



"Be True to Your Word, Your Work and Your Country."

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### A CAMPAIGN DOCUMENT.

#### Sensational Yarns About The Election Laws of South Carolina.

WASHINGTON, June 3.—The House proceeded to the consideration of the Alabama contested election case of Mc Duffie vs. Turpin.

The majority report in the case of Miller vs. Ellsall from the Seventh South Carolina District was submitted to the House committee on elections this morning.

The report is somewhat sensational, in that at the very beginning it declares that the entire South Carolina registration and election laws are unconstitutional. The basis for this declaration as stated in the report is that the State law imposes a number of restrictions upon the exercise of the right of suffrage which are in conflict with the State Constitution. Whereas the Constitution deprives a person of the right of suffrage only upon conviction of murder, felony, duelling and treason. The State law prohibits the exercise of the right of suffrage by persons who were entitled to register in 1881 and neglected to do so; by those who moved into the State and neglected to register at the first ensuing registration; and by those who sold their registration certificates for valuable consideration.

The report states a number of negroes have been compelled by poverty while waiting for the maturity of the cotton crop, to negotiate their certificates to traders who immediately send them to political headquarters, with the result that the negroes are permanently disfranchised.

After laying down this proposition the report proceeds to discuss the legal aspects of the election from the usual standpoint, and recites the fact that in certain precincts what amounted to an educational test (and therefore an illegal test) was imposed by lettering the ballot boxes, which were separate in the case of each office, and that the voters were deceived by an intentional shifting of the boxes so that the managers of the election were able to throw out all of the ballots cast in wrong boxes. There was also, says the report, evidence of ballot box stuffing.

Summing up, it is found that taking a position most favorable to the sitting member, contestant Miller had a majority of 757; while, if the law is strictly followed, his majority will reach 1,448.

Wilson of Missouri will prepare a minority report.

Comstock opened the discussion with an argument in favor of the claims of the contestant.

Crisp presented the claims of the contestee. After reviewing portions of the evidence, he referred to the slim attendance in the House. The majority report said that the election in the Fourth District of Alabama was a farce. What was this? [Laughter.] What kind of an election was this? How many members outside of the members of the committee on election had read the report of the committee? He would pause to allow any gentleman to reply.

Allen of Michigan said that so far as he was concerned the report had been carefully attended to.

Crisp—"Did you read it?"

Allen—"Yes."

Crisp—"Then I commend the gentleman to his constituents."

Allen—"And my constituents will respond heartily. How many Counties are in the district under consideration?"

Crisp—"Five."

Allen—"I just wanted to know."

Crisp—"Did you think I knew as little about the case as you do?" [Laughter.]

Crisp denounced what he declared was partiality of the election committee. This was in contrast with the Democratic Congresses. Democratic Congresses had often seated Republicans. How many gentlemen on the Republican side had voted in this Congress for a Democrat? He saw one, only one—referring to Hill of Illinois.

Comstock—"Has not every Republican vote been cast to keep those Democrats in their seats?"

Crisp—"Yes, and I think that was done in order that you might

have monuments of your generosity to point to." [Laughter.]

Comstock—"Can the gentleman point to any monument on this side?"

Crisp—"I can point to two or three gentlemen on that side who are monuments of generosity, or rather justice, of the last House."

Rowell inquired if it was a fair and honest law by which one party did all the counting in an election?

Crisp replied—referring to the proposed Rowell supervisor bill—that if it were not disrespectful to the gentleman he would say that the proposed bill was a dishonest proposition.

Rowell—"Is not such the fact is this very election case?"

Crisp—"No; you will find a few precincts, probably, where the officers were of one party, but in the majority of them the officers were of different political parties."

Rowell—"There were not six precincts in the district where there were trustworthy Republican officers." [Democratic laughter.]

Crisp—"In a few cases that was true, but they were the best you had." [Laughter.] In conclusion Crisp put Turpin in nomination as the Representative from the Fourth Alabama District. That was all he could do. [Laughter.]

Borgen submitted an argument in favor of McDuffie's right to the seat.

Oates, in supporting Turpin's claims, said that it had become too common on both sides of the House simply to take the reports that came from the committee on elections, and blindly to follow them without investigation and without seeking to know the truth.

Rowell defended the committee on elections from the charge of partiality, and in allusion to Crisp's nomination of Turpin, said that in the election here there would be an honest count and no stuffing of ballot-boxes—a thing which had not taken place in the Fourth District of Alabama for the last ten years.

Pending further discussion, the House, at 5:15, adjourned.

### Terror is Epidemic.

"A plague on all cowards!" says Shakespeare's Fat Knight, himself the *beau ideal* of a bullying politician.

But is it just to couple infamy with cowardice? Would any man be chicken-hearted if he could be otherwise? Does not every frightened fugitive from danger blush as he runs?

It can not be fairly imputed to the dastard as a crime that his nerves quiver like aspen leaves when he hears the immediate bullet whizzing by, or that the sight of sheathless steel makes the perspiration start from all his pores. He *could* face the whirlwind of battle if he could, but it whisks him round like a weathercock. His reason may tell him that his back is as broad a target as his breast, and that he is as likely to be shot retreating as advancing; indeed, more likely, for even a brave man can take a steadier aim at a flying adversary than at a furious foe rushing upon him at the "double-quick." But instinct is stronger than reason in the craven, and all his locomotive muscles are at its command.

Under these circumstances, ought a military man who shows the white feather in the presence of the enemy to be shot therefor? Being, as Falstaff says, "a coward upon instinct," is he morally responsible for running away?

Perhaps not. Nor is it for the act itself that he is doomed, but because of its consequences. Terror is epidemic. It is more rapidly caught than the small-pox, and spreads more rapidly. A Captain is smitten with it and communicates it to his company, the regiment catches it from the company, the brigade from the regiment, the corps from the brigade, the whole army from the corps, and thus a great battle is lost, and perhaps a great cause endangered or ruined.

It will not do to adhere scrupulously to the abstract principles of justice in such cases. The offense must be measured by its results. The event and not the involuntary act which produced it, arraigns and condemns its author. The punishment which seems cruel is absolutely necessary, and therefore right. Not because he is a coward, is the cowardly soldier done to death, but in order that disasters more terrible than the shooting of a thousand dastards may be prevented by his public shame and dishonorable doom.

N. Y. Ledger.

### DELIGHTFULLY FOOLISH.

#### Queer Doings of Several Victims of Absent-Mindedness.

"Never was absent-minded in my life," said the little man, who tugged nervously at his bristling mustache. "But my father had one of the worst cases I ever heard of. He was a man who used the good old-fashioned birch generously. To add to the good effect of the punishment he used to send us out to cut the switch. If it was not a good one he sent us back for another. Once he sent me on one of these melancholy errands, and as my offense had been playing 'hooky' from school for three days, I was in no hurry to return for my punishment. When I came in the room he was pacing thoughtfully up and down the room."

"James," he said, "I am glad you have come. I wanted you for something, but it has slipped my mind. I will recall it in a moment." And he discreetly backed out of the room with my birch behind me, and tossed it over the fence. That was the last I heard of that switching."

"Case of suspended judgment," said one one, softly.

"My brother," continued the first speaker, "was as bad as my father. He lives in a New England town and he went to Boston once to transact some business which would occupy two days. At the end of four days he had not returned. His wife's anxiety was relieved on that day by a telegram, which read: 'What did I come to Boston for? Have been trying to remember for three days.'"

"Real estate," telegraphed his wife.

"Of course," came back the answer.

"That reminds me," said one of the party, "of a friend of mine. He was a lawyer in a small town, and frequently after working late at night at his office would sleep on a comfortable lounge which he had in a back room. When he was married there was a wedding breakfast at the bride's home and the couple were to start on an evening train for a wedding trip. He had to run around go his office for a few moments, having forgotten some little thing which had to be attended to. The hours went on and he failed to return to his bride. When train time came and no bridegroom appeared every one was thrown into a panic. The bride fainted and the news spread like wildfire in the little town that H— had abandoned his bride and fled the town. The only one who seemed not to suspect him was the bride. She, however, only shed tears refusing to listen to any condemnation of her missing husband, but declining to offer any suggestions. Finally she could stand the strain no longer and posted her father to H—'s office. H— had gotten deep into his work and was just on the point of going to sleep on his lounge. He was so 'broken up' over his cruel blunder that he was ashamed to face any one but his wife and extended his two months' wedding trip over a year. They made one of the happiest couples in the world, but to this day his wife has to find his hat for him and remind him what he wants to do when he leaves the house."

"A similar case, but one which could hardly be called absent-mindedness," said another of the little group "is that of C—, the stock broker. On the morning on which his first baby was born he came on the floor with a radiant face. Catching sight of me, he rushed up and said, with a beaming smile and joyous eye: 'Congratulations, old man; I'm the happiest father in New York City. There never was another handsome baby born before.'"

"I do congratulate you, Harry, old man," answered, as he squeezed my hand warmly. "Boy or girl?"

"He looked at me for a moment and then a wave of blank despair went over his face: 'I'll be hanged if I know,' he said."

"C— disappeared from the floor, but in a couple of hours I felt some one nearly jerk my arm from its socket."

"It's a boy," cried C— gleefully. "I went home to find out." N. Y. Tribune.

The gage of death—mort-gage.

### HENRY W. GRADY'S NOVEL.

#### He Had His First Chapter, Here Outlined, Written When He Died.

NEW YORK, May 22.—Henry W. Grady's literary fame rests upon his newspaper work. His journalistic "knack" and tact were alike wonderful. His instinct of timeliness and his sympathetic intuition enabled him to seize upon every popular topic "living as it rose." His picturesque, colorful style gave a grace to every subject.

"Why don't you write a novel?" was a question he was often asked. "I have one on the stocks," he would answer, laughing. "Let me have a little bit of leisure—a June month in the country, thirty winter evenings by my own fireside and you'll see a novel that will astonish you."

The month of leisure seemed never to come to him. The novel never got off "the stocks." Once he sketched the outline of it for me. Dickens was Mr. Grady's first and last love, and his embryo novel was Dickensian in plot and style, with a Doodish mystery brooding over it to the end.

The opening chapter showed a man—a "solitary horseman"—traveling a lonely road through the night and storm. He crossed a roaring river, and saw by a flash of lightning a large house, set a little back from the road, with wind blown trees about it. The blinds of the house were colored; no light issued from it, but suddenly, as the traveler looked, there came a wilder gust of wind, the shutters of one of the windows was blown violently back, and the traveler had a glimpse of the lighted interior.

That one glimpse was full of horror. It showed the climax of a tragedy. A man stabbed to death by another man; two women standing near, one still and stern, the other stretching her arms, imploringly and sending forth a shriek that sounded above the storm.

In another half minute the wind was blown back to its place and all was dark again. Before the stunned traveler could recover himself a fierce flash and peal of thunder had startled his horse. It took a few minutes to quiet him, then the horseman dismounted, opened the great gate of the yard and hurried to the house. His knock on the door was answered almost at once by a black servant, who showed him into a room—the very room in which he had just seen a bloody murder committed. He looked around in amazement. No sign of murder or violence was here. No blood, no body; no rage or terror in the faces that turned upon him. He saw a cozy room, a cheerful fire, a family group; a young woman at the piano; a young man standing beside her; a beautiful young mother rocking her child in her arms; the father reading in his armchair close by.

All turned and looked at the intruder in polite surprise. He stammered out his story and was stared at suspiciously, as if he was an escaped lunatic. It was indignantly denied that anything tragic had taken place. He must have brain fever or be subject to horrible illusions. He was made almost to doubt his eyes and to apologize for his intrusion. He was graciously asked to shelter himself from the storm; and he staid, and fell under the spell of one of the beautiful women, and—but there ended this initial chapter of a story that, like its author's brilliant life, broke off abruptly, leaving its sequel to be guessed.

MARY E. BRYAN.

### The Confusion of the Times.

Columbia Register.

The Baltimore *Sun* thus epitomizes the drift of things for common-sense people to think over: "If a certain class of manufacturers are to be further profited by a higher tariff schedule—if pensions are to be increased—if subsidies are to be paid on steamship lines, and if all sorts of plans are to be adopted to deplete the Treasury, it is not unreasonable that those who have been left out in the cold should come forward with their demands to be also considered in the general scramble. The farm-

ers have come to the conclusion that they have quite as much right to government aid as the manufacturers who have grown rich on a tariff that has raised the price of the protected articles to farmers, the great body of whom are consumers, and who have been steadily growing poorer. If the government is to help others," says the members of the Farmers' Alliance, "why should it not also help us? We have to sacrifice our crops because we cannot hold them until the market improves. We therefore ask the government to come to our relief by establishing a warehousing system and lending us money at a low rate of interest until the crops that are held back can be sold to advantage. Such is the demand made by the Farmers' Alliance through Senator Vance. Senator Stanford, knowing the great extent to which Western farms, and indeed the farms of other States, are shingled over with mortgages, has introduced and is seriously supporting a bill providing for the lending of money by the government on farm mortgages, the money to be printed expressly for the purpose, and made legal tender for public and private debts. The McClammy bill, which closely resembles the Stanford bill, provides for a loan to the people of \$1,800,000,000 at 1 per cent. After Senator Vance, with his Farmers' Alliance bill, and Senator Stanford, with his farm-mortgage bill, comes Senator Ingalls, who introduces by request of the Wage-Workers' Political Alliance of Washington a bill to abolish landlordism and for other purposes. This bill provides that the tenant of any property may draw his warrant on the treasurer of the United States for two hundred times the amount paid by the tenant during the preceding month, which should constitute a first mortgage on the property in favor of the United States. This is to be considered as full payment to the owner, who is to be imprisoned for life if he refuses to accept the warrant as legal tender. The tenant is to repay the government at the end of thirty years. The idea of this summary method of abolishing landlordism seems to be taken from the Ashbourne act for the relief of Irish tenants, but it goes much further. The Ashbourne act does not make the sale compulsory on the part of the landlord, nor does it visit him with such a tremendous penalty for refusing to part with his property. It bases the price of the land upon the yearly rent, makes a reduction on that rent and gives the tenant forty-nine years to repay the government the money that has been loaned him, adding interest at the rate of four per cent. But every Irish tenant has a certain property right in his farm other than that of the landlord, and may dispose of that right to another without asking the landlord's permission. This tenant right is the government's security in lending the money to buy out the farm in fee-simple, and the government has further security in the unexhausted revenues derived from the denationalization of the Church of England in Ireland. It will be observed, therefore, that the bill of the Wage-Workers' Political Alliance of Washington is much more thorough than the English Ashbourne bill, although it may be possible that the American landlord who is to be dispossessed gets a fair value for his property. We cite these several bills now before Congress not for the purpose of comment, or with any belief that either of them will pass, but as showing how the lavish expenditure of government money in some directions is leading to demands for further expenditures in others, and how under the present regime, we are drifting into paternalism and centralization."

We would only here ask any sensible farming reader of the *Register* to stop and think what all this sort of legislation would lead to, and where the poor farmer would come in with all this Pandora's box awaiting manipulating organizations at Washington. It needs not a word of comment from us. Think of it, in all soberness, for yourself.

A good time to subscribe to THE Horry Herald—NOW!

### WEATHER IN JUNE.

#### Beginning of a Long Drought Period to Last Several Years Predicted.

The Rev. Ira R. Hicks, of St. Louis, announces in Word and Works the following predictions for June: "The equinox of Mars falling on 20th of May will aggravate, and perhaps prolong, the reactionary storms of the 29th and 30th over their normal limit into June. But a marked fall of temperature will pass from West to East during the first two days of June. About the 3rd wind currents will shift to Easterly and Southerly, with falling barometer and rising temperature, moving from West to East. Active storms will originate about the same time, reaching the central and Eastern parts on the 4th, 5th and 6th. The disturbing cause is central on the 4th. In the nature of things, a cool wave must follow, and be felt, more or less, throughout the country in its progress to the East and South. The reactionary storm days after the period fall on the 10th and 11th, which time is also about the crisis of summer solstice, meteorologically speaking. Heavy and general rain-storms with high temperature and much lightning may be expected on and about these days, followed in every probability by cool days and showers continued into the next period."

"We indicate in the calendar the 14th, 15, 16th and 17th as the second regular period of June. The disturbing factors are central on the 16th. A wave of almost phenomenal warmth will cross the country during the days indicated, attended with much lightning and thunder and rainfalls. The waters will be high and rising by the close of the period. If such results should, from unknown causes, fail to appear, the probabilities of earthquake disturbances during the danger days, especially about the 17th, will be largely increased. The reactionary days, 21st and 22nd, under the additional strain of Mars, Mercury and June solstice, will assert themselves in a warm wave, rains and thunder-guns."

"The last period for the month will be from about the 26th to 30th, with danger days on the 27th, 28th and 29th. The period is central on the 27th. June is the closing month of the Jovian period, as indicated by red figures on our tabulated chart, printed in 1884. Notwithstanding a Venus disturbance is central on July 16th, and will lap with that of Mars the last of June, we expect after the close of June rains the beginning of a period which will continue for several years, and which will continue to be as marked, in consequence of droughts, as that which is just closing has been by its storms and floods. It is greatly to be hoped that the public will give that attention to the general subject which its importance would seem to demand. If we have miscalculated, our mistake will only be the more apparent, if we are correct, who can measure the good that might result from timely adjustments to changed conditions?"

### Making Way With It.

Evidently the Republican statesmen are having fine success in getting away with the surplus. The *Courier-Journal* tells us: "The government revenue from all sources for the year is estimated by the Treasury Department at \$450,400,000, while the regular appropriation bills, exclusive of the dependent pension bill, call for an expenditure of \$455,000,000. Miscellaneous and other appropriations will run these figures up to \$547,355,795, leaving a deficiency of \$97,000,000. No provision is made for possible appropriations for coast defenses, the direct tax bill and other matters that may come up."

With nearly a hundred million deficiency in the treasury and the honest demands of the country not yet satisfied it would look as if our Republican masters are showing us all the speedy way to meet the "condition" which was not a "theory."

They just gobble up the money in the Treasury and lay more taxes on the people. That is the sum and substance of the Republican policy reduced to plain words.—*Columbia Register*.

### BISHOP JONES'S ADVICE.

#### He tells Young Preachers Not to Try to Look Pretty.

BALTIMORE, May 29.—The Baltimore and Philadelphia Conference of the A. M. E. Zion Church finished its business yesterday and adjourned. There was very little business done, the session being largely taken up with the exercises incident to the ordination of deacons and elders. Bishop Jones preached the ordination sermon, giving the candidates for orders good advice. He told them not to spend too much time before the glass to make themselves look pretty. It was not at all likely that they would be successful, but it was a shame even to try to turn an example of God's noblest work into a dupe, and very likely a poor dupe at that. "When you are preaching," he said, "don't start out in a sloppy sort of way, and drone away until you are half way through the sermon and then start in to make a home run." Preach right out from the beginning, and when you are through stop right there. Don't jump around in your pulpit and stamp and snort and bang your Bible and pull your hair to get up the "power." That won't do, brethren. You may get your congregation to shouting and air the women up, but it will all be false excitement. If the Good Lord wants to make Himself felt, He'll do it without your making a lot of monkeys of yourselves. You just preach the Word, and He'll send the "power" without your assistance."

### A Woman's Strength.

A striking looking young woman came into Delmonico's yesterday. She was tall and of magnificent proportion, with fair hair and deep blue eyes—Brunhilde in a new spring gown. "I saw that young woman do a most remarkable thing a few days ago in the park," said a man who sat with a party of friends near the door. "There are not many men who are strong enough to do it. She was alone and was walking along with a pair of mastiffs at her side. The dogs seemed ill disposed toward each other, and from occasional snarling broke into angry growls and then sprang at each other's throats. Instead of running as most women would have done, she walked coolly over to them and struck them smartly about the head and neck with the little riding whip she carried in her hand. But it had no effect. The next thing she did was to throw the whip away, catch the collar of one of the huge animals with the right hand the other with the left, and by sheer force of muscle hurl them apart. She stood there for a minute her hand in the collar of each dog, holding them out at arm's length and half lifted from the ground. The half choked animals stopped their growls and were quiet. A moment longer she held them, then with a sharp word of reproof she let go her hold on the collars, picked up her whip and went calmly on with the conquered brutes following closely behind her."

"It was the most superb exhibition of nerve and strength I ever saw a woman give."—*New York Evening Sun*.

Many people habitually endure a feeling of lassitude, because they think they have to. If they would take Dr. J. H. McLean's Sarsaparilla this feeling of weariness would give place to vigor and vitality. For sale by Dr. E. Norton.

Some 100 tariff reform clubs, with 30,000 members, have been organized the past year in Illinois, among the farmers.

New Missionary—Why does your Chief strut about so? Is he filled with false pride?

Young Cannibal—Not at all, not at all. He is filled with genuine missionary.—*St. Joseph News*.

Diseases lies in ambush for the weak; a feeble constitution is ill adapted to encounter a malarious atmosphere and sudden changes of temperature, and the least robust are usually the easiest victims. Dr. J. H. McLean's Sarsaparilla will give tone, vitality and strength to the entire body. For sale by Dr. E. Norton.