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ON THE RIGHT LINE.

Judge Parker Makes Trust and Corporation Corruption the Issue.

THE REPUBLICANS WORRIED

Because All the Big Trusts Have Contributed Liberally to Their Campaign Fund as Charged by Parker.

A dispatch from Washington says it is understood there on good authority to be the serious intention of Judge Parker to have the Democratic managers make the paramount and closing issue of the campaign on the question of trust and corporation corruption in campaigns, as evidenced by their enormous contributions to the Republican national committee. So many favorable comments have been made on the speech delivered recently by Judge Parker, in which the trusts were charged with contributing heavy sums to the Republican campaign that they might be benefitted by the continuation of the Republican party in power, that Judge Parker has come to the conclusion that the country is aroused to a high pitch over what appeals to him as nothing more nor less than the purchase of immunity from a great political party.

That speech has created consternation among Republicans in Washington and elsewhere, and is regarded by persons close to the president as furnishing an issue that may in the last few weeks of the election change the entire tide of affairs, as now running The notorious fact that nearly every great trust and corporation in the country has contributed heavily to the Republican campaign has never been so authoritatively and powerfully emphasized as in the arguments presented by Judge Parker. At the same time his bold utterances give the lie to the recently circulated story that the Standard Oil and other big interests have lately put up much money to the Democratic national committee. It is admitted here by Republicans that what promises to be damaging to them is rapidly spreading information, which was not accepted for a long time as accurate, that all the trusts and corporations have made peace with the administration and will support Roosevelt.

To offset this the literary and newspaper headquarters of the Republican committee have been deliberately giving out stories that the Standard Oil people have put up money for use in the close states in the last few days. The fact that this is false is shown in the personal support of Roosevelt by President Stillman, of the City National bank, of New York, the institution owned and controlled by the Standard Oil people. President Stillman is one of the men who lunched with the President during the summer and who came out for him. As Stillman is the banker for the Standard Oil interests the story is regarded here as being a clumsy attempt to deceive the people, as Judge Parker states the Republicans have done all along on the trust question.

Democrats at the Democratic congressional headquarters believe that Judge Parker has put the question of the Republicans being bought up by big contributions in such a way as to demand answer and explicit and clear answer from high sources, and there are indications here that an attempt will be made that way, but at the same time it is declared to be the purpose of the Democratic managers to use the issue from now on and to direct every Democratic stump speaker to present the facts to the country. In the West the Republican masses have been made to believe that Roosevelt was the greatest trust buster in this or any other age and something of the same impression has obtained in the East. The charge that the only busting he is doing now is that of tearing a hole in the reserve funds of the trusts for campaign uses will have a different sound if pressed to the front in strong and vigorous fashion to the close of the campaign.

The belief strongly prevails that Judge Parker has started on the right track at the last moment and that he is clearing the way for thousands of independent votes. The immense corruption funds for campaign purposes are coming to be regarded by fair and patriotic men of all parties as full of danger to the country, and Judge Parker clearly points out that it is too late to begin the uprooting of this in this election. The fight must be carried on in the future, and the patriotism of the country appealed to steadily and persistently until the party using the money of great corporation interests will be thrown out of office by the people.

The ownership of political parties by rich men and corporations began in the states and has gradually extended, as Judge Parker, says, to the national ownership. The Southern Pacific road has long run both political parties in California, but more particularly the Republicans. In Florida a few railroad and hotel magnates virtually select the majority of the important candidates for office. The Michigan Central railway, in Michigan, commands the same obedience to its behests and gets what it wants. So it is in a dozen states of the country.

Saved from the Deep.

The schooner Cordeda Hayos, which arrived at San Juan, P. R., Wednesday, brought to port passengers and crew of the British steamer Kelvi, which was swamped and abandoned on October 7th. Those rescued numbered forty-two. They left the ship October 7, when two days out of New York bound for Montevideo. They took to open boats and spent seventeen days in awful torture at sea until the Hayos Friday picked them up.

Japanese Casualties.

According to a dispatch received by the Japanese legation at Washington from the foreign office at Tokio, the total casualties suffered by the Japanese army in killed and wounded, including officers, in engagements around the Shakhe river up to Wednesday amounted to 15,879.

ALL ONE PEOPLE.

Some Strong and Truthful Words from a Chicago Paper.

The Chicago Tribune makes this admirable saying:

There are some Northerners who know more about Germany and about Italy and perhaps about the romantic and picturesque Balkan peninsula, than they do about Georgia and South Carolina, and Texas. Consequently, they show more sense when they are talking about lese majesty, or about the temporal power of the Pope, or about Turkish oppression than they do when they are talking about the right of the negro to vote.

It is so easy to think that just because you live in a country you must understand it. The Southerner and the Northerner are fellow citizens They owe allegiance to the same flag. Therefore the Northerner is perfectly competent to tell the Southerner how to settle the negro question.

The fallacy in this logic is that because of the presence of the negro the social condition of Charleston, S. C., differs from that of Boston, Mass., more than that of Boston, Mass., differs from that of London, England. And a citizen of Boston gets on better in London than he does in Charleston.

The negro question is greater than any other question in America. And it is not only greater but more delicate. It is a matter of social as well as of political and industrial life. So, more than almost any other question that could be imagined, it needs personal experience. The occasional negro of the North is not an adequate basis for studying the negro of the South. In the South the negro in many communities outnumbering the white, and there is a possibility of negro rule.

Therefore, Northerner, if you have time and money to visit new scenes, visit the South. Some of your fellows have gone to the South and have lived there for a few years. They don't feel now quite as you do. See if you can find out what it was that modified their opinions.

Go South and watch the descendants of Washington, Madison, Jackson, Marshall, Jefferson, Clay, Calhoun, Polk, and Lee while they, bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh, are working out, with errors of mind and with errors of heart, but with American pluck and hope, the greatest domestic problem that ever ate into the heart of a civilized people. Come back, and if you still think that they are wrong you will say so in a different tone.

That is said in a truly American spirit and its tone should pervade the whole land. What a pity that we have not, at this especially opportune time, at the head of the nation a man with this catholic view of his country!

Goes for Roosevelt.

President Roosevelt Friday received an open letter from General James N. Tyner, former assistant attorney general for the postoffice department, who several months ago was acquitted of the charge of conspiracy in connection with the alleged favoring of certain alleged get rich-quick concerns. The letter, says the writer was prompted by the recent appearance in a popular magazine of an "inspired article," which is such a deliberate tissue of falsehood and is circulated with such an evident purpose "that he could not ignore it." General Tyner bitterly arraigns President Roosevelt for his unwarranted "proclamation of guilt," and proceeds: "Your accusations are false and have been proven false, but I have no further means of establishing this except by going into the courts, and I have too much respect for the high office which you occupy to do this. In my letter to you of December 2, 1903, protesting against your unwarranted proclamation, I defied you to produce a scintilla of evidence in support of your accusations and now, after I have gone to trial and every act of my private and official life has been laid bare and not a particle of evidence has been produced against me, you seek to shield yourself by saying I was not tried for what you accused me of, but for something else. That is false; the records show, and you know it."

Last Licks of Campaign.

The work of the remaining week of the Presidential campaign will be conducted by both Republicans and Democrats principally in New York, New Jersey, West Virginia, Indiana and the Rocky mountain States. The Republican national committee in New York is claiming 317 votes, as follows: California, Colorado, Connecticut, Delaware, Idaho, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Maine, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, Montana, Nebraska, Nevada, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New York, North Dakota, Ohio, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, South Dakota, Utah, Washington, West Virginia, Wisconsin and Wyoming. They concede to the Democrats the solid South, making 151 electoral votes, and place Maryland in the doubtful column. The claims of the Democrats include, in addition to the solid South, Colorado, Connecticut, Delaware, Idaho, Indiana, Maryland, Montana, Nevada, New Jersey, New York, Utah and West Virginia, which makes a total of Democratic claims of 259 electoral votes.

Burned to Death.

Wednesday on the Padgett place about six miles from Johnston, a tenant house occupied by John Holloway, colored, and his family was destroyed with its contents by fire and three of the children burned to death, aged about 1 month, 2 and 5 years. Holloway and his wife, it is said, were in the field at the time the house was discovered in flames, which is supposed to have caught in a pile of cotton on the floor. The door was not fastened, but even the older child failed to escape.

Parrot Cried for Help.

At Chicago excited by shrill cries for help coming from a burning building, firemen fought their way through flames to save a supposed person, and returned with a parrot that belonged to H. S. Fewer, whose rooming house was damaged $5,000 by the fire.

SHE SEES GHOSTS.

Jane Toppan, Who Poisoned Thirty-One Victims, Herself Haunted

BY VISIONS OF GHOSTLY FORMS.

She Has Gone Mad and Screams in Terror at Every Bowl of Soup or Cup of Tea Offered, Fearing Poison.

Jane Toppan, the poisoner of thirty-one people by her own confession, during her career as professional nurse, the most cruel woman murderer known in modern criminal history, is now suffering for her sins by a terrible punishment at nature's own hands or God's, in the State insane asylum at Taunton, Mass., where she is kept. Her punishment is exquisitely more torturing and crueller than death or the grave. She imagines that the dead victims have risen from their tombs and are trying to poison her. As the nurses bring a bowl of gruel or cup of tea to her in her narrow cell she screams out:

"It's poisoned!"

She pushes it away and covers her face with her hands to hide the sight of the bony fingers of her dead patients clutching at her, and to shut out the vision of their death's heads hovering over her.

It is as if the ghosts of all whom she killed had burst loose from their coffins and come forth to torture her to death.

From the plump, good looking, happy woman who entered the asylum two years ago, chuckling over her own cleverness in "fooling the doctors," as she called it, into calling her insane, she has beeome a raving maniac, and a mere skeleton.

When Jane Toppan was committed here in June, 1902, many people thought that the electric chair had been robbed of its rightful victim, declared that no form of execution known to law could be torturesome enough for this inhuman woman.

Some even went so far as to call it a travesty on justice to allow such a tigress in human form to escape legal execution.

But now the wisdom of the insanity experts and of the courts has its fair right to consideration.

Nature, through God, in its own way, is working a punishment more terrible than mediavial torture could have devised upon this woman, who dared to violate one of the great Ten Commandments:

"Thou shalt not kill!"

Day and night she is living over the crimes she committed.

Sometimes the wing in which she is confined is aroused at night by piercing shrieks and the cry of "Fire, fire."

It is Jane Toppan in her cell imagining that some one is setting fire to the bed on which she is sleeping.

Four times she set fire to houses where she was living—at Professor Wilson's, in Cambridge, in the hope that the shock and excitement would kill weak, sickly Mrs. Wilson. But this plot failed. Again at the Dakin cottage, at Cataumet, on Cape Cod, she started a blaze in a closet to destroy aged Mr. and Mrs. Alden P. Davis. This attempt also failed, so she poisoned both of them a few weeks later. On two other occasions she is known to have set fires to see her victims roast.

Now she is haunted by the fear that others are trying by burn her alive.

Week by week Jane Toppan is growing weaker as her crazed mind is racked by torments.

Within the last week the physicians at the asylum have come to think she cannot live the year out.

Nearly every day or night she breaks out with some new phantom of fear.

One night she alarmed the patients and attendants in the north wing with frantic cries of—

"Help, help—doctor—they're poisoning me."

When a nurse reached her cell Jane Toppan was dashing round the small room with padded walls, fighting off some imaginary assailants.

"See," she moaned to the nurse, "see how Minnie Gibbs has put morphia into my arm," and she bared her arm to the shoulder. The blood was dripping from it where she had scratched it with her own finger nails in her wild desire to dig out the imaginary poison.

Jane Toppan killed Minnie Gibbs by injecting morphia and strophia hyperdermically into her arm when her patient was too weak to swallow poison in liquid form.

Dr. Stedman, the famous alienist, who still continues to study Jane Toppan's case, tells of her physicial collapse this year by starving herself and becoming reduced almost to a skeleton through fear of being poisoned through her food:

She had become very abusive to the nurses, defying their authority and inciting patients to do the same, going so far as to shout to a melancholic whom the nurse was trying to fee not to eat the food as it was poison. Her physical condition had fallen off greatly. She had lost fifty pounds in weight in a few months in consequence of her refusal of food because of false belief in regard to it. Owing to her weak condition she was removed to the infirmary.

By February, 1904, she was greatly emaciated, having lost over eighty pounds, or about half her normal weight, and was so weak that forced feeding with the tube was resorted to for several days, since which time she has eaten temporarily, but just enough to avoid being fed again. The artifical feeding was only resorted to after persistent persuasion and every possible measure to induce her to eat had been tried, including special articles of diet from the superintendent's table. A thorough physical examination revealed no evidence of bodily disease.

On a recent visit she began at once on a tirade against the hospital, its officers and all its belongings. She insisted that everything was "rotten," that the meat was "embalmed" beef, etc., etc. She persisted in these complaints after being told that we had just eaten the dinner provided for her which we found nutritious and palatable. Everything was filthy, she said, even the brick walls, which must be "saturated with the filth of years;" the water supply (which is taken from an artesian well) was "polluted with sewerage;" the vegetables were "rank poison." She spoke rather anxiously about a general feeling of numbness, and asked what was the cause of it. She was entirely inaccessible to explanation, argument, or even positive proof as to the impossibility of her statements. Occasionally she would burst out unexpectedly with peculiar and piercing shrieks of laughter which would seem impossible to one in her weak condition.

Many of her indiscriminate and senseless charges seemed to be rather the expression of an insane malignity toward every one than the outcome of genuine belief that they were true. But we were, at the same time, convinced beyond a doubt that she was also suffering from strong and genuine delusions of persecution by poisoning, because her belief in this regard so consistently influenced her conduct that her refusal of food had practically reduced her to a skeleton, and repeated forcible feedings had no effect in changing her convictions. Her persecutory ideas vary in strength from time to time, but the delusions of suspicion from which they spring remain unshaken.

By the progress of her disease Jane Toppan has come to believe that not only every article of food that is brought to her, every cup of tea or coffee and every glass of water, is poisoned.

She can see the spectres of her victims hovering over her and dropping the poison into these things just as she used to do to them.

One of her favorite methods was to dissolve an atrophia tablet in a glass of mineral water and hold it up smilingly as a draught of health.

This is the way she drugged poor Mr. Alden P. Davis to death. If her patients were particularly fond of tea or coffe she dissolved morphia or atrophia tablets in their cups.

When Jane Toppan was first committed to the asylum she was permitted to mingle with the other mildly insene patients. But as her delusions became more frequent and she broke forth into violent tirades against the other patients and the hospital attendants, she was removed first to the infirmary and later to a secluded cell in the north wing. The windows have gratings and it is in reality a prison.

"I saw them all last night," she said one morning this week when the nurse came to her room with a tray of crust, coffee and bread.

"What do you mean Jane," asked the nurse, as she noticed the unnatural brightness in Jane Toppan's hollow, sunken eyes.

"Why, all the people I have killed," the woman said for the moment appearing perfectly rational. "They all came and gathered around my bed in the night. There were the Davises, and Mr. and Mrs. Dunham, and Myra Connors, and Mrs. Brigham, Mrs. Bannister, Mrs. Gibbs and Mrs. Harry Gordon—oh, I'm sorry I killed her, she is so pretty"—and here the hardened murderess, who once seemed to know no such thing as human sorrow, burst into tears. Then, recovering herself, she went on:

"But they're all after me now—thirty-one of them—some want to poison me, and some come at me with their skeleton hands as if they would choke me. See, they're coming for me now—help, murder"—and the poor, demented creature fell back upon her cot in a paroxyism of insane fear.

Jane Toppan is paying the penalty of her crimes by Nature's or God's own law in a way that is an apalling moral object lesson—that no one can take human life, even if he escapes punishment of human law, without suffering the most awful tortunes to the end of his or her own wretchd existence.

Summary of Cotton Ginned.

A bulletin issued by the census bureau gives a summary of the reports on cotton ginned in the United States in the present year up to October 18 The report cover 96 counties, and shows a total of 426,883 running bales, as against 292,669 running bales reported from the same counties for the same period last year. The counties covered are in the States of Alabama, Arkansas, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi, Missouri, North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas and Virginia. Georgia makes the largest showing with 34 counties and 196,744 bales, as against 117,139 bales last year. The number of ginneries from which reports were received is 2,411, as against 2,342 for 1903. A comparative statement for 1903 shows that up to October 18 of that year a total of 3,839,627 bales had been ginned. The total number of counties from which ginning was reported in 1903 was 812 and the number of ginneries 27,723.

Will Not Preach.

Colonel James H. Tillman will not enter the ministry, right away anyhow. And if he did take such a step he has his text picked for his first sermon. In speaking of the report that he intended to enter the Methodist ministry, the colonel said. "I am amazed that so serious a matter, for the sole purpose of a newspaper sensation, has been telegraphed all over the country. Surely I might be permitted to attend to my own affairs. Since my return to Edgefield I have diligently applied myself to the practice of my profession and the court calendars will show that it is now larger than ever."

THE men who signed the letter requesting Gov. Heyward to resign may be sensible men, but they did a very foolish thing when they sent that absurd letter to the Governor. If a lot of school boys had done it we might excuse it, but it looks extremely nonsensical in a lot of grown up men.

SAY all they can the Republican campaign orators cannot destroy the popular conviction that as ex-Senator Davis said in his letter of acceptance, "the extravagance in the conduct of the government is greater now than at any time in the history of the country."

THE DISPENSARY.

By Invitation Senator Tillman Speaks to the People About It.

STILL BELIEVES IT A GOOD LAW,

But Says He Would be a Prohibitionists, if He Believed Such a Law Could be Enforced.

We present below a part of the speech delivered at Gaffney recently by Senator Tillman on the dispensary. This part of the speech may be termed a defence of the Dispensary Law. Next week we will publish the other half of the Senator's speech, in which he makes some suggestions about changing and enforcing the law.

Senator Tillman, after referring to his visits to Gaffney on former occasions said:

I am here today in response to an invitation signed by two or three hundred of you asking me to discuss Temperence, Prohibition, Dispensary and License, as you are to pass on that at the next election. There is some difference of opinion as to whether I have any business here. There are some people who are disposed to think that I am a meddler; that I am interfering with a purely local matter with which I have no concern and that I ought not to be here. I want to say in regard to that that when you elected me Governor, you did not rob me of the right of a citizen to discuss any question anywhere and though you have sent me to Washington as your representative in the United States Senate I am still a South Carolinian and still a tax payer, and more than that I am still your servant. (Cheers.) At least I feel that way and try to do my duty in the National hall and I tried to do my duty in the Governor's office. The question is, why did you ask me to come here? There is a difference of opinion as to why. Who was instrumental in inviting me here? To give you my reason for saying some things I intend to say, I will read from the News and Courier of Thursday last a communication from this City or town, which is not signed.

The Senator then read the article which was in effect as follows: (That Senator Tillman was coming to Gaffney to interfere in a local matter and crack the ship of a boss over the boys and make them line up for the Dispensary against even their conscientious scrupies).

Now I complain of that manner of treating this meeting as far as I am concerned because, first, I am called a Boss and you know I have no desire to attempt to crack a whip over you, and I object to it most because of the fact that this man, whoever he may be, has so little respect for you, so little comprehension of your natural capacity, of your manly self respect, that he states that you will obey the crack of the whip and fall into line and even vote against your convictions and your better judgment. What sort of mangey cur dogs does he take you to be, men of Cherokee? Where in South Carolina is there a County which has within its bounds a lot of slavish, ignorant, debased and cowardly citizens who obey me? This is the old cry that used to come from way back; that you were a lot of fools who followed me obediently and that I had only to get out and crack my whip and that you would follow and do my bidding.

There is another little clipping, or rather editorial from one of your County papers to which I want to ask you to listen while I read it.

Senator Tillman then read from editorial in the Gaffney Ledger, which was to the effect that he had complained of Senator Hampton coming here in 1890 to interfere in a local state affair and that his coming to Cherokee now was very much out of place.

Is it out of place? Well that is a matter of opinion. I have already said you put me in the responsible position which I now occupy but you did not take from me every right I have in my state and this County, and I want to ask you, what position would I occupy, if I was so much of a politician, so afraid of making enemies, so cowardly that I would decline to accept your invitation to come here and discuss a great public question in which we are all interested, when two or three hundred citizens ask me to discuss the question calmly and dispassionately without any fear but merely to please you. I say, what sort of a cowardly creature would I be if I had said I am too busy or the circumstances are such that I cannot accept? I would not have long retained your respect or good will. I certainly would not deserve to retain it at all if I was so low and contemptible as that. There is another fling here that I will mention. He speaks of Senator Hampton coming here in 1890. Is there any analogy in the conditions? Senator Hampton left his seat in the Senate and came to South Carolina when there was a very heated campaign on for the office of Governor. He spoke from the same platform with the candidates and lent all his influence in behalf of one man against another and there is no analogy between that case and this at all. This is not a personal matter, this a matter of principle and public policy. You are to vote on a most important measure. As both of your papers are lined up on one side, is it not natural that I am glad to come here to let you hear the other side and is it not my duty to come? You all know I would not presume to come here to tell you what to do. You would ride me on a rail if I was to be so insolent as to occupy the attitude of a boss. I came here to give you such ideas in regard to this great subject as might enable you to judge of it fairly and judge intellegently. I want to say now, that after you have heard this question debated by me and any other who may choose to spaak from this stand today who wishes to argue from the other side, I will be most happy to hear from him before you take your action. I am not here to bamboozle or boneyfuggle any one and while the dispensary may need changes still, it is for you to determine whether you want this system to continue. It is your right to kick it out. I believe in local self government, but I don't believe in two newspapers refusing to print an article because it is not in accord with their views.

I understand an article was placed in the hands of one of these newspapers and they refused to print it.

Mr. DeCamp: They didn't send it to me.

Mr. Parrot: We did not refuse to print any article.

Sen. Tillman: I will ask the man who brought that paper to me, to please rise. (A man arose in the back of the house) (Cheers). (The man stated that the paper was placed with the paper edited by the Messrs. Parrotts and was signed G. B. Daniel).

Parrott: I have the article. (Laughter and cheers and much shouts for Tillman).

Tillman: Wait a moment, if I was mistaken I want to take it back.

Parrott: I have the article on hand to be published as soon as we can do so. The article will appear as soon as we have time to print it.

Sen. Tillman: Will it appear before the election?

Parrott: Yes sir.

Sen. Tillman: He says it will appear before the election. That is all right.

Parrott: My brother and I do all the work in the office and we do not have time to set up all the matter that comes in at one time.

Now, I will try to justify myself for coming here. I will always believe that it was my duty to come. I will always come when you call me because you have always come when I called for you. You all in the rear, there is room up here instead of the aisle. I want you to come up to the amen corner because I am going to preach the gospel according to Tillman today. (Cheers). There is always room for those who climb and there is plenty of room here. I just want to speak something further in reference, if I may use a stronger word, of my coming here to meddle in your affairs. Well now, I haven't the invitation, but I have a very good memory, I remember that when you were considering the advisability and wisdom of cutting loose from the counties of York, Union and Spartanburg to set up for yourselves, that there was a great difference of opinion as to how the thing would go. The town of Gaffney was very anxious to become a Courthouse and discussion was going on as to whether it would add to your taxes and compensate you for the additional burdens by the advantages offered, and another invitation came to me eight years ago to come here to express my opinion and advise with my fellow citizens as to the wisdom and advantages of establishing Cherokee County and I am very, very sure that there was one man who signed that petition who wrote one of these editorials calling me a meddler. (Cheers). When I came here then, he thought it was the proper thing. He did not say then as he says now that it was out of place. I'll bet if I had the list here now I could find possibly one hundred names of men who are now fly-blowing me on the side and telling others that I am coming here to whip you boys into line and that you haven't manhood enough to resent it. It reminds me of the old story that we boys who were taught in the blue back spelling book used to read. There was a certain farmer who had a fine steer, living as a neighbor to a lawyer who had a bull, and the bull killed the steer and the farmer went to see the lawyer in reference to it and told the lawyer that a most unfortunate thing had occurred that his steer had killed the lawyer's bull and the lawyer said. "well you are liable for killing of my bull and I suppose you have come to pay for it." Hold on, said the farmer, it was your bull killed my ox, I made a mistake." Oh, said the lawyer, that makes a difference, we will see about it.

Very easy when the farmer was to pay him but different when it was otherwise. All right when I came here to discuss other matters but decidedly out of place for me to come here and discuss temperance and the dispensary law. So much by way of preliminary.

As I told you, I was invited here to discuss the questions of Temperance, Dispensary law, Prohibition or License. I am going to do it honestly and frankly as I always do everything. I started too late in life to teach my tongue the trick of saying one thing and meaning another. There is no one here who wants to make this a personal issue, but I want to invite any man who feels so disposed to ask me questions, and I will answer them if I can. I am here for the truth as I see it. I may be in error. There is nothing in this for me in any shape, form or fashion except that I will feel when I get through that I have done my duty and you can do as your consciences dictate after I get through. The question of control of whiskey and how to prevent the great evils which every thoughtful man sees results from it is one of the most difficult in government. It is a question which is always present in some form, the evils of liquor drinking to excess. It is an issue that will never down because it can never be settled according to the conflicting opinions of the people interested. It is going on in one form or another in a thousand communities today They have tried prohibition in three states, and it has failed signally in stopping the sale of liquor or preventing drunkenness. The bar rooms are run openly in the city of Portland, Maine, so I am informed, and it is the same in Kansas City, Kansas, and while there are many small towns in the two states where liquor is difficult to obtain, the number of revenue licenses to sell liquor issued by the United States government in Maine is more than double the licenses in South Carolina, both for dispensary and the blind tigers. Maine has half our population, while in Kansas with a little more population than we have, the licenses are more than four times as many.

When I was in the campaign for Governor in 1892 the question of prohibition became a very burning one in several sections. The prohibition element started out to inject that into

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A FLYING MACHINE.

It Takes a Flight of Ten Miles Across the Mississippi.

Propelled part of the way by its own power and the remainder of the distance by the wind, which was blowing at 10 miles an hour, The Arrow, an airship, owned and perfected by Thomas S. Baldwin of San Francisco, in charge of A. Roy Knabenshue of Toledo, Wednesday made an unannounced flight of 10 miles from the world's fair grounds over St. Louis and across the Mississippi river to Cahokia, Ills.

The aerial performance attracted the attention of thousands of persons who cheered almost continuously as the big flying machine passed over the exposition grounds and soared high above the high buildings of the business quarter of St. Louis.

Clinging to the frame work of the car, his precarious foothold, an iron tube that forms one side of the base of the triangular network of supports and ribs of The Arrow's body, Knabenshue directed the movements of the flying machine and manoeuvred in circles and against the wind high over the great buildings of the exposition before an accident to the motor rendered the big fan propellers useless and curtailed command of direction, but not of suspension or descension.

When the motor broke Knabenshue manoeuvred the flying machine into the wind, and he was enabled to steer the arrow in a course that varied several points either way from the trend of the wind and to land at a point of his own selecting.

When within 10 feet of the earth, Knabenshue threw out his grapple, and one of the hooks caught in a large tree. The large balloon settled slowly to the ground, resting lightly on its framework.

Knabenshue alighted, secured the airship to prevent injury from the wind and assured Mr. Baldwin by telephone that The Arrow was uninjured, except for the minor breakage of the motor.

After landing Knabenshue said that in his opinion the trial of the airship was a distinct success.

The airship was constructed under the personal supervision of Capt. Baldwin in California, and differs in many features from ships constructed in the past.

It carries a double cylinder, seven power gasolene engine, making 2,000 revolutions of the propellers a minute possible. The machine is arranged so that the ship is pulled instead of pushed.

Wednesday's flight was not a trial for the world's fair $100,000 prize, Capt. Baldwin said, but simply a trial to convince the residents of St. Louis and the world's fair vistors that he had an airship that could fly.

Called it Off.

James H. Ferriss, "National Chairman of the People's Party," had been planning a "great convention" of "Bryan Democrats" and "Silver Republicans" to be held in Chicago last Monday week. He had been advertising the event with a great blow of trumpets and much zeal. The Republican newspapers had been helping along. Ferriss had been using "paid matter" in Democratic newspapers. He declared that "hundreds of thousands" of Bryan Democrats were ripe for revolt, and were getting in line for a great demonstration. But suddenly the thing has been called off, to prevent a miserable fluke, says the Augusta Chronicle.

A dispatch from Joliet, Illinois dated Oct. 23, the day before the great convention was to be held, said: "James H. Ferriss, national chairman of the People's party, announced Friday night that the meeting of 'Bryan 'Democrats and 'Silver Republicans,' called to be held in Chicago on October 25, has been postponed until after the coming election. Mr. Ferriss states that if any of the 7,000 persons to whom invitations to the meeting were sent shall come to Chicago he will meet them at the Briggs House on the date originally named for the convention."

In commenting on the failure to hold the convention the Augusta Chronicle says "the truth is, they could not afford to make a show of hands, or count of noses, and the thing had to be called off. It is a confession that there is nothing in the so-called and much-flouted revolt. There was nothing in it. Democrats have buried their differences, and are now working together for the election of Parker. From Bryan to Cleveland—all the way—they are in line, unless we note the rather queer conduct of Mr. Hearst."

Criminal Carelessness.

A stray bullet from a revolver fired by Wm. Heffedfinger, formerly a merchant of Crestiline, Ohio, resulted in the death of two women Friday night. The bullet was fired to frighten two companions of Heffelfinger who were escorting him home. The bullet went wild and struck Mrs. Harry Kimley, the wife of a Cleveland man, who was visiting at a Crestline home, in the head. She died within a few minutes. Her friend Mrs. Carrie Shafer, on learning of the tragedy, fell dead from heart disease. Heffelfinger was locked up.

Old Men Fight.

At Holyoke, Mass., Patrick Claughelay and William Gillawe, each 70 years old, roommates in the Brightside threw a chair at him and as he was about to pick up another Gillawe hit him over the head with a cane. A scuffle followed and some men about the place separated them. Claughelay did not appear to be the worse for the affair, but on going to bed he fell dead. Gillawe is much affected over the death of his old friend, but says he struck in self-defense.

He Was Mistaken.

Over sixty years ago Spencer T. Hancock of Manchester, Vt., was in bad health thought he was going to die and named the persons he desired to act as his pallbearers. Last Sunday he celebrated his eighty-first birthday. All the original pallbearers are dead and he has now picked out a new list.

MINING DISASTER.

From Thirty to Sixty Men Lost Their Lives by Explosion.

IN AN IRON MINE IN COLORADO.

The Women and Children Had to be Led from the Mine to Prevent Their Being Killed by Fumes.

From 30 to 60 men lost their live in a terrific explosion which occured at mine No. 3 of the Rocky Mountain Fuel and Iron company at Terico, 40 miles west of Trinidad, Col., Friday afternoon. The exact number of dead may never be known, as the mine is burning and in all likelihood the bodies will be consumed. A large number of mine officials left there as soon as word of the accident was received. The company doctors were picked up all all along the line as well as all available physicians. F. J. Foreman, a government stock inspector, was at Terrico when the explosion occured. He returned Friday night and gave the following account of the affair:

"I was standing not more than 300 yards from the mouth of the tunnel when the explosion occurred.

"The explosion was preceded by a low rumbling sound, resembling an earthquake, which made the earth tremble and startled the neighborhood.

"I looked toward the mine and out of the mouth of the tunnel and two air shafts came a great volume of smoke and dust which continued for nearly a minute. Out of the two air shafts, each of which is seven feet in diameter, timbers that were fully two to three feet in diameter were shot into the air and broken into splinters. Rocks were thrown over the camp for a distance of a quarter of a mile. In fact it rained rocks, broken timbers and all kinds of debris for fully a minute and many people were injured by being struck with these missiles.

"The explosion, which resembled a volcanic eruption, caused the wildest excitement. Men, women and children rushed to the mouth of the tunnel and women whose husbands were in the mine had to be brought away by miners to prevent their being killed by deadly fumes coming from the mouth of the tunnel."

The mine in which the accident occurred employes 80 men and it is believed that at least 60 were in the mine at the time. News of the explosion brought assistance from the adjacent camps Friday night hundreds of men were trying to enter the mine. Deadly fumes overcame the rescuers frequently but their places immediately were taken by others ready to risk their lives. It was not thought possible that any one in the mine could escape death.

It was impossible to secure names of the dead and injured Friday night. Nearly all the miners employed are Slavs. The explosion is supposed to have been caused by dust. But one body has been recovered, that of T. Duran, a driver who was just entering the tunnel when the explosion occurred.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE MOB.

How the Violent Have Been Encouraged to Break the Law.

country and in all parts of it, has brought our good name and fame into disrepute, and justly discredited our boasted American civilization. High functionaries of the Republican party, recognizing this fact, vie with each other in fierce denunciations of the practice. It is too much to ask them to remember that a mob has as much right to be a law unto itself as a President or Cabinet minister, or a Congress; that, in its ignorance and undisciplined passions a mob has excuses for illegal violence which its superiors in station and enlightment cannot plead; and that obedience to law, under whatever circumstances and in spite of all seductions by the highest in office, as well as the lowliest of private citizens, is patriotism of the genuine type compared with which the exercise of the fighting instincts and propensities which we share with the brute creation is of little worth and small account? He who will not govern himself by the law has no right to aspire to govern others.

"Against the self-seeking, the conceit, the impatience of legal and conventional restraints, the devouring ambition, which are at the bottom of such a candidacy, the Democratic party protests not in words merely, but by the very character of its nominee for the Presidential office. It not only antagonizes Republican policies as already described—it submits to the judgment and conscience of the American people that, whatever may be the policies, the Republican Candidate for the Presidency has demonstrated his unfitness to be the head and the official representative of a free, a law-abiding and peace-loving people. In its own nominee it presents a candidate who is the exact antithesis of the Republican candidate; a man of modesty and self-restraint. Not a glorifier of war, but a representative of the absolute supremacy of the law, which is the very climax of the triumphs of peace; not a seeker of office, but sought for by it; a man by nature and training and experience reverential of the Constitution and laws, and sure to be governed by them himself and to insist that all others shall be; a man who can be relied upon to recognize the people as the source of all political power and himself not as their boss or overlord, but as simply the agent and exponent of their will; a man not compelled to repudiate his convictions as a private citizen and public expounder of economic and political truths in order to justify his acts as National Executive and keep his place as a party candidate; a man, in short, who will model himself upon Washington and our other great Presidents, and not upon the Emperors and autocrats of the present day."—From Richard Onley's Great Speech in New York.