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Polite attention to customers guar

The tender word forgoiten,
The letter you did not write,
The flower you did not send, dear,
Are your haunting ghosts at night. The stone you might have ilfted Out of a brother's way; The bit of heartsome counsel You were hurried too much to say.

The loving touch of the hand, dear,
The gentle, winning tone,
Which you had no time nor thought for,
Wich troubles enough of your own.

A THIEF IN THE NIGHT

There was a large party at the Chateau de Kerdall, near Vannes.

The Marquis de Kerdall and his young wife had just returned from a tour of the world on their yacht, during which they had paid flying visits to Africa, America and Oceanica, and they had scalebatted their horses. they had celebrated their home-coming by gathering together all their friends and relatives at their beautiful country house.

Among the guests were old Dr. Cornabuc, an illustrious member of the Academy of Metaphysical Sciences, so original, so absent-minded, so venera-ble in his blonde peruke and his cos-tume of the fashion of 1850. Then there was Mme. de Lartigues, an old school friend of the marquis, a bril-liant and coquettish Parisienne. And there was Miss Hawthorne, an English maiden lady with youthful propensi-ties. And there were many others, all of whom found plenty of amusement to their heart's content at Kerdall.

Outside of the ordinary pleasures of life, there were some unusual attrac-

tions. In the first place the host and hostess had seen and experienced so much that was novel and startling that their conversation was always fascinating. Then the rooms of the castle constituted a vertable museum, being stocked with rare and curious objects from two continents. And, finally, a menageric had been created in one corner of the park and stocked with the various animals which Mme. de Kerdall had picked up during the voyage and brought back to France for purposes of acclimatization. There vere gazelles, antelopes. Thibet goats, Nile ibises, rose flamingoes, opossums, beavers and an Asiatic ape of the man-drill species, as mild as a lamb, but as

drill species, as mild as a lamb, but as mischievous as all his kind. An iron lattice cage had been built for him close to the conservatory.

As will be seen, the Chateau de Kerdall was a veritable Edea, but this fact did not prevent Mime, de Lartiques from dreading the isolated preignes. gues from dreading the isolated posi-tion of the place among the wide expanse of woods and fields.
"I should be afraid to live here all the year round," she said.

'Afraid of what, my dear?" asked the marquise.

"Oh, of robbers; they would fairly revel here. Robbers! In this mansion filled to the eaves with guests and servants! Everybody mocked at the young wo-man, and old Dr. Cornabue told horri-ble stories about burglars and assassins until Mme. de Lartigues, ashamed of her chimerical fears, was the first laugh, and when the retiring hour came, she mounted to her sleeping apartment on the second floor supplied with a goodly stock of heroism. Within a short time all the occupants of the chateau were in the land of

How long Mme. de Lartigues slept she knew not. She was awakened by a rattling at her window, which she had left half opened on account of the

What was the terror when, in the feeble starlight, she saw a form climbing noiselesly through the window. She tried to scream, but her throat was parched with fright, and she could not utter a sound.

The man had entered the chamber. Then the poor woman hastily buried her head beneath the bed-clothing. Half dead with fear, she could hear her nocturnal visitor going and coming across the carpet with muffled steps. It seemed as though he must have removed his shoes in order to tread

Bathed with cold perspiration and her teeth chattering she awaited the mortal blow from the invader. But it did not come

After about a quarter of an hour she timidly peeped out. She could see and hear nothing, Slightly reassured she recevered the use of her voice, and started a series of shricks, so sharp, piercing and terrible that in an instant the entire chateau was turned topsy-turvy. Everybody rushed into her chamber with lights in their hands, M. and Mmc. de Kerdall at the

head. "What is it? What's the matter?"

they cried. She recounted her horrible vision. They would not believe her; she had been dreaming. Who could have climbed into this chamber, so high above the ground, without a ladder? "Did you see bim plainly?" asked the marquis, with a touch of suspicion in his voice.

"As plainly as I see you; and it ven seemed——" She hesitated. even seemed-"What?"

"It seemed as though I could recognsze Dr. Cornabuc in his blonde wig

and redingote." Everybody laughed. What! Dr. Cornabuc! A man of his age and character scaling windows at midnight! It was certain now that Mme. de Lartigues had been dreaming. They tried to dissipate her fear, and she was just about to persuade herself that she had been the victim of an halthat she had been the victim of an hal-lucination, when she happened to cast her eyes upon the bureau, where she white mantle over the earth and

All at once another cry was heard, a piercing shriek coming through the stillness of the night. It appeared to tions. emanate from Miss Hawthorne's cham-There was a rush for her apartm nt, and the English lady was found standing in the middle of the room,

Jno. T. Mathis, with frightened eyes.

"There! there!" she cried, pointing to the window. "A man! He escaped, but I recognized him."

The doctor again! This time no-body laughed. Cornabue was looked for among the persons who had been attracted by the excitement; but he was not there. He was the only occu-pant of the chateau who was missing. "Come, let us go to the doctor's room," said the marquis, knitting his brows. "He will doubtless solve the

nystery for us."
All followed Kerdall—the men halfdressed, the women in their white night-robes, all carrying candles-a veird procession.

Upon the entrance of the crowd, the Opon the entrance of the crowd, the doctor hurriedly wrapped himself in the bed clothes, his wrinkled countenance alone being visible over the top, and this conulsed by anger into a comical grimace. The candle light was reflected from his bald pate, which shope like old iverse. shone like old ivory.

"Is this some ill-timed joke?" he stormed. "What is going on? Is the chateau on fire? I heard a terrible outery, and was about to inquire into it." "You must come and join us doc-

tor," said Kerdall.
"And how shall I do it?" cried the doctor, furiously. Some rascal has run off with my clothing, and in exchange he has left me this," and he savagely hurled a white object into the middle of the floor.

"My corsets!" murmured Miss Haw-

thorne, modestly lowering her eyes.
"And this," continued the doctor,
wildly brandishing another article. "My hat!" cried Mme. de Larti

gues.
"This railery passes all bounds,"
bowled the doctor, whose shining
head, with one final grimace, ducked beneath the bed-clothing, like the clown going through a trap door in the marionette theatre.

They did not know what to think.

The mystery was growing more com-plicated. It certainly looked as though a robber had entered the chateau-perhaps a whole band of burg-lars and assassins. Mme. de Lartigues imagined a troop of brigands armed to the teeth.

"Let us hope they have no guns," said the marquis, to raise the hopes of

his guests.

There was no echo to the pleasantry. Suddenly a strange sound was heard coming from the ground floor. It was certainly the piano in the reception saloon, but it was surely being played by goblin fingers, and so furiously that it seemed as though the keys must be broken. "This is too much!" cried the mar-

quis, rushing toward the staircase, with all the crowd, excepting Dr. Cornabuc, close behind him.

They hastily penetrated the saloon.
It was empty. The mysterious visitor It was empty. The mysterious visitor was gone, but he could not be far away. The crash of china and glass

announced his presence in the dining-Everybody rushed thither, and the marquis, who was in the lead, dimly saw a form escaping through the window into the garden.

"This time we've got him!" he The men seized guns and knives from a hunting-rack in the vestibule, amounted to \$7,550.19. and started across the garden and park in pursuit of the fugitive, while the

women barricaded themselves in the of the chase. It was about an hour later, in the un-

ing of the sun, that a servant discoveramong the branches of a large oak.

made no response.
"Come down, or I will shoot!"

"Do not fire, monsieur. It is Dr. Cornabue ! And sure enough, the blonde wig and long' redingote could now be seen

among the leaves. But at this moment the first ray of sunlight gleamed in from the east and the oak was illuminated. The marquis suddenly broke into a fit of explo-sive laughter, and, as his guests gazed up into the tree, they could not keep from following his example.

"The Ape! Everyoning was explained. The animal had escaped from his cage the previous evening and had managed to effect an entrance into the chateau. Animated by his instinct of imitation, he had first attired himself in the doctor's effects and then wandered over

the house at his own free will. He was put back into his prison af-ter some little trouble, and at breakfast the party enjoyed a hearty laugh at the adventures of the night.

But Dr. Cornabue did not appear at the table. He left the chateau at an early hour, furious and without taking leave. Since this episode he has never set

foot at Kerdall, and he has never lost a feeling of deep antipathy to Mme. de Lartigues and Miss Hawthorne. " How could they have mixed me up with a monkey?" he wants to know.

IN A MELTING MOOD.-The editor of the Morganton (Ga.) News was peculiarly affected by the recent snow-storm, as the following extract will show: "Last Sunday morning as we peeped out of the window from under the cover, we would have given the amount of Mr. Cleveland's next bond issue, one hundred millions of dollars. had left her jewels.

They were gone! It truly had been a robber!

hung in lace-like fringes from the trees and every surrounding object. It made us think that the angels, The laughing suddenly ceased, and during the night, in glad and frolic-they looked at one another in con-sternation. during the night, in glad and frolic-some humor, had thrown the down from their shining wings over tree, shrub and bush, and we came near bursting with suppressed poetic emo-And would have possibly done so, but for the following inspiration which came in time to save us from this awful catastrophe: "Man is like the beautiful snow.

He breathes awhile and goes below; Where he melts like the beautiful

Except more longer, and more slow."

Governor Evens Takes Prompt Ac-tion in His Case—The Shortage Fully Covered by the Bondsmen. The State, 13th-inst.

Governor Evans has commenced to apply the law to those dispensers who have been found to be defaulters, as he expressed it a few days ago. And the first man among these officers of the State to find himself in the hole is Mr. B. O. Evans, the dispenser at St. Matthews, in Orangeburg County. The official inspector has gone over this dispenser's books, and finds that there is a shortage of between \$2,200 and \$2,300.

Governor Evans said that the matter of the existence of this shortage was only reported to him on Saturday last. He at once sent Inspector Scruggs to St. Matthews to take charge of the dispensary and make an investigation of the books and accounts. He reported that the amount of the defalcation was as given above. Governor Evans says he cannot understand how the county board of control could have let the shortage occur without noticing it. The Governor says there was nothing left for him to do but to act promptly, in order to preserve the discipline of the entire management of the dispensary. Consequently he has sent the bond of the dispenser to Messrs. Bowman & H. H. Brunson, attorneys at Orangeburg, and ordered them to pro-ceed at once to bring suit upon the bond to recover the amount of the shortage. He has also decided, he says, to have Dispenser Evans prose-cuted to the full extent of the law for rand larceny and breach of trust.

On the dispenser's bond are Messrs. Philip Rich and Frederick J. Buyck, both men of wealth, and the loss will be fully covered. Governor Evans shortage, so far as he can ascertain, falls entirely on the county and does not effect the funds due the State. The Governor has ordered Mr. Scruggs to close the dispensary and turn it over to some person whom the board of control shall select to act as lispenser.

Governor Evans has not yet taken any legal steps against any of the other dispensers who have been found to be defaulters, but his action in this case indicates what course he will likely pursue with all of them.

he State, 14th inst.

Governor Evans yesterday received from Dispensary Inspector Scruggs his report of his investigation of the accounts of the dispensary at St. Mat-thews. He reports that the total short-tage is \$2,282.83. The bulk of this amount falls on the State and not on the county, as Governor Evans thought. There is now due the State, so Mr. Scruggs reports, \$2,038.86. The amount due the county on account of unpaid profits is only \$244.47. The stock on hand at the dispensary as accounted on Monday by Mr. Scruggs, when he took charge of the dispensary, was worth \$1,516.16. Dispenser Evans he purchased from the State since the re-opening of the dispensaries in August last, \$6,289.14 worth of liquors, and the

saloon and anxiously awaited the result | must have been something misleading about the reports or the shortage would have been discovered long ago. certain light which precedes the ris- Governor Evans has already forwarded all the necessary papers and instruced the mysterious stranger ensconsed tions to the attorneys in Orangeburg representing the State and he says At his call the marquis and his guests the State will lose nothing and Dishastened to the spot.

hastened to the spot.

"Come down!" commanded M. de
Kerdall, but the bandit only settled himself deeper among the foliage and that all dispensers and others con-Governor Evans says this should be a nected with the system might as well understand that the State's business is And, as there was still no reply, he lifted his gun, and already had his finger upon the trigger, when the domestic hurriedly pulled his arm and matter where State's money is involv-

MURDER WILL OUT.

Arrested for Killing His Bookkeeper -Married the Sister and Got the Insurance Money.

TORONTO, Ont., February 12 .- Dallas T. Hyams, aged twenty-nine, and Harry P. Hyams, aged thirty-nine, brothers engaged in the brokerage business, who came here from New Orleans about nine years ago, arrested tonight, charged with the murder of William C. Wells, a young Englishman, aged twenty-five, who was in the Hyams employ as book-

On January 16, 1893, Wells was found dead, with his head terribly crushed, at the bottom of the elevator shaft in the Hyams warehouse in this city. Death was reported as accidental, and the coroner, who investigated the case, decided that an inquest was

unnecessary.
Wells's life was insured for \$36,000 of which \$31,000 was carried by the Mutual Life of New York, and the balance by the Toronto Mutual Accident Association. The policies were payable to Wells's sister, Martha, who at the time was engagded to marry Harry Hyams. The policies had been issued only two months before Wells's death. The New York Mutual Life investigated the case and found no evidence of foul play, and the money was prid to Miss Wells. Last May she was married to Hyams, and they shortly afterwards moved to Montreal, but returned to Toronto two weeks ago, taking up their residence with Dallas Hyams, at 57 Grand street, where the two brothers were arrested

last night. The police refuse to disclose the nature of the evidence, but it is understood the following facts are counted stood the following facts are counted against Harry Hyams: That the premium of the follow was paid by him, that he and was in the warehouse with Wells the fatailty occurred; also the south the Hyams has endeavored to yout insurance policies on his wife, formerly Miss Wells and sister of the deceased, to the extent of \$300,000, in different companies. ompanies.

has educational benefit.

An Awful Tragedy in Chatanoog.

No Cause is Known for the Killing.

CHATTANOGA, Tenn., Feb. 12.—
This afternoon, between the hours of 2 and 3 o'clock, in the Russell House, Robert T. Craig, county trustee of Hamilton County, shot and killed A. M. Womble, formerly employed by Mr. Craig as one of his deputies, but more recently engaged in the crain of the county and the county and the county are constituted in the county are constit more recently engaged in the organization of a co-operative cotton mill.

In this cold and barefaced statement is told the result, but not the story, of one of the most deplorable tragedies in the history of Chattanooga. Early in December Mr. Womble was dis-

charged from his position as one of Mr. Craig's deputies, not by Mr. Craig, but by his bondsmen. Mr. Womble had been employed on the books in the office. There was no particular objection to him, but the bondsmen seemjection to him, but the bondsmen seemed to prefer some one else, and Mr. Womble retired. Mr. Craig had nothing to do with it. There was no had feeling between the men, so far as is known. If they ever quarreled before this afternoon, no one knows it.

Just what occurred in Mr. Craig's rooms may never be known. Mr. Womble had gone there to discuss some financial matters of an unknown nature. Shortly after Mr. Womble

nature. Shortly after Mr. Womble bad been admitted Lucinda Clay, a chamber maid, heard scuffling and noises in the room. She was cleaning up a room two doors beyond. The noises continued and she ran out in the hall Just then Mr. Womble came out of

Mr. Craig's room and said:
"My God, I'm murdered!"

He ran down the hall towards the stairs, crying alternately. "Murder!" "Help!" "Help!" "Murder!" When half way down the flight of stairs leading from the third floor he staggered and fell to the bottom, evidently badly wounded. evidently badly wounded.

At that moment Dr. E. E. Kerr appeared on the scene, coming from his room on the second floor, and simul-taneously Mr. Craig appeared at the top of the stairs with a pistol in his hand, wild-eyed and flushed in the face, down which the blood was streaming from an ugly wound in the forehead. Running half way down the stairs he fired wildly and narrowly missed Dr. Kerr's baby, which he was carrying in his arms. Dr. Kerr put the baby in a place of safety and re-turned to the spot. Mr. Craig had de-scended the stairs and was standing two or three steps above Mr. Womble who was lying flat on his back just be neath him at the foot of the stairs.

Mr. Craig snapped the pistol at him two or three times. It failed to work He broke the weapon in two and examined it. Then he snapped the barrel together and pointing the pistol at Mr. Womble he shot twice. One shot mised the body; the other entered the abdomen, passed through and was later extracted from the skin of the back. Mr. Womble died thirty min-utes later, making the following antenortem statement "By invitation I went to Mr. Craig's

oom to look over some figures, when

unavoidable facts that he has been a most dissipated young man and had an insatiable appetite or cocaine, a habit for the cure of which he had three times visited the Keely institute. All that can be learned of the cause of the cure of the cure of the cause of the cure o tragedy is that Mr. Craig accused Mr. Mr. Womble of jugglery with the county warrants. A fight followed in the room, which smashed everything breakable, and the pistol was used there as well as in the hall.

A WOMAN'S QUESTIONS.

She Wants Light on the Currency Problem.

The Chicago Herald has received the following letter from a citizen whose wife is studying the currency

"Editor of The Herald-Ever since women began to come to the front in politics, organize suffrage clubs and make public speeches, Mrs. Watson has made me extremely uncomfortable by asking all sorts of questions about the tariff and about civil service reform and about the money question and about a hundred other things that I know all about, but hardly feel capable of making clear to the understanding of woman. In this crisis it occurs to me to shift some of the burden and restore tranquility to the household by repeating some of these questions to The Herald. If The Herald fails to answer she will conclude they are un answerable and let the matter rest unsolved. The great source of trouble new is the position of Mr. Carlisle with his currency bill. Mrs. Watson wants to know whether the making of money is a function of government or whether it should be left to individual and corporate enterprise to furnish the circulation medium that measures exchanges and liquidates debts?

She wants to know if the making of money should be left to private en-terprise why Mr. Carlisle provides in his bill for any governmental interference?

She wants to know if the making of money is a function of government, why government does not attend to its business and not delegate its powers to a class of individuals or corporations? "She wants to know if money should

be made of a commodity of high rela-tive value like gold, and if so, why government does not stop when the gold is coined instead of issuing a volume of paper promises to pay equal to eight times the number of gold dollars? "She wants to know what elasticity

of the currency is and how money can be made to circulate freely when there - Congressman Champ Clark, when his son was a baby, placed \$10,000 insurance on his life, which the lad is to get as soon as he comes of age, and he to take a trip around the world for with it until driven to it by dire neces

Why not insure your LIFE at the same time you buy your SHOES and at no extra charge all for Three Dollars - the shoes and the Insurance! (For MEN) See the LEWIS Accident Insurance Shoe.

aith, confidence in individual and corporate banks, or confidence in a government that represents the honesty, the integrity and ability to pay of the whole people?

whole people?

"She wants to know if paper money must not, of necessity, be a credit money, depending for its circulation upon the faith of the people in its ultinate redemption?

"If it is a credit money, if not the credit of the government (the whole people) stronger and better than the credit of individual or corporate banks? 'She wants to know if Mr. Carlisle

thinks there is money enough in the

country?
"If that is his idea, why does he not provide for inflation by the cheaper route of free coinage of silver instead of authorizing a lot of banks to issue a quantity of promises to pay gold that they have not, and may never be able

to obtain? She wants to know, if there is any way to stop people doing business on credit, and with a credit money? "If there is no way, she wants to know why Mr. Carlisic and the other great statesmen don't stop fooling with the money question and find out what it is that makes panies, shakes credits and brings hard times and give us a

FARLEY ON THE FUTURE.

He Makes a Correct Diagnosis of the Political Situation in this State.

Gen. Hugh L. Farley gave the first public intination as to the primary plan for settling the fight over the constitutional convention among the white people, which he did in an interview two before the metting of the State Executive Committee. He has again submitteed to an interview upon he political situation, and from his remarks we make the following extracts:
"I have always been an advocate of

the primary as a court of last resort, and I condemned the Colleton plan last year because it not only antidipated, last, \$6,289.14 worth of liquors, and the total stock carried since the reopening amounted to \$7,559.19.

Governor Evans now believes that the shortage has been accumulating for some time, and he thinks that there must have been something misleading about the reports or the shortage. Robert Craig is one of the best known young men in Tennessee. This is his second term as trustee. He is a member of the Mountain City Club, the swellest social organization in the city, and has been a lion among the la-dies, who will be startled to learn by but are only encouraging our people to come together in a fraternal way in

> citizen.
> "We see now the result of mismanagement of the primary and the evil offects in a want of confidence among our people, and the only remydy lies in demanding and having a perfectly fair primary, wherever our people can-not otherwise agree upon their delegations. After we have exhausted the methods advised by "the Forty," what can we do but submit our differences to a white primary? If we cannot agree upon this, then we cannot agree upon anything, for its rejection means an appeal to the negro vote-nothing nore nor less. I have hoped and beleved that the great majority of our executive committees were disposed to e fair and would give us fair rules, and I feel sure that the time has passs ed when our people can be trifled with in so important a matter. On the other side, however, I am sorry to say that the developments of the last week have shown that there is already a settled purpose on the part of certain parties to ignore and reject all efforts to compromise and to go or appeal straight

to the pegro. Here lies our great dan ger.
"It will be remembered by all who read the papers that I have labored on this line of reconciliation for years, and that I took the position in my Christ-mas article of 1892 that the hope of the State lay in the conservative men of both factions, or as it was then put in 'the real Reformers and the rea Conservatives.' They are more largely in the majority in the State now, by far, than they were then, and if they can only manage to get together and make their nomination either by conventions, by mass meetings or primaries, they can save the State from impending danger. "The real conservative citizens of a

State are always its greatest reliance in time of trouble and danger, and this is our only hope now of saving the State from the contending factions of extremists on both sides, who are care less of what they say or do, or who suffer so that they gratify their malice or ambition, while the negro stands waiting to profit, if he can, by our foolish and suicidal contentions, knowing that if he can once get in, it will be difficult or impossible to get him out. The non-partisan call of the Forty, which ought to be responded to by al real Conservatives and real Reformers, furnishes the opportunity for them to get together to confer and to adopt such methods and to suggest such rules and regulations for the primaries as will silence the contentions of the extremists and bring our people into friendly conference, in the various counties. If they fail to agree in conference then try the primary, and if

"She wants to know if the quantity of gold in the world is sufficient to do the business of the world. If not, and it must be supplemented by a system of paper, based on our faith that there is paper, based on our faith that there is the sake of all that we hold dear and paper, based on our faith that there is the sake of all that we hold dear and paper, based on our faith that there is the sake of all that we hold dear and paper, based on our faith that there is some gold somewhere, in which the paper will be redeemed when we want the we appeal to the negro or declare war, the which is the best foundation for our for that is what it means. for that is what it means.
"In my opinion there has never been

a time in the history of the State which demand more patriotic action and sacdemand more patriotic action and sacrifice of more personal prejudices, feelings or ambitions among the white people than the present. No matter what our personal wrongs or animosities may be, it will do no good to harp on the past or to 'look for eggs in last year's bird's nest.' Our way and the future of the present and the future duty lie in the present and the future. There are many people who believe that everything is at sea and that there are no principles or parties left in the State. For my part I know that the principle of white supremacy and the true principles of Democracy are still alive in the hearts of our people, and I propose to stick to the old ship as long as there is a plank left. I know that there are wrongs—personal and poltical—to be righted, but these should be left for time and and 'a more conveni-

ent season' to settle.
"There are no queestion involved in
the constitutional convention, if bandled wisely, which our people should not be able to agree upon; and nothing keeps them apart now but feelings, bitterness, prejudices and distrust en-gendered by the struggle of the last four years, in which I am willing to scknowledge there have been some serious wrongs and mistakes and mismanagement.

"Knowing, as I believe I do, the greatest dangers to the State and my ighest duty to her in this emergency, I do not hesitate to say that I shall not be persuaded by irreconcilables on one side or driven by extremists on the other, from standing by our white peo-ple—the D mocratic party—in their conferences, conventions and primaies, for therein alone do I see any hope for white supremacy and civilization, good government and real peace and

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