



TO THINE OWN SELF BE TRUE AND IT MUST FOLLOW AS THE NIGHT THE DAY, THOU CANST NOT THEN BE FALSE TO ANY MAN.

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BY THOMPSON, SMITH & JAYNES.

WALHALLA, SOUTH CAROLINA, JANUARY 14, 1892.

The Canvass in Alabama.

RED HOT TIMES IN THAT STATE.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA., January 6.

Since the last Democratic State Convention held in Alabama an actual and active Kolb campaign has been in progress every day. When Governor Jones received the nomination to the highest office within the gift of the people of the Commonwealth the issue was then broadly made by the friends of Captain Kolb that he had been swindled out of the nomination, and that thereby by keen politicians had perpetrated a shameful wrong and a grievous fraud on the farmers and other ardent supporters of Captain Kolb. "Remember the Alamo!" became the battle cry of Kolb men, referring to the last Convention. So successful was the movement in welding the farmers into a determination to right Kolb's wrongs and make him Governor next time, that it has looked to the sordid politicians in the State as if he would have a walkover. Then came the appointment of Hector Lane, by the Governor to succeed Kolb as Commissioner of Agriculture. Following his appointment came public letters Lane had written to Kolb, in which it appeared that the Governor's own appointee had handled him pretty roughly, and had been working with Mr. Kolb, attempting to bring about the Governor's downfall. Following the publication of these letters there came an outcry for the withdrawal of Governor Jones and putting up some other man like Oates, for instance, as a candidate, this being deemed by the opposition as the only means of beating Kolb. So bright did Kolb's prospects become at this time and so gloomy was the Governor's that numbers of politicians in different parts of the State, who had been hand and glove in the Convention and even delegates came over to Kolb, this disintegration of the Jones forces reaching its climax in the person of Judge William Richardson. The campaign fairly opened in Jefferson county about two months before the primaries were held, when the county was conceded to be in favor of Captain Kolb against Governor Jones by a large majority, on account of Kolb coming out in a statement that he opposed working convicts in the mines in Alabama, elected Governor.

only issue left is whether or not the Governor can get around before the Kolb men call the different County Conventions. So the fight is for and against time. The bitterness which has characterized the campaign, and has had no parallel, perhaps, in the political annals of Alabama, is mostly confined to the newspapers and politicians. Neither Jones abuses Kolb nor Kolb Jones. There are as yet no charges whatever of a slanderous and vilifying nature against the Governor, but all the undesirable appellations and denunciations that can be imagined are heaped upon the Alliance candidate, Captain Kolb. And it is thought that it will, if anything, help him among the farmers of the State, who are abused almost equally with him by some of the newspapers. To illustrate the ferocity of politics in some parts of the State, I am informed that in Bibb, a Kolb and Alliance county, and where President Adams, of the State Alliance, lives, there is a disposition on the part of Jones men to disregard the present constituted party organization entirely, by refusing to act with them in the coming meetings. A new organization will be the result, and whatever factor dominates the State Convention, their delegates will be seated. The Jefferson delegation may also furnish a contest with a like result. It is rumored that, should Madison go for Governor Jones, it would virtually end the campaign. However, if Kolb wins with a walkover, it will "whoop" up his line of battle. It is my humble opinion that if Captain Kolb receives the nomination for Governor in the coming Convention there will be a split in the party. The faction known as the old guards, or non-Alliance Democrats, will not give him their support.

But Mr. Hand, relying on his own oft-repeated belief, that "Williams is honest," always declared himself so sure of an honorable adjustment that he would not even suggest it. Eleven years ago, however, when the shadows of his old age were deepening, he yielded to the advice of his legal counsel, Judge Morris, of this city. A letter soon brought Mr. Williams Northward, and then followed and adjustment, some of the striking details of which, given to me by Judge Morris himself, now probably appear for the first time in print. It was disclosed at this interview with Mr. Williams that for years he had kept rigidly the accounts for the \$130,000 representing Mr. Hand's interest in the Charleston business at the out-break of the war. Against this original sum Mr. Williams had set his own services for twenty years as manager, treating Mr. Hand throughout as though he were an active partner. Profits, interest and losses had been computed carefully, and figured up year after year to a cent; and the set of accounts at the time of presentation was absolutely complete, and was accepted by Mr. Hand without question. It showed that Mr. Williams owed his actually retired but quasi-active partner \$558,000, for which the former gave six notes for \$80,000 each and one for \$78,000—one note being payable each year until 1888. These were accepted by Mr. Hand without security. With interest added to them, as well as with the annual interest on the whole remaining debt at 5 per cent, they were paid by Mr. Williams, usually before maturity, and the last note for \$78,000 was met one year in advance. The sturdy integrity of the Southern creditor may be better appreciated from the fact that by law only a small fraction, at most, of the whole amount could have been recovered; and the magnitude of the sum (\$648,000) finally paid up was equally a surprise to Mr. Hand and his lawyer. It is significant, too, that throughout the transaction Mr. Williams added gratitude to his princely payments, ever referring to Mr. Hand as his benefactor and the originator of his fortune. The after history of that great fund derived from Southern honesty has already been told. How, in October, 1888, after it had grown, by judicious investments, to more than \$1,000,000 (\$1,500,000) it was given by Mr. Hand to the American Missionary Association to be a fund for educating the Southern negroes. To this great sum, the largest up to that time ever given to benevolence by a living American, is now added by Mr. Hand's death some \$300,000 immediately, and \$200,000 in reversion after the death of family legatees. Out of the whole property of Mr. Hand, estimated at \$1,900,000, more than seven-eighths has thus far gone for the noble purpose of educating the Southern freedmen. But even more impressive, in these days of fiscal distrust, than the magnitude of the gift is the story that goes with it: The anti-slavery merchant returning to the South the fortune made in the slave States; that fortune preserved and increased by the ex-Confederate partner; and both Northman and the Southern, the Yankee Puritan and the ardent Secessionist, oversharing sacredly through diverse political creeds and the wildest mutations of affairs, their common affection and their bed-rock honesties. Here, surely, is a true tale from real life more picturesque and stimulating than the fancies of idealized romance. A few words remain for the two actors in the story. One, now living, is a prosperous banker at Charleston, active in good works, a fervent Methodist. The other, just gone to his reward at the age of 90 years, was tall and erect in stature, sinewy in frame, intellectual in cast of face, dressing elegantly and more like a statesman or a preacher (for whom he was often mistaken) than the typical Yankee bred on the farm. He was a plain, even abstemious liver, never spending more than his few thousands a year. Mentally and in temper he was of the most positive type, relying implicitly on his own judgment, rarely seeking advice and often resenting it. He joined the Presbyterian church at the age of 28, and throughout his busy life was a most devout follower of that creed, constantly infusing his strong faith into life and conduct, and not seldom styling himself a "trustee for Providence" over his own property. Altogether, he was one of those deeply individualized forms of old school men whom we rarely meet nowadays outside of books, and never save in their old age. Taking the two partners together, very strikingly do they suggest the Quaker poet's lines:

the longest and most rife ever brought to a Probate Court in Connecticut. It fills ninety-six pages of closely written legal cap, and contains no less than eleven codicils added since 1872, when the body of the will was executed. There are no public bequests except to the American Missionary Association, which, as stated, will receive in trust for the colored race, directly or by reversion, about \$500,000 in addition to the larger sum given several years ago. Mr. Hand lost his wife and several children long since, and as remote relatives died off, the codicils show that the aim of educating the colored people at the South took wider and wider proportions in his mind, until now, at last, it has materialized in a total sum larger than the Slater fund or the princely gift to the Southern freedmen of George Peabody.

summer. I don't recollect all I said." Blowers never inspire confidence in anybody. When the Legislature, realizing the scarcity of money and the straits to which the people are reduced, extended the time for the payment of taxes to the 20th day of February, Tillman refused to approve it. He is in a soft place. He has feathered his nest and cares not a stiver now for the people, only for their votes. He saw very differently when he had no gloves. In the campaign of 1890 Tillman denounced all who received free passes on the railroads as "babe takers" and said they were "tamed." He must have been "blowing." It is alleged that he rode on free pass No. 1 and the railroads and express companies carried everything free for him and he has not denied it. By his silence he pleads guilty. The Legislature fixed him on the free pass business. He has to pay now like other people when he rides on the cars; hence his abuse of the members of the Legislature in his speech a few nights ago at Laurens. He is mad. He calls for a Legislature of henchmen to execute his orders. As the Executive, if he can, he will seize all the powers of the other departments of the Government and use them for his own benefit. His ambition has crazed him. He aspires to be a Palatine. Popular government with such men in office cannot long survive. In his speech at Laurens, opening his campaign for this year in vilification and abuse, he surpassed even what he said in 1890 when he swung round to circle. Then he was plain B. R. Tillman; now he is Chief Magistrate of the State. Farmers of the State, what do you think of our Governor whom we elected? I own I am ashamed I voted for him and will never do it again. He has deceived us intentionally and badly and has proven himself to be a fraud. Tillman, realizing he has not made good a single pledge he gave us during the campaign of 1890; that he brought great pecuniary loss upon the State; that his administration has been a failure and the people feel and know it, is now trying to fasten the blame on the Legislature. Farmers, merchants, business men, citizens, all, let us come together. Let all of our efforts be for the common good and general welfare. Our once proud old State sorely needs the services of every good and loyal citizen if our Christian civilization and homes are redeemed and saved from the vile. Let every one do his duty to God and his country. Banish all personal preferences. Let every community be closely scanned and men, clean, capable and loyal to principle alone, be selected and elected to office. Elect them whether they want the office or not, and tell them they must serve. If this is done all will be well—the State will be redeemed and saved, the people again united and happy and Tillman quietly laid away with eight following his political corpse to its last resting place—six pall bearers and two mourners—Irby and Shell. Respectfully, ELLISON S. KEITT.

available and procurable at the smallest cost to our planters is found in dissolved South Carolina rock, sold as acid phosphate. Second. A solvent quickly-acting nitrate is decidedly better for the bright yellow type than the slow-acting one, because this type needs to be pushed forward by rapid growth to early maturity, so as to cause the plants to ripen yellow in color, and at a time when the weather conditions are most favorable to the curing process. Third. The sulphate of potash is better than the chloride for any class of tobacco, because the chloride imparts a greener color to the plants, causing them to cure of a darker shade, and injures the texture. The so-called "muriate of potassium" is unfit for any class of tobacco and should not be used. Being cheaper some fertilizer manufacturers use it largely, but it should not be used on land where the tobacco plant must grow. Following the line of Major Ragland's research we find a formula which he has laid down as a general rule. For an acre of poor, gray, old field land which is to be planted for bright tobacco we find the following laid down: Dissolved South Carolina rock, i. e., acid phosphate.....pounds.....150 Nitrate of soda.....".....100 Sulphate of potash.....".....140 Total.....".....490 If the land is freshly cleared of forest soil, the following formula is recommended: Acid phosphate.....pounds.....100 Nitrate of soda.....".....140 Sulphate of potash.....".....140 Total.....".....380 For an acre of long cleared land which has been cropped upon for a number of years continuously this formula is offered: Acid phosphate.....pounds.....100 Nitrate of soda.....".....140 Sulphate of potash.....".....140 Total.....".....380 The above should give the planter a fair idea of what is needed in the way of a fertilizer for his tobacco crop. It will be seen that the allowance for each acre is rather large compared with the amount used on cotton and other crops, but the planter must bear in mind that the yield of tobacco, if properly managed, is correspondingly large. Under the old regime of tobacco growing 600 to 700 pounds of leaf per acre was considered a big yield, but things have changed wonderfully along this line within the past few years. The tobacco planters in the Florence section now grow from 1,000 to 1,250 pounds of tobacco per acre. It is true that high topping has much to do with this, but not all. These planters have followed the policy that in tobacco growing you must take your best land and make it yield all which generous fertilizing will do and this policy has paid them well. It costs no more to cultivate a well fertilized acre of tobacco than any other kind and but little more to cure it. Hence it is best to make it yield its full share, and the only way to get it is by generous use of commercial fertilizers. When as much as 450 pounds of 500 pounds of fertilizer is applied per acre it is best to broadcast one-half and apply the balance in the drill. This method of application gives the roots something to feed on during its entire growing season and makes a uniform plant. H. E. HARMAN. WINSTON, N. C.

Let Us Talk About Tobacco. THE PRODUCTION OF THE WEEED IN THIS COUNTRY IN 1889. WASHINGTON, December 31.—The Census Office to-day issued a bulletin giving the statistics of the tobacco production in the United States during the year 1889. The bulletin states that tobacco is produced to a greater or lesser extent in forty-two States and Territories, the only non-producing States being Idaho, Nevada, Rhode Island and Wyoming; the non-producing Territories Oklahoma and Utah. The entire crop of the country amounted in 1889 to 488,235,996 pounds; the number of planters being 205,802, and the area devoted to tobacco culture, exclusive of counties cultivating less than one acre, 692,990 acres, or 1,082.80 square miles. The area in cultivation was, however, very unequally distributed, Kentucky having 39.62 per cent of the total acreage and producing 45.44 per cent of the entire crop, and the six States next in rank of production 50.16 per cent of the acreage and 42.49 per cent of the crop; while the twenty States and Territories having the smallest production had less than 900 acres in tobacco and yielded an aggregate of 451,052 pounds, or less than one-tenth of one per cent of the entire crop. The average production per acre of the entire country was 705 pounds, ranging among the seed-leaf States, producing 5,000,000 pounds or upwards, from 854 pounds per acre in Ohio to 1,402 pounds per acre in Connecticut, and the more important of the States in which the manufacturing and export varieties predominate, from 875 pounds per acre in North Carolina to 830 pounds per acre in Missouri. The total value of the crop to the producers, estimated on the basis of actual sales, was \$84,844,448, an average of 7.1 cents per pound. The leading tobacco producing county of the entire country is Lancaster county, Pa., which yielded in 1889 19,217,800 pounds, worth \$1,348,090 to the producers. Christian and Henderson counties, Kentucky, each produce over 10,000,000 pounds, as also does Dane county, Wisconsin, and Pittsylvania county, Virginia. Seventeen other counties, nine of which are in Kentucky, produced between 5,000,000 and 10,000,000 pounds each.

THE GREAT HAND CHARITY.

LIFE-SKETCH OF ITS DONOR—HIS HABITS AND TRAITS—HOW A SOUTHERN BANKER'S HONESTY LED TO THE GIFT—PROVISIONS OF MR. HAND'S WILL.

NEW HAVEN, CONN., December 19, 1891.—In the year 1801 there was born into the family of Daniel Hand, a farmer magistrate living in the town of Madison, Conn., a son who took by baptism the Christian name of his father. It was a family of rich blood, whose ancestral roots reached back to one of the first patentees of East Hampton, Long Island, and had since, during a century and a half, streamed through the veins of the most hardy and God-fearing yeomen of the shore towns of Connecticut, as well as of the earliest settlers of the "New Connecticut" in Ohio. The son grew up in the usual environment of a Yankee farm community. He drew his lettering from the "little red school house," toiled on the farm, and absorbed into his character, at its formative and plastic stage, the pious habits so universal in the theoretic epoch of New England. But like most Yankee striplings, he migrated at the age of 16 to the South, where an uncle, who was a merchant at Augusta, Ga., received him as a clerk in his store. In due time the nephew succeeded to his uncle's business. The firm prospered by the Yankee astuteness and thrift of its head, and fifteen years before the outbreak of the Civil War had so expanded its trade that Mr. Hand took a partner, a tried clerk, George W. Williams, who not long after went to Charleston, S. C., to found and manage a branch of the Augusta house. This scion of the firm soon outgrew the parent stem, and ere long there was transferred to it the larger part of Mr. Hand's mercantile capital. The onset of the war, disastrous to many a Northern enterprise, menaced the Charleston house with double danger. The firm faced not merely the ruinous conditions of Southern trade, but the hostilities of the Confederate authorities, who were aware of the anti-slavery principles of its head. Mr. Hand himself, while at New Orleans, was arrested as an alleged spy and placed under parole; and a few days later, at Augusta was just rescued from a mob by the interference of personal friends. In the Charleston Courts attempts made to sequester his property were happily thwarted by the efforts of Mr. Williams, whose lively sympathy with the Confederate cause gave him a strong vantage in the legal contest. Meanwhile Mr. Hand went to live during the four years of the war at Asheville, N. C., under a kind of normal parole, and also to be ready, in case of emergency, to lend aid to his firm's affairs at Charleston. But the emergency did not come, and during the trying four years Mr. Williams controlled the business of the house with an ability and alertness that increased his fortunes. After the war Mr. Hand, already an old man, came North to live quietly at Fairfield, Conn., on funds which had not been embarked in his mercantile ventures. The years passed peacefully, and there were slaves to the will of Mr. Hand in one of

Clonel Keitt on the Situation.

ENOREE PLANTATION, S. C., January 2, 1892.

To the Editor of the Greenville Daily News:

The condition of the people is deplorable and is rapidly growing worse. On one side we are threatened with financial disaster. On the other demagogues in their greed for office are "blowing" the flames of sectional and factional hate. Intelligent and virtuous men alone can save us. No heed should be given to unclean men—they are the lepers of society and bring disaster and ruin. Five years ago B. R. Tillman made his appearance before the public as the advocate of an Agricultural and Mechanical College, which was necessary to place the farmers on an equality with other classes and on the road to prosperity. The farmers met in convention in Columbia in April, 1886, under his leadership, for the purpose of taking steps to establish such a college. Tillman declared he wanted no office; that all he desired was to be a Trustee of such an institution. The writer was a member of the convention and was in full sympathy with the movement, as he always has been and is with everything looking to the advancement of the agricultural interest. The convention had not adjourned thirty days before the press of the State announced as a fact that Tillman had sold out the Farmers' Movement to Dawson. When the State Convention met in the summer Tillman held a caucus of the Farmers' Movement delegates and tried to get them to vote for Sheppard, a lawyer, Dawson's candidate, against Richardson, a farmer. As Tillman had been taking delight in abusing lawyers his course was conclusive with many that what the press stated was true—that he had sold out to Dawson. The writer lost confidence in him and reluctantly consented in 1890 to support him. He did not do so until he was assured Tillman was an All-American and after he heard him speak at Newberry, where, among other things, he made the following pledges, not one of which he has kept. He said: "If you elect me Governor the first message I send to the Legislature I will ask them to reduce the salaries of all the State officers." Earle said: "But you will be elected and they can't reduce yours." Tillman replied: "I don't care if they do." Did he send that message to the Legislature? No. Why not? Was he "blowing"? He said: "Fellow-citizens, you know nothing about your State Government. You have been ruled by aristocrats since the days of the Lord's Proprietors. If you elect me Governor I will ask the Legislature to print ten thousand copies of the Comptroller General's report and I will send them all over the State, and you will then know what is being done." Did he make this request of the Legislature? No. What excuse has he for failing to do so? Was he "blowing"? He said: "Fellow-citizens, if you elect me Governor I will save you \$100,000." Was he "blowing"? How now stand matters? I read of saving the State \$100,000 he has lost the State this first year of his administration near \$1,000,000. He has put us on the down grade. Matters are serious and under his administration they are growing worse very fast. By his bad management of the phosphate interest the estimate is he will have lost the State \$163,000 on royalty at the end of the fiscal year March, 1892. When he went into office the bonds of the State were at a premium of about 5 per cent; now they are worth only 93 cents on the dollar. By their depreciation he has lost the State about \$700,000. The public debt, amounting to millions of dollars, is due next year and will have to be paid or refunded. Georgia refunded her debt at 5 per cent and ours ought to be refunded for the same or less. The signs are a Tillman administration cannot refund it except at a high interest, if at all. Capitalists have no confidence in an administration headed by a man who recently said, "I did a great deal of blowing last

TEN YEARS WITH TOBACCO.

NUMBER THREE.

Editor News and Courier:

As already stated, the tobacco crop is a jealous one, and a crop which requires the closest attention. The tobacco planter can either make the largest returns or the most ignoble failure. To make a success the crop must have every attention and everything it wants, or good-bye to your golden dreams of profit. And in no particular is there to be more care than in fertilizing. Unless you fertilize right the big figures at the end of the year will be on the wrong side of the page. In fertilizing the tobacco crop greater care is required to adopt the right elements to the soil than in any other crop. As a rule, the coarse and unrotted domestic manures used on the cotton and corn fields will not do well on tobacco. If these are used at all they should be well rotted in the compost heap before placed on the land. There are now a number of brands of commercial fertilizers which meet the demands of every grade of leaf produced and which every planter who expects to make a success should use un stintingly. In choosing a fertilizer consult the character of your soil and decide upon the type of tobacco to be grown. Soluble phosphoric acid, nitrogen and potash are the elements which a standard tobacco fertilizer should possess. This will give the planter a basis upon which he can make his own selection. It is difficult to lay down absolute rules on this score, but the writer has secured from an eminent chemist and tobacco expert, Major R. L. Ragland, of Virginia, the following valuable data: First. The phosphoric acid most

Johnstone on the Situation.

THE CONGRESSMAN FROM THE THIRD DISTRICT IS INTERVIEWED IN CHARLESTON—WHAT HE SAYS.

Congressman George Johnstone spent a few hours in the city yesterday on his way to Washington. He was seen by a reporter for the News and Courier, while at the Charleston Hotel, and conversed upon State and national politics. Mr. Johnstone has never talked much for the newspapers, and even now does not care to have very much to say for publication. Being asked what he thought of the present national situation, he replied that he did not have any time to express himself in other than the most general terms. He regards the issues of the Presidential election as dependent almost entirely upon the action of the present National House of Representatives; with wise action on their part, in spite of some appearances to the contrary, he regarded the election as easily within the grasp of the Democracy, and the Democratic prospects as brighter than they had been at any time since Cleveland's election. The present discontent that is everywhere apparent throughout the North, and especially the Northwest, could be turned to the benefit of the Democracy, and any action of the House of Representatives should be taken with that end continually in view. Several of the Western States can now be fairly classed as doubtful, and added to the States of New York, Connecticut and New Jersey, the election would no longer be a disputable question. Being asked as to who would be the nominee of the Republicans, he answered promptly: Harrison. That Blaine was already a defeated candidate and Harrison a successful one, and the Republicans would never exchange a defeated for a successful candidate.—News and Courier, 4th

Irish Wit.

An Irish peasant brought a litter of kittens to a Protestant vicar in a certain town in County Wicklow, requesting him to purchase them. The vicar declined. "Your reverence, they are good Protestant kittens," urged Paddy, but his reverence remained obdurate. A few days after the Roman Catholic priest (who had man while been informed of the offer to his brother clergyman) was approached, and on his refusing to make a purchase the would be seller urged a sale. "Sure, father, dear, they are good Catholic kittens." "But how is this, my man?" replied the priest. "You said a day or two ago they were good Protestant kittens." "And so they were," said the peasant, "but their eyes weren't opened."—London Spectator.

A Joke of the Kaiser.

A story which reaches me from Potsdam is of a harmless character. The German emperor appeared a few days ago before the barracks of the Guard Hussars. He dismissed and gave the corporal of the guard orders to march his men away silently into the officers' mess close by. Then he caused the alarm to be sounded by the trumpet of the guard, whom he kept by his side. The officer of the guard, who had noticed nothing of the event, came rushing out, but the guard was gone. "Where is your sergeant?" said the emperor; to which the unfortunate man could of course give no answer. His majesty was mightily pleased at the result of this practical joke.—Vanity Fair.

Two Ways of Pronouncing Missouri.

There is a discussion among the Missouri newspapers of the proper pronunciation of the name of their state. It seems to be understood that the plain people call it "Missourree" and the patrician folk "Missouri."

Arkansas wisely settled a similar dispute some years ago by a statute which made the correct pronunciation "Arkansaw," with the accent on the first syllable.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Patience is the ballast of the soul, that will keep it from rolling and tumbling in the great storm.

Frederick Douglass recently secured a place as clerk in the agricultural department for the daughter of his old master in the days of slavery. The lady was brought up in extreme luxury, but has for ten years experienced great privations; and when the case was presented to Secretary Russek he appreciated its pathetic aspect.

Who, twin in faith, in love agree, And meet in an old seat. The Christian love of charity.

Only with the last word must "honesty" be bracketed in the verse to get the full measure and rhythm of the two lives.

The will of Mr. Hand is one of