

BROTHER BOB ON PARKER'S DEFEAT.

Newton's Philosophy and His Own.

CAUSES ENUMERATED.

Difference in Platforms Not as Expressed by Any Plank but as Implied in the Name, Real Cause.

MR. EDITOR. Your compliment arouses my pride and causes me to respect. You say that I am a philosopher. It may be true. It is said that Newton lay under the apple tree and waited for the apple to fall, then grasped the idea of gravitation. I remember when a boy spending some time under the apple tree waiting for the apple to fall and when it didn't I shook the tree, then the apple fell and I there and then grasped—the apple. Since you mentioned it I believe I'm better philosopher than was Newton. One has said all things come to him who waits, but a choicer collection can be had by going after them. That is the philosophy of hustling.

But you want to know what caused the defeat of Parker. Well, it is easy enough for the average statesman or newspaper man to trace from effect back to cause—to give the whyness of the what after the what has been determined. To wit: Since cotton has gone down viscerally are numerous who can tell you all about the causes that led up to, or rather down to the effect. Everybody can see how foolishly it was for a man to hold cotton at 10 cents, now that it is down to 7 cents. It is tempting to swoop down on Jordan and Haulout who advised the farmers to hold his cotton for 12 cents and stone them as false 'profits.' After a candidate is wallowed under an avalanche of votes these statesmen and newspaper seers begin to prophesy about how it has been going to be with the poor fellow. All of which they knew before, but told it too late. Philosophers rarely indulge in the luxuries of this "I told you so." Aftermath—It's too thin and sweet.

While I regret heartily the defeat of Parker, I take consolation in that the sequel exonerates Bryan from the pollution of this aftermath sophistry. His defeat was all on account of the free silver plank and bourbonism. We cut out the free silver plank and put in the gold—ran Parker on sound money principles and met a defeat Bryan never knew. The only silver lining to this dark cloud to be seen is the everlasting explosion of the theories on which the defeat of Bryan was based. Now it is up to these seers to give us the whyness of the what—to tell and prophesy as to how things have been going to be. Philosophers are not in it. Some say it was because Parker was too ceremoniously nice; too gentlemanly modest—didn't hustle, didn't pull off his coat, roll up his sleeves and go after things; that he failed to display any jingoism.

Others say it was because we made no issue; that the platforms were more marked by reason of their similarity than by their differences.

Now, not as a philosopher, but playing the role of a statesman and a newspaper man, I come to tell you that it is all because of the difference between the two platforms on which the opposing candidates stood. Not as expressed by any plank therein, but as implied in the name. You can't fool these old Republican sages by painting planks in your platform different colors, then, in letters of gold, labeling one "Gold Standard," while written across the entire group—however small the type—these words are found—Democratic Platform. There's the rub; there's the loco foco. The Democracy of the United States needs no headlines of introduction to the Republican party; no foot notes to explain it up or explain it away. They know what it means. Bryan's Free-Silver plank, nor Parker's Gold standard telegram, nor height nor depth nor any other creature can efface the meaning and significance of the words written across the planks—Democratic Platform. No sir, it is not the plank nor the man on the plank—it's the name of the group and the meaning underneath. It is the smell of loco focos that has perfumed the platform since the days of 1835 when the Regulars of Tammany Hall turned out the lights on the Equal Right's faction who lit loco loco matches in order to proceed. This Loco Foco nickname was from that time applied to that faction and subsequently to the Democratic party as an earmark to brand the party as one opposed to the moneyed interests of the country. Scrub and whitewash the planks as you may, the name Democratic Platform still retains the odor of the loco focos, and there is the rub. Republicanism means moneyism for the North and negroism for the South, and so long as they hold the purse and dispense the boodle, leaving us to hold the negro and grin under the burden we find ourselves up against a proposition philosophers cannot solve. The fundamental principles of the Democratic party from its inception has been the limitation of the powers of the Federal Government. The loose principles of construction and strict principles of the construction of the constitution has been a bone of contention since the days of Hamilton, the financier, of politics on the one side, and Madison and Jefferson on the other. But why go back and talk of all this? That little conference between Roosevelt's henchmen and the money kings did the work. The American idea today is not American but the American dollar. And all that bends to that end fashions the American government. Talk about the personal magnetism of Roosevelt! Bosh! It is the platform and the meaning underneath that caused this land-slide. Why you may nominate Billie Peace and stand him on that platform and he will know under Parker with his free silver plank or Parker with his gilt-edged telegram or other available statesman. Do you know Billie? He is the negro boy I keep around to whistle for me. He only follow I ever saw that

could whistle without puckering his lips. He can whistle and laugh all at the same time. Talk about magnetism in candidates—he's got it. And the color—it's taking in the North.

After going over the whole field and canvassing the subject unsparingly I would offer as a digest that possibly, after all, Parker's defeat was a result of not getting enough votes to elect him. I know it happened that way with me when I ran for politics. It very frequently happens that way. But you say Parker has cows? Then he is sound. That is the panacea. It saved me from nervous prostration. Tell Parker to quit galloping his pony and go out and walk among the cows and bellow and go on a little and things will come back to him all right. That is what run me into the cow business. I thought if half a dozen was good forty would be better. I got interested in the subject and began to study the different breeds and to read up and study up and hump up on the subject and settled on the coming cow of the age—the Red Polls. Why bless you, if Parker has Red Polls he's elected. So that intell is an answer to the question. The splendid feature of this breed is they are a dual purpose cow. That does not mean that they fight duels. No, no. They are a gentle tractable breed; can be penned in like sheep. This term dual purpose means all purpose cow. I. e. they give milk, butter and beef all at the same time. They are a wonder in bovineity and every farmer's wife ought to own a small herd, especially if her husband shows symptoms of going into politics—they serve as a safe accident policy.

Having no news I close.

Yours obediently,
BROTHER BOB.

Cotton Grower's Convention.
About fifty farmers of the State attended the meeting of the Cotton Growers Association held in Columbia Thursday night. E. D. Smith, of Lee county, President of the Convention, presided. After much discussion the following resolutions were adopted:

"Resolved, That in the sense of this convention that the only plausible change for the permanent relief of the cotton grower is a reduction of ten per cent. of the cotton acreage and purchase of fertilizers for the next season, and that a special committee be appointed by the president to confer among the delegates to the cotton convention at Shreveport to press these views upon the cotton convention to be held at Shreveport on the 12th instant and to endeavor to effect a thorough organization of the cotton growers throughout the cotton belt for this purpose."

The other sections were adopted as follows:
"Section 3. That every cotton grower in this State be urged to join in this fight for a remunerative price for cotton; that we beg them to organize at once with the object of withholding their cotton from the market until 10 cents per pound for middling cotton is realized, and to reduce the acreage in accordance with us."
"Section 4. That we recommend the following plan of organization: That the delegates to this convention from the different counties be appointed to form a club in each township and open books of subscription, to take the names of all farmers wishing to join for the purpose of bringing about the two objects above mentioned, and to take the fees necessary for the maintenance of our organization."

"That each township send up three delegates to a county convention, and that each county convention have five delegates to a State convention."

TO ORGANIZE.
The following delegates were appointed to help organize their respective counties under the plan of the resolution:

Marlboro, R M Piques, Chas Crossland; Marion, R P Stackhouse; Clarendon county, R A Sallet; Orangeburg, J A Peterkin, B F Kelly; Florence, R P Bird, E Cartenham; Barnwell, Col. Youmans, A M Mixson, Alfred Aldrich, H Richardson; Lancaster, C L McManus, G W Jones; Fairfield, J D Harrison; Chester, S T McKee, J B Wylie; Anderson, T K Wakefield, J P G'enn; Sumter, J M Woodley, J B Morrison; Richland, J H Hopkins, Col. Singleton, A G Clarkson, J R Hopkins.

The following were appointed as the special committee for the Shreveport convention: Col. Laurens Youmans, E D Smith, J H Wharton, J A Peterkin and another delegate whom they will select.

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Breathe Hyomei and be Cured of Catarrh—Costs Nothing if it Fails.
Breathe Hyomei for a few minutes four times a day, through the neat pocket inhaler that comes with every bottle, and relief will be seen at once. Continue this treatment for a short time, and your catarrh will have been cured by Hyomei.

There is no doubt about way in Hyomei medicinal act. It does not cure a disease of the head by putting medicine in the stomach. It fills the air you breathe with balsamic healing, and soothes the irritated and smarting membrane, destroys the germs of catarrh that are present in the head and throat and is the only treatment that can be relied upon to cure.
When using Hyomei the air you breathe will be like that on the mountain high above the sea level, filled with volatile, antiseptic fragrance that heals and cures the irritated mucous membrane of the air passages.
This treatment has been so successful, curing 99 per cent. of all who have used it, that Hyomei is now sold by Laurens Drug Co. under an absolute guarantee to return the money if it does not benefit. You run no risk whatever in buying Hyomei. If it did not possess unusual powers to cure, it could not be sold upon this plan.
The complete Hyomei outfit costs \$1.00 and comprises a hard rubber inhaler, a bottle of Hyomei and a dropper. The inhaler will last a life-time; and additional bottles of Hyomei can be obtained for 50c.

State of South Carolina, LAURENS COUNTY.

By virtue of the decree of the Court of Common Pleas in the case of W. L. Gray vs. Wade Finley and others I will sell at public outcry to the highest bidder for cash at Laurens, C. H., S. C., on Wednesday in January next, being the 3rd day of the month, all that lot or parcel of land situated in the County and State aforesaid, in Laurens Township, containing five acres more or less, bounded by lands of Dr. W. C. Irby, Suddie Langston and Leah Allison.
Purchaser to pay for papers. If purchaser does not comply with terms of sale, land will be resold on same day at risk of defaulting purchaser.
JOHN F. BOLE,
C. C. C. P.
Dec. 18, '04.

Hearts Courageous

HALLIE By ERMINIE RIVES

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CHAPTER XII.
"SHUT the door!" the earl commanded.
Foy did so and returned to his seat across from the young lord in the arched council chamber at the palace. He sent a snaky look at Armand, who sat at ease in egg blue satin and lace, attired for the evening's rout. And the look was malevolent.
Lord Dunmore's face this night focused slow late, and he sat hunched in his chair. "Has Conolly come from the ship yet, Foy?" he asked.
The other shook his head.
"Hell's tooth!" raved the earl, leaping from his seat and striding up and down. "I'll show them! Tomorrow they shall whistle for their powder! There are the Indians still, and then the slaves. If I have to raise the plantations, I'll bring these sniveling rebels to their knees! Freedom, forsooth! 'Tis the king's hand rules, and my hand for the king's in the Virginias!"
He paused in front of Armand and beat the table with his fist.
"And the shipperies of them all you shall snare us, my fine marquis. 'Tis Patrick Henry! Haunch of a basted swine! A nice picture his tongue licks up for the clods! He is in Williamsburg tonight, and he shall not leave it till he sails for London and a galows tree!" He strode off again in a rage, his face working like a Satan's.
At last he left off. "Give him his orders, Foy," he said quickly.
Foy leaned forward, chin in palm, and spoke.
"You will write a message now to Henry which I shall dictate. It will state that you are in receipt of news from France affecting the colonies and desire his immediate presence at a place which I shall name. You shall go thither to await Henry and detain him there till my own arrival—with an armed file. Do I make myself clear?"
The young foreigner waved his embroidered arm lightly. "I beg to remind his excellency of our bargain."
The governor faced around with something like a snarl and sat down heavily.
"I was to write certain letters to De Vergennes, King Louis' minister, and to Beaumarchais—letters in the hand of the Marquis de la Tronerie, signed with his signature and seal. These have been written. They have said of the situation in this colony only what you would have said, have they not? And you have sent them. Is it not so?"
The earl narrowed his eyes.
"I have done your excellency's bidding. You are not satisfied? Very good."

A FAIR TEST BY AN HONEST MAN.

AT the request of Mr. A. Huff, Agent for the Virginia-Carolina Chemical Company, to make a test against PERUVIAN GUANO with his Fertilizer, he made me a present of two sacks S-4-4 of the Virginia-Carolina Chemical Company goods to make the test with. The test was made on land selected by Mr. Huff himself and Mr. Irvine, my Superintendent. Ten rows were planted with equal amount of each fertilizer at the rate of 400 pounds per acre, with the following results:
Peruvian Guano made 191 pounds. Mr. Huff's S-4-4 made 153 pounds; a difference of 38 pounds on ten rows 52 yards long.

I hereby certify the above statement is correct.
(Signed) W. H. DIAL.
T. J. IRVINE, Superintendent.

Witness: W. A. WATTS.
At this rate the difference on one acre would have been 342 pounds raw cotton, or 114 pounds lint cotton. Now figure 114 pounds at 8 cents and you have \$9.12 per acre in

Favor of Peruvian Guano.

The PERUVIAN GUANO used in the above test only analyzed available Phosphate Acid to per cent., Ammonia 2.87, Potash 2.67, which was the lowest grade sold here last year. Our supply is limited and you must place your orders at once.

For prices and analysis see
T. D. DARLINGTON,
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Laurens, S. C. AGENTS.

Dear down high, sat a weblike cap.

His face sprang scarlet—a hopeful, hopeless rage of bitter longing.

With him it was moth and flame, and the whirring singing had become a joy

of his life.

The Marquis de la Tronerie passed into the assembly. Gallants crowded to meet him. Brooke fawned upon his hand. He became a sun with a train of lesser satellites. He moved leisurely through the throng, answering the

flirts of the wits, bowing to plump Mrs. Byrd among the dowagers, approaching the end of the room, where

Anna, little Colonel Titotson's elderly black, held her constant court, gilded by the effluence which the open

worship of the favorite of fashion had thrown upon her.

Very lovely she looked to Breckinridge Cary, just arrived on a visit from Lancaster. He watched her from where he chatted with Byrd, whom he had

had seen in Covent Garden shortly before he left England for home. He had

known her from a child at Gladden Hall. The old world, he thought, could

never have bred her; she was fruit of the new, of its fire and full blood, its

darling, its pride and prodigality, born of its dewy valleys and its untouched,

extensive forests, a thing that must have withered in the heavy air of London.

"Youder comes our glass of fashion, Mr. Cary," boasted Brooke, joining them. "Ah, you can always tell your

real nobleman! What a valisecant!" he snickered, goggling it rapturously.

"The sweet if Master Colbaugh shall not cut me one like it!"

Cary looked with a flash of recognition that broadened into a stare of

amazement. He saw a figure incased splendidly in satin, with rare point

drooping from the sleeves, jewels gleaming from the ruffles, a sword hilt

on which blood ruffles burned, a breast sparkling with a bediamonded order.

"The marquis is late," Brooke added.

"The marquis?" Cary's eyes opened wide.

"That," said Byrd, "is the Marquis de la Tronerie."

Cary bent closer. There could be no mistake. No mistake! And all Williamsburg deuced! The circle of beams parted, rolled back at the newcomer's approach, and Anna's face lifted itself, startled and joyful, a one

look which told it all to Cary, flashlike. Oh, the pity of it!

Jarrat in his red coat saw, too, from the hall—saw her smiling, but not to his words, glowing, but not for him, and evil crept into his face till every

feature seemed a snarl.

"Sweet Sir Lancelot!" said a lackadaisical voice behind him. "Successful as ever I see, and with uniform all unsullied. I faith, I warrant no redskin might outstrip you, save for Scloto."

"Nert now, Master Freneau," said Jarrat, breathing heavily. "Not now! Tonight I am occupied."

"Abs! Door Scarlet! Is it not a pretty show? Mayhap 'twill inspire me to an ode. Shall I sing a Froeric captioned for the lists of love? See!"

To be gazed at so—is it not worth a pretty's reason? Oh, adorable!"

He paused, his mocking black eyes on the other's smoldering face. "Behold the discomfited!" he went on.

"Think you Mistress Allotson has caught for the spruce coxcombs with diamond shoe buckles and a macaroon

claw for snuff taking? Na, nay! Nor for a king's spy with a rusted sword!"

To be Continued.

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