

The Manning Times.

VOL. II.

MANNING, CLARENDON COUNTY, S. C., WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1886.

NO. 39.

A TERRIBLE EARTHQUAKE!

DREADFUL DESTRUCTION OF PROPERTY AND HUMAN LIFE.

Charleston Visited by a Calamity Unprecedented in All Its History—Particulars of the Dreadful Occurrence.

The earthquake shock experienced in different parts of the State on the night of Tuesday the 31st ult., was felt with dreadful effects in the city of Charleston. The loss of property was dreadful, one estimate putting it as high as five millions of dollars—actual and incidental. One report states that there are only one hundred houses left altogether uninjured. This is perhaps an exaggeration, but it is safe to say that the number of buildings injured will include the larger portion of the structures in the city. Twenty buildings, in different parts of the city, were destroyed by fire caused by the overturning of lamps. Below will be found an interesting account of the disaster, taken from the telegraph reports to the daily press:

CHARLESTON, S. C., September 1.—The compositors of the News and Courier decline to work to-night, expecting fresh shocks of earthquake, and the paper cannot be published to-morrow. The following article was prepared for publication in the News and Courier, and is telegraphed almost in the writer's own words, necessarily the only description that can be given of the disaster which has befallen our city. It consists in the narrative of experiences and observations of individuals, and the subject being nearly alike, the story told by one careful observer may well stand for an hundred others, with slight variations.

Probably the best idea that can be had of the character of the disturbance, therefore, may be obtained from a narration of the events and scenes of Tuesday night as they were presented to a single person while engaged in his usual duties in the second story room of the News and Courier office. At the time of the first shock the writer's attention was vaguely attracted by a sound which seemed to come from the office below, and which was supposed for a moment to be caused by the rapid rolling of a heavy body, as an iron safe or heavily laden truck, over the floor. Accompanying the sound there was a perceptible tremor of the building, not more marked, however, than would be caused by the passage of a street car or trolley along the street. For perhaps two or three seconds the occurrence excited no surprise or comment. Then, by swift degrees, or, perhaps, all at once, it is difficult to say which, the sound deepened in volume, the tremor became more decided, the ear caught the rattle of window shades, gas fixtures, and other loose objects. The men in the office, with perhaps a simultaneous flash of the recollections of the disturbance of the Friday before, glanced hurriedly at each other, and sprang to their feet with startled questions and answers, "What is that?" "Earthquake!" And then all was bewilderment and confusion.

The long roar deepened and spread into an awful roar, that seemed to pervade at once the troubled earth and still air above and around. The tremor was now a rude, rapid quiver, that agitated the whole lofty stiver-walled building as though it were being shaken by the hand of an immeasurable power, with the intent to tear its joints asunder and scatter its stone and bricks abroad as a tree casts its ripened fruit before the breath of the gale.

There was no intermission in the vibration of the mighty subterranean engine. From first to last it was a continuous jar, only adding to an ever-increasing moment, and as it approached and reached the climax of its manifestation, it seemed for a few terrible seconds that no work of human hands could possibly survive. Floors were under foot, the surrounding walls and partitions visibly swayed to and fro, the crash of falling masses of stone and brick and mortar was overhead and without; a terrible roar filled the ears and seemed to fill the mind and heart, dazing perception, bewildering thought, and for a few panting breaths, or while you held your breath in dread anticipation of immediate and eternal death, you felt that the end was already past, and waited for the end as the victim who lies on the block awaits the fall of the lifted axe.

It is not given to many men to look in the face of the Destroyer and yet live, but it is little to say that the gang of strong men who shared the experience above faintly described will carry with them recollections of that supreme moment to their dying day. No one expected to escape.

A sudden rush was simultaneously made to endeavor to attain the open air and flee to a place of safety, "but before the door was reached all were together to the tottering wall and tumbled, feeling that hope was vain; that it was only a question of death in the building or without, to be buried by the sinking roof or crushed by falling walls."

The uproar slowly died away in the seeming distance. The earth was still, and the blessed relief of that stillness broken. As we dashed down the stairway and out into the street, already, on every side, arose shrieks, cries of pain and fear, prayers and wailings of terrified women and children, commingled with the hoarse shouts of excited men. Out in the street the air was filled to the height of a stifling dust with a whiteish cloud of dry, stifling dust, from the line and mortar and shattered masonry, which, falling upon the pavement and stone roadway, had been reduced to powder. Through this cloud, dense as fog, the gas lights flickered dimly, shedding but little light, so that you stumbled at every step over piles of brick, or became entangled in the lines of telegraph wires that depended in every direction from their broken supports.

On every side were hurrying forms of men and women, bareheaded, partially dressed, some almost nude, and many of whom were crazed with fear or excitement. Here a woman is supported, half fainting, in the arms of husband, who vainly toils to soothe her, while he carries her into the open space at the street corner, where present safety seems assured. There a woman lies on the pavement, with upturned face and outstretched limbs, and the crowd passes her by for the time, not pausing to see whether she be alive or dead.

A sudden light flames through a window overlooking the street; it becomes momentarily brighter, and the cry of fire resounds from the multitude. A rush is made towards the spot. A man is seen, doubled up and helpless, against a wall; but at this moment, somewhere out at sea, overheard, deep in the ground, which is already too well known to be unknown. It grows louder and nearer, like the growl of a wild beast swiftly approaching his prey, and all is forgotten again in the frenzied rush for open space, where alone there is hope of safety, faint though it be.

The tall buildings on either hand blot out the skies and stars, and seem to overhang every foot of ground between them; the shattered cornices and eaves, the tops of their frowning walls, seemed piled from both sides to the centre of the street. It seems that a touch would now send the shattered masses left standing upon the people below, who look up to them and shrink together as the tremor of the earthquake again passed under them, and the mysterious reverberations swell and roll along like some infernal drum-beat, summoning them to die. And it passed away, and again is experienced the blessed feeling of deliverance from the impending calamity, which, it may well be believed, evoked a mute but earnest offering of mingled prayer and thanksgiving from every heart in the throng.

Again, far along the street, and up from alleys that lead into it from either side, is heard that chorus of wailing and lamentation, which, though it had not closed, was scarcely noticed a moment before. It is a dreadful sound—the sound of helpless, horror-stricken humanity, old and young, strong and feeble alike, when all are so feeble, calling for help from their fellow creatures and raising their agonized voices in petition to Heaven for mercy, where no human aid could avail.

It is not a scene to be described by any mortal tongue or pen. It is not a scene to be forgotten when it has been witnessed, and when the witness has shared all its danger and felt all its agony.

The first shock occurred at seven minutes of 10, as was indicated this morning by the public clock's hands, all of which had stopped at that fateful hour, as though to make an end of the time for so many who heard the preceding hour pealed forth by St. Michael's chimneys without thought but of long and angry life.

The second shock, which was but a faint and crisp echo of the first, was felt eight minutes later. As it passed away the writer started homeward, to find the scenes enacted on Broad street around the News and Courier office repeated at every step of the way. St. Michael's steeple towered high and white above the gloom, seemingly uninjured. The station house, a massive brick building across the street, had apparently lost its roof, which had fallen around it. A little further on, the roof of the portico of the Hibernian Hall, a handsome building in the Grecian style, had crashed to the ground, carrying down part of the massive granite pillars with it. All the way up Meeting street, which, in respect of its general direction and importance, may be called the Broadway of Charleston, the roadway was piled with debris from tops of walls.

Passing the Charleston Hotel, which, to carry out the comparison above indicated, occupies the position of Stewart's up town store in New York, the third shock was felt, about ten minutes after the second, and of course caused the greatest alarm in that neighborhood, as elsewhere.

At Marion Square, corresponding exactly with Union Square, New York, a great crowd had collected, as even the edges of the wide spaces embraced in it could not be reached by the nearest building in the event of their fall. From this crowd, composed of men, women and children of both races, arose incessant calls and cries and lamentations, while over the motley, half-dressed throng was shed the lurid light of a conflagration which had broken out just beyond the square immediately after the first shock, and had now wholly enveloped several buildings in flames.

In three quarters of the town at the same time similar large fires were observed under full headway, and the awful significance of the earthquake may be most fully appreciated, perhaps, when it is said that, with these tremendous fires blazing up all at once around them, and threatening the city with total destruction, the people whom you met on the streets or saw gathered together in groups in open places, vaguely did not give them a thought. No one watched the ruddy flame or pillar of cloud rising high into the still night air. All were intent on listening with strained sense for the dreaded recurrence of that horrible growl or groan of the power under the seas and under the land to give thought to the new terror, though it had threatened his own home and many homes in the doomed city.

Crowds poured in from every direction to the square just described, as though it had been, indeed, a charmed circle, and life depended on passing within its grassy borders. Street cars, carriages and other vehicles were ranged in lines on the streets surrounding the square, while horses and stock still with turned heads, as though sniffing the ground in anxious inquiry.

The colored people everywhere were loud and incessant in their declamations of alarm, in the singing of hymns and in fervent appeals for God's mercy, in which, it is believed, many a man and woman who heard them arising in the night and in the hour of His wondrous might, devoutly and humbly and sincerely joined. Danger brings all of us to the level of the lowliest. There were no distinctions of place or power, or pride of caste in the assemblages that were gathered together in Charleston on Tuesday night. It was a curious spectacle to look back upon. It seemed a good one to remember, not white and black alike. There were instances of unselfish devotion, of kind and loving regard between master and servant, mistress and maid, in the presence of the common ill and of the threatened

ruin, that showed, as nothing else could show, how strong is the tie that binds our white people and our black people together; and this lesson of the dread visitation we may hope, too, will never be forgotten.

Arrived at his home, the writer found the same scenes of destruction and wreck which marked nearly every other home in the city. All the houses in the neighborhood had suffered seriously, and streets, yards and gardens were filled with fallen chimneys and fragments of walls, while the walls that were left standing were rent asunder, in many cases, from top to bottom, and were badly shattered in every instance.

Women and children, roused from their sleep or interrupted in their evening pursuits by the sound of ruin being effected above and around them, rushed out into the streets and huddled together awaiting the end, whatever it might be. Invalids were brought out on mattresses and deposited on the roadway.

At daybreak there was a movement, and as the sun rose and as there had been no additional vibrations, many of the people pulled up their tents and departed to their shattered homes, in the earnest hope that they had participated in their last picnic in the park.

During the progress of the fire in King near Broad street, on Wednesday morning, a woman who occupied the second floor of one of the burning buildings, tied her infant child in a feather bed and threw it from a window to the ground. The child was unhurt.

No damage of consequence is reported on the sea islands.

The following is the official list of those who were killed by the earthquake or have since died from their injuries:

WHITE.—Peter Powers, Mrs. C. B. Barker, Ainsley H. Robson, Robt. Alexander, Chas. Albrecht, B. P. Meynardie, Patrick Lynch, Annie Torck, Mrs. Rachael Ahrens and Goldie Ahrens, a child of Mrs. Barnwell.

COLOR.—Thos. Wilson, Wm. Deak, Anna Glover, Z. Sawyer, Wm. Grant, Alex. Miller, Jos. Redoff, Hannah Smalls, Marie Barnwell, Maria Barnwell, Jis. Brown, Angelle Davids, Eugenia Roberts, Robert Redoff, Grace Fleming, Rosa Murray, Oliver McKeibey, John Cook, Clarissa Simmonds, Hannah Harris, Sarah Middleton, Rebecca Ward, John Cook, Sera B. Sawyer, a colored baby.

Mrs. David of 68 Nassau street died in three-quarters of an hour from nervous shock.

A special report from Mount Pleasant says that a sink near the German Church which on Tuesday was perfectly dry, is now full of fresh water. Near Shell street there is a cabin occupied by a colored man that is surrounded by yawning chasms, extending through the earth's surface for ten feet and over.

All around this there are sinks of fresh water and masses of mud with queer-looking soft substances that have never been seen before. It is contended by many that the mud and other substances found around the village are volcanic matter.

Just after the first great shock on Tuesday night there was a decided and distinct smell of escaping sulphuric acid gas over the entire village. The smell lasted throughout the night.

Not far from Charleston, on the road to Summerville, extensive mounds of clay were thrown up, and hillocks of sand, in most cases in the shape of inverted cones, the hollow part of which had evidently been formed by the action of water returning into the depths from which it had been raised.

The evidences of a great convulsion are not sporadic. They extend far and near, in every direction, from the city limits of Charleston to Summerville, and at the latter place it was found from trustworthy information that cracks and fissures are everywhere visible for miles and miles around. Strangely enough some of these were in active operation, and the constant shocks that were felt at Summerville sent the water out of these fissures in jets to a height of from fifteen to twenty feet.

The horror of the situation in Summerville on Wednesday was much intensified by certain manifestations that were not observed in Charleston to any great extent. All during the day there was a constant series of detonations, now east, now west, and from all possible directions. It resembled the discharge of heavy guns at intervals of about ten minutes, and was like the sounds of a bombardment at a great distance.

All of the explosions were not accompanied by tremors of the earth, as it was only occasionally that the earth would quake from subterranean discharges.

A remarkable fact was noted in Summerville in respect to the bulging of the water from the interior of the earth. Nearly of the walls had been at low water. There was a sudden rise in all these wells, and the additional water was pure.

In St. Andrew's Parish, for ten miles on the other side of the Ashley River bridge, the country is cut up by small fissures and mud holes of from an inch to two feet in diameter. People living in the parish say that the mud and water boiled up from five to ten feet in height, and they all seem to be in a most demoralized condition.

One old negro woman said that the view of the city was most appalling; that after the shocks were felt cries from the city could be distinctly heard, and that almost immediately the light from the fires lit up the heavens over the city. The colored residents of the parish thought that judgment day had come, and commenced crying and praying for mercy.

In Summerville, the people rushed altogether into the inky black darkness, and the general gloom and despair, the wailing of women, the shrieks of children and the frightened shouts of men made up scenes and sounds that were equally distressing and appalling.

As in Charleston, all through the night, there was nothing but sickness, and sorrow, and suffering, and a constant dread of final dissolution and utter annihilation.

When morning dawned the ruin and devastation were found to be complete. There was not a home that had not been made desolate, in greater or less degree. All the chimneys had disappeared, walls were rent in twain, ceilings fell, and in numerous cases houses that rested on wooden blocks or masonry were levelled to the ground. Other houses were split from top to bottom and left with yawning chasms in the buildings.

Among those who were hurled from their

foundations were those of General John C. Minott, Mrs. B. F. Tieghe, L. DeTreville, E. J. Limehouse, Percy Genard, Ben. Perry, the Nettles House, and that of Mr. Ed. Fishburne.

The scene at the Citadel Green was picturesque in the extreme. Most of the tents, in all manner of colors, had been erected on the south side of the square, along the Calhoun street line. There were, however, numbers of them on all sides except that bounded by the Citadel. The tents were made out of sheets, blankets, carpets, clothing and whatever could be pressed into the service to keep off the rays of the sun by day and the dew at night.

There were some people who moved to the Green from a distance, and they brought with them their cooking utensils and camped as if to remain until the last vestige of the danger had disappeared.

Many of the poorer people rolled barrels to the square and used them in lieu of tents. The yard without a tent, where there was a large family, was the exception to the rule. Whole families camped at any time and at any place be seemlessly encooped beneath some awning or tent under which refuge had been taken from the chances of another shock of a severe character.

There was considerable damage to the College buildings in this city by the earthquake last Tuesday night. Marshal Morrison had just had 300 rooms scooped out, and now nearly all will have to be re-scooped. The walls were cracked in several places and plastering fell in large quantities. The houses of Professors Joyne, Sloan and Alexander were damaged also.

It is reported here that two slight shocks were felt in Charleston to-day and several in Summerville, but nothing authentic has been received.

The fissures in the ground at Summerville were from two to three inches in width, and all efforts to touch bottom were fruitless.

The Citadel is reported as unsafe for occupancy until it has been made secure, as great damage has been done to the walls.

The train which arrived from Charleston at 12 o'clock last night brought a few passengers, who confirmed all the reports of suffering and anguish of the two days and nights of horror in that city.

One gentleman estimated the loss in property, including the buildings which will have to be torn down, at \$25,000,000. He told of an elderly lady whom he found in her house looking for her bonds and valuable papers before she would leave the building.

Instances were given of the escape from partially fallen buildings by means of ropes from a second story building.

Another gentleman gave interesting descriptions of the fissures which were made in the earth and the spouting of mud, water and sand to great heights from bottomless places.

Many of the heads of families have returned to Summerville to look after their houses and personal effects.

The city, in our opinion, should make an appropriation for the relief of the sufferers.

In this way the burden of the charitable work will be thrown upon the citizens in general, in proportion to their means.

We have a right also to count upon some aid from sister cities, for already generous offers of that help which blesses them as well as we as that take have been extended to us.

There is one thing to guard against. Every able-bodied man in Charleston, who is willing to work, will be able to find industrial employment. These should not expect assistance, and certainly ought not to receive it. We want no loafers, no drones.

There is work for all who are able and willing to work. Public assistance should be confined to those whose circumstances or conditions are such that they cannot now help themselves.—*News and Courier*, 3d.

Queen Christina of Spain, is perfectly devoted to the lady King, and may be seen any day in the palace gardens at La Granja sitting under a tree with the child in her lap, while the little princess plays on the grass at her feet.

Rigid Spanish etiquette is completely laid aside while the court is in the hills, and the Queen enjoys taking long walks with her children in the surrounding country without any attendants. She devotes the afternoon to state business and the evening to music.

Queen Christina and Her Baby.

WASHINGTON, September 2.—Gen. R. C. Drum, the acting Secretary of War, has issued a special order directing that available tents be forwarded immediately to Charleston and vicinity for the relief of sufferers by the earthquake.

The acting Secretary of the Treasury has placed ten cutters at the disposal of the war department to facilitate the transportation of tents in the event of railroad communication being cut off. Relief funds have been started in the Government Departments and throughout the city generally.

Comptroller Trenchum received several money contributions this morning and telegraphed to sufferers in Charleston.

The Roman correspondent of the *Courier del Mattino* says that, in spite of the law suppressing convents and monastic colleges, there were 32 houses constructed at the expense of monks and nuns from 1884 to 1885 at a cost of above 13,000,000 lire.

The Jesuits have bought different buildings in Rome, among which is the Hotel Costanz, for above 1,000,000 lire; and to this must add 18 convents that will be a building since the beginning of this year. A single architect, named Carmine, has undertaken four large Catholic colleges. An Irish college is being at the corner of Via St. Vitale. An American one is being erected at the Prati di Castello. Lately the Jesuits have bought the Campanario Palace, some houses in Via del Venturo, and are in treaty for the Astori Palace. The monastic college in Via Alberti is being enlarged, and behind the Lorenza is rising a new Francis college and another convent. To this we may add that the beautiful Villa Agni, on the slopes of Posillipo, with its beautiful grounds and houses, has also been purchased by the Jesuits.

TOLD AS A TRUE STORY.

All Kinds of Snakes Found in a Hissing Convention by a Sober, I presume, Man. (From a Pa. Letter to Philadelphia Times.)

To the southwest of this town, perhaps five miles or more, there lies a range of hills as yet a stranger to the peaceful plow. Between them some of the streams I have described play in the changing sunlight, laughing as musically as children laugh in the heyday of their happy youth. My purpose when I visited them was to cast a fly where the overhanging bushes would not prevent and where they would drop the old-fashioned hook beneath the logs which the trout love to lie. I had been warned that the stream I meant to follow was on the sunny side of the hill, and that I would most likely encounter a few rattlesnakes and copperheads, to say nothing of the black "runners" and "garters" with which those uninhabited places abound. But I laughed at these warnings, and with a pair of high-topped boots to guard against serpent fangs, started out on my search for adventure and trout. Three beauties had found their way into my basket when my first experience began. Just across from where I stood the bushes grew in tangled confusion close to the stream's very edge, and a rustling noise in these caused me to remember the warning I had received. At that moment I felt an energetic tug at my line, however, and immediately forgot all else in my desire to land the fish that I knew was there.

In a moment or two this was accomplished, and I had time to think of the bushes again. Glancing in that direction I saw a sight that gave me a series of cold chills, and caused me to wonder for a moment whether it wouldn't have been money in my pocket, as Artemus Ward says, if I had never been born.

What I saw appeared to be a convention of snakes wrangling over the temperance plank prior to its insertion in the State platform. To the left of the blackberry bushes was a clear space of sand and pebbles, and that was evidently the convention hall. There was not any regular order of business apparently.

When a snake felt like making a motion he simply made it, and if there were any other motions in the way the strongest one was recognized. There were rattlesnakes, black snakes, striped snakes and copperheads, and to this day I can't help fancying that there were bow constructionists, too.

Whichever way I turned, my help in answer to a roll call, hissing, wriggling, rattling and crawling in holes and out, under each other and over, until the whole place seemed actually alive with snakes. And I hadn't had a drink for months, either. How long they would have sat there I cannot tell, but an impulse on my part to get away caused me to break a twig under my foot, and then there was a partial stampede. Have you ever seen a rattlesnake in the attitude he assumes when listening or getting ready to strike at something that has disturbed his peace? If you haven't, you've got a sight to witness that will make your blood run cold.

Of those that did run at the noise I made one was an enormous rattler, from four to five feet in length. I could not count the rattles on his tail, but am prepared to swear that they numbered twenty at least. When the twig snapped I watched him, for he lay where every movement could be seen. Quick as lightning he raised his head at least six inches from the ground, swayed it from side to side, while the lower portion of his body seemed to whirl itself unconsciously round and round within itself without disturbing his head until he lay in striking attitude, his head and the rattles swaying and his rattles making the gentle sound which the snake makes before he is certain the intruder is an enemy. The big, flat head, the thin neck, the small but glittering eyes and the noiseless swaying of the agile body of a rattlesnake present the most odious features of the snake tribe in their most ordinary form.

I didn't stay at that spot long, because it wasn't comfortable. A fellow doesn't need to be in a perpetual cold perspiration in order to thoroughly enjoy fishing, but somehow he can't help feeling that way with a score of snakes near him, although with a ten-foot streamer down between. As I moved down the stream, the big fellow rattled and pushed out his tongue, but he never moved an inch. The only perceptible motion was one of the head, which enabled him to see me better as I moved away, and this he kept up until I passed out of sight. There was no regret, I may add, on either side as we laid each other farewell.

Old woodmen tell me that there is nothing unusual in such an assemblage of snakes. Although they are at perpetual war with man, they somehow manage to live on terms of general good snaking with themselves. It is alleged that a sympathetic copperhead will carry healing herbs to a wounded rattler, although these species sometimes meet in the forest and most deadly combat; but proof of this is not in the writer's memory. I do know, however, that on fishing and hunting excursions I have repeatedly encountered two, three and even four different kinds of snakes within many rods of each other.

Whether they were unconscious of the company they were in I cannot tell. Frequently, when no weapon was available, I have not paused to inquire.

Prosperity of Monastic Orders.

Yellow Fever at Biloxi.

New Orleans, Sept. 2.—Dr. Salomon, Secretary of the Board of Health, returned to-night from Biloxi, on the Gulf shore, and submitted his report. There have been nine cases of sickness, and the diagnosis in each case justified the experts in pronouncing it yellow fever. Two of the sick died on Sunday and the other eight are convalescent. A new case broke out to-day. The wife of Engineer Elder, of the Canning Company, has taken the disease. All the sick were employed by the Canning Company. As soon as the decision of the physicians was declared there was a regular exodus from the town. Hundreds boarded the train for this city, some not stopping to pack their trunks, but abandoning everything in their flight.

Good thoughts, like rose leaves, always emit a sweet and delightful fragrance, and it lingers around the vase of memory like the odors of some precious flowers.

PLATFORM OF PRINCIPLES.

Adopted by the State Wheel Convention.

We, the Agricultural Wheel of the State of Arkansas in convention assembled, now recognizing the fact that, as the State grows older, new issues are born of time and progress, and old issues perish.

But that the fundamental principles of Democracy, as approved by the united voice of the people remain, and will ever remain, as the best and only security for the continuation and maintenance of a free government by, and for the people, we demand, in general terms, that the rights and privileges of the laboring people shall no longer be trampled upon by monopoly, but shall be respected by all classes.

Second—We demand that nothing shall be done in the name of labor that will tend to destroy capital or interfere in any way with its legitimate use or increase.

First—In specific terms, we demand that the public lands, the heritage of the people, be reserved for actual settlers, not another acre to railroads or speculators, and that all lands now held for speculative purposes be taxed at their full value.

Second—The abrogation of all laws that do not bear equally upon capital and labor, and the removal of unjust technicalities, delays and discriminations in the administration of justice.

Third—That national banks be abolished.

Fourth—That the government issue its own money.

Fifth—We demand that all money issued by the government shall be a legal tender in payment of all debts, both public and private.

Sixth—We demand that the national debt shall be paid as fast as it falls due.

Seventh—We demand that the government shall issue legal tender paper money in sufficient quantities to transact the business of the country, on a cash basis.

Eighth—We demand that the government issue no more interest bearing bonds.

Ninth—We denounce the financial policy of the present national administration in hoarding and contracting the currency of the country, and demand the free and unlimited coinage of silver and gold of the present weights and fineness.

Tenth—We demand that the tariff laws be so amended as to remove all import duties on articles entering into our manufactures and that the duties be levied mainly upon articles of luxuries not above the importing point.

Eleventh—We demand that aliens be prohibited from owning lands in the United States, and that after 1890 the government shall by purchase and right of eminent domain obtain possession of all lands now held by aliens.

Twelfth—We demand a graduated income tax.

Thirteenth—We demand the enforcement of the constitution of our State in regard to free passes on railroads and unjust discriminations in freight and passenger rates, the collection of back taxes due by railroads; the enforcement of the constitution in regard to fictitious bonds issued by corporations; also the enactment of a law that will enforce by adequate fines and penalties the payment of money due for stock killed by railroads.

Fourteenth—We demand the consolidation of the State and national elections.

Fifteenth—We demand such amendments to the road law as will divide the burden equally between property and labor.

Sixteenth—We favor the submission to the people of this State, for their ratification or rejection, an amendment to the constitution prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquors as a beverage.

Seventeenth—We are unqualifiedly in favor of the education of the masses by a well regulated system of free schools.

Eighteenth—We demand a usury law that can be easily enforced and that will reach all classes, so as to prevent the unscrupulous plundering of our people under deeds of trust and mortgages, or otherwise.

Nineteenth—We demand that the revenue law be so amended as to require schedules of all personal property, and that debts over the amount of ten dollars not returned in the schedule be outlawed; in case of non-compliance, the total of fines to be taken not more than thirty days before the time of assessment; corporations to be assessed at the cost of construction, including equipments or at the amount, the property may be bonded and stocked at per mile.

Twentieth—We favor a change in the manner of assessing property so as to require the assessments to be made by township officers.

Twenty-first—We demand the repeal of the law by which the convict farms or slave pens were created.

Twenty-second—That we oppose the present system of working the convicts of the State, and are opposed to the bringing of convict labor into competition with the honest or legitimate labor of the farm, shop and manufactory.

THOMAS M. OWEN,
Chairman.

Committee—A. B. Eogard, Lawrence; J. T. Hamby, Osborne; J. M. Mallett, Pope; G. W. Dauson, Prairie; John Russ, White; A. F. Watson, Jackson; Thos. H. Carter, Pulaski; R. B. Carl Lee, Prairie; Samuel Murphy, Boone; S. S. Langley, Pike; W. W. Gill, Pope.