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THE LEXINGTON DISPATCH.

VOL. XXVI.

LEXINGTON, S. C., OCTOBER 21, 1896.

NO. 49.

ADVERTISING RATES.
 Advertisements will be inserted at the rate of 75 cents per square of one inch space for first insertion, and 50 cents per inch for each subsequent insertion.
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 Address
 G. M. HARMAN, Editor.

A SPECIFIC
 FOR
La Grippe, for Colds, Coughs,
AND LUNG TROUBLES,
AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL

"Two years ago, I had the grippe, and it left me with a cough which gave me no rest night or day. My family physician prescribed for me, changing the medicine as often as he found the things I had taken were not helping



me, but, in spite of his attendance, I got no better. Finally, my husband—reading one day of a gentleman who had had the grippe and was cured by taking Ayer's Cherry Pectoral—procured, for me, a bottle of this medicine, and before I had taken half of it, I was cured. I have used the Pectoral for my children and in my family, whenever we have needed it, and have found it a specific for colds, coughs, and lung troubles."
 EMERY WOOD, North St., Elkton, Md.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral
 Highest Honors at World's Fair.
 Cleanses the System with Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

TERRIBLE DEATH.
 Three Good Men Meet Horrible Ends in the Flames.

A Head End Collision on the Florida, Central and Pensular Railroad.
 Three Men Burned While Rescue Was in Sight.

One of the most terrible railroad wrecks to be recorded in South Carolina occurred yesterday morning on the Florida, Central and Pensular Railroad whereby three men were burned to death and two more injured by reason of a head end collision which occurred on that railroad at five minutes after three o'clock Wednesday morning.

No. 35 running south, it appears, was according to orders, to meet No. 36 coming north, at Swansea. The crew of No. 35, misunderstanding orders, went past Swansea, and as the sequels prove to death and destruction but a few miles below that station.

No. 35, the southbound train is a connection of the Southern Railroad. It waits in Columbia for the Southern train and left yesterday morning one hour and forty-five minutes late. It ran on orders and one of the orders was that it should pass No. 36, the up bound train, at Swansea. But the order was misunderstood and the collision resulted with a loss of life.

As a result of the misunderstanding three men are dead, and a horrible death they met with.

From what could be learned the men met death bravely and courageously. Though they pleaded for their lives, yet, seeing that rescue was impossible they met their fate like men.

too fierce, and amid the horrified cries of Thomas and Lines, the rescuers had to stand back and see them burned to death. There could be no more horrible thing than that—for a friend to see another slowly roast to death. The fire was beyond control then, but the crew never wavered in its attempt to save other property. With all their work the baggage and express car, the mail car and the second class passenger car were destroyed.

Flagman Ulmer was standing between the second class car and the baggage car. He has not been found and is supposed to be buried in the burned debris.

The northbound train was not badly injured except the demolition of the engine. As soon as the collision occurred, Mr. L. C. Farmer, express agent, jumped. He received an injury of the leg, but nothing serious. With him was a new man named Price, who was making his first run. He jumped with Mr. Farmer and received a bad break in the back of the neck, but nothing serious resulted.

So far as can be learned the accident was owing to the misunderstanding of the orders by the crew of No. 35, or the southbound train. It appears that they received the word "Swansea" for "Sweden," and went past the first named station, and thus the collision occurred. From what can be learned the Southbound crew is at fault for the collision. Conductor Taylor and Engineer Petite seem to be responsible for this misunderstanding of orders. Conductor Perkin's son and Engineer Bell seemed to have been running according to orders.

A special car was run from Columbia yesterday morning and the mail and passengers were transferred. They arrived here at twelve o'clock yesterday.

Fireman Mickel tells a thrilling story of the death of Messenger Lines. As soon as the accident occurred Fireman Mickel rushed to the rescue of those who were about to be killed. He went to the rescue of Lines and Thomas. He found Lines alive and he cut his way to him, but could not save his friend, the fire being too hot. Lines begged and encouraged his friend as he dug out to save him from a fiery death, but as the flames got too hot Lines said: "Good bye, old man," and suffering agony he expired.

The pecuniary loss is placed at about \$30,000, including the engines and cars. The track has been cleared and traffic on the road has been resumed.

The inquest developed the fact that Engineer Petite was at fault, he acknowledging that he had misread the orders given him, but could not explain why he did so. Only after the wreck had occurred did he see that he had read his orders wrong. Conductor Taylor cleared himself of all blame and showed that he did all in his power to prevent the accident. That after the train passed Swansea he repeatedly tried to stop the train by pulling the bell cord that hangs in the centre and that which hangs on the side of the car, and checked the speed of the train by putting on the emergency brake in the sleeper. The verdict was that the three men came to their death in a collision, no blame being attached to any one.

Arj on Aaron Burr.

Atlanta Constitution.
 I see that my old friend, Sam Carnochan, of Rome, has recently celebrated his eighty-sixth birthday. He is still hale and hearty and loves to talk to his friends about the good old times. He is a harness maker by trade, and perches on his stool and talks while he works and feels the feeling of an honest and industrious man. Apprenticed to the trade when he was fourteen years old, he has continuously pursued his calling for seventy years, and in all that time I do not suppose that he ever defrauded any man. I have never heard him complain of his lot or of heard hard times. I never heard him abuse anybody more than to say, "He should not have done that. It is wrong. What a pity; what a pity." And yet he is a man of opinions and convictions and does not hesitate to express them.

How came old Father Carnochan to be so industrious and work so hard and live so long and enjoy life and enjoy good health? He says he reckons it just happened so, but my opinion is that his early habits had much to do with it. For seven years he was "bound out," as we used to call it. Bound to a saddle and harness maker in New York city to learn the trade. That used to be common at the north, and I have known some cases of the south in the long ago, but not many. My father had an orphan boy bound to him for seven years, and the covenant was board and clothing and two months schooling every year and \$200 in money at the end of his time. He was smart, handsome and willing, made a good merchant and married well.

Mr. Carnochan says he had to work diligently, and by the time his term was out, the habit of work was fixed upon him and kept him out of mischief. There is the secret. But few of our boys have formed a habit of work. If they do any at all, they look upon it as a hardship.

The old man says that Aaron Burr traded at his shop, and he remembers him well, a handsome, courtly old gentleman dressed in tip top fashion and with manners like Lord Chesterfield. Years before he had been forced to leave the country and lived in exile, but he came back when the storm blew over and he was such a great lawyer that he soon got lots of practice and made lots of money. He drove fine horses and was a high born aristocrat and never lost a minute's sleep about killing Hamilton.

I was reminiscing about that, for there is no story like it in American biography. His father's name was Aaron Burr and he was a very learned and pious preacher and teacher. He was founder and first president of Princeton college, and is buried there and six other presidents are buried near him. He married Esther, the only daughter of Jonathan Edwards, the great preacher and profound thinker. A man whose sermons made the people tremble and cry out and beg for mercy. The younger Aaron had a sister named Esther, and these two were left orphans at an early age. They had a good estate and the best of guardians, and received a good education. Aaron was sent to Princeton, where he graduated with distinction. It was expected that he, too, would be a preacher, but he suddenly astonished his friends by denouncing Christianity as a humbug, and declared his admiration for Lord Chesterfield, whom, he said, was the finest gentleman in the world. Then he studied law, and soon became the top of the profession. When the Revolutionary war was impending he was given a high position, and became an inmate to General Washington's family; but he did not like Washington's steady habits and religious principles, and left him. At the close of the war he married a wealthy widow—a Mrs. Prevost, an accomplished and pious Christian woman. She became the mother of Theodosia, celebrated in her day for her beauty and her graces of her mind and heart, and universally lamented for her sad and mysterious fate. Her only son died when he was thirteen years old, and she herself was lost at sea but a few weeks after; no one ever heard of the vessel after it sailed from Charleston. There are many stories about it having been seized by pirates and Theodosia with other passengers being made to walk the fatal plank that dropped them into the sea.

Not long before this sad event Burr had forced Hamilton to fight a duel with him, and killed him, not only without regret, but with unfeigned satisfaction. This put him under the ban, and he had to fly to avoid arrest. He fled to

Carolina, where his daughter lived. She had married Joseph Alston, one of South Carolina's best citizens, and who afterwards became governor of the State.

Burr was the vice president of the United States when he killed Hamilton. After this he conceived a great political scheme to found a limited monarchy in the southwest, with New Orleans as the seat of government, and he was to be the monarch. His treasonable designs were discovered, and he was arrested and tried, and barely escaped conviction. Theodosia saved him through her pleadings, her devotion and her fascinating beauty. But such was the public temper that he had to exile himself and escape to Paris, where he lived for several years under the assumed name of Arnott. When he dared to return he resumed the practice of law in New York, and soon became entangled in many scandals and intrigues. When he was seventy years old he was still handsome and engaging, and so beguiled a French countess of great wealth that she married him. She wasted her money so lavishly that she separated from him in a short time and she was left penniless. His few friends abandoned him and he died degraded and disgraced at the age of four score years. In his last days he read the Bible anew—read and pondered, and with sadness and contrition said: "There is the most perfect system of truth the world has ever seen."

What a life, what a record, what a wreck of great talents, and all because he forsook the teachings of his noble Christian ancestors and became a scoundrel, an infidel, a Chesterfield. What bitter memories—what anguish he must have felt in his last days—his last hours, when he begged to be buried at Princeton by the grave of his father. Verily it seems like Providence followed him with an avenging hand and heaped misery upon him all his life.

And my old friend Carnochan saw that man and heard him talk and felt magnetized by his presence—and he was old enough to vote for Jackson for president and since then has voted for seventeen presidents. What a world of memories the old man has. You can't alarm him with fears of the nation going to ruin through the currency question. He has heard the cry of ruin too long and too often. It makes him smile to hear the boys talk ruin now. It is the same old tocsin that pealed the alarm in Jackson's days when the United States bank was demoralized, and he remembers that. It was a bigger fuss than this, he says, through there wasn't so many people nor so many newspapers to make it. The old man came South in his early manhood and rode on the first and only railroad of any length that had been built. He is a concordance, a chronology, an antiquity. There are some older men, but not many who are as bright, as genial, as contented. His long life of industry is an object lesson to the rising generation, and I hope they will see it and think of it. He has done no big thing to give him fame or fortune, but he has fought a good fight and set a good example. Peace to you, my old friend. May you keep on living until you are tired and then depart in peace.

Bill Arp.
 It is surprising to many that football players and other athletes regard a sprain or bruise of so little consequence. One reason of this is, they know how to treat such injuries so as to recover from them in a few days, while others would be laid up for two or three weeks, if not longer. Writing from Central State Normal School, Lock Haven, Pa., Mr. W. H. Losch, captain of the base ball club and gymnasium says: "I take pleasure in stating, that members of our base ball club and myself have used Chamberlain's Pain Balm with most excellent results. I unhesitatingly recommend it as the best remedy for sprains, swellings, cuts and bruises, of any that I know."

For sale by
 J. E. Kauffman, Lexington
 F. W. Oswald, Barre's
 Oswald & Son, Irene

Hard to Locate Him.

"Cheer up," said the preacher of the Crossroads circuit, "your loss is his gain." "But he didn't gain a bit," replied one of the mourners: "he commenced to lose the first day he tuk sick, an' kep' on a-losin' ter the last." "But he died in the faith, didn't he?" "No, sir—in the bed." "I mean," exclaimed the preacher, "that he died in triumph." "Well, he mout a died thar if he had a been thar, but as he wern't thar, he died in Jimville—right here whar you's a standin'!"—Globe Democrat.

An Echo From Shiloh.

County Treasurer Utterback Recalls His Experience on the Battlefield.

From the Nonpareil, Council Bluffs, Iowa.
 County Treasurer A. Utterback, of Glenwood, Ia., has long been one of the leading citizens of Mills County, and since the days of his service for the Union cause has labored industriously at his home in Rawls township, with the result that he has not only surrounded himself with almost all the comforts heart could wish, but has grown into the esteem of his fellow men. His popularity and standing, therefore, made his election to the County Treasurership easy. His work as County Treasurer, however, was confined. Coming as he did from an active outdoor life on the farm to the close and confining duties of the treasurer's office, he quickly began to run down in health and to visibly fail in strength and energy. The Deputy Treasurer, Mr. Lon Sawyer, is a great believer in the efficacy of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. His constant advice to his employer, Mr. Utterback, was to the effect that he should use these pills. Finally Mr. Utterback consented, and now after having used several boxes he is able to make the following statement to your correspondent: "I used Pink Pills! Yes, sir, and I shall continue to use them just so long as they benefit me as they do now. It is rarely that I use proprietary medicines, but my deputy was so enthusiastic over this particular medicine that I consented to try it, and I can assure you the benefit has been great.

"I was a member of Company F, 15th Iowa Infantry, and saw my first day's service in the battle of Shiloh. The campaign before Corinth and later the Siege of Vicksburg were important events in the service as seen by our company, and as you can readily imagine we were greatly exposed and at times but poorly cared for during those awful days. In my case, army diarrhea was the result. It has been the burden of my life for over thirty years, but at last I have found something to conquer it. The Pink Pills are a success in my case, I have no doubt they will be with all who will use them."

The reporter afterwards called upon Wm. Skilleorn, the popular druggist, and from him gained the information that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have reached a most surprising sale in this community. "But of all the cures," said the pharmacist "that of Treasurer Utterback is the most remarkable and, at the same time, the most gratifying."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are now given to the public as an unfailing blood builder and nerve restorer, curing all forms of weakness arising from a watery condition of the blood or shattered nerves. The pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 (they are never sold in bulk or by the 100), by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

Been regarded at Charleston.

Col. D. F. Boyd, in the New Orleans Times.

He was a sweet man in his family—devoted to his wife and children, and devoted, too, to his circle of intimate friends. The public generally, even the people of New Orleans, misunderstood him. They thought his keeping aloof from them due to coldness and indifference to them and to their concerns. This was not so; it was due to his modesty and natural reserve. Fond as he was of military parade and ceremony, but not of parading himself personally. I remember once, at a banquet of Confederate soldiers in New Orleans, that he was called on to respond to a toast. He attempted it, broke down, and could only say that he would rather face a battery than face an audience. Nor did he often attend such meetings. His diffidence kept him away. In this respect he was like Jackson. Hoping that the military student might have the benefit of full and detailed account of his defence of Charleston, I asked him one day if he intended writing it. He replied that just before he was ordered to Petersburg, in 1864, to oppose Butler, he had thought that the operations in Charleston might be of interest, and that he had instructed two of his engineers staff to begin the selection of the necessary data, but that somehow the war department at Richmond had found out what they were doing, and ordered them to desist, and that as his records had been surrendered and scattered at Washington, it would be, he feared, almost impos-

sible to write a correct, scientific account of the defence. Pity. Military science has lost much. Louis Napoleon so highly esteemed Deauregard as a military engineer that he offered him, at the close of the war, a marshal's baton in the French army. But the great Louisiana Creole loved his country, his home and his friends too dearly to be enticed away by foreign honors.

The Best for Children.

"I believe Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is the best for children I ever used. For croup it is unequalled. It is a splendid seller with us. T. M. Eckles, Ph. G., Manager Wampum Pharmacy, Wampum, Pa." When used as soon as the first symptoms appear, that is as soon as the child becomes hoarse or even after the croupy cough has appeared, it will prevent the attack. The mothers of croupy children should bear this in mind and always keep the remedy at hand. It is also the best medicine in the world for colds and whooping cough.

For sale at 25 and 50 cents per bottle by
 J. E. Kauffman, Lexington.
 F. W. Oswald, Barre's,
 Oswald & Son, Irene.

Game Birds.

Major Woodward's Experiments With Pheasants—Stocking Fairfield County With Birds.
 I am frequently interrogated on the subject of pheasants, and finding it someone to reply to all singly I take this method of doing so.

Three years ago I purchased of F. A. Stubb, Portland, Oregon, a tri-cock and two hens—Mongolian or Chinese pheasants at a cost then of \$15 apiece and expressage on the lot, \$10. These arrived in May, the 25th, the party having delayed shipments in order to get the eggs. In consequence of the late shipment I secured only a few eggs and did not raise any that year. The next year the two hens laid 162 eggs, an average of eighty one apiece: one of them, the younger, laying 100. From these I matured thirty fine birds and turned out fifteen of them, which are now reported breeding and doing well, nests and young broods having been seen by responsible farmers around. The next year I lost all my hens from cholera caused by feeding shells laid by chicken hens with the disease, and secured only one setting of eggs, from which I succeeded in raising eight pheasants from them this year. After distributing about 150 eggs in several counties, I have reared and set free 42, which are daily seen in the pea fields around, and if allowed to breed next year with these heretofore freed will supply this section bountifully in a few years.

The Mongolian pheasant is the finest game bird on this continent, gorging to look at, finer in flavor than the quail, very hardy and stands well the dog. It was sent from China about 1892 to the Portland Gun and rod club by the United States consul to Shanghai, and has overrun the State of Oregon and Washington. With clubs in each county to repeat the experiment made here, and with good game laws, such as no doubt will be passed by the next legislature, it would be but a few years until the State would swarm with this grandest of birds. They are not as large as the English mixture, but I think are more hardy and certainly more prolific. The cocks weigh three pounds and the hens two pounds, the common quail weighs barely half a pound. They are not more difficult to rear than young turkeys and command a good price if raised for profit.

T. W. Woodward.

Rockton, Oct. 10, 1896.

Two Lives Saved.

Mrs. Phoebe Thomas, of Junction City, Ill., was told by her doctors she had Consumption and that there was no hope for her, but two bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery completely cured her and she says it saved her life. Mr. Thos. Eggers 139 Florida St., San Francisco, suffered from a dreadful cold, approaching Consumption, tried without result everything else then bought one bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery and in two weeks was cured. He is naturally thankful. It is such results, of which these are samples, that prove the wonderful efficacy of this medicine in Coughs and Colds. Free trial bottles at J. E. Kauffman's.

If you smoke or chew try the fine brands of cigars and tobacco, at the Bazaar.
 Alaska costs the United States government two cents per acre.

Bryan Grows in Battle.

The Judgment of a Gold Bug Newspaper on his Remarkable Campaign.
 Washington Post.
 St. Louis saw and heard Mr. Bryan barely a month ago. Since he awakened the admiration of friend and foe in September, he has traveled to the Atlantic and back, speaking each day—and often several times a day—to an audience peculiar to the place where he stopped. He has delivered his message of monetary reform to the Southerners of Kentucky and Virginia. He has appeared before the worldly wise Washingtonians, the conservative Baltimoreans and the commingling of business men, working men and professional men that make up Tammany.

Speaking at length and extemporaneously under all those rapid changing conditions—a feat of physical and mental endurance never attempted before by a national candidate—he has displayed neither weakness nor weariness. Though his speeches have been reported for the press exactly as he delivered them, often without his having an opportunity to see a line of the copy, he has made not a single mistake which the enemy could use to advantage.

He has endured a strain which would break down most men called robust and return to St. Louis, ripped and developed by the exercise of meeting great demands with great powers, to deliver the most powerful address of his marvelous canvass and to arouse the enthusiasm of a mighty audience to a higher pitch than that of his first visit, though the warmth of the September ovation has surpassed any experience of St. Louis in modern campaigns.

A man who can increase in power under such extreme demand is the man of a century, if not of all the centuries. Nothing but extraordinary strength, constantly recuperated by perfect health, could carry on the task for a fortnight. The Democracy has chosen a champion for whom no apologies are necessary. No apprehension is excited. He can take care of himself and his party's interests wherever he goes. As a Western man in the East he has inspired respect; as a Northern man in the South he has won affection; as a young man among veterans he has commanded obedience. It is a far more wonderful achievement than Alexander Hamilton's influence in the organizing period of the nation, or than Chatham's part in the overthrow of Walpole.

A Life Saved.

Jamestown, Tenn., October 15, 1891.
 My daughter tried physicians and nearly all remedies for Female irregularities, but received no relief or benefit whatever. We had nearly despaired of her recovery when we were induced by our postmaster, Mr. A. G. Gooding, to try Gerstle's Female Painsaver, and after using four bottles she was entirely cured, for which I feel it my duty to let it be known to the world and suffering humanity, for I believe she owes her life to the Painsaver.

A. J. MACE,

Sheriff of Fentress County, Tenn.
 For further information call on J. E. Kauffman and get free, a pamphlet entitled, "Advice to Women and Other Useful Information."

An Irrigation Experiment.

The great drouth from which so many parts of the State are suffering render an experiment, probably the first in Mississippi, with irrigation peculiarly interesting. It is being made in Clay county, near West Point, by a farmer on ten acres of land. The waste water of an artesian well is used. The drouth prevails in that section, but these ten acres look up like an oasis in the desert. He planted cotton and corn and used a moderate amount of fertilizer, and the result is marvelous. Conservative estimates place the yield at considerably over a bale of cotton and over one hundred bushels of corn to the acre. This, too, is an ordinary land, and not on prairie land. So pleased is he with the result that he proposes to make reservoirs of several valleys by damming them and store up the spring rains, with which to irrigate about two hundred acres of cotton land next year. With much of the land in Mississippi irrigation would be impracticable, but there are many streams that could be utilized, and valleys that could be converted into reservoirs, which would render the lands contiguous independent of the

ROYAL BAKING POWDER
 Absolutely Pure.
 A cream of tartar baking powder. Highest of all in leavening strength. Largest United States Government Food Report. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., New York.

seasons. This trial of irrigation, which has gone beyond the stage of experiment, may revolutionize farming in many parts of Mississippi.

Old People.

Old people who require medicine to regulate the bowels and kidneys will find the true remedy in **Electric Bitters**. This medicine does not stimulate and contains no whiskey nor other intoxicant, but acts as a tonic and alterative. It acts mildly on the stomach and bowels, adding strength and giving tone to the organs, thereby aiding Nature in the performance of the functions. **Electric Bitters** is an excellent appetizer and aids digestion. Old People find it just exactly what they need. Price fifty cents and \$1.00 per bottle at J. E. Kauffman's drug store.

Can You Count a Billion.

The following remarkable calculation on the length of time which it would take one person to count 1,000,000,000 recently appeared in an issue of the **English Mathematician**:
 What is a billion? The reply is very simple. In England a billion is a million times a million. This is quickly written and quicker still pronounced. But no man is able to count it. You will count 160 or 170 a minute. But let us suppose that you go up as high as 200 a minute hour after hour. At that rate you would count 12,000 an hour; 288,000 a day, or 105,120,000 in a year. Let us suppose now that Adam, at the beginning of his existence, had begun to count, had continued to do so and was counting still. Had such a thing been possible he would not have yet finished the task of counting a billion.

To count a billion would require a person to count 200 a minute for a period of 3,612 years, 542 days, 5 hours and 20 minutes, provided he should count continuously. But suppose we allow the counter 12 hours daily for rest, eating and sleeping. Then he would need 18,025 years, 319 days, 10 hours and 45 minutes in which to complete the task!

"I had chronic diarrhoea for ten years," says L. W. Kichlein, a justice of the peace at South Easton, Pa. "No remedy afforded me real relief until I was induced by Chas. T. Kilian, the druggist, to try Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. It cured me and for a year I have had no return of the trouble." It has also cured many others, among them old soldiers who had contracted the disease in the army and given up all hope of recovery. For sale by
 J. E. Kauffman, Lexington.
 F. W. Oswald, Barre's,
 Oswald & Son, Irene.

Marrying for a Home.

"I am about to be married," writes a girl to this office, "and instead of receiving congratulations I am aware that I need a defense, and take this means of making it. I am 27 years old—old enough to know better, and do better, but I have no choice. The man is a widower, with one child. He liked his first wife better than he likes me; I liked a man years ago better than I like him, so we are at quits on that. He wants a housekeeper, I want a home. I was brought up to sing a little, and play a little, but have no trade. My parents will be glad to see me settled. I would be happier earning \$5 or \$6 a week, and taking care of myself, but I was not taught how.
 "There are thousand of women in my position; every man who brings up his daughters without starting them with the means of earning a livelihood is responsible for just such a mistake as I shall make next month."