

YORKVILLE ENQUIRER.

ISSUED TWICE-A-WEEK---WEDNESDAY AND FRIDAY.

L. M. CRIST & SONS, Publishers.

A Family Newspaper: For the Promotion of the Political, Social, Agricultural and Commercial Interests of the South.

TERMS--\$2.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE. SINGLE COPY, THREE CENTS.

VOLUME 41.

YORKVILLE, S. C., FRIDAY, AUGUST 2, 1895.

NUMBER 50.

A DESERT CLAIM.

By MARY E. STOKNEY.

(Copyright, 1894, by J. B. Lippincott Company.)

CHAPTER IV.

It was Sunday—at K 6 ranch, as in most professedly Christian households, the longest day of the week. Now it was afternoon, and Nelsine was wearily toiling through that hour of religious instruction she conceived it her duty to bestow upon her offspring. A nervous frown was between her eyes as she turned the leaves of a book of Bible tales, supposed to be especially adapted to charm the youthful mind, but which seemed utterly inadequate to attract the interest of the wriggling urchins who perpetually shifted their weight from their mother's shoulders to her knees, all the while searching their pockets for some counter entertainment.

"Now, Ralph, listen to mamma," impressively appealing to her firstborn. "Tell mamma what is the difference between Sundays and other days." There was no immediate response. The children had become absorbed in the gyrations of a large bee, bumping idly at the window in futile attempt to enter.

"Oh, yes, I know," cried the youngster in a sudden splutter, catching a danger signal in the mother's eye. "Ice cream for dinner, mamma," a note of conscious merit in his voice. "An, I say, ma-r-ma, can't we go out and scrape the freezer? I know there was a lot left." There was an irrelevant scream of pain from the harassed parent.

"Roy, you have stepped upon mamma's foot again!" solicitously chafing the tortured member. "How can you be such a heedless child?"

"An what do you say, Roy, when you run onto folks an' step on 'em?" piped Ralph, anxiously nudging the other to a proper sense of duty. "You'd better be p'nt an' apologize an' be quick about it, or we won't get out till the ice cream is all melted!"

"Oh, ma-r-ma, much 'bliged—don't mention it—I mean, you're welcome!" cried the small culprit, eagerly recalling various lessons in etiquette, quite in a panic at the awful possibility suggested.

Nelsine put down the foot, with a small groan, while Edith fled precipitately to give vent to her laughter. Hugh lay asleep in a hammock on the piazza, a newspaper over his face. A Sabbath stillness seemed to hold all the place. The subdued murmur of insect life suggested rest rather than the voice of toil, and now and then came a sort of babbling note of inquiry from the birds, as if they asked what had happened that the work of the world had ceased. From the fields at the west came a wave of perfume more exquisite than any chemist has ever yet caught in his bottles, the sweet contribution of acres of purpling alfalfa, while butterflies, like flowers broken loose from their stems, floated languorously in the warm embrace of the scented breeze.

She slipped quietly to her room, securing hat and gloves, retreating through the deserted kitchen to her favorite walk up the creek. The narrow trail was as the feet of cattle had worn it, skirting the steep hill at the west of the barns, keeping well to the valley, where wild roses, tall spikes of creamy yucca, flaunting sunflowers and a riot of primroses, lupines and astragali mocked with their lawless bloom the purple plumes of alfalfa tamely massed beyond the wire fence at the left. A little way, and the course of the river had encircled the alfalfa field, almost creeping up to the very feet of the sandy, flower strewn hillside, the water here pent up like a beaver dam into a wide, drowsy pool, its surface just faintly stirred with the wind, like the breath of a sleeping babe. As a finger upon its lip saying, "Hush!" the reflection of a dead tree fell in a clear, gray white line, and lush green things spread their broad leaves on the shallows in a coverlet wrought through with threads of gold.

Beyond the river made another detour, leaving bare a long crescent of the valley land, upon which a young forest of rank growth had established itself. Now, coming from the brilliant sunshine, it seemed a soft green twilight under the thickly interlaced boughs of cottonwood and box elder, and the wild roses, of which there were many, were wan and pale as funeral wreaths.

Soft harmonies that weirdly thrilled the nerves whispered among the tree tops, with now and then a sharp, crackling note of discord, as though a string of the wind harp might have broken, and of a sudden, with a startling whir, came a jack rabbit in a scatter brained race, frightening the girl into an absurd impulse of imitation, so that she, too, found herself running for a step or two, emerging after a moment upon the open hillside beyond in breathless laughter at herself.

She sank down here upon the steep slope of the ground, looking up the valley, where the flash of the creek shone out in many a twist and turn, like a chain of jewels thrown down on the lap of the meadows. Strange pungent smells from the marshy borders of the creek mingled with subtle whiffs of flower fragrance as in a tangled skein, and the rustling of the trees behind sounded merrily like a conchshell held at the ear. The light wind touched the girl's cheek, like a sentient caress, playing with the loose fringe of hair across her forehead as though with the tenderness of a lover.

All day she had been troubled, and the solitude was soothing and grateful. A letter from Marshall Woodbury

had told her that he was soon to pass through Denver on a trip to San Francisco. In the hurry of business he could not stop to turn aside into the wilds of Wyoming to see her, but he begged that she would come to Denver, where he knew she was later to visit her friend Mrs. Hall, that he might see her there as he passed through. It happened that before the receipt of this letter she had been planning to make this proposed visit at the very time he desired it, being urged thereto by Mrs. Hallet, who had begged her to come before the city's heat became more intolerable, but now, if she went, she petulantly told herself, it would seem to Marshall Woodbury as simply a granting of his wish, and regarded in that light it would practically be conceding everything. It seemed to her that he had taken an unfair advantage of the situation in thus, as it were, striving to force her answer. It did not once occur to her that had there been any moiety of love's real passion in her heart she must have instinctively yielded to his wish and gloried in the yielding.

A sound behind her caused her to turn her head, to see Paul Brown hurrying down the hill, coming toward her.

"Oh, Miss Ellery, I am so glad I happened to meet you," he rather breathlessly began, and it was not until afterward that Edith reflected that a person at the barns seeing her go by might easily have hurried after her by that other trail over the hills so as to make this seeming happening a matter for much less surprise than this young man made a point of exhibiting. "I have been wanting to meet you to apologize for my rudeness the other day."

The girl had risen to her feet and stood staring at him coldly. "The other day?" she slowly repeated, as though making an effort to remember.

"In regard to the photographs," he hurriedly explained, evidently considerably taken aback by the chill rebuff of her tone.

"Oh, that?" she replied, with an airy little smile of supreme indifference. "Don't speak of it, Mr. Brown. It was not of the slightest consequence."

"To you, Miss Ellery, probably not, but to me it was of the greatest consequence. It has made me miserable ever since."

"Why, how perfectly absurd!" she cried, opening her eyes surprisedly. "I assure you that I have never given the matter a moment's thought." Thus the best of women may fib upon occasion. "Of course if you did not want to be photographed it was perfectly proper that you should let me know."

"But I did wish it," he cried impulsively. "I was delighted that you were taking something away with you that now and then when you had gone east again must make you give me a thought whether you would or not. But the other day—ah, how can I explain it? But can you not imagine what a man must feel in a position like mine—held down by social barriers as inexorable as the laws of the Medes and Persians? Can you not understand that it should at times make me so savage that—"

"But are you not a little unreasonable, Mr. Brown?" she said as he paused, the gentle remonstrance of her tone yet sounding hard. And then a certain something in his eyes seemed to rouse her to keener feeling, and she added, upbraidingly, indignantly: "What possible right have you to complain if you have let yourself be put down behind any social barriers—you, a man who might have made of yourself what you would, for I know you have not always been a horse trainer. I know that you have the education of a gentleman."

"Yes, education began a gentleman, but horse breaking finished him, you see," he returned, with a dry laugh. "But, ah, Miss Ellery, don't blame me too severely. If you knew—I wish you did know. Will you let me explain myself to you? Nobody about here knows my story. I have tried to forget that I had a story, but if you would listen I would like so much to tell it to you."

Edith hesitated, glancing about uncertainly. "It is growing late," she murmured, "but perhaps I can stay a few minutes longer."

"Thank you so much." His tone was eloquent of satisfaction as he chose a seat by her feet. "And now what shall I tell you? The story of my troubles? Ah, it is a dreary subject."

"Oh, if you would rather not tell it—"

"But I want to very much if you will really have patience to listen. And even if I did not wish it—hesitating, with a short laugh—"well, it would seem a small price to pay for the pleasure of sitting here with you like this."

"Oh, if you are only going to pay me silly compliments—" she exclaimed in an offended tone, making as though she would rise.

"But I am not, Miss Ellery." He was genuinely alarmed at the movement. "Not another word of the sort shall pass my lips, I pledge you my word. I will be as barely civil as you could wish if you will only stay. I will apologize over and over again for that one slip of the tongue."

"One apology will be enough perhaps," she said, with an irrepressible little smile which she knew undid all her previous severity, yet, rather to her own surprise, seeming impelled to resume her seat and listen, although she felt she ought to go. "But—shall we return to our moutons? I am waiting for the story."

"It is the story of another prodigal son, you must know," he said, looking up with a faint, sardonic smile, "only in this case the swine, as a rule, have refused to divide, and there is no finale of veal."

"Yes," she assented, a certain coldness in her tone. Was he going to tell her that his sin had been so very black? She felt sharply impatient for him to go on, to prove to her, if he could, that her instinctive trust in him had not been misplaced.

"I was not really such a bad sort." He spoke as if he had read her thought. "But too much was expected of me. My father was very religious, and before I was born, I believe, had dedicated me to the ministry. It was an awful disappointment to him that as I grew older I showed no sort of inclination for the calling, and when I went to college—well, I did not behave as a foreordained theologian ought, I am afraid. I was not fast, according to college standards, but I was a tremendously muscular fellow, taking to a boat and all manner of athletics as naturally as a duck to water."

"But there was nothing wrong in that surely?"

"The wrong happened to lie in a string of broken promises, for my father looked upon ball and boating as mere devices of the evil one to encourage idleness and dissipation, while all secret societies he hated as much as the devil is supposed to hate holy water, and so with these things I was solemnly pledged in advance to have nothing to do, and the pledges were broken."

"But your father was unreasonable to have made such demands."

"I quieted my conscience by thinking so, but it did not save me from the natural way of the transgressor. Probably my father gauged my capacity better than I, after all, and knew that I could not serve two masters. At all events, although I improved my stroke to a point of which I was not a little proud," he went on, with a smile that was not merry, "I went home the first year loaded down with a string of conditions which kept me grinding all summer. That fall I went back all braced up with good resolutions, determined to score a record as 'a dig' and nothing else. I really meant it, but in an evil hour I was persuaded to take an oar in our class crew, and the next thing, another fellow falling out, I found myself pulling stroke and proud of it. And to make matters worse it had developed that I was a pretty fair pitcher, so that I was occasionally called in as substitute on our class nine, and by this time pride in my prowess had so chloroformed my conscience that I went along on the principle that I might as well be hung for a sheep as for a lamb. I vaguely expected a day of reckoning some time, but it never entered my head that it could be what it was. With all my athletic laurels had come pressure to join one of the college societies, of course, and equally, of course, feeling that the step was fairly forced upon me, I chose to join the best. Expenses increased, and I was in debt almost before I knew it—harassed and worried to death to keep along at the pace, yet helpless to stop when once I had got started. Well, I came out so low in scholarship that year that I believe nothing but my athletic record saved me from being dropped, and when I went home I knew from my father's manner that I was almost in hopeless disgrace. And, as if it could not rain without a pour, it happened that our crew had just won in a race—a small affair, but a victory so unexpected that we were lauded to the skies, while one gabbling sheet even went on to give an all around puff to the boys, with sketches of our lives, and especially of our athletic prowess. My name figured at the head in large type, and not a detail was omitted that could help ruin me at home. Even my college society had to appear in the tale. Of course this was the paper which fell into my father's hands. He had been disappointed enough before, but now he was angrier than I had ever imagined he could be. This explained why I had nothing but disgrace to show for all the wasteful and unwarranted expense of my college life. His son's name blazoned in print as a boating man, forever smirched with the stigma of association with sporting men! His son convicted of deliberate lying and swindling! For had I not stooped to extort money from him, ostensibly for legitimate expenses, which I had meanly purposed all the while to use for these disgraceful pursuits and pleasures with which I had been in honor bound to have nothing to do? His son playing the role of confidence man, thief, against the purse of his own father! Oh, Miss Ellery, it was a terrible! My father lived such a repressed life, his religion seemed to keep him so bound hand and foot, that it always appeared when he did let himself go that he the more utterly lost control over himself. In this case he said his worst, and then I left the house. He said that he never wished to see my face again, and he never has," a sob in his voice as he turned his face away.

"But he did not mean it—surely he could not!" she cried, her cheeks aflame.

"He said it," his lips shutting doggedly together.

"But your mother?"

"My mother died when I was 17 years old. If she had lived, I might have been a better fellow."

"But did not your father retract his cruel words when once his anger was over? Was he not willing to give you another chance?"

"I did not wait to see. I sold my watch to raise money and came west."

Edith looked away, a mist before her eyes. "And will you tell me the rest of it?" she asked very gently after a moment. "Did you become a horse breaker then?"

"I did not have the good luck to become anything all at once. It appeared as if all the young men on earth had been moved to take Greeley's immortal advice and start west in a body at that very time, and the majority seemed much better equipped to wrestle with

the problem of acquiring three meals a day than I was. I did not know enough to keep a set of books, while I had a certain prejudice against dealing fare, and so I wasn't in it to any extent. Having at the same time a robust appetite, it became embarrassing. I tried a little of everything, even down to taking a job as cook in a railroad camp, where the miserable navvies came near lynching me for the cruel messes I served them."

"You cooked!" the girl ejaculated in a sharp staccato, as it seemed, more startled at this idea than by any suggestion of moral delinquencies.

"Excuse me, Miss Ellery, I did not say so," he replied, with grim amusement. "I tried to cook upon one unhappy occasion, driven by force of circumstances over which I appeared to have no control. If I remember aright, I had not had a square meal for a week when I was reduced to that desperate expedient. I told you, you know, that the swine had not always behaved according to the Biblical precedent."

"O-h!" she exclaimed, with a long, gasping breath, unconsciously wringing her hands. "How you must have suffered!"

"I was rather uncomfortable at times, yes," he dryly agreed. "But finally I drifted out on a roundup with a cattle outfit, when it developed that I had something of a knack for handling horses. I got a position as line rider, which gave me opportunity to get onto some of the peculiarities of these western bronchos, and so in course of time was evolved Paul Brown, horse breaker."

"And that is all?" she murmured, with a long breath, perhaps with more kindness than she knew in the depths of her brown eyes.

"That is all. Merely the story of a wasted life."

"But surely it has not all been wasted?"

"I don't know what part can be fairly excused. Certainly as a preparation for breaking the first 20 years went for nothing, while, looked at from the standpoint of the old days, the last ten years have been utterly thrown away."

"But I am sure that even as a horse breaker you must do your work better, because you are a gentleman," she urged warmly, "while you cannot regard yourself as any less a gentleman because you happen to be now a horse breaker."

"Oh, don't be too kind to me," he murmured unsteadily, turning his face away. "I warn you it is dangerous. I shall be forgetting the terms of our compact and saying something which you will regard as complimentary."

"I cannot stay to listen if you should," she exclaimed, rising hurriedly. "I must be going now. They will be wondering what has become of me."

"Won't you let me thank you first?" rising also and coming close beside her. "It was so kind of you to stay and listen. I don't think you can quite realize what it is to me after all these years to be talking to a woman like you on the footing of a friend. And what you have just said—ah, how good it was of you to say it—it has almost restored my faith in myself. It has made me feel that the game may be worth the candle, after all."

"Ah, why should you doubt it?" Her color was rising, but her eyes were eloquent of kindness still. "Your luck has turned. Nobody knows what successes may be yours. For my part, I have no doubt but you will be one of Wyoming's cattle kings yet." She laughed rather constrainedly under the steady fire of his eyes. "All things come to him who waits."

"May I believe that really, do you think?" An odd light was in his eyes as he came a step nearer.

"Oh, within certain limitations I should say it would be perfectly safe. But now I really must be going."

"And may I walk back with you?"

"Oh, as to that"—she returned, faltering confusedly.

"You prefer that I should not. Ah, Miss Ellery, the horse breaker is rather more in evidence than the gentleman, after all."

"But I did not say—"

"No, you did not, but I understand just the same. But don't let it trouble you; I don't complain. Indeed how could I complain of anything so long as I remember this hour? It is all right—only, will you shake hands with me, as a friend, before you go? You might do as much as that for any chance acquaintance you met in the street, you know."

Edith hesitated, blushing faintly, biting her under lip nervously. "Why, certainly, if you wish," she said after an instant, holding out her small, bare hand to him. "Good afternoon, Mr. Brown."

Paul Brown made no response in words as he grasped the kindly hand in a close, clinging pressure, only as he looked down at her his eyes spoke in a sudden, tumultuous message such as no woman's heart could ever fail to understand—mad, voiceless appeal which filled the girl with confused terror. Snatching her hand from his detaining grasp, with a little inarticulate exclamation, she almost ran from him down the steep trail into the shadow of the trees. She had a vague idea that she ought to be very angry, a sense of wonder that she was not. She knew she was not. She was only frightened, stunned. A wild impulse of fight was upon her. She breathlessly told herself that she could never meet his face again. She would like to escape from the mad message of those eyes forever, and with no thought of analyzing motives or explaining her inconsistency in that moment Marshall Woodbury had gained his suit. Her mind of a sudden was cleared—she would meet her lover in Denver, and all should be as she wished.

TO BE CONTINUED WEDNESDAY.

Miscellaneous Reading.

TILLMAN AT TIRZAH.

What the Senator Said at the Alliance Camp Meeting.

A great many people have been interestedly watching THE ENQUIRER for a report of Senator Tillman's speech at Tirzah. We have been unable to give it before for lack of space. Following is a satisfactory synopsis: "When I received the invitation to speak at Tirzah, my mind traveled back to 1886. Captain Tillman, who had been raising some rumpus in The News and Courier with his pen, was invited to York." The senator then indulged in a little fun at his own expense and referred to the Old Tirzah, where he made his first extemporaneous speech nine years ago. "I had been tongued-tied previous to that, but the people of York clipped it, and my tongue has been wagging ever since."

He was glad to be on hand today. He thought they liked him, because he had always tried to tell them the truth. This was what he wanted to do now. This was an Alliance meeting. The Alliance was not so strong in numbers as heretofore, but as an educative force its principles were stronger than ever. He felt proud that the Alliance was the organization through which our principles of reform had been advanced. Why are you so poor? He said that Senator Butler told a truth when he said fifty voters in one party are cutting fifty others' votes in a different party.

"Look at your condition. Although the United States has produced unexampled crops for many years, there are millions of our people starving, and other millions naked. We will always be Democratic in principle, because we sucked those principles from our mothers' milk; but we cannot continue to wear the livery of a party in which such debauchery and treachery exist."

"When you look back at the repeal of the Sherman law you find that the Republicans and Democrats of the Northern section voted without regard to party lines. They buy your congressmen up there at Washington like you buy sheep. They also control the nomination for president in both parties."

It did not matter whether Harrison or Cleveland was elected. The Republicans had been trying for years to demonetize silver and could not do it. The change of the government from one party to another, enabled Cleveland, by the use of the patronage, to demonetize silver. The greedy Democrats who had pledged the people to fight for silver, sold their votes for offices for their friends or for money, I don't know which, and the conspiracy was consummated. The Democratic platform was good enough to be elected on, but not worth carrying out. The result has been that our yardstick which measure values has been cut in half, with the effect of doubling the purchasing power of the gold dollar. It takes now twice as much of labor, or the products of labor, to buy a dollar. Everything has shrunk in value except debts. To all intents and purposes they have been doubled. I will illustrate. If a man had ten biscuits and there were two plates of butter, one white and one yellow, and you throw away the white (silver), there is only half as much butter to the biscuit as there was before. The shrinkage in the amount of butter represents the shrinkage of the price of commodities, and until we make that other plate of butter, all the producers of this country will have to spread it very thin, and a great many will have neither bread nor butter."

It is clear that both old parties are disintegrating and a new alignment is in process of formation. Party ties are weakened. Like drowning men who catch at straws, the people are casting about for means of relief. The issue has heretofore been obscured or sidetracked, but in the next presidential campaign the only question will be the financial question. A new Mason & Dixon's line is forming on the one side with the Northeastern section, consisting of the creditor and manufacturing States. On the other side will be a solid South allied with a practically solid West.

An examination of the census reports will indicate the enormous increase in the wealth of New England and Middle States, as compared with the rest of the country, and even a fool must know that it is the result of legal robbery and unjust discrimination by congress.

We had a very small bone under the Sherman act. We snatched at the shadow of a great relief promised in the Chicago platform and the restoration of the Democracy to power, and we have lost the little bone we had and got nothing.

At Memphis I undertook to represent the people of South Carolina and told the friends of silver that if we could not get a man whom we could trust in the Democratic party on a platform that was unequivocal and explicit, we would cast our electoral vote for the candidate of some other party. "Did I represent you?" One or two "Noes," and a chorus of "Yes" were heard.

"Well, I'll take a hand primary on it. I don't want you to declare yourselves Populists. I ask all of you who are willing to vote for a man for president, pledged to free silver, whether

he be a Democrat or not, to hold up your hands.

[About half the people present raised their hands. Only one man voted in the negative, and he was greeted with shouts of derision.]

"Now, gentlemen, he's not to blame—he's only blind. I respect and admire men who disagree with me; but who have the manhood to stand by their convictions."

"We are all white men; but for God's sake, for South Carolina's sake, never let it be said that the white men appealed to the Negro to arbitrate their differences. I am no Populist. The Democratic party in the Northwest has been practically disbanded in 10 or 12 States. What hope have we of electing a Democratic president? What sort of hope have we for genuine Democracy to win in the next general election? The result of the last election indicates that the Republicans have strong hopes of electing the next president, and there are many men in the South who think it a good time to join that party in the hope of getting office. I have been looking for some new converts to that party in this State; but so far none have announced themselves. Can we stand four more years of this sort of thing, boys? Well, we have stood so much of it that I don't believe you can starve us. Nothing can do that; but, my God, it is so awfully tiresome."

"While the South is practically solid for silver, our condition of financial slavery is almost intolerable. We must endure our suffering until the hand of American brotherhood is reached out to us by the Northwestern farmers, and they cry aloud in their distress, 'Come, help us.' The only hope is to ally the South and West together against the North and East; but don't let us impose the condition on those seeking the alliance that we go as Democrats alone. Those people despise that name. That hatred is an inheritance of the war—just as we have the name Republican. Those States contain a larger percentage of Union soldiers than any others, because they moved there just after the war to get soldiers' homesteads, and they have been accustomed to connect the word Democrat and Copperhead together just as we connect Republican and Negro together. Those people are now being ground to powder between the upper and nether mill stones. Why not both sides give up party names and meet half way? If your house is burning down, will you stay in it because it is labeled Democratic. We can't take the name of Populists because they have too many 'isms' and radical ideas, and they have pandered too much to socialism. They call me an anarchist—a right bran new one—but I cannot stand many things in the Populist platform. Why, in God's name, stay here and go down with the hull of the old rotten Democratic ship? At Memphis I tread on some Democratic toes. But on the other hand you should have heard the wild hurrahs of those who agreed with me. It was like a Tillmanite campaign meeting in 1890. Now they talk about a ring. Yes, it's a hand's-all round ring of 60,000 Reform Democratic voters—and I am proud to belong to it."

"I cannot see how any man can stand by the Democracy when it is controlled by such traitors as Cleveland and Carlisle. Isay to you now—when the time comes we can deliver the electoral vote. I believe, I know we can do it. [Applause.] The only test heretofore in this State, of Democracy, has been white supremacy. The obstacle to the union of the friends of silver is the loaves and fishes of the local offices. The desire to control these has more to do with the continuation of the existing parties than the principles of those parties. The local machines in each State are the greatest barriers to the formation of a new national financial party. The American people should narrow down their local politics and come together. For myself, I am so disgusted that I am ready to throw up the name and give up the party. We must join the people of the Northwest. The friends of silver are in the majority—45,000,000 out of the 70,000,000 in this republic—but they are held down. All they want is the opportunity to get together. Shall we let this matter of name keep us apart?"

Senator Tillman then referred to the buying up of the metropolitan newspapers and news agencies by the goldbugs. "Their cry," said Tillman, "is that the silver craze is dying out. There was never a more brazen falsehood. There is no silver craze to begin with. Our people are not fools, and they are only striving with the intensity of despair to release our government from the grasp of the octopus to prevent the tories from selling us into bondage to the British goldbugs. They understand the issue perfectly, as will be proven when the time comes to vote. I think I can safely say the South is solid for financial relief. When we meet the Northwestern people we must be ready to go ahead and organize the new party. Let the name be what it will. Let us determine here now that we will get together, and that the goldbugs will see how little reliance is to be placed on the cry that the silver craze is dying."

Senator Tillman spoke 40 minutes and was frequently applauded.

Salt-cellars first came into use in mediaeval times. There was only one on the table, and it held from two to three quarts. The salt was placed about the middle of the table's length.