

# The Newberry Herald and News.

ESTABLISHED 1865.

NEWBERRY, S. C., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1892.

PRICE \$1.50 A YEAR

## JAMIESON'S

### WHY IS IT that his trade is daily increasing?

Because he has a thorough knowledge of the wants of the people, and is ever on the alert for bargains, and backed by that almighty lever Cash, he has reached a point which his competitors must be satisfied to follow.

### MY FALL STOCK IS NOW COMPLETE!

I have the largest stock of : : : : :  
**Dry Goods, Clothing, Shoes, Hats**  
AND FURNISHING GOODS

that I have ever carried, and realizing the stringency of the times, I have marked these goods at a price that is moving them off nicely. My motto has ever been "Short Profits and Quick Sales." I believe in the old saying that

### A NIMBLE NICKEL BEATS A SLOTHFUL DIME.

## CLOTHING! CLOTHING!

When in need of a Suit, Overcoat, or a pair of Pants, call on me and I will save you money. A nice line of Boys' and Children's Suits and Overcoats to select from. I am selling them lower than ever

## THE SHOE HOUSE OF NEWBERRY!

Do not forget that I am headquarters for Shoes. My shoes are all made and guaranteed by the leading manufacturers. Buy your shoes from me and you will always get fresh stock and a little cheaper than elsewhere.

A full line of Kentucky and Georgia Jeans, Prints and Domestics always on hand.

REMEMBER THAT I AM NOT TO BE UNDERSOLD!

Respectfully,

O. M. JAMIESON,  
THE LEADER OF LOW PRICES.

## THE PLACE FOR

# BARGAINS

### SHOWING UP THE FORCE BILL.

An Address Before Southern Democrats in New York—The Unconstitutionality, Unwisdom and Sectionalism of the Proposed Measure Strongly set Forth.

[News and Courier.]

The following extracts are taken from an address, one of the ablest on the subject which has yet appeared, read before the Association of Southern Democrats in New York by W. J. Hardy. The address made such an impression on the society that at a meeting held on September 14 last, ten thousand copies were ordered for distribution:

"A particular reference to the marvellous facilities offered by the Act for the perpetration of frauds in elections is needless, as the people are at this stage concerned with the motives that prompt the measure rather than the detail of its methods.

"Put in force throughout the United States, this Act will place the elections, State and Federal, under the direction and control of a million autocrats, and scatter upwards of \$20,000,000 at each election among practical politicians and workers at the polls. And at the beck of this mass of partisan office-holders are the Federal troops, which fact, however, adds no terror to the provisions of the bill, for those who have had the experience prefer the rule of the soldier to that of the returning boards.

"It is claimed that the bill is sanctioned by the letter of the Constitution, but at best this claim is debatable, and, on the other hand, the spirit of the Constitution inhibits it. From time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary the regulation of elections has been a State prerogative, and to want only to disturb a custom rooted in the sense and understanding of the people is revolutionary. But it is easier to find a legal sanction for the bill than to approve its wisdom or expediency. It implies that the people are corrupt and incapable of conducting their elections so as to impress their own wishes; and displaces their officials, chosen by them and answerable to them, to substitute a cloud of irresponsible sub-appointees of the President of the United States, who are assembled to be of superior class and exalted above partnership.

"Said Speaker Reed, naively enough: 'Let us cut loose from State elections and do our own registration, our own counting and our own certification; and the scheme of the bill is accordingly vital and thorough. It uproots the autonomy of the States, extinguishes popular suffrage, makes the Congress, the Executive and the judiciary creatures of returning boards, erects the Republican party into a self-perpetuating oligarchy, and through the machinery of a patriarchal government administers both the State and national affairs from Washington.

"Alexander Hamilton was of the opinion that such Federal interference with elections would justify revolution; and to have claimed the power for Congress to pass such a bill would have defeated the Constitution when originally submitted to the States.

"The alleged object of the bill is the protection of the freedman in the enjoyment of his franchise, but the negro neither asks, nor wishes, nor needs Federal interposition in his behalf, and the Hon. H. G. Ewart, Republican Congressman from North Carolina, characterizes it as 'a measure which will untold miseries to the woe of the people it is designed to help.' The black is not oppressed, nor does he suffer, nor is he menaced in his person or estate. No people of equal degree rival him in comfort, his happiness and content are proverbial, his thrift and prosperity grow steadily, each year increases his basket and store, and he is in perfect accord with his neighbor.

"The advocates of this bill will know that the colored vote as a race vote is rapidly disintegrating, and will never again become solid, unless inflamed by race antagonism and reorganized into the old race leagues; and their design of restoring these leagues is conspicuous in the bill. They send their functionaries throughout the South with power to appoint unlimited marshals at five dollars per day; and the influence cannot be estimated of this unlimited corruption fund strewn broadcast over remote agricultural regions by practical politicians versatile in the forms of law and political expedients and unconstrained by scruples.

"Bribery," says the Hon. Henry Cabot Lodge, "is an evil thing, and a grave peril to-day in the Commonwealth." In 1888 his party corrupted three States to elect a President; and they have already begun to exact from their pensioners richer levies than ever before, with which to defile the fall elections. This is indeed, 'a grave peril'; and yet these huge funds are inconsiderable when compared with the

unlimited fund to debauch unlimited voters, which the force bill places at their command. If they secure this 'vote of continued victory,' as speaker Reed calls it, their 'trusted men' will have 'the necessary funds to distribute five dollar per diems without stint.

"None will get away, all will vote the Republican ticket' for that prodigal consideration; and the Hon. William W. Dudley's hope will be gratified, that 'the country will pass into Republican hands, never to leave it.'

"The capabilities of this new branch of Federal patronage are suggested in the fact that under the Federal supervisors' law 6,000 Republican supervisors and 11,000 Republican deputy marshals (over 150 for one poll) have ranged the lower precincts of New York at one Presidential election. These mercenaries were actuated by the single mind, to prevent Democrats from voting by fair means or foul; and the chief supervisor, who has become a prominent feature of elections in that city, is now wrangling over these 'spoils' with the Republican bosses of the election districts, who claim, with reason, that their followers are as well entitled as his own to the benefits of an Act passed for the profit of the venal.

"In 1878 a Federal supervisor in New York city swore in one complaint against 9,300 voters, all Democrats, as commissioner issued 5,000 warrants returnable before himself, and thus compelled thousands of citizens of the United States, all Democrats, to surrender their naturalization papers under threats of a prosecution which meant ruin to persons of their restricted means. These illustrations shadow forth the deprivations of the force bill, and should bring the people of the North to a realization of the fact that, while the chief burden of the measure will fall upon the South, it is by no means a purely sectional matter—it concerns the whole Union. In their journals and in Congress the Republicans have repeatedly urged that there are plenty of districts in the North where the bill ought to be 'made effective,' and if it be applied to one State it must inevitably be applied to all. Moreover, when the franchise is policed in one district the entire election is tainted; and in 1876 three Southern returning boards, such as this bill proposes to restore, elected a President of the United States by patent frauds practiced in defiance of the people, the Legislature and the Courts, and there-

by the ballot was perverted in New York equally as well as in Florida.

"Americans who cherish the noble traditions of a free country and believe that the people can govern themselves, should unite to defeat this 'L.-American measure, which threatens the symmetry of that structure which is the glory of our people and the envy of the world. Out of the experience of the past they should take warning against the dangers which lurk in these partisan encroachments, and without regard to party affiliations, oppose this conspiracy against home rule and free elections."

### Do Figures Lie?

Let us see!  
Two women had 30 chickens each, which they took to market. They agreed to divide equally the proceeds of their sale.

One sold her chickens 2 for a dollar, getting for the 30 chickens \$15.

The other sold hers 3 for a dollar, getting for her 30 chickens \$10.

This made \$25 realized for the 60 chickens.

The merchant called on to divide the money said:

"You sold your 30 chickens, 2 for a dollar, and you sold your 30 chickens 3 for a dollar. That makes 60 chickens at the rate of 5 for 2 dollars. Well 5 into 60 goes 12 times—twice 12 is 24. That makes \$24 your chickens have brought."

But as shown above, the women actually had \$25 in pocket. And yet the merchant's figures were right.

Do figures lie?

### A Roland for an Oliver.

"My young friend," said the kind old man with the tracts, "will you oblige me by reading this some day when you have the leisure?" The young man looked at the little pamphlet. It was entitled: "Shun the Place of Everlasting Burning!" "Why, uncle," he said, "I should think that would be a healthy place. They boil the water, don't they?" "Yes, my dear young friend," rejoined the old man. "And they also burn the garbage. You'd better keep away!"

Premature baldness may be prevented and the hair made to grow on heads already bald, by the use of Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer.

## CLOSING OUT TO CHANGE BUSINESS

# BLALOCK

# GREAT BARGAINS

## CLOTHING SHOES HATS GENTS' FURNISHINGS

# BLALOCK

All persons indebted to me will save trouble and expense by paying up at once. BLALOCK.

### ONE OF THE WAR'S ROMANCES.

Recalled by the Sight of a Woman in Nun's Garb Walking in an Orange Grove.

[From the Detroit Free Press.]

"While on the train coming from Louisville I read a story which reminded me of a romance in real life which occurred in the picturesque South," said M. P. Corcoran of New Orleans. "I was half dozing in the smoker, after having finished my cigar, when the train boy threw a lot of books into the compartment and I picked up one of them and mechanically began to read. It was the story which opens with a scene in a convent and an interview which took place when a soldier saw once more a society woman whom he had adored in the world of fashion. I even forgot the name of the story; it was the Duchess someone. As I read, the occurrences of a summer spent on the Gulf of Mexico came to mind and although I am not much on romance, the details of a certain story which I had heard came vividly to me and I saw once more the characters in the startling drama which was enacted some time ago.

"That summer was one of delight for me, for was not my daily companion an old friend of the family, Father Bailey, one of the most scholarly priests whom it has been my good fortune to meet, a gentleman of affable manners and an irrepressible wit? He was a broad, big man, with a hearty red face, and a voice like a fog-horn. He was the life of the neighborhood,

and could tell a story or sing a song in a most remarkable manner. When any entertainment was in progress the good Father Bailey was always the central figure.

"The children of his parish were always giving pleasing socials of one kind or another, and somewhere in the middle of the programme Father Bailey would be announced, and then he would lift up his mighty bass voice in 'A Warrior Bold,' delivering it not perhaps as an artist would, but with a hearty feeling that was captivating. A storm of applause would follow, and then he would come forward, and, seating himself at the piano, sing a rollicking Irish ditty in a manner that was all his own and which caused the children to laugh so heartily that it actually did one good to be present.

"It was the time of the year when everything was in bloom; when the flowers fairly overran the houses, and when the orange trees were laden with fruit. One day I was strolling through the orange field with Father Bailey, and he was telling me a particularly good story in Irish dialect, when suddenly we approached the figure of a nun. She was tall and stately, and, although her face was perfectly white, her beauty was such that I paused involuntarily and exclaimed: 'There is a picture for an artist, that magnificent woman, in dark array, strolling in this paradise of nature.'

"Father Bailey returned dryly that her beauty was not physical beauty, but beauty of the soul. I replied that I could well believe that, having looked

for a moment into her dark, soulful eyes. 'Such a woman must have a history,' I added. 'That is true, he responded. 'But her history belongs to the past.' The woman passed slowly away. Then Father Bailey returned to his story, and I asked him no more questions about her. However, I saw her frequently thereafter, and had no difficulty in learning of her past, for every one seemed to be acquainted with her romantic career.

"Before the war she was only daughter of an extremely wealthy planter, and lived in one of the large, handsome homesteads which then were so often seen in the land of Dixie. She had been educated in Paris, and had acquired all the graces which are supposed to accompany a perfect education in the fine arts. As she was an heiress she had many admirers, one of whom was a Southerner, while the other resided in the North, having met the accomplished girl in Paris. There was a hot race for her hand, but he had evidently inclined to the latter suitor, who was graceful and talented and altogether a worthy young fellow. The Southerner witnessed his rival's success with much chagrin, and when the announcement of the engagement was made was heard to remark that he would kill his hated rival at the altar. However, the wedding bells did not ring, for war troubles were imminent. The lovers took a sorrowful farewell, vowing to be loyal to each other, although he, perforce, was going to join the ranks of the enemy of the South

and assist in putting down the Confederacy.

"The denouement to the story was sad and startling. One day a man, worn out and travel-stained, sought refuge at the house and was admitted into the young woman's presence. She gave a cry of rapture, for it was her Northern lover, and then exclaimed with consternation: "'How did you get here?'" "By crossing the line."

"But if you are found here they will kill you."

"I could not resist seeing you."

"Then in an agitated manner she informs him that a detachment of Southern soldiers was encamped beyond the small wood and that the officer in command was his former rival.

"You must go at once," she urged. "They come here for supplies, and if they find you they will kill you as a spy."

"I know that," he returned in a gloomy manner.

"At this moment the door was burst open and a number of soldiers entered the room.

"Ah, here is the spy," said a voice. It was the Southern rival.

"I am no spy."

"What are you doing here?"

"You should know."

"At this the Southerner waved his arm to his men. 'Leave the room,' he said. The men obeyed.

"Now, sir," said the Southerner, "you are aware what your fate will be?"

"You cannot take me alive," was the sullen answer.

"The young woman threw herself before the Southerner.

"You know he is no spy!" she exclaimed.

"Well, he will be shot as one."

"Have you no mercy?"

"What mercy have you had for me! He shall die like a dog."

"See," she implored. "I beg on my knees. Could you not withdraw your men, or so arrange it that he may return?"

"Possibly I could."

"And you will?"

"On one condition."

"Name it."

### BURIAL OF TENNYSON.

A Tribute from the Queen in Her Own Handwriting—Mrs. Gladstone's Beautiful Token.

LONDON, October 12.—The remains of Lord Tennyson were laid in their final resting place to-day beneath the pavement of Westminster Abbey. The congregation comprised men eminent in all walks of life, statesmen, clergymen, authors, artists, members of the dramatic profession, men whose names are household words wherever the English tongue is known.

Many of those who entered the building carried wreaths, which were placed in the Jerusalem Chamber with those already deposited there. The Jerusalem Chamber contained a mass of most beautiful flowers, including 200 superb wreaths and crosses. Among the tokens was a beautiful design sent by Princess Louise, composed mostly of arm lilies and stephanotis.

Mrs. Gladstone sent a wreath on behalf of her husband and herself. It was composed of sweet smelling leaves from the gardens at Hawarden and was made by Mrs. Gladstone's own hands. Attached to the wreath was a card, on which was written the following couplet:

And in the vast Cathedral leave him—  
God accept him, Christ receive him.

The Queen sent a wreath composed of laurel leaves, tied with a broad bow of white silk ribbon. A card was attached to the wreath, on which, in the Queen's own handwriting, were the words:

A mark of sincere regard and admiration from VICTORIA, R. I.

Her Majesty also sent an everlasting metallic wreath of laurel, with the letters "V. R. I." in gilt worked into a monogram, and bearing the words:

A tribute of affectionate regard and true admiration from the sovereign.

The pallbearers were Mr. Henry White, secretary of the American Legation; Lord Salisbury, the Very Rev. Henry Montagu Butler, Sir James Paget, Lord Rosebery and Professor Froude. The choir sang the dead poet's beautiful lines, "Crossing the Bar," and "The Silent Voices," the latest poem written by Tennyson, the music of which was composed by Lady Tennyson. The benediction was pronounced by the Archbishop of Canterbury.

The trustees of Shakespeare's birthplace sent a wreath of laurel from Shakespeare's grave to be placed on the coffin of Tennyson.

Col. Watterston's Bird's-eye View.

[Courier-Journal.]

The Courier-Journal is neither a prophet, nor the son of a prophet, and has never dabbled in confident predictions. We shall not do so in the present instance. But it does appear to us that, to a gentleman up a tree—or words to that effect—the surface indications are at this moment all on the side of the Democrats.