The Newberry Herald and News.

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RICE BEER AND A REVOLVER.

A Bad Man in Columbia Defies the Entire Administration—Andrew Jackson Busted on His Great Act of Personal Enforcement of the Law—Called the Militia but They Wouldn't Come—Meetze Plays Out a Lone Hand with a Six Shooter and Wins Every Trick.

[Special to Greenville News.]

COLUMBIA, S. C., November 9.—The State fair grounds in this city where thousands of people were gathered came near being a field of carnage today on account of the attempt of Governor Tillman to suppress the sale of rice beer by W. B. Meetze, of this city. For hours there was blood on the face of the moon and the spectators were all the time looking for a bloody contest.

It was an original and unprecedented occurrence—the Governor of the State and a posse of constables and penitentiary guards making faces at a man who was selling before their very eyes a drink that the State chemist had decided came under the dispensary law, and who coolly informed them that interference with him without a warrant would be at their peril.

Meetze is the man who killed a trial justice in this city several years ago and he is accounted a dead shot. He had bought a booth from the fair authorities, though it was not put up for the sale of beer. A constable got hold of a bottle of the rice beer and took it to the Governor and an analysis was made, the report being that it contained more than 3 per cent. of alcohol. Meetze claimed that it was not intoxicating, that this was guaranteed by the brewery and that he had as much right to sell it as to sell soda water. Papers were served on him last night and he gave bond.

When the Governor heard this morning that he was selling beer he said that it would have to be stopped if he had to call out all the militia and went at once to the grounds and took up his position near the secretary's office. He sent men to stop Meetze and when they reported that he paid no attention to their orders the Governor's face took on a determined look. The constables were not after glory with such a man and did not see any fun in running the risk of being perforated with bullets. Around the Governor were gathered the Assistant Attorney General and a number of his friends and a good many constables.

The Governor sent for Sheriff Cathcart who told him that he would make no arrest except under a trial justice's warrant. The Governor, accompanied by the Assistant Attorney General and the constables and Captain Allen of the penitentiary guard, then went to Meetze where he was selling beer and told him he must stop. Meetze declined to do so, and the Governor asked him if he would recognize the authority of the State constable's badge. Meetze replied that he would not do so without a warrant. Quite a commotion then ensued. The people were excited. The Governor was as mad as a hatter, and Meetze was using the most energetic language. The Governor finally retired, leaving Meetze in possession.

The Governor and the constables held another consultation and Captain Alston of the Richland Volunteers, who was passing, was asked if he could get his company together to suppress Meetze. Alston said he could not and the Governor asked him to take a similar message to Captain Melton of the Zouaves. Alston suggested telephoning Melton. The Governor declined to do this. When Melton was finally informed he declined in very emphatic terms. He was counsel for Meetze and stood by telling him to submit to arrest only under a warrant duly executed.

By this time the Governor had mustered a large posse and had sent for guards from the penitentiary. He made a talk to them, telling them to get their guns and shoot if necessary. The constabulary marched by twos to Meetze's stand but not finding him there arrested two of his clerks and with drawn pistols were urging the remaining negro to stop serving the liquid. Just at this juncture Meetze appeared and vaulting over the counter told the negro to go on serving beer and at a word from him the constables cleared out of the inner enclosure. Captain Allen told Meetze that he would have to arrest him but the doughty beer seller told him that he would do so at his peril. He added that he would submit to arrest if a proper warrant was served on the matter by whom. It appears that he had been maintained by the Governor that under the dispensary law the beer should be made without a warrant. The constables knew that Meetze meant what he said. They were told it would be a useless risk of life, and Meetze fired his tongue at them in the manner, doing some of the talking.

"The first man that crosses my counter or comes near me without a warrant I'll shoot," said he. No man tried it. The crowd lounged along in this way, everybody being on the look out for a fight. Captain Tillman called on the Fair Association to revoke Meetze's contract. The authorities went to him and entreated him to do so but he would not listen to any revoking and stated he would not stop until his supply was out. He kept his word, and seven days after the Governor's appearance on the grounds Meetze sold the last drop of beer that he had on hand. Some time after that a trial justice came on the grounds and it was pleasantly arranged that Meetze should call to-morrow and give bond. Governor Tillman takes the position that Meetze was guilty of open outlawry and it may be that he will take further action in the matter.

Meetze is a man of heavy build and great courage. He had decided to sell beer again to-morrow but at the request of the Fair Society states that he will not do so, adding that such action is only on their account, and not on Governor Tillman's. Meetze used some very rough language at the chief executive if not to him.

DIDN'T DEFY GOV. TILLMAN AGAIN.

COLUMBIA, Nov. 10.—W. B. Meetze, who defied Gov. Tillman in person and his posse yesterday at the State Fair grounds, and continued to sell his rice beer, did not attempt to sell his liquor to-day. Judge Hudson granted an injunction against him.

Governor Tillman was at the grounds again to-day and was determined to enforce the law with military if necessary.

FROM THE ELECTION.

The Republicans Turned Many Tables to Their Account.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 8.—The Republicans here are exulting over the election. An observer in passing through the government departments can easily identify the Republicans holding places. Their faces are wreathed in smiles, and they cannot refrain from crowing over their Democratic associates.

The prevailing opinion here is that the defeat of the Democracy in the Northern States is mainly due to the existing business depression and hard times. Many mills and factories are closed which were running last year, and the Republican campaigners had but to remind the idle employes that they had worked under a Democratic administration. No reasoning could overcome the effect, no matter how clearly it was demonstrated that the evils we are now suffering came to us from Republican rule.

The defeat in New York is attributed to the stubbornness of the machine in nominating Maynard for the court of appeals and Boody for mayor of Brooklyn. Democratic protests against such methods came from all parts of the State.

A CLEAN SWEEP IN NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, Nov. 8.—The election in this State was a clean, complete sweep for the Republicans, and every town only adds to the thoroughness of the defeat suffered by the Democrats.

Bartlett is elected to the court of appeals probably by over 85,000 plurality, and the rest of the Republican State ticket wins by 20,000.

The State Senate, now Democratic, will have a Republican majority of six; the Assembly a majority of seven.

In the Constitutional convention there will be 105 Republicans to 70 Democrats.

In the city of New York Tammany carried through the entire State and county ticket. Maynard had a plurality of only 30,000, the rest of the ticket getting an average of 60,000.

The present Assembly delegation is solidly Democratic. Three Republicans were elected. Sheffield in the eleventh, Lawson in the twenty-third, and Robertson in the twenty-seventh.

NEW JERSEY.

TRENTON, November 8.—The latest returns of the New Jersey election increase the majority of the anti-race track men, and emphasize the defeat of the ring which has so long dominated the state. The opponents of the gamblers and men under the lead of Bosses Thompson and McLaughlin won a great victory.

VIRGINIA'S MAJORITY.

RICHMOND, November 8.—The indications are that the Democratic majority will reach 50,000. The following are believed to be the only counties in the State that have gone for the Populists: Newkent, Campbell, Caroline, Greenville, Prince George, Powhattan, Prince Edward, Sussex, Tazewell and Floyd.

BEAT BOIES BADLY.

DES MOINES, November 7.—Frank D. Jackson, Republican candidate for governor, is elected by a plurality of about 30,000. The balance of the Republican ticket is elected by a large majority. The legislature will be Republican.

MCKINLEY'S BIG PLURALITY.

COLUMBUS, November 8.—At the Democratic State headquarters they have conceded that the result was such as to give them no cause for looking after the returns. McKinley's plurality will exceed 70,000.

MASSACHUSETTS GOES LIKEWISE.

BOSTON, November 8.—The legislature, so far as heard from, stands: House—Republicans, 153; Democrats, 18; heard from, 30. Senate—Republicans 30; Democrats, 7; not heard from, 3.

THE KEYSTONE STATE GOES REPUBLICAN.

PHILADELPHIA, November 8.—The estimated majority by counties on the vote for state treasurer show a majority of 107,925 for Jackson, the Republican candidate.

Great Expectations.

[From the Chicago Daily Tribune.]

Six or seven bootblacks were shooting craps on the sidewalk in front of a business house the other evening when the manager of the establishment came along.

"Boys," he said, "this will never do. You'll have to move away from here."

"Please don't break up de game jist now, mister," pleaded the businesslike urchin with the muffler about his neck. "Dere's only one kid wot ain't broke."

GOV. TILLMAN VS. EDITOR GARLINGTON.

They Both Said It and Stick to It—But It's Alright Now The End of the Exchange of Complements.

STATE OF SOTH CAROLINA,
EXECUTIVE MANSION,
COLUMBIA, S. C., Nov. 6th, 1893.

J. C. Garlington, Esq., Editor Spartanburg Herald:

SIR:—A marked copy of the Herald, November 3d, containing your editorial "Who Has Lied?" reached me yesterday; and I take it, therefore, as a personal communication. I also notice in The State of Sunday an open letter addressed to "B. R. Tillman, Governor," copied from the Herald of Saturday. It has been my custom to ignore abuse and falsehoods about myself appearing in newspapers, but I depart from it in this instance in order that the people of the State, and your readers in particular, may be able to answer the question, "Who has Lied?" to your and their satisfaction. In The State newspaper of November 1st, appeared a special as follows:

A TILLMAN CONSTABLE ARRESTED FOR RUNNING A "BLIND TIGER."

[Special to The State.]

SPARTANBURG, S. C., Oct. 31.—One of Governor Tillman's liquor constables, who seized a "blockade" wagon on Saturday, was himself arrested today by a United States marshal for retailing without license. He was selling by the pint at Clifton. His name was Henderson.

No name was signed and I, therefore, knew nothing as to its authorship. When asked about it by the reporters, who daily visit my office, I denounced it as a lie, and took occasion to characterize the newspaper in which it appeared, in fitting terms, as a purveyor of falsehood. Nothing appeared in the News and Courier or the Register about the arrest (that I saw) and I felt justified in what I said, because a similar special from Charleston to The State, in which alone it appeared had charged me with playing the part of a spy at the Charleston hotel, when I last visited that city in company with Miss Clara Barton. You now step forward and avow the authorship of the special and seek to shield yourself by having it appear that Henderson is a "spy," and, therefore, the governor has "lied."

But you can not wriggle out of your uncomfortable predicament by any such charge of terms and facts. It has been a common and accepted rule among the Haskelite newspapers, and those which are the mouthpieces of the whiskey men, to call the State constables "spies" and "sneaks," and other opprobrious names. They glory in this befouling the State's officers and encouraging opposition to the dispensary act, which is the law of the land. When The State published the lie on me in the hotel matter, I said nothing; when it published your special, seeking to bring the constables into disrepute as lawbreakers, and directly reflecting on me, upon whom the duty of appointing them rests, I thought it time to speak out, and I did so, in my usual positive way.

Now, sir, I said no constable was on the force by the name of Henderson; no constable had been arrested for retailing liquor, and the statement in The State was a lie. You immediately jump on to the name "spy," which is not constable, and which you did not use in the dispatch, and produce Mr. Tompkins' letter to Henderson offering $25 for "proof to convict," and thus seek to confuse and becloud the issue. But you cannot get off in that way. You know Henderson is not a constable, because constables are regularly commissioned under seal and wear badges; you know that he had no authority to arrest; you know he is in no way connected with the State government, and that I am in no way responsible for his behavior further than to pay him $25 if he secures a conviction under the dispensary law, which is a standing offer and has been made to scores of men besides Henderson.

I do not "argue that a spy is a constable," as you seem to desire. On the contrary, I deny it absolutely, and leave it to you to show it to be so if you can. At the same time I assert that a constable is not a spy, but a detective doing legitimate, honorable and necessary work to uphold the law and you have no right to thus defame a State officer.

You stated that a "constable" had been arrested for retailing liquor, and I said it was a lie. I acquit you of intentional falsehood in this instance, but you cannot do other than acknowledge actual falsehood. You are opposed to the law, but I do not therefore consider you a "tool of the whiskey sellers." You have been caught in bad company sending lies, however innocently, to a lying newspaper, and, therefore, have had your sensibilities wounded by my plain speaking. I defended the State's officers, my appointees, as was my duty—used too strong language it may be—but the provocation was very great. If, in future, you will be sure of your facts before sending false statements reflecting on the Governor and his subordinates, you will not be convicted as in the present case of "lying." It is a hard word and I would not have used it had I known you were the author of the dispatch. I cannot change it or withdraw it now, since you resort to subterfuge in order to transfer the charge to my shoulders, and thus aggravate the first offence by seeking to deceive the public through a change of the word "constable" to "spy." I will not, of course, condescend to notice your abusive insolence. For your solicitude about my "career being ended," etc., I am deeply grateful. I rest with equanimity under the charge of "lying" and "perjury" which you have tried to prove and trust you may soon recover your peace of mind. Under great provocation I threw a stone at random and hit you. If you will stick to the truth in future, or sign your dispatches, so I may recognize my "impartial critic," you will be spared a like painful experience.

A word of advice at parting. When next you have a grievance of this kind and feel that you have done nothing wrong, make a calm, dignified statement of the facts, or address a personal letter asking an explanation and await the result. Any gentleman will give such and make the amende honorable. Had you kept your temper and stated your case I would have cheerfully apologized. As it is, your abuse excites contempt, and you have actually descended to falsehood in defence of an untenable position.

B. R. TILLMAN.

WHAT EDITOR GARLINGTON SAYS IN CLOSING.

The article from Governor Tillman which we publish this morning speaks for itself. He says, "I acquit you of intentional falsehood in this instance," and further, "I do not consider you a tool of the whiskey sellers"; and that he spoke in "too strong language perhaps." He admits furthermore that the word "lying" "is a hard word and I would not have used it had I known you were the author of the dispatch." Then in closing the Governor says: "Had you kept your temper and stated your case I would have cheerfully apologized."

If the Governor had kept his temper and confined himself to "facts" he would have nothing to apologize for.

But we can ask no more. It is enough—far more than we expected. Governor Tillman is welcome to the fine spun theories of State officers—the shadowy veil which separates the constable from the spy and the spy from a "Tillman liquor constable."

But in this article, the Governor repeats several times that it is still a lie that the man was a constable. This is passing strange in view of the fact that by his own mouth I am acquitted of "intentional falsehood." Can it be that the Governor of this great State does not know that unless there is an "intentional falsehood," there can be no lies? Does this man who uses such vigorous English and who is such a hair-splitter over the distinctions in the various new offices created to enforce the dispensary law, fail to draw the distinction between a mistake of fact and a lie? Impossible! Even if it had been charged that Henderson was a duly appointed and commissioned constable and he had no commission and was not a constable, so long as there was no intention to deceive there could be no lie. He seems to be in the same fix as the man who said the horse was sixteen feet high—he said it and because he said it he is bound to stick to it.

We have nowhere charged that Henderson was such an officer as met the technical definition of a State Constable. He was spoken of as a "Tillman liquor Constable," and the evidence shows he was armed with a commission from Tillman to secure convictions of white men at $25 a head. We are perfectly willing to let the public say what such a man is—whether spy, constable or Tillman tool.

As to the Governor's "parting advice," that next time we have a grievance and feel that we have done nothing wrong, to make a calm, dignified statement and await results, we can only regret that he did not follow the advice he gives.

It is not pleasant to say hard things of the Governor of one's State and to print them in the newspapers, nor is it pleasant to be called by the Governor in the newspapers a "lie" and "dirty tool of whiskey sellers," when you have the consciousness of knowing "you have done no wrong."

We have not spoken more harshly than the occasion demanded.

WATCHING AUGUSTA.

Gov. Tillman Has One of His Spies Stationed in Augusta—The Augusta Merchants Are on to Him.

[Augusta Chronicle.]

One of Governor Tillman's dispensary spies is in Augusta and stationed here.

He is known and the purpose of his coming is also understood.

He is here to watch our merchants and detect any liquors shipped from this city into the Palmetto State.

As soon as he finds out a shipment is made he is to telegraph the officers in the town where the package is consigned to, and the goods are expected to be seized and confiscated. All liquor dealers here are dead on to the spy who tries to be cautious and avoid being noticed, but is frequently seen passing and repassing the stores where liquor is sold and he keeps a watch out for goods being shipped and he dots down addresses on boxes which he suspicions contains the fluid of joy. The merchants are not at all uneasy over the appearance of this detective and apprehend no trouble.

The officer has not yet caught on to any smuggling from Augusta, if any is being done, for as yet no seizure has been made.

Two tons of dynamite exploded under a sunken vessel in New York harbor to it get out of the way lifted the water for about two acres fully 200 feet.

THANKSGIVING.

President Cleveland's Proclamation Appointing Nov. 30 as the Day.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 3.—The President to-day issued his proclamation, naming Thursday, Nov. 30, as a day of thanksgiving. The proclamation reads as follows:

While the American people should every day remember with praise and thanksgiving the Divine goodness and mercy which have followed them since their beginning as a nation, it is fitting that one day in each year should be especially devoted to the contemplation of the blessings we have received from the hand of God and to the grateful acknowledgment of His loving kindness.

Therefore, I, Grover Cleveland, President of the United States, do hereby designate and set apart Thursday, the 30th day of the present month of November, as a day of thanksgiving and praise, to be kept and observed by all the people of our land. On that day let us forego our ordinary work and employments and assemble in our usual places of worship where we may recall all that God has done for us, and where from grateful hearts our united tribute of praise and song may reach the throne of grace. Let the reunion of kindred and the social meeting of friends lend cheer and enjoyment to the day, and let generous gifts of charity for the relief of the poor and needy prove the sincerity of our thanksgiving.

THE DAY APPOINTED BY THE GOVERNOR.

Governor Tillman yesterday issued the following proclamation setting apart Thursday, the 30th day of November, as a day of thanksgiving. The time is the same fixed upon by President Cleveland:

PROCLAMATION.

State of South Carolina,
Executive Chamber,
Columbia, S. C., Nov. 11, 1893.

The closing year and the gathered harvests admonish us of our obligations, as individuals and as a people, to the Giver of all good gifts, material or spiritual.

The Almighty Ruler has seen fit, in His Divine wisdom, to visit upon the people of South Carolina, as of other sections of the country, great disasters the past year, and has lessened the returns that have rewarded their labors in the fields and in other branches of industry, but pestilence has been averted from our shores; peace and liberty have been preserved and assured within our borders; the good work of education, religion, and especially charity, have been prospered and blessed among us; happiness and hope still crown the outgoing and the incoming year.

These blessings call for the continued recognition of our obligation and our gratitude to Almighty God.

Now, therefore, I, B. R. Tillman, Governor of South Carolina, do hereby appoint and set apart Thursday, the 30th day of November, as a day of thanksgiving and prayer, and I invite all our people on that day to abstain, so far as possible, from their ordinary labors and to unite, in their places worship and in their houses, in public and private thanksgiving to God for the blessings vouchsafed to us a people, and in prayer for their continuance.

Given under my hand and the Great Seal of the State of South Caro-
[L. S.] lina, at the city of Columbia, this 11th day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-three.

B. R. TILLMAN,
Governor.

By the Governor:
J. E. TINDAL, Secretary of State.

JUSTICE M'GOWAN.

His Health Is Good and He Will Stand for Re-Election.

[Abbeville Press and Banner.]

The following correspondence sent us by the Hon. R. E. Hill, with the request that it be published, will set at rest any doubt which may have been raised as to Judge McGowan's physical condition and as to his intention to stand for re-election:

Hon. S. McGowan, Associate Justice Supreme Court, Abbeville, S. C.—

Dear Sir: Having heard a rumor to the effect that you would probably not be a candidate for re-election as Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, owing to the condition of your health, I desire, as your friend, to know whether there is any foundation for the same.

I take it for granted that nothing save an apprehension on the part of the Legislature that your physical condition is such as to interfere with th proper discharge of the duties of Associate Justice would cause that body to hesitate as to the propriety of re-electing you, and as you are a better judge as to the condition of your health than any one else, a statement from you on that point, as well as that of your candidacy for re-election, would, doubtless, be a relief to a majority of the members composing said body. I have the honor to be sincerely your friend,

R. E. HILL.

Abbeville, S. C., Nov. 6, 1893.

Abbeville, S. C., Nov. 6, 1893.

Hon. R. E. Hill—

My Dear Sir: I have received your kind note of this morning, for which I thank you, and having respect for your desire, as a member of the Legislature, to know the exact facts in question, I reply at once and frankly.

I am happy to be able to inform you that I have recovered from the attack of grippe, which for a time afflicted me, and that my health is entirely restored. The physician who attended me so informs me and I feel myself quite as able to work as I ever did.

I have not allowed my friends formally to announce me as a candidate to be my own successor for several reasons. In the first place I did not think that was the usual course, in the case of one already on the bench, and presumed to desire a continuance, unless such intention be disclaimed; and further, it has always seemed to me that the office of Judge was especially one of those which ought "neither to be sought nor declined," but should be bestowed only upon considerations affecting the general welfare of the State.

I cannot say now that I am a candidate, in the usual sense of the word, so far as it involves the idea of canvassing. That I cannot do. But I had intended, and still intend, upon the advice of friends, to stand for re-election—relying upon whatever record I may have made—and leaving the event to be determined by the unbiassed judgment of the Legislature.

Again thanking you for your neighborly interest in the matter, I am truly your friend,

S. MCGOWAN.

THE BIG COTTON BALE.

It Is Too Large and Should Be Made Considerably Smaller.

[New Orleans Times-Democrat.]

It would seem that the cotton bale has finally reached its maximum size, and that it is likely, if anything, to grow smaller. The average weight of the bales received this year is materially less than those of the previous one.

The September bales in 1892, for instance, weighed 523.1 pounds, but this September they weighed only 516.63, a decrease of 6.47 pounds. For the two months of September and October the average was 503.08, as against 510.38, or 7.3 pounds less. It will be seen that the bale continues to grow smaller as the season progresses, the indications being that for the whole year it will fall below 500 pounds. The decrease is marked everywhere in the South. In Texas, famous for its big bales, their average weight has fallen off 15.14 pounds; in Louisiana 4.70. The decrease is less marked on the Atlantic coast, but even there the disposition is shown to put fewer pounds of cotton into a bale than formerly.

This tendency is all the more marked because hitherto the disposition was quite the other way—to increase the size of the bale until it threatened to reach 750 pounds, or even more. Starting at about 420 pounds, it had steadily increased until monster bales were frequently met with of 800 to 900, and in some few cases of 1,100.

The example is simple. It costs to move and handle cotton in many portions of the South, and especially along the Mississippi, so much per bale, whether the bale weighs 300 or 1,000 pounds. There was the same charge for transportation by boat, and for hauling and storage in the press. When the Mississippi levee districts were organized and began raising money for levee building by means of a tax on cotton, it was placed at so much per bale, and it sometimes ran very high—$2 to $2 50 per bale. The planter, therefore, who put up his cotton in bales of 1,000 pounds or more saved just half his tax. Altogether it was possible to save $2 or $3 a bale by adopting the heavy standard, and that was no small item in a large crop.

This little trick, however, was soon understood, and those who lost by it took steps to protect themselves. The railroad freight charge was by the pound, so that there was no profit in putting up big bales that had to be transported by rail. The levee districts levied their produce tax on cotton by the pound instead of the bale as formerly, and the laborers in the presses began demanding extra rates for handling the heavier packages. This cut out all the profit on the big bales, and the planters, finding that they secured little if any benefit from them, have ceased trying to put too many pounds in a bale. The result is shown in the decreased weight this year.

The change is a matter for congratution. The big bale was a nuisance, hated and detested by all. It was clumsy and required more labor to handle. The spinner also complained that the cotton thus packed reached him in a more or less objectionable and uncovered condition. Complaints have poured in from England of the manner in which cotton was packed and baled in this country, and suggesting that we adopt the methods in vogue in Egypt or India, the cotton from which countries reached Europe in better codition than ours. The suggestion that we adopt a standard bale used in other countries of 300 or 350 pounds is not likely to be adopted here, however, because most of our presses and machinery are not adapted to packing cotton as compactly as is necessary in these small packages; but the returns of the cotton exchange would indicate that the big bale is equally objectionable, and that the South had about concluded that the weight best adapted to this country, most easily and cheaply handled, is about 500 pounds.

There is less difference between the ancient and the modern Greek tongues than between Chaucer's English and the English of to-day.

INSURE THE WOMEN.

Arp Does not Understand Why Life Insurance Companies do Not Take Risks on Women. He Says It is an Injustice.

[Atlanta Constitution.]

Once more I rise in behalf of the women. My recent letter on life insurance has provoked some correspondence with young men, married and unmarried, who desire to insure their lives and ask for further information. I have no ax to grind and no special companies to favor, but two letters received from ladies provoke me to ask some questions myself, for until recently I did not know that insurance was only for men and horses and other cattle—women are generally excluded. They can't even get an accident policy that will provide a weekly allowance in case they are injured.

This was a revelation to me, and I made inquiry of an intelligent agent of a life company and he said that it was presumed that men supported the women and therefore women did not need insurance as long as the father or the husband lived.

That reasoning will not do in these days. No such charitable consideration moves the companies to make the distinction. Life insurance is a business—not a charity—and business rules govern it.

Another agent told me that females were too great a risk on account of the perils of childbirth and that women would not submit to the critical examination that was required, and still another agent said his company would insure them, but had to charge a higher rate.

None of these reasons seemed sufficient to me, and at last I did find a company that had ignored all these objections and was in the field as the champion of woman and insured her life upon equal terms with our sex.

Well, why not? The embarrassment about the examination amounts to nothing, for the old family doctor is near at hand and knows his patrons and his patients. The men may deceive him, but the women will not try to. I would rather rely upon a woman's answer than a man's.

As to the perils that environ maternity, they will not compare with the perils that environ the majority of young and middle-aged men—perils of occupation, perils of imprudence, indiscretion and indulgence of passion and appetite. Women do not drink nor chew, nor smoke, nor handle guns or pistols, nor climb trees, nor build houses, nor run on the trains, nor commit suicide. If I was an insurance company, I would prefer women to men. The risk is not so great, and the rate ought really to be cheaper. I would employ women for agents to solicit insurance, and in cities I would have female doctors to examine the applicants. Here is a wide field for an enterprising company. Thousands of young women would embrace the opportunity of insuring their lives if it was offered to them. The time was when the necessity did not exist, for woman was almost universally supported by man—not so now. Everywhere we see women struggling to earn their own living. They are in the stores and printing offices and box and candy factories and book binderies. They are the typesetters, typewriters, photographers, secretaries and bookkeepers—everywhere they are advancing and encroaching upon such occupations of the men as are fitting to their sex. The number of these busy women in Atlanta is already up in the thousands, not including those whose home is in the cotton mills. Almost all the women have somebody to work for—somebody dependent upon their daily labor—and, therefore, they should have their lives insured for at least one theusand dollars.

Last night while ruminating upon a letter from a young widow who wishes to insure her life for the benefit of her child, I inquired of my family how many widows there were in town. I wished to compare them with the widowers. We made a list of those who were within the circle of our acquaintance, taking them street by street, and counted forty-nine. Of these only four were made widows by the war. Then we numbered the widowers, and there were only ten. What does that signify? I thought that maybe the climate had something to do with it, for they told me in Texas that that country was good for men and mules, but mighty hard on women and steers. Maybe it is the reverse up here. Again I thought that, perhaps, it signified that widowers married again, while widows remained loyal to the memories of their first and only love. This did explain it in part, for we found nine widowers who had married again and only one of them married a widow. The greedy fellows seem to want a young girl every time. So it will be seen that the women outlive the men. If they are sick a good deal, they don't die but live on and on and on. The difference is manifest and decided. Then why should an insurance company hesitate. Why not break through these old rules and prejudices and keep up with the progress of the times in other things. They insure horses and horned cattle in Atlanta. Why not women? Now this young widow has an income of $40 a month that came from her husband's life policy and she wishes to invest $5 a month in a policy that will go to the child when she dies or revert to her if she survives the child. What better investment can a company make; what better investment can she make? and yet women are left out or are charged as extra hazardous by most all of the life companies. It is a mistake. It is more than that. It is a wrong, an injustice done to the female sex. Now let the insurance companies rise and explain, if they can.

Last week I visited the good old Dutch town of Newberry in South Carolina. It was a delightful trip of sunny days and moonlight nights and over one of the best roads in the South. People used to say that the Georgia, Carolina and Northern was just one road too many, but they don't say so now. Its traffic is increasing all the time and its service is first-class. From Athens to Newberry is a bright and productive country, and the people seem happy over their abundant crops. Newberry expects to handle her usual allowance of 25,000 bales of cotton. There is a mill there that consumes 7,000 bales and an oil mill that works up the seed. The town is solid and prosperous. The new public school building that cost $17,000 is completed and occupied. The Lutheran college adorns a distant hill and the beautiful homes of the people are embowered among shade trees and flowers all around in the suburbs. The mayor took me around to the dispensary—not that he or the people were proud of it, but because it was now a part of Newberry and must be exhibited to strangers. Some said it was a degradation. Some said it was better than saloons, but all admitted that it lessened drunkenness and would bring in a revenue. The whiskey was on the shelves in pints and quarts. Its price and quality were on the labels and the palmetto tree was blown in the glass. Every man who buys signs an application, pays his money, gets his bottle or his jug and departs. No loafing round is permitted. The negroes who haul in the cotton are the best customers. The price is high but they must have it. The profit is divided equally between the town and the county. In August the profit was only $25. In September it was $250 and the estimate for October was $400. The State had already got its share when the goods were invoiced to this dispensary. So it seems that the State and the towns and the counties are all to fatten on this business and this will make it popular with the taxpayers. Whether it is constitutional for a State to run a business for revenue is to be tested by the courts but they say that Georgia used to run the State railroad and that France buys and sells all the tobacco. When South Carolina does anything it is done by wholesale. The fences were all cleaned up at one session but here in Georgia we have a vote in every district, and some have fences and some have none. In Carolina everybody approves the stock law and the people would in Georgia if it was passed. I wish that our legislature had the nerve to do it.

BILL ARP.

Election of Fair Officers.

[Register, 10th.]

The annual meeting of the South Carolina Agricultural and Mechanical Society was held in the Council Chamber last night and the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

President—Thomas J. Moore, Spartanburg.

Vice-presidents—First, A. T. Smythe, Charleston; second, A. P. Butler, Aiken; third, B. F. Crayton, Anderson; fourth, J. Wash Watts, Laurens; fifth, T. J. Cunningham, Chester; sixth, S. A. Gregg, Florance; seventh, W. G. Hinson, Charleston.

Executive committee—Chairman, E. L. Roche, Charleston; J. W. Dreher, Columbia; Chas. A. Sanders, Hagood; W. C. Fisher, Columbia; S. W. Vance, Laurens; L. D. Childs, Columbia; A. H. White, Rock Hill; J. G. Mobly, Winnsboro; J. S. Dunn, Columbia; J. W. Anderson, Greenville; W. D. Evans, Marlboro; Silas J. McCaughrin, Newberry; W. H. Frazier, Abbeville; J. H. Manning, Marion.

Thos. W. Holloway, secretary, Pomaria.

J. L. Berg, treasurer, Columbia.

Caught a Dude Snake.

[From the Reno Gazette.]

While at play during recess at the primary school on Sierra street last Tuesday Dr. Bergstein's young son noticed a white snake at the margin of a hedge, and grabbing him by the tail, pulled him out. Although the little fellow was bitten on the hand, he clung to his prize, shifted his hold to the neck of the snake, ran home with him and imprisoned him, as he supposed securely in a can in the cellar. Later, however, the reptile was missing, and it was feared that a valuable curiosity was lost. Yesterday a woman who lives a block west of the doctor was frightened by what proved to be the same snake, and a boy killed it to the sorrow of the snake fanciers. It is about three feet long, with pink eyes and white belly. From the tip of the tail for six inches toward the head the back is covered with delicate blue and pink alternating bands. The balance of the back is covered with pink spots, with a few blue ones interspersed.

Wrinkles, and hollow cheek, and dull, sunken eyes, don't always mean that a woman's old. Half the time, they only show that she's overworked or suffering. To such women, to every woman who is tired or afflicted, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription safely and certainly brings back health and strength. It's a legitimate medicine that corrects and cures; a tonic that invigorates and builds up; a nervine that soothes and strengthens. For all the derangements, irregularities and weaknesses peculiar to women, it is the only *guaranteed* remedy. If it doesn't benefit or cure, you have your money back.

It won't do to experiment with Catarrh. There's the constant danger of driving it to the lungs. You can have a perfect and permanent *cure* with Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

The Eskimo Bulletin is the only journal published within the arctic circle. It is printed at Cape Prince of Wales, Alaska, and is issued only once a year.