

# The Newberry Herald and News.

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## DEATH OF GENERAL BONHAM.

A Noble Carolinian Gone to His Reward—A Long Life Comes at Last to a Sudden End—Found Dead in his Bed at the Haywood White Sulphur Springs—A Brief Sketch of Gen. Bonham's Distinguished Career.

[Special to News and Courier.]  
ASHEVILLE, August 27.—The guests of the Haywood White Sulphur Springs Hotel at Waynesville, N. C., were shocked this morning when it was reported at 6.30 that Ex-Governor Bonham was dead. He left the parlor last night apparently very well, but at about 5 o'clock this morning he was seized with a violent hemorrhage, caused by the bursting of a blood vessel, and died before any one knew of it, which was not until the porter went to his room at 6 o'clock. The night watchman went by his door at 4 o'clock and it was closed, but at 6 the body was found lying in the room.

His remains were dressed by the hotel authorities and friends, and at 12 o'clock, after the arrival of the Asheville train, were embalmed by an undertaker.

The following escort of gentlemen left Waynesville on the afternoon train with the remains: Rev. Dr. J. S. Cozby, of Newberry, Col. Clifford Lanier, of Montgomery, Ala., Major W. W. Stringfellow, of Waynesville, Mr. Theron Earle, of Greenville, and Messrs E. K. Palmer, W. R. Mullet, and A. M. Aiken, Jr.

Mrs. Royster, Mrs. Singleton and Mrs. Earle furnished beautiful flowers for the casket. The remains will reach Columbia to-morrow at 4.45 P. M.

## THE NEWS IN COLUMBIA.

COLUMBIA, August 27.—It was at 10.30 o'clock this morning that Mr. W. E. Gonzales, private secretary of the Governor, received a dispatch from Governor Richardson from the proprietor of the hotel at Waynesville, N. C., announcing that Ex-Governor Bonham had been found dead in his bed this morning. Mr. Gonzales notified Mayor McMaster and Mr. M. T. Bartlett, secretary of the railroad commission, who broke the news to Mrs. Bonham. He sent a dispatch to Governor Richardson at the New York Hotel, New York, and telegraphed Adj. Gen. Bonham, the eldest surviving son of the deceased, who was on his way to Columbia, the dispatch reaching him at Greenwood. The State and Federal flags on the State House were ordered to be placed at half-mast.

In response to an inquiry from Waynesville as to what must be done Mr. Gonzales sent the dispatch which has already been bulletined to The News and Courier. It is very probable that the remains of the Ex-Governor will be brought to Columbia on a special train arriving here to-morrow.

Governor Bonham was 76 years old last Christmas Day. He had been in very feeble health for years past, although up to the date of his departure for the Haywood White Sulphur Springs, at Waynesville, a few days ago, he was able to give partial attention to the duties of his office as chairman of the board of railroad commissioners.

PREPARATIONS FOR THE FUNERAL.  
COLUMBIA, August 27.—The remains of Governor Bonham will reach Columbia on the Greenville train at 4.40 to-morrow afternoon. The funeral services will be conducted at Trinity Church on Friday, at 10 a. m., by the Rev. A. B. Mitchell, and the interment will be in the Baptist Church yard by the side of his two sons.

The following gentlemen will act as pallbearers:

Honorary—Col. Thomas Taylor, Col. John T. Sloan, Sr. Col. A. D. Goodwyn, Col. Nat. Heyward, the Hon. L. F. Youmans, Capt. J. H. Brooks, Mayor F. W. McMaster and Col. A. P. Butler. Junior—Wade H. Manning, Col. John T. Sloan, Jr. Col. D. Cardwell, Col. Willie Jones, Mr. Allen J. Green, Dr. Lewis G. Wood, Capt. C. J. Iredell and Mr. D. H. Crawford.

Adj. Gen. Bonham reached Columbia this afternoon. The family are much scattered, but all will be here on Friday.

## GEN. BONHAM'S FAMILY.

Governor Bonham had lost two sons and a daughter. He has sons, Richard G. and James B. Bonham, who were as gallant men as ever graced South Carolina. Mrs. Bonham and the following children survive him: Mrs. Robert Aldrich, of Barnwell, M. L. Bonham, Jr., Miss Annie E. Bonham, Miss Julia Bonham, Wm. B. Bonham, Thomas S. Bonham, Miss Petite Bonham and Frank P. Bonham.

## MR. BONHAM'S CHARACTER.

The news of Governor Bonham's death was received in Columbia with deep regret. Every one knew the knightly man upon whom in his prime South Carolina had showered her honors so freely. All knew his courage, his patriotism, his inflexible devotion to principle. Nor were there any who had not recognized in him a type of what was best in old Carolina. Governor Bonham's friends were devoted to him. Kindly and warm, of superb courtesy, high in mind and rich in experience, he commanded the affection of young and old. He was a patriot in every fibre and had an unshakable faith in South Carolina and South Carolinians.

In the early days of the present political crisis he used to declare that he knew his people and that no matter what the outlook might be they would in the end hold to their old faith. Few who knew him will doubt that he would have chosen to die as he has done, upon the threshold of a new era in his beloved State, rather than cross it and

dwell in a land where old services are deemed a reproach, where there's no room for high aspiration or tolerance for the lofty ideals of the olden days.

## ASHEVILLE'S TRIBUTE.

ASHEVILLE, August 27.—The remains of Gen. Bonham were brought here this afternoon by the committee of South Carolinians and citizens of Waynesville. They were carried to an embalmer, where they will stay until to-morrow morning. A message was wired to the Hon. C. D. Blanton, mayor of Asheville, by the mayor of Waynesville, informing him of the death of Governor Bonham, and that his remains would be sent home by way of this city.

As soon as practicable Mayor Blanton conferred with Major W. E. Breeze as to the manner of paying Asheville's tribute to the distinguished dead. It was decided to appoint a committee of prominent people to accompany the remains to the South Carolina line.

Mayor Blanton accordingly appointed the following committee, who will act as pallbearers: Mayor C. D. Blanton, chairman; Mr. Theodore S. Davidson, Major W. E. Breeze, Col. Frank E. Cox, Col. Edward Croft, Capt. V. E. McEbee, Gen. T. L. Clingman, Col. L. M. Hatch, H. E. Wright, T. Rawls, Gen. Pierce M. B. Young, Capt. E. P. McKisick, R. M. Furman, J. P. Kerr and the Rev. Jarvis Burton.

Profound regret is manifested here at the death of the old hero, and many reminiscences are being related here to night of his noble deeds in war and in peace.

## A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

The citizens of Charleston, as of all South Carolina, were grieved to hear of the sudden death of Gen. Millegde L. Bonham at Haywood, White Sulphur Springs, yesterday morning. The very mention of the name, to those of middle age, brought a flood of sad but glorious recollections, for Gen. Bonham played a distinguished part as citizen and soldier in South Carolina before her foreign or domestic reconstruction, when she was the peer of the proudest of the States. And outside of the State the fame of the Bonhams does not rest entirely on the military and Congressional services of him whom South Carolina now mourns, for his brother, one of the great trio, Crockett, Travis and Bonham, will be remembered until the heroic defence of the Alamo is forgotten.

Millegde Luke Bonham was born in Edgefield district, South Carolina, May 6, 1813. He received a classical education, graduating at the South Carolina College in his 24th year, with the second honors of his class. Singularly enough, Charles P. Sullivan, who took the first honor, was afterward defeated by Gen. Bonham in an election for Representative in the 35th Congress.

Young Bonham began the study of law, but was interrupted in 1835 by the Seminole war, in which he immediately volunteered, rendering efficient service as an aide to Gen. Bull and as Adjutant General of the South Carolina brigade. The war over, he returned to the bar in Columbia in 1837, and commenced practice at Edgefield Court House. He was eminently successful in his profession, which he practiced with honor and profit until the breaking out of the Mexican war in 1846. He served in that war with distinguished gallantry, commanding the 12th regiment of United States infantry and having Winfield S. Hancock as his adjutant. Resuming the practice of law he was soon elected solicitor for the Southern circuit, which he filled from 1848 to 1850. Meanwhile he had become major general of the State militia, had served four years in the Legislature and was steadily growing in public favor. In 1856 he was elected Representative in the 35th Congress as a "State's Rights Democrat," receiving a 1,600 majority over Charles P. Sullivan, and was re-elected to the 36th Congress without opposition, serving from December 7, 1857 until he withdrew with the other members of the South Carolina delegation December 21, 1860. Gen. Bonham served as a commissioner from South Carolina to Mississippi and took a prominent part in the secession movement.

At a mass meeting for the discussion held at Abbeville, then one of the great centres of political influence in the State, Gen. Bonham made perhaps the most eloquent and effective speech of his life, which went far towards convincing those few who were still doubtful of the expediency, for none probably then doubted the right, of secession.

Upon the secession of South Carolina, Gen. Bonham was detailed as major general to command the South Carolina troops. At the first call to arms he hurried on to Virginia, and was ordered by Governor Pickens to report to Governor Letcher, Virginia, who detailed him to report to Gen. Lee.

He was appointed brigadier general, and was placed in command of the 1st brigade, 1st corps of the then army of the Potomac, consisting at Bull Run of Kershaw's 2d, Williams's 3d, Rason's 7th and Cash's 8th regiments South Carolina volunteers; of Shields's and Del Kemper's batteries, and of several companies of Virginia cavalry under Col. Radford.

Gen. Lee writes him on May 22: "I need not call the attention of one as experienced as yourself to the necessity of preventing the troops from all interference with the rights and property of the citizens of the State, and of enforcing rigid discipline and obedience to orders. But it is proper for me to state to you that the policy of the State at present is strictly defensive."

Great reliance is placed on your discretion and judgment in the application of your force."

Tomdick: "They say there is very little change in gentlemen's clothes for the coming fall."  
McClommy: "Well, mine are a trifle the worse for wear. That's all the change there'll be in mine."

Gen Bonham acted with rare judgment and conspicuous gallantry at the battles of Blackburn's Ford and Bull Run. Gen. Lee's "great reliance" on his "discretion" was not misplaced, and Gen. Beauregard, in his official report of the battle of Bull Run, returns thanks "to Brigadier Gen. Bonham and Ewell and to Col. Cooke and the officers under them for the ability shown in conducting and executing the retrograde movements on Bull Run, directed in my orders of the 8th of July—movements on which hung the fortunes of the army."

Of the conduct of his men Gen. Bonham thus reports of Gen. Beauregard: "I shall find it difficult to do justice to the fortitude, the patriotism and the steady courage of the officers and men composing my command, though their hard labors of several weeks in the trenches at Fairfax Court House; the falling back from that place to Bull Run and their occupation of the trenches for four successive days through all changes of weather, much of the time without food and entirely without covering; their readiness to meet the foe at any odds at Fairfax and the willingness to encounter him at all times at Bull Run command my highest admiration."

Gen. Bonham was in turn called there to receive the highest office in her gift—that of Governor of South Carolina. At the expiration of his term as Governor, in 1864, Gen. Bonham returned to the Confederate army, in which he was reappointed brigadier general, and served to the end of the war.

Broken in fortunes but not in spirit he resumed the practice of law after the war, served in the Legislature in 1865 and 1866, and in 1868 was elected a delegate to the National Democratic Convention. His valuable services to the State as railroad commissioner, which office he held at the time of his death, are well known and need not be discussed here.

Among the most conspicuous figures at the recent ceremonies at the unveiling of the Lee monument at Richmond was the tall and soldierly form of this veteran soldier and civilian of the dead Confederacy, and very warm was the greeting he received from his old Carolina comrades and his many distinguished associates of the Confederate Congress and the Army of Northern Virginia.

The witchery of his courtly manners, the warmth and loyalty of his friendship, his ardent patriotism, his legal acumen and impressive oratorical presentation that type of South Carolina gentleman which is associated mainly with the past, but which it is to be hoped will still survive elsewhere than in man's memories and the novelist's page. These virtues and graces were eminently characteristic of Gen. Bonham, and endeared him to his intimate friends, while they commanded the respect and esteem of the multitude.

How to Place a Pin.  
[The Railway Age.]  
If it is a sin to stall a pin it is still worse to cause other men to curse by reason of getting cricked in handling papers carelessly pinned together. Evidently this is the opinion of Mr. Carlton Hillyer, the well-known auditor of the Georgia Railroad company, for he has the kindly thoughtfulness to send out to his correspondents a printed slip headed "How to pin papers together in such a manner that any person handling them may escape injury from the pin," which reads as follows:

Remember the golden rule: "Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you."

The point of the pin should be covered. The best place for the pin is the upper left hand corner of the papers. The pin should point downwards to the perpendicular at an angle of about 45 degrees.

Take care that the point of the pin does not come out either on the under side of the papers or on the upper side. The point of the pin should always be between the papers.

Making a hold use of language we might say: Put the pin in the northwest corner, pointing to the southwest with its point covered.

Degrees Women Have Taken.  
M. Bourdeau, a Paris correspondent writes, has caused a list to be made out of the number of women who have taken degrees at the schools of the different faculties since 1806. The total is 202, and includes 35 in medicines, 69 in mathematics and other sciences, 67 in classics and belles lettres, 10 in old classics and sciences, one in pharmacy and one obtained the degree of LL.D. Of these degrees 102 were obtained in Paris and 102 in the provinces. The first degree obtained by a woman in France was given in 1806 to Mile. Daubie, who had passed the examination for it in 1850 at Lyons.

Light and Easy.  
Warden: "We generally try to give our prisoners work of the sort to which they are used. What was your business?"  
Prisoner: "I was understudy for Hamlet in a travelling company."

Still Wearing His Last Year's Suit.  
Tomdick: "They say there is very little change in gentlemen's clothes for the coming fall."  
McClommy: "Well, mine are a trifle the worse for wear. That's all the change there'll be in mine."

OATHS AND BLOWS.  
An Ugly Scene Enacted in the National Congress.

[Augusta Chronicle.]  
WASHINGTON, August 27.—There was a genuine riot and rough and tumble fight in the House to-day.

Indeed, the scenes on the Republican side of the House were never equalled even in a beer garden.

It came about early. Mr. McAdoo, of New Jersey (Democrat), criticised Mr. John Cannon severely for his resolution of yesterday. Mr. Cannon retorted in the

VILEST, FILTHIEST LANGUAGE—language which no decent paper would print.

Indeed, it was so dirty that men blushed with shame and women fled from the galleries.

Mr. Enloe asked that the language be taken down in order that Mr. Cannon might be censured. Mr. Reed ruled him out of order. Mr. Enloe appealed and the roll call was ordered.

MASON CURSES CANNON.  
At this moment Mr. Mason, an Illinois Republican, who has been leading the fight against the lard bill rushed down the aisle to Mr. Cannon and said, sotto voce, that his family was in the gallery, and none but a damned dirty tramp would have used such language.

Mr. Mason was itching for a fight, and Mr. Cannon fearing him, retired without a word in reply.

CONFIRMED THE EPITHET.  
Mr. Wilson, of Washington, (Republican), turned to Mr. Mason and told him he should not have used such language.

"Yes, he should," said Mr. Beckwith, of New Jersey, another Republican, "Cannon is nothing but a damned lying tramp. He put my name on his black list and I was here."

"If you were, it was the first time you have been in your place," retorted Mr. Wilson.

"LIAR" AND BLOWS.  
"You are a liar," blurted out Mr. Beckwith.

"You are another," cried Mr. Wilson.

"You are a damn lying Washington," yelled Mr. Beckwith.

With this Mr. Wilson hit out from the shoulder and landed a blow on Mr. Beckwith's breast.

Mr. Lehigh tried to part them. Mr. Williams, of Ohio, rushed down the aisle, when Mr. Beckwith let into him. Mr. Williams threw up his hand and cried, "Stop, I am only a peace-maker."

FOOL THE PEOPLE.  
Bill App Says That It Is the Motto of the Politicians.

[Atlanta Constitution.]  
Another howl from the Grand Army of the Republic. They had a great gathering in Boston last week, and nearly all the speakers yelled for more pensions, and bigger ones. The speakers were all politicians, and the old soldiers and all their kindfoks have got votes and want money.

A politician will ride any hobby to catch votes. I don't believe that the solid people of the North, the business men and taxpayers, favor this pension plunder, but they can't stop it. These annual meetings of the Grand Army of the Republic may have a little patriotism, but are mainly for politics and plunder. More than half the Grand Army were foreign hirelings and substitutes who fought for the money and nothing else, and these are the fellows who are drawing most of the pensions.

They were hospital rats and camp-followers and teamsters, and got sick easy, and have played sick and disabled ever since. Their numbers prove what a set they were, nearly 3,000,000 against 700,000, and they have 600,000 pensionists still alive and kicking. Sam Jones told them up in Missouri that if our boys had known how bad we were whipping them they would have fought on until now. "You fellows," said he, "are drawing all the pensions, and that's right. You fought for money, and you ought to have it. Our boys fought for patriotism—for love of their country, and they've got that yet. You never conquered it out of 'em, and you never will. So it's all right. Every soldier ought to have what he fought for. That is very fine sarcasm, but still I am not happy as long as some of that pension money comes out of me. If the war is over how many years must the South pay up \$40,000,000 to Northern soldiers and draw none for her own? If we could pick out the patriots who really needed a pension we wouldn't say a word, but it's a Northern outrage to continue this business. It is an outrage on the North as well as the South, and if the Alliance don't stop it, it won't be stopped. The Alliance can do some big things if they will. The nation can't stand this extravagance. How can the tariff be reformed and reduced with an empty treasury? Mr. Cleveland laid it full, but it's empty now. Where is the money to come from to build war-houses and advance 80 per cent upon

buys \$100 worth of goods in a year besides his meat and bread. Of that \$100 he pays \$40 in tariff to the government at Washington but does not pay more than \$5 in tax to his own State government. Judge Wright was once a member of Congress and told me in a whisper that if the farmers of this country knew how much tariff they paid on their hats and shoes and clothing and axes and hoes and plates and pens and lamps and kitchen ware and every other ware they would rise up to a man and shoulder their muskets and swear by the eternal they wouldn't stand it. He said it wouldn't be safe to let them know it. Judge Wright is on the side of the toilers—the bread winners and the farmers. I wish it was so that he could join the Alliance, for I know that his heart is with them. I believe he would join if it wasn't for that oath of secrecy. A man told me that he had joined and was writing thunder and lightning for the Alliance paper, but I reckon he is mistaken, for I remember that about 35 years ago, when the know-nothing party was about to take the country, the Judge took me out behind the house and advised me, as a friend, to keep out of it, for it was contrary to the principles of a free government to have a secret, oath-bound politics organization. I didn't take his advice, but like a young fool joined them, and was sworn in one dark night in the top loft of Chambers' millhouse, five miles from town, and never got home till after midnight, and told my wife a story about pressing business detaining me down town, but next morning she got up before I did and found floor and cobwebs all over my clothes, and I had to tell her the truth, and how we were going to keep any more foreigners from becoming citizens of our great Republic, and our motto was that of Washington, who, the night before a great battle, said, "Put none but Americans on guard to-night."

But Aleck Stephens and Judge Wright took the field against our party because it was secret, and they gave us hell Columbia, and broke it up.

It must be some other Wright—an old "settled" man. I like that word "settled." Uncle Sam says folks ain't much account till they get "settled." He said he would hunt us up a settled 'oman for a cook, for these young lads up the creeks didn't know their own minds and wouldn't stay anywhere long at a time. Judge Wright is a settled man.

But it don't matter about the secrecy if the farmers will reform things. We want them to turn the rascals out of office everywhere and begin a system of economy in government. Reform the tariff and educate the people so that they will know exactly what the tariff is, and how much it takes out of their pockets to protect the manufacturer, and maybe they will stop it without the shotgun. Let every schoolboy know how much less his pocketknife would have cost him and he will raise a racket before he can vote.

The politicians are making a big fuss about the money and say the government must expand the circulation. Make money cheaper by making more of it—sorter like we did during the war when it took \$10 to buy a bunch of yarn and \$200 to buy a pair of cotton cards. In January, 1865, I paid \$3,000 for a little old mousy cow that gave about a half a gallon of milk a day; but that was enough for a poor little half-starved war-born baby, whose mother's milk had dried up from anxiety, while running from the everlasting yankees and dodging their hirelings like a scared rabbit dodges the hounds. They say we must have more money, and they make the people believe it will be divided out among them whether they earn it or not—another case of forty acres and a mule. Fool the people—that's the idea. They are raising a big fuss because the national banks are not allowed to lend money on farm mortgages and I hope they will have that law repealed for it is of no consequence. No bank is fool enough to lend money on a mortgage. Will Howard is a big banker in town—a private banker—and he is not prohibited but I'll bet \$10 he hasn't lent money on business integrity with a good endorser or a collateral that can be converted into money in thirty days. It takes eighteen months to foreclose a farm mortgage, and if the farmer dies it takes a year longer.

George Truit, of Troup county, has made a grand success at farming. The State Alliance visited his farm the other day and George said he began with nothing since the war and has made all that he has got at farming, and that economy and diligence and constant care and watchfulness will do more for the farmer than all the legislation that can be devised. You can pick out farmers here and there and in every county who have by hard work got ahead and prospered while their neighbors have been waiting on the Lord or luck or on the politicians. There isn't a country upon earth where the farmer is so surely rewarded for his industry as he is right here. They had a big camp meeting up at Pine Log last week, and just such a spread of good things as the farmers took there every day was never seen before. Such a wealth of chickens and chicken pies, and roast pig, and mutton, and kid, and potatoes and pies and cakes and jellies and pickles and wine, and all were home-raised and home-made. Will the good Lord make us all thankful for what we have got and incline our hearts to quit grumbling.

BILL ABP.  
HARRISON NOT A WINE-BIBBER.  
This is Called the Dryest Administration Since Hayes.

[From the New York World.]  
CLEVELAND, O., August 25.—There has been some controversy among the various temperance organizations over the question as to whether President Harrison was a wine-bibber. Some of the disputants have stated that the quantity of wines consumed in the White House was disgraceful. In order to get at the true inwardness of the matter Mrs. Ellen J. Tilton, of this city, President of the Non-Partisan Nation W. C. T. U., recently addressed a letter to Mrs. Lydia H. Tilton, President of the District of the Columbia branch of the Union, asking her to furnish the bottom facts.

Mrs. Tilton has replied that "while it is true that wine has been furnished at State dinners by the present Administration, and by every other except during this Administration furnished wine the example of the Harrisons, Wagnamakers, Windloms, Millers, Proctors, Hustons, Hepburns, Dorchesters, Fosters, Morgans and many others have a restraining influence. Scarcely any of the men selected by President Harrison as his advisers ever take wine. Blaine is now a total abstainer. President Harrison does not take wine at any of the receptions, and Mrs. Harrison never under any circumstances anywhere takes wine. Never since the days of Mrs. Hayes has so little wine been taken at public official receptions in Washington during the present Administration."

The New South.  
[From the Railroad Record.]  
The Atlanta Southern Industrial Record's compilation of new Southern industries for the first six months of 1890 shows a total of 1,308 and great activity throughout the whole South.

One hundred and eight cotton and woolen mills were established during the past six months, Georgia leading with twenty-three North Carolina, South Carolina, Alabama and Texas followed with eighteen each.

Ninety-seven flour and grist mills were established.

Ninety-four foundries and machine shops were established. Tennessee and Alabama leading with eighteen each.

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Thirty-five iron blast furnaces were established: Georgia, eight; Alabama, ten; and Tennessee, eight.

Seventy-eight mining companies, fifteen potteries, sixty-five cottonseed oil mills, sixteen rolling mills, three hundred and seventy wood-working establishments, and many other industries were established.

Fifty-three electric light works, Georgia leading with twenty-five; fifty ice factories, one hundred street railway companies, forty-five water works, and very many sewer and other municipal improvements on a large scale were instituted.

The Farmer Aroused.  
The man with the hoe is cultivating a new field this year, the political

A COLORED CAMP MEETING.  
Remarkable Narrative of the Fate of Pharaoh and His Hosts by the Earnest Presiding Elder.

[New York Herald.]  
MOUNT HOLLY, N. J., August 22.—The regular camp meeting of the colored people, which is held every summer in the Timbuctoo woods, began last night, and it promises to be a howling success. It is one of the few camp meetings of the original pattern left, and this alone gives it an interest that it would not otherwise have. Many of the modern camp meetings are run for revenue only, and the collection basket is passed around every time a hymn is sung, but this is not of that kind. Its object is the conversion of the wicked. The collections are a secondary matter, and as a rule but little money is received—hardly enough to pay the preachers. But this does not lessen their zeal a particle.

The pulpit is a rude structure built of rough boards, and resembles an improvised eating stand more than anything else. To the left is a beacon fire of logs on a platform ten feet high, which throws a weird light on the scene. The platform is covered with earth to prevent the boards from taking fire, and in this way the grounds are illuminated.

The feature of the camp is the singing, which is led by an elderly man with a sonorous voice. He sits directly under the pulpit-facing the crowd, which is composed of hundreds of colored people of all ages and conditions, who have come from miles around in wagons and on foot to attend the camp meeting. Many of them remain for a week or more, lodging with friends in the score of cabins in the vicinity of the grounds.

THEY MAKE THE FOREST RING.  
The services begin with singing, and all participate. Refrains are always popular, and when the time comes the crowd join in with a vim that makes the woods ring. A popular one was:

Didn't old Pharaoh git lost?  
Git lost! git lost!  
Didn't old Pharaoh git lost?  
In de Red Sea.

"You 'member 'bout Pharaoh brothering, I suppose?" said the "Presiding Elder," as he is called, flourishing his arms in the air and looking confidently at the audience. He is tall, slender and very black, and has a way of expressing himself that pleases his hearers and at times stuns them up to the high 'est pitch of enthusiasm. "You 'member, but I see you're tellin' me again. Hit will show you dat hit doan pay to play smart wid de Lord. Some of you han't converted yet. You still is in sin and misery, but you think you is all right 'cause you feels well; but when de sweat of wra' floods out onter you, den look out! Dat's de way hit was wid Pharaoh. He was a livin' high down dere in Egypt land, wearin' his bes' close on week days and loafin' 'round seegar stores all de time. When Sunday come hit made no difference to Pharaoh. He jis geared out his hos ad went de same ole lick. He thought he was hot. He thought nobody couldn't head him off, but de Lord did. Well, Pharaoh he gis run things to suit himself. He called de prophets by dar nicknames, frowed stones at de chillen of Israel, and when dey come to wote on 'lection day he challenged 'em cause dey didn't have dere papers. If anybody wanted a bill changed dey had to go to Pharaoh; he had all de money dere was outside de banks, and he owned all de open ground and woods, and had notices up warnin' de people from gannin' on him. Nobody had no show. He was so strong in politiks dat nobody could break his hoar. He rode free on de kyars, and never paid no tole on de road when he was drivin'. So you kin see how pow'ful he was. When he got on de ticket nobody dared to run agen him. He had everything his own way. Dis is de way de Lord lets sinners do sometimes jiss so He kin make a bigger fool of 'em at de end.

PHARAOH'S BIG CONTRACT.  
"Well, one day Pharaoh he got de contract to make a big lot of bricks for de government for to be used in buildin' some big pos' offs. Pharaoh he made deal wid de odder bidders, and when he got dere figgers he dose went under dem an' got de job. Next day he went ter Moses, who was in the brick business, an' says:—'Mose, I see got a big job fer you and de chillun of Israel, an' I want you to give a bond dat you'll hustle and git it done.'

"Moses said he would and afore de werk was out him and de chillun was doin' dar bes'. Purty soon dar was trouble. Pharaoh found fault 'cause dar wasn't straw 'nuf in de bricks to make 'em hole dar shape. Moses said he was puttin' in as much straw as any body was, but Pharaoh wasn't satisfied, so de chillun of Israel went on a strike. Pharaoh wouldn't pay 'em no money for de work dey had done and dey couldn't get work in no odder way 'cause dey didn't belong to de union, and dey couldn't get no trust at de stores.

"So Moses he got down in de mouf. He went to Pharaoh to let him off de contract, so he could work summers else, but Pharaoh wouldn't do it. After awhile Moses agreed to Pharaoh de bill for de work he had already done, so he let him off. Next day Moses and de chillun of Israel packed dar kits and started fer home. Soon as dey was gone Pharaoh was mad 'cos he'd been so easy wid dem, so he calls out de troops and started after dem wid a warrant fer bein' disorderly persons.

"Moses thought he'd be follered, so he hurried up to de Red Sea, where de Lord made a road fer him ter go through wid de