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The Newberry Herald and News.

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ESTABLISHED 1865. NEWBERRY, S. C. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1891. PRICE \$1.50 A YEAR

THE ALLIANCE TAX.

What the Farmers Pay for Political Instruction and Driving Away the Darkness Do the Returns Justify the Outlay.

[Green's News.]
It is none of our business as the money does not come out of our pockets and every man has a right to spend his own as he likes, but we are moved to wonder by the great sums of money paid by alliance members in the way of dues and fees. The initiation fee is fifty cents and the dues are a dollar a year. This is not much. The dues are equal to a mill tax on a thousand dollars worth of property. Yet many of those who pay it cheerfully would protest vigorously against an increase of their taxes by the same amount. Furthermore, the members of the Alliance are usually men who complain much of the army of office holders drawing salaries, fees and expenses from the people. Yet the first practical effect of the alliance is to create a multitude of new officials with salaries and fees. In this State the State president receives \$200 a year, the secretary \$800, the treasurer \$200. The State lecturer is paid \$3 a day while on duty. The members of the executive and judiciary committees receive the same. All of these are likewise paid their necessary traveling expenses and the cost of postage and stationery for official correspondence. Officers and delegates of the State Alliance are paid \$1.50 a day while going to and returning from the State Alliance and in attendance at its meetings, and mileage.

Men who complain of the cost of State government and the numbers of office holders, who jealously watch the use of every dollar of public money, create a new State government of their own, a new brigade of office holders and a new tax. In this State we suppose the Alliance men pay from \$35,000 to \$50,000 a year to support the order. What do they get? What has the order done for them?
As we understand, the State and county exchanges are separate from the State Alliance and supported by separate funds. We can see how they can be of practical use to the farmer by saving him money in the handling of his goods. We can not see how or where the regular machinery of the order helps the members. Nor do we know where all the money paid in goes to. No doubt it is honestly passed from hand to hand, from sub-Alliance to county Alliance and so on to the State and general organizations. It looks as if there should by this time be a large sum accumulated somewhere for some purpose. Taking the offices, fees, salaries and allowances as provided for by the State constitution of the order, we can not figure the expenses of the State Alliance at more than \$10,000 or \$12,000 a year. If there are 25,000 paying members, which is, we suppose, a very low estimate, the income ought to be \$250,000 a year at the least.

Now we would really be glad for such information as the obligations of members allow them to give the public. We would like to know how they feel that they have received the value of their money and time in practical results from the order during the last year—aside from the operation of the exchanges—to tell us how they received it.
There is an army of lecturers abroad being paid salaries and expenses to teach farmers and others politics. Some of them are men who no farmer would pay twenty-five cents to get advice on any subject. Some of them, no doubt, have been failures as farmers, business men and otherwise. Very few of them have had the experience or study or are equipped with the natural ability to make them leaders of men or masters of thought or teachers of political economy yet their teachings, lectures and speeches are all an outsider can see that the Alliance rank and file get for their money.

Nor can we see where anything more practical is offered. Alliance men pay their tax and are instructed to work and vote for the sub-treasurer and other demands. In the first place, a large number of them who pay do not know the facts and figures of the demands. In the second, the demands are a long list of things which could be selected from any list of demands. The use of representation in its most proper sense is not observed. The demands are not made by the people, but by a few men who are not interested in the welfare of the people. The demands are not made by the people, but by a few men who are not interested in the welfare of the people. The demands are not made by the people, but by a few men who are not interested in the welfare of the people.

DEATH OF GEN. W. H. F. LEE.

A Brave and Distinguished Confederate Officer Gone to His Rest.

[Special to News and Courier.]
ALEXANDRIA, Va., October 15.—Gen. W. H. F. Lee, second son of Gen. R. E. Lee, died, at his home in Ravensworth, Fairfax County this evening, aged 54. On receipt of the intelligence of his death all the bells in the city were tolled. He had faithfully represented this district for two terms in Congress and was member-elect of the next House. The cause of his death was heart trouble and dropsy.

WATERSON'S PROSE POEM.

Henry Watterson is one of those happy, eloquent natures which grow tender and sentimental upon any occasion. The spirit of the company he is in largely colors his thoughts and influences his expression. So it happens that at a banquet given in Chicago last Thursday night we find Henry Watterson weeping touchingly over the memory of Gen. Grant and adding the most exquisite tribute that was offered at the unveiling of the Grant monument. The chandeliers at the Palmer House were very bright on the evening of the banquet of the Army of the Tennessee. Judge Gresham, the orator of the day, was there, as was Editor Joseph Medill, James Whitcomb Riley and Henry Watterson. Mr. Watterson was the second speaker. "The War is Over; Let Us Have Peace," was the toast, and his words aroused a perfect tumult of enthusiasm among the men who many a time in years gone by had dodged Confederate bullets. Mr. Watterson, in his speech, paid this tribute to Gen. Grant:

I came here, primarily, to bow my head and to pay my measure of homage to the statue that was unveiled today. The career and the name which that statue commemorates belong to me no less than to you. When I followed him to the grave—though to appear in his obsequies, proud as the obscurist of those who bore any official part therein—I felt that I was helping to bury not only a great man, but a true friend. From that day to this the story of the life and death of Gen. Grant has more and more impressed and touched me.

I never allowed myself to make his acquaintance until he had quitted the White House. The period of his political activity was full of unceasing and partisan contention. It was a kind of civil war. I had my duty to do, and I did not dare trust myself to the subduing influence of what I was sure to follow friendly relations between such a man as he was, and such a man as I knew myself to be. In this I was not mistaken, as the sequel proved. I met him for the first time beneath my own vine and fig tree, and a happy series of accidents, thereafter, gave me the opportunity to meet him often and to know him well. He was the embodiment of simplicity, integrity, and courage; every inch a general, a soldier, and a man; but the circumstances of his last illness a figure of heroic proportions for the contemplation of the ages. I recall nothing in history so sublime as the spectacle of that brave spirit, broken in fortune and in health, with the dread hand of the dark angel clutched about his throat, struggling with every breath to hold the clumsy, unfamiliar weapon with which he sought to wrest from the jaws of death a little something for the support of wife and children when he was gone! If he had done nothing else, that would have made his exit from the world an immortal epic!

A little while after I came home from the last scene of it all I found that a woman's hand had collected the insignificant I had worn in the magnificent, melancholy pageant—the orders ascribed me to duty and the funeral sash and badge—and had grouped and framed them; unbidden, silently, tenderly, and when I reflected that the hand that did this was that of a loving Southern woman, whose father had fallen on the Confederate side in the battle, I said: "The war indeed is over; let us have peace!" Gentlemen, soldiers, comrades, the silken folds that twine about us here for all their soft and careless grace, are yet as strong as hooks of steel! They hold together a united people and a great nation, realizing the truth at last—with no wounds to be healed and no slings of defeat to remember—the South says to the North, as simply and as truly as was said 3000 years ago in that far-away meadow upon the margin of the mystic sea: "Whether thou goest I will go; and where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people and thy God my God."

"Woman's Suffrage"

What a witty woman called that kind of life which all middle-aged men go through, and during which so many of them think they must suffer—that is, if they are intended to do. The same lady declared: "If you don't believe in woman's suffrage, there is one ballot which will effectively defeat it—Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription." This is true, not only at the period of middle life, but at all ages when women suffer from uterine diseases, painful irregularities, inflammation, ulceration or prolapsus, the "Favorite Prescription" so strengthens the weak or diseased organs and enriches the blood, that years of health and enjoyment are added to life.

The apron strings of an American mother are made of India rubber. Her boy belongs where he is wanted.—Olive Wendell Holmes.

Success in life is the result of push and energy. If the blood is impure and sluggish, both body and mind lack vigor. To cleanse and vitalize the blood and impart new life to the system, nothing else has such a marvelous effect as Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

BILL AIRY'S EETER.

The Older He Grows the More Money He Wants—Traveling Observations.

[From the Sunny South.]
It's just awful to get along without money. It looks like the older I grow the less money I have and the more it takes to get along and keep up with the wants of the family. An old friend told me the other day that St. Paul made a mistake, or else the translators did, for it was the lack of money that was the root of all evil and not the love of it, and he said also that the best bond to bind the family together was for the old man to have a healthy bank account. A surplus that could be drawn upon when the children were in need. I don't admit the truth of either proposition, but I do say that money is a good thing to have in the family, and I wish that everybody had a surplus that was honestly earned. I would risk our preacher on that. I wish his salary was \$2,000 instead of \$1,000.

EFFECT OF THE NEWS IN WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON, October 15.—The news of Gen. Lee's death caused profound regret throughout this city, where he was well known and sincerely loved. He served on the District committee with Mr. Hemphill, of South Carolina, and was a devoted friend of Col. Elliott, who was his college chum in Harvard.

Gen. William H. F. Lee

Gen. William H. F. Lee was born at Arlington, Va., May 31, 1837. In 1857, while completing his education at Harvard College, was appointed second lieutenant in the 6th regiment, United States Infantry, and in 1858 he accompanied his regiment in the expedition to Utah against the Mormons, commanded by Col. Albert Sidney Johnston. He resigned his commission in 1859 and returned to Virginia, and took charge of his estates in the county of New Kent. In 1861 he raised a company of cavalry and joined the Army of Northern Virginia, served in every grade successively from captain to major general of cavalry; was wounded at Brandy Station in June, 1863; was captured in Hanover County and taken to Fortress Monroe. In 1863 he was transferred to the United States prison at Fort Lafayette, where he was confined till March, 1864, when he was transferred to Fortress Monroe and exchanged. He immediately returned to his command and served throughout the campaign of 1864, surrendering with Gen. Lee at Appomattox. After the war he resumed the management of his plantation, on which he continued to reside till 1874, when he removed to Burke Station, near Alexandria, where he died.

THE RAILROADS WILL FIGHT.

They Will Not Accept the Cotton Rates as Fixed by the Commission.

[Special to the Register.]
CHARLESTON, S. C., Oct. 15.—It is learned on good authority here that the South Carolina, Richmond and Danville and Atlantic Coast Line Railroads will fight the new cotton rates adopted by the commission and are only waiting the decision of the Richmond and Danville road to file the necessary papers to take the case into court.

Connecticut's Smallest Baby Dead.

NORWALK, Oct. 11.—Connecticut's smallest baby is dead. It passed quietly away last evening and was buried this morning in a miniature grave near his home. The midwife was a girl, and its parents, Mr. and Mrs. Rafael Barolo, live in a big tenement on Chapel street. Mr. Barolo is an Italian, and his wife is a pretty Irish girl. They were married four years ago. The husband is a shoe dealer and is the proprietor of a prosperous little business on Main street. When his child was born it weighed nine ounces only, and on the day of its death, two months later, it weighed less than a pound. The baby's head was smaller than a league baseball, and its legs were so small that an ordinary finger ring could be slipped over its foot and passed up the leg to the thigh. The arms were no larger than pipe stems. The midwife fed on milk from a spoon, a few drops only being all it required at a time.

Land Poor.

[Dover Journal.]
Thousands of farmers are "land poor" and will remain so to the end of their lives. How absurd it is to pile up treasures in many more times land than can be properly operated. The wise and happy men are those operating small farms for their fullest capacity and enjoying life as they go along. Holding on to a section or two may or may not be a good thing for one's children or grandchildren, but it certainly keeps many a man's nose to the grindstone continually. The number of acres properly worked that will insure the old folks a good, comfortable living, allowing them to take a trip or some sort of recreation once every year or two and a small surplus over the cost of educating their children, is the size farm to have. Many men who could easily be well to do, however, prefer to be always head and ears in debt in order to add more acres to their already too large holdings.

Both Saint and Sinner.

It troubles the sinner and troubles the saint.
It's a troublesome, trying and nasty complaint.
Don't think it incurable; I tell you it ain't.
Excuse the grammar; it's the truth I'm after, whether grammatically or ungrammatically told. The truth is, that catarrh can be cured. The proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy offer \$500 for an incurable case of Catarrh in the Head.

THE SYMPTOMS OF CATARRH.

Headache, obstruction of nose, discharge falling into the throat, sometimes profuse, watery and acid, at others, thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody, putrid and offensive; eyes weak, ringing in the ears, deafness; offensive breath, small and taste impaired, and general debility. Only a few of these symptoms likely to be present at once. Dr. Sage's Remedy cures the worst cases. Only 50 cents. Sold by druggists, everywhere.

Mr. Charley Hoke, a brother-in-law of Mrs. Fleming, is equally interested, and is now in New York pushing investigations. Their attorney, Judge Wycklife, of Wallhalla, is also in New York, and as the lease will expire this year, they will take steps at once to recover the property.

Mrs. Fleming was a Miss Martin, of Greenville, and it is through her father's relation that she is connected with Edwards. It is estimated that in the event this claim is established the share of each of their heirs will amount to something over half a million.

A BADGE FOR THE BABY.

The Vanderbilt Association's Present to Little Miss Cleveland.

[Special to Register.]
CHARLESTON, S. C., Oct. 15.—The Vanderbilt Benevolent Association of Charleston has sent to ex-President Cleveland a very handsome souvenir badge of the association for his little daughter Ruth. When the baby was born the association passed a resolution of congratulation and directed that a souvenir badge be especially prepared and forwarded in the name of the association to Miss Cleveland in compliment to herself and as a mark of our high regard for her honored parents. The badge is of gold and of the finest workmanship. On the obverse it contains the monogram of the association and on the reverse side it says "Ruth, October 3d, 1891."

Words of Commendation.

[Edgefield Advertiser.]
Prof. D. B. Busby, A. M., President of the Emory High School, writing to us on a matter of business, has the following to say about the Butler-Watson debate at Batesburg:
"I am pleased with the position of our two papers at the County seat on the Butler-Watson and kindred subjects. Men of proven efficiency like Senator Butler, whose services have always in peace and war been at the call of the country, deserve something better than seems to have been shown at Batesburg. In these perilous times, the highest hopes of the country seem to me to consist in a strict adherence to Democratic principles, to which the fundamental principle of the sub-treasury scheme are evidently diametrically opposed.

In Memoriam.

He came with a poem, and dire intent,
An' 'up the sanctum stairs he went;
Hope and a smile on his face were blended,
But the editor stop'd him before he had ended.

He beard the editor in his lair,
And began a reading his poem fair,
But the editor stop'd him before he had ended,
And laid in the manner in which he descended.

—Yankee Blade.

After 99 Years.

A Spartanburg Lady Held to \$500,000.—That is the Report and It May Prove True.

[Spartanburg Herald, 16th.]
Yesterday it was reported on the streets that Mrs. Carrie Fleming, of this city, widow of the late Rev. W. H. Fleming, had, by the death of a relative in the North, fallen heir to half a million dollars. The Herald has gathered the following facts in regard to the matter:
Just ninety-nine years ago, a wealthy resident in New York city named Edwards, a near relative of Mrs. Carrie Fleming, of this city, died. At the time of his death for some reason he desired that none of his immediate family should share in his estate, so he contracted that at his death all the property he owned in New York city, consisting of twenty-five acres of land, much of it already improved along Broadway and Wall streets, should not be sold but leased for a term of ninety-nine years. This was done and it is said the record of the transaction is completed.

Sam Jones and a Judge.

A Georgia Grand Jury Hastens to Say Judge Maddox is a Good Man.

[New York Sun.]
ROME, Ga., Oct. 11.—The Rev. Sam Jones of the team Sam Jones and Sam Small has met the Grand Jury of this county, and the verdict seems to be that he was worsted. A month ago they conducted a series of meetings here. Jones surpassed the record in his denunciation of the morals of the people. He boldly declared that gambling was universal; that perjury was the rule; that officers were criminally negligent of duty; that debauchery reigned supreme in all circles. The result was the formation of a Law and Order Club by the admirers of the two evangelists, whose purpose was to wipe out the sinful character of the city. Two weeks later court convened. In his charge to the Grand Jury Judge Maddox created a sensation by saying:
"It has been charged by two ministers of the Gospel that certain specific crimes were openly committed here, and as a consequence a Law and Order Club has been organized. So long as this club exists there is no need of such a court. It is your duty to investigate these charges. You can have those men who make the charges brought before you, and they will be compelled to prove what they charge or to stand convicted of slandering the people."

Eligible to the Alliance.

Her Father was a "Month" Farmer, but Miss Hannah is True Blue.

[New York Herald.]
LINCOLN, Kan., Oct. 11.—When the Alliance swept the State of Kansas the farmers of this district placed in nomination and elected to the office of Congressman a preacher and farmer, Mr. Baker. It was asserted by many of the new Congressman's enemies that he was what is technically known as a "month farmer" and his aspirations as a farmer's candidate brought out much adverse criticism from the opposition. While it is possible that Mr. Baker is not an active farmer there can be no doubt about his daughter being eligible to a seat among the Alliance people. Miss Hannah is now running a farm of her own near the town and has been caring for it for several years.

Why He Wanted His Permissons Green.

[From the Alabama Soldier.]
With the immortal Stonewall Jackson, straggling, especially during a forward march, was an unpardonable offense; but there was one instance in which it was promptly condoned. During one of the forced marches, along in the summer of '62, through the pine and 'simmons' regions, he stopped to consult with some general officers until the whole command had passed some distance. Riding forward to the front, he discovered a private of his old brigade up a simmon tree.
"What are you doing so far in the rear?" cried the General.
"I am eating 'simmons,'" said the soldier.
"Why, they're not ripe," said the General, with some sarcasm.
"I know it," said the soldier. "I want 'em green."
"Why do you eat green 'simmons'?" said old Blue Light.
"To draw my stomach up to fit my rations," said old Web Foot.

The Life I'd Choose.

If I to choose the life that I
Would like to lead were free,
I'll tell you what, my girls and boys,
My choice would be surely free.
Not that of lady rich and grand,
Who but for pleasure cares,
Who dwells in stately mansion and
The rarest jewels wears,
With many servants at her call
And all that gold can buy—
That's not the life I'd choose, my girls,
Oh, no, my boys, not I.

Col. Assmann Resigns.

[Lexington Dispatch.]
As the resignation of the office of Clerk of Court by Col. Wm. J. Assmann, is a matter of public interest, and unjust rumors have gained circulation, it is but proper to say, that, from what we can ascertain, his liabilities, both private and official, are amply covered by collateral, and his bondsmen are also secured. Col. Assmann has held the office for nineteen years and has been a most efficient and courteous official, and we regret that he has seen proper to tender his resignation.

Trifles.

[From the Hebrew Standard.]
A Parisian wit once defined experience as a comb that one became possessed of after having lost one's hair.
Blinkers—Hello, Winkers. I heard you married a woman with an independent fortune. Winkers—No-o; I married a fortune with an independent woman.
People who are constantly saying "what is due to society" often forget altogether what is due to themselves, to say nothing of what is due to the butcher and baker.
He-I wish you would sing that dear old song, "Backward, Turn Backward, O Time, in Thy Flight." Sweet Girl—I might have mother up by singing; but I will turn the clock back if that will do.

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