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GONE BACK TO RICHMOND.

Johnston Davis on his Last Great March—An Old Man, Broken with the Storms of State, Is Come to Lay His Weary Bones Among Us—Let the Bells Toll and the Minute Guns Salute the Great Chief as he Takes his Place in the Ranks

[A. B. Williams, in Greenville News.]

In the far South, where the mightiest river of a continent swells to its most majestic width and the summer winds dance across the blue and sunlit waters of the Gulf to linger languidly in the fragrance of Louisiana's thousand flowers, an old man lies asleep.

In Virginia, nine hundred miles away, is Hollywood Cemetery. On the slopes of its many hills the grass grows green beneath the shade of old trees, and marble monuments to mighty dead gleam through the foliage, swaying gently in the breath of the breeze from the James River. It is very still and solemn there, and the roses drop their petals silently on the graves beneath and yield their breath to go forth gently through ravines and valleys where the hopes and loves of generations lie buried and the memories of thousands turn backward from all the corners of the earth.

The broad, yellow river rolling by on its course to the sea is broken there by many islands, and its waters surge beneath the drooping branches of willows and are ruffled into waves by the ledges of rock beneath. The voice of the river rushing amid the willows comes softly among the hills and ravines of Hollywood, like the sound of ceaseless sighing from many thousands of breasts, and mingles with the whisperings of the old trees as their foliage sways and rustles.

In Hollywood the soldiers sleep in ranks long and straight as those of the battle line. Beneath the green turf, shadowed by the whispering, swaying trees, with the roses above them and in the sound of the sighing from the willows in the river, they sleep and wait, silent, stark and motionless, each man in his place in the last array.

To-day the old man who went to sleep by the blue waters of the Gulf will be brought on his last journey to Hollywood to join the men who sleep there. He will pass nearly a thousand miles through the Southern land to the sound of tolling bells and solemn boom of minute guns and the music of dirges telling of the mourning of millions of men and women.

He will be laid in Hollywood for his long rest—will be put there among the men whose hearts thrilled at his name and who crowded the path to death at his bidding.

Thirty-two years ago he went to Richmond at the head of a new nation, the chief of a people who had taken arms in vindication of the principles and for the defence of the land they loved. From every part of this wide Southern country men gathered there to see him, and his name was highest among all those whom the swarming hosts honored with wild enthusiasm. In the splendid dreams of that time—dreams of a new empire, broad, beautiful, mighty and peaceful, and a flag bearing the Southern cross fluttering on far seas and waving higher than the flags of all the empires—his personality was foremost.

Reeling and falling in the choking battle smoke, sickening and dying in prisons, passing away in the crowded hospital wards, his men went from the ranks they filled so gloriously and from this world. His armies melted away, the splendid dreams faded and his flag went down and was furled forever. He lived to show that the confidence and love his people gave him were well placed, to illustrate the heroism of adversity, to show the world how a manly man and patriot could endure disaster and deprivation of sting and shame. He died an old man and very tired. He is going back to Richmond to rest among his veterans who have slept there silently more than a score of years. He will take his place among those whom he reviewed as they passed him in shouting ranks or swept by with clang of sabre and blare of bugle—the fair-faced boys, the bronzed and bearded or grizzled soldiers who wore the grey and fought and cheered by the inspiration of his name, and fell and died following the flag whereon the Southern cross was blazoned.

They will rest there very peacefully amid the rolling green hills kissed by the river breeze beneath the wide-reaching, whispering branches of the old trees. The far-off rushing of the river will sigh an everlasting requiem through the days of the changing seasons and the darkness of the nights or when the moonlight sifts through the leaves upon the mounds beneath which they sleep. The dreams they dreamed have vanished; the flag they fought for waves nowhere in this world, flies above the waters of no seas. They are memories, with no evidences of them remaining save the ranks of graves and the lingering sorrows in aching hearts. Yet their dream was a glorious one, and the memories of them will be cherished through all this Southern country while the hills in Hollywood endure and the yellow waters of the James rush by their sleeping place.

Let the bells toll and the minute guns boom their mournful signals and the music of the dirges go with the passing of the splendid old chief to join the dead army of his soldiers silently awaiting his coming in Hollywood. It is our right and duty to mourn and honor our dead men and our dead cause.

ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS.

A Brilliant Oration on the Great Commoner by Senator Newwood—New Facts in His Life.

We come neither to praise him nor to bury the great commoner of the republic. What of him was mortal has long been given back to earth, and what was spiritual needs no eulogy from us. His fame, like the question of Caesar's death, is enrolled in the capitol and the capitol covers the continent. These red hills echo and reecho his name and a thousand groves are in part his sanctuaries. Wherever he addressed the multitudes—and the multitudes followed him as he journeyed—he left undying memories, and the people wondered and many said: "Never man spoke like this man." And this was a true saying. "For take him for all in all we shall never look upon his like again." And his like the world had never seen before. This is no extravagance of eulogy; no compliment pardonable only in an epitaph. It is unvarnished truth.

I repeat, that in all the tide of time, history gives no record of any mortal whose physical and intellectual combination was comparable to that of Alexander Hamilton Stephens. Wherever he first appeared—whether on the hustings, in the forum, or in deliberative bodies—his personal aroused surprise and disappointment in every body; but when he spoke the people marveled at his power and wisdom. With a stature of near six feet in height, at no age of life did his weight exceed a hundred pounds. Pale and sallow, he seemed to be a boy of 18 years until he attained middle age, when envious time began to furrow his beardless cheeks.

Nor at any time was his health robust, while for the last twenty years of his wearisome pilgrimage he was a confirmed invalid. So feeble and attenuated in form so he seemed as if every day would be his last. And yet for the first thirty years of his manhood his physical endurance under constant labor was not surpassed by that of any other man engaged in similar work. In the most heated and active political campaigns he seemed never to be fatigued. In fact, in the fiercest of a political contest he gathered strength, as the eagle rises higher when the storms grow furious. He said of himself: "I am like a kite; I soar only in the rage of a gale."

Was a signal exception to the theory that great intellectual power is combined with strong physical development. At no time did his strength exceed that of a boy of fourteen years. Such was the physical man, Alexander Stephens.

But what is to be said when we turn to contemplate his intellect? It is not saying too much to assert that at the bar, on the hustings and in the legislative halls no man in America has ever achieved greater renown. He was never defeated in any contest before the people. In the gladiatorial field his career was more remarkable than that of any other statesman of America. I will not consume time before his neighbors and champions in recounting his continuous triumphs. Henry Clay, in a great speech delivered to his constituents, began by saying: "Forty years ago I pitched my tent on yonder hill, and you, and you, and you, took me by the hand and made me what I am." To you who took this homeless orphan by the hand when he pitched his tent on that now famous hill and helped to raise him to his high eminence, it would be presumption in me to narrate his wonderful career.

His boyhood was unmarked by any events or incidents of special interest. His parents were poor and this lad had to undergo the hardships and deprivations incident to poverty. But the precious jewel of his head shone with such brilliancy that it attracted the attention of some friends of wealth, who, with a view to secure his powers for the pulpit, sent the boy at their own expense to the University of Georgia to take the regular course for graduation. For reasons, best known to himself, he preferred the law to theology and, after graduation, began the practice as soon as he could be admitted to the bar. With his power of analysis, his legal acumen, his tenacious memory, his studious habits, his fluency and entrancing oratory, he rose rapidly at the bar, and his fame soon covered the State.

Within less than four years after he was admitted to the bar, his ability as a lawyer and debater convinced the voters of this county that their interests should be committed to his keeping, and they sent Mr. Stephens in 1836 to the Legislature, where they kept him until the year 1841, when he declined re-election. But his fame had gone over and beyond the State. His speech on the bill for the State to build the Western and Atlantic railroad, and his report for the minority who opposed the resolutions, censuring John McPherson Berrien, United States Senator, for certain views and votes in the Senate—these alone placed Mr. Stephens in the front rank of Georgia's Statesmen.

In the year 1843 he was again drawn away from his first love, the law, never to return, and as the circumstances from this partial divestment from the profession of his choice and lifelong preference have never been fully detailed and given to the public, I will give these interesting facts as stated to me by an eye witness.

During that year Mark A. Cooper, a Whig, resigned from Congress to be a candidate for Governor, and the Legislature being in session, a number of prominent Whigs assembled in Mill-

edgeville to select a candidate. The Democratic majority in that district was about three thousand. It was considered hopelessly lost to the Whigs. Their leaders naturally did not long for the nomination. Each tried to confer the honor upon the others. Many were the compliments generously paid to the "great ability, the burning eloquence, the rushing oratory, the commanding influence" of each leader when the golden prize was tendered him, but no man reached out his hand; they knew the gift, like Circe's kiss, was fatal.

At last in desperation a Nestor among them rose and made a speech full of policy, not to say a politician's wisdom—a speech that has often been made, and will always be made, under like circumstances. He said, in substance: "Every man here is praying to have the cat belled, but it is very evident that no one of us is brave enough to undertake the job. We are like a good many people I know who, when a subscription is to be taken up, prefer to do the praying while the bell is passed round. Now, we here are all too old to fool with this business. We can't afford to be beat, but a young man can. He can outlive defeat, but we can't. I propose that in order to make a show of fight we nominate a little fellow in my district named Stephens. He's a boy, looks to be 14 years old, but he'll fight anything. If he gets killed he's out of everybody's way. If he whips the fight we can choke him off the next race." Mr. Stephens was nominated, accepted, and entered at once on his work. What followed I have from a friend of Mr. Stephens' who accompanied him through that memorable campaign.

The Democrats turned the nomination as a joke and turned their back on that district as one rock-ribbed and impregnable. The boy candidate entered at once on a triumphant march. There being no railroad or telegraph in that section the news traveled slowly, but the Democracy of the State soon heard unwelcome rumors of disaster at the front. They came at first as the gentle breeze comes that foretells the gathering storm. Then came a louder, swelling sound like the sighing of the pines as the stronger couriers of the air broke from the storm center, like fleet-footed couriers bearing messages of disaster to forces held in reserve. Finally the storm had gathered in strength and the forest swayed and groaned and the Democracy heard a wail for help. Speedy meetings were held, and a gentleman from Savannah—a trained and able debater—was dispatched by relays to the scene of conflict. He appeared suddenly and without notice at one of Mr. Stephens' appointments and challenged the boy to meet him in joint debate. The challenge was gladly accepted, and when the pale-faced, beardless boy, who had the conclusion in the debate, had delivered his last blow on the veteran Democrat his remains were borne away by his sympathizing and notified friends and were never heard of again during that campaign.

That defeat aroused the Democracy to greater energy. They decided to crush the boy at one blow, and to that end they dispatched the strongest stump speaker of their party, Hon. Walter T. Colquitt, to drive the youngster out of the district. The Democrats were afraid that the gossling Whig would not dare meet their champion in joint debate, and they arranged a surprise by concealing him at farmer's house the night before and near the point of Mr. Stephens' appointment. At the hour for the speaking Judge Colquitt was rushed on the ground and his friends demanded a joint debate. The little David of the Whigs readily consented, he having the opening and conclusion. Mr. Stephens opened with a rambling talk of an hour, studiously avoiding all salient points of advantage to his adversary. Judge Colquitt replied with all the great power of which he was master.

The eye-witness says when Mr. Stephens rose to reply he was transformed. His eyes flashed, his form dilated, his stature seemed to stretch to the ceiling, and his triumph in the debate was so complete that the Democrats grew angry and attempted to break up the meeting, until a lank mountaineer in a coonskin coat and cap stepped to the side of the speaker's stand with his rifle and proclaimed that he would kill any man who interfered with the speaking. The Democratic champion had enough of that campaign and retired from the district without another debate with the haste that had signalized his coming.

Goliath was slain; the large Democratic majority was overcome, the boy was elected, and from that day, for fifty years, he reigned without rival in the hearts of his people. For forty years you honored yourselves in honoring him. The Roman name, "a man is known by his associates," applies to a people and their representatives. No higher encomium could be paid to you than you conferred on yourselves by continuing this great statesman in your service.

But his fame is not your exclusive inheritance. It belongs to his native State and to his country. He came a surprise and remained a wonder. He rose like a meteor, but soon took his rightful position among the fixed stars. In erecting this monument of marble standing on a base of granite we add nothing to his name and fame; we seek only to perpetuate both and to give inspiration to the youth of coming generations and an incentive to high and noble deeds. The marble but typifies the character of the man, while the granite symbolizes the enduring foundation on which his glory stands.

MANY QUESTIONS OF LAW.

Questions About Dispensaries Passed on by the Attorney-General.

COLUMBIA, S. C., May 24.—Since the county boards of control were appointed and the Governor has requested the members to submit all questions of law which do not appear to be clear as to construction, to be submitted to him, in conjunction with the Attorney-General to decide them, the questions have been piling in.

The following opinion of the Attorney-General, filed with the Governor yesterday, covers a great many questions about the construction of the dispensary law which have already been sent in:

To His Excellency, B. R. Tillman, Governor.

DEAR SIR: I have carefully considered the inquiries concerning the dispensary act contained in the letter referred by your Excellency to this office and beg to state my opinion thereon in the order in which they occur in the letter.

The first inquiry is as follows: "(1) Can a person who owns real estate outside of the town but in the county sign application?"

This question refers to the application to be made by any one desiring to be county dispenser. My answer to this question is that such a person cannot sign the application.

The second question is as follows: "(2) Can a person who owns no real estate in his own name but owns stock in a corporation which has real estate in the town sign application?"

My opinion is that he cannot.

"(3) Can a person who owns real estate in a town, but resides outside of its limits, sign an application for a dispenser?"

I answer, No.

"(4) Can a person who now holds office become county or town dispenser without resigning said office?"

In answering this question I must say that under Section 28, Article II of the Constitution of South Carolina, a member of the Legislature could not accept the position of county dispenser without vacating his seat in the Legislature; but one holding any other office could accept the position, provided the duties of the two offices be not incompatible—that is, so they do not conflict with each other so as to interfere with each other and prevent a proper discharge thereof by one and the same person.

The above are all the inquiries contained in the letter referred to, but I may as well answer some others which have been made from time to time.

"5. Is it obligatory on the county board of control to appoint the one who secures a majority of the freehold voters in the town or may the board use its discretion?"

The board may use its discretion and reject any improper applicant.

"6. Is an ex-bartender eligible to the position of county dispenser or assistant dispenser?"

The mere fact of his being an "ex-bartender" would not of itself render him ineligible. What a man has been is not the question. The important question is whether he is qualified as to character, habits, etc., but I may as well say that under the act one who has during the two years immediately previous to filing petition engaged in the liquor business would not be considered eligible.

"7. Can one holding real estate as trustee to collect rents, etc., sign application?"

Not unless he is qualified in some other way than the position as trustee.

"8. Can husbands whose wives own real estate sign applications?"

No.

"9. Can a man who owns real estate in a town where the dispensary is to be situated, but who is unable to do manual labor, and hence exempt from poll tax, sign application?"

Yes.

I have the honor to be, most respectfully, your obedient servant,

D. A. TOWNSEND,
Attorney-General.

She Drew the Line at Kisses.

Her eyes were soft and dark as night, Her raven tresses veiled, I took a seat beside my love, And soon I fell to sighing, She placed her hand within my own—
"What thrills began to quiver About my heart! Said she: "Dear John,
"What is it makes you shiver?"

I scarcely knew, and so I said, "I'm warmer than a cinder;" And then a daring thought occurred—
"Pray, what was there to hinder?" I bent over her ruby lips,
To steal the tempting blisses. "Oh, no!" said she, "it cannot be; I draw the line at kisses."

The years may come, the years may go, I'll never forget our meeting. Upon her cheek a pretty glow—
"The moments all too fleeting! Ah, you can tell the royal way To manage pretty misses! Just when you think they love you most
They draw the line at kisses."
—Fred Pardee Hanchett in Chicago Times.

Eczema causes an itching so persistent as to produce, not only sleeplessness, but, at times, even delirium. Local application will not relieve the cause, which is impure blood. Ayer's Sarsaparilla cures this disease by cleansing the blood and eradicating all humors.

OUTSIDE VIEWS.

Snap Shots on Current Events, and Glances at Things Past and Present.

It is not generally known that a celebrated weather prophet has lately come into the State. He is the Rev. G. J. Martz, the new Lutheran preacher at Walhalla. While living at Lebanon, Pa., in 1888, he predicted more than two weeks beforehand the great snow storm that so suddenly struck New York in the latter part of March in that year and completely took the breath away from the Knickerbockers by its immensity. I saw Mr. Martz's published prediction ten days before the storm occurred.

While we have gained, Canada has lost. Wiggins has gone out of the business and declares he will make no more weather predictions.

Instead of getting down the rates to the World's Fair, the railroads are trying to annihilate the distance to the fair. Chauncey Depew sends out a train on his road from New York to Chicago that runs an average of fifty miles an hour, and on some portions of the road it goes eighty-three miles an hour. The W. & A. road has just put on the "Velvet Vestible" between Atlanta and Chicago. It makes the trip in twenty-three hours. The roads are making a mistake. The rate should be lessened and not the time between here and Chicago. Time saved is not money made to us in this case.

Will the State Press Association let the opportunity pass for a trip to the World's Fair. We pass.

It is curious how old customs survive. Take the manner in which the bell is rung at the Newberry Lutheran church for instance. The two successive strokes and the interval between them and the next two strokes is the way the bell has been rung since it first summoned the worshippers to hear the gospel preached. The first sexton of the church adopted that way of ringing the bell from a church in Greenville whose bell he once heard. That was almost forty years ago, and although that old sexton has been dead twenty years, the bell is still rung the same way.

I have heard many bells in many churches in many towns. I have heard them all clang together, and whatever may be said derogatory to the character of Newberry's church buildings, we must give our town the credit for having well-toned church bells. Their mellow tones on a Sabbath eve are delightful.

But there ought to be no excuse that we have no better church buildings because we have good bells. There is plenty money here with which to build better churches.

And just here I would remark that they do things differently elsewhere. I was told the other day that Rev. Wm. Hayne Leavell's congregation in Houston, Texas, is going to build a new church. He preached a sermon not long since and told his people he wanted \$50,000 for a new church. In just three weeks time the entire amount was raised, and they allowed their pastor to select the building committee and arrange other preliminaries.

There is not so much silver and gold and notes floating around anywhere these times. It is enormous to know how much of the business of this country is transacted through the interchange of credits. The payments made by bank checks alone amount to \$200,000,000 in a single day—\$120,000,000 in New York city and \$80,000,000 in the balance of the country. This shows the value of credit—the life-blood of trade and commerce. Young man, take care of your credit.

I might say to this grand old State, take care of your credit. Don't get so "elastic," and try to cover all the law and the gospel too. Nobody has no rights. Be somebody.

The misfortune is that the use of power, like credit, easily runs into abuse. There is just now in this country too much of the latter. We should call a halt.

It is like they say out in Wyoming now after having tried woman suffrage for twenty years: "The realization never comes up to the expectation." If it did the millennium would be ushered in. All the Wyomingans are disappointed except those who got the plums—just the same as it is in Georgia or under the eaves of the White House.

THE OUTSIDE MAN.

Water That Won't Quench Fire.

[From the Minneapolis Journal.]

PIERRE, S. D., May 25.—A flow of 400 gallons per minute was struck at the Government artesian well at the Indian school yesterday at a depth of 1,125 feet. The water possessed the same qualities as the water at the Hot Springs in the Black hills, being at a temperature of 92° and is highly magnetic. The gas which accompanies the flow makes it worthless for fire protection, as the gas will blaze if a light is applied to the flow of water.

Hood's Sarsaparilla positively cures even when all others fail. It has a record of successes unequalled by any other medicine.

WILD WORK OF THE WINDS.

A Terrible Storm in the State of Arkansas—Many People Killed and Injured.

HOPE, ARK., June 1.—Howard County was swept by a terrific storm and rain yesterday afternoon, resulting in loss of life and great destruction of property. County Assessor Stewart and two children are reported killed in the collapse of their home. Many bridges and trestles along various railroads are wrecked and several hundred feet of the Arkansas and Louisiana Railroad has been washed away. The train service is abandoned at Harrisburg. The Canby Lumber Company's property is swept away. Among the injured are: David Roberts, fatally; Jacob Suzede and wife, slightly injured. Loss to property, \$20,000. The farm of Wm. Martin, living twelve miles southwest of Hope, was washed away. The entire country from two to seven miles southwest of Hope has been wrecked. Rain and hail both fell heavily. Judge Gibson's farm house, three miles south, is totally wrecked. At Guernsey half a dozen houses were blown down and many injured seriously. At New Leadville a destructive hail storm did great damage to crops and residences and killed a large amount of stock.

FOREST CITY, ARK., June 1.—A tornado passed four miles west of this city last night, but as that part of the country was completely isolated by the hurricane, no particulars could be gained until this morning. The two-story frame house occupied by Mrs. Thomas, a widow with a large family, was completely demolished, and Mrs. Thomas and her thirteen-year-old daughter were instantly killed. Other members of the family were badly bruised. Many houses in the track of the tornado were demolished or unroofed.

CAMDEN, ARK., June 1.—Meagre reports from points in Columbia County, adjoining this county, were to the effect that a disastrous tornado passed over there yesterday evening. The wind cut a swath four miles wide. One hundred and sixty-five big trees were blown across the Cotton Belt Railroad track near Waldo Station.

Damage was done to all property in the track of the whirlwind. It is a great yellow pine region and saw mills and stocks were injured. No loss of life is reported, the people fleeing to excavations and ravines. One man jumped in a well to save himself. The railroad track has been cleared of debris.

What is a Baby?

Did you ever try to formulate your exact opinion of a baby not your own baby, but the tiny morsel in the abstract? A London paper offered a prize of ten dollars for the best definition. Here are some of those sent in, the last of which won the prize:

The bachelor's horror, the mother's treasure, and despotic tyrant of the most republican household.

The morning caller, noon day crawler, midnight brawler.

The only precious possession that never excites envy.

The latest edition of humanity of which every couple think they possess the finest copy.

A native of all countries who speaks the language of none.

About twenty-two inches of coo and wiggles, white and scream, filled with suction and testing apparatus for milk and automatic alarm to regulate supply.

A quaint little craft called Innocence and laden with simplicity and love.

A thing we are expected to kiss and look as if we enjoy it.

A little stranger with a free pass to the heart's affection.

That which makes home happier, love stronger, patience greater, hands busier, nights longer, days shorter, purses lighter, clothes shabbier, the past forgotten, the future brighter.

A tiny feather from the wing of love dropped into the sacred lap of motherhood.—Womankind.

The Story of the Millennium.

A fascinating picture of the possibilities of future development on the earth and of the condition of mankind in the ten thousandth century, when interplanetary communication has been established and the "dream of the ages" become a reality, is one of the special features of Demorest's Family Magazine for June. It is compiled from articles in "The Diary of an Atlantic City" and "The Optimists' Club," an organization established for foretelling the future of the world, and the unique illustrations tell the story as vividly as the words. If one admires pictures of handsome women—and who does not?—over a score of them may be seen in the same number, illustrating "Society Leaders of Indiana." In "Familiar Tales from the Different Schools of Art" we are introduced to the Venetian and Spanish painters and many of their most noted works. "The French Legation" are treated in a superbly illustrated article. "The Diary of an Atlantic City" tells all about tennis teas and tennis dresses; from "A Caravan Outing" one learns about the newest and most charming way of spending a vacation; and if the suggestions of "Summer Furnishing" and "The Guest-Room" are carried out one may be sure of having an attractive home for the hot weather. The story of "A Victim of the Borgia Counter" will appeal to many a victim; the most stories are all good, and the numerous departments replete with helpful matter. Demorest's always contains plenty to interest every member of the family, and is published for only \$2 a year, by W. Jennings Demorest, 15 East 14th St., New York.

An occasional bottle of Ayer's Sarsaparilla does more to correct the tendency of the blood to accumulate humors, and keep the organs sound and healthy, than any other treatment we know of. "Prevention is better than cure." Try it this month.

THE BEGINNING OF PENSION REFORM

The Administration All Right with the Country on the Issue.

[New York Sun.]

The decision of Mr. Cleveland's administration with respect to pensions is simply this: The Government will not undertake the support of ex-soldiers whose disabilities or infirmities did not originate in the service, when the disability or infirmity not due to service does not prevent the ex-soldier from earning his own living.

A more reasonable, equitable, and proper measure of reform it would be difficult to imagine. Loose and injudicious as were some of the provisions of the Disability Pension act of 1890, the Congress which passed that law never contemplated any such abuses of the system as were fastened upon it by Commissioner Raum, under Gen. Harrison's reckless management of pension affairs. The rescinding of Raum's order restores the rating of disability pensioners to the standard established by the law which has been persistently misconstrued for the past two or three years.

The estimate that from \$15,000,000 to \$20,000,000 will be saved to the Treasury annually by following the law itself instead of Gen. Raum's illegal construction of that law, may prove excessive. But, whether the saving is \$20,000,000, or \$2,000,000, it should be effected. The most liberal interpretation of the Government's duty to its former soldiers does not require that citizens shall be taxed to support other citizens who are capable of supporting themselves, merely because the names of the latter once appeared on the army rolls, although the war left them unscathed.

This wise and proper measure of pension reform is described in some of our Republican contemporaries as an "attack on the pensioners." Pensioners of that sort ought to be not only attacked, but obliterated. Five years ago the annual pension expenditure was about \$90,000,000, or about nearly the sum which so good a patriot and friend of the veterans as Gen. Garfield declared was his high-water mark of any honest pension system. Within five years the annual expenditure has almost doubled. It is time to call a halt.

In any effort to check the unparalleled extravagance which threatens to bankrupt the treasury in the name of gratitude to the Union's defenders, President Cleveland will have the support of all right-thinking citizens, including the veterans of the war. He may be sure of this. In honest pension reform no worthy dependent upon the Government's bounty has anything to fear.

Donaldson vs. Grant.

[From the Piedmont Headlight.]

To the Editor of the Headlight: Your issue of the 12th inst. has just been handed me. In your comments upon my reply to Governor Tillman's attack upon me you say, "And we further ask Col. Donaldson how can he advocate Alliance principles and then endorse the nomination of a man at such a varietal ticket. If you ask who is meant, I reply, 'thou art the man.' You denounce Alliance men who believe in the People's party, which opposes 'those Wall street gold kings,' and then with another flop of your political wings you warn with a long crow the Alliance men against me for supporting the nominee of the Democratic party, whom you boast of having supported as a party man. You even sought for and delighted in the privilege of bearing upon your own person the electoral vote of South Carolina to Washington to be counted for a man 'whose success' you say 'means utter repudiation of our demands.'"

Is this not a fair specimen of what you call "idiotic inconsistency"? Methuselah was the oldest man and Moses the meekest man, therefore David slew Goliath, is about the style of logic that you employ when dealing with the subject of the Alliance and its relation to politics.

Allow me to suggest that there is quite enough intelligence in the Alliance to meet the demands laid upon it by recent events in its own way and at the proper time. Yours truly,

M. L. DONALDSON,
GREENVILLE, S. C., May 17, 1893.

Old Glory on the Devil's Tower.

[Chicago Daily Tribune.]

CHAMBERLAIN, S. D., May 27.—The people of western South Dakota and Wyoming are greatly interested in the approaching attempt of W. B. Rogers of Sundance to plant an American flag on top of Devil's Tower, in the Black Hills. The tower is 1,200 feet high, measures 800 feet in circumference at the base, and 350 feet at the top. It is supposed to have been a chimney to some subterranean fire. It is perfectly round in form, the sides being fluted like a portico column. No one has ever yet stood on the top of this curious tower. It is inaccessible, the sides offering no foothold. Rogers claims he will cut footholds as he ascends. Should be successful he will receive \$200. Scientists say that this tower has not a duplicate in the world.

Asking for a Bill of Particulars.

[From the Boston Bugle.]

Mrs. Cay—Mary, did I see you kissing my husband this morning?
Mary—At what time?

Every man having a beard should keep it in an even and natural color, and if it is not so already, use Buckingham's Dye and appear tidy.

other candidates for the Presidency, do so, except Weaver? Three of our delegates to Chicago voted for Hill. Has he ever given the remotest intimation that he favored the Ocala platform? If not, why not arraign Governor Tillman, Senator Irby and B. F. Perry for voting for a man so "at variance with Alliance demands?" Thirteen of our delegates to Chicago voted for Boise. Have you ever heard that he favored a single plank in the Ocala platform? If not, why have you not cited these thirteen men to trial for not supporting the candidate who was in accord with the Ocala demands, namely, Weaver? If you think the words of the ritual which I have quoted are of no force or effect, and that the Alliance binds men's consciences, why don't you come out squarely and say so and admit that you think the Alliance ought no longer stand as the only pure and unadulterated farmers' organization for their distinctive protection and benefit—become a political party—a free omnibus for the transportation of demagogues and political dead beats into office?

In your effort to play upon the supposed prejudices and credulity of the people you lay great stress on certain instructions of the May Convention and would make believe that everybody knew just how every delegate would act and vote when they got to Chicago. It was found, however, that the delegation worked and voted for three different candidates and yet I, who was not a delegate and could not vote, and was not instructed in any way, you would hold up to the public gaze, and have the people believe was the only man who violated trusts and deceived the people.

With such facts before them, it is supposed that the Alliance or the people will fail to see the organized political persecution that is now being directed against me?

I have, from the beginning, believed that Mr. Cleveland stood nearer to our views than any other Democratic candidate mentioned for the Presidency, and I gave the reasons for that belief to the public as early as 1891, a copy of which I enclose and trust that you, having so severely criticised me, will republish as a matter of justice. I have no apology to make to you or to anybody else for my course in politics or in the Alliance, but when the Farmers' Alliance is lugged in and its principles invaded and perverted for political purposes I feel that I would be recreant to the trusts reposed in me as their head if I failed to defend those principles. I have tried wherever I have gone in the State to impress the Alliance men with the fundamental doctrine of the Alliance, that it is non-partisan in politics and that its membership is entirely free, so far as the Alliance is concerned, in political or religious views. I have great respect for my brethren who have honest convictions and the courage of those convictions in politics, whether they agree with my views or not, but cannot say as much for those who denounce Alliance men as holding "with those Wall street gold kings" when they themselves boast of voting the same party ticket. If you ask who is meant, I reply, "thou art the man." You denounce Alliance men who believe in the People's party, which opposes "those Wall street gold kings," and then with another flop of your political wings you warn with a long crow the Alliance men against me for supporting the nominee of the Democratic party, whom you boast of having supported as a party man. You even sought for and delighted in the privilege of bearing upon your own person the electoral vote of South Carolina to Washington to be counted for a man "whose success" you say "means utter repudiation of our demands.""

Is this not a fair specimen of what you call "idiotic inconsistency"? Methuselah was the oldest man and Moses the meekest man, therefore David slew Goliath, is about the style of logic that you employ when dealing with the subject of the Alliance and its relation to politics.

Allow me to suggest that there is quite enough intelligence in the Alliance to meet the demands laid upon it by recent events in its own way and at the proper time. Yours truly,

M. L. DONALDSON,
GREENVILLE, S. C., May 17, 1893.

Old Glory on the Devil