sat in one all the afternoon. His fancy now placed in the other a slight supple fast friends since their freshman year at Hampelen Sidney. Veteran campaigners at 26 in the straits and makerhifts of the best sort, I been hear tell—an' had laces at neck and wrists. She was young crowded country houses, they accepted and blue-eyed, and had rust-colored hair with bronzed ripples running through it; were extinguished, the red tips winking in the cheek next to him was a dimple across the room at one another until that deepened when she laughed. He sleep and silence settled upon the rest of that deepened when she laughed. He would marry her in May, God willing, drowsiness, his talk of fine girls and would marry her in May, God willing, by the time the roses would be in bloom on the bare, brown sticks over there in blurg, fifty miles away from Powhatan plantation, purchased six menths ago by Gervas Miller, his prospective father-inlaw, a long journey by stage or private carriage in this werther, and over the worst roads in Virginia.

Steep and silence settled upon the rest of the house. Gervas first gave token of drowned upon the rest of the house. Gervas first gave token of drowned upon the rest of the house. Gervas first gave token of drowned upon the rest of the house. Gervas first gave token of drowned upon the rest of the house. Gervas first gave token of drowned upon the rest of the house. Gervas first gave token of drowned upon the rest of the house. Gervas first gave token of drowned upon the first gave token of the first gave token of drowned upon the first gave token of the feathy to their brother family to their brother family to their board to their board to their brother family to their board to their b

the Circuit Court was in session.

As he turned at the end of the porch in his twentieth round—he counted them to pass the time—he saw a man coming up the brick walk. "An odd figure!" meditated the city beau, but one who had the bearing of a gentleman. A long succent of drab cloth, open and flying back as he strode forward, showed a blue, close bodied coat trimmed with brass buttons, a ruilled shirt, oiled and strong of the best down the wind. Suddenly a noise under the window awoke him. He recollected instantly where he was and why.

"Gervas!" he whispered.

"Yes! I heard it! Hist!" came back in the same key.

III.

The rustle of the bed coverings as they sat upright was audible in the dark room. Some one was walking on the way, you see, sub, 'n' when he lef' the cont-house they got his money, every cent of it, 'n' his plantation, 'n' higgers, 'n' his plantation, 'n' higgers, 'n' his plantation, 'n' shoraes. He had to foot it all the nice miles home.

"Well, sul! Royal, his body servant, he see him a-settin' in the big cheer as had b'longed to his mother, by the parlor for ire, nighty down like res'in' his haid on his har's, 'n' Royal he took 'n' fotched him a hot drink, knowin' bis ways, you see, sub, 'i' had a nice support. brass buttons, a ruffled shirt soiled and rumpled, a buff vest and breeches of the

up rakishly on one side.

"A queer fossil, even for the middle counties!" commented John Speed, inly, halting to await nearer approach and salutation. "He might bave come over with Captain John Smith."

halting to await nearer approach and salutation. "He might bave come over with Captam John Smith."

The stranger ascended the steps deliberately, paused at the top and wheeled for a look at the landscape, taking of his hat with a gesture of intense wearines—a despondent slouch of the well-knit figure that was inexpressibly mournal. His complexion was as swarthy as a Craole's—John Speed took note of details while he still hesitated to advance and accost him. The deep eyes shone with red fire, the lower lip was fast in the savage bite of white, sharp teeth. He was unshaven, haggard, disheveled His hair and one eyebrow were iron gray; the other eyebrow was black as coal, giving a sinister cast to fix corrugated forchead.

When he turned swiftly on his heed, and with one stride vanished at the ball door, John Speed followed instantly. The eccentric visitor might be a privi-

The eccentric visitor might be a privi-leged neighbor, or-he reflected uneasily—an escaped lunatic. In any case it was his place to shield the ladies from disagreeable surprise in the absence of

the host and his sons.

Casting a glance into the drawing room windows as he hurried by them, he saw the unceremenious guest throw himself into one of the armchairs before the fire. The door of the room was shut, and as the Lynchburger opened it, Trible, Shy's pet spaniel, ran out between his legs, yelping shrilly in pain or terror and scampered up the staircase.

John had a distinct glimpse of the figure crouched together in the chair, elbows on knees and head in bands, be fore the dog escaped past him.
"Why, Trifle! Here, Trifle!" he called,

reassuringly. "What is the matter, old

As the insulted favorite flashed out of sight the young man pushed the door back and entered. "Excuse me, sir!" he began laughing-

ly.
Both chairs were empty. Not a creature was present except himself!

II. Shy's voice in the hall coaxing and chiding her dog recalled him from misfitted reminiscenes of scientific explana-

tions of wraiths and doubles. He smiled foolishly in perceiving that he was actually feeling his own pulse. As well be superstitious as hypochondrical, "What have you done to Trille?" Shy, in her clear, girlish tones, as he opened the door for her. "He was loth

to come down with me at all. A little while ago he scratched at my door, and when I let him in ran craying and shaking all over into the darkest corner of the closet. I brought him down in my arms, but the moment he heard your step he jumped to the floor and raced back up stairs.

hour. It was therefore necessary that John should wind his arm about the slim waist and bend his tall head to the level of hers; then conduct her to fire

"I suppose a coal popped out on him," observed Shy, carelessly, nestling her head against the broad shoulder beside He is a lazy little scamp who can't be taught to keep away from the fire. How deliciously warm it is in here!"

Mr. Miller brought home to a late supper the judge of the court and three he appeared with fewer guests. But the knows what else was a goin' on the most elastic hospitality, even in ante-bellum Vizginia, encountered barriers in 'gaged to be married, too, arter a while

the situation hilariously, smoked a lingering eigar apiece after the candles

rumpled, a buff vest and breeches of the same color as the hat. Drawn over them to the knee, a pair of top botts stained with red mud completed his aftire. He carried a riding whip in his right hand, and the wide brim of his hat was caught. the unevenness of the tramp! tramp! from end to end of the wet floor. Suddenly the dragging feet halted at the

horrid, sickening gurgle—a dull thud—a hollow human groan!

The young men bounded from their

as with palsy.

As the wick caught, they turned for As the wick caught, they turned for the first time in the direction from which the horror had leaped upon them. The cover of the closed piano was smooth; chairs, a foot stool and a lamp stand were as they had left them on going to the down the cover of the closed piano was smooth; chairs, a foot stool and a lamp stand were as they had left them on going to the cover of the closed piano was no was the down the cover of the closed piano was smooth; chairs, a foot stool and a lamp stand were as they had left them on going to the cover of the closed piano was no was the cover of the closed piano was smooth; chairs, a foot stool and a lamp stand were as they had left them on going to the cover of the closed piano was smooth; chairs, a foot stool and a lamp stand were as they had left them on going to the cover of the closed piano was smooth; chairs, a foot stool and a lamp stand were as they had left them on going to the cover of the closed piano was smooth; chairs, a foot stool and a lamp stand were as they had left them on going to the cover of the closed piano was smooth; chairs, a foot stool and a lamp stand were as they had left them on going to the cover of the closed piano was smooth; chairs, a foot stool and a lamp stand were as they had left them on going to the cover of the closed piano was smooth; chairs, a foot stool and a lamp stand were as they had left them on going to the cover of the closed piano was smooth; chairs, a foot stool and a lamp stand were as they had left them on going to the cover of the closed piano was smooth; chairs a foot stool and a lamp stand were as they had left them on going to the cover of the closed piano was smooth; chairs a foot stool and a lamp stand were as the cover of the closed piano was smooth; chairs a foot stool and a lamp stand were as the cover of the closed piano was smooth; chairs a foot stool and a lamp stand were as the cover of the closed piano was smooth; chairs a foot stool and a lamp stand were as the cover of the closed piano was smooth; chairs a foot sto Avoiding one another's eyes as in the abashment of guilt they explored the sun-up nex mornin', but still a-rainin' room and hall with lights. The polished cats n' dogs, you mought say, when here floor of the latter was dry and clean, the outer door locked and barred.

With the same queer, cowed dread of they knew not what upon them, they stole back on tiptoe to the drawing blood stain won't never scrub clean.'" room, made up the fire, and sitting by it smoked and talked until the dim daylight of a wild, rainy morning slid in at the windows.

In all these hours of agitated conference they arrived at but one conclusion. The awful secret should be kept until planation had come, there was no fulsuch time as they could furnish a solution of the mystery. To delicate women and superstitious servants Round Hill would be intolerable were they to suspeet who stalked, visible and invisible, through the house at his own evil will.

IV. Shy had been Mrs. Speed for a year when her husband received a letter from her brother, addressed to his office and marked "Confidential,"

"I have found a key that fits the lock," wrote the brave young fellow; but the darkness on the other side of They had been separated for half an the open door is thicker than that in which we have groped so long."
"Last week business called me to

Chesterfield on the frontier of what we Powhatanites stele 'the Yellow Jacket without withdrawing the support. Still country.' I took dinner with my client standing thus, he told her how the dog had rushed past him and disregarded his age. On learning where I lived the old fellow brightened up amazingly, and began to chat of the neighborhood as he Norg.—However ins knew it when a young man. . He was born, it appeared, on the Round Hill estate, his father having been Byars Moseley's overseer. The rest I will try to set down exactly as he told it.

"He come into a mighty fine prop'ty when's father died, Byars Moseley did, an' he run through it faste'n his best lawyers—one young, two middle-aged racehorse would a went, suh! Drinkin' His wife would have been surprised had 'n cyard playin' 'n horses, 'n the Lord 'n cyard playin' 'n horses, 'n the Lord

he see him a-settin' in the big cheer as had b'longed to his mether, by the par-

whar, denly the dragging feet halted at the front door, locks rattled, hinges creaked; the footsteps came stamblingly to the threshold of the drawing room; a hand threshold of the drawing room; a hand

... While the lamp hol's out to burn, The vilest sinner mought return, In any case e ladies from sabsence of the drawing as with palsy.

The young men bounded from their couches and groped in frenzied clumsiness for matches. The blue light snapped fizzled, grew red, then clears the drawing as with palsy.

The young men bounded from their couches sinner mought return, sez he. "Rub out, n' b'gin ag'in, suh," sez he. "Rub out, n' b'gin ag'in, suh," sez he, "'s never too late to men'." Ah! many's the time I've thought o' them ar' words sence, and how solemn my father said 'em, he bein' a 'vortes's I and the page." Mr. "Never too late to men', Mr.

> There was no prostrate figure or devil 'll think me worth pickin' up. to our house fur to tell us he'd foun' h "Yet I could have sworn that his master stone dead an cole on the parlor boots were soaked with wet," whispered Gervas, fearfully. "They had the sodden face down, with his throat cut from year to year. Ain't the stain o' the blood what

> > John Speed glanced furtively over his shoulder, wet his dry lips with a tongue that was stiff and cold and steadied on the leaf of his desk the hand that elutch ed the letter. A horrible sense of unreality possessed him. Now that exerum on which to rest credulity. the floating haze of letters subsided into lines, the lines from curves into levels. He went on:

"When I got back home I made a clean breast of the matter to my father. Mother was luckily away from home. I really think the good man doubted my sanity and your veracity for at least ten minutes. We went together to the minutes. We went together to the drawing room, locked ourselves in, moved the piano and pulled up the corner of the carpet. The stain is therea big, brownish splash, running off in large and smaller streams with the grain of the boards-an ugly, ugly sight!

"We—you, my excellent father and I—don't believe in ghosts, Jack, nor yet in haunted houses, nor in inexplicable sights and sounds, even when we see and hear them ourselves. But what are we to think of all this? And what use can we make of the key, now that it is

Note.—However inartistic may be the native fiction, the author feels constrain ed to state that the story given above rests upon the testimony of witnesses of unimpeachable veracity. The apparition porch; the midnight alarm; the ineffaceble blood stain; the history of the suicide-all these were real happen ings, if the solemn asseveration of good and sober men is worthy of credence.

An old bruiser-A mixer of mint juleps

John Speed, the "catch" of his native town, and engaged to the sweetest girl in the world, yet found the air raw, the situation of Round Hill, noted for its wide outlook, bleak, the landscape dreary. Eliza ("Siry" to her family and friends since her baby tongue had invented the pretty substitute for her prosaic name) had gone up stairs to dress for supper; Mrs. Miller and his the world was having the common that down the wind. Suddenly a noise under the window, and considered the protection of the sweetest girl in the world, yet found the air raw, the situation of Round Hill, noted for its wide outlook, bleak, the landscape dreary. Eliza ("Siry" to her family and friends since her baby tongue had invented the protty substitute for her own domain; Mr. Miller and his the stamp of his chin, and, with a deep breath of satisfaction, settled into his downy in her own domain; Mr. Miller and his two sons were at the county court house, it being the first Monday in the month the Circuit Court was in session.

As he turned at the end of the state of the section of the court was in session.

As he turned at the end of the state of the section of the state of the state of the section of the state of the section of the state of the breakfast table. Raising himself on his elbow to see if his commanders that the breakfast table. Raising himself on his elbow to see if his commanders that the sores, "he'd say.

"One evenin' he come home by his that the sores," he'd say.

"One evenin' he come home by his that the sores," he'd say.

"One evenin' he come home by his that the sores, "he'd say.

"One evenin' he come home by his the self. Twas of a Monday—December word a fortnith. Part of the time 't Miller and his the breakfast table. Raising himself on his elbow to see if his commanders against the board of agriculture and commissioner were "reckless and fallacious carday, I reklect, 'n' he'd been 'way. The time 't Miller and his the board of agriculture and commissioner were "reckless and in the state, had been been been by his th even to admitted facts. I cannot re-capitulate the charges I have made and proved, but your readers remember them, and I can only explain Colonel Youmans making this assertion by the Lord that warm present salations with was politic fact that warm personal relations with the board of commissioners and love for political allies have kept him from

> miserable failure in the management of my own farm," or that I am a "disciple of Henry George and comper of W. P. Russell." I have nover made any such confession, and have only said I did not feel competent to leach others, and that would be glad to have us make that fatal mistake. But we cannot affect the contest of the confession of "after seventeen years' hard study I did not know how to farm." It was a reali-

this standard I am a failure as a farmer, and well righ the entire agricultural population of the State are failures. Barnweil's Senator, who has waxed fat off his store by selling goods to his poor farmer neighbors and their hands, farmer neighbors and their hadas, and feels that he is a grand success, may justly say he has no sympathy with "a poor farmer." It remains to be seen how much sympathy they will have for him when he seeks their suffrages again.

The farmers of Barnwell may be better of than the rest of us-they may be 'dogs" enough to lick the hand that smites them, they have never given any sign that they knew there was a "Farm ers' movement" in South Carolina-but if Colonel Youmans will accept the challenge I made him last December to disenss the question of agricultural education and administration and the reforms needed in our State Government with me before an audience of Barnwell farm. me before an audience of Barnwell farmers, if I don't start a "Farmers' move-

meat" there I will "shut up." that faith in the justice of our cause to feel that, prejudiced against me though they may be, and anothetic as I know them to be, many of them will "fall in" when they hear the truth. I want it distinetly understood that I make this pro-posal in good faith, but that I cannot

But to return to Colonel Youmans and o ful-Then calling me a "disciple of Henry George into a bureau of organization. Then and compect of W. P. Russell"? I have land. I have too much land, notwithstanding my "miscrable failure as a farmer," and want to sell some, but I have no purpose of putting it into a The idea is so preposterous and so utter common pile for everybody to enjoy its ly improbable that it produces a smile usufruct, nor do I desire to divide it

with any one but my children. I have called things by their names and not minced matters, and shall continue to do so. The dissatisfaction of the people with the way our public affairs are managed was no creation of mine, but only showed itself openly after I began to write, and if my bling" about our poverty and its remedy makes me a disciple of Henry George, disputes the fact that farmers as a class are poor and growing poorer, and a realization of their true condition must they exercise common prudence and let addendum, "Strange but True," to what would otherwise pass as a bit of imagimay "enervate" them, but I cannot see But Colonel Youmans is not in what way. We do not want the the chances of his distinguished brother, "State to feed the farmers," but we want the district attorney, by his antagonism some of our money spent to educate to the efforts of the farmers of South farmers as well as other classes. We Carolina to better their condition and want politicians and drones relieved of secure their rights. And the pitiful part running the agricultural department. establishment of the equilibrium between

GHOSTS IN OLD VIRGINNI.

THE SPENDTHRIFT PLANTER WHO COULD NOT REST IN HIS GRAVE.

A Tate by Marion Hartman, Which is staged and properly brothered in properly brothered in the color is says is Founded on Facts.

A Tate by Marion Hartman, Which is says is Founded on Facts.

Says is Founded on Long porch be glanced, made on the long porch be glanced, and brandy and water when the color when he passed them, into the drawing room windows. In the warm area appeared about it by the great fire in the chimney, he could see by Marion the factor of the potential of the work was and brandy and water when the properly within every received and the family of the matter of sleeping places sometimes.

A Tate by Marion Hartman, Which is the first pollows of associated sizes in the first plant of the work done.

The properly was the matter of sleeping places sometimes.

A Tate by Marion Hartman, Which is the matter of sleeping places sometimes.

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The properly was the matter of sleeping places sometimes.

A Tate by Marion Hartman, Which is the matter of sleeping places and the state of the others reduced in proper of the them the whole who kedone.

The transmitted with the whole the season of the place of the whork done.

The proper is the matter of sleeping places and the state of the tell places and the place of the color of the matter of the whork done.

The m opinions and wishes of the farmers out that one of his eyebrovs got gray in that one of his eyebrovs got gray in the standard of the Senate, who had met two states that one of his eyebrovs got gray in the standard of the Senate, who had met two states that one of his eyebrovs got gray in the standard of the Senate, who had met two states that one of his eyebrovs got gray in the standard of the Senate, who had met two states that one of his eyebrovs got gray in the standard of the Senate, who had met two states that one of his eyebrovs got gray in the standard of the Senate, who had met two states that would inevitably result; he did not obtain the standard of the senate, but it must be at the expense of their intelligence and in the Senate, but it must be at the expense of their intelligence and intelligence, to say nothing of their fealty to their brother farmers, and tools within it. I am willing to concede how, in the Senate, but it must be at the expense of their intelligence and intelligence, to say nothing of their fealty to their brother farmers, and the standard standard standard the standard standard standard the standard above all things, we want no income tax in South Carolina, at all events not one which taxes the poor farmer while leaving the rich men of other classes alone. For what is the recent assessment for taxation of the farmers' produce, corn, axe, on hand but an income tax? This property is all the farmer has to live on till another crop is made, and is as much the fails to point out in what way we only shows that the farmers in the Legislature are being careless or indifferent

The "Farmers' provement" is not a honest verdict.

But there is nothing but "cheek," ruling clique, and we shall continue to brazen and unblushing, in his further assertion that I am "self-confessedly a miserable failure in the management of going outside the Democratic party to

Russell shows that he and his fellows would be glad to have us make that abandon our father's house because we don't like the management. We will

board of agreenium. He points to these two agricultural organizations, and are "disciples of Henry these two agricultural organizations, and the presentation of failure."

The making of money out of land is not my definition of a good farmer, but the preservation of fertility while obtaining an income from it. Judged by Judged by ture to abolish the lien lawwith what effect? Had either or both of those organizations represented my considerable contingent of our agricultural population; had there been fewer politiians among them and more real, honest farmers, there would have been more heed paid to their wishes. But some of the "farmers" who voted for the resolu-

tions at the joint summer meeting, voted against repealing the law in the Legisla-The example of tree lery to our agricultural interests, and of indifference after having obtained political preferment, are so numerous in South Caroli na, that it is small wonder that I am accused of trying to "feather my own nest," by acting as the agricultural champion. Especially has this charge sation is a confession of their own seltish lack of patriotism, and it is too old and This may sound egotistical, but I have stale to serve Mr. Youmans in place of that knowledge of my own honesty and argument. I can only say that if I "ge into the political mill-pond" it will be with pure motives, and I will come on with clean hands.

The Senator from Barnwell draws

vivid picture of the probable result o "placing the Board of Agriculture at the head of the farmers' movement," and edgem the pledge till next summer or all the probable result. "Imagine," say he, "such an organization perfected never read any of George's books, nor apostles enter the political mill-pond have I preached any of his doctrines, and go into deep water at that. What least of all community of ownership in powerful ally of Mr. Tulman, who has been coquetting in a jack-in-the-box way with this 'political debutante' might not be elected to the United States Senate?" of pity for the sickly imagination which thus "preys upon itself." This "Ban-quo's ghost" could never have appeared o any one clse but the Senator from of France, who would have been King Barnwell, and the natural inference is Louis XVII had it not been for the hat the family of Youmans have entered a pre-emption claim to a seat in the tion of Louis XVI culminated in the Barnwell, and the natural inference is that the family of Youmans have entered a pre-emption claim to a seat in the United States Senate, and all trespassers 'gab-medy hardly probable that either of the gallant one-legged veterans who now repre then I glory in the title. Nobody now sent us in the upper house at Washing ton will be disturbed in their places as long as they choose to hold them, should

But Colonel Youmans is not bettering of the business is that the secret is out We want reduction of taxes and a re- and we now know what induced the "agricultural Solon" from Barnwell tax-payer and tax-eater. We want the legacies left us by the Radicals, in the way of useless offices, abolished, and the bills proposed by the Farmers' Conven

Nerris, Colonel Stackhouse and all of us who have been leading the farmers' movement got a good fat office apiece and became "fax-caters" for a time, what harm would follow? Colonel Youmans did not pause to picture the rain that they supposed his mind to be wandering, and that he said to them:

The old story about the "fittle lenows at the Globe (fotel" and the Sheppard-Dawson-Tillman combination has served its uses and only nots as padding for Colonel Youmans's lengthy served. It put the "pea under the wrong thimble" the "pea under the wrong thimble" the "pea under the wrong thimble that he had seen in the old Cathedral at Montreal the record of his lands and those the second services and those the second services and those the second services are the second services and the second services and the second services are the second services and the second services are the second services and the second services are the second services are the second services and the second services are the second services and the second services are the second services are the second services are the second services and the second second services are the second secon put the "pea under the wrong thimble" at the August Convention, and those who benefited by it are welcome to their victory. Had I been the politician I am charged with being I would have remained away from the State Convention and esponsed no man's candidacy. But I will say for the benefit of those farmers who were bamboozled by it hast August, and who would not "combine" to manybody, that I have since been told by a leader and manager of the "Ring" party in Columbia that "they knew it

temands we can be prepared to pit orcontraction against organization, and ionesty against chicanery and "thimble-against," and see what effect will follow.

"prominent lawyer," who, speaking of he late James H. Rion, of Winnsboro, "There has always been, as perhaps

ou are aware, a mystery surrounding Joionei Rion's birth. He was very amiliar with John C. Calhoun during early life, who took a great interest his welfare and was very kind to him d his mother. They came from Canada Washington about the time when Mr. Sulfoun was Secretary of State under President Tyler. There have been many peculations in regard to Colonel Rion's origin and family and many rumors, and here was always a recognized mystery anging over the subject. It was difficult o account for the great interest Mr. Calhoun seemed to take in him. Colonel Rion himself always manifested great admiration for Mr. Calhoun and ever atertained the deepest reverence for the ilustrious statesmen both as a public nan and as a private citizen. Some hese circumstances that some peculiar elationship existed between them. It his mystery during the few brief hours intervened between the first paroxysm of the attack which carried im off and his death—he lived several hours, as you will remember, after he was first attacked. "The story is that Colonel Rion, then

in the presence of Dr. Hanahan, this physician, and of his entire family, stated that he was the son of the Dauphin overthrow of the Bourbon Dynasty. His tatement was that this boy, the Dauphin who was reported to have died at an early age, and to have been imbecile, had not really died, but had been sent over to Canada and had there been reared in obscurity under the name c De Rion; that he entered the English army and was married to Miss Hunter, and that Colonel Rion was the offspring of that marriage. De Rion died in colonel Rion's infancy, and he, with his mother, was placed under the charge of Mr. Calhoun by the Austrian ambas ador at Washington, with a statement of the facts in the case and upon certain conditions that were to be faithfully observed. One of the conditions was that Dr. Harter's Iron Tonic can be had. the facts should not be divulged except in certain contingencies, another of the conditions was that Colonel Rion was

He fails to point out in what way we farmers are benefitted. He does not show where the \$170,000 they have spent has gone, and he cannot show any adequate result of its expenditure. He solves the old story of an acciding a local content of the cannot show any adequate result of its expenditure. The reduces the old story of an acciding a local content of the fails of rehearses the old story of an agricultural (Mr. Clemsen) was secretary cotlege and constitutional convention costing \$300,000, just because he saw it in the News and Courier.

(Mr. Clemsen) was sectedly confirmed and convention and convention are colleged and constitutional convention are colleged and convention are colleged as colleged are colleged as colleged and colleged are colleged as colleged as colleged as colleged are colleged as colleged as colleged are colleged as colleged a in the News and Courier.

The old story about the "little fellows" of most costly and exquisite workman-

A FURTHER STATEMENT.

W. C. Rion, Esq., of Winnsboro, son of the late James H. Rion, has sent the fol-lowing note to Mr. N. G. Genzales of the

greenhorus, resenting this imputation upon their independence, would come over or be more than ever resolved not to be led by "Tillman dictation." I am of my father's friends, I think it best not to at iny father's friends, I tain a base not to satisfy the curiosity of the public on a matter which should have been, in the first instance, one of scerecy as far as they were concerned. Therefore, you will excuse me from furnishing the data I promised you,

brain, except that the statement was made.

'True, as I told you, there are evidences that he himself believed that he was the son of the Dauphin, but, as far as proofs are concerned, that he was in reality such a I think we not only can "reorganize the South," but the State Government, too.

I think we not only can "reorganize the fain, the attending physician, at the time of the statement and the following merning, expressed it as his opinion that Father

was under the influence of morphine.
"The article Blood of the Bourbons," as The News and Courier of Saturday by the family is concerned, that is simply reliculous an account of an interview with statement as published, upon my authority, and also state that Father was under the influence of morphine when the strange story was told by him. Further than this, you would do the family and myself a favor by publishing nothing. If, however, any-thing comes from the family, your paper shall have the preference.

COL. RION'S SNUFF-BOX.

A correspondent of the Newberry Herald and News, in the last issue of that paper, says that just before the breaking out of Hammerskold, settled in Lincolnton, N. C, to engage in the iron business; that abandoning his business to enter the Confederate army, he became impoverished, and that after the war, in order to raise money, he sold a valuable diamond-studded gold snuff box, said to have been a gift of the King of Sweden, to Col. L. D. Childs, of Columbia, who subsequently presented it to Col. Rion. The correspondent thinks that this is the alleged Orleans snuff-box. He is correct. The snuff box bears the letter O., and a crown set in diamonds. It has not the Orleans monogram. The ini-tial is probably that of Oscar I., King of Sweden and Norway, born 1799, died 1859. Col. Rion's family knew the history of this souff box, and his reference to it, of his Orleans descent, they considered an evidence that he was under the influence of norphine when he made his dying declara-

Circumstantial Evidence.

Judge to prisoner-You have been

iere before, I think?

Prisoner-Yes, sah. "What was the charge? "Same as dis one, stealin' chickens." "And you were convicted, too, I re-

nember now. "Yes, jedge, I was foun' guilty, but it wasn't my fault. I was convicted on circumstantial ebbidence.'

'How so?" "A man saw me takin' de chickens an' e swore to de circumstances."-Texas Siftings.

Wants the Facts Known,

Mr. Editor: I and neighbors have been led so many times into buying different things for the liver, kidneys and blood, that have done us more harm than good, I feel it due your readers to advise them when an honest and good medicine like

Yours truly, AN OLD SUBSCRIBER You cannot kill time by beating it.