what her husband told her was true, and whether what she had seen was a spirit or only the dream of a disordered mind, she could not tell, but she was so fully convinced that George Ray was her husband's assassin that she could not rest until he was brought before her.

Day finally dawned, and the anxious prisoner told her jailer her dream. So firmly was he impressed by its vividness that he consented to send for George Ray. A deputy sheriff visited Ray and told him Mrs. Thornton wanted to see him at the Cartage jail. He went with the officer, and together they entered the woman's quarters, where she met them. After a few commonplace remarks were passed between them, Mrs. Thornton turned to Ray with a look that seemed to penetrate his very soul, and said:

"George, I'm in prison, charged with a terrible crime, and if you have any idea who murdered John Thornton for God's sake tell me, for I don't want to suffer for this crime."

Ray sat motionless and almost dumfounded. The woman's earnest and impressive manner completely unnerved him and the abruptness of the question threw him off his guard. For several minutes he was silent, but the woman's eyes were riveted upon him, and he seemed powerless to turn his eyes away from her penetrating gaze. He looked at her pleadingly and piteously, and then broke down and began crying.

"I done it," were the only words he said, until the deputy sheriff began to question him, when he made a clean breast of it and told all. He said he went to the engine room and found Thornton asleep in a chair: then he shot him. When the bullet struck Thornton he opened his eyes and seemed to recognize his assassin as he fell from the chair. Then Ray drew a razor, and, to make sure of the job, cut the dying man's throat from ear to ear, almost severing the head from the body. He then took Thornton's money, a roll of bills, and his ring, and returned to Thornton's house, arriving at 3:10 o'clock.

Ray gave as his motive for killing Thornton the hatred he bore the latter for repeatedly cursing and abusing him for loafing about the house and living off him instead of going to work. Ray is a consumptive in a very feeble condition. His feet are swollen with rheumatism, and he felt unable to work. On the day preceding the night of the killing, Thornton had been very abusive to Ray, and the consumptive boy, driven to desperation, determined to kill him. He took the money and ring to give the idea that Thornton had been murdered and robbed by tramps.

Ray told where the roll of bills was concealed in an old stove, and where the razor had been driven into the ground, in the stable. The money was found as he described it, it being a roll of bills amounting to $75, and the razor was dug up in the stable. Ray showed the officers an old mining shaft, into which he had thrown the pistol, but as it contained several feet of water, and they were convinced of the accuracy of his confession the officers deemed further search unnecessary.

Ray was committed to prison and Mrs. Thornton was released, her innocence having been proved by the discovery of the murderer of her husband, as revealed to her in a dream.

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST.

Quaint and Curious Paragraphs Gathered from Various Sources.

—Lieut. Brumby, of the Olympia, is said to be the greatest smoker in the navy. Except when eating, sleeping or on duty, he always has a cigar in his mouth.

—The construction of a cigar box may seem a very simple matter to the novice, but the box passes through 19 different processes before it is ready to receive the cigars.

—The movement for the erection of a monument in San Francisco to commemorate Admiral Dewey's victory at Manila is already assured of a successful outcome, the fund having reached $36,000.

—Instead of issuing return checks to persons leaving a theatre during the performance, the Japanese mark the departing spectator on the hand with an India rubber stamp, the mark varying each evening in form and color.

—Of the 140 cities in the United States having a population of 30,000 or over, all save 41 own and operate the municipal water supply. Only four have municipal gas works—Duluth, Richmond, Wheeling and Toledo; while 13 own and operate electric light plants.

—Cooperage woods have advanced 20 per cent. largely caused by the enormous demand from the whisky combine. Experimenters are trying to make cloth and soap out of wood pulp. Sawdust and wood waste have almost as great a value as the plank ten years ago.

—The Illinois Supreme Court has ruled that the shade trees in the street in front of a man's property belong to him and cannot be cut down or mutilated without his consent. The suit was one in which a property owner sued a telephone company for cutting off the limbs of his trees in order to make room for its wires.

—A few years ago a Western railroad planted 600 acres of land with trees with the idea of growing timber for railway ties and telegraph poles. The trees have made good growth, but are not quite ready for use as poles, and some of the trees are now being cut out and made into fence posts in order to thin the forest.

—A paper published in Lima, Peru, tells of an artillery soldier who was sentenced to be flogged, and as the regulation cat-o'-nine-tails was not at hand was put in prison to await its arrival—the officer in charge being a stickler for discipline. It was about a year before the requisite scourge was supplied by the authorities, and by that time the soldier had been dead several months.

—The Lincoln League of California, which is to erect a statute of Abraham Lincoln in San Francisco, has about decided to accept the design submitted by John Gelert, of New York. The design represents the martyred President seated in a large arm chair. The figure will be of bronze and the pedestal of granite, with decorative panels of marble.

—The next great celebration in New York is likely to be held in September, 1909, and it will be the 300th anniversary of the discovery of the Island of Manhatten by Henry Hudson. The 200th anniversary, in September, 1809, was modestly celebrated by a dinner, held under the auspices of the New York Historical Society. There is already talk that the anniversary may be celebrated by a World's Fair.

—To designate a minister as "Reverend Brown" is a vulgarism that violates correct form and good taste, and yet not only is the phrase used by newspaper reporters, but it is heard even in presbyteries, in reports and minutes, and, worst of all, sometimes ministers themselves are guilty of this illiterate solecism. The correct form is "Rev. Mr. Brown," or "Rev. John Brown," or the most dignified form is "The Rev. John Brown."

—It is said that the bobolinks which rear their young on the shores of Lake Winnipeg, Canada, and go to Cuba and Porto Rico to spend the winter, twice traverse a distance exceeding 2,800 miles or more than a fifth of the circumference of our earth, each year. The kingbird lays its eggs as far north as the 57th degree of latitude, and is found in the winter in South America. The biennial pilgrimages of the little redstar exceed 3,000 miles, and the tiny hummingbird 2,000.

—The city of Copenhagen, Denmark, is overrun with rats, and is trying to exterminate the pests by offering a small bounty on each rat killed. In the first week 6,094 rodents were officially recorded as having been slaughtered; the number grew to 6,616 in the second week, and to 6,780 in the third. When the number shall have reached 10,000 per week it is thought that some impression will have been made on the army of rats. Meanwhile rat catching is a popular and lucrative sport with the youth of the town.

OUZTS FIRES ANOTHER GUN.

JUST SHELLING THE WOODS.

His Correspondents in Marion County Tell an Interesting Tale About Ex-Chairman Haselden.

Mr. D. A. G. Ouzts has begun a new series of revelations, and promises to open with heavier guns hereafter. He writes as follows:

To the Editor of The State:

So far there have been two and a quarter attempts to answer my "revelations." I do not think any impression has been made on the public by the two and a quarter attempts, which are only an effort to muddy the waters by calling me names so as to divert attention from the clearcut issues I have made. The public does not care what is thought of me by the men against whom I have made charges—but the public is anxious to know if those charges are true. If no better defense can be made than has been presented, they had better keep silent. They try to weaken my charges by attacking my character, but while they call me names and make a few charges, they simply make the charges and do not attempt to prove them as I proved what I charged.

The quarter attempt was made by J. St. Julien Yates, who simply exemplified the truth of the saying that "fools rush in where angels fear to tread." There is no use wasting time on such a poor, pitiful dispensary pimp. He used to hang around Columbia, begging for orders. He got several large orders for glass, but his bottles were of such inferior quality that he could sell no more, and had to find fresh fields to work. Then he secured a beer privilege in Charleston, which he farmed out, getting $75 a month for the use of his privilege. The tenantholders of the privilege finally was closed out, owing the State several hundred dollars for royalty. Yates now rushes into print and bootlicks the majority faction, probably in the hope that his zeal will be rewarded with some of the crumbs from the dispensary table, at which he has feasted in the past.

The replies of Haselden and Black have already been sized up by the papers of the State at their true value. They are generally regarded as a transparent attempt to draw attention away from my charges by blackguarding me. But even were all they say about me true—and it is not, nor have they attempted to give proof—it would not weaken the force of my charges, which I backed up with proof.

Some papers say I should not have waited until I lost my position before making charges. At the outset of my revelations as to unworthy officials who made public office a private snap, I stated that many matters of which I would write I had reported to the members of the State board of control. If in their judgment it was not wise then to turn on the light and have an investigation, it is not my fault and should not be charged up to me. The complaints I made of irregularities drew down upon me the wrath of those against whom charges were made. I was accused of being a mischiefmaker and I was in danger of losing my position. My friends on the board advised me to make no more complaints until they had a majority of the board, but unfortunately they have remained in a minority.

When I was first elected bookkeeper to Commissioner Vance, Mr. Haselden, then chairman, asked me to keep him posted. I did so for awhile, until I saw he would do nothing on my reports. He was not so strong on investigations then as he is now.

Mr. Haselden in his card says he replies to articles "appearing over my name." I would like for him to inform the public who wrote the messages to the board of control he signed and read to it while chairman. He got the credit for them, but who wrote them? One of the messages ended by praising my work as bookkeeper and saying I was well qualified and competent. I did not write that part, for I am too modest to praise myself. But that praise of me made the other clerks jealous, and a paragraph had to be added giving them the praise of the chairman. I am responsible for all articles signed by me, and if Mr. Haselden does not like them he can easily find me.

Will Mr. Haselden tell the public who wrote his statement in regard to Mr. McDaniel of Chester, who was removed by the board? By the way, does he write what he now signs? Judging by the past I would say that he gets somebody else to do so.

In those days Mr. Haselden did not think me incompetent. Nor does he believe now that I am either incompetent or dishonest. If he did, he would have had me removed on such charges, instead of a trumped up charge for violation of an alleged order of the board—a charge they did not dare give me a hearing on, though they promised it.

But Mr. Haselden is good at making false charges, such as he preferred against Mr. Douthit, and he now insinuates against me. He started at that game early in life. I have gone back and traced up his record. I would not have done this but for the fact that the child is father to the man and the further fact that as the twig is inclined so is the tree bent. I will show how he is now fulfilling the promise of his youth. As a preface to that story, which will be published in the future, I will publish two letters from citizens of Marion, Mr. Haselden's home county, showing how my "revelations" are appreciated by his neighbors. A man's standing at home is the surest criterion of his real worth—if he have any.

The first is dated Oct. 17, 1899, and is as follows:

Mr. D. A. G. Ouzts, Columbia, S. C.

Dear Sir: I have been reading with much interest your revelations in reference to the mismanagement of the dispensary, as they have appeared from day to day in the public prints. It strikes me that while your charges are well sustained, they do not go down deep enough in the matter and many things are as yet unrevealed and will only be known when there is a thorough legislative investigation as there was in the penitentiary matter. * * * There are some things in reference to ex-Chairman Haselden as a public officer that ought to be known. Since his connection with the board of control hundreds of bottles of all kinds of liquors and wines and lager beer by the barrel have been shipped to Sellers to him by various liquor houses for his own personal use. In every instance the freight is prepaid and he has nothing to do but take it out. Of course it is a physical impossibility to drink it all himself, while he does his level best to do so, and the balance is distributed about free, where it will do the most good. I am told that he has a room in his house fixed up for the the display of his goods and has large bottles on which appear, in large gilt letters, such labels as the following: "Haselden's Night Cap," Haselden's Private Stock," "Haselden's Dew Drop," etc. All this is received from liquor houses and is sent to him absolutely free. Many young men have been offered liquor in his house and often come away in all stages of intoxication and I, myself, have seen older men, men with families, come from his house as drunk as the proverbial fiddler's bitch. The books of the express company at Sellers will show the many shipments. The influence of a free bar in that community is worse than a dispensary or a blind tiger. * * * All the above facts and many more similar can be substantiated by record and unimpeached testimony. You might also inquire who was it—Haselden or Cooper—who had the box of samples shipped to Spartanburg for a certain candidate during the last State primary and about which so much was said at the time.

The second is from another town in Marion under date of October 18, 1899, and is as follows:

Mr. D. A. G. Ouzts—Dear Sir: The people of this county have read with much interest your chapter on the Hon. J. Dudley Haselden. What is perhaps a surprise and shock to other sections of the State only creates a smile down here, for the people have long been talking that some people were feathering their nests. In addition to the many relatives of Mr. Haselden whom you have mentioned as getting office under him, you might mention another cousin by marriage, T. L. Bass, dispenser at this place. At the time Gov. McSweeney took office, a large part of the constabulary of the State hailed from this county. Through whose influence they were appointed I do not know. Perhaps you do. They were Chief W. W. Sellers, Division Chief John G. Watson, Privates J. Rich Hayes, —— Game J. T. Dosier, being near neighbors of Mr. Haselden.

At the time Mr. Haselden became a member of the board of control he owned a judgment against him of between $2,000 and $2,500. That judgment has been paid. It has been reported for months that packages of whiskey had been shipped to Mr. Haselden from various liquor houses, of the very fanciest kind put up in bottles marked "Haselden's Best," "Haselden's Pride," etc. It has also been reported that Mr. Haselden has a college record equal to that of his dispensary record.

Messrs. Mobley and Webb join in the attempt to make it appear that I did not work hard and that I made mistakes.

Mr. Mobley is one of the bookkeepers to the State board of control. His home is in Winnsboro and he goes there nearly every Saturday evening, losing time from his work. Sometimes he does not return until Monday evening or Tuesday morning. Captain Webb also pays visits to his home in Charleston. When here he does not hurt himself with work. He and Mobley often get behind with their work, and then an inspector is taken off the road to help them. This soft snap usually falls to Inspector Moody, one of Mr. Haselden's cousins.

He has no regular work in the State dispensary, but helps Messrs. Webb and Mobley. They go to work at 8 a. m., and leave at 1 p. m., for dinner, often staying from one and a half to two and a half hours. On October 20 Capt. Webb went to dinner at 1 p. m., and returned at 4:30 p. m. Mr. Moody seems really afraid they will catch up, or, at least, I suppose he has such a fear, for I and others have seen him enjoying a quiet nap in the dispensary in the afternoon. But as he is Mr. Haselden's cousin he can sleep on his job. His naps come high, for the State pays him $100 a month.

Mr. Mobley talks of mistakes. Here is one in which he figured. It is his duty to furnish inspectors the statements they use in checking up dispensers' accounts. He furnished one to an inspector to check up the Allendale dispenser, but charged against that dispenser about $6,000 worth of liquor which had been sent to the Abbeville dispensary. Naturally the Allendale dispenser was scared nearly to death, for he seemed to be badly in the hole. He refused to accept any such inspection and another trip had to be made. The State lost the expense of the extra trip to Allendale, besides the inspector's time.

All the invoices I made out for the dispensers were verified by some one in the board of control office. The reason for having such a verification was to detect errors and correct them. If in the rush of business I made mistakes the verification by them was to catch them, but they did not always do this. Such errors, therefore, are as much, if not more, theirs than mine. I am willing to compare my record for correctness with any of them in the dispensary and I am willing to go to the books for my proof. But this has no bearing on my case for I was not fired for incompetency, but was done up as "as a personal courtesy" to Mr. Miles in sustaining his action as to my suspension, and this, too, when he told Mr. Douthit he would not have suspended me had he known at the time the facts in the case as he learned them afterward. Why did he not ask before suspending?

They are prating so about mistakes, I will just say here that the board last week admitted some of my charges when it passed a resolution as to making a change in the way of marking the boxes so as to prevent mistakes. But still this does not stop them, as will be seen from the following letter, which proves that mistakes continue in the shipping department:

VARNVILLE, S. C., Oct 9, 1899.

Dear Sir: I only ordered six 1-gallon demijohns of X corn and six 1-gallon demijohns of 80 rye. Through some mistake I received thirty-six 1-gallon demijohns of X corn and thirty-six 1-gall