

The Anderson Intelligencer.

BY CLINKSCALES & LANGSTON.

ANDERSON, S. C., THURSDAY MORNING, JUNE 11, 1891.

VOLUME XXV. - NO. 49.

LEAVING ANDERSON! LEAVING ANDERSON!

LEAVING this beautiful and healthy City, with its delightful climate, and the prosperous and fertile country that surrounds it, thickly populated with a warm-hearted, generous and liberal-minded people, is certainly a hard pill for me to swallow, but circumstances have so ordained it, when I thought the winter of my declining years would be spent in this paradise of health and prosperity; but now, with heavy tread and downcast spirits, I must and am compelled by the combined wishes of my partners to seek new fields of conquest.

I have to go to Augusta, Ga., to open a large Wholesale and Retail House, which will require all my undivided attention from this time forward. Now, in order to avoid paying large local freights from here to Augusta, we have determined on—

A GREAT SLAUGHTER SALE,

And we will sell every article of our immense stock for any price that is in the neighborhood of cost. Remember, WE MEAN WHAT WE SAY—prices will be literally slaughtered for the next thirty days.

- 10c. Towels for 6c.
- 15c. Towels for 8c.
- 20c. Towels for 12c.
- 25c. Towels for 15c.
- 75c. Linen Damask for 47c.
- 10c. Linen Damask for 35c.
- Napkins at half price.
- Dress Goods prices just half.
- Clothing slaughtered at your own price.

We are badly overstocked in Shoes—in Children's in numbers 10, 11, 13 and 1; in Ladies 3, 3 1/2, 4 and 4 1/2; Men's 7, 8 and 9. These Shoes we will sell at 75c. on the dollar of what they cost. Russel Shoes and Slippers at half cost. Boys' 3, 4 and 5 must go at same price.

- Checked Homespun 4c.
- Yard-wide Sea Island 4c.
- Window Curtain Scrim 4c.
- Lace Curtains half price.
- White Counterpanes away down.
- 10c. Socks and Stockings at 7c.
- Chair Ties half price.
- White Laundered Shirts 50c. on the dollar.
- Ladies' Jerseys at half price; also Notions, Gloves, Hamburg Edging Ties, Scarfs.
- Table Oil Cloth 15c. Nelly Bly Caps at 10c. The best Gingham at 7c. 10c. Outing Suits at 7c.
- Odd Coats, Vests and Pants, slightly scorched by fire and discolored by smoke, that will be sold at less than half the cost of the cloth.
- All and every article to be found in a first-class Dry Goods, Clothing and Shoe Store will be sacrificed rather than ship the goods from here.
- Six Show Cases, one Platform and one Counter Scales, and three first-class Combination Iron Safes will be sold at half New York cost. Every person having valuable papers should have one in his house.

Now, we want it distinctly understood that Ladies or Gentlemen drawing up to our Store, either in a Carriage, Buggy, Cart or Wagon, will receive prompt and courteous attention. Polite and respectful attention to the Ladies is always the duty of a gentleman all the world over, which is and has been the case in all the Stores that the undersigned has ever had the management.

Respectfully,
D. C. FLYNN,
LEADER OF LOW PRICES,
Red House, Granite Row.

SPOT CASH.

THAT'S THE WAY WE ARE SELLING.

SHORT PROFITS

NOW ALL WE EXPECT. ALL WE WANT.

IN CARLOTS

We will give you lowest WHOLESALE PRICES on
FLOUR, CORN, HAY, BRAN, OATS, &c., &c.

ARMOUR & CO'S. WHOLESALE AGENTS FOR
HAMS, MEAT, LARD, CANNED MEATS.

LOWEST CHICAGO PRICES made on Cases and lots weighing one or two hundred pounds and over.

PATENT FLOURS.

Our **BALLARD'S BLUE BIRD FLOUR** the best in America for the price. Try a Barrel.

No Firm Can Sell you TOBACCO as Low as We Can.

BROWN BROS.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

Castoria is well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me. H. A. Anderson, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

THE CASTORIA COMPANY, 17 Murray Street, N. Y.

COTTON GOING HIGHER.

WE are glad to be able to inform our friends and customers that Cotton is bound to go up, if you will be in to buy a hurry to sell. In the meantime you can buy all kinds of—

Groceries, Fireworks and Xmas Goods
Of all kinds as cheap or cheaper than anywhere in Town from
Yours, with thanks for past patronage,
H. W. TAYLOR & CO.

TEACHERS' COLUMN.

All communications intended for this column should be addressed to C. WARDLAW, School Commissioner, Anderson, S. C.

MEMORY GEMS.

The man who is anxious to do right has friends in Heaven who want to help him.
If you have never tried to make anybody happy you have no idea how far you are away from Heaven.

The fact that a man wants knowledge is proof that he has some already.

SEIZE THE OPPORTUNITY.

If the citizens of Anderson and Anderson County let slip the opportunity to secure the Industrial School for women, they will illustrate the old saying "penny wise and pound foolish." Like the Air Line Railroad, such opportunities are not always before a community, and consequently they must be seized as they pass, or they are gone forever. There may never be another occasion that offers so much, both in education and pecuniary advantages. It must be seized now or else be lost forever. This affords the golden opportunity for this section of the country, and we trust our people will see it, and put forth their very best efforts and most liberal offerings to secure it.

Never did the following lines by Shakespeare apply better, than to this very occasion:
"There is a tide in the affairs of men, Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune; Omitted, all the voyage of their life Is bound in shallows and in miseries. On such a full tide are we now afloat, And we must take the current when it serves, Or lose our ventures."

COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES.

Below we give the programme of the Commencement exercises of the Female College of this place, which takes place on Friday evening the 12th inst, in the Opera House. All are cordially invited to be present on this occasion. Miss Maggie Evans and her assistants have done a successful work.

PROGRAMME.

- Chorus.
- Instrumental Duet—Edna Diver and Lizzie Crayton.
- Recitation, "Cause"—Eloise Duckett.
- Instrumental Solo—Marian Taylor.
- Motion Recitation—Fosy Marshall.
- Instrumental Trio—Gertrude Jones, Mary Sullivan and Sadie Watson.
- Calisthenics, waltz drill and march.
- Instrumental Solo—Mrs. Laughlin.
- Recitation, "Seven Ages of Man"—Elma Osborne.
- Instrumental Solo—Daisy Barr.
- Recitation, "Brier Rose"—Eileen Mauldin.
- Solo and Chorus by pupils.
- Instrumental Duet—Sadie Watson and Sadie Watson.
- Recitation, "Archie Dean"—Nellie McGee.
- Instrumental Solo—Eileen Mauldin.
- Tambourine drill by eighteen girls in picturesque costumes.
- Instrumental Duet—Lilly Fant and Nellie McGee.
- Recitation, "Nora Brown's Sister's Wedding"—Emily Diver.
- Instrumental Solo—Mittie Tribble.
- Recitation—Montie Riley.
- Chorus.
- Instrumental Duet—Mittie Tribble and Miss V. Evans.
- Those who attend may expect a very pleasant evening.

DEFINITION OF EDUCATION.

We will now attempt to give a definition of education. Education, in its widest sense, is a general expression that comprehends all the influences which operate on the human being, stimulating his faculties to action, forming his habits, molding his character, and making him what he is. Though so powerfully affected by these influences, he may be entirely unconscious of them. They are to him as "the wind which bloweth where it listeth; but he knows not whence it cometh nor whither it goeth." They are not, however, less real on this account. The circumstances by which he is surrounded—the climate, the natural scenery, the air he breathes, the food he eats, the moral tone of the family life, that of the community—all have a share in converting the raw material of human nature either into healthy, intelligent, moral, and religious man, or, on the contrary, in converting it into an embodiment of weakness, stupidity, wickedness, and misery. Thus, external influences automatically acting upon a neutral nature, produce, each after its kind, the most opposite results. In this sense the poor little gamins of our streets, who defile the air with their blasphemous, whose thoughts are of the dirt dirty who picks our pockets with a clear conscience, has been duly educated by the impure atmosphere, the equal misery, the sad examples of cast and speech presented to him in his daily life—to see show the wondrous power of the education of circumstances.

It is a noticeable characteristic of this kind of education, that its pupils rarely evince of their own accord any desire for improvement, and are in this respect, scarcely distinguishable from barbarians. The savages of our race remain savages, not because they have not the same original faculties as ourselves—faculties generally capable of improvement—but because they have no desire for improvement. Nature does indeed furnish her children with elementary lessons. She teaches them the use of the senses, language, and the qualities of matter, but she leaves them to procure advanced knowledge for themselves, while she implants in their mind neither motive nor desire for its acquisition. The differentia of the savage is, that he rarely any wish for self elevation. He had to think how many savages of this kind we have still amongst ourselves!

But education is conscious as well as unconscious. Some cause or other suggests the desire for improvement. The teacher appears in the field, and civilization begins its career. The civilization

which we contrast with barbarism is simply the result of that action of mind on mind which carries forward the teaching of Nature—in other words, of what we call education. Where there is no specific conscious education, there is no civilization. Where education is fully appreciated, the result is high civilization; and generally, as education advances, civilization advances in proportion, and thus affords a measure of its influence. It follows, then, that all the civilization that exists is ultimately due to the educator, including of course, the educator in religion.

"Whatever," says Mr. J. S. Mill, "helps to shape the human being, to make the individual what he is, or hinder him from what he is not, is part of his education."—*Inaugural address delivered at St. Andrews.*

The Inhumanity of Man to Man.

SENTER, S. C., June 2.—The sensibilities of the citizens of Sumter have seldom experienced a greater shock than they have to day upon witnessing the condition presented by a squad of sixty-seven convicts which were being lured over at the Coast Line depot here, en route for Columbia. In the whole batch there is not a single decent suit of clothes. Jackets, shirts and pantaloons are in tatters, and nearly all are bare-footed. Fortunately it is warm enough for the prisoners to escape actual suffering on this occasion.

The squad arrived here from Darlington about 11 o'clock this morning, by way of the C., S. & N. R. R., and will have to remain till they can be transported further by the Coast Line.

These convicts have been working down on the Pee Dee in the construction of the C., S. & N. R. road. Their work being finished for the present, Capt. C. E. Wheeler, who has had charge of them, broke up the stockade at 1 p. m. yesterday and came over to Darlington. The sick prisoners were brought in a wagon; the others walked.

Mr. R. H. Baker, bookkeeper for Louis McLane, who has charge of the construction of the road, came along with the guards, and informed the State correspondent to day that one of the prisoners, William Gray, died on the road to Darlington, of typhoid fever, with which he had been sick for some time. He was wrapped in a blanket and buried on the roadside.

The State correspondent learns that the prisoners were fed just before leaving the Pee Dee, and after their arrival in Darlington in the evening, but since then have been given no food by the State authorities. They left Darlington at 7 this morning without having eaten since the night before, and have had nothing either for dinner or supper except what was given in charity by the citizens of the place, who had learned of their condition.

The convicts, it is stated, usually get meat and bacon furnished them, and sometimes beef. The food is cooked by the prisoners, the pots, etc., being kept in the stockade, and meals are dished out in pans three times a day. These things have not been forwarded yet, and there will be nothing for the men to eat as long as they stay here, except what is given in charity.

Mr. Baker and Mr. Weeks each gave one of the convicts 50 cents and sent him up town to buy a dollar's worth of bread. This made the midday meal for sixty-seven negro men.

This evening some negroes in the neighborhood of the depot cooked some victuals and sent them over.

The people here are horrified at such a state of things. Nothing of this kind was ever heard of a year ago, when the superintendent of the Penitentiary was in other hands, though the same equal rule over here for some time. There surely must be something wrong. The people of Sumter believe in economy, but not in starvation.

One of the men is a paralytic, and has been for months, yet he has been kept at work on the road; two others have dropsy, and one has a severe wound on the knee.—*Columbia State.*

Farmers South and West.

We wonder if the Alliance leaders ever stop to think about, and discuss the cross purposes to which they are striving. For instance, Kansas, Illinois, Iowa and other Western farmers are contending for an adjustment of trade so that they can get a better price for their corn, wheat, pork, beef, etc., which they have to sell to consumers in the States that do not produce them. On the other hand, Alabama, Georgia, Florida, Mississippi and other Southern States that raise cotton, potatoes, watermelons, etc., are contending for such an adjustment of trade as will enable them to realize a better price for their produce and at the same time enable them to buy Western pork, corn, wheat, beef and the like for less money than they now pay. The Mississippi and other States South want Tennessee mules for less money than they now get for their mules than he is now getting from these cotton raisers. Florida wants better prices for her oranges, and Tennessee is bound to have at least a couple of dollars more per barrel for potatoes that go to Florida. The Tennessee, Alabama and Georgia farmer, pay too high for their field seeds, while the North, which supplies them, kicks against the price of strawberries and tomatoes. And so this game of cross purposes goes on and on, and the folks, Macanes and other office seeking leaders have never made a suggestion as to how these farmers in different sections of the country are to improve their respective conditions.—*Norfolk American.*

When you're languid and dull in the Spring of the year,
When stomach and liver are all out of gear,
When you're stupid at morn and feverish at night,
And nothing gives relief and nothing goes right,
Don't try any nostrum, elixir, or pill,
"Golden Medical Discovery" just fills the bill.

The surest and best of all remedies for all disorders of the liver and blood, is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

BILL ARPS' CHAT.

The Women and Children Employed in Factories.
Atlanta Constitution.

The pictures in last week's Youth Companion—May 21st, of the poor sewing women of Boston are not so bad as the Georgia factory girls in the Century, but the description of their miserable condition is worse and arouses the most intense pity and indignation in the mind of every reader. Is it possible that such inhumanity to helpless women and children is allowed in a Christian land? We do not know Fletcher Ogden, but he seems to be well accredited by the publishers of that great Boston paper, and as the scene is laid in Boston we take it for granted that he has not overdrawn the painful picture. The head line says, "Starved and Hopeless Lives." Mr. Ogden has been investigating and tells us of sixty contract shops in Boston that are operated by Russian or Polish Jews in the manufacture of ready made clothing. Their workrooms are in the cheapest old buildings that can be found in the worst sections of the city. Some of the shops are reached by six or more flights of stairs, and are invariably foul with accumulated litter and dirt. The rooms are crowded with toiling women and girls, with here and there a boy. The atmosphere is fetid and fatal to health. The workers have an air of suppression about them such as characterizes a gang of prisoners. The majority of these workers are Americans, their ages from seventeen to thirty, but there were some women of fifty-five and some girls not over twelve. They were poorly dressed, many of the faces drawn and haggard, and the expression hard and sad. The work hours are from 7 o'clock in the morning to 6 o'clock in the evening, with forty-five minutes for lunch at noon. The most expert girls earn as much as \$5 a week in the busiest season, but their average wages are from \$2 to \$4 a week. The exacting oversight of the bosses force these workers to an unnatural tension, and then there is the fetid air, the abounding dirt, the forced associations of the girls with men of unclean habits and filthy speech, and the lowering of the moral tone of the females. No girl is free to "look up her work," and a minute late loses her half a day. But the girl's can't stop, not for a day, to look for a better place. If they do they are boycotted, and can't get work anywhere. Some of the bosses have a way of "slowing" the clock so as to get extra time out of the girls. The foreigners are all filthy and use bad language, and the girls cannot escape it. Some of the girls won't tell where they live. They are ashamed to. They find rooms in old dilapidated tenements in the worst parts of the city. They are kept up at \$1 a week at most, and then they die of sorrow and desolation.

This is an abstract of Mr. Ogden's sketch of these starved and hopeless lives—these human machines, whose daily work is killing the body and starving the soul—these creatures of God from whom "hope has withered fled and mercy sighed farewell." Sixty factories in Boston—how many more in New York and Brooklyn and Chicago and Cincinnati? Will history keep on repeating itself? It is less than fifty years since Tom Hood wrote "The Song of the Shirt," and now in cultured Boston it fits the time and the place as well as when he said:

Stitch, stitch, stitch,
In poverty, hunger and dirt,
Sewing at once, with a double thread,
A shroud as well as a shirt.

Oh God! that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap.

Women and children working, as prisoners work for crime, and no hope of a better time coming. When farmers feel that they are oppressed they cry aloud, and their will is heard from the Atlantic to the Pacific ocean. But the poor and friendless are too weak to cry. They can't be heard as far as the nearest Church. Compared with the wretched women and children the poorest farmer in Barlow County is a prince, for he always has enough to eat—

And the sky is above his head,
And the grass beneath his feet.
He is a freeman and cringes not,
Much under the frown of a Russian or a Polish Jew. Friends, Americans, countrymen, can such things be and we be silent? It matters not where such suffering and misery are found—whether in the workshops of Boston or the factories of the north or of the south—let our philanthropic men and women seek it out and cry aloud and spare not. Georgia has her trustful agents who are always guarding and protecting her prisoners from indignity, but who is to protect those who have committed no crime? It takes a great heart to do it, for it is an assault upon capital—an accusation, an arraignment of the rich at the bar of public opinion. It is said that Vanderbilt once exclaimed, "The public be damned, but the public won't be damned." Public opinion is a mighty river, and sometimes overflows its banks and sweeps everything before it.

Illiteracy is not the question before us now. It is never the question with the poor and the oppressed. Slow, pitiful, wasting death that stares one in the face every day is not concerned about reading or writing. Bread is the first thing. Good food, good clothing, good shelter, some fresh, pure air to breathe, some medicine for the sick and a decent burial for the dead come before books. If many of these poor girls need reform in their morals, begin with their temporal wants. Hunger and rage won't bear preaching. A hospital is a good thing for the forlorn and desperate cases, the sick and the dying, but the great work is to do away with the necessity of the hospital. Healthy work and fair wages and comfortable homes will do it. God said to Cain: "The voice of thy brother's blood cries unto me from the ground." And it seems to me that the wrong of the suffering poor and every death in their miserable homes cry God against us. Then let the investigation go on, the search, the arraignment and the reform. It is a lonely, pitiful task. But one man in all England was found who would dare visit the prisons and cry out for reform. But John Howard did it, and re-

formed them all and brought blessings to thousands of the oppressed. Our people read the papers eagerly to see the last big advertisement of cheap goods. Cheaper and cheaper they get every week, especially clothing for men and for women. Fine linen bosom shirts for 40 cents. How cheap! We all exclaim: "We must buy some—how can they afford them at that price?" These sewing women can tell you. I never see one of these displayed advertisements, but what I feel a pain, a shadow and another verse of Hood's song comes over me:

Oh, men, with sisters dear,
Oh, men, with mothers and wives,
It is not linen you are wearing out,
But human creature's lives.

The new papers tell us there is to be a third party and its watch-word will be, "Down with the plutocracy." Does that mean relief for the poor and friendless—the sewing women, the factory girls, the starved and hopeless—Is it just for the farmers and the politicians? Who are the plutocrats, anyhow? Am I one? Are you one? I am rich, compared with Cobb. Maybe I am his plutocrat. My nabor Mumford is mine and Joe Brown is his and Jay Gould is Joe Brown's. Every man is a plutocrat to somebody. When the downing begins I reckon we will all go to wrestling and try to down somebody else. I'll give Cobb a powerful tussle before he shall down me, but I'm afraid to tackle Mumford. I think I will let him keep what he has got, if he will promise not to get any more.

Now, if the new party will put these poor toilers and bread winners on the middle plank in their platform and provide homes for them and good work and living wages, I will join it. There are over 2,000,000 of them, according to the census—2,000,000 of people who live by the day and have no comforts, no spare time, no rest, no medicine, no delicacies when sick, and no privileges when well. Tariff reform and the free coinage of silver are nothing to them, but every cent that is added to the price of cotton or corn or potatoes is something to them. It makes their food and their clothing cost just that much more. Six months ago corn was 50 cents a bushel—now it is \$1, and the poor are paying it. But I reckon the new party will fix it up some way so that the farmers can get a big price and the poor pay a little one. The plutocracy ought to be made to do something—something for suffering humanity. Boston is the richest city in the United States. She has over \$1,000,000,000 of wealth according to the last census—more than \$2,000 per capita. New York has less than \$1,000 per capita, and yet there are 6,000 sewing women and girls in Boston whose slavery is more pitiful than the worst fabrication in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Talk about literacy and illiteracy—what does it prove? What is education worth if it does not make people better? An eminent New York preacher said the other day that great wealth was the curse of the city churches. They gave of their money freely, but it was like buying indulgences to commit sin. Their hearts were not in the prayers nor in the preaching, nor in the Christian work, but were shut up in their pockets. When he tried to interest them the substance of their reply was: "How much money do you want?"

Now, if the plutocracy will do that much, the poor will let them off. Let the preachers go to them, and keep going and plead for charity. It is a bigger thing than trying Dr. Briggs for heresy, or Dr. Woodrow or any other doctor. There is no time for abstract theology now. It is the day of practical Christianity, such as was preached and taught and acted by the friend of humanity. Friends, countrymen, north and south, let us awake to the long smothered cry of the poor.

Plus was a very mean sort of a god, for he distributed his gifts without regard to merit. In fact, he didn't like to give at all, but Jupiter forced him to divide out his money as fast as it accumulated. When he approached a person to make a gift he was lame and slow-footed, but when he left him to go back to his treasures he unfolded a pair of hidden wings and flew away.

Some of our plutocrats are well named, for it is like drawing their eyesight to get any clearly out of them. But after all, there is something to be said in the average rich man's favor. None of them are misers, that I know of. They do not hoard and hide and keep their money to count and look at. The Astors build more houses to rent and that makes rent cheaper. Jay Gould builds more railroads and pushes them farther and farther into the wilderness, and that opens up new territory for the emigrants, the miners and the cattle men. I never knew a community but what begged for a railroad, and I never knew one but what made war upon it as soon as they got it. There was many plutocrats in Atlanta and Chattanooga, but my observation is their money is always doing good work. It is building houses or railroads, or invested in iron works or manufacturing of some kind, and giving employment to labor. If there were no rich men, there would be no progress. It certainly is no sin to get rich if it is done fairly. Every man would get rich if he could. I would know, I have got a gold lot, so called, that I have owned for thirty years, and if I could sell it for \$10,000 it seems to me that I would be quite happy. In fact, I would rejoice to get \$7,000—and rather than break a trade \$500 would make me feel calm and serene. There are thousands of rich men who came by their money honestly. Elias Howe invented the sewing machine after years of thought and experiment and the sacrifice of every dollar's worth of his property. It proved a blessing to the world and \$5,000,000 in his pocket. McCormick did the same thing with his reaper. In both cases the world got value for their money. Some men get rich by good luck. I know a man who used to be poor and hard run, but his father-in-law left him twelve acres of poor, marshy land in the suburbs of old Birmingham. It was thought to be worth \$1,000 that time, but he sold it a few years ago on the bulge of the boom for \$250,000. There is nothing wrong about that, is there? And yet he is now a plutocrat. Moore and Marsh and the Kiers and

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reformed them all and brought blessings to thousands of the oppressed. Our people read the papers eagerly to see the last big advertisement of cheap goods. Cheaper and cheaper they get every week, especially clothing for men and for women. Fine linen bosom shirts for 40 cents. How cheap! We all exclaim: "We must buy some—how can they afford them at that price?" These sewing women can tell you. I never see one of these displayed advertisements, but what I feel a pain, a shadow and another verse of Hood's song comes over me:

Oh, men, with sisters dear,
Oh, men, with mothers and wives,
It is not linen you are wearing out,
But human creature's lives.

The new papers tell us there is to be a third party and its watch-word will be, "Down with the plutocracy." Does that mean relief for the poor and friendless—the sewing women, the factory girls, the starved and hopeless—Is it just for the farmers and the politicians? Who are the plutocrats, anyhow? Am I one? Are you one? I am rich, compared with Cobb. Maybe I am his plutocrat. My nabor Mumford is mine and Joe Brown is his and Jay Gould is Joe Brown's. Every man is a plutocrat to somebody. When the downing begins I reckon we will all go to wrestling and try to down somebody else. I'll give Cobb a powerful tussle before he shall down me, but I'm afraid to tackle Mumford. I think I will let him keep what he has got, if he will promise not to get any more.

Now, if the new party will put these poor toilers and bread winners on the middle plank in their platform and provide homes for them and good work and living wages, I will join it. There are over 2,000,000 of them, according to the census—2,000,000 of people who live by the day and have no comforts, no spare time, no rest, no medicine, no delicacies when sick, and no privileges when well. Tariff reform and the free coinage of silver are nothing to them, but every cent that is added to the price of cotton or corn or potatoes is something to them. It makes their food and their clothing cost just that much more. Six months ago corn was 50 cents a bushel—now it is \$1, and the poor are paying it. But I reckon the new party will fix it up some way so that the farmers can get a big price and the poor pay a little one. The plutocracy ought to be made to do something—something for suffering humanity. Boston is the richest city in the United States. She has over \$1,000,000,000 of wealth according to the last census—more than \$2,000 per capita. New York has less than \$1,000 per capita, and yet there are 6,000 sewing women and girls in Boston whose slavery is more pitiful than the worst fabrication in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Talk about literacy and illiteracy—what does it prove? What is education worth if it does not make people better? An eminent New York preacher said the other day that great wealth was the curse of the city churches. They gave of their money freely, but it was like buying indulgences to commit sin. Their hearts were not in the prayers nor in the preaching, nor in the Christian work, but were shut up in their pockets. When he tried to interest them the substance of their reply was: "How much money do you want?"

Now, if the plutocracy will do that much, the poor will let them off. Let the preachers go to them, and keep going and plead for charity. It is a bigger thing than trying Dr. Briggs for heresy, or Dr. Woodrow or any other doctor. There is no time for abstract theology now. It is the day of practical Christianity, such as was preached and taught and acted by the friend of humanity. Friends, countrymen, north and south, let us awake to the long smothered cry of the poor.

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