

## A RACE FOR LIFE.

A gun is heard at the dead of night,  
"Lifeboat, ready!"  
And every man to the signal true  
Fights for place in the eager crew:  
"Now, lads, steady!"  
First a glance at the shuddering foam,  
Now a look at the loving home,  
Then together, with bated breath,  
They launch their boat in the gulf of death.  
Over the breakers wild,  
Little they reck of weather,  
But tear their way  
Thro' blinding spray,  
Hear the skipper cheer, and say,  
"Up with her, lads, and lift her  
All together!"

They see the ship in a sudden flash,  
Sinking ever:  
They grip their oars with a deeper breath;  
Now it's come to a fight with death—  
Now or never!  
Fifty strokes and they're at her side,  
If they live in the boiling tide,  
If they last thro' the awful strife:  
Ah, my lads, it's a race for life!  
Over the breakers wild,  
Little they reck of weather,  
But tear their way  
Thro' blinding spray,  
Hear the skipper cheer, and say,  
"Up with her, lads, and lift her  
All together!"

And loving hearts are on the shore  
Hoping, fearing—  
Till over the sea there comes a cheer,  
Then the click of the oars you hear  
Homeward steering.  
Ne'er a thought of the danger past,  
Now the lads are on land at last.  
What's a storm to a gallant crew  
Who race for life, and who win it, too?  
Over the breakers wild,  
Little they reck of weather,  
But tear their way  
Thro' blinding spray,  
Hear the skipper cheer, and say,  
"Up with her, lads, and lift her  
All together!"  
—J. L. Molloy in New York Ledger.

## A Blight That Blossomed.

BY ELIZABETH FULLEN.

That winter it was the fad in a certain clique of young girls to take lessons in singing from M. Anatole Fleury. He was very elegant almost to handsome, with great black eyes that seemed to express a whole past, and a mustache whose pensive droop was due either to dissolutions or to artistic waxing. He had a delicious baritone, of what might be called "parlor organ" size, and a trick of singing exclusively to any number of feminine individuals at once. He was rather amiable, or he could not have tolerated the vocalization of some of his pupils. Upon his left wrist he wore a slender gold circlet, padlocked. The girls wished that they had the key to that romantic mystery, when his fine linen cuff, pushed back in playing their accompaniments, displayed the bracelet. He declared that now—one thrilled to imagine what an abyss of grief the "now" might indicate!—now he lived only for art. This, however, did not prevent his asking and receiving prices equal to those of that noble ex-prima donna, Signora Stella, and of that expert discoverer and developer of voices, Mr. Bass, lately of London—to them very sincere compliments!

Among the best pupils of M. Fleury were Alice Broughton and Lily Vansittart, both extremely pretty, and both singing with great good will—Alice in a full but breath-clouded contralto, Lily in the thin-and-clear-born-of-elfand type of North American high soprano. Naturally, Alice fancied herself in dramatic selections, while Lily had aspirations toward vocal feats on the high treble. Both were the only daughters. Lily's father was valued at two millions of dollars; Alice's at three millions. Now you know which is the heroine of the story.

Alice, in fact, had two admirers—M. Anatole Fleury and her second cousin, young Dr. Fred Millard, assistant to that famous and dear old practitioner, Dr. Pardon! The name is lost in the ink bottle—pray supply that of your family physician, the foremost in New York.

Before the advent of M. Fleury Cousin Fred had had a very good time; he, however, ought to have comprehended that Alice liked him too much to love him. They looked the romance of perspective in their cousinly courtship. Their parents would have been well pleased if the young people had wished to marry; so that there was lacking also the spur of opposition.

Alice, accepting the subtly indicated devotion of M. Fleury, was not without anxieties. For Lily had a tormenting way of telling the praises given by the teacher to her light soprano, toless, a real Eiffel Tower of notes in alt. But the cloud was dissipated when, during Alice's hour—11 to 12 Tuesdays and Fridays—he told her that the depths of sentiment, the tones that vibrate from and to the heart, were reserved for the grand contralto register.

"A voice of soprano, a thread of silver, strung with pearls if you will—touches it the soul? Ah non! To make weep, one must have tears in the voice, the beautiful voice of the chest!"

And Alice felt herself consoled. In short, master and pupil were spinning a perfect idyl. Until one day Alice's mamma—who, though not understanding the rapid, conversational French, was always present at the lessons, as a dutiful chaperon ought to be—was called for a moment out of the room. She re-entered so softly—being a graceful, lightfooted creature, in some ways her daughter's junior—that her step was unheard. What a sight! M. Anatole Fleury on his knees, kissing with rapture the hand of Alice. "Mon ange! Ma belle fiancée!"

Tableau. Then exit M. Fleury by the street door; exit mamma, driving Alice before her, upstairs. "I don't know what your father will say, Alice!"

If he was like the usual American father he left his wife to do most of the talking. But Alice was forbidden to see again M. Fleury or to hold any communication with him. The only

allevation of her lot was that the Frenchman was accustomed to pass every day at 3 in the afternoon on the opposite side of the street, on the way to the club, where he had been put up by some good-natured papa or brother of a pupil. But this would be little comfort, for Alice had given her word, and she was a loyal creature. Nothing could be done, she thought, as in solitude and despair she sat in her own room, all a bower of tender green and peach-flower silk hangings.

Then the idea, sublimely juvenile in its tragedy, emerged from her sorrowful mind. She could die! It is only in later years that we learn that life is not to be turned off, at will, like a gaslight. She would die! And how? Very simply. A rapid pneumonia, a lingering consumption—either would make a touching end. She imagined it all, with her exuberant young fantasy, and sang, transposing the key to F minor, the sobbing staccato adieu in which the poor Violetta regrets the smiling dreams of her past.

Then Alice went into her dressing room and plunged her feet, with the dainty stockings of black silk and lace insertion in hot water. Then, running wet to the larger room, tracking with wet footprints the pink-and-green carpet, she pushed an armchair near to a window, opened the sash, seated herself, and, favored by the winter twilight, raised those charming and soaked extremities to the sill, laid back her head and closed her eyes to take, literally, her death of cold. There she sat for a long time, weaving who knows what wild dreams of love and death, until she could bear the chill no more. After which she rose, made a careful toilet and went downstairs to dine with her parents and some guests—in fact, the Millard family. She was even more than usually gay, gentle, desirous to please every one—proudly cherishing her secret of suicide.

But fate willed to make her ridiculous. The next morning, indeed, she felt the ill effects of the mad exposure. And how? Oh, realism, what crimes against the poetic are committed in thy name! Truly, neither more nor less than a cold in the head—one of these colds which are a symphony in sneezes; when the eyes weep on their own account; when the lips are tumid and parched and apart, because one must breathe through the mouth if at all; the nose—and Alice's was charming, a delicate, thoroughbred, little nose—becomes red, swollen, shapeless, unrecognizably impudent in its demands for attention. What a state for a heroine! Figure to yourself the Tragic Muse with the snuffle!

Poor Alice was utterly desolate. She detested her good lungs of a vigorous contralto, which had resisted the cold damps of the winter twilight; she hated still more the weak little nose that had succumbed. By force of habit she went, a few minutes before 3, to watch for the passing of her dear Anatole. At the supreme moment her feelings got the better of her caution; she leaned forward to look at him; he glanced up, saw her and bowed. Then a derisive smile curled his mustache; his shoulder gave a true Parisian shrug, very expressive, Alice shuddered into a forlorn little heap; he had seen her so disfigured; that horrible nose had ended everything! Otherwise, at least he might have always loved her. But how could he be expected to carry forever in his heart the image of that inflamed face? She had not been able to kill herself—only his love! Alice ran to the mirror, assured herself she was frightful, and wept bitterly.

Now appeared her mother, very tender to her ailing child, with Cousin Fred, who had answered a summons in place of his principal, out of town on an important consultation. It is possible that Cousin Fred understood something of the state of affairs. "How did you take your cold, Alice?" he inquired.

"I took it on purpose—there!" she burst forth. "Everything is cruel. Let me die!"

"Impossible to oblige you, my dear little cousin. But there is one similar case on record where the patient died of sneezing, and his head had been previously sliced off with so sharp a sword that he didn't know it, until he exploded a sneeze and his head flew across the room. You, my good Alice, have an acute coryza, which, being interpreted, is a bad cold in the head; and I suspect that the larynx, pharynx and eglottis—in fact, the whole Latin quarter of your throat—may also be somewhat involved. But you will soon get over it. We get over all sorts of things, you know," said the young doctor, with an affectionate common sense which made Alice feel a little less forlorn.

The next day this assiduous physician came again, bringing a box of marshmallow caramels, and the latest bit of gossip—the elopement the evening before of M. Anatole Fleury and Miss Lily Vansittart. A telegram had been received from the pair, wedded in New Jersey; Lily's father, in order to give the best appearance to the affair, had allowed it to be reported at once at the club. Alice blushed bitterly, in her heart, her impossible nose as the cause of the sudden defection of her adorer. "How could he?" she exclaimed involuntarily.

"Why not?" rejoined Cousin Fred, cheerfully. "Sweet little soprano pipe, beautiful girl!"

"Oh, do you think her so? To me she is hardly pretty."

"Prospective heiress of two millions. Come, M. Fleury, the humbug, has not done so badly for himself."

"I wish that he may have! He is detestable. And she, too!"

"However, the ultimate destiny of M. and Mme. Fleury need not concern us. Let us think of ourselves, Alice, dear."

"How, ourselves?"

"Think whether you could care for the cousin who has always loved you and told you so as often as you would let him. Think, Alice, and tell me if you will be my wife."

"But I am so hideous! Look at my nose, Fred!"

"To me the dear little nose appears just now like a red beacon of hope. I will steer by it as long as I live."

According to classic legend, it was a fortunate omen for lovers when "Cupid sneezed from left to right." Somebody sneezed at that moment; it may have been Cupid; more probably it was Alice.

But young Dr. Millard and his wife have been happy ever since.—New York World.

## THE BICYCLE IN THE ARMY.

Lieutenant Moss Says It Has Some Advantages Over the Horse.

The war department has received from Second Lieutenant James A. Moss, Twenty-fifth infantry, U. S. A., an interesting detailed report on the military bicycle expedition from Fort Missoula, Mont., to St. Louis last June, a distance of 1900 miles. Lieutenant Moss commanded the cycling force, which consisted of Assistant Surgeon J. M. Kennedy and twenty enlisted men. He says:

"The bicycle will, I think, do more to solve the good roads question in this country than all other factors combined. Indeed, the L. A. W. colors that flew from my handlebars were the messenger of deliverance from bad roads."

"The carrying of the sick would have been a very serious question but for the railroads. Several times soldiers who were too sick to continue were put on the train and sent as far as 100 miles ahead. In times of actual warfare, this question, however, would be of minor importance, when it is considered:

"1. The probability of sickness could be greatly diminished by selecting men of fine physique and excellent health.

"2. The use of the bicycle would be confined to courier work, rapid reconnaissance, scouting duty, etc., and movements where speed rather than numbers is required, and a bicycle corps would hardly ever get more than two or three hundred miles from the main body over fast roads only three or four days' ride."

In conclusion Lieutenant Moss says: "Military cycling in our army is in its very infancy, and no one but a person who has had actual experience in this line can fully appreciate the possibilities of the wheel as a machine for military work. The bicycle has a number of advantages over the horse—it does not require as much care, it needs no forage, it moves much faster over fair roads, it is not as conspicuous and can be hidden from view more easily; it is noiseless and raises but little dust, and it is impossible to determine direction from its track. Furthermore, the fighting strength of a bicycle corps is not diminished by 'horse holders.' Under favorable conditions the bicycle is invaluable for courier work, scouting duty, road patrolling, rapid reconnaissance, etc."

"A bicycle corps, as an adjunct to infantry or cavalry, could render excellent service where speed rather than numbers is required, such as taking possession of passes, bridges, and strong places ahead of the command, and holding them until reinforcements could be gotten from the main road. On the other hand, in rainy weather over bad roads, etc., the horse is superior. The very thought of the bicycle doing away with the cavalry altogether is ludicrous. Each has peculiar functions of its own—a particular field in which, under certain conditions, the one is superior to the other. The question, therefore, which confronts us is: Should not a modern, up-to-date army have both, that it might avail itself of the advantages of the one or the other, as the proper conditions present themselves?"

## Klondikers.

It is a goodnatured, sober crowd we have aboard the steamship. Several have remarked how very undemonstrative it is. Of our passengers one-half are Americans. They are of every degree and of all sorts but duds. There is a house builder from Brooklyn, a contractor from Boston, the business manager of a New York paper, and boys that seem not over nineteen. They have all formed parties or partnerships, some to share every vicissitude or fortune, others only to last until the gold-diggings are reached. Only a few are dressed in the loose rough clothes of the miner. Several that I know who are going in have kept on their city suits, and it has been amusing to see men unaccustomed to rough garments emerge, one by one, from their staterooms with their miner's rig of heavy boots and corduroys. One most picturesque figure is a swarthy man of spare but wiry build, who turned out in full buckskin suit, at which some smiled; but after a talk with him it was impossible not to admit that while the buckskin might "draw" somewhat in wet weather, nevertheless he was as well fixed as any man on board. He is a packer and hunter, and hails from the Black Hills, and has a partner seven feet tall.

One noticeable thing is the total absence of oaths or the sort of language one will hear continually from morn till night among lumbermen. The conversation is pitched in a low key; men have serious things to talk about—those they have left behind; the pass ahead of them; their outfits and those of their neighbors. Some are pretty well equipped; indeed, save for a general lack of waterproof sacks, they are well prepared for the rainy country, which, by the lowering clouds and increasing banks of fog, we seem to be entering.—Harper's Weekly.

## THE DISPENSARY REPORT.

The Investigating Committee Recommend Changes.

### WOULD REDUCE THE STOCK.

Suggests That Business Could be Run More Profitably by Carrying a Smaller Stock.

The legislative examining committee of the State dispensary has made its quarterly report to the governor. Attention is called to several matters of more or less interest. The report reads:

COLUMBIA, S. C., Oct. 20, 1897.

To His Excellency W. H. Elwell, Governor.

SIR: The committee met on Monday, Oct. 13, and proceeded to examine the books and financial transactions of the State dispensary for the quarter ending Sept. 30, 1897.

The stock of liquors and supplies on hand was taken on Oct. 1 by Mr. J. B. Douthitt, representing the board of control, and Mr. J. P. Thomas, Jr., representing this committee. All the stock and supplies were actually exhibited and counted and valued except certain goods in transit, invoices of which had been received by the bookkeeper and entered upon his books during the month of September. The original invoices of these goods, to-wit: 860 barrels of whiskey and 50 cases of whiskey were exhibited, amounting to \$25,297.88. These goods were counted as on hand and included in the inventory.

The balance sheet of the State dispensary for the quarter ending Sept. 30, 1897, and the statement of assets and liabilities, and the statement of profits and losses were checked by the books.

There appears upon the statement of assets and liabilities under the head of "unearned profits" \$45,031.14. This item consists of the estimated profits on goods shipped to the county dispensers and unsold. It has been the habit for some time to estimate these unearned profits and make an entry of them. We recommend that the practice of estimating the unearned profits be abolished, for the reason that the same are uncertain and misleading.

We have examined the original invoices of all liquors and supplies purchased during the past quarter and also vouchers for disbursements made. We find the books and entries therein correct, according to the record and data furnished us. The State treasurer's report shows on Sept. 30, 1897, balance of cash in State treasury amounting to \$78,530.61. According to the cash book of the State dispensary the balance of cash amounted on that day to \$69,873.24. There was, therefore, on that day \$8,657.37 more in the State treasury than was called for by the books of the State dispensary. The warrants drawn prior to Oct. 1 and unpaid amount to \$8,651.33, according to itemized list furnished us by the bookkeeper. This makes the difference between the State treasurer and the State dispensary \$6.04. At our last report this difference was \$16.04. This amount is now reduced to \$6.04 by the payment of warrant No. 38, drawn in April, 1896, which warrant was heretofore been accounted for.

We have examined the matter of insurance on local dispensaries and find that the amount of insurance runs from 10 to 25 per cent of the stock on hand. If the policy of insuring local dispensaries is to be followed, then, in our opinion, the insurance is inadequate and should be increased.

We find that the present law requires that all dispensers give a uniform bond of \$3,000. We find that some of these dispensers carry over \$7,000 in stock, and in many cases the bonds of \$3,000 is totally inadequate. We, therefore, recommended that the amount of the bond required be increased in those cases where large stocks are carried.

We find that the stock of merchandise at the State dispensary and in the hands of local dispensaries on Oct. 1 was over \$350,000. In our opinion the business of the dispensary could be as profitably and economically conducted with a large decrease in the stock. If this policy were pursued the profits to the school fund would be realized much quicker.

Respectfully submitted,  
ALTMONT MOSES, Senator.  
JNO. P. THOMAS,  
C. R. D. BURNS,  
Members of House.

## PALMETTO POINTERS.

Nov. 1, Columbia's handsome new hotel will be thrown open.

At Marion, P. T. Bullard, slayer of John Altman, was acquitted, after a trial lasting four days.

The game law opens the season on November 1, until then it is unlawful to kill or trap game birds.

W. C. McGowan, of Abbeville, son of the late Judge Samuel McGowan, is spoken of as a likely candidate for Governor next year.

A number of gypsies were in Camden recently, but owing to the town authorities giving them a walking ticket, they left in short order.

As far as the South is concerned South Carolina still leads in the manufacture of cotton. North Carolina has second place, and Georgia third.

Mattie Mattison, who accidentally killed her child while striking at her husband, and sentenced to two years in the penitentiary by Judge Buchanan at Abbeville last September, has been pardoned by the governor.

The rules of the South Carolina Car Service Association went into effect on the 18th. Notices were sent to all consignees who have freight stored in cars at the several railroad depots and they will be required to move it within forty-eight hours.

John Miller, of Berkeley County, W. Va., has just sold his apple crop for a little more than \$20,000. This is the product of thirty-four acres of mountain land, the assessed value of which is less than \$3 per acre. As a side issue Mr. Miller realized between \$2,000 and \$4,000 from his peach crop. His father, from a much smaller apple orchard, realized between \$8,000 and \$10,000.

## IN A NOBLE CAUSE.

The Monument of the Women of the Confederacy—A Meeting Fair Week.

The work of erecting a monument to the women of the Confederacy, which has been undertaken by the veterans, is beginning to take some shape. The veterans of South Carolina intend to do their work well. The following call to the members of the committee for a meeting to be held during the approaching State Fair has just been issued:

### Attention, Confederate Veterans:

The general committee of the monument to be erected by the women of the Confederacy will please meet in Columbia on Thursday of Fair Week. The notice will be given of the place and hour later. The committee is composed of the following gentlemen:

- Abbeville—J. F. Lyon.
- Aiken—B. H. Teague.
- Anderson—Col. J. L. Mauldin.
- Bamberg—Gen. F. M. Bamberg.
- Barnwell—F. M. Creech.
- Berkeley—S. P. Smith.
- Beaufort—Capt. H. N. Stokes.
- Charleston—Col. James Armstrong.
- Chester—J. W. Reed.
- Chesterfield—J. A. Craig.
- Cherokee—J. L. Strain.
- Clarendon—D. J. Bradham.
- Colleton—C. G. Henderson.
- Darlington—W. E. James.
- Dorchester—George Lupper.
- Edgefield—Gen. J. W. Carville.
- Fairfield—Capt. T. W. Woodward.
- Florence—John S. Scott.
- Georgetown—T. M. Merriman.
- Greenwood—Col. W. L. Mauldin.
- Greenwood—C. A. C. Waller.
- Hampton—J. W. Moore.
- Horry—B. L. Beatty.
- Kershaw—C. C. Haile.
- Lancaster—L. C. Hough.
- Laurens—W. W. Bell.
- Lexington—M. D. Harmon.
- Marlboro—Judge J. H. Hudson.
- Marion—E. H. Gasque.
- Newberry—J. W. Gary.
- Orangeburg—Hon. Samuel Dibble.
- Oconee—V. F. Martin.
- Pickens—D. F. Bradley.
- Richland—Capt. R. S. DesPortes.
- Saluda—W. Scott Allen.
- Sumter—T. V. Walsh.
- Spartanburg—D. R. Duncan.
- Union—J. T. Douglass.
- York—Major Beckham.
- Williamsburg—Louis Jacobs.

Gen. Walker and staff are also requested to meet with the committee.

The members of the committee will please press the work of organizing the counties before the meeting. Let us all be up and doing to accomplish what we have undertaken. Comrades, come fully and squarely to the front. "Forward" is the word.

S. P. H. ELWELL,  
Chairman General Committee.

## ASSOCIATE REFORMED SYNOD.

Mr. Wylie Gives \$15,000 for a New Dormitory at Erskine College.

On the 21st the Synod of the Associate Reformed Presbyterian Church met at Belfast, Tenn., with Rev. Jas. L. Young, of Moticello, Ark., moderator; Rev. Jas. Boyce, of Huntsville, N. C., stated clerk; Rev. E. P. McClintock, of Newberry, S. C., second clerk, and A. G. Brice, treasurer.

Rev. Boyce delivered the opening sermon. The day's session was devoted to reading and referring papers to standing committees. The session at night was devoted to a conference on the educational work of the Church. Addresses were made by Prof. Wm. Hood, of Bartow, Fla., and Rev. T. B. Brice, Rev. Moffatt, of Chester, S. C., addressed the Synod upon the consideration and prospects of Erskine College. It was announced that Jos. W. Wylie, of Chester, S. C., had given \$15,000 to build a new dormitory at Erskine College.

### On the Manner of an Introduction.

It is mortifying to note how many persons pay little or no heed to what may be styled the etiquette of introductions. To the lover of good form there is something that sets one's teeth on edge on hearing an introduction so worded that a woman is presented to a man, or an elderly woman to a young one. The rules with regard to introductions are so simple and sensible that it would seem that the wayfaring man or woman, though a fool, could scarcely err therein. A man is always introduced to a woman, and it may be well in passing to add that a lady's permission should usually be asked before such a presentation is made. It is a simple matter to say, "Miss Smith, may I present to you Mr. Jones?" before uttering the formal "Miss Smith, allow me to introduce Mr. Jones."

The man is, of course, always brought to the woman whom he is to meet; the woman should never be led to the man.

These rules might seem superfluous were it not that one so often observes their infraction among people who should know better. At a tea a matron who years before had arrived at the dignity of a grandmother was piloted by her hostess to a young girl of twenty, and they were made known to each other in the well-meant words: "Mrs. Knight, I want to present you to my dear little friend, Mabel Day. Mabel, dear, this is Mrs. Knight, of whom you have so often heard me speak."

If the ladies were amused by the speech, they were so well versed in that knowledge of good form in which their hostess was lacking that they showed no consciousness of her error.—Harper's Bazar.

## Plants Bleached by Zinc Works.

A faded bunch of flowers, together with a handful of withered grass, was presented to Mayor Ziegenhein yesterday by a delegation of citizens of Carondelet. The citizens came to the Mayor with a complaint that they suffer damage and inconvenience because of the operations of the Glendale zinc works, at the foot of Nagel avenue, quantities of sulphuric gases are liberated by the furnaces of the works, and these gases are carried by the wind to places far distant. Wherever they strike, so the citizens say, vegetation is blasted, all the colors are bleached out of the flowers in the gardens, and the people are made to suffer because of the hurtful odors. The faded flowers and withered blades of grass were exhibited in evidence.—Pittsburg News.

## IS DORCHESTER A COUNTY?

A Question to Be Tested in the Supreme Court.

### MANY KNOTTY POINTS IN IT.

The Action Has Been Begun and the Points to Be Settled Will Be of Great Interest in the State.

The News and Courier says it is learned that an action quo warranto has been commenced by the State of South Carolina and Mr. O. C. Sires, a taxpayer of Summerville, as plaintiff, against Mr. L. E. Parler, claiming to be county treasurer of Dorchester county.

An action of this character is intended to try the title to an office of one exercising its powers and duties. In this particular case the question whether Mr. Parler is county treasurer or not includes, it is claimed, an issue of far greater magnitude, namely, whether Dorchester is a county or not, and all that such an issue involves. It will be remembered that a part of Berkeley and a part of Colleton were taken to form Dorchester. Do these parts still belong to Berkeley and Colleton respectively? All the machinery for a county government has been arranged for Dorchester. Arrangements have been made to erect public buildings. Bonds to the amount of \$15,000 have been or are about to be issued. Is the machinery legal? Are the bonds valid? What will be the effect of the decrees of courts held in Dorchester? What about the payment of taxes? These and similar questions present themselves for consideration.

By an Act passed at its last session the Legislature established Dorchester county, and the constitutionality of the Act is denied. The Constitution of 1795 provides how new counties may be created, and certain taxpayers, unwilling to bear what they consider the onerous and unnecessary expenses of establishing a new county, and believing that the requirements of the Constitution have not been complied with, have set about this proceeding, in which the State concurs, to test the question, and this action has accordingly been commenced by Messrs. Lord & Burke, the lawyers for plaintiffs.

The suit has been brought in the Supreme Court of this State, as one of the class of cases within the original jurisdiction of that Court. And the complaint takes the position that before the Legislature has power to create a new county the qualified electors in the area proposed for said new county must vote upon three questions, viz: 1. Whether they shall be a county or not. 2. The name of the county. 3. The location of the county seat. That the vote upon all three questions must be taken at the same election, and that there must be a two-thirds majority upon each question before the Legislature can establish the county.

In the case of Dorchester there has been three elections. At the first election, ordered by the Governor, the requisite two-thirds majority decided that there should be a county, and that its name should be Dorchester. St. George's, Summerville and Ridgeville each received votes as the place for the county seat, but the one having the highest vote did not receive a two-thirds majority. Then the Governor ordered a second election as to location, with a similar result.

Then the Legislature took the matter up, directed the Governor to order elections to fix the locality and provided that a simple majority should select. After this, on 24th March last, another election was held and St. George's received a simple majority. No place at any election has received a two-thirds majority.

The constitutional provision is as follows:

### ARTICLE VII—COUNTIES AND COUNTY GOVERNMENT.

Section 1. The General Assembly may establish new counties in the following manner: Whenever one-third of the qualified electors within the area of each section of an old county proposed to be cut off to form a new county shall petition the Governor for the creation of a new county, setting forth the boundaries and showing compliance with the requirements of this article, the Governor shall order an election within a reasonable time thereafter, by the qualified voters within the proposed area, in which election they shall vote "yes" or "no" upon the question of creating said new county, and at the same election the question of a name and a county seat for such county shall be submitted to the electors.

Section 2. If two-thirds of the qualified electors voting at such election shall vote "yes" upon such questions then the General Assembly at the next session shall establish such new county.

The lawyers for plaintiffs contend that not only must there be a two-thirds majority for the location of a county seat, but there must be such a majority before an Act to establish a county can be passed, and not only that, but that such majority must be had at the very first election.

It is said that a case of this kind comes up for trial in due course at the first term after twenty days allowed defendant to answer.

## STEVENSON GETS BAIL.

Now Confined in the Penitentiary on a Serious Charge.

Bond in the sum of \$3,000 has been granted J. H. Stevenson, of Camden, who is at present confined in the penitentiary on the charge of outraging a 13-year-old white girl of the same town. On the 8th of September Stevenson was taken to Columbia as there was decided talk of lynching him. His alleged victim, Jesse Arrant, is said to be an imbecile.

Messrs. W. M. Shannon and W. D. Trautham, of Camden, appeared before Judge Klugh in chambers and made application for bail. Affidavits from physicians were read and other affidavits introduced to rebut the charge.

Solicitor Thurmond appeared at the hearing for the State. The bond was fixed at \$3,000. Stevenson's attorneys think they can get bail for that amount.