The Watchman and Southron.

THE WATCHMAN, Established April, 1850. "Be Just and Fear not--Let all the Ends thou Aims't at, be thy Country's, thy God's and Truth's" THE TRUE SOUTHRON, Established June, 1866

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The Watchman and Southron.

Published every Wednesday,

BY

N. G. OSTEEN,

SUMTER, S. C.

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Feb 18 1

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GENERAL

Blacksmiths and Wheelwrights.

THE UNDERSIGNED HAVING formed a co-partnership and increased their facilities for business by the erection of a

NEW SHOP

at the old stand of J. M. Wingate, on Republican Street, near Graham's Stables, are now better prepared than ever to do all classes of work in their line, such as the making of

Log Carts, Wagons, Buggies,

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They put down IRON PUMPS and insure water.

They make a specialty of horseshoeing and guarantee the best of work. They are both practical mechanics and understand what they are about. Thanking the public for past favors and asking a continuance of same they remain, Very Respectfully,

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April 29.

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Apr. 30. W. H. COMMANDER.

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Are you suffering with any of the following symptoms: Loss of, or irregular appetite, loss of flesh, a feeling of fulness or weight in the stomach, acidity, flatulence, a dull pain with a sensation of heaviness in the head, giddiness, constipation, derangement of kidneys, heart trouble, nervousness, sleeplessness, etc. Dr. Holt's Dyspeptic Elixir will cure you.

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J. E. Paullin, Ft. Gaines, Ga., writes: "I have no hesitancy in recommending it, as it cured me of dyspepsia.

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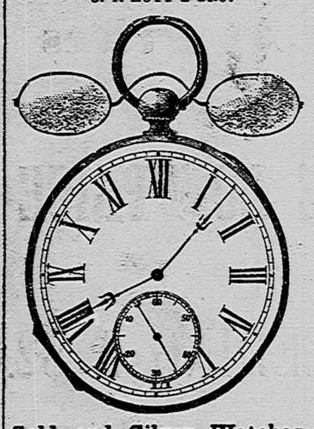

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Aug 21.

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OVER BROWNS & PURDY'S STORE.

Entrance on Main Street,

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OFFICE HOURS:

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Sumter, S. C, April 29.

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Office over Bogin's New Store,

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SUMTER, S. C.

Office Hours.—9 to 1:30; 2:30 to 5.

Sept 8

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DENTAL SURGEON.

Office over Bultman & Bro.'s Shoe Store.

ENTRANCE ON MAIN STREET.

SUMTER, S. C.

Office Hours—9 to 1:30; 2:30 to 5.

April 17—o

Bradycrotine Only a Headache Cure

A NOBLEMAN OF SPAIN.

By ALFRED BALCH.

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[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER V.

Before the words left his lips Francesco had leaped with the girl in his arms.

A soldier stationed at the water gate was able to tell that he had seen Don Francesco with a man and a boy pass through the gate about half past eight. They had taken a canoe at the landing and paddled down the bay, Beyond this he knew nothing, for if the Senor Don Francesco, the son of his excellency, chose to go out on the bay at night it was not his place to stop him. In his barge Don Alphonso visited one of the long galleys lying at anchor, and before many minutes there were lights flashing from her which called the captains of the other two on board. No one had seen anything, for the passage of an Indian canoe would not be noticed. Until daylight nothing could be done, but each man in turn gave orders, and the slaves were to be awakened at half past three. Anchors were hove short and everything was ready.

In the meantime Don Francesco had hurried to the little corner in which Nechtla had slept, waked her up and told her they must fly. The girl neither trembled nor made moan; her Indian blood enabled her to meet the crisis as coolly as though she had been expecting it for weeks. Dressed as she was in a boy's clothes there was but little to do, and Don Francesco lowered her down from the window into the little alley at the back of the palace. Then hurrying down himself he joined her; together they went to the little hut in the market where El Tigre slept and waked him. The three passed the sentry at the water gate, took possession of a canoe and paddling down toward the head of the island of San Juan, just below that of Carthagena, made their way out to sea through the Boca Grande (big mouth), the wide entrance to the bay, which was blocked, in order to keep the buccaneers out, by sinking ships laden with stone across it. Reaching the ocean after a hard pull through the breakers they paddled off to the southwest. There was a chance for them among the Indians of Darien if they could survive the three days' trip. El Tigre rigged up a rude sail from the cloak Don Francesco wore, using two paddles to spread it, and then lying back in the stern of the canoe steered by the stars. The lovers sat in the center. What they said to each other as the boat forged lightly over the rolling sea I do not know, but I can fancy they did not talk much.

Bright and early as the first gray dawn showed itself the long black galleys began to move, their oars seeming like the legs of great water centipedes. On the largest, the Santa Ysabel, was Don Alphonso, Colonel Honradez and the Frey Raphael. During the night the captain general had walked up and down the deck, rejecting all offers of refreshment or a bed, and longing for day. He had caused the slaves to be informed that he who first sighted the canoe should have liberty, and, if he chose to settle in the country, a house and ground of his own. If he wished to leave Carthagena Don Alphonso pledged his word the man should be given every assistance. If a sailor sighted it he was to receive a thousand castelanos of gold. If an officer, he should be attached to the personal staff of the captain general. With such rewards to be won there was not a man on board, bond or free, who was not straining his eyes The boatswains walked up and down the gangway between the rowing benches, but their whips were useless, the galley slaves were spurred to doing their best as the lash could never drive them. One of the galleys crept slowly down the southern shore of the bay, while another examined the long stretch of the island of San Juan, the Santa Ysabel making her way rapidly down to the Boca Chica, to pick up what information she could from the little Indian settlement near Fort St. Paul. There was, however, no news to be got here; either the Indians had not seen the fugitives or they would not speak. Joined by her consorts, the Santa Ysabel rowed through the Boca into the open ocean, and by direction of Don Alphonso the three spread out until they were in signal distance only, and then sailed toward Colon, or nearly due west. If you will look at the map of South America you will see that in making for Darien Francesco was running down the coast to the southwest, whereas every stroke of the galley's oars drove them farther away from the course he had taken. If they went on for twenty hours toward Colon, Francesco would be safe.

The sun came up that morning of the eighth of October in a clear, cloudless sky. A gentle wind was blowing, the canoe danced merrily on and the lovers talked and laughed. With gentle insistence, although with adoring eyes, the girl asked her lover whether he was sure he was willing to give up all for her. She admired his rich dress and chatted softly as she nestled her head on his shoulder. Behind them was El Tigre, grim and watchful as he steered the canoe, taking advantage of every breath of the light breeze which swelled the folds of their sail. Francesco raised the question of the reception they would meet among the Indians of the Darien, one of the fiercest tribes of the main, and El Tigre told him, Nechtla being the pretty interpreter, they need have no fear. He belonged to the priestly caste and would find friends everywhere. Francesco thought of his father with something like regret; he cared nothing for his rank or station, but he hoped some day to see Don Alphonso again. He looked at his sword and dreamed that like his grandfather he could yet carve out fame and fortune for himself and his beautiful bride. And then he glanced at Nechtla and decided the world was well lost for love! What, Nechtla in the hands of the Inquisition and that grim Frey Carlos? Never!

All day long they sailed, feeling no need of food. Far into the night they journeyed on until Francesco's eyes began to get heavy, and with Nechtla in his arms he sank to sleep. The iron man at the stern sat there still, watchful, alert, steering by the stars once more, and the canoe moved steadily on.

It was nearly ten o'clock that night when the signals flashed out from the Santa Ysabel and her consorts closed. Don Alphonso had made up his mind to sweep to the southward in the search, and the galleys formed in their triple order once more, moving slowly, owing to the difficulty of seeing at night. Toward one o'clock Don Alphonso yielded to the affectionate solicitation of Colonel Honradez and lay down on deck, wrapped in cloaks, to get some sleep. Daylight comes at four o'clock in Central America, and at the first streaks of dawn the three galleys were about five hundred yards apart, the Santa Ysabel in the center and perhaps one hundred yards behind. Two slaves, one on each of the foremost galleys, and Colonel Honradez, on the Santa Ysabel, saw the canoe about the same moment. Each slave received his freedom from the captain general.

Don Alphonso waked and rushed forward. Standing on the bow of the galley he saw Francesco rise when roughly shaken by El Tigre. His son looked around and saw the galleys coming directly toward him, the water curling under their bows as they were driven at full speed. He unbuckled his sword, touched El Tigre, and pointing to the galleys laid it down in the canoe. Then he took the collar of pearls from his neck which had belonged to his mother and threw it over Nechtla's head. He kissed his hand to his father—they could see each other's eyes now as the sharp cries of the boatswains caused the slaves to back water and stop the rush of the galleys—and then lifted Nechtla in his arms. He kissed her upturned face once, twice, and Don Alphonso cried out to him he would give his consent. Before the words left his lips Francesco had leaped with the girl in his arms, and all that was left was a canoe rocking on the water, an Indian sitting motionless and a sword lying there!

El Tigre died under the torture, but he never spoke again, and Don Alphonso passed the record of even Spanish governors in his severity to the Indian tribes.

THE END.

Flowers at Death.

Why should you carry white flowers to the house of death, save, indeed, it be a little child that has died? Is not death colder itself than any ice flower and whiter than any snow? Why not bring crimson roses and pile them about those cheeks from which the roses have fled, that they may catch something of their oldtime glow? Why not lay claret carnations near those dear lips and heap blood-red poppies in the cold hands and on the colder breast that they may at least seem to press a little warmth there? And about that brow, that was for so long a time the home of a tender soul, put white narcissus blooms with their hearts of gold; and cover over the slender body down to the quiet feet with the wild pink roses that she so loved. Do not let your last remembrance of her be of something all white, all cold, but let a little warmth go with her even into the grave.—Ella Higginson in West Shore.

Why Pianos Give Out.

In musical colleges, where children beginning to learn practice for eight hours mostly on the middle strings, the piano wears unevenly and is quickly beaten out of tune. Exposure to damp air and draughts will cause the strings to rust and the keys to stick; hard and unreasonable pounding, which is not playing, may put a piano out of tune. The greatest abuse with which a piano has to contend, according to the best authorities, is the exposure to dry heat from furnaces and anthracite stoves. This causes the wood parts to shrink and the sounding board to relax and lose its power, the action rattles and the whole instrument becomes inharmonious and discordant.—Interview in Seattle Telegraph.

Advice.

The following is a translation of a Chinese joke: Two brothers cultivated the same plot of land. One day the eldest, on leaving to get the dinner ready, called to his brother to come with him. He, however, shouted out, at the top of his voice, "Wait until I have hidden my spade, and then I will come." While they were having their meal the other reproached him bitterly for this indiscretion. "When one hides a thing," said he, "one ought to preserve silence, or at any rate not speak above a whisper, for in shouting as you did just now one invites people to steal." Dinner over, the younger brother returned to the field, looked for his spade and found it gone. So running to his brother he whispered mysteriously in his ear, "My spade is stolen!"

The Object In Plowing.

The chief object in plowing is to pulverize the soil and make it fine and mellow. All kinds of grain and vegetables require a mellow seed bed in order to secure the best results. But in many cases the condition and variety of the soil should be considered in determining how and when the plowing should be done. Some soils should only be stirred, and this is generally the case with new soils. Fields that have been in cultivation for a number of years get more thoroughly mixed, and turning over does not change so much. Land in a state of nature has the best soil near the surface, and with nearly all crops it should be kept there, as the greater part of the roots extend out in every direction near the surface. If the soil is hard and compact, so that the roots cannot push through, they will not be able to obtain the substance from the soil that they should. By loosening and mellowing up, a larger per cent. of the plant's food in the soil is made available.

But in many cases it will be better to plow so as to stir the soil rather than to turn the surface soil under. A sandy loam, if well provided with drainage, is rarely benefited by very deep plowing; a stiff clayey soil is often benefited by stirring deep, as it affords a better opportunity for the roots to penetrate through it. If the plowing can be done some time before planting, so as to give time for the newly turned soil to be acted upon by the sun, rain, snow and atmosphere, and then an implement is used that will stir the surface to the proper depth without turning under this soil, better results can be secured. With all crops, whether sown in the fall or spring, where the lay and character of the soil will admit, plowing deep and thorough and then working the surface in a good tilth, will be found the best plan. But the plowing should be done in time to have the plowed land acted upon thoroughly by the different elements before planting the crop.—Agricultural Epitomist.

Money in Pecan Culture.

Wonderful Story of the Profit from Cultivating the Nut.

Southern Cultivator

The many letters that I have received since my last article on Pecan Culture, published in the Cultivator, show that your circulation is very large and well read by your subscribers.

It has surprised me that so many write that this subject of pecan culture has been in their minds for some time, and that they are determined to commence this season and plant orchards, as they see in that an easy way to amass wealth at a very small expenditure of money.

Very few people in the cotton growing States have given any thought to orchard products. Had these people, immediately after the war, turned their attention to orchard products, the South would be to-day the richest part of the United States. All the fruits of California, which have brought such wealth to the State, can be grown in the Southern States, some parts being well adapted to the growth of any and all fruits or nuts that are grown west of the Rocky Mountains. A little history of what California has done and is now doing in fruit and nut culture may be of interest, and stimulate the cotton States to grow something of more value to them than cotton.

Thirty years ago very little attention had been paid to fruit culture in California, it being generally believed that State could only produce the mineral products, In 1890 the State Board of Trade of California report the value of wheat and flour products at $19,327,000, while they shipped 16,000 car loads fruits of all sorts, which aggregated $19,858,000, over $500,000 more than the grain products, Fifteen years ago the attention of the people was turned in earnest to fruit and nut culture, and the above is the result. A result which the people of the Southern States can reach in less than fifteen years if they so will it.

Passadena, California, now has a population of about 5,000. In 1875 the land upon which the city now stands was held at seven dollars per acre. In seven years, or 1882, the land was valued and sold in large quantities at $500 to $1,000 per acre, which was planted in fruits and nuts.

Within twenty years fruit and nut culture has brought land which the owner protested against being taxed seventy-five cents per acre to the present values of $500 to $1,500 per acre. Only lately have they commenced planting prunes in California, and there are now about 1,000,000 trees planted outside of the planting during the winter of 1888-89 In 1888 they produced about seven million pounds; while the same year we imported 70,000,000 pounds. They are now planting almonds and olives in addition to other products, both of which will earn them a mint of money.

Riverside, California, contains about 5,000 inhabitants. This valley, last year, produced, from 6,000 acres in orchard products, $2,225,000. Of this, oranges were 1,800 car loads, while the raisin crop was estimated at $450,000. Here we see the average earnings of 6,000 acres was $370 per acre, which included oranges, prunes, peaches, apricots, walnuts, etc., etc.

The Southern States are nearer market by 1,000 miles than California, and they can, in the same length of time or less, become equally wealthy. Let Florida grow the oranges and lemons, and the other cotton States take up other orchard products, any and all of which pay handsome profits.

As I said in my former article on the cultivation of the Texas Soft Shell Pecan, the developments which are being made, as I study of their value to the States east of the Rocky Mountains, are simply astounding; so much so that I am afraid to print the whole truth about the earnings of an orchard of the soft-shell pecan.

In my article I gave as the earnings at ten years, a half-bushel to the tree or $189 per acre. In talking a few days ago with an old settler, he said that at ten years of age they will bear from four to five bushels to the tree. These, bear in mind, are trees growing wild.

This is a new industry, for only two years ago was the first orchard of the soft-shell planted here.

One great thing in favor of pecan culture is the fact that the tree has no enemies, and goes on bearing for generations; and it costs so little to plant an orchard, which should always be from the nuts, as it has been abundantly shown that while success may be secured by experts, yet the masses would fail if they transplanted trees or attempted to graft them on anything else. No member of the hickory family grafts well, so the surest way for all concerned is to plant the nuts, and only the best Texas soft-shell to get the best results. When you plant the soft-shell pecans, and have no other in your neighborhood to fertilize them, you can be reasonably sure that your product will be like what you plant. The medium size of the hard-shell pecan sell from twenty to twenty five cents per pound in most markets. The product of your planting of the soft-shell will hardly ever go to less than fifty cents per pound for consumption, while for seed they will be worth twice that for several years after bearing.

The pecan is the favorite nut and always will be, and the demand will increase.

I doubt not if an orchard is planted where the soil can be cultivated annually in some crop, the trees come into bearing much sooner than where planted in a forest of trees. Nothing ever grown increases land values as much as orchard fruits and nuts.

A pecan orchard of fifty acres costs but little for the nuts to plant it, yet when the trees are but one year old a man would be foolish to part with the land at 100 dollars per acre; not only this but the value of the whole farm is increased very materially by having a pecan orchard on it. For a fortune at ten years from planting, it is as sure as the sun rises, and those who plant this fall will come in on the top wave. If further information is wanted write me, enclosing a two cent stamp, and your letter will receive a prompt answer.

HERBERT POST,
Fort Worth, Texas.

Contemporary Opinion.

Press and Reporter.

Now that the Farmers' Alliance has given assurances that it will not go into a Third Party, and it will abide the result of Democratic Primaries and Conventions, it is in order for the non-Alliance element to make known its purpose in case the Alliance demands are acceded to by the Democratic party. Is there any danger of the bolt of last year being repeated? Here, in our judgment, lies the real danger to the Democratic party and white supremacy. Is not that intelligent (?) minority, concerning the rights of which so much is now being said, just as determined to rule or ruin as when the September Convention was bolted? Is it not endeavoring, through the influence of the State and other sources, so to dissatisfy the masses—particularly citizens of towns and cities—with the ruling element in the Democratic party as to pave the way for a larger bolt? This, according to present indications, is the source from which a Third Party will spring.

Darlington Herald.

A subscriber writes and asks us to point out some of Dr Stokes ignorance, and we cheerfully comply with his request.

1st. His well known illustration about the sale of the horse, which is familiar to our inquirer.

2nd. His statement in regard to the workings of the sub-treasury, where he speaks of the farmer carrying one hundred dollars worth or cotton to the warehouse and receiving eighty dollars for it, then going on to say that if the price of the cotton goes down, and will only bring sixty dollars in the place of eighty advanced on it and the farmer refuses to redeem it, that the government will lose nothing by the transaction as the money will be in circulation any way

3rd. His statement that the Government does not borrow money but prints it.

4th. The assertion that the proceedings of the National Nominating Conventions were conducted in secret.

These items have been passing around for some time, and if Dr. Stokes has made any denial of them we have failed to see it. We wish also to say to the gentleman making the inquiry that, so far as we know, or can recall just now, there is not, with perhaps one or two exceptions, a single paper in the State that is unfriendly to the Alliance. They are simply fighting the office seekers and politicans who are endeavoring to use the order to adavance their own selfish interests. That man, it matters not who he is, who, to promote his own personal ends, arrays one class of our people against another, is uncristian, undemocratic, and an enemy to institutions, the basis of which must rest on the confidence of man in man.

The Free Pass Again.

Barnwell Sentinel.

We have it from a gentleman, who is supposed to be in a position to know, that Gov. Tillman uses his free pass only when he travels on business connected with his office—business for the taxpayers of South Carolina—and that when he goes to his home in Edgefield or elsewhere on private business he pays his fare.

If this is so, the Governor actually saves annually for the people who put him in office somewhere between $500 and $1,000. If he should ever rise to explain; it will be a genuine thunderclap from a cloudless sky. Tillman is making a first-rate Governor, and, as one who formerly opposed his nomination, we are going to do what we promised—gave him credit for it.

Laying Aside Prejudice.

Newberry Herald and News.

Governor Tillman is a man of unusual ability. He is a skillful debater and politican, as he demonstrated in the last campaign. But we had not expected to find in him the scholar and the poet.

His introductory remarks to the Scotchmen of North Carolina are felicitous and show an appreciative familiarity with the immortal Robbie Burns and the literature of Scotland that we would not have expected from the rough campaigner of last year.

It is well, however, that some of the Governor's quotations were veiled in the Scotch dialect, or else they must have rather embarrassed the bonny Scotch lassies of Red Springs.

We cannot, of course, agree with everything the Governor said, but taken as a whole the address was an admirable one, and the more remarkable in that it was delivered, as we are informed without notes or manucript.

Mr. Tillman's remarks on the Third Party are particularly good and timely. Coming as they do from an Alliance man in good and regular standing, no doubt they will have great weight and influence.

The only weak point in the whole address is the Governor's utterances on the tariff. Admitting as he does, that the people are being robbed by the tariff, it is strange that the Governor can so belittle the issue involved in the fight against the tariff. So far as Gov. Tillman suggests remedies for the evils that are now afflicting the country, he is in almost entire accord with Senator Butler and other non-Alliance Democrats who have spoken recently.

While we voted for Tillman only because we thought he was the regular Democratic nominee, the more we hear of him and from him the better reconciled we become to the way in which our vote was cast. There is more in him than at one time we were willing to believe.

South Carolina in 1892.

Camden Chronicle.

A very pregnant question that must address itself to every thoughtful citizen, whatever his political preferences may be, is, what are we going to do in 1892? Shall the divisions and antagonisms of the last be carried into the next campaign, and white supremacy in South Carolina and the success of the National Democracy thereby be jeopardized? Or shall we forgive and forget the differences of the past, renew the elbow touch in our ranks, and thereby save the State from a condition infinitely worse than any she has yet experienced. It cannot be gainsaid that the situation is critical in the extreme, and that it behooves every citizen, as he prizes his home and hopes for its future welfare and happiness, to give to it the most thoughtful and serious consideration. We cannot believe otherwise than that men, who have proved themselves equal to every emergency—even to that of suffering and cheerfully facing death on a hundred battle-fields for their State—will not be found wanting in the present crisis. All of us have kindred who died for this land Surely their surviving comrades and their descendants can afford to live for it. Let us learn to bear and forbear with one another—let there be mutual concessions—for we are still one people. And let us get together again with as little delay as possible. Every day that we are separated but widens the breach.

A Debt We Owe Tillman.

Bamberg Herald.

The papers that continue to aim shafts of ridicule and reason at Tillman should pause now and then and whisper thanks for the impetus that Tillmanism has given to journalism in South Carolina. Had it not been for Tillman the editors would have been sorely beset for live editorial subjects these dull dog days.

Just think of the sermonettes that the Sumter Freeman has preached with the word Pass for a text.

The Tillman cyclone struck us when the News and Courier had just about exhausted the tariff. The State continues to find Tillman an inspiration and subject for pungent editorials. The World kissed and fondled Tillmanism when it was a baby and is now trying to spank it in its maturity. The editorials of the country papers on Tillman are marvelous specimens of modern rhetoric.

Papers everywhere are on a boom. Subscription lists are growing. Like the stars that blossom on the infinite meadows of heaven, one by one new papers appear, to shine and to illumine the political darkness. Some papers have grown rich and comfortable by attacking Tillman like the tsetse fly that lives by stinging and biting cattle.

The journalists of South Carolina owe Tillman a great debt.

Slovenly Writing.

The Greenville News has on several occasions condemned the use and pointed out the dangers of metaphors in writing what is supposed to be the English language. The Spartanburg Herald now directs our attention to the following from an editoral article recently printed in this newspaper.

"Man cometh up like a flower and is cut down; he is green as grass when he thinks he knows it all and the brilliant, radiant, ruddy glow of sanguine gladness gives way in a flash to the sickliest hue of the dingiest blue."

This makes The Greenville News assume the double capacity of lecturer and horrible example of the sin lectured against. Here we have in a single paragraph man represented as a flower as green grass, as having the radiant hues of the sunset and a dingy blue. It is a violent and reckless association of incompatible things, elements and colors, and might seriously injure any intellect which undertook to study out and assort it. We hope Mr. W. C. Benet, who is a master of English and was kind enough recently in an address at Abbeville to refer to this newspaper as an example of proper use of that much abused language, did not see it.

It emphasizes what we try to teach—that those who write—and especially those who write in a hurry—ought to give their attention to saying what they have to say in the fewest and plainest words. Attempts to make word pictures or poetic measures or attractive metaphors at a gallop are sure to end in disaster.—*Greenville News.*

Famine in Russia.

The Pall Mall Gazette of Aug. 25 says that the Prince of Wales is taking great interest in the matter of the persecution of Jews in Russia, and in the condition of immigrants of that nationality who are coming to England. The Prince, the Gazette, says, has devoted considerable time to thorough study of the question. Though he has not taken any direct measures to assist needy Jews, fearing that such action on his part would wound the feelings of Russians, he has indirectly given much assistance to the Anglo-Jewish committees. The Princess of Wales who is a sister in-law of the Czar, is co-operating with the Prince and is rendering much valuable service in his efforts to ameliorate the condition of the poverty stricken Hebrews.

A clergyman residing at present in the province of Kasan, Russia, has written a letter to the Pall Mall Gazette, in which he gives a harrowing description of the sufferings of unfortunate peasants of that province, brought on by the failure of crops Large numbers of them, he says, are in an absolute state of starvation Many have been unable to obtain bread for weeks, and in their efforts to sustain life they have been compelled to eat grass and leaves In one of the villages of the province, consisting of 140 houses, the clergyman visited all peasants. Here were found sixteen persons in a terribly emaciated condition, and slowly and painfully dying from starvation. Of all the residents of the houses only twenty were found eating ordinary food in quantity sufficient to keep them alive. The visits made to a number of other villages revealed a similar state of destition and distress. In all of them numbers of persons were found either dead or dying from starvation. There is no immediate prospect of any betterment in the condition of the peasantry and it is feared that, driven on by the pangs of hunger, they will attempt to gain food by any means, lawful or unlawful Strong men look upon their wives and children slowly dying for want of bread, and it is not to be expected that under such conditions that they will be amenable to any law save that which dictates to them the preservation of the lives of their families.

There is much excitement throughout the province among poorer classes and an outbreak may occur at any time.

Hot Shot For Dr. Stokes.

Edgefield Cor. of News and Courier.

On Senator Butler's return to Edgefield, on August 26, from attendance on the naval committee of the Senate your correspondent handed him a copy of the Cotton Plant of the 8 h instant containing Dr. Stokes's editorial criticism of his Prosperity speech, and also the Cotton Plant of the 15th with the resolutions of the Snell's Alliance, and inquired if he desired to say anything in connection therewith.

After reading both Senator Butler said in reply:

"I have lived to very little purpose for something more than half a century in South Carolina if it is necessary for me to vindicate myself against such disgraceful falsehoods as those contained in these two papers. I had never met Dr. Stokes until the Prosperity meeting. He appeared to be a well-mannered, fair man, and I treated him as such; but this performance of his shows clearly that he is devoid of principle and honorable qualities. He knows full well that I did not utter the sentiments he attributed to me, or anything approaching them. He heard every word of my speech and had a half hour to reply to it. Why did he not then and there in my presence rebuke such sentiments? Why did he stand mute and permit the farmers, whose special champion he assumes to be, to be vilified and denounced in this way? Why does he sneak to his sanctum and ten days after deliberately pen this editorial, bristling with perversion and falsehood? Why all the circumstances convict him either of self-stultification or, what is worse, wilful falsehood.

"I never uttered such sentiments or anything approaching them, and Dr. Stokes knows it.

"As to the Snell Alliance resolutions I have nothing to say, further than that they do me gross injustice. They bear the ear marks of Dr. Stokes, and, of course, are predicated upon the false information he deliberately palmed off on the members of this Alliance. It is pitiable to see a man, who claims to be intelligent, guilty of such disgraceful methods to carry a point, but he shall not practice them upon me if I can reach the ears of the people he is seeking to influence and poison against me by falsehood and misrepresentation. If there is anything the people of this State detest and despise it is a sneak and a liar."

Senator Butler will be at Batesburg on the 9th of next month, the day of the public discussion at that place, and will be glad to meet Dr. Stokes and repel his accusations face to face.

Extraordinary Prophecy.

Eliminating Russia, Europe will be short 360,000,000 bushels of wheat and rye after the outside world has sent to that continent every bushel of grain that can be spared. What does this portend? Is it possible to conceive the unutterable misery and distress, disease, desolation and death which a famine of such proportions is likely to bring in its train.

Is not Europe face to face with a state of want such as has never threatened so great a population since the dawn of history?

Has man ever witnessed starvation upon the scale which is probable as the result of this continent's wide destruction of crops?

On all the earth there is but one substitute possible for the deficient rye and wheat; but one means of preventing, even in part, the devastation threatened, and that is by the use of American maize, should we be so fortunate as to harvest a full crop.

If there are ships enough on the sea to transport it, Europe will take not only the 150,000,000 bushels of wheat which we may squeeze out, but hundreds of millions also of our corn. The distaste for such food will disappear in the pressure of famine, and we may command any price for our products that we have the heart to exact.—New York Sun.

THE alliance seems to be fast getting to a platform on the sub-treasury which we can all get on with both feet. The Virginia convention says the representatives in congress from the State must understand that "unless they can agree to these demands they must give us something better." Everybody will agree to that. If something better than the sub treasury can not be found we will all vote for it and then apply for a universal commission of lunacy to sit upon the entire United States of America. Anything would be better than the sub treasury scheme.—*Greenville News.*

President Strode sends out a circular correcting the misapprehension as to the standard for admission to Clemson College. It is to be hoped that the complaint as to the alleged rigidity of entrance examinations will not drive the faculty to the other extreme, and result in a very low standard. Of course, in opening an institution like Clemson, the first year or so, the standard can't be put very high. Hence such institutions begin with a preparatory or sub collegiate department, as did the South Carolina College.

A Wonder Worker.

Mr. Frank Huffman, a young man of Burlington, Ohio, states that he had been under the care of two prominent physicians, and used their treatment until he was not able to get around. They pronounced his case to be Consumption and incurable. He was persuaded to try Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption Coughs and Colds and at that time was not able to walk across the street without resting. He found, before he had used half of a dollar bottle, that he was much better; he continued to use it and is to-day enjoying good health. If you have any Throat, Lung or Chest Trouble try it. We guarantee satisfaction. Trial bottle free at J. F. W. DeLorme's Drug-store. 5

For Over Fifty Years.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhœa. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

It is quite the fashion now to take De Witt's Little Early Risers for liver, stomach and bowel disorders. They are small pills, but mighty good ones W. H. Gilliland & Co. sells them.

Very popular, very small, very good. De Witt's Litle Early Risers, the pill for constipation, biliousness, sick headache. W. H. Gilliland & Co.