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## SIGHTS IN CHICAGO.

**The Bustle and Life in the Great City as Interesting as the Exposition—She Drives Deeply and Her Sky Scrapers are Expressive of an Aspiration that Should Elevate Her to a Higher Moral Plane.**

The scope of the Exposition I embraced in my letter last week. The trip to Chicago deserves mention because it is the scenic route from the South Atlantic States. Leaving Asheville, the beautiful scenery on the French Broad was passed by night in the local train to Paint Rock, where through the courtesy of Col. Wrenn of the E. T. V. and Ga. railway, elegant Pullman vestibuled cars awaited us, to take us to Knoxville and Harrison, and to run as a special train also to Chicago by Col. Edwards of the Q. C. and Col. McCormick of the M. C. route. Capt. E. A. Hoover, the advertising agent of the latter, with Mrs. Hoover and her sister, rode with our party from Cincinnati to Chicago.

The magnificent bluegrass region of Kentucky I entirely missed seeing except by moonlight, which was not very satisfactory. The French Broad and its grand scenery, extending about eighty miles from Pigeon River to Asheville, was a grand attraction on my return trip, with just space enough in half that distance for the railroad on the margin of the placid stream gently gliding through the gorge—the great thoroughfare of the mountains. We also had grand mountain scenery from Harrison, Tenn., to the High bridge across Cumberland river, spanning its channel 285 feet high, having crossed the mountains through twenty-seven tunnels each in length from an eighth to seven-eighths of a mile—all at rapid speed and no stifling smoke from the monster compound engines—thanks to good railroad management.

The level lands and back soil of Indiana, as one approaches the Windy City, was a novelty to many of us who are accustomed to look upon the red hills of South Carolina. A small lake near Chicago, was the largest body of water we had seen since leaving Broad river, as we passed the Ohio at Cincinnati at night when we were all asleep. From Cedar Lake we got a glimpse of the Ferris wheel and as we got nearer to the city the white buildings of the Exposition could be seen. Mr. Darrows carried our train through from Paint Rock to Chicago and gave us all the dots as we went along. The Press Association presented him with a handsome gold-headed cane. He was the most pleasant conductor I ever saw.

**GREAT IS CHICAGO.**  
Mr. Darrows said to me at 2 p. m., that we had reached the suburbs. It was 3.30 p. m. when we got to the depot, and the train was making an average speed of twenty-five miles an hour at the time. So west once got an idea of the immense size of Chicago. It is fifteen miles in width, and one of its thoroughfares, Halsted street, is thirty-seven miles long. We entered the city parallel with this street.

The city itself is just about the size of Newberry County. Its million and a half of inhabitants who occupy its vast area depend upon the Northwest for their food supplies. The truck farms in the suburbs do not amount to much.

There were many attractions in the city. Indeed, Chicago is as interesting to the stranger as the Exposition. On Wabash avenue, where we first stopped, there was no great bustle, and we wondered what part of the city was it that it was difficult to cross at a corner or board a street car without danger to life and limb if one was not exceedingly cautious.

Our entire party had an experience of this kind on State street when we visited the type foundry of Barnhardt, Bros. & Spindler. It was at a time of the day when the flurry and bustle of the street was at its height, and while trying to keep clear of the street cars in crossing at the corners, we would almost collide with one or more of the hundreds of vehicles moving briskly up and down the street. You just had to elbow your way around them like in a crowd.

The gentleman above named, however, treated the Association very nicely. Type-making in all its details was seen at their foundry—from the melting of the metal with natural gas conveyed in a pipe line 200 miles from Indiana to the finishing of the tiniest letter. The firm also served refreshments and gave us a compliment of a boat ride to the Exposition by the lake route. They do not belong to the type trust, and they treat their employees kindly. This is much to their good sense and fine judgment.

less trunk of a cottonwood tree enclosed with an iron railing. At this tree and towards the fort, the monument marking the site of the latter, occurred the dreadful massacre. One representation on the monument is that of an Indian shielding a woman and her babe from the tomahawk—an occurrence in that event of history.

In lodging in the city the visitor has the opportunity of seeing more of Chicago than by staying near the Exposition grounds. The trip to the fair can be made very quickly by four different routes, namely, the Illinois Central, along the lake front; by the boats; by the elevated cars; by the cable cars. The car lines seem to be making more money than anything else in Chicago. Their combined capacity is 110,000 passengers an hour. The quarter of a million people at the Exposition on Illinois day were handled with ease and safety.

Besides the immense number of people daily carried to the fair, the cable cars were crowded with country folk riding all day long up State street, and transferring at 35th, and back the same way. A nickel will pay for twenty-five miles transportation on the street cars, and you can ride on horse cars, electric cars and cable cars. In going to

**LINCOLN PARK.**  
The cable cars run under Chicago river because they can't go over it. I would rather go under it than through it, and then you would scarcely escape contamination. It is the filthiest, most sluggish stream I ever saw or heard of. I saw some big steamboats sail out on Lake Michigan from this river, and the specific gravity of the stream must be increased by its filth, for the boats looked too big for the volume of water in its channel. At the next World's Fair, Chicago could make sensation of this fluid stagnation by cutting it out of the river with an axe and exhibiting it in barbed wire pens. It would not run away. Too solid! But before that time comes around, the sewerage of the city will be conveyed thirty miles from the city, on the west, to a river by a canal upon which millions of dollars are now being spent.

If you must take a look at Chicago river, do so before you visit Lincoln Park. In such a beautiful place, admiring the work of nature and the art of man, you will forget all about the river. It is a very large park, containing 850 acres. In its zoological section is to be seen a larger collection of animals, birds and reptiles than the celebrated zoological gardens in Cincinnati or Central Park. I had no guide. I did not know at first it was a park. I attended church in that part of the city, and just thought I would take a rest on the grass under the trees just like I saw thousands of folks doing—although I had no beer to drink nor lunch to eat.

There in flowers, though they toiled not like the lilies of Solomon, in their variegated colors on all sides, you could read "Lincoln Park." The waters of Lake Michigan as they are seen from the eastern side of the park form a vista of bluish, velvety green, stretching out on a gentle upward slope. The lake wherever seen looks higher than the city, and scientists declare that it is gradually rising every year.

Thousands of people spend the Sabbath in the park. It is difficult to realize when Sunday comes. I rode six miles to get that "reserved seat" on Sunday in Grace Lutheran church on Belden avenue, in which vicinity the serenity of the Sabbath more abounded than on Wabash avenue, Monroe, State and North Clark streets I traversed in going to church. The saloons, shops, and streets vendors were doing a big business, judging by the immense, surging crowds of people.

By luck or accident, four of our party lost our way and tramped through a portion of South Park next day on our way to the Exposition. We were repaid for the trip when some marvelous designs in living, blooming flowers burst upon our disgruntled thoughts. Three pieces were remarkable for their arrangement, namely, "Monday, August 21"—calendar of the day in twenty thin letters; large globe with map of the world very plainly outlined; Gates Ajarmost beautiful of the three. The first was set in bas relief on the sloping lawn; the second elevated on a pedestal of flowers; and the third suggests its own arrangements to the most casual reader.

On Van Buren street, contractors were moving a brick building with a stone foundation. The building is as large as the Crowell hotel in Newberry. It was in the way of a new elevated car line and must be moved. The contractor gave a guarantee to move it a distance of three hundred feet without a crack in the walls or the least injury in any part for \$110,000. It was raised up with one thousand jackscrews and its pergrination was going on at the rate of twenty feet a day. There were no cracks in it when I left. Similar buildings are being whirled around to get them out of the way. Nothing like it is to be seen elsewhere in the universe and the foreign dignitaries visiting the Exposition look on the sight with wonder.

Is it any wonder that such a city could place the Exposition on a such magnificent scale? It cost \$22,000,000, and a Chicago bank cashier told me that \$18,000,000 his city put in the World's Fair would be a big advertisement for her—they never expected to get it back any other way.

I could tell a Chicagoan from a visitor every time. He talked up his town. The last chap I saw the night I started home did it, and he was somewhat tainted with anarchism.

Yet with all her bustle, enterprise and feats in civil engineering, social and moral malaria hang in her atmosphere like a deadly pall. A large class of her inhabitants respect no Lord's day, no home-circle, no marriage vow, have no purity of thought, no right living, but ever striving for the mighty dollar, and living in sensuality and the mire of moral degradation. I never saw a more terrible illustration of this than the reception given the

**SALVATION ARMY**  
one night at the corner of Thirty-third and State streets. As each Salvationist would pray in a loud tone in order to be heard above the noise of the crowd, I saw boys four and six years old mock and scoff them in their religious exercises, and mothers by example were teaching the children in their arms to hail them in the most insulting manner. The Salvation Army, with its songs and United States flag and martial music, was a novel and ludicrous sight even to me, and I looked on with curiosity, and listened to the prayers each one uttered in his or her turn, but I felt like giving those boys and their mothers a lecture.

**MIDWAY PLAISANCE.**  
crowded with a curious throng from morning to late at night, had some interesting features. There is a stereotyped sameness about the appearance and manner of the Asiatic people there congregated, and it is not worth the time nor the money to visit their "entertainments." You can see the natives of the East in their squalid, dirty attire, and if you have learned anything at all of their customs from books of travel, the sight of them ought to be satisfactory.

The Ferris wheel is in Midway Plaisance. It is one of the remarkable things at the World's Fair. Its diameter is 264 feet, and a ride on it takes you 261 feet in the air, where you have time as it moves slowly around to take a view of Chicago and the Exposition grounds. Your vision is lost in the dim distance before the full scope of the city can be taken in, but you can get a splendid idea of the Exposition buildings, and overlook some of the things in the Plaisance that scarcely deserve closer inspection. The cars—thirty-six in number—which carry you up in the air are half the size of a railway coach, and are swung on pivots so that they are always on a level as they go around. There are chairs to sit upon, but one of our party—the Press Association took it in a body—laid himself down upon the floor as we went around, notwithstanding the fact that not a single accident has occurred since the wheel was erected. I read the other day, however, that it got stuck for four hours. The passengers up there in the air must have enjoyed it to the utmost.

The wheel cost \$390,000, and has been sold for \$500,000 to a company on Coney Island, where it will be removed. Its shaft—the largest ever made in the world, was forged out of solid steel. It is 45 feet in length, 33 inches in diameter and cost \$300,000. The wheel has taken in altogether \$300,000, and on September 1st began paying the Exposition twenty-five per cent. of the gross receipts. Its receipts are now \$8,000 per day. Fifty cents is charged for two revolutions, which are made in forty minutes. I could have gone around several times more. It was exhilarating. Two engines of 1,000 horse power each drive the machinery, which turns the immense wheel, its movement being transmitted by a chain set by a double set of four wheels above and larger than the lower wheels. It is run very much like the propelling power of a bicycle.

The wheel at night presents a beautiful sight from the elevated railroad as you are leaving the Exposition grounds. Its 1,400 incandescent electric lights show the circle of the wheel well defined against the horizon in brilliant illumination.

noon, however, and shortly afterwards the star actress—a woman of even features, flashing black eyes and brown complexion, low in stature and of neat appearance—was smoking cigarettes at the rear entrance. The effects of the financial stringency was even to be seen on Midway. The Javanese village, one of its most quiet and interesting sights—had thrown up the sponge and notified the Exposition managers that it could not pay the toll of twenty-five per cent. on its receipts—the same as charged the other shows.

The Press Association visited the Dahomey village in a body. It was interesting only in the fact that we saw there a party of negroes with a dialect of their own, but with scant attire, and using American cooking utensils and gambling with American pasteboard for pennies tossed them by the visitors. The women of Dahomey were stouter-looking than the men, but had no appearance of being the fighters in their army. The men are infatuated with jewelry. One fellow, engaged in washing dishes, wanted a lady in our party to give him a large brooch she wore. He was rollicksome in an effort to make his desire known by gesticulation, chattering like a magpie and showing his white teeth. We did not waste valuable time by waiting two hours for the Dahomeyans to give their native dance on the platform in the center of the village.

The German village, the Irish village and the Streets of Cairo are three things in Midway that are worth seeing. The Streets of Cairo contains twenty-four pieces of architecture direct from Cairo itself, all set up and so arranged that entering the place you feel like you are breathing an Egyptian atmosphere. There the camel drivers are raking in the shekels and also the small boys who run the donkey transportation. The Egyptian donkey is a very small animal and easy to get on and off. It is the camel that takes the fancy of American girls, and ride she would and ride she does to the amusement of the bustling throng in the narrow streets. Dismounting the camel causes the rider. The animal in kneeling to be relieved of its rider would get down upon its knees, and up and down, in a wave-like motion, its humps would go. Then before the fair rider was scarcely aware of it, the Egyptian driver would grasp her with both arms around the waist and plant her feet upon the ground. The trips upon the camels and donkeys were made by all types of the American woman and the children in quick succession, as the drivers with shouts would speed the beasts from one end of the street to the other. This programme would be kept up all day. There were other attractions—jugglery, ancient religious and marriage rites; the mummy of the Pharaohs in the days of Moses, all to be seen at extra fees. The entrance fees to all the Midway shows amount to \$13.75, but the theatres and gardens inside the villages further increase this sum to \$30.25. With the exception of those noted above, and possibly a few others, Midway is an aggregation of fakes. Americans must see everything going on, however, and Midway is thronged all day with a curiosity-seeking crowd.

**SWAN'S TALE OF WOE.**  
He Complains of Bad Treatment While in Jail—Governor Tillman Gets Mad and Talks Very Large About It.  
[The State, 13th.]  
The following letter from the most widely known of the State's morning spies was received yesterday morning at the Executive office, and it made Governor Tillman pretty hot, as will be seen from his remarks below on the subject:

"CHARLESTON, Sept. 7, 1893.  
"GOVERNOR B. R. TILLMAN.  
"DEAR SIR: I came out of jail yesterday afternoon, after being most brutally treated. My bedding was sent and was refused by the jailer. I was put in a room with four burglars and thieves. My bed was a narrow bench with my coat for a pillow. I have to report to the United States marshal daily. My instructions are to make no cases or arrests.  
"Very respectfully,  
"C. B. SWAN."  
HOT SHOT FROM THE GOVERNOR  
SWAN seems to be giving the State authorities a great deal of trouble, but he has been acting all along according to orders, and the Governor stands by him. When Governor Tillman was asked yesterday what he had to say about this latest development, he said: "Well, it didn't last long enough to do anything but show the animus of the jailer and his friends. I publish this as a warning that if that kind of a thing is tried here I will see what can be done by the Legislature or somebody else to make that crowd down there know that the State constables have not been just picked up from the seam of the earth and are to be respected, and that the jailer in refusing to let him have his bedding in there is simply acting as a dirty tool of a dirty crowd, and if he has any regard for his job he had better not try it any more. The sheriff is responsible for his employee's conduct, and if he can't be reached by a jury he can be reached by a legislative committee."

**Are You Nervous?**  
Are you all tired out, do you have that tired feeling or sick headache? You can be relieved of all these symptoms by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, which gives nerve, mental and bodily strength and thoroughly purifies the blood. It also creates a good appetite, cures indigestion, heartburn and dyspepsia.  
HOOD'S PILLS are easy to take, easy in action and sure in effect. 25 cents a box.

**SOME THINGS HE LIKES.**  
San Jones is Fond of Fast Horses and Fast Trains—Extract from One of His Sermons.

Up in Kentucky, where I have preached, they have tried to get me to preach against three blooded horses, but I don't do it. I like them. I tell you when you walk out and look at blooded horses you see something.

You know I believe Nancy Hanks is a greatly superior being to Sullivan and Corbett. Your old mules can get into a lot and kick the filling out of one another like Sullivan and Corbett, but when it comes to getting there in 2:06 it takes Nancy Hanks, and I believe Nancy is a higher bred animal than Sullivan and Corbett. I am caudid in what I say. I like you. I like it. I tell you when you walk around these race tracks and look at these blooded horses, when you see five or six thoroughbreds prance around, nervous, waiting for the word, and finally to see them leap and lunge with nostrils distended and muscles quivering and see them at last come in on the home stretch neck and neck and every horse doing his level best. God bless you, I will go one eye on that, preacher as I am. But I haven't seen a horse race in twenty years, and never expect to see another. I don't. I will tell you why. Not that I don't like thoroughbred horses, but I can't stand the dirty scabs standing around betting. I have seen some of those fellows. If you don't bind them up they are going to turn to razor-backed hogs. I like blooded horses, anything that will get up and go.

I want to see Cartersville rise up in character and manhood and start to nobler achievements and grander living. I want to see that.

**LIKES A RACE.**  
I love to see a race. I always did like a race. When I was fifteen years old there wasn't a boy in the town that could out run me. I don't like to get myself led, never did like that. I don't know what it is in a man, but there is something in it that makes a man not want to get left. I want to head the procession.

I was going in on the Ohio and Mississippi railroad some time ago going into Cincinnati, and just seventeen miles out of Cincinnati the Big Four comes around a curve and runs parallel for seventeen miles, and after our train came to that point I looked out and saw the Big Four train, and there it was coming right along with us, and I reckon we ran a mile. I could have held the hand of the man in the car opposite to me, and we didn't run far. I began to feel we was racing and I looked around and saw everybody else feeling it, and it didn't take me long to determine that everybody else was feeling it. We was racing. Now, you couldn't have pleased me better. Well, we ran along for a mile or two right along together, neither gaining on the other. Our grand old engine had fourteen cars, counting four sleepers, and the others had a small engine with six coaches counting one sleeper.

Their little engine picked up and I saw the rear sleeper of that train was passing on by me and I said well we are beat. It was no race at all, and I felt bad too. I never did like to get left. It is something in me, I can not tell you what it is.

Some of you fellows remind me of the old dinky who had an old mule that just could put one foot before the other and a fellow came up and said, "Uncle, have you passed anybody going up the road on a bay horse?" and he said, "I meet as many folks as any man in town, but I never has passed any in my life." He never passed anything. God bless you, some of these fellows in this town have met as many fellows as anybody, but have passed nothing.

Directly our grand old engine commenced getting in her work; there was a little decline in the track, and with every pulsation I could feel her getting there, and as the momentum increased we had gotten so far ahead the little engine was playing along by my side, and I sat there and looked at the little fellow and saw the parallel rods playing up and down, I said, "Good-bye, little fellow, you will never get this little engine. The fireman was throwing in the coal and he threw in three or four scoops of coal into the furnace of the little engine. Then I saw the engineer shut off the water from the boiler and I saw him draw the nose lever still one notch higher and I saw him catch the sand rod and shake it and take hold of the throttle and jerk the little engine wide open, and the sparks just seemed to fly down every inch of her, and she began to recover the space she had lost, and she ran four or five cars ahead and I thought she was gone sure enough. But directly our grand old engine began getting in her work. I felt her mighty pulsations, and directly we were getting the space back, and directly that little engine was playing right at my side again and I said, "Good-bye, you are gone this time," and we were running, it seemed to me, that very minute 70 miles an hour down that track.

The same old fireman was heaving in coal, and I saw the engineer again shut the water off, and I saw him again raise the nose lever and tussle at the throttle a minute or two, and the sparks were flying from every inch of her, and she seemed to be rolling all over and began to get ahead and beat the race, and I said, "Go it, good evening," and took off my hat. I had

rather be beaten by a first-class fellow than to just beat a little pup.

**ON THE ROAD TO HEAVEN.**

As I look around on my way to heaven I say I do wish I could see the grand old Presbyterian church and her grand old engine start away and see her move out, and see the grand old Methodist church out in line, and the grand old Episcopal church and the grand old Catholic church, all these mighty engines of power with their freight out on the track, with their throttles pulled wide open, the track sanded, and the sparks just flying from all over there, each trying to beat the other, and as we roll on towards God a mile a minute and look down the river and see the old Baptist and Christian steamboat coming up the river just as fast as they can come. Oh, my Lord, help us to whip the fight, win the prize and wear the crown. Get up, shake the dust off and be a man.

**LEGENDS OF NEWBERRY AND VICINITY.**  
BY PROF. F. MUECHEN.  
No. 3. How They Kept Their Faith.

Oh Spirit of the olden Time,  
Mid modern life and foreign clime!  
How weirdly, how endearingly  
Thy proofs, thy traces speak to me,  
And bring to mind  
Fond memories long left behind!

Long missed and unexpected quite  
They broke on my astounded sight  
In this scarce-known, world-sheltered  
nook,  
Like old songs found in some new book,  
Revised may be,—  
Yet same in charm of melody.

Here hundred fifty years ago,  
—Exiled by war and famine's woe,—  
A fortune-beaten, soul-tried band  
Found refuge 'mid a foreign land,  
Their Faith, their industry, their health.

And 'e'en from the beginning here,  
Through many a long and weary year,  
War's scourge laid waste 'gain and again  
The homes and fields of these brave  
men  
And spoiled the fruits  
Of all their labors and pursuits.

Yet they prevailed! and as they bore  
Through War's wild woes, they triumphed o'er  
The tempting lures of Peace as well  
Her race for gold, her pleasure's spell  
And free from strife,  
They kept their simple modes of life!

Nor did their virtue die with them:  
As costliest heirloom, dearest gem  
Their offspring, prize its charm and  
treasure  
The pious path their fathers led;  
And wouldst thou doubt  
Behold the proofs displayed about:  
The Village-Church, spot most revered,  
To old and young alike endeared,  
Hence kept unchanged in style of choir  
Of choicest pews, and 'e'en the spire  
That points on high  
Its tapering finger to the sky;—

The well-kept fence,—the well-tilled  
farm,—  
The cottage breathing homelike  
charm;—  
The speech replete with heart's content,  
—  
The welcome's kindly sentiment,—  
The board of cheer  
That entertains the strangers here!

And though by force of fact, since long  
They have discussed that dear old  
tongue,—  
Reserving but its mystic charm  
Of legendary lore,—what harm!  
The better part  
Remains their still: Faith, Truth and  
Heart!

This is the mother-country's trait:  
Calmly to labor and to wait,  
And hold the true essential fast  
Through trials and storms long as they  
last,  
In perfect trust  
That God will prosper what is just.  
"No. 1 of the Series entitled "Love  
will Abide" was published in the  
edition of August 2, of The Herald  
and News, a few copies of which may be  
had on application.

**TAKEN BACK TO NORTH CAROLINA.**  
The Sheriff Takes the Old Adaptor Back  
What the Officer Says.  
[The State.]  
Sheriff Monroe, of Rowan County, N. C., arrived in the city yesterday morning for the purpose of taking B. H. Wood, the old white man captured here Sunday last charged with the abduction of little Luola Coley, back to North Carolina to answer to the indictment.

The Sheriff says the feeling in North Carolina is very strong against the old man, and he will likely get the full extent of the law for his crime. He says Wood's quarrelsome disposition has always made his reputation bad in the county. He says Wood left an estimable wife to run away with the little child. All the people in the county think that Wood forcibly abducted the child, and that she did not set of her own volition in coming away with him. He says the child's father did all he could to trace them down, but, being a poor man could not follow them about the country. The sheriff left with his prisoner last evening.

**ARP ON "FUTURES"**  
Dealer in Futures is Gambling,—But He Does Not Think It Affects the People to the Degree that Bishop Keener Ascribes It Does.—The Getting of Riches.

Let us tote fair with the figures. Bishop Keener says in The Nashville Christian Advocate that "the mercantile world in the South is now controlled by the wholesale gambling and massive frauds of cotton futures; that the centers of New York, Liverpool and New Orleans have yielded to this colossal scheme of hazzard until the production of the staple has no effect upon its market value."

He says that "during the past three months there have been sold in New York and elsewhere 56,000,000 bales of cotton." This would be 224,000,000 bales for the year's crop. All this, he says, "is purely imaginary value except the \$3,000,000 bales that were raised and this ideal cotton that was not made would yield \$7,840,000,000, and this is the figuring against which the planter has to make headway. All the gambling dens in this country and in the Baden-Badens of Europe are child's play compared with this huge monster that envelopes in its coils the fortunes and even the lives of myriads."

Gambling in futures is a sin. Betting on anything is a sin, for it is a mode of getting something for nothing. It is demoralizing in the extreme and results in ruin to thousands of those who engage in it, but I cannot see how dealing in futures affects the price of cotton, for in its analysis it is betting whether it will go up or down. There were no 56,000,000 bales bought or sold, neither real nor ideal. The speculator says to the bucket shop: "I'll bet you that cotton will go up within thirty days and I will put up a margin on 250 bales." "All right," says the bucket shop, "put up \$500 and I'll take the bet." Cotton drops instead of rising and the \$500 goes up the spout and the speculator is a sadder but not a wiser man. Another speculator bet the other way, perhaps, and won, and of course he tries it again. The shop will bet either way, and like the dealer in a faro bank, always comes out ahead in the end. The shop has no interest to bull or bear the cotton. The shop knows its consumers and the average of all the bets, and can hedge to suit it.

Now that is the way I understand it. It is no getting up a corner on cotton. It is simply backing a man's judgment with his money. That \$500 was the stake; and while it represented 250 bales, it was really the value of only fifteen bales. This solution would reduce the bishop's figures from 56,000,000 bales to 3,400,000 bales as the amount lost or won in three months. What it has to do with fixing the price I cannot see. Liverpool still fixes the price and has the India crop to help fix it and it seems to be uniformly fixed every year in proportion. It is the farmers really who fix the price when they fix the acreage to the crop. England-America agents still examine carefully and cautiously into the crop condition of every county in the South. England knows the condition and extent of the crop in Rowan County better to-day than any farmer in it, for she does not rely upon one source of information but on several. There is not a buyer or dealer in Georgia who does not rely upon the last reports sent him from some great house in New York that is connected with English or New England mills. I cannot see where the bucket shops come in or how they can influence the price. Millionaires like the Innans put large millions in cotton every year and make money, for it is their business, and they understand it, but they run no bucket shops, nor do they make colossal fortunes by speculation. They lack their judgment with their money and are able to hold their purchases until there is a point. I remember a Charleston coffee merchant by the name of Samuel Farrar who made in thirty years a million dollars by dealing in coffee. He had a large map in his private office, and it was checked off in years and months and days, and the price of coffee for every day was marked, and a green line marked the ups and downs, the rise and fall, and it was a very crooked line. Then there was a straight red line that split the difference and showed the average price for the year. Brazil was the market where he bought. If the crop was short he made allowances for it and raised the red line according to his best judgment and his most reliable information. "I buy," said he, "when the price is below that line. I sell when it is above." Just so it is with shrewd men everywhere.

I believe there is too much odium heaped upon rich men, too much malignant abuse of money kings and millionaires. I reckon we would all get rich if we could—even the preachers. It grieves me to hear some of these politicians trying to array the poor against the rich and to stir up strife and bitterness among the people. It did not use to be that way. Men who prospered were respected in my young days—respected by everybody. Riches were not considered a sin. The Scriptures speak approvingly of Abraham and Job and Solomon and tell us of their great wealth, and how the Lord blessed them. I believe that there are good men now who are rich and they do good with their money. If they did not I don't know what would become of the poor and suffering when pestilence or famine or storms afflict them.

But there seems to be a feeling of unrest and bitterness among certain classes all over the country. Somebody is

making the working people believe that they are imposed upon by the rich and by the government. I see in a Rome paper that they have organized in Chuliss district, in Floyd county, "a bread brigade," and have 400 members and have signs and grips and passwords, and have sworn that they "will have 10 cents a pound for their cotton, debt or no debt, and they will hold it at the muzzle of a Winchester." Surely that can't be so. Is it possible that the spirit of anarchy and communism is taking hold of our people? Bread brigade? Why, there is not a farmer in Floyd county who is suffering for bread. There is none in this country. Corn is abundant everywhere. It used to roll in here from the West by the carload, but it don't come now. There are hundreds of farmers in Bartow who will have corn and fodder and meat to sell. Our farmers are better off to-day than any other class in the community. They come and go when they please. They have health and strength and good water and are never visited by storms or pestilence, such as have lately come upon our sea-coast. They have cattle and hogs and chickens and eggs and "garden sass" and the schoolhouse and the church are not far away—what a pity they cannot for a little while look in upon the poor of Europe and have their hearts touched with gratitude that they live in this blessed land. Labor is too hard upon capital—too threatening—too exacting. These may seem strange words for me to use, but they are true. I am as hostile to monopolies and trusts and combines as anybody, but when I read of these great strikes in a time like this, it shocks my sympathy. What are these organizations anyhow, but monopolies. The watchword of most of them is "if you don't pay so much, we will quit and when we quit nobody else shall take our places." That did not use to be the law and how it comes to be the law now, I cannot understand.

But we are gratified to see such kind relations between Mr. Thomas and his employees on our road from Atlanta to Nashville. That is all right and we hope it will continue. The mystery is how a railroad can pay its men at all while our whole financial system is paralyzed. There is hardly enough freight business now to pay for the axle grease. One day last week there were only seven loaded cars going North over this great road, so I was told. Below Atlanta there is nothing to load and yet the less of the Western and Atlantic costs \$120 a day. Railroads and factories have their troubles, and but few make a fair rate of interest on their cost. The wonder is that any sane man will invest in them where strikes and violence prevail.

Now, I do not wish to be misunderstood. I have respect for all the organizations where they respect these rights of other people, but when those employed on one road say to their employers you shall not carry any freight that comes over another road where there is a strike, their demand shocks the judgment and the common sense of mankind. When the strikers assault and intimidate others who would gladly work, or when they allow violence to be done and the track torn up and the locomotives disabled, it is simply an outrage upon the law of the land and if persisted in, will surely bring this government into a monarchy like those of Europe, where it takes a standing army of half a million soldiers to protect citizens and their property. The very class who are now importunate for the government ownership of railroads should remember that strikes are not tolerated among government employees, neither in the army or naval or public works or the railway mail service. Strikers do not dare now to stop the locomotive and the car that carries the United States mail.

Well, of course, these brotherhoods have an answer to all this, and I have read it all. Papers and periodicals come to me weekly that breathe out enmity to capital and are tainted with communistic principles and in my opinion these publications are doing a world of harm. They are educating the working people to the idea that there should be a division—a division. In the awful days of the French revolution three communists went into the Bank of Rothschild and cried "liberty, equality, fraternity—we have come for our money." The Jew said "all right; I have 60,000,000 francs in the bank. There are 60,000,000 people in France; you are yours," and he threw three francs upon the counter. "Now go tell the rest to come on and get theirs," said he.

But we have not come to that and I hope we never will. It becomes all our considerate people, whether poor or rich, whether employers or employed, to be reasonable and tolerant, and to respect the rights of others and teach others so to do.

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