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THE EASTER EGGS.
A STORY OF LOVE, POETRY AND PROSE.
BEING A CHRONICLE OF THE DUTCH FORK.
BY DR. O. B. MAYER, SR.

I.—LOVE.
Midway between the points where Crim's creek and Cannon's creek empty their sluggish waters into the shining rapid stream of Broad River, and near upon its Lexington bank, is the locality known as Cobee's Hill. The oak forest which once covered it, corresponding to that still holding dominion over the adjacent hills and in the surrounding country,—so beautifully green in summer, so ruggedly black in winter,—has long been shorn from the sides and summit of Cobee's Hill. The curious eye can to this day detect traces of corn rows running towards the bank of the river,—showing that the level top of this hill was once cultivated; but since the last harvest merry-making all vestiges of farm buildings have been swept away. Cedars almost vieing in luxuriance with the ancient oaks of Lebanon have long ago lifted high their conical forms and interlocked their wide-reaching branches; while in the centre of the old field a shell-bark hickory, after waiting long for the disappearance of the last apple tree, at length broke ground,—grew to large maturity,—yielded annually, during the boyhood of him who writes this chronicle, vast crops of nuts much and long time sought after,—and then, languishing under the innumerable clubs thrown among its limbs to dislodge its fruit, it sickened, and died, and passed away—buried under the overspread of the cedars.

There is a legend that a man by the name of Cobee once lived on this hill; but the oldest men in the Dutch Fork retain no recollection of him. There are none to trace their origin to him; nobody knows where his grave is. More probably, the Indians gave this name to the beautiful shoals just here in the river nearly a mile wide. It is known that Indians, before the arrival of white settlers, occupied the portion of country known now as the Dutch Fork; and Webster in his Dictionary has Cobee or Cohoze signifying a fall of water, in the language of the North American Indians.

Irregular masses of coarse granite, projecting from the river side of Cobee's Hill, convert its declivity into a rough diminutive precipice commanding a delightful view of the Cobee shoals. There, on the left and right, are the pretty little islands with their images mingled by the rippled surface that reflects them. Hundreds of black rocks divide the rushing sheet of water into as many sluices along which the summer drake glides with his mate, and the blue crane wades across them in quest of its food. Through the space where the point of Lakin's Island (formerly Pearson's) nearly joins that of Hampton's, Parr's mill can be seen nearly a mile distant on the Fairfield side of the river, and in days long gone by, before the age of innovations, the old wooden water-wheel was wont to turn incessantly upon its gudgeons, glittering in the woodsy sun like silver and in the evening sun like gold.

Glorious old Cobee! How he who writes this simple narrative does love thee! The noise of the water tumbling over the rocks of thy shoals—a noise subdued by distance and intervening forests into quieting murmurs—has often lulled him to sleep in his earliest childhood, while nestling on the maternal lap, as the twilight darkened more and more into the night. It is true, thou art no longer aided in thy soothing office by the mellow sound of the boatman's sassafras horn coming from the camp on the Fairfield bank of the river where the cotton-boat was tied for the night to a slanting willow; and true it is, that fewer than when they were the trees that now shelter the "gauz-wing'd katydids"; yet thy unassisted roar, Cobee, is delightful to hear between sunset and dark,—and even at midnight, awaking from sleep. Yes, he who loved thee still through all the distractions of manhood, loves thee yet, even now, when the roar of thy shoaly waters is further softened through the impaired hearing of old age. Since the days of my youth I have seen many places famed in history and fiction, and have heard many sounds of tempests and breakers, all of which are fast fading from my recollection, but Cobee, when thou—: But to my tale.

One Wednesday afternoon before Easter in the year 1830, a stalwart young man was reclining upon a rock at the base of the Cobee Precipice. A well kept rifle was balanced across his lap, and a bunch of squirrels, with their heads shattered and suspended from a small hawthorn tree, was evidence of the steady arm and eye which had aimed it. Upon a mossy bank near the edge of the water lay a large yellow dog. He looked earnestly in his master's face, and wagged his tail to attract attention; but the young man gazed listlessly over the sparkling shoals, and took no notice of his dog. The sagacious animal rose and reconnoitred the watery expanse before him.

This boat-horn was made by accurately splitting a small sassafras tree into halves from top to bottom, hollowing out the two pieces, and binding them again together by means of wax thread well waxed with shoemaker's wax. The hollow tube thus made was completely airtight, and the tone produced by this wooden trumpet was very loud, but as soft as that of an old-time bassoon; and could be distinctly heard several miles away: in the night when everything was still.

yet could see nothing within the range of his master's rifle, except a snow-white ibis wading along the edge of a grass-bed. He stood ready to plunge after it as soon as he should hear the report of the rifle; but David Hartman, the man in whose behalf the dog, Ringwood, would have sprung upon a lion, remained motionless. This was too much. Ringwood gave a bark of impatience, and after walking backwards towards his master and scratching dirt into his face, started off at full speed up the river,—wheeled suddenly round,—scurried,—barked,—then darting swiftly at David, cleared him with a bound, and continued his course the same distance down the river, where he executed the same pantomimic squat,—then up the river again,—then behind the precipice over Cobee's Hill, and then back to his master, before whom he went through a series of extravagant capers far surpassing those which Don Quixote cut in the mountains of Sierra Morena. They were of no avail, however,—David Hartman remained fixed in his reverie.

What could be the matter with him? Had he injured any one? No; his large blue eye was the very symbol of magnanimity. Did he repent the havoc he had made among the free, the jolly, the harmless squirrels? Not at all. He had caused them no pain, and they were for a sick friend. What then? Poor fellow, he was only in love.

Ringwood again scratched dirt upon his master as an expression of contempt for his weakness, and starting off over the hill to amuse himself as best he could, he accordingly seized a bog by the ear and suffered himself to be dragged wherever the squealing porker's fright might lead him. Meanwhile, David sat upright, and commenced whistling the merry air of *Billy in the Low-grounds*, but it was the most doleful whistling ever heard and he left off in despair. Suddenly a gleam of pleasure lighted up his countenance. He thrust his hand into his otter-skin shot-bag, drew out a mass of tow, and picking it carefully apart, took therefrom an egg of a dark purple color. It was one of the kind known by the name of Easter eggs, so abundantly used by the boys and girls, during the Easter holidays of the pleasant old times, in the innocent game of pecking eggs.

This egg that David now handled had been dyed in logwood, and he had with the point of his knife scratched a variety of figures upon one-half of it,—such as a small log-house near which was one tree with three limbs with a single leaf at the end of each,—a man and woman, the proprietors of the premises,—a game cock with fearfully long spurs, which the discolorated artist had made to occupy two-thirds of the picture,—and then he put in a hen with a brood of chickens,—all of which taken together was intended for a hieroglyphic dissertation on "Love in a cottage." The other half of the egg had not been touched, and the pensive youth now directed his attention to that part. He continued his etching and in an hour's intense labor achieved the eleven cabalistic characters of which here is given an exact fac simile:

During this arduous work, he muttered to himself in soliloquy:
"I'll jes be ding'd, if I ever was in such a fix afore, in my life. It is a fact, I'm over head and ears in love with this yer young 'oman; and I ain't bin right ever since the big meetin' at the White Church, when I help'd her on her boss, and had to put her foot into the stirrup, which she could ha' done herself jes as well as I could!"

Here David completed his "B", and held the egg out at arm's length before his eyes to scan it critically. Being highly pleased with his success, he brought the egg back to his near gaze and continued his work and his soliloquy.

"In course she could, for she had put her foot into that same stirrup herself a many and many a time; and she know'd she had. And jes as I took hold of her foot, her shoe had to come off. I shall always believe to my last day that she manitch'd to slip that shoe off. And while I was a trying to put her shoe on agin she told me to be keerful, 'for,' ses she, 'I'm mighty ticklish in the bottom of my foot.' Immediatly after she said that, she scurries out to me, 'Oh, don't, Dave; ain't you ashamed of yourself?' as if I had had tech'd the sole of her foot—a thing I wouldn't ha' done for all the world; no, Sur, I wouldn't for nuthin' you could mention, Sur"—emphasizing these last words as though he was speaking to some one. Now he again took another scrutinizing look at what he had accomplished, and being entirely pleased with his "E K", he went on with his task. Heaving a sigh he resumed his confession, as follows:

"There's no use of my resistin', for I'm cleane gone. Daddy has notish'd it; mammy has notish'd it; so has sister Teener; and wot is wot'sit nor all, I has notish'd it myself. It do seem to me that cold drops o' blood is continently a tricklin' down from the p'int of my heart. I wonder ef it is rally so; for I'll be ding'd ef I ain't a gityl' skeered about it."

Another squinting examination of his egg showed him that he had successfully completed the first name, "BEKKY"; and he at once addressed himself to the other. He had less difficulty with the next initial, capital letter, and he was soon satisfied with the "B" that began the name, Bright; and while he was engaged with the remainder of Bekky's surname, he made known to his imaginary confidant some reflections arising from his experience in love, and from his observation of married life.

"Gettin'ly, Sur," said he, "I knows that no blood is italy drappin' down from the p'int of my heart; but a thing wot makes a man feel like it wot a doin' so had ought to be watched. Wy, Sur, it must jes ruin a feller, ef it got the upper hand of him. I've hearn of a man and wife a-fallin' out wid wunner-udder, and that they even fout!"

Here he again held the egg out at arm's length, viewed it with half closed eyes, and was well pleased with what he had done,—having progressed in his work thus far, "BEKKY BR"; and he again resumed his knife,—talking aside to his mysterious, invisible friend.

"Yes, Sur," he continued, "I must say it wud shame that my own mammy and daddy has fout wunner-udder, and mammy believe'd she always got the best of it over daddy; but in course daddy, he never lett himself out; and in less dan a 'our arterwards dey was laughin' togedder, and mammy wot wash wid camf're de scratches she left on his face. But does you suppose ennyfink like dat could ever take place betwixt me and Bekky? No, Sur! s'ich a thing never kin happen betwixt us two,—no, Sur, never—never!"

At this point David's blue eyes flashed with indignation, and in the spirit of emphasis he came near dashing the egg upon the rocks; but recovered himself in time. It was not long, now, until he finished his inscription to the "T." He was in the act of putting the finishing touch to this letter when unfortunately a disturbance caused the point of his knife to slip, thus producing a bluish plain to be seen in the diagram above.

Ringwood was the cause of this disturbance. This dog, after annoying the hog to which he was hanging until he had torn off its ear, returned to his master, and finding him in the same occupation as when he had left him, again bounded over him in expression of contempt for him, causing the point of his knife to slip. In doing so this time he dropped the swine's ear into David's lap, which so excited his anger that he thrust the egg with its enveloping tow into his shot-bag, seized the bunch of squirrels, and with his rifle on his shoulder pursued Ringwood over the hill, in order to inflict condign punishment upon him, exclaiming as he trudged along: "You dertnal willon, ef I catch you I'll trash you ontel you won't know smellin' from seen!" But the dog fled from him with such speed that he soon found it impossible to overtake him. He, therefore, fell into a slow meditative walk in which he continued until he reached home. As he deposited his rifle in the corner of the hall-room, he murmured:

"I'll write Bekky a letter,—that's wat I'll do."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A REMARKABLE PREACHER.
Well Preserved at 92 and Votes the Democratic Ticket.

[Greenburg (Pa.) Record.]
Dr. Samuel Wakefield, of West Newton, is 92 years of age to-day. The old gentleman actually looked as if he would live as long as his fine sons, all of whom were here to spend the day with him. Mr. Wakefield began his active life as a teacher of English and literature when he was but 18 years of age. Later he became an author and gave to the world "Wakefield's Theology," six volumes of sacred music, one of which is in German; a work on the "Constructive Principles of the English Language," and is now working on a book of 600 sermons. He also enjoys the distinction of having built the first pipe organ west of the Allegheny mountains.

In his time he has been a preacher, presiding elder, justice of the peace, representative at Harrisburg and is now the oldest supernumerary minister in the Pittsburg conference, if not in Pennsylvania. His children number ten—five sons and five daughters—who are all living and enjoying good health. Mrs. Wakefield is 88 years of age, and though quite feeble, is able to be up.

Dr. Wakefield has always been a democrat and in 1825 voted for Andrew Jackson—the year in which not one of the four candidates obtained a majority, and the house of representatives chose John Quincy Adams. He was of age when Monroe was elected to a second term, but lost his vote by his parents removing to Mount Pleasant. His last presidential vote was for Cleveland, and in conversation he expressed the hope that he would be able to vote for Cleveland again in 1892.

In Hard Luck.
[From Life.]
"Your wife seems vexed."
"Yes. She went out to match some ribbon, and found it at the first store."

Little Things That Tell.
It is the little things that tell—little brothers for instance, who hide away in the parlor while sister entertains her beau, etc. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are little things that tell. They tell on the liver and tone up the system. So small and yet so effectual, they are rapidly supplanting the old-style pill. An infallible remedy for Sick and Bilious Headaches, Biliousness and Constipation. Put up in vials, convenient to carry. Their use attended with no discomfort.

A WELL DESERVED SUCCESS.
Capt. V. E. McBee's Rise from Brakeman to President—The Almost Phenomenal Railroad Career of a Popular South Carolinian.

[E. P. McKissick, in News and Courier.]
NEWBERRY, S. C., March 23.—There is a great deal of talk just now about the consolidation of the Central Railroad of Georgia with the Richmond and Danville system of South and North Carolina. Judging from what the newspapers say and what you hear on the railroads there is considerable grounds for the rumors now current about this combination. It would be a powerful combination, and if it is consummated the coup d'etat of Mr. Jay Gould, of which there was so much talk a month or so ago in railroad and newspaper circles, will be doubtless accomplished. But what interests the people of Piedmont Carolina in regard to this combination is that President V. E. McBee, of the Richmond and Danville system, in this State, and superintendent of the Western North Carolina Railroad of the same general system in North Carolina, will be made general superintendent of the combination. These rumors, whether correct or incorrect, come with a great deal of force to the souls of the Piedmont people. No man is held in higher esteem than Capt. McBee, and any promotion that may be given him is hailed with delight.

PRESIDENT V. E. M'BBE.
Just at this time it will not be out of place to give a little sketch of President McBee—a thing that the South Carolina newspapers have failed to publish so far. He was born in Greenville, in this State, and belongs to the old line of McBees who have helped to make the history of this section of the South so famous in war and in peace. His full name is Vardrey Echols McBee, and he is now about 38 years of age. He is a railroad man in the best acceptance of the term, by birth, precept and education. His father was a civil engineer and railroad man; his grandfather was a civil engineer or "surveyor," as the old people termed it, and the subject of the present sketch has made civil engineering and practical railroading the special study of his life.

His ancestors lived in Lincoln County, North Carolina, during the Revolutionary war, and were distinguished for their gallantry and bravery during that momentous struggle. It is related that one of his uncles, who was a participant in the terrible fight at King's Mountain, is said to have been the man who killed Col. Ferguson, the commander of the British and Tory forces. This incident, while it is not related in Mr. Draper's excellent book, "King's Mountain and its Heroes," is doubtless true, for it is sustained by several narratives of revolutionary soldiers, besides legends and family histories.

The subject of this sketch was educated at the Hillsboro Military School in North Carolina, in Greenville, and at the Citadel Academy in Charleston. He did not finish his course at the Citadel, however, but entered the war towards its end while quite a youth and served through the hardships of actual warfare until Lee's army surrendered at Appomattox.

HIS FIRST RAILROADING.
Some time after the war closed he got employment as a civil engineer and shortly afterwards secured work in the construction of the Atlanta and Charlotte Air Line Railroad, now leased by the Richmond and Danville system. About this time he married Miss Rosa Brooks, daughter of that gallant Carolinian, Preston S. Brooks. The work he did on the Air Line Railroad was so satisfactory that he was soon called to aid in the construction of a railroad in Alabama, and he was engaged in this work when the panic of 1873 paralyzed railway development for some time. In fact there was a scarcity for work as well as of money everywhere; but young McBee's pluck and energy asserted themselves boldly. He applied for and was appointed to the distinguished, but not lucrative, position of brakeman on a local freight train. Col. Foreacre was then in charge of the transportation department of the Atlanta and Charlotte Road, and Mr. McBee was given the brakeman's position.

MERIT WILL TELL.
Rapidly, and in fact, almost phenomenally, he became conductor, then soliciting agent for the Seaboard Air Line, for the Piedmont Air Line and agent of the Richmond and Danville lines then centering in Charlotte. In all these positions he proved himself active and efficient. When the panic receded and the revival of railway building began, Capt. McBee was requested to accept the office of superintendent of the Western North Carolina Railroad from Salisbury to Asheville, then comparatively insignificant, but which now goes to Point Rock, and has an extension known as the "Murphy extension."

ORDER OUT OF CONFUSION.
At the time Capt. McBee accepted the superintendency the road was a little better than the Newberry and Laurens Railway, "two streaks of iron run over crazy trestles and narrow cuts." What a wonderful revolution has taken place under his supervision! Now, instead of the old rickety, rocky, Mr. Jay Gould rides over it in his car, and pronounced it one of the best railroads in the country. And this is praise from Sir Hubert, for, indeed, Mr. Gould ought to know a few things about railroads. The terrors of the

celebrated Mud Cut have been eliminated, the road has been regraded, rebalanced and in every way made perfect. It is a monument to Capt. McBee's brains, energy and resources. The western extension of the road was just being its way along the banks of the Nantahali and French Broad when Capt. McBee took charge, and now immense engines make fast schedules of forty and fifty miles an hour, and draw millions of tons of freight and passengers over the winding and snake-like road. A hundred pretty towns and villages have been built along the road and are growing and prospering. Enterprises of all kinds have always found in Capt. McBee a friend and coadjutor.

AN ALL-ROUND RAILROADER.
The rapid way in which Capt. McBee won his spurs, so to speak, in the railway world, his remarkable advancement as a solver of railway problems, and his rapid way in correcting wrongs, combined with his general knowledge of the management of railroads, made him the peer of any man in the South in railway circles. "So conspicuous was his position among railway men," says a writer at the time, "that he was chosen with Major Wilson, who is now chairman of the North Carolina railroad commission, as an expert to settle long standing variances between the Canadian Government and the Canada Pacific Railway." These differences involved over six million dollars, and a higher compliment has never been paid a Southern railroad man than the selection of Capt. McBee by the parties interested.

LOYAL TO HIS EMPLOYERS.
Some years ago Capt. McBee was tendered the management of the Fitchburg, Miss., Railway, but he declined it. A few years back—not over two—he was offered the general management, with the position of chief engineer of the "Three Cs," and very strong pressure was brought to bear upon him to accept, but he again declined. And it is well for the Richmond and Danville Company that he has refused all these offers. At present he is superintendent of the Western North Carolina Railroad, which consists of that road, the Murphy division, the Asheville and Spartanburg and the Spartanburg, Union and Columbia Railroads—all being designated under the one head, with headquarters in Asheville. Besides being superintendent of this system, Col. McBee is president of the Columbia and Greenville Railroad, and all its branches, and the Charlotte, Columbia and Augusta Railroad, and all its branches. You will observe that this embraces a very large amount of territory, and one of the richest sections of the South.

ACTIVE IN OTHER WORK.
Besides holding these important offices Capt. McBee is president of the Asheville Park and Hotel Company, which has a capital stock of one million dollars, and which was incorporated last year. Capt. McBee is an incorporator and director in a number of cotton factories and other similar enterprises in North and South Carolina. He is a live and energetic man in all of his various kinds of work, and he never tires. He is one of the best railroad men in this country in every way, in construction and operation, and is well versed in all of the intricate problems of railroad operation.

THE SECRET OF HIS SUCCESS.
The wonderful success that Capt. McBee has achieved in his chosen professions is due to his personal integrity, his brains and pluck, and the quickness with which he manages affairs of all sorts. His future is very bright and his friends predict that he will yet reach the highest pinnacle in the railroad world. There is a great deal of reason to believe that this prediction will be verified.

DRIVEN TO HIS DEATH BY DRINK.
The Sad End of a Prominent Charlestonian.
[Special to the State.]
CHARLESTON, S. C., March 25.—Charles W. Henry, a prominent citizen and rice merchant, committed suicide between the hours of 3 and 5 p. m. today, by shooting himself through the head with a pistol in his office on north Adger's wharf. The deed was the result of heavy drinking. The deceased was sixty-seven years of age, highly respected and had a wide circle of friends.

This proud distinction is generally conceded to the United States twenty-dollar gold piece, a marvel of beauty in design and finish. The loveliest of God's handiwork is a handsome woman, if in the bloom of health; if she is not, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription will restore her. Ladies who use this peerless remedy are unanimous in its praise, for it cures those countless ills which are the bane of their sex—irregularities, dragging-down pains, inflammation, hysteria, sleeplessness, and the "all-gone" sensations which burden their daily lives. A tonic and nerve, without alcohol.

Rival Widows.
Miss Maude—Shall you be at the Martins' on Tuesday?
Young Widow—Indeed, I shan't. Mrs. Martin and I are no longer on speaking terms.
Miss Maude—Really! Why, I am surprised at that. Some misunderstanding?
Young Widow—No. She treated me very badly. Invited me to dine there last month, and hinted so strongly about my purple velvet that I wore it. What do you suppose I found when I sat down at the table?
It was a pink dinner!

Cheaper.
[From the American Grocer.]
He—I cannot express my love to you darling.
She—Then why not send it by freight.

Five Babies in One Year.
[From the Philadelphia Record.]
MILAN, Tenn., March 17.—Mrs. Thomas Williams, residing near Bradyville, in one year has given birth to five babies—twins at first and triplets at the present writing; triplets all girls and weighing six pounds each.

No medicine has had greater success in checking consumption, in its early stages, than Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It stops coughing, soothes the throat and lungs, and induces much-needed repose. Hundreds have testified to the remarkable virtues of this preparation.

FARMERS' ALLIANCE.
Meeting of the Business Managers of the Southern Exchange.
[Special to Charleston World.]
BIRMINGHAM, ALA., March 25.—The results of the meeting of the business managers of the Southern Alliance exchange, which adjourned to-night, are two resolutions.

One calls on the Southern farmers to plant one-third less cotton this year than last, stating that cotton now costs 8 cents, and that another such crop as this will reduce the price to 6 cents.

The other favors a cotton tie mill at Birmingham, the product to be used by the Alliance.

Geo. F. Gaither, of Birmingham, is chairman of the committee.

The resolutions also urge that women be kept out of the field, and their attentions confined to raising chickens, garden truck, and other things to eat.

Ten States were represented, and Chairman McCune of the national committee was here.

NEW YORK STATE TO BE FORMALLY ORGANIZED.
NEW YORK, March 25.—President Polk, of the National Farmers' Alliance, has issued a proclamation stating that New York State will be officially organized on April 22. The ceremony will take place at some point in the central part of the State, and it is said that one hundred or more local Alliances will be represented. The Alliance officers affirm that New York farmers have been joining the order by thousands the past few months. The Farmers' League, having its headquarters at Springfield, Mass., outnumbered the Alliance in New York State membership until lately, but most of the members of the League have now joined the Alliance as well. The Citizens' Alliance, the new political organization through which the Alliance acts in politics, is also to be introduced in both city and rural districts in the State. Branches will be organized in New York city within a few weeks.

KANSAS ALLIANCE MANIFESTO.
TOPEKA, KAN., March 21.—The Alliance has at last brought forth its much talked of manifesto covering the labors of the last Legislature. It has been in process of preparation for two weeks. It is addressed "To the People of Kansas," and says:

"The Republican politicians of the nation were gathered in Topeka and their footsteps were dogged by hired Hessians at every turn with offers of pelf and political honors, but without effect. The legislation of this session has not resulted in what we desired to accomplish, nor in what the people would have the right to expect from us had we been in power in all the branches of the State government, but we can safely say in refutation of the charges by our political enemies that we did not consider or pass a single bill that could in any way disturb the relation of debtor or creditor, or jeopardize the collection of debts or repudiate an honest obligation. We can safely say to every business man in the State of Kansas, that we have tried to carefully guard and protect the interests of the people of our State. They will not fail to see how unfortunate it was, and in the future it will be, to have a Republican Senate whose only business or object is to obstruct honest legislation and to checkmate the action of the people's chosen representatives. We commend this review to the consideration of the people and a candid world."

A Kansas Alliance leader who has been looking around town for a few days says it is true that the Farmers' Alliance is a secret organization. "It is secret," he says, "just like Tammany Hall and the big social clubs and plenty of other societies in New York, which transact their business in secret, and don't let the outside world know about their affairs. All the secrets of the Farmers' Alliance are known to everybody who belong to it, and other people are kept in the dark from motives of policy. There are between 3,000 and 4,000 sub-Alliances in Kansas and all of them are secret in one sense, that is to say, outsiders are not allowed in their meetings and members keep quiet about the proceedings. But everybody can learn all about the principles and objects of the Alliance and its way of doing things.

"I am not giving away any of our Alliance secrets when I tell you that we laugh at the stories printed in Eastern papers about the terrible oaths that are taken by the members of the Alliance. We take no oath that would scare a hen. When a man joins the Alliance he gives his pledge that he believes in its platform, that he will work with others in supporting it; that when it puts up candidates at elections he will support them, and that he will not reveal its inside business to people who do not join it. There is no blood-curdling oath about that; there are no thrilling or terrifying mysteries of initiation; there are no big pandjandrums in the Alliance; it is made up of plain farmers, whose secret operations are as innocent as their crops."

A THIRD PARTY NEEDED.
The Democrats and Republicans Behind The Times.

To the Editor of the News and Courier.—Coeval with the formation of the government the people were and are now divided into parties, mainly into two great parties. At the birth of the government the parties were called federalist and anti-federalist. Washington, the first president, was a federalist, but both parties confided in him. In his appointments to office, particularly in his Cabinet, he made no distinction between them. He treated them alike. Washington served two terms. He was elected each time without opposition. On his declination to be a candidate in 1796 for the third term, the Anti-Federalist spurned the name "Republican" and ran Thomas Jefferson for the Presidency against John Adams, Federalist. Adams beat Jefferson, but in 1800 Jefferson, the father of the Republican party, beat Adams, and from that date, for a quarter of a century, the Republican party was victorious over the Federalist, electing Madison and Monroe in succession. In 1828 the Republican party took the name of the Democratic party, under the leadership of Andrew Jackson, and the Federalist took the name of the National Republican party, under John Quincy Adams. The Democratic party was victorious under Jackson and Van Buren, until 1840, when the name "Whig" was adopted by the National Republican party, under the leadership of William Henry Harrison, who beat the Democratic candidate, Martin Van Buren, incumbent. In 1844 the Democratic party won with James K. Polk, and in 1848 the Whigs won with Zachary Taylor. In 1852 and in 1856 the Democratic party won with Franklin Pierce and James Buchanan. In 1860 the Whig, Free Soil, Free Democracy and Liberty League combined under the name of the Republican party and elected Lincoln over the Democratic nominee, Breckinridge. The Republican party has been victorious in every Presidential election from that day to this, except in 1884, when Mr. Cleveland, the Democratic nominee, was elected.

The discontent now is widespread and deep, and the times are ominous of great changes. Neither of the two great parties can absorb the National Farmers' Alliance and Industrial Union and the organization with whom it has confederated. It can no more be expected that Republicans in the North will vote the Democratic ticket than that Democrats in the South will vote the Republican ticket. The prejudice against these old and familiar names that waged war fierce and relentless so long cannot be overcome. Men who are now firmly united on principles, demands and measures, on which not only their prosperity but their very existence depends, are now kept apart simply because of a name. Shall this continue?

In all the changes of names under which men have rallied for the assertion of their rights in the past history of parties, at no time heretofore have the conditions been so pressing for a change of name as those that now confront us. The National Farmers' Alliance and Industrial Union, with the organizations that have confederated and those that will confederate, can and will absorb enough from the two great parties to beat what is left in each of them combined. No other course is left open to the people if they would display their manhood, assert their rights and save the Government.

They can never get their measures enacted into law through the old parties. Both of them are dominated and controlled by men who are clearly hostile to the people's needs and demands. Under their administration it is alleged that during the last twenty-five years one-half of the wealth of the nation has been concentrated into the hands of seventy men; that six men can control the finances of the nation. The Government is rushing wildly to the rock on which all the great Governments that preceded ours were wrecked.

The fight is on and soon the blows will fall fast and heavy. Let there be no pause, but move on in solid column with firm and steady tread as the Old Guard of Napoleon ever did in all the great battles he fought and splendid victories he won. Under the name of the People's party, beneath whose banners all can rally, with clean and loyal men in the lead and with our principles, demands and measures clearly stated, defined, formulated and embodied into a creed more sublime than any that has been promulgated for the betterment of mankind since the morning of the world, let all move out promptly and the nation blossom with battle flags for the right, and victory will be ours and the Republic saved. Let the watchword be inscribed upon all our banners. The People's party expects every man to do his duty.

ELLISON S. KERRT.
Flooree Plantation.

From the Philadelphia Record.
[From the Philadelphia Record.]
MILAN, Tenn., March 17.—Mrs. Thomas Williams, residing near Bradyville, in one year has given birth to five babies—twins at first and triplets at the present writing; triplets all girls and weighing six pounds each.

For purifying the blood, stimulating the appetite, and invigorating the system in the Spring and early Summer, Ayer's Sarsaparilla is unsurpassed. Be sure you get Ayer's Sarsaparilla and no other; else the result may be anything but satisfactory.

FLOWERS ON A GLACIER.
An Unusual Spectacle Recently Witnessed Near the Arctic Ocean.

In 1888 Mr. John W. Kelly discovered on the northern coast of Alaska, emptying into the Arctic Ocean, just above Cape Lisburne, a new river, which has been named the Pitmegea river. The river and its narrow valley are very winding, and the natives say they can ascend it for a distance of forty miles. This stream has not previously appeared on the charts. Mr. Kelly ascended the river for a distance of twenty-five miles, where he found a large glacier, emptying into the river. The glacier faces southward and receives the full benefit of the sunlight during the short polar summer. Gales have deposited on the glacier particles of soil and seeds of plants to a depth of from four inches to a foot. The snowfall of winter soon vanishes before the June sun. Then vegetation on the glacier is warmed into life, and in a remarkably short time the brown crust of soil is covered with a robe of green and with bright flowers, such as buttercups, dandelions, daffodils and yellow poppies. There are also some hardy grasses, whose roots penetrate the light covering of soil. A few arctic willows are also seen, but they grow only a foot in length and trail along the ground.

Such a spectacle is not often witnessed in the arctic regions. The mass of green, diversified by the brilliant colors of arctic flowers, has only scanty depth of soil to flourish in, and covers like a carpet or a brilliant robe, the ice mass on which the soil rests. During the summer the ice front melts away, leaving the protruding soil above it like the leaves of a house. When it protrudes too far for the strength of the grass roots, it topples over into the river.

Mr. Betts' Cyclone Annihilator.
[From the Chicago Inter-Ocean.]
Mr. Edward Daniel Betts is an artist and a man with a sharp eye. He read the other day about some hunter on the plains who was pursued by a relentless cyclone. In sheer desperation the hunter turned and fired his trusty rifle at the rapidly approaching tunnel-shaped cloud. Instantly the wind began to lose its nerve, and in less than a minute the landscape was as beautiful as a day in June.

Mr. Betts shut himself up and wrestled with the secrets of nature. At last he struck pay gravel, and his patent is applied for.

"It is a large rubber ball filled with gun cotton or dynamite," he explained yesterday, "which will be hurled against the terrific force at the advancing cyclone. The explosive will have a fuse to it which will be ignited automatically."

He further explained that the propelling instrument was so arranged that it always pointed at the cyclone. The ball was thrown after the wind had attained a certain velocity.

Mr. Betts has had a great deal of trouble in arranging this last detail. For he found that if he set it at too low a notch the machine would go off in a stiff breeze and throw the rubber ball of dynamite over into a neighboring pasture or down into a cow lot, doing great and immediate damage to the cows without any material advantage. Then again, if the machine were set too high, it would not get into active operation until after the entire family had crossed the Dark river, and the cyclone was in the next county.

Mr. Betts says there is no question but that a dose of dynamite will knock any cyclone cold. The machines can be put on a high pole out of the reach of goats and children.

The Comptroller and the Auditors.
[The State, 26th.]
Comptroller General Ellerbe, who has been waging such a crusade against the tax payers through his auditors, yesterday said that he was much pleased with the way some of the auditors were carrying out his instructions, and from some of the estimates of property returned there would be a considerable increase in the total returned this year. Some of the counties, however, were not doing much.

Eczeema, scalp covered with eruptions doctors prove valueless. P. P. P. was tried and the hair began to grow again not a pipple can be seen, and P. P. P. again proved itself a wonderful skin cure.

No Ashes.
[From Puck.]
Mr. Donny—Are you wearing the traditional sackcloth and ashes during Lent, Miss Findlay?
Miss Findlay—Well, partly Mr. Donny. The sackcloth goes; but I live in a natural-gas town in Ohio; and you know, we don't have ashes.

Where Woman Is Boss.
[From the Chicago Post.]
"In the bright lexicon of the Kansas female there's no such phrase as 'downtrodden woman,'" Henry Richards, a citizen of the Bleeding State, observed in the rotunda of the Sherman House this noon.

Mr. Henry Winter, formerly manager of the Savannah Brewery, says he had Rheumatism of the Heart for several years. Often he was unable to walk over a few blocks, his pain was so intense; he had trouble to get his breath; he had physicians in Philadelphia, his former home, but the best professor in the university there could not give him relief. Coming here he saw P. P. P., advised, tried two bottles, and is now a well man. His pain has left him and he can now walk all day. He renders thanks to P. P. P., and says its workings are wonderful.

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