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THE TRUTH ABOUT TEXAS.

Not Much of a Paradise in the Big State—It Takes Hard Work There as Elsewhere to Dig a Living Out of the Ground, Yet Some People Do Live in "Dug-Outs" in Seemingly Content.

[Correspondence Herald and News.]
PROSPERITY, S. C., February 12.—I am now back in old South Carolina. I have seen much in the four weeks out West, as the railroad porters say, the wild and woolly West. My first experience was at Shreveport, where the agent sent me nine hours out of the way to reach my destination, and from my experience with all of the railroad people of Texas, I have learned that they go on the principle that "the farthest way round is the easiest way found," for they certainly do send you around a good deal before you can get to your destination. I saw the great city of Dallas, but was not tickled to death by the sight. My impression of the "great and only" Fort Worth was that it was a city of a great deal of boom about it and not so much a reality as it was on paper. Both Dallas and Fort Worth are somewhat of railroad centres, and bid fair to be cities of no mean importance. They are only forty miles apart, and the one may have to give way to the other. There is room for both. The distance from Fort Worth to Henrietta is about 100 miles, and is through one of the most lonesome sections that I have ever traveled over, sparsely settled for nearly the entire distance, and where it is settled it does not appear that it is making much progress. The prairie stretches as far as the eye can see, and not a tree to break the view beyond the rolling hills, and not a house for miles and miles. There is nothing in this section to invite or tempt the sturdy pioneer to tackle nature to see if he will smile. One can see thousands of cattle grazing and running wild apparently.

"NO USE FOR NIGGERS."

My first stop was at Bowie in Montague county. This section seems to be much better as a farming section. This is a new town, being only six or seven years old. There are several nice business houses there, and they seem to be doing a fair business. At this place I struck the best hotel I stopped at in the entire State of Texas. In this town they permit no colored people to stay. As they put it: "We've got no use for the niggers." And they don't have any either. It is not a congenial climate for them, I suppose, and they move on "instantly." This is the case in a majority of the towns in western Texas and the Pan Handle, they told me. The white people do all of their own work. There are a number of white servants to be seen.

MUCH BONES AND BEEF.

My next stop was at Henrietta in Clay county. This county is now experiencing a boom, or they are trying to boom it, but the boom is flat. Henrietta, the county seat, has been boomed to death. I walked all over the town. Saw some fine buildings in it, and a number of them are empty. There were heavy stocks in all the stores, and no business doing of any kind that I could see. At this place I saw a pile of bones as large as Mr. Ruff's shop that had been gathered on the prairie and were being loaded on the cars to be shipped North, or East as they say. The parties that were loading them told me they were to go to New York to refine sugar with. I supposed they were going to a fertilizer factory. Which? I also saw on the platform for shipment to Fort Sill, Indian Territory, over 100 barrels of bottled lager beer. It is against the law to sell liquor of any kind in the territory, but they give beer "fits," judging by the quantity at this place.

ENTERTAINMENT BY HOME FOLKS.

Leaving Henrietta at 5 p. m., I arrived at Belcher, where Mr. W. S. Birge lives, with but one mishap. The train was stopped by a Texas steer being on the track and not getting off. On investigating it was found that he was fastened in a "cattle guard." Train hands and passengers by a strong and a united pull and a pull altogether succeeded in pulling him out, and thus we were permitted to go on our way. I would say that they don't seem to care for cattle out there. I counted fifty carcasses in a run of about fifty miles on a single side of the road. Hundreds are killed every year by the trains. You could see them in all conditions from the freshly killed to the bleaching skeleton.

GREAT COTTON SECTION.

We had a royal time at "Bro. Billy's," and right glad I was, too, to see him. I enjoyed his hospitality for two days. He seems to be doing well and making money. He has made some very fine investments in real estate. His latter half is a true helpmeet, and little Mary and Willie are two as fine girls as can be found anywhere. On Friday, seated behind a fine pair of bays, I was driven to the Indian Territory by Bro. William, and shown the far-famed country, but "nary Injun" did we see; so we felt secure as to our scalps. In this great cotton section Mr. Birge is fencing 1500 acres of land. He gets the most of it for ten years for fencing it. For some he pays 25 cents per acre each year for ten years. This is a good investment, and such chances are growing beautifully less. You must have some good friend who is high up with the natives, as no one but a native can hold land in the territory.

At this place I heard the first wolf howl or bark. It sounds like forty dogs yelping, barking and howling. I did not make the acquaintance of any of the tribe. The hearing they gave me

was satisfactory. I saw also the beautiful little prairie dog, and did wish I could catch one. We passed through a dog town, but I did not call on the mayor or make the acquaintance of any of the grandees of the town. There is in this section some fine farming lands, they tell me.

BEATS NEWBERRY FOR MUD.

After spending two days pleasantly, I bid adieu to "William and Mamie" and their interesting little family and boarded the train for Overton; but alas! I was thirty-six hours in going about two hundred and twenty-five miles. It was a stop here and a lie over there, and I only got to Greenville, Texas, Saturday morning. This town is in the "black lands," as they are called, and the mud sticks to your shoe soles and wagon wheels like wax. I saw a wagon with two step-ladders on it stop in the street, and it took four horses to pull a load of ten sides of bacon. The mud will fill up the entire space between the spokes and hub, making a solid wheel. Started again at 5 p. m., got fifty miles, and had to stay all night at Mineola.

THE FIRST SMALLPOX SCARE.

Got to Overton next day at 11. There was quite a stir there about smallpox. This was the town where we expected to locate, but one day was enough for me. Messrs. Wyse and Brown had been there several days. After consulting we left and went to Mineola and located. We got down to work there, and were making excellent progress when the smallpox scare came on, and the quarantine got so strict that business was almost suspended, and we had to get out. The town we left (Overton) had thirteen new cases of smallpox in a week after we left, and we learned that the adjoining county to us was offering ten dollars a day for nurses. We consider that we made a narrow escape, and "we are glad we are here at home to-night."

DISADVANTAGES OF LIVING IN TEXAS.

There are some sections of Texas in which the farmers seem to be doing very well, but on the whole they are not in my opinion as well off as the farmers in South Carolina. My advice to every one who is making a living here is to stay here, for you can't do any more there, and the hardships there are more to one here. Stick to your forty acres of land and a mule in South Carolina, and don't swap. I never in my life saw as many poor people as I saw in Texas, and I would say to the women in general, don't go to Texas unless you want to shorten your days. A lady with whom I talked said: "Texas is a woman killer." Be warned in time. Let "do well" alone and stay where you are. There are so many disadvantages there as a rule over against the few advantages. I saw plenty of families living in a tent 11x16 feet, and some living in wagons, and others living in "dug-outs." Dug outs are holes dug in the ground and a tent stretched over the hole. Others are dug in the side of a hill and a door put in, and that is how they live, move and have their being. The negroes here in most instances are better housed than the white people there in a great many instances. The disadvantages are many—the advantages few. They claim as one of the greatest advantages the fertility of the soil, requiring no fertilizing, etc., but they pay from \$1 to \$1.25 per day for work, and \$1 per 100 pounds for picking cotton, and other things equally as high, so when it is all summed up the farmer in South Carolina with a half a bale of cotton to the new makes about as much as the average farmer in Texas, and then there are not near so many disadvantages here. They have good schools in most places; in fact, this is the only advantage that I could see Texas had over South Carolina. As to religion and religious training and Sunday observance, there is very little of it as far as I could see. Freight trains run on Sunday the same as any other day. Hunting and fishing on Sunday is what a great many engage in. The first invitation I had was to go quail hunting on Sunday. I declined with thanks.

I attended church in Mineola and heard the pastor say that when he came to church that morning he found fifty children there waiting for some one to come teach them, and not a teacher nor an adult in the house. What a sad state. He asked, "what are we coming to?" and he answered what? How long will it be before these children will quit coming if their parents don't go?

FLEEING THE FARMERS.

I would rather have half a loaf in South Carolina than a whole loaf in Texas in some or most of the sections that I was in. Of course, there are some good sections, and it is a great State, and a good place to make money if you have money, but to go there and dig it out of the ground is an uphill business. What I have said above refers to the farming interests only, for I believe all others are making money at the expense of the farmer. One farmer told me that 100 per cent was nothing for them to pay, and that they frequently paid 200 per cent; and I do say that the farmers in this State and in this section in particular don't know what a good thing they have. If they were to try it once out there they would see it as I do.

The happiest man I saw, I think, in my trip, was a man and his family who boarded the train at Henrietta for Arkansas or Alabama for his old home. He just smiled all over his countenance. They even had their dog with them, and I verily believe a majority would come back if they had the

money and didn't have too much pride. Where a number of families go and make their own settlement and have their own store, etc., they, of course, can do better; but enough of Texas until we go back and see other sections that are better. They say there are many such, and I hope so.

On our homeward trip we had as traveling companions Mr. and Mrs. Brown, of Virginia, who came as far as Montgomery, Ala., with us. We passed through New Orleans at night and made close connection and did not get to see the famous French market, but got some fine oysters—ask Mr. Wyse about them. Our homeward trip was without incident until we reached Montgomery where Mr. ——— but I guess I had better keep silent and not tell any tales out of school. We had the pleasure of a couple of hours of stop in Atlanta, and took in the "burg," visiting the Young Men's Christian Association building, etc., and not forgetting to pay our respects to the fruit stands and also the restaurants, where we "took in"—well, I won't tell how many oyster stews my fellow traveler and I did take—suffice it to say we did justice to the occasion.

We had some fun out of a scary drummer and the conductor. In telling about the small-pox epidemic and scare generally on the train one man (a drummer) left the train at the first stop, and the conductor looked as though he would as soon not have our tickets. Mr. Wyse had to show his health certificate. It was fun to us, but not to them. Well, it is about time to stop writing, and as we stopped when the conductor shouted "Prosperity," and it is time to stop again.

Good-night,
A. H. KOHN.

HELP FOR CLEMSON FROM HAMPTON.

Valuable Books With Which to Start the Library, and Seeds for the Farmers.

[From the Greenville News.]

PENDLETON, February 9.—The Clemson College received a few days ago from Senator Hampton some three hundred books. We have not seen them, but we are told they are very valuable, being mostly books of reference. We are also informed these books, being the first donation to the Clemson college library, will be numbered and the honored donor's name will be duly enrolled on the library register.

There is something peculiar about these books. Sometime in September last Senator Hampton wrote to Colonel Simpson, president of the board of trustees, informing him of his desire to donate these books to the Clemson College and requested him to designate to whom and where they should be sent. But for unaccountable reasons this letter was not received by Colonel Simpson until about two or three weeks ago. Where it was all this time no one can conjecture, but from the number of postoffice stamps on the envelope it reached its destination. Colonel Simpson immediately answered the letter so long delayed, and the books were promptly received.

Senator Hampton has also in the last few days sent to Dr. P. H. E. Sloan, secretary and treasurer of the Clemson College, eleven hundred packages of seed, each package containing four papers of different varieties and requested him to distribute them among the farmers as far as they would go, and in such way as would do the most good possible.

Gorman's Methodical Ways.

Gorman is an interesting and amiable man. His hobby is method. He is the most methodical man in Congress, and the most persistent in his pursuit of certain customs. For instance, Mr. Gorman will not sit up after 11 o'clock at night, except in cases of great emergency, like a night session of the Senate. He rises at 6 every morning regularly as a day laborer. He sits at dinner precisely sixty minutes every day of his life, and will not be interrupted at meals under any pretext whatever. Intimate friends, Senators, even the President of the United States himself, might call while Mr. Gorman was at his dinner, and they would have to wait in the parlor or go away without seeing the man from Maryland. Senator Gorman takes a walk of a certain length every day, bathes always at a fixed hour, never uses tobacco or liquors, and never does anything that could endanger his health. The result of all this caution and method is that he is growing stronger and stronger, physically and mentally, and though 52 has scarcely reached the zenith of his manly powers.

Piling It High.

[Special to the News and Courier.]
WINNABRO, February 9.—The railroad election resulted in voting the subscription of \$200,000 to the two projected roads through the county, and Mr. G. H. McMaster, president of one of them, received a telegram to-day from the vice president of the C. & P. and Carolina Railroad Company, Mr. Morton, saying that his men would be in the field in thirty days.

To strengthen the hair, thicken the growth, stop its blanching and falling out, and where it is gray to restore the youthful color, use Hall's Hair Renewer.

For weak back, chest pains, use Dr. J. H. McLean's Wonderful Healing Plaster (porous.)

HONESTY THE BEST POLICY.

Nations, No More than Men, Can Escape Financial Law—The Question of the Free Coinage of Silver Considered from the Standpoint of Monetary Science.

[From the News and Courier.]

With your leave I propose to give some further account of the currency of the country, as shown by the recent official reports of the treasurer and comptroller of the currency, and the lesson to be deduced therefrom. Some of these figures I did not have before me in writing last week, consequently I had to refer to those of the year previous. For instance, I gave the outstanding currency of the country—gold, silver and notes—for June 30, 1889, at \$1,666,095,400, whereas, it should have been for June 30, 1890, at \$1,698,614,496—that is, an increase during the year of \$32,518,986. Counting our population at 62,000,000, according to the recent census, this would give a circulation of over \$27 per capita, instead of less than \$25, as some of our Alliance friends would have us believe.

It is true a considerable amount of this currency is held in the treasury for various purposes of law. On June 30, 1889, \$278,543,000 was so held, and on June 30, 1890, \$255,530,000. But even deducting these amounts, it left in actual circulation on the former date \$1,387,551,835, and on the latter \$1,443,083,618, that is an increase in the actual circulation of the country of over \$55,500,000 during the year. And yet we are assured by those who take their figures from the National Economist that the stringency in the money market and the consequent low price of cotton is on account of the contraction of the currency.

As showing that this increase in the currency has been continuous, and somewhat regular for a number of years, I give the amount in circulation at the close of each fiscal year—June 30, for the last five years. In 1886, \$1,260,211,673; in 1887, \$1,325,129,376; in 1888, \$1,379,633,133; in 1889, \$1,443,083,618; and in 1890, \$1,443,083,618. Of the entire currency outstanding on June 30, 1890, \$695,568,000 was gold; \$463,211,000 was silver and \$339,809,000,000 was notes. I call special attention to this for the purpose of showing how large a proportion of our currency consists of gold, and consequently how dangerous would be any action of Congress that would tend to drive it to a premium, and consequently out of circulation.

EFFECT OF FREE COINAGE.

Such action would at one fell blow contract our currency to the extent of nearly 500,000,000; would disturb all our intercourse with foreign nations, and would change the standard of value at home at least 20 to 25 per cent—the difference in value between gold and silver. It would not raise silver to the value of gold, as our "silverites" seem to imagine, but would drive gold to a premium and out of circulation. Silver would become our standard of value instead of gold, and we would sink financially to the level of the Spanish-American States, China, Japan and India instead of remaining on a plane with the leading commercial nations of Europe. How any class of our people—and least of all our farming and laboring classes—could profit by such a condition of affairs, except the few silver barons of the Rocky Mountains, it is impossible to conceive.

While we are able to bolster up silver by artificial means, and thus maintain the gold standard, that is the full length yard-stick, we may avoid the catastrophe. But with the free coinage of silver it would seem inevitable sooner or later, if the teachings of all history, as well as of common sense and common honesty, be worth anything as a guide. That there has been great stringency in the money market, approaching very nearly, at one time, to a great financial crash, there can be no denying. The causes for this were doubtless various. But as we have clearly shown by official figures the contraction of the currency was not one of these causes; for there has been no contraction, just the contrary. Nor do I believe in Mr. Calhoun's idea that the hoarding of money by our poor Southern cotton planters has had any material influence.

EFFECT OF THE ARGENTINE CRISIS.

Were the writer called upon to express his views as to the principal causes of the trouble, he would in the first place express the opinion that the effect of wild-cat financing in South America on our money market has not been duly appreciated, and would explain as follows: The Baring Brothers, of London, had taken a large loan of Argentine Republic—\$200,000,000, I believe. Then followed the reckless issue by that Government of the famous cedulas, or land certificates, as a paper currency, to the extent of over \$250,000,000 more. This reckless action, of course, drove gold to a premium, at one time of nearly 300 per cent, depreciating the bonds taken by the Barings correspondingly.

The firm of Baring Brothers have long been perhaps the largest holders and dealers in the United States securities of various kinds of any house in Europe. Finding themselves so hard pressed by the action of the Argentine Government, they were forced to throw their American securities on the market at their most available assets. This, of course, absorbed a large amount of currency. Coming at a different season it might not have created any serious stringency. But coming just at the season it did, when a very large amount of currency was required to move the

unusually large crops, and when there is nearly always more or less stringency in the money market on this account, it added to it very greatly, produced a panic, and had it not been for the timely action of the banks of England and France we would almost unquestionably have had a financial crisis such as the world has seldom witnessed. And it would have been due primarily and chiefly to the reckless financing of the remote and rather significant South American Republic that came so near ruining the great house of Baring Brothers. And yet how similar to this Argentine financing is the so-called sub-treasury scheme advocated by our Farmers' Alliance. The chief difference is that the cedulas are based on real estate securities, whereas by the Alliance plan our currency would be based on such perishable articles as cotton, corn, wheat and tobacco—certainly in every way much less safe than real estate.

IT WOULD BE UNIVERSAL RUIN.

If, then, unsound financing in so insignificant a country as the Argentine Republic came so near precipitating a financial crisis on the leading commercial nations of the world, what would not even more unsound financing on the part of a great nation like the United States be likely to bring about? And if our Southern cotton market has suffered from this threatened crisis, as it no doubt has to some extent, what would it not suffer from the real and universal crisis that would inevitably be produced? Is it not then the patriotic duty of every friend of honest and sound principles of finance, from whatever section he may come, or to whatever political party he may belong, to forget, for once, at least, both party and section, and to unite in warding off the danger impending over the entire country from the interested and selfish action of a few silver millionaires, and the visionary schemes of the Farmers' Alliance? Let sound money Democrats heed the patriotic appeal of Senator Sherman to join the Republicans in defeating the free coinage of silver, just as I would say let conservative Republicans heed the patriotic appeal of the venerable Senator Hampton to defeat the force bill.

AN UNSOUND FINANCIAL TENDENCY.

To the two causes of the stringency above described, coinciding as they did with each other, we may add a third, which many able financial authorities regard as the prime cause; that is a general feeling of uncertainty and want of confidence in our financial situation, growing out of the tendency of late years to unsound financial legislation. We have had more or less of this tendency ever since the war. First we had the "Greenbackers" as long as Government notes were depreciated in value. After the return to specie payments, so that Government notes were of full value in gold, but silver began to decline in the market, the "Greenbackers" merged into "Silverites." The term "cheap-moneyites" would cover both. They were in favor of what they term "cheap money," believing that with this they would be able to cheat their creditors out of a part at least of their just debts. This idea suited our silver barons of the Rocky Mountains exactly. They seem to have no higher idea of finance than to get as much as possible for their silver, regardless of the ruin it may bring upon the country at large. It can hardly be regarded otherwise than a public misfortune that these men get seats in Congress, by purchase or otherwise, where such a miserable rotten-borough as Nevada, a mere mining camp, so to speak, with only about 60,000 inhabitants, has an equal voice in the United States Senate with the great State of New York, with over 6,000,000 inhabitants.

THE DANGER OF PARTISANSHIP.

Add to this that strong partisan feeling that puts party before country and causes the minority in Congress to unite with such an incompetent and vicious faction of the majority for the purpose of gaining a point, and we have an explanation of the recent passage of the free silver coinage bill in the Senate, as well as most of the vicious financial legislation of late years. I entertain too high an opinion of the intelligence of such men as Senator Carlisle, as well as of our own Senators, Hampton and Butler, to believe that they think the free coinage of silver, at present rates, is a sound financial measure, or that it will conduce to the public welfare. Why then do they lend their support to such a miserable coterie of so-called Republicans to pass through the Senate a measure so fraught with danger to the prosperity and honor of the country? No wonder if in such a state of affairs there is want of confidence in financial circles, and a panicky tendency whenever the least trouble arises in the money market.

Fortunately the threatened danger of a financial crisis seems to have passed away for the present. But if we wish to avoid the periodic recurrence of such dangers we should hasten to return to a sound financial basis. That "honesty is the best policy" is just as true of nations as of individuals, as all history shows; and on this question there should be no division on party lines. We should then stop the coinage of eighty cents worth of silver and calling it a dollar. It is a cheat and fraud to do so. If we must have free coinage of silver, at any rate let us put a full dollar's worth of silver in a dollar as we do of gold, and then there will be no fraud in the transaction. Then let us find a means of getting our Supreme Court to reverse that most unfortunate decision of 1884, which our most eminent historian, just passed away, has so clearly proved to be "in

flagrant antagonism to the Constitution," and which has opened the way to such visionary schemes as the sub-treasury bill of the Farmers' Alliance.

LET THE BANKS ALONE.

Instead of waging war against our national banking system, which has done so much to sustain our credit at home and abroad, and which, I am convinced, is, all things considered, the best, safest and most convenient of any banking system in existence, let us rather support it and endeavor to improve it where found necessary to meet the popular wants. It is only through a well organized banking system that we can procure that elasticity in the currency of which we hear so much, and which the business interests of the country require. A Government currency, issued by Act of Congress, even supposing it otherwise unobjectionable, can never have this element of elasticity. It will either be too much at one time or too little at another. Would it not, then, be wiser to seek to improve a banking system which has served us so well, where it may be found defective, rather than to break it down and to substitute for it we know not what?

AN ADDRESS TO THE ALLIANCE.

The Oracular utterances of the President of the South Carolina Alliance.

The following address of President Stokes "to the Alliance in South Carolina" is printed in the Carolina Spartan:

The past year has been one of unusual crisis. Every timber in the old ship of State has been put to the severest test.

The struggle has been ostensibly between the old parties, but in reality it has been a struggle between organized monopoly, which has laid unholty hands upon the old party organizations on the one hand and the people on the other.

The most potent factor in the revolution wrought was beyond doubt the Farmers' Alliance. All unsuspected by the party bosses, unconsciously to itself, this young giant lent an ineffaceable mark wherever it laid its hand, and its hand seems to have been well nigh omnipotent.

Not that the organization entered actively and distinctly into the political arena; for this is not true. Its potency became actual and expressed itself in the main through the old party organizations; but it was none the less the work of the Alliance as a great educator. The leaven stirred up by the work of the Order, like all true leaven, worked up and worked outward. Even the lordly Senate, the least sensitive branch of the Government, has passed one of the most radical measures demanded by the Alliance, and those members who stood out most stoutly against certain other measures demanded by the Alliance, upon grounds that involved fundamental and radical principles, are much less clear as to their duty since the people have spoken.

Does any Allianced man fail in his faith in view of these facts? Does any Allianced man in South Carolina permit his zeal to grow cold at the very moment when the conflict is coming to its crisis with all the odds in favor of our side if we are a unit? Perish the thought. The past is full of inspiration, and the future is inviting. Let us rouse ourselves, and gird our loins for the crises that are surely coming.

As one of the first and most necessary steps in this direction let us correct and purge our rolls. Those who are not eligible to membership should be dropped from the rolls and notified by the secretary. Read over carefully the eligibility clause and apply it faithfully. By the action of the recent Supreme Council, the word "country" when it occurs in this connection means those who live in rural districts and unincorporated villages. This excludes workers in factories and all editors of papers that are not agricultural strictly, and that do not support all the demands of the Alliance.

All who have been received heretofore who are ineligible should be dropped from the roll and notified by the secretary of the fact. Let us get our forces together in compact and homogeneous mass, and then be ready to press our demands effectually. But let us not be too hasty. Let us get our county Alliance put in force for the payment of lecturers, and let each Sub-Alliance put its lecturer to studying and working. As a necessary step to his equipment for his work he should have the Cotton Plant and the National Economist. Let the Alliance supply these papers to him if need be, and then require of him some work.

Let all hands then subscribe for the Cotton Plant at least, so that they may know whether he is talking the right doctrine. Brethren, let us get together and get to work. The prospect before us is limitless. It really begins to look like the farmer is going to have "his inning" now after all these years. Let us use wisely our opportunities. But to use them wisely we must educate ourselves, and there is no better school than the Alliance for farmers.

Brethren, take courage and lend a hand!

J. W. STOKES,
President S. C. F. A.

The world-wide reputation of Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the natural result of its surpassing value as a blood medicine. Nothing in the whole pharmacopoeia effects more astonishing results, in scrofula, rheumatism, general debility, and all forms of blood disease, than this remedy.

If you have a painful sense of fatigue, find your duties irksome, take Dr. J. H. McLean's Sarsaparilla. It will brace you up, make you strong and vigorous.

ALL NOT GOLD THAT GLITTERS.

Three Prominent Merchants Swindled by a Bunco Man to the Tune of \$5,000.

[Special to News and Courier.]

AIKEN, February 12.—Three prominent merchants were buncoed in the woods near Aiken yesterday and fled to the extent of \$10,000 or more. Two fine looking men, one at the Buck House, and the other at the Highland Park Hotel, had been here for nearly two weeks, and they took in the prominent merchants and a planter at Wiliston, to the above stated amount, with a so-called gold brick (in the shape of gold) filled with lead. One of the party came here yesterday with his draft on a Charleston factor and had it cashed through a bank here for five thousand dollars.

"One on the Wing."

IT WAS A BAR OF COPPER.

AUGUSTA, February 13.—Mr. J. R. Easterling, of Wiliston, S. C., who, with Messrs. Kennedy and Weathersbee, of the same town, was swindled out of five thousand dollars by being persuaded to buy a bar of gilded copper for pure gold from a fakir, is in town to-night on his way to Atlanta, where he goes in hopes of identifying a man named Mace, who was arrested in Atlanta this morning, according to the description furnished of the party who was an accomplice in the gold bug game.

The man in Atlanta was arrested in a Richmond and Danville train by Chief Connelly, and if he is the right man the officers will get five hundred dollars reward for the arrest.

DETAILS OF THE SWINDLE.

The Chronicle this morning gives the following details of the manner in which the swindle was worked: A few days, possibly a week ago, a mysterious personage, giving his name as Bill Parker, or more formally speaking, Mr. William Parker, made himself known to Mr. W. H. Kennedy, Mr. R. A. Weathersbee, and Mr. J. R. Easterling, of Wiliston, S. C.

He spoke in a mysterious way of a big thing which he had if he only had the money to work it. He got these gentlemen interested, and disclosed to them that he had somewhere in the mining regions of the West a most valuable gold mine. It had been discovered by the Indians or some half-breed bunter, and there was millions in it. Indeed, he had along with him a mythical Indian, who never showed up, but was supposed to be hovering around somewhere in the bushes or on the outskirts of town and available for consultation with Mr. Parker when necessary.

The best evidence, however, that there was gold in the mine was to produce the gold itself and this Mr. Parker did in a secret interview. And what a glittering prize it was! A solid bar two feet long and as big as a bar of railroad iron. But if these clever gentlemen had attended the recent Shakespearean Symposium in Augusta they would have learned that "All is not gold that glitters." But they knew that anyhow, and even suggested as much to Mr. Bill Parker. He was not surprised nor embarrassed by this implied distrust, but courted investigation. Taking a gimlet he bored into the heavy yellow bar, and smiled confidently on the shining dust which came from the hole. "Take this gold dust now and send it to any jeweller or chemist and ascertain to your own satisfaction whether or not it is the pure stuff."

This was fair enough, and the precious dust was either sent to Charleston or submitted to a Wiliston expert, the reporter's informant was not certain which. But the test was entirely satisfactory, and the answer came back that it was 22-carat gold. Mr. Bill Parker was vindicated, and now nothing remained but to weigh the bar and make the calculation. The weight was not known to the gentleman who gave the reporter the story, but the bar was worth \$6,000 or \$7,000.

Just exactly why they were given such a bargain is not made clear, but for \$5,000 cash Mr. Parker and his imaginary Indian partner were willing to turn over the glittering bar of gold to Mr. Kennedy and Mr. Weathersbee, the two gentlemen with whom he was trading. The prize was too glittering; the profit too certain and easy to let slip. All that was necessary would be to send it to the Government mint to be coined and a clean profit of one or two thousand brand new gold dollars would be realized. Who wouldn't have bought it?

Mr. W. H. Kennedy, who is a man of means, drew a draft on his factor in Charleston for \$5,000, and Mr. Dan Henderson, of Aiken, took it and gave him a check on the Bank of Aiken for the money. Armed with the \$5,000 in gold cash, Mr. Kennedy sought Mr. Bill Parker and the trade was consummated. They got the precious bullion and Mr. Parker got the cash. Having gotten the money, Mr. Parker had no further business in Wiliston or Aiken, or even in Carolina, and his mythical Indian chief vanished from the Palmetto State.

The owners of the gold bar either were suspicious or else wanted to reassure themselves of their splendid prize, for they had another analysis made, and they were horrified to find that the second analysis showed that their prize was not gold at all.

It is understood that Mr. Schweigert's analysis of it showed it to be a very fair grade of copper, but even after the reporter had gotten the story Mr. Schweigert persistently refused to have anything to say except that it

was a private matter which he was not at liberty to talk about.

Well, there is little more to tell. The interviews with Chief Hood were, of course, for the purpose of capturing Mr. Bill Parker, and it is understood that Mr. J. R. Easterling was busy yesterday sending off telegrams in every direction, with a description of Parker, and an offer of \$500 for his arrest.

THE GREENVILLE MURDERER.

J. B. Williams Arrested in the Mountains of North Carolina.

[Greenville News, 12th.]
The following brief telegram to Sheriff Gilreath from Deputy Sheriff J. D. Gilreath, received at 6:40 o'clock last night, announces that J. B. Williams, the slayer of Major W. A. Williams, is in the hands of the law:

"WYNESVILLE, N. C., Feb. 11.
"Williams arrested. Will be home Friday on railroad."

"J. D. GILREATH."

The telegram gives no idea who made the arrest, but it is supposed that Deputy Sheriff Gilreath is the man. Mr. Gilreath left here Monday morning by himself, going to Traveller's Rest on the Carolina, Knoxville & Western train. He got a horse and buggy from Dr. B. F. Goodlett, telling him he did not know when he would be home. From reports received here Tuesday and yesterday, it was learned that J. B. Williams spent Saturday night, Sunday and Sunday night near Green River church, in North Carolina, just at the further end of the Gap Creek gap in the Blue Ridge. He attended church there on Sunday, and Monday morning left in a one-horse wagon for the Tennessee line. It is supposed that the deputy sheriff learned these facts and kept on in his pursuit. It is known that after he crossed the mountains the deputy sheriff took with him a man named Freeman, one whom he could depend on in an emergency, and followed the trail