THE NEWS AND HERALD,

WINNSBORO, S. C.

WEDNESDAY, May 11, 1881.

R. MEANS DAVIS, EDITOR.
JNO. S. REYNOLDS, ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

At Selma, Alabama, the Democrats elected their mayor and eight out of ten aldermen, for the first time in eight years. Carry the news to Mahone.

CARPET BAG DORSEY demands an investigation from Postmaster James. He should have it, for if he is not reeking in crime he is the worst slandered man in the United States.

SARA BERNHARDT sailed for France last week, taking with her nearly two hundred thousand dollars, the net profits of her theatrical engagement in America during the past season. Salvini, the great Italian tragedian, takes off about sixty thousand dollars as the reward of his labors in the same field.

THE joint legislative commission appointed at the last session of the General Assembly to revise the laws of the State upon the subject of railroads, met in Charleston on Wednesday. The commission is composed of Senators A. T. Smythe, of Charleston, and H. A. Gaillard, of Fairfield, and Representatives J. C. Haskell, of Richland, Jas. Simons, of Charleston, and H. H. Newton, of Marlboro. They have power to sit during the recess, and will be in session for several days. It is to be hoped that they will succeed in evolving a scheme that will draw the line equitably between the people and the corporations.

THE deadlock in the Senate dissolved on Wednesday, by a motion on the part of the Republicans to go into executive session, which was unanimously adopted. The speech of Dawes, announcing the back down, was humorously and aptly characterized by Beck as "a funeral oration." Several treaties and many nominations will be considered, and although the Republicans profess a determined purpose to continue the fight for Gorham and Riddleberger, it is evident that these gentry are doomed. The Democrats have won at last, and their backbone will be considerably stiffened thereby.

Judge Thomas Thomson.

Again is the State called upon to mourn the loss of a distinguished, useful and honored son. Judge Thomas Thomson, of the Eighth Circuit, died of heart disease in Abbeville on Friday, at the age of sixty-eight years. He was in strong health and his death was a shock to the community. Judge Thomson was born in Scotland, and came to Abbeville in early youth. He studied law under Mr. Burt, and entered into partnership with Col. R. A. Fair. He distinguished himself in his profession and as a legislator, in which capacity he served Abbeville county for many years. During the war he rose to a colonelcy. In 1878 he was almost unanimously elected Judge of Eighth Circuit, and immediately took a prominent place in the judiciary. Judge Thomson will be a loss to the bench, the bar, the church, the people and the State. Peace to his ashes.

Prohibition in Charlotte.

At the recent municipal election in Charlotte, the prohibitionists elected their candidate for mayor by twenty-five majority, and carried two out of the four wards. Colonel Johnston ran about sixty votes ahead of his ticket, so that the net prohibition majority for aldermen was about ninety. As the board of aldermen was a tie, the anti-prohibitionists boasted that their six aldermen would refuse to qualify, and thus prevent a quorum in the council and a cause defeat of prohibition. Thereupon, Mayor DeWolfe, instead of calling upon the new board to qualify, called a meeting of the old members, and in a few hours they passed three ordinances which close up the liquor traffic in Charlotte at once, provides for a refunding of money to those holding unexpired licenses, and prevents the sale of all liquors, alcoholic bitters or fruits by bar-rooms or drug stores, under severe penalties. An effort was made to give time for the liquor dealers to get rid of their stock; but the prohibitionists, exasperated by the proposed obstruction policy of their opponents, took the bit in their teeth and refused to give a day. Considerable excitement prevails, but as the law allows five days for the new council to qualify, during which time the old council holds over, the ordinances of the retiring council would seem to be regular and of full force and effect. Time will show whether this prohibition will prohibit.

No Americans Need Apply.

Great excitement and indignation was caused a few years ago by the refusal of certain landlords in New York to entertain members of the Jewish race at their hotels. It is amusing to learn that these landlords would not themselves be permitted to enter certain hotels in Europe, as the following will show:

The Philadelphia *Press* is authority for the statement that foreigners declare that all Americans are ill-bred, and many of the higher class of London hotels refuse to receive American families unless provided with letters of reference from some of their English clients. In Cannes, an English watering place in the south of France, there are a dozen high-class caravanserai where no American can get accommodation. The landlords make the same plea—that we are domineering, loud talking and exacting; that our table manners are uncongenial to their English guests, and that it is a choice with them and they prefer the Britons, as they are their regular customers and the best pay. There is a favorite hotel in London where a list of prescribed things that may not be done are handed the American who applies for rooms. He may not, for example, appear in the dining room, reading room or smoking room in slippers. He may not appear at the general dinner in slovenly attire, unwashed or unkempt; he may not make the table boisterous in his wine-drinking; he may not chew tobacco out of his own room; he may not "damn" the domestics. A great hotel was built in London not long since expressly to gratify American humor, and an Englishman never dreams of entering it.

The laugh is on the other side now.

Political Tidal Waves.

Politics present the same wave phenomena as characterize large bodies of water. In either case an impulse at any one point sends ever widening undulations over the whole surface, any one spot being alternately in the crest and the trough of the wave. The November election sent a huge wave of Republican exultation followed by a trough of Democratic depression over the land. Complications in Washington have caused another impulse, and this time Democrats ride the crest. It takes just about three months for one wave to catch the other. In the country and in sequestered localities the November wave is still exerting its influence, and assertions are heard that the Democratic party is dead and the South should cut off from it, while to those posted up to the latest time such talk is absurd. Four months from now the tide may change again, and a Republican wave be sent from Washington in its turn to chill those who, in the backwoods, will then have just heard that the Democrats have whipped the Republicans in the deadlock. And so it will go on to the end. It would be interesting to have a political weather bureau established at Washington to take political observations at different points in the United States and to publish diagrams showing "high" and "low" barometer, or where the crest of the wave is and where its trough.

As far as Fairfield is concerned we hope our readers will not be behind the times. Let them not go about croaking, for the party at large has gotten over its depression and is now more defiant than ever. It is now riding the crest. Let none of its Rip Van Winkles be found water-logged in the trough.

The Week in Washington.

The Senate has at last practically abandoned the Gorham-Riddleberger contest and gone to work. This was a substantial victory for the Democrats, who, feeling that they had the right on their side, persisted in upholding it, until the pressure of accumulated business broke through the dam erected by the Radical caucus and compelled the "constitutional majority" to back down. Next to the breaking of the deadlock, the chief sensation was the withdrawal by Garfield of all the New York nominations except that of Robertson. When the batch was first sent in it embraced followers of Conkling as well as Robertson. The Republican caucus, in breaking up the deadlock, agreed among themselves to consider only such nominations as are not opposed by at least one Republican Senator from the State affected by the appointment. As Conkling and Platt both favor the confirmation of the Conklingites, Garfield saw that all of these might get in while Robertson was left high and dry. To prevent this, he withdrew all the other nominations so as to compel the consideration of Robertson's case first, as much as intimating that it would determine the fate of all the rest. This unexpected stiffening of the Presidential backbone has pleased many, notably the Democratic party, which, as a mass, detests Conkling, personally, and as the embodiment of Grantism. Conkling expresses confidence that he will win, while Blaine has telegraphed to Robertson that success is certain. All depends upon the action of the Democrats, and it is believed that a majority of them will align themselves on the side of the administration.

The star route controversy has unearthed the fact that during the last campaign, after all the departments, including the scrubbing women, had been drained of every cent they could raise, the Republican prospect was so gloomy that Garfield was constrained to write to a committeeman asking him to see Brady and get him to do something, whereupon Brady bulldozed the star route contractors out of twenty-five thousand dollars, and "saved" Indiana. The President's explanation is that he intended an individual contribution from Brady, who was reputed to have made immense sums from speculation in Bell Telephone stock; but this explanation is somewhat thin. At any rate the truth of the charge is proven that the star route swindlers bought Indiana for Garfield—not a pleasant showing for the party of moral ideas.

An exchange wittily says that the Senators are leaving the Noah's ark at Washington in pairs, and it is believed that in a short time not enough will be left to constitute a quorum.

Altogether the Republicans are not happy, and Garfield is experiencing a rough time at the very outset of a career that promised to be a Republican millennium. The Democrats are in high feather, and they expect to be heard in the November State elections.

In Memoriam.

In the past few days the State has been called upon to mourn the death of two well known and highly esteemed citizens, General John S. Preston and the Rev. Dr. John I. Bonner. So prominent have they been, the one in the political and social, the other in the educational history of South Carolina, that it is needless to give more than a brief sketch of their lives, in order to direct the attention of the rising generation to the examples they afforded of true nobility.

Gen. Preston's ancestor came over from Ireland in the last century, and founded a family, the branches of which have been eminent in American politics. The Prestons, the Blairs, the Breckenridges, the Floyds, the Hamptons are all connected, and they have filled almost every office of honor from Vice-President down. Many have been famed for their eloquence, and General Preston possessed this gift in an eminent degree. His commanding presence and courtly manners added greatly to his charm as a public speaker. Gen. Preston was born in Abingdon, Virginia, in 1809, and removed to this State when a lad. In 1831, he married Miss Caroline Hampton, an aunt of the present Senator, and they lived to celebrate their golden wedding. Before the war he possessed immense estates in Louisiana, the proceeds of which were mostly lost by the issues of the war. He was an *aide-de-camp* to Beauregard at Manassas, and subsequently became the head of the Conscript Bureau in Richmond. At the close of the war he passed several years in Paris, but subsequently returned to his old home, Columbia, where he died. General Preston was never reconciled to the result of the war, and for him life could have no real happiness under the new order of things. While his death should be mourned for the loss it entails upon others, for himself there can be no regrets. He had made his peace with his Maker, and is now at rest.

The Rev. Dr. Bonner was born in Alabama in 1822, but was for the greater part of his life a citizen of this State. In 1845 he become a licensed minister of the Associate Reformed Presbyterian Church, but his calling was to educate the women of his adopted State. After conducting a school for a number of years, he was, in 1859, unanimously elected President of the Due West Female College. How well he performed his task during a long course of twenty-one years, the characters of the noble Christian women who have left their *alma mater*, to undertake the duties and responsibilities of life, sufficiently attest. In addition to his college duties, Dr. Bonner ably conducted the paper of his religious denomination for thirty years, and was the oldest editor in the State. He was a bright and shining light in his church, and took a prominent part in all its deliberations.

We cannot do better than to add to our feeble tribute the following preamble and resolutions adopted by the faculty and students of Erskine College on hearing the sad news that Dr. Bonner was no more:

In view of the recent death of the Rev. J. I. Bonner, D. D., President of the Due West Female College, the faculty and students of Erskine College desire to put on record the following resolutions:

1. That in the death of this distinguished citizen, this Institution has lost a wise counsellor in its board of managers, a tried friend, a zealous and liberal supporter of all its interests.

2. That we devoutly recognize the hand of Him who doeth all things well, in this afflictive providence, and that we bow submissively to His will.

3. That we express our appreciation of his high character, and eminent services in the cause of education.

4. That we cherish his memory, and hold as a priceless legacy the Christian example he has left us.

5. That we tender to our sister Institution, thus deprived of its head, and to the family of the deceased, our sincere and cordial sympathy.

6. As a further tribute of respect, that the exercises of this Institution be suspend this day.

Due West, S. C., May 2, 1881.

FARM WORK IN THE STATE.

—Most of the corn crop in Williamsburg county has been planted.

—A correspondent at Abbeville writes that cotton planting is nearly over, and that the plant is rapidly coming up.

—The grape vines in Greenville county were killed by the severe winter, and there will be no grapes for one or two years to come.

—Cotton planting is going on actively; the greater part of the crop in Chester county will be planted during the present week.

—The weather during the last week in Spartanburg county was all that could be desired by the farmers. Vegetation is growing very rapidly, and corn and cotton are coming up.

—A year ago two-thirds of the cotton in Marlboro county was planted by this time, while now there is not more than ten acres in the whole county planted and a large proportion of the land is not yet prepared for the seed.

—The Greenville *Enterprise* says: "It is a lamentable truth that here in this country where the grasses flourish in perfection and where hay can be raised with but little labor, hundreds and thousands of bales of hay are imported and sold to the farmers. There can be no permanent or genuine prosperity as long as nothing is raised but cotton and everything else bought."

—The Abbeville *Press and Banner* says: "For ten days our farmers have been exceedingly busy planting their cotton. Thousands of acres were planted last week, and our farmers are still pushing forward the work with every possible haste. The greatest activity is also seen in the preparation of low lands for the corn crop. The energy directed to this latter crop leads us to hope that in the future we will be less dependent on the Western corn-raiser."

Reports from different sections of Orangeburg county show that nearly the entire early planting of corn had to be ploughed out and planted anew, which, however, will not diminish the yield if the season prove propitious. Preparation for cotton is progressing rapidly with an increased acreage to be put in. The small grain crops have been materially injured by the severe winter and our farmers will do well to increase, even at this time, the acreage of corn to make up the dificiency. The fruit prospects are gloomy; peaches have been killed in many places and knowing ones seem to think that those not killed will drop off later in the season; apples may make a crop; strawberries are scarce and a slim gathering will be made.

THE ALLENDALE TRAGEDY.

A Full and Careful Report of the Murder of Captain Billie Priester by His Son William Henry.

(Correspondence of the News and Courier.)

BARNWELL, May 2.—The telegraphic report of the Priester tragedy in your issue of the 30th ult. was not altogether correct. I shall, therefore, give you a brief review of the whole case. In the first place, it seems that the report, no doubt inadvertently, puts some of the burden of this sad and heartrending misfortune to the credit of the wife of the heartless perpetrator. Mrs. Priester is a most estimable woman, and has won the hearts of those whom she has been among so short a time by her Christian virtues. So far as the report refers to her husband not being able to live amicably with his wife, it could not have been intended to convey the idea that any of the fault could be attributed to her. But the converse, she has been the most long-suffering with the burden that she has had cast upon her by an unworthy husband. She had resolved two or three times to leave young Priester and return to the house of her father, but Capt. Billie Priester prevailed upon her not to leave his son, as it would no doubt be his ruin. She remained *only* in the hope that she might, by enduring everything, work some improvement in the young man. His reckless ingratitude reached its highest point, and she resolved to stand it no further, and on Thursday morning, at the breakfast table, she requested the Captain to remain a moment as she desired to see him. Young William Henry Priester, the husband, was at the head of the table opposite his father, and on hearing the above remark said, "I propose to hear that conversation." Captain Priester replied, "Certainly, my son, I have no objection." Young Priester went up stairs to his room and came down to where the Captain and Mrs. Priester were standing, and when within five or ten feet said, "Father, I'm going to kill you." "Oh no, my son," said Captain Billie. "What for?" He got no reply further than a ball which the Captain said is the one he thought passed through his stomach, entering two inches to the left of the navel and coming out about the same distance from the spinal column. The Captain said he closed in on his son after the first shot and caught the pistol, but found that the shock from the first ball was such that he could not control the unnatural arm of his son. The next ball he thought was the one that entered the left side and penetrated into the region of the spleen. (This ball went through the spleen.) A third ball lodged in the left wrist, and a fourth in the left thigh, and the fifth struck a buck-horn handle knife in his pants pocket, tearing it up and lodging it in the iron sides. Captain Priester said that he was shot so rapidly that he could not save himself, and the only thing he did was to hold on to the pistol and change the range until it had been exhausted by the cruel hand, and then he thought he struck his son with his stick. Peter, a twin brother, who had left the table for the store, hearing the shooting and the screams of Mrs. Priester, reached the house too late to render his father any assistance in the struggle. Captain P. went to his store, some two hundred yards off, and undressed himself, got in bed and sent for Dr. H. W. Kearse. Dr. Kearse, arriving as soon as possible, made an examination and reported to Captain P. that he would be frank with him and state his precarious condition. He told him that he had but a short while to live, and that he had better arrange his worldly affairs and prepare to meet his God. Captain P. did not seem the least alarmed, but thanked the doctor for his candor, and stated that his own opinion was that he could not live. Dr. Kearse remained with him until late Friday evening, after all signs of life had almost ebbed off, and Captain Wm. Priester died at 11 o'clock at night, lamented by every heart that esteems a man who has a heart.

It is out of the question for me to undertake to put down in words on paper the gloom and sorrow of the vicinage. No words can convey them and few hearts ever felt such sadness.

Captain Priester made his will, leaving all his effects to his son Peter, and appointed his faithful friend and kinsman, Dr. H. W. Kearse, his executor. He was cool and composed, conscious ap to the dizzy edges that border this life, and he met his death with a serenity that deserved other surroundings, and a fortitude that demanded a nobler fate.

He requested that Wm. H. should not be allowed to attend his funeral, and that he wanted him hung for the security of his fellowmen. J. H. A.

A DESERVED COMPLIMENT.—A writer in the Anderson *Intelligencer*, referring to the recent article from the Hon. Wm. Porcher Miles on the State University, says: "The report of President Miles is highly interesting and should be widely circulated. I find one grave omission in it, however. Mr. Miles has spoken in high and well-deserved terms of praise of most of the Professors, but he has forgotten to mention one whose youth of brilliant promise has ripened into a vigorous and noble manhood; one who, when scarcely a man, stepped, adorned with the highest honors of his class, into the Professor's chair—the co-laborer and worthy peer of men like Brantley, Finley, Gibbes and Hawkesworth—at a time when the welfare of the College of Charleston was the care of men like King, Ravenel, Deas, Petigru, Hayne, Peronneau and others of that stamp. President Miles has forgotten to tell us of the young man who, counting his life cheap when humanity called on him to risk it, went to poor death-stricken Norfolk, and earned by his unselfish devotion the love of Virginia. He has forgotten to tell of the student called from his books to take the helm and guide the fortunes of Charleston safely into port. Strange forgetfulness or noble modesty! The President has said no word of himself."

—At a negro celebration lately, an Irishman stood listening to the colored speaker expatiating upon government and freedom, and as the orator came to a "period" from one of his highest and most poetical flights, the Irishman said:

"Bedad, he spakes well for a nagur, don't he now?"

Somebody said, "He isn't a negro—he is only a half negro."

"Only a half nagur, is it? Well, if a half nagur can talk in that style, I'm thinkin' a whole nagur might beat the prophet Jeremiah.

—"What is your wife's particular little game?" asked a friend of a henpecked husband. "When she gets thoroughly mad," he answered, "it's draw poker."

IMMIGRATION NOTES.

What the State Board is Doing—Arrangements Made by the Commissioner to Supply the Demand for White Labor.

[FROM THE NEWS AND COURIER.]

Col. E. M. Boykin, having assumed charge of the work of immigration, is rapidly maturing his plans for its successful progress. He has made arangements with Mr. H. J. Jackson, secretary of the board of commissioners of emigration at Castle Garden, New York city, to furnish immigrants hereafter upon application. Mr. Jackson has control of the management of immigration in New York, and from his position can satisfactorily arrange for their shipment. Colonel Boykin, while in New York, made arrangements with Mr. Quintard, of the New York and Charleston steamers, to transport immigrants on his line to Charleston in parties of ten at eight dollars for adults, with good food and sleeping accommodations, children to be passed free. This is an improvement on the rates announced by the South Carolina Railroad, as far as they relate to the steamers. The immigrants will be sent direct to the steamers from Castle Garden without detention at New York, and upon their arrival in Charleston will remain on board of the steamer until the departure of the first train for Columbia.

From this time immigrants will be ordered from New York as they are required by our farmers, and will upon their arrival in Charleston go direct to their destination, thus doing away with their accumulation in that city or in Columbia. This method will be pursued during the summer, as this season's demand can thus be easily supplied. In the fall Col. Boykin expects a rush for labor, and he will ask the farmers to begin their preparation of quarters and their arrangement of terms and applications now, so that as soon as the immigrants are needed they can be at once established in homes. You will probably see some of the immigrants in Charleston very soon. An initial order for them by that route has already been made, consisting of four families for the Saluda Factory in Lexington county. Others will follow very soon. The first shipment of immigrants to Lancaster county has been made. They are for Mr. R. C. Crockett.

The value of the department of agriculture to every industrial interest of the State is forcibly shown by the daily mail it receives from all parts of the United States. Here are samples:

Mr. John F. Brady, of New York, writes (through Senator Hampton) that he had been twenty-five years in the fruit-canning business in New York and New Jersey, but that the trade is gradually extending to the West. Being of "Southern proclivities" and intending to move his factory, he desires to know whether South Carolina raises vegetables and fruit sufficient for his purposes and the average prices. Here is an opportunity to the Charleston truck farmers to secure fair prices for their produce during a glut of the market and assist in the introduction of a new industry by giving information which would be used in regard to this matter.

Mr. Edward Warwick, a lawyer at Lebanon, Ohio, writes that, on account of the severe winter in that region, many people are looking out for some more Southern homes, and that South Carolina can secure any number of laborers and mechanics in his section. He adds some pleasant predictions that the South will monopolize the cotton mill business of New England. These are straws which show with what interest our progress and advantages are being watched from afar.

DISAPPOINTED IMMIGRANTS.

Some Incidents Showing Bad Management Somewhere—A Evil that Needs Immediate Remedy.

[From the Newberry Herald.]

The Commissioner of Agriculture, Col. Butler, has taken much interest in the matter of immigration, and has secured special rates from railroad and other sources. He has succeeded in turning quite a stream of immigrants into the State. These are engaged as soon as they come, and with all his efforts the Commissioner finds it impossible to supply the demand. For his services in this matter the State owes him a debt of gratitude. The State needs white immigration: it is the only method left us of securing ourselves from the fate of a black republic. These immigrants, too, are as a class hard-working men, and will add to the capital of the State. There is plenty of room for a great many additional white men in South Carolina, and they should receive a hearty welcome when they come and kind treatment after they get here. We do not say that they have not received such treatment. But one or two incidents that have occurred within the past week have rather a discouraging look for the immigrant.

Incident No. 1.—Last week, we learn from the Greenville *News*, three Germans late from the old country, went to Greenville. A day or two afterwards a warrant was served upon them for breach of contract. They had been employed by Mr. Robt. Smith, of Hodges, and, becoming dissatisfied, had left him. Their story, as told to a *News* reporter, was that in New York they were told that they were to get $8 and board for the first month, and if they did their work well, $10 and board after the first month. The contract, however, which they signed was for $8 and board per month, allowing their employer to reserve sufficient out of their wages to reimburse him for paying their fare, which he claimed was $24. The Germans could not speak English, and it is therefore very probable that they did not fully understand their contract; and honestly thought, whether correctly or not, that they had been cheated. They were carried back to Hodges to stand their trial for breach of contract. No doubt, they heartily wish themselves back in the "Faderland." They are, very likely, not in a frame of mind to advise their friends to come to South Carolina.

Incident No. 2—Several days ago two Germans, who arrived in this country in February, came to Newberry. They could not speak or comprehend English even when here. Through Mr. Jaeger and Mr. Zobel, we learned that they went to work on their arrival in this State at Westminster, in the small cotton factory, or Clement Attachment" there—they are first-class mechanics. At the end of the month they wanted a little money, as they thought their contract entitled them to. It was refused them, and they left. They also found fault with the food provided for them. This is their statement. They applied for work at the Helena Car Shops and secured work there. They were getting on very well; doing good work, and appearing satisfied. On Thursday Col. Fry, Superindent of the Railroad, received notice from Mr. Stribling, their former employer at Westminster, that he must send him $19 for each of them, which he claimed to have advanced for their transportation to the State, or he must discharge them—else he would prosecute Col. Fry for hiring labor under contract with another. Col. Fry thereupon discharged them; and on Friday they took the down train for Columbia, looking very much discouraged, and no doubt feeling so. They, too, very probably heartily wish themselves back in "Faderland," or somewhere else than in South Carolina.

These five immigrants may all have broken their contracts, literally; but we doubt whether they did so understandingly. What we wish impressed upon the minds of our people is, that "putting the law" to these immigrants is not calculated to encourage immigration. And we believe that very liberal allowance should be made for their shortcomings. They should not be held to as strict account as laborers who have lived here all their lives and understand thoroughly our laws and language, and know exactly what they are doing and what is required of them.

REDMOND THE OUTLAW.

A Brief Story of His Life, With Some Account of His Recent Capture.

Correspondence of the Greenville News.

ASHEVILLE, N. C., April 29.—At last Redmond is captured and is now confined in Buncombe county jail. He was brought here on the 24th of April, and your correspondent has just interviewed him. His suffering has been so intense from his wounds that he declined to say anything about himself until now. He is comparatively comfortable and very communicative. On a couch, in front of his cell window, lay a boyish figure whom the sheriff called "Major Redmond." He has an intelligent face, though he is a man of no education. He has a good forehead, mild blue eye, thin compressed lips, plainly bespeaking determination—dark "shingled" hair and moustache—no beard and a mellow voice.

"Well, Major, I suppose you have read the book that purports to be your life?"

"I read, said he, "a few pages of it and saw what a pack o' lies it was and throwed it down. I ain't much of a hand at reading no way."

"Major, tell me something of your history.?"

"I was born near where Atlanta is now, in 1854. When I was very young my father moved to Transylvania county. We lived there till the war begun and then we went to Swain county. After the war was over we moved back to Transylvania. Some Revenuers came foolin' round us and tried to make out like we were stillin'. I rented land and farmed it. But the Revenuers kept on trying to get some charge agin me. But last I got into a kind of a scrimmage with 'em, and then I thought I would feel safer over in South Carolina. In the fall of '77 I married in Pickens county; married old man Ladd's daughter, Adeline. In 1879 my same old enemies the Revenuers begun to trouble me again. I knowed I must move. So after thinking it over I concluded to go to Swain county in this State. I leased lands on the Tennessee River and built me a log cabin and was living happy and peaceable when the revenue officers just ruined everything by all this unnecessary work of theirs."

"Tell me how they captured you?"

"Well, I was there at home, and my wife asked me to go out and kill her a squirrel or two. In the ridge above the house I heard my dogs and went up that way, but when I came in about fifty steps of where the dogs were a barking somebody holiered 'halt," and a crowd of men rushed out o' the woods, and I turned to run as they leveled their guns at me. They followed me firing rapidly. When I had gone about a hundred and fifty yards I gave out and they come up and arrested me. They took me to the house and found I was wounded in seven places, and I am suffering from them to-day very painfully."

The Major declined to say anything in regard to the most serious charge against him, namely the killing of Deputy Marshal Duckworth in Transylvania severy years ago. Your correspondent is reliably informed that the circumstances were about these: Duckworth had a warrant for Redmond for alleged violations of the revenue law. Collector J. J. Mott, of the Western District of North Carolina, instructed Capt. Cobb of the special force, in the western counties of this State, to six of his best men and go and make an effort to arrest the outlaw. He went and failed. As his crowd cloled in on the cabin, rushing in at each door, Redmond escaped by climbing out of the wide flue of the chimney.

Mothers! Mothers!! Mothers!!!

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with the excruciating pain of cutting teeth? If so, go at once and get a bottle of MRS WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately—depend upon it; there is no mistake about it. There is not a mother on earth who has ever used it, who will not tell you at once that it will regulate the bowels, and give rest to the mother, and relief and health to the child, operating magic. It is perfectly safe to use in all cases, and pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Sold everywhere. 25 cents a bottle.

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A Cough, Cold or Sore Throat should be stopped. Neglect frequently results in an Incurable Lung Disease or Consumption. Brown's Bronchial Troches are certain to give relief in Asthma Bronchitis, Coughs, Catarrh, Consumptive and Throat Diseases. For thirty years the Troches have been recommended by physicians, and always give perfect satisfaction. They are not new or untried, but having been tested by wide and constant use for nearly an entire generation, they have attained well-merited rank among the few staple remedies of the age. Public speakers and singers use them to clear and strengthen the voice. Sold at 25 cents a box everywhere.

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126 Editor and Publisher

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Seed and eating Irish Potatoes of the choicest kinds. Choice Family Groceries arriving daily. I have on hand a large lot of best quality Solo Leather, which will be sold at low figures.

I am paying highest prices for Dry Hides. Give me a call.

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