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A DAY OF EXCITEMENT IN EDGEFIELD.

The Crowd About Evenly Divided and Neither Side Allows the Candidates of the Other to Speak—Rival Factions March and Remarch With Their Candidates on Their Shoulders.

[Special to Augusta Chronicle.]

EDGEFIELD, S. C. July 7.—The most exciting meeting day of the South Carolina campaign is closing in with a dim sunset glow around this beautiful little town as I write. The echoes yet reverberate. The gallant, passionate, zealous men of this great county have been riding like lords out of town all day, by the different routes, and some of their cheers come back from over the hills now and are caught up or answered in town. The scenes that have transpired here to-day are hard to describe. If the waves were lashed to foam in Florence, this has been a second tempo.

Edgefield has the distinction of being strikingly original in everything she does. She therefore adds novelty to campaign history to-day. The streets were full of men at an early hour. The men came wearing their badges upon their coats, a red badge for Tillman and a blue badge for Sheppard and Orr. The South Carolina campaign has this marked trait: On political days there is very little love lost between men of opposite political faiths. So there was enough trouble in the crowds to keep them moving. At 11 o'clock everything surged to the speaker's stand in a party school house grove at the edge of the town. Seven hundred men were present, from the very instant the stand was surrounded and affairs began to assume a business attitude the rival cheering began. This immediately demonstrated that the sides were nearly evenly divided, which promptly put an energy into the demonstrations of each side that made matters leap into absolute interest at a bound. The cries were "Sheppard" and "Tillman." In the neighborhood of 350 lungs were crying the names of each at one time. The cries rise in a great composite mass that, it seems, would not end. The factions were vying to demonstrate superiority of numbers, pluck and endurance. The first speaker introduced was Lieutenant Governor Eugene B. Gary, of Abbeville. Edgefield is the home of the Garys. They have always been the champion of the masses of the people, or middle class. The name of Gen. Mart Gary, long since dead, can awaken an enthusiasm in any part of Edgefield County not accomplishable by any other name.

The name of Lieutenant Governor Gary, who is a nephew of Gen. Gary, was received with that enthusiasm which in Edgefield is always accorded the name. He spoke well, but he did not proceed without interruption. The audience could not control their over-zealous desire to cheer and counter cheer. However, there appeared to be no intention on the part of the conservative, to obstruct the speech.

But there came a change. And that change was the cause of the insurmountable trouble in camp. Col. L. W. Youmans was introduced to speak. Like a lash, meant to leap out and sting, the Tillman faction arose to their feet and cried for the champion at the top of their voices. This drowned all other speech.

There was no mistaking the meaning of the demonstration. The Tillman faction in the audience were determined that Col. Youmans should not speak, and equally determined that this fact should be established with emphasis. The conservative faction took up the cry, "Youmans!" The Tillmanites cried "Tillman!" The chairman, Hon. W. H. Timmerman, exhorted but his voice was much like a straw in a hurricane. The band playing the cheering ceased till the band stopped and then it began again. Various Tillman leaders exhorted. But their words could not nor would not be heard. The band played again and the result was the same. During this time a dozen fights in various parts of the audience were imminent, taking all the power of cool heads and friends to prevent or hold in abeyance.

A hundred fingers were shaking at Col. Youmans from the crowd continually, and lips were discharging execrations at him which neither he nor anybody else could hear. Governor Tillman attempted to quiet the crowd; but his efforts were futile. He stood motionless his hand for quiet, like a boy by the sea. Col. Youmans went close to Governor Tillman and demanded that he take his seat. Governor Tillman did not move or cease to lift and drop his hand. Col. Youmans went to find the chairman. He found him upon the ground, working personally with the audience. The chairman came back upon the stand. Col. Youmans called into his ear, "I demand that Governor Tillman take his seat. I appeal to you to make Governor Tillman take his seat!" Governor Tillman set down.

By some miracle, never understood, after twelve minutes of cheering the audience quieted down, and Col. Youmans proceeded with his speech. The announcement came from the Tillmanites in the audience. "We'll hear you, we'll hear you!" He was not heard, however, without interruption, which was much in excess of that given Col. Gary. In fact the obstructionist cheering was very great. Besides frequent stages of "howling down" there was a constant fire of questions from the audience directed at the speaker. A voice asked angrily, "Where is your pistol?" Others, "Where is your haversack?" "Where is your cane?"

Timmerman—Please hush. Colonel Youmans has as much right to be heard as any man in South Carolina.

Col. Youmans proceeded. Words came from the audience with frequent oaths. "We came to listen to gentlemen and not to Youmans!" "That is a lie!" "Where is your pistol?" "Where is your walking cane?"

Youmans—Where is yours? Voice—In my pocket! In my pocket! Where is yours? And the speaker shook his finger at Col. Youmans. The disturbance here became so great that the speaker could not be heard. A number of means were tried to bring order. Dr. Devore an aged and honored gentleman came out of the crowd and mounted the stand and got a hearing. He said he was seventy-six years old and would never be at another campaign meeting. He had come to hear campaign speaking once more. Let me hear for the sake of an old man. But the cheering went on.

A Voice—We will hear you Doctor, but we will not hear Youmans. Directly Col. Youmans was enabled to proceed. Voice (Tillmanite)—Where is your pistol? Use your pistol whenever you get ready. A Tillmanite said something about using his pistol when the time came. A Sheppardite sprang up and said, "If you want to use your pistol use it on me!" and started toward the first speaker.

He was interrupted with difficulty. Personal difficulties were on the brink of precipitation in many quarters. Arrests were being made every two or three minutes, or friends were quieting their violent companions. Col. Youmans secured a hearing again, but within a few moments had to close at the expiration of his time. Maj. Ernest Gary, county Democratic chairman, arose to introduce Governor Tillman.

The noise that began at the appearance of Gary was mistaken at first for entirely Tillman cheers. But the true nature of the demonstration was soon apparent. The Sheppard men were joining in the demonstration but with another name upon their lips. It was "Youmans."

"If Youmans is not allowed to speak here will no speaking done" a voice cried. Now began Youmans and Sheppard cries which were to continue over thirty minutes, obstructing further speaking and resulting in the adjournment of the meeting.

Mr. Mark Toney, one of the leaders of the conservative, said that nobody should speak if Youmans did not. Col. Oscar Cheatham declared the same thing. The imminent, constant and growing danger of great bloodshed in the audience was the final reason for the adjournment of the meeting.

Governor Tillman was being "howled down." The Sheppard faction was triumphant in spirit. The situation was growing more galling to the Tillmanites every moment. As the half-hour approached there were ominous signs in the crowd as shadows cast before. Arrests were more frequent, and in a few moments it was plain that a difficulty would be started of a large and serious nature. The meeting was hastily adjourned. That is the chairman announced as loud as he could to the speakers on the stand that it was adjourned. The speakers moved off the stand. The crowd rushed forward and in the moment forgot their personal differences. Governor Tillman was seized and lifted to the shoulders of his men.

The Tillmanites collected and swarmed around their Governor and went wild with enthusiasm around him as he was slowly borne off. In another direction a similar demonstration was going on around Governor Sheppard. The two factions for a few moments wondered aimlessly with their champions. Then Youmans and Orr were elevated. All the time the processions, wild with excitement moved about. Several times they came near to collisions, which it was feared would precipitate a great difficulty. Looking from the stand the scene resembled the action of a swarm of bees, undetermined what to do or where to go. Now the faction, would nearly settle in one place and then move to a better vantage point. All the time the cheering was deafening. Each procession moved in an unmistakable spirit of menace to the other and the sight of each to the other with their large following, like the spectacle of two infuriated animals angered at the sight of each other upon the same field. Finally the Tillman faction settled sixty yards away in front of the town high school building and installed Gov. Tillman in the piazza. About the same time forty yards away from the building the Sheppard or anti-faction had come to a stand and had Gov. Sheppard upon his feet in a buggy.

The cheers did not cease. They had been going twenty minutes with the moving processions. Governor Tillman began to speak to his friends from the school house piazza. "It is a matter of regret," he said, "to me to see men who are neighbors, friends and kinsmen acting in this unseemly and violent manner."

At this point a party of Sheppardites ran up and cried, "Sheppard! Sheppard!" at the top of their voices. Now a serious riot seemed imminent. Governor Tillman ceased speaking. The Tillmanites rushed upon the disturbers with curses. It was the utmost that cool heads could do to prevent violence.

Governor Tillman said: "I do not want any fighting. We know very well that I have three to one of the

meeting, and you cannot bring men from Alken over here to howl down anybody. Now, notwithstanding the peace and harmony which they claim, I will not speak to you at all, but go home."

There had been no speaking thus far at the Sheppard headquarters. The followers of Governor Tillman took him upon their shoulders and bore him past the Sheppard faction, and proceeded with him to the main square of the town with their cries.

After they had disappeared Governor Sheppard said, "The opposition have said that they would leave the hall without speaking if we would, so I will not speak. I say to my friends to go home as if the meeting had ended in good order. Let the termination be quiet at least."

Here the Sheppard faction dispersed and their demonstration ended for the day. The cries of the Tillman faction, however, were loud over in the town. Governor Tillman was born to the court house. Here Gen. McLaurin, General Farley and Governor Tillman spoke for two hours to as many of their faction as could crowd into the court room. Here Governor Tillman delivered what his friends say, and the conservatives agree, was the finest speech of his life, advocating a constitutional convention, a new public school system, an enactment for railroad control in the State, and a new system of county government. Edgefield, and perhaps no place in South Carolina, has ever seen such a day as this since '76. The complexion of the meeting was about three to two in favor of Tillman.

Getting Ahead.

[Thomas Kane, in the Interior.] A business man recently said to me: "I never knew a young man to get ahead who commenced by going in debt."

I replied that I never knew a young man to get ahead who did not make his start by getting into debt. We were both right. He was speaking of one kind of indebtedness; I, of another. He had in mind personal want—such as clothing, board, etc. I, the nucleus for a home or business.

Nothing indicates character in a young man or an older one, for that matter, more quickly and surely than his debts, if he has any. If for something to live on, or wear, the chances are at least ten to one that he will scratch a poor head all his days.

If, however, for a piece of land, a lot, stock in a building and loan association, or anything which has a home or the foundation of a livelihood for its object, each payment made means a granite stone in the foundation of his character.

If Paul were writing again, "Owe no man anything." I think he would add, "past due." To love one another is always due. Other debts are not properly debts at all, in the sense we meant, until date of payment. Financial manhood is built up, not by keeping out of debt, but by promptness of payment.

Another fact in the same line is that saving money is vastly more a matter of principle and habit than of amount of salary. Personally, I have never known a young man who, if he did not save money on a salary of forty dollars a month, would do it on seventy-five. If he did not on \$50, he would not on \$100. The man who saves nothing on \$1,000 a year will not do it on \$2,000 nor on \$3,000 nor even on \$5,000.

If you think these are wild statements, and not borne out by the facts, ask any business man of wide acquaintance, or if you do not know one, ask your pastor, if he has had experience among salaried workers.

Money in a savings bank is not the best financial test of a manly character. A partly or wholly paid for home, or piece of land on which to build one, is a far better test. On the other hand, it is the best test I know of, unless building and loan association stock be excepted, for wage-working women, whether they work in homes, offices or factories.

Naturally, a man looks forward to buying ground and building a home; a woman to the furnishing which takes ready money.

FOUGHT OUT IN BLOOD.

The Long Doubted Crisis Comes at Homestead. 17 Men Killed and 20 Wounded. Pinkerton Men Shot Down and Captured by the Strikers.

HOMESTEAD, July 6.—Capital and labor met in a deadly conflict here to-day. In the preliminary skirmish labor won the first round of the fight. It was a desperate battle, which stretched itself out like a riot for fifteen hours. The dead and dying will ever stand as ghastly monuments to the disaster. Yet Homestead is to be congratulated that the calamity was not more widespread. It seems a miracle that so few lives were lost, in view of the fact that the 220 Pinkerton men during the entire day were pinned up in the two barges that were constantly under fire from rifles, pistols, dynamite bombs, and the one cannon in the place, and that the workmen were enraged and made desperate by the presence of the Pinkertons, who, to the labor world, are firebrands in time of peace and war.

The workmen were determined and almost vicious in their warfare, and twice when their imprisoned foes threw up their arms and raised a flag of truce they refused to recognize the attempt to surrender. Only when they exhausted themselves did the workmen accept the defeat of their unknown enemies, and then the hired guardians were subjected to inhuman treatment, not content with marching their voluntary prisoners through the streets of the town, every man, woman, and child in the place was allowed a vigorous kick or a sickening blow at the unfortunates, until each of them, young and old, had to be almost dragged to the prison, into which the men were crowded last night awaiting the action of the Coroner and Sheriff—the former to charge them with the murder and the latter to imprison them for the crime.

Altogether it was an eventful day in Homestead, one that has left a crimson page in the story of wage disputes, and the end is not yet. The working people are just where they were before the Carnegie people assumed charge of their contest here. The next turn to be taken by the company will be watched with interest.

The people here are nervous, anxious, but they are content with their first victory, and they seem anxious for another tussle with capital, their ancient enemy. If the unfortunate Pinkertons who were glad to throw themselves upon the workmen's mercy are allowed to go unharmed to-night, there is not likely to be any trouble here for at least twelve hours, and what tomorrow will bring forth in the way of disturbances depends largely on the course pursued by the Carnegie company.

AIMED PINKERTON GUARDS AND STRUCKS CAME FACE TO FACE. HOMESTEAD, July 6.—Dawn was just breaking this morning when the first gun of the second bloodiest battle between labor and capital that has ever been fought in America was fired. Since then, with no color of right on either side, with no justification for the use of extreme and brutal measures by either side, the work of death has gone on apace without ceasing, and it is reported that at least twelve men have been killed and twenty wounded on both sides.

Never before the great railroad strikes of '77, when the army was called out and the streets were swept with Gatling guns, was this record equalled, and it has not been since until to-day, and the war has only just begun. To-night there is an army of 6,000 men, more than one-half of them well armed, and all of them carrying weapons of some armorial grade.

Money in a savings bank is not the best financial test of a manly character. A partly or wholly paid for home, or piece of land on which to build one, is a far better test. On the other hand, it is the best test I know of, unless building and loan association stock be excepted, for wage-working women, whether they work in homes, offices or factories.

Naturally, a man looks forward to buying ground and building a home; a woman to the furnishing which takes ready money.

By the coinage plank of its platform, adopted at Chicago, the Democratic party pledges itself to coin silver on the same terms on which gold is coined; to maintain the parity of the silver, gold, and paper money issued by the United States, and to abolish the existing premium on gold by the repeal of the Bullion Storage act, through which silver bullion is demonetized and the coinage of silver discontinued. The Democratic theory of bimetalism and of the free coinage of the precious metals is clearly elucidated in the Chicago platform. This declaration of the free coinage principle, without which the bimetallic standard cannot be maintained, meets the demands of bimetalists and at the same time cuts away the ground from under the feet of the advocates of the single gold standard.

The Democratic party will not only recognize the equality of silver with gold in coinage, but it will maintain the silver, the gold, and the paper dollar at par with each other. It has declared a policy that will be satisfactory to all Democrats, West and East, and in this declaration of policy it invites the support of all who are opposed to the single gold standard, to the unnatural premium on gold, and to a forced contraction of the currency.

they saw. With the bodies of their dead and wounded comrades beside them, they fought on without an apparent thought of surrender.

When finally their boats were sinking and death for all seemed only the question of an hour or so, they ran up a white flag at the masthead. It was shot down. They ran it up again, and it was riddled with bullets a second time. A third time they ran the remnant up, and the army ashore recognized it as a token of surrender.

STRICTEST ORDER NOW PREVAILS IN AND AROUND HOMESTEAD. PITTSBURG, July 7.—Pinkerton's detectives from Homestead, arrived in this city at 2:40 this morning. Twenty-seven of their number were wounded and were sent to the West Pennsylvania hospital.

They one and all refused to make any statement or to be interviewed. The course of Gov. Pattison in declining to order the national guard to Homestead until Sheriff McCleary had exhausted all the means in his power to preserve order is generally commended.

The prevailing opinion here is that had the militia appeared on the scene the bloodshed would have been much greater. The advent of armed and uniformed men of the State troops to guard the Carnegie works—to act as protectors of non-union men—would have excited the strikers to all possible resistance.

These men at Homestead are so well organized, are under such perfect control, and are so great in numbers that a conflict between them and the militia might be long and would certainly be a bloody one.

Under these circumstances the governor's careful survey of the state of affairs and his conservative action call for unqualified approval from every side.

TO BE TRIED FOR MURDER. PITTSBURG, Pa., July 7.—A visit to the union station revealed the fact that the Pinkerton detectives who arrived in this city at 2:30 this morning, will not be taken from the city, but will be kept at the Pennsylvania yards under a strong guard until daylight, when they will be removed to the county jail to await trial for murder.

ALL SILENT AT HOMESTEAD. HOMESTEAD, Pa., July 7.—Homestead was strangely silent this morning. It is the quiet of sober afterthought. The leaders are wondering what will be the next step. The men are bathing their wounds or making preparations to bury their dead.

Except for the large crowds of sightseers the town would be more than normally still. The leaders of the mob propose at once to have the fence on Carnegie's property rebuilt and also to repair all other damage caused by yesterday's riot. This will be done so as to prevent any suits of damages from the company.

The old guards were secured by the men and placed on duty to again look after the company's interest. There is much surprise here over the reported release by the sheriff of the Pinkerton Guards. When the men agreed not to kill the guards, it was with the understanding that the guards should be placed in jail until indictments for murder could be sworn out against them. The report of their release excited much angry discussion at first, but this was quieted when it was remembered that if the men appeared as witnesses they would themselves be liable to prosecution for riot. Several of the leaders expressed relief over the release and believe it no legal complication would arise.

The call of the sheriff for a posse was received here with good natured derision. The men are confident that the sympathy of the citizens evidently is so much with them that no good men would volunteer. They declare that had the guards not come here there would have been no violence. As an evidence of their sincerity a committee of three went through the works at an early hour this morning, coiled up the ropes and hose, took down all barricades and removed so far as possible all evidences of the conflict.

KILLED AND WOUNDED. HOMESTEAD, July 8.—The list of killed and injured is at last completed. Four were killed outright by Pinkerton's bullets, two others died in the evening, eleven badly injured, six of whom may die. Twenty-five others slightly injured. Three Pinkertons were killed.

eye punched out by an umbrella in the hands of a woman. Sent was thrown in their eyes and they were struck with clubs and other missiles. Many were knocked down with clubs, trampled on and some were too weak to walk when they were started for the town hall. The mill men used the stocks of their rifles and struck the detectives over the head and shoulders, inflicting serious, and, in some cases, perhaps fatal injuries.

As the procession reached the Amalgamated Association building the detectives had to remove their hats and salute the flag. When they removed their hats men and women hit them with umbrellas and sticks and abused them in every way imaginable. There seemed to be a determination to kill the prisoners, and it was with the greatest difficulty that a demon-like crowd could be restrained. The men were finally indulged in the Opera House, where they were to be kept for the night.

After the prisoners had been removed from the barges the rioters had their revenge. They carried oil into the holds, poured it over the bedding and furniture and then set it on fire, first securing the barges so that they could not float down the river and cause damage at points below. When the flames broke through the decks the cheers which rent the air were deafening and the noise could be heard miles away.

The hills on either side of the river were literally crowded with people who could witness from this high point all that was transpiring on the battle field and be out of range of the deadly bullets. The day was one that will be remembered with horror by the people of the borough, as well as the citizens of the entire country, who for a second time will be called upon to pay an enormous amount of money entailed in the shape of riot losses.

General Robert E. Lee. "He was a foe without hate, a friend without treachery, a soldier without cruelty and a victim without murmuring. He was a public officer without vices, a private citizen without wrong, a neighbor without reproach, a Christian without hypocrisy and a man without guile. He was Caesar without his ambition, Frederick without his tyranny, Napoleon without his selfishness and a Washington without his reward. He was as obedient to authority as a true king. He was as gentle as a woman in life, pure and modest as a virgin in thought, watchful as a Roman vestal on duty, submissive to law as Socrates, and grand in battle as Achilles."

The above matchless tribute to the imperial Robert E. Lee, was paid by the late Senator B. H. Hill, of Georgia. Lee is immortal, and his character should be emulated by the youth of all lands, and most especially this of ours. General Lee's true greatness was no less conspicuous in the simplicity and humility of his Christian character than in his genius and courage. While a great commander he was also a modest member of one of the Protestant Churches. A worthy exemplar for student and statesman alike.

General Lee descended from an illustrious family of knightly and chivalrous men, and his stainless sword could never be drawn in an unrighteous cause. The lofty ideal that exercised his noble spirit is seen in the sad fact that he died of a broken heart!

Every Southern boy is elevated by the nativity of this great Southerner, who has won tributes of praise and admiration from the highest civic and military sources the world over as "the greatest captain of the age."

An evidence of General Lee's kindness of heart and gentle nature was shown in his answering the scores and hundreds of letters written to him after the war by his old soldiers all over the South. It was no doubt a tax upon his time and strength, but he knew it would be "a great pleasure for them to hear from him personally," so he always promptly answered the letters.

The following incident will illustrate his quiet demeanor and courtesy: On a certain occasion he got aboard a train of cars and unobserved quietly took his seat near the door. It is said the coach was full of men who occupied the seats. A little later an elderly woman entered the further door and slowly advanced toward the General, who without hesitation left his seat with the remark, "Madam, please take this seat." Instantly, on recognizing General Lee's voice, it is said, every man was upon his feet, calling, "here, general, have my seat! Have my seat!" "Thank you, gentlemen," replied the general; but if your seats are too good for my poor old woman, they are too good for me." In a little while the old lady and the general had the coach to themselves; the men could not stand the mild reproof and crowded into other cars.

Appointed to a Fat Job in London. PHILADELPHIA, July 1.—James L. Taylor, late general passenger agent of the Richmond and Danville system, has been appointed general European passenger agent of the Pennsylvania Railroad with an office in London.

This office has just been created by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, and the appointee is charged with the general care of its passenger interests in Great Britain and on the Continent. Mr. Taylor's appointment takes effect at once, and he sails for his post of duty to the City of New York on July 13. He will also act as the World's Fair commissioner to Great Britain and the Continent.

WHAT SAM JONES SAW IN CHICAGO

And What the Late Hill Boomers Remind Him of—He says His Heart is With the Prohibitionists but He is a Democrat and says Hurrah for Grover.

[Atlanta Journal.]

CARTERSVILLE, Ga., July 1, 1892. Since writing you last week I have made a trip through Indiana and Illinois into Iowa. I passed through much of the flooded districts. Such rain falls and storms as they have had in sections of these States and those around them, are unprecedented. Railroads, farms and manufacturing interests have all suffered immensely. The railroads not only from the loss of traffic, but damage to their road beds and the carrying away of their bridges. Many of the large manufacturing are on the banks of the river. They have been partially inundated, much material has been lost, hands idle and so on.

The farming lands, though comparatively level, are badly washed, and the continuous heavy rains have, in many places, delayed the planting of corn, and in most instances prevented its cultivation where it was planted. Broad acres of wheat, nearly ready for the harvest, have been utterly ruined. We get very little idea of the wonderful devastation by high waters and these almost water spouts, from the daily press, though their columns are vivid in picturing the scenes. It is only when the eye sweeps over the devastation that we can really take in the situation.

I spent part of two days in going and coming in Chicago, and verify the city is almost an island. A large portion of its suburbs is covered with water from six inches to three feet deep. It is really distressing to see the great rows of houses surrounded by water, and the only way by which they can reach railroad stations or higher ground is by boat. While this is true of this and many other places, yet all down the Mississippi Valley, even to New Orleans, the old Mississippi is flooding the country here and there, and everywhere making the inhabitants along its course uneasy less it break over its banks and levees and ruin the crops and devastate the country.

I was in Chicago the day after the adjournment of the National Democratic Convention. I heard nothing but praise for the great body of men composing the convention—orderly, gentlemanly, conservative, decent. From all I heard, a more respectable body of men scarcely ever convened in America, so far as their deportment and civility was concerned. They nominated the right man for president—Grover Cleveland. I am sorry for Hill, Boies & Co. They were not large before the convention met, but since it has adjourned it seems to me they are about as small little fellows as ever posed for so high an office. Old Grover was the only peg that seemed to fit the hole. All the balance dropped through like a toothpick down a well. This is one time the Democratic party has had its way and the politicians got left. Did you ever see such a complete whirl about on the part of those who have fought Cleveland and championed some other little candidate? I met some of the Hill champions in Louisville on their way home from the convention. They looked like something had been hold of them, and reminded me of one of my Atlanta friends who lost a pile on a certain deal and was talking very cheerfully about his losses. I said to him: "What are you laughing about? He replied: That he might as well laugh as cry over spilt milk. I said: Your laugh don't go deeper than the root of your tongue. He said he thanked God for health. I burst out laughing and said: Well, as long as a man has anything else to cling to, you never hear him thanking God for health, but when all else is gone he falls back with a dignity becoming the occasion and says, I thank God for health. I think the Hill and Boies champions left Chicago thanking God for health. And more than one I saw who didn't look like they felt well enough to even thank God for that. But those who were against Cleveland seem to realize the necessity of unity, and I believe all true Democrats will work together for the election of Grover Cleveland and Stevenson to the highest offices in the gift of the American people.

The prohibition convention is now in session in Cincinnati. My heart is with them. They propose to work and vote in the interest of God and home and native land. No truer, better or more self-sacrificing body of men have ever met on this continent than the body of men recently in session in Cincinnati. If either of the two great parties Democrat or Republican, would respond the cause of national prohibition, then there would be an issue worthy of our fighting over. How insignificant the tariff question compared with the billion dollars spent annually for whiskey, to say nothing of the consequent debauchery of our fathers and sons and the ruin of our homes. Talk about the force bill. In the first place such a bill, I dare say, will never be passed by the United States Congress. In the second place if it were passed, it would take a standing army of a million men to enforce such a damnable law. As well by professional enactment and an army of men try to enact the Chinaman in San Francisco to a level of her best citizens and to an equal footing before the world. For really with the money squandered in the whiskey traffic, we could soon pay our national debt and with a sober citizenship, of the peace and good order which always comes from sober honest industry, our brother in labor would seek his level and enjoy his citizenship. But to be a Democrat or a Republican and not espouse the liquor cause would be like saying you was a Methodist but didn't believe in sprinkling or falling from grace or saying you was a Baptist but didn't believe in immersion and close communion. The cardinal doctrines of the two churches, Methodists and Baptists, are the same, but they split water without end on the quantity of water and how to apply it. I firmly believe in the doctrines and principles of the grand old Democratic party, but I split with them without end on their non-sumptuous plank, the amount of whiskey and how it to be applied. Really I want to see the day when this country politically will be divided like God divides it morally. All the good men, white and black, red and yellow on one side and all the bad men, white and black, red and yellow on the other. Then the issue will be squarely made, the battle desperately fought and a victory that will honor God and bless the world for a thousand years, will crown the heroes for the right and elect God as their king. If God be king, then I care not who is president, who is governor, who is mayor or who is private citizen. But until this country shall acknowledge God as king, we shall have political corruption, national debauchery, state depravity and personal rascality. These all combine to make up the rank and file who fill the penitentiary and jail, who keep our courts busy, society in a turmoil and home in ruins. Hurrah for Grover Cleveland.

Yours truly,
SAM P. JONES.

CLERGYMAN APPEALED TO. Chairman Childs Asks Them to Co-operate in the Prohibition Movement. The following appeal has been sent out from the prohibition headquarters to every clergyman in South Carolina:

Rev. and Dear Sir: Trusting that you will not consider a layman presumptuous in making an appeal in the interest of morality, to one of your high and holy calling, I venture to call your special attention to the struggle now going on in the State to secure a law for the prohibition of the sale of intoxicating liquors.

It is needless for me to dwell upon that of which your experience as a pastor has already convinced you the boundless evil of this iniquitous traffic.

Better than any one else, from your position, you are acquainted with its baleful effects, how it degrades character, blights homes and destroys souls. There are doubtless within the range of your pastoral or personal influence men who are with us in principle, who yet are not impressed with the importance of giving themselves to active work to secure its success, and are only waiting the stimulus of your influence upon them to make them our most valuable auxiliaries.

I therefore feel that it is only necessary to beg that you will give our work your immediate, active and zealous cooperation in whatever way your judgment may dictate, either through your pulpit or by personal effort.

Of your hearty sympathy I can feel no doubt; I confidently ask your endorsement, your counsel, your aid, and, above all, for your prayers. A favorable reply will be greatly appreciated.

L. D. CHILDS, Chairman,
S. P. Executive Committee.

THIS LOTTERY CAN GO ON. New Orleans's Gambling Game Excepted in the New Anti-Lottery Law. The present Legislature of Louisiana, which is anti-lottery in sentiment, passed a bill some days ago prohibiting all lotteries after 1894, when the charter of the Louisiana State Lottery is said to expire. In doing so it overlooked the fact that the premium bonds, which constitute the bulk of the debt of New Orleans, are lottery pure and simple. The bonds to be paid each year are not only chosen by lot, but premiums or prizes ranging from \$20 to \$5,000 are given to the holders of these bonds. These numbers are drawn from a wheel. When these facts were called to its attention the Legislature recalled the bill, and it was amended and re-passed. As it now stands, the Anti-Lottery law of Louisiana will prohibit lotteries after 1894, except that run by the city of New Orleans for the benefit of the bonded debt.

Happy Homes. Thousands of sad and desolate homes have been made happy by use of "Rose Buds," which have proven an absolute cure for the following diseases and their distressing symptoms. Ulceration, Congestion and Falling of the Womb, Ovarian tumors, Dropsy of the Womb, Suppressed Menstruation, Rupture at Childbirth, or any complaint originating in diseases of the reproductive organs; whether from contagious diseases, heredity, tight-lacing, overwork, excesses or miscarriages. One lady writes us that after suffering for ten years with Leucorrhoea or Whites, that one application entirely cured her, and furthermore, she suffers no more pain during the menstrual period. It is a wonderful regulator. "Rose Buds" are a simple, harmless preparation, but wonderful in effect. The patient can apply it herself. No doctor's examination necessary, to which all modest women, especially young unmarried ladies, seriously object. From the first application you will feel like a new woman. Price \$1.00 by mail, post-paid. The Leveeette Specific Co., 579 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

An editor wrote a ball-room puff, saying, "Her dainty feet were encased in shoes that might have been taken for fairy boots." But the blundering compositor made it read, "Her dirty feet were encased in shoes that might have been taken for fairy boots."