

SEMINOLE CASE HAS NEW TURN.

DIRECTORS HAVE FILLED BOND FOR \$300,000.

It is said that prosecutions will be commenced just as soon as the transfer is made.

Columbia State, Jan. 28.—There was a new move in the Seminole case yesterday. Mr. W. R. Stevenson, the attorney of the new board of directors, filed with Mr. J. Frost Walker, clerk of court of Richland county, a bond for \$300,000, and this in effect removes from the custody of the receivers the assets of the Seminole Securities company.

There is yet some red tape to be gone through with. Four days' notice have to be given to the attorneys of the receivers, and if any reply is to be submitted the matter will be heard before Judge R. C. Watts at Cheraw, Friday. As all legal requirements have been met, Mr. Stevenson expects that the affairs of the Seminole company will be turned over to the directors by the end of this week, and steps will then be taken to prosecute those who have "grafted" upon the confiding subscribers to it.

The directors of the company of today were elected at a mass meeting of stockholders, held in this city during the Christmas holidays. The receivers would, of course, be paid a consideration for their services, while the directors, acting as receivers, would be paid a nominal amount only.

Mr. Stevenson would not talk yesterday about the matter of prosecutions as agreed upon at the stockholders meeting in December, but he declared that the receivership process had been completed.

Over the records of the new board of directors—and this new board is not a creation Jno. of Y. Garlington.

Commissioner McMaster will give a hearing Wednesday to the Southern Life Insurance Company, of Fayetteville, N. C., to show cause why that company should not be caused to leave the State. The stock of this company was absorbed in part by the Seminole company and this caused the trouble into which Southern Life found itself plunged.

Salary of Judges Raised.
Washington, Jan. 22.—A debate on the propriety of increasing salaries of federal circuit and district judges consumed nearly the entire time of the senate yesterday, with the result that the compensation of the twenty-nine circuit judges was increased from \$7,000 to \$8,000, and that of eighty-four district judges from \$6,000 to \$8,000.

Senator Borah, who had offered amendments reducing the increases of salary recommended by the committee on appropriations, declared that the action of the senate in increasing the salary of the president to \$100,000, was in violation of the spirit of the constitution, and would never have been taken before or during the recent political campaign.

Peach Crop in Danger.
Atlanta, Jan. 23.—While there has been no material damage to Georgia's peach crop to date, it is warning on the danger line, and, unless the weather gets colder within the next few days, the destruction is liable to be quite extensive.



Here is a story of an epoch-making battle of right against wrong, of honesty against corruption, of simplicity and sincerity against deceit, bribery and intrigue. It is the story of today in this country. It vitally concerns every man, woman and child in the United States, so far-reaching is its influence.

The warfare is now going on—the warfare of honest men against corrupt political machines.

The story tells the "inside" of the political maneuvers in Washington and of the workings of bosses there and elsewhere—how they shape men and women to their ends, how their cunning intrigues extend into the very social life of the nation's capital. You will find inspiration in the career of the honest old southern planter elected to the United States senate and the young newspaper reporter who becomes his private secretary and political pilot. Your heart will beat in sympathy with the love of the secretary and the senator's youngest daughter.

You will read of the lobbyists and find that not all of them are men. You will see how avarice causes a daughter to conspire against her father. You will hear the note of a gripping national tragedy in the words of Peabody, the boss of the senate. But cause for laughter as well will not be found looking in this truly many-sided narrative.

In buoyant spirit the Hon. Charles Norton rode up the bridge leading to the old antebellum home-stand which, on a shaded knoll, overlooked the winding waters of the Peabody river. No finer prospect was to be had in all Mississippi than greeted the eye from the wide southwest porch, where on warm evenings the Langdons and their frequent guests gathered to dine or to watch the golden splendor of the drim.

The Langdon family had long been a power in the south. Its sons fought under Andrew Jackson at New Orleans, under Zachary Taylor in the war with Mexico, and in the civil war men of that name led their blood on the fields of Antietam, Shiloh, the Wilderness and Gettysburg. But this family of fighting men, of unselfish patriots, had also marked influence in the ways of peace, as real patriots should. Generations of Langdons had taken deepest pride in developing the hundreds of acres of cotton land, whose thousands of four foot rows planted each April spread open the silvery lined hills in July and August, and the ripened cotton fiber, pure white beneath the sun, gave from a distance the picture of an expanse of driven snow.

The Hon. Charles Norton had reason for feeling well pleased with the world as he fastened his bay Virginia hunter to a convenient post and strode up the steps of the mansion, which was a characteristic survivor of the "old south," the south of glided romance and of gripping tragedy. Now in this second year of his first term as congressman and a promising member of the younger set of southern lawyers, he had just taken active part in securing the election of Colonel William H. Langdon, present head of the family, to the United States senate, though the ultimate action of the legislature had been really brought about by a lifelong friend of Colonel Langdon, the

senior senator from the state, James Stevens, who had not hesitated to flatter Norton and use him as a cat's paw. This use the Hon. Charles Norton seemed to consider an honor of large proportions. Not every first term congressman can hope for intimacy with a senator. Norton believed that his work for Langdon would win him the family's gratitude and thus further his ambition to marry Carolina, the planter's oldest daughter, whose beauty made her the recipient of many attentions.

A complacent gleam shone in Norton's eyes as they swept over the fertile acres of the plantation. He thought of the material interest he might one day have in them if his suit for the hand of Carolina progressed favorably. Suddenly his reverie was interrupted by the voice of young Randolph Langdon, a spirited lad in his early twenties, who had just been made plantation manager by his father.

"Well, how is the honorable today?" said Randolph, approaching from the doorway. "I didn't think a congressman could be spared from Washington but rarely, especially when the papers say the country needs such a lot of saving."

"Oh, this 'saving your country' talk goes all right in the story books," replied Norton, who exercised considerable influence over the youth through a long acquaintance and by frequently taking him into his confidence, "but this country can take pretty good care of itself. In congress we representatives put the

body's business isn't anybody's, a fine scheme so long as we have a president who keeps his hands off and doesn't."

"But how about the speeches and the bills?" broke in Randolph. "I thought—"

"Yes, yes; to be sure," the congressman quickly added. "Nearly all of us introduce these so called reform bills. When they're printed at government expense we send them, carried free by the postoffice department, to our constituents, and when we allow the bills to die in some committee we can always blame the committee. But if there's a big fight by our constituents over the bill we let it pass the house, arrange to kill it in the senate. Then we do the same thing for the senators. Like in every other business, my boy," continued Norton as he led the way into the house, "it's a case of 'you tickle me and I'll tickle you' in politics. And don't let any one fool you about the speeches either. They are pretty things to mail to the voters, but all the wise boys in Washington know they aren't meant seriously. It's all playing acting, and there are better actors in the senate than Henry Irving or Edwin Booth ever were."

"I don't think my father looks at things that way you do, Charlie," Norton said. "Well, maybe he's right, but he will later on when he takes his seat in the senate. If he isn't wise enough to play around with the rest of the senators he won't get any bills passed, especially any bill carrying an appropriation or of any other particular importance."

"What?" ejaculated the planter's son. "Do you mean to say that if father won't do what the other senators want him to do they will combine against him and destroy his usefulness, make him powerless—a failure?" The congressman smiled patronizingly on the youth. "Why, of course they will. That's politics, practical politics, the only kind that's known in Washington. You see—"

"But the leaders of the great parties!" cried the young plantation manager in amazement. "Why don't they prevent this?" "Because they invented the system and because political party differences don't amount to a whole lot much of the time in Washington. The politicians do most of their criticizing of the other party away from Washington, where the voters can hear them. But when circumstances sometimes force a man to rise to assail the other side in congress he afterward apologizes in secret for his words. Or sometimes he apologizes beforehand, saying: 'I've got to hand out some hot shot to you fellows just to please a crowd of sovereign voters from my district who have come up to Washington to see me perform. So, of course, I've got to make a showing. Don't mind what I say. You know I don't mean it, but the old fogies will go back home and tell their neighbors what a rip snortin' reformer I be.'"

"Is that the way you represent your district, Norton?" asked Planter Langdon, who at this juncture entered the room. "No, no, Mr. Langdon—I should say senator now. I suppose, I was merely telling Randolph how some legislators conduct themselves."



Hon. Charles Norton, M. C.

with Randolph overheard by the planter.

"No doubt it won't be all playing in Washington for an old man like me, but I believe in American people and the men send to congress."

CHAPTER II.

THE WAR OF PEACE.

"BIG BILL" LANGDON was the term by which the new senator from Mississippi had been affectionately known to his constituents for years. He carried his 220 pounds with ease, bespeaking great muscular power in spite of his gray hairs. His rugged courage, unswerving honesty and ready belief in his friends won him a loyal following, some of whom frequently repeated what was known as "Bill Langdon's golden rule."

"There never was a man yet who didn't have some good in him, but most folks don't know this because their own virtues pop up and blind 'em when they look at somebody else."

At the removal of his old war comrades Langdon was always depended on to describe once again how the Third Mississippi charged at Crawfordsville and defeated the Eighth Illinois. But the stirring events of the past had served to increase the planter's fondness for his home life and his children, whose mother had died years before. At times he regretted that his unswerving political duties would take him away from the old plantation even

shall depend on you a great deal to take me about, unless you are too busy making speeches and fighting your opponents."

Again it was Norton's turn to be inwardly amused at the political ignorance of the Langdon family.

praiser. "There's a senator Stevens, for instance. He has always stood for the rights of the people. I've read all his speeches. Just why he brought about my election it is hard to tell, for I've never seen him. But I know I fought under General Grant, I feel that he did it out of friendship, and I simply can't say how much I appreciate the honor. I am indebted to you, too, congressman."

"Tactfully disclaiming any credit for his work, only Norton's congressional training in repression enabled him to refrain from smiling at Langdon's innocence, his belief in Stevens' sincerity and his wonder over his election. Stevens, the keen, cold and resourceful, who forced his officeholders to yield him parts of their government salaries, Stevens, who marketed to railway companies his influence with the department of justice, Stevens, who was a Republican in the committee room in Washington and a Democrat on the platform in Mississippi; Stevens, who had consummated the deal with Martin Sanders, boss of several counties, to elect Langdon because of the planter's trustfulness and simplicity of character, which should make him easy to influence and to handle in the all important matter of the gulf naval base project."

The entry of Carolina Langdon and her younger sister, Hope Georgia, gave Norton a welcome opportunity to shift the trend of conversation. "You ladies will have a gay time in Washington," he began, after directing a particularly enthusiastic greeting to Carolina. "You will be in great demand at all the big affairs, and I don't think you will ever want to come back to old Mississippi, forty miles from a railroad, with few chances to wear your New York gowns."

LEMAN FROM MISSISSIPPI

THOMAS A. WISE

from the play by Frederick R. Toombs

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real life of this world, the life of constant action—meeting new people every day, and prominent people. Balls, receptions, teas, theater parties, afternoon drives, plenty of money and plenty of gaiety are what I want. I'm not a bit like Hope Georgia, who thinks these ideas are extravagant because she has not seen real life yet."

Colonia, you must not think me your little sister now. I have a life. Haven't I spent a week in

What's enough proof. You know about life, I'm sure, Miss Hope Georgia, smilingly remarked Norton.

ter, rising to join Planter Langdon in veranda, where he had gone to the congressman gazed intent at Carolina. "You will probably get your old friends when you enter the dizzy social race in Washington."

No, Charlie, I couldn't forget you now. You will be there too. I

Speeches? The first term congressman doesn't make speeches in Washington because no one cares what he thinks—except the lobbyists, whose business it is to provide new members with a complete set of thoughts. Neither does he have opponents—he is not considered important enough by the veterans to be opposed.

Skilfully approaching the subject which next to Carolina Langdon had been uppermost in his mind during his visit, Norton asked the senator elect on joining him if he did not believe that the entire south would benefit if the plan to establish a naval base on the gulf was successfully carried through.

"Most certainly I do, and, as I said during the senatorial fight, the whole country as well will be the gainer," responded Langdon.

"Don't you think the people who want Altacoola chosen as the site have the best arguments?" was the visitor's next question, the reply to which he anxiously awaited.

"Yes, I do, from what I've already heard, but I haven't heard very much of what the folks who advocate other sites have to say. So until I've heard all sides and made my own examination I couldn't give any one my final answer, but Altacoola seems to have the necessary qualifications."

"Senator Stevens is in favor of Altacoola," eagerly suggested Norton.

"Yes, and that's a pretty good argument in its favor," responded Langdon.

Norton now excused himself, pleading an appointment with a client at a neighboring village. Waving farewell to Carolina and Hope Georgia, who stood at a window, he rode away.

"I do mean to be all right," he declared. "He leans toward Altacoola and believes in Stevens. He'll have some more until he falls over—"

There's a fortune in sight," declared Norton. "Stevens elect of Langdon out of friendship," he chuckled gleefully. "That will be well worth telling in Washington."

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though the enthusiastic approval of Carolina and Hope Georgia proved considerable compensation. Although not sworn in as senator, Colonel Langdon's political duties were already pressing. A few days after Congressman Norton's visit he sat in his library conferring with several prominent citizens of his county regarding a plan to ask congress to appropriate money to dredge a portion of the channel of the Pearl river, which would greatly aid a large section of the state.

During the deliberations the name of Martin Sanders was announced by Jackson, the colonel's gravely decorous negro bodyguard, who boasted that he "was bring up by Cudel Marse Langdon, such a fightin' Mississippi cude, such a long belfo' de wah and say belfo' dat, suh."

"Show Mr. Sanders right in," commanded Colonel Langdon.

"Good day, senator," spoke Sanders, the boss of seven counties, as he entered. Glancing around the room, he continued, bending toward the colonel and nudging his now whispering voice with his hand, "I want to speak to you alone. I'm here on politics."

"That's all right, but these gentlemen here are my friends and constituents," was the reply in no uncertain voice. "When I talk politics they have a perfect right to hear what I as their senator, say. O.

Sanders." As Sanders was introduced to the members of the conference he grew red in the face and stared at Langdon amazed. At last he had discovered something new in politics. "Say," he finally blurted, "when I talk business"

"Are you in politics as a business?" quickly spoke Colonel Langdon.

"Why—I er—no, of course not," the visitor stammered. "I am in politics for my party's sake, just like every one else. And Sanders grinned suggestively at his questioner.

"Well, since you are further to say?" this game, senator, I'll talk right out in meetin', as they call it. I came to ask about an appointment an' to tip you off on a couple of propositions. I want Jim Hagley taken care of—"

"You've heard of him—was clerk of Pontmore county. A \$2,000 a year job 'n do for him; \$500 o' that he gives to the organization."

"You're the organization, aren't you?" queried Langdon.

"Why, yes. Are you just getting whiter, Sanders? Haven't I and fellers, voters, voters, voters? I'll hang on to me that needs to be taken care of. An' so I make the feller that work help those that don't."

Why, Langdon, what 'n he—are you kickin' an' questionin' about? Didn't you get my twelve votes in the legislature? Did you have a chance for senator without 'em? Answer me that, will you? Why, with 'em you only had two more than needed to elect, an' the opposition crowd was solid for Wilson," cried the angry boss, pounding the long table before which Langdon sat.

"I'll answer you ain't-ahy quick," retorted the now thoroughly aroused senator elect, rising and shaking his clinched fist at Sanders. "Those twelve votes you say were yours?"

Continued on page 4

Scathing Remarks Stopped by House.

WILLETT, OF NEW YORK, DENOUNCES ROOSEVELT IN BITTER TERMS.

Calls him "Gargoyle" and "Pygmy Descendant of Dutch Trades People"—Says Real Heroes are Gail and Wormwood to Bogus Ones Beneficiary of Assassination.

Characterizing President Roosevelt as a gargoyle and as "this Pygmy descendant of Dutch trades people," and charging him with having established a court at the White House which would have delighted the heart of his admired Alexander Hamilton, Representative Willett, of New York, in the House of Representatives, made one of the most bitter attacks on the chief executive ever heard in that body.

Mr. Willett took for his theme, "The Passing of Roosevelt," and in a speech of great length dealt with numerous of the President's acts since he came into the office and scathingly denounced them. Mr. Willett said: "He tries our patience, but he is always good to laugh at." He gave a brief biography of Roosevelt's life and accused him in his early manhood, of having had preposterous notions, of having "knifed Secretary Long of being a warrior alone in Cuba," of having won the Governorship of New York by a mere ruse, "when the false halo of San Juan Hill was above his head the beneficiary of assassination and the last and crowning piece of luck the nominee for President, when all the aggressive elements of the opposition wanted to see their own candidate defeated."

Mr. Willett continued: "He tells us that Southern aristocrats were among his polyglot ancestors, but I can inform him that if the the Hon. Robert Toombs or of our old branded Minor, he had been a thousand times a President."

He added: "We have a King and a Court now."

He referred critically to the President's attitude toward Dewey, Schley and Miles and declared that the President showed his teeth at all real heroes. "To cause real heroes are gail and wormwood to bogus ones." He declared that the President had allowed "second-class conditions to exist in the army and navy."

Mr. Willett's references to the President became so severe that Chairman Barker interrupted and admonished him to "keep his remarks within the pale of the House," and he said that the official conduct of the President may be criticised or commended.

"Will the gentleman," the chairman pleaded, "please not offensively refer to the President as the 'United States'?"

Mr. Hawley, of West Virginia, protested that Mr. Willett was not using language permitted in debate and made a point of order. The chair held that it had authority to direct that remarks made out of order be omitted from the Record and said that it would consider the point of order when the chair had an opportunity of examining the remarks made by the gentleman.

Mr. Hepburn, of Iowa, insisted that Mr. Willett should take his seat.

Mr. Mann, of Illinois, read the rules on the case.

The chair directed Mr. Willett to take his seat, which he reluctantly did. Before the chair passed on the points of Messrs. Hepburn and Mann, Mr. Candler of Mississippi, moved that Mr. Willett be allowed to "proceed in order." On that motion a vote was taken with the result that by a party vote of 78 to 126, the House refused further to hear the New York member.

In vain Mr. Fitzgerald, of New York, sought to have the chair construe the rules so that Mr. Willett might proceed. Mr. Willett had practically concluded his remarks and he received the verdict of the House with a smile.

A Religious Author's Statement.

For several years I was afflicted with kidney trouble and last winter I was suddenly stricken with a severe pain in my kidneys and was confined to bed eight days unable to get up without assistance. My urine contained a thick white sediment and I passed same frequently day and night. I commenced taking Foley's Kidney Remedy, and the pain gradually abated and finally ceased and my urine became normal. I cheerfully recommend Foley's Kidney Remedy. W. G. O'Neal.

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