

Newberry Herald and News.

NEWBERRY, S. C., TUESDAY, APRIL 27, 1897.

TWICE A WEEK, \$1.50 A YEAR

I will bet you five dollars you will win. He said I won't bet, but I will tell you what I'll do; I have a very fine horse on the track, a chestnut sorrel mare named Sally, with a record of 2:20, and if I don't carry Anderson county I will give her to you against your \$5. I said: Do you mean that? He said: I do. I said I'm going off on a summer vacation for about ten days, but if you mean it I will go back and put in work. He said you can put in all the work you can, but the county is mine. I said shake on that, but, old boy, I will fool you. We went on to Florence and got off and took lunch. When the train was moving off I spoke to him, from the end of the car, and said: Good bye, Billy, I will drive your mare. He smiled and said all right.

While some of the main facts of this testimony are admitted by the governor, yet he denies most emphatically that he made a bet. He admits that in the conversation he may have said "I'll bet you a horse to \$5," but he mentioned no particular horse and he used the language in a jocular way like men often do when they say "I'll bet you a hundred dollars to a cent."

He denies that they "shook hands" on the bet, but would not swear that they hadn't. The governor only positively denied that he made a bet, but would not positively swear that conversations Maj. Evans alleged to have had with him were not true. Mr. Abney on the part of Major Evans presented the following requests: To charge (1) wagers are illegal only when forbidden by common law or by some statutory provision. Haskell ads Wooten I. N., and McC., 180 Dudley vs. Odum, 5 S. C. 134, 136. (2) Where money is paid over or any article of property is delivered on the result of a wager, though the wager is illegal, it cannot be recovered back by the loser, the party paying over or delivering, and the title of the property rests in the person to whom such property is so delivered. Livingston ads, Wooten, I. N., and McC., 170. Hockaday ads, Willis 15, P., 383. Brooms legal maxims, 690, 691, -692 and authorities there cited. Owen V. Davis, 1 Bail 316, 310. Bledsoe vs. Thompson, 6 Rich., V. 6. (3) The contest in the reform faction in 1894 as to whom that faction should present to the Democratic party of South Carolina as that faction's choice for the nomination by the Democratic party for governor is not an election in the sense in which that word is used in the South Carolina statutes. (4) That it is indispensable to a recovery by plaintiff that he shall have proved by such preponderance of evidence as shall satisfy each and every one of the jurors empannelled that at the time of the alleged taking of the said sorrel mare she was the property of the plaintiff. (5) That even if this shall have been proved, still if the plaintiff was under obligation to restore the possession of said mare to defendant the plaintiff cannot recover.

The jury was out about two hours and decided in favor of Governor Ellerbe, and granted him the horse Sally or \$300, with no damages.

Johnson's Chill and Fever Tonic is a ONE-DAY Cure. It cures the most stubborn case of Fever in 24 Hours.

UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS
Will meet at Nashville, Tenn., on Tuesday, June 22nd to 24th.

Dear Sir:—Gen. J. B. Gordon, Commanding United Confederate Veterans, respectfully requests the press, both daily and weekly, of the whole country to aid the patriotic and benevolent objects of the United Confederate Veterans by publishing date Reunion is to take place at Nashville, Tenn., on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, June 22nd,

23rd and 24th, 1897, by publication of this letter, with editorial notice.

It will be the largest and most important U. C. V. Reunion ever held. The personnel of the Nashville Reunion Committee under the leadership of its chairman Col. J. B. O'Bryan, is a guarantee that everything will be done for the comfort and convenience of the old veterans and all visitors which is in the power of man; it is a splendid body of very able and distinguished comrades, who are fully alive to the magnitude of the work entrusted to them in entertaining and caring for their old comrades, and it will be their pride to make it the most memorable Reunion upon record; and the citizens of Nashville are aglow with enthusiasm, and patriotism, at the prospect of dispensing their far famed hospitality to the surviving heroes of the Lost Cause.

Also to urge Ex-Confederate soldiers and sailors everywhere to form local associations, and send applications to these Headquarters for papers to organize Camps, immediately, so as to be in time to participate in the great Reunion at Nashville, and thus unite with their comrades in carrying out the laudable and philanthropic objects of the organization; as only Veterans who belong to organized U. C. V. Camps can participate in the business meeting at Nashville.

Business of the greatest importance to the Survivors of the Southern Army will demand careful consideration during the session of the Seventh Annual Convention at Nashville, Tenn.—such as the best method of securing impartial history, and to enlist each State in the compilation and preservation of the history of her Citizen soldiery; the benevolent care through State aid or otherwise of disabled, destitute or aged Veterans and widows and orphans of our fallen brothers in arms; to consult as to the feasibility of the formation of a U. C. V. Benevolent Aid Association; the care of the graves of our known and unknown dead buried at Gettysburg, Fort Warren, Camps Morton, Chase, Douglas, Oakwood Cemetery at Chicago, Johnson's Island, Cairo and at other points, to see that they are annually decorated, the headstones preserved and protected, and complete lists of the names of our dead heroes with the location of their last resting places furnished to their friends and relatives through the medium of our camps, thus rescuing their names from oblivion and handing them down in history; the consideration of the different movements, plans and means to erect a monument to the memory of Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederate States of America, also to aid in building monuments to other great leaders, soldiers and sailors of the South; also to assist in the promotion and completion of the proposed "Battle Abbey"; to vote upon the proposed change of the name of the Association from U. C. V., to C. S. A.; and to change the present badge or button which is not patentable for the new one which is; and to make such changes in the constitution and by-laws as experience may suggest, and other matters of general interest.

Total number of Camps now admitted 900, with applications for about one hundred and fifty more. Following is number of camps by States:

Northeast Texas Division 81; West Texas Division 55; Southwest Texas Division 33; Southeast Texas Division 31; Northwest Texas Division 17; total Texas 217; Alabama 89; South Carolina 81; Missouri 71; Mississippi 63; Arkansas 59; Georgia 58; Louisiana 51; Kentucky 39; Tennessee 34; Virginia 31; Florida 30; North Carolina 29; Indian Territory 12; West Virginia 11; Oklahoma 6; Maryland 6; New Mexico 3; Illinois 2; Montana 2; Indiana 1; District of Columbia 1; California 1.

Very respectfully,
Geo. Moorman,
Adjutant General and Chief of Staff.

SARGE PLUNKETT

THE OLD MAN ONCE MORE GETS BACK UPON HIS FAVORITE THEME.
Stories of the Late War—From Grime to Gay and From the Sublime to the Ridiculous.

[The Constitution.]

When the historians went to trying to make me and Brown believe that General Sherman had such a distaste for fire that he could not bear to carry a match, we decided that we were crazy old fools and should never open our mouths again on the subject of the war. Brown has been provoked to break this resolution for the reason that it has always been his ambition to never be outlived. In the war he was a coward, in peace he is a failure, in business everybody beat him and they turn him out of all the churches—he has only been a success in one thing—a liar. Of course he hates to see those last laurels snatched from him and has so persistently appealed that I have agreed to return to the subject of the war again and once in a while allow my old friend to get in a word, but I shall watch him close and always make him reduce his utterances about 95 percent before it is made public.

I wish you could have seen what he prepared in connection with the recent letters of T. R. R. Cobb, but I was fearful that it might taint my late veracity, so I compromised with my old friend by suppressing all his production and stating in a general way some of his points, and after mature deliberation I came to agree on these points. He starts out, first:

"T. R. R. Cobb never wrote those letters—they are a forgery, is my belief." After this first proposition he goes on to state that he was very familiar with General Cobb, knew his handwriting, took many a chew of tobacco with him and several times gave the general a drink of Virginia apple jack out of his canteen, and so on and so on. My old friend argued hard with me to not suppress him, claiming that it could not possibly be a bigger lie than that General Cobb would disparage General Lee or write home in word and tone to injure the cause he loved so well. The argument convinced me and we stand agreed that General Cobb did not write these letters and that they are a forgery, in our opinion, until better is given than has yet appeared. More people than Brown disbelieves the publication. Some of his old soldiers have told me that it did not sound like General Cobb—neither in the manner of composition nor in spirit. They say that General Cobb was too great to whine, too godly to be vindictive, and would never stoop to the venting of his spleen in that way. He fell upon Virginia soil and, no doubt, General Lee himself has bathed the spot in tears.

We are willing to swallow the historical statement that Greeley and Butler and Sumner and Thad Stevens—all such as these—were great and good, but we are never to believe that General Cobb fell against the authorities of the confederacy as these letters would imply he felt—I do not blame Brown for being uneasy about his reputation as a liar.

But history will settle these great things despite anything that two old men can say, and they will settle it in their own way, but we submit that history cannot give the whole story of a war. Such a story would flit from grave to gay and from the sublime to the ridiculous so speedily that one in reading would be kept vibrating between the depths of pathos and the heights of patriotic enthusiasm. History can tell you of the great charges, the gallant generals and the mastery manoeuvres, but you must go elsewhere for the real life in the army. Wait till the battle is over and the armies are gone and you will see things never pictured in history. Crops trampled down, cattle driven off, the birds have flown, and nothing is there but death, destruction, silence. There may be a few old soldiers left behind

to bury the brave fellows who waved their hats and charged and rallied around the flag on the day before, but they are silent and tread lightly and hurry, hurry, hurry. The most solemn and desolate place that was ever on earth, I believe, was a battle field when the armies had gone.

I had seen these things and felt the solemnity long before the conscript act went up to my age, and so you may be sure that my steps were not overly port when I found myself hobbling out old Wheat street, of Atlanta, looking for the Georgia millish. As I moved along meditating and solemn an old confederate overtook me and was going out my way. The soldier was in no way backward and at once began to converse. Said he:

"Old man do you live in Atlanta?" I told him that I did not, and that I wished to the Lord I could never have seen the place, but that the conscript officers would have me to visit the city, and had turned me loose to find the militia without anything to eat and that I was well nigh starved to death for bread and sleep. My remarks tickled the soldier and he laughed, but I failed to see any laughing matter in it.

"You don't know the ropes," he said, after a few minutes' walk in silence.

"You shall not perish if you will stick to me," he went on, and before I had time to think he had opened a gate and pulled me up to the door of a nice house. A fine young lady opened the door and the soldier at once asked for something to eat. She invited us in, gave us chairs and retired to fix the table for as good a dinner as I had seen during the war. It was only a few minutes till the young lady returned and told us to walk in to dinner and we walked—I was mighty active just then.

Two confederate officers had just preceded us and were already seated at the table. One of these was a colonel on furlough from the Virginia army, and the other was a major in the commissary department of Johnston's army. They at once began to argue about the leaders of the two armies, and it pretty soon grew to be a little warmer than it should have been under the circumstances and at such a place.

"Why, sir," said the colonel warmly, "Joseph E. Johnson used to command the army in Virginia, and it was retreat, retreat, retreat. He retreated all the time."

"He saved his men though," retorted the major.

"Saved the devil," said the colonel, "he dribbled them all along from Yorktown to Seven Pines and would have dribbled them all away if Lee had not taken his place. When Lee took command the yankees could see the flags on the capitol at Richmond."

"They would never have got any closer," said the major. "He would have pretty soon done McClelland just like he is going to do old Sherman now in a few days. You needn't be afraid about Atlanta; no harm will come to her, and the Virginia army will quit bragging I hope."

The major looked over at the ladies and smiled, and I think he would have winked, but before he could fix his eye there came a—"Boom! boom! boom!" and a shell came whizzing over like a snuck was tied to it.

Everybody ran away from the table but me and the old soldier. I would have run but the old soldier held me down till we had eaten more than I had ever seen eaten before by two men, and the soldier filled his haversack, remarking as we started to leave and he cut his eye at the contents of the table—

"Guess they will think we told them the truth about being hungry when they look at that table again." That was the first shell thrown into Atlanta, and the house where we dined was then known, and since, as "Calico" house.

SOUTHERN MILLS.

A Fall River Manufacturer's Opinion on the Outlook in that Section.

Leontine Lincoln, of the firm of Kilburn, Lincoln & Co., having recovered from a serious illness with which he was afflicted immediately after his return from a trip through the South, was asked today by a Herald reporter his views of the dangers of Southern competition to the Fall River and other New England mills. Inasmuch as he has had special qualifications for judging of the growth of the industry in the South, his opinions will no doubt prove of great interest at this time.

Mr. Lincoln said that he went South in the latter part of February with the foreman of his works, and a part owner in them, Andrew Luskcomb, partly for health and partly for pleasure, but mostly for business purposes. The firm has customers in the south who are using the machinery, and the men were offered unusual opportunities for observing the conditions for cotton manufacturing there. Their visit was confined to the Piedmont district of North and South Carolina, where most of the cotton mills are located.

Mr. Lincoln was asked how the mills of the South compared with those of the North, and he answered: "It is difficult to compare the mills of the north as a class with those of the south as a class, as special conditions favor individual concerns there just as they favor them in many instances here."

"Take the average mill," suggested the reporter.

"Well, it's difficult to compare the average mill South with the average North with the data we have at hand. In the first place we must determine what the average mill in either place is and that is not an easy matter. I don't suppose any three mill men in town would agree with you if you picked out the average mill as you call it. However, it is an easy matter to compare the best and newest mills in the two sections, and it seems to me that this is the best for determining the possibilities of the business under the different conditions of the two localities.

"Let me say right here, that we meet a large number of Southern manufacturers, and as a class they were as anxious over the business situation as our own manufacturers and I am satisfied that the Southern mills as a whole have not been more prosperous during the past season than our own mills.

"The Piedmont section of the South possesses a climate favorable for cotton manufacturing and also for a large supply of intelligent help, and their rate of wages is greatly below the Northern rate."

"How great is the difference?" "On an average, taking into consideration the fact that more hands are employed to do the same work in the mills between which I made a comparison, I could not make the difference over 22½ percent. For instance, many manufacturers, pay 15 cents per loom per day of 11 hours."

"How about the size and cost of the mills, Mr. Lincoln?"

"Well, the majority of the mills are small, not over 10,000 spindles each. The later and larger mills compare favorably with our newer mills, and as a rule they cost as much per spindle. One of the leading Southern mill construction engineers, as a rule calculates on spending from \$17 to \$20 per spindle to build and equip mills of less than 15,000 spindles. One of the newest and best mills of 50,000 spindles cost \$14.25 per spindle, which is about the same cost as one of our latest mills, and the latter was equipped with as many combers as cards, which adds fully \$1 per spindle to the cost."

"Did you compare the cost of production in the Southern mills with cost in the Northern mills to the extent that you could give me any figures?"

four of the best mills North with what I consider two of the best mills South with these results. In the item of labor the Southern mill on 64x64s, using about 32s yarns, showed a saving of two cents per pound as compared with Northern mills. The cost of cotton for a year averaged about the same. Grouping interest, insurance, taxes, supplies and repairs, the Northern mills showed a saving of .55 of a cent per pound, which made the net saving in favor of the Southern mills about 1.15 cents per pound. But the cost in this Southern mill was exceptionally low, as it was in the Northern mills selected for comparison."

"How about cheap coal; you have mentioned the cost of cotton as about the same?"

"I did not go into Alabama or Georgia, but I was assured that in the Piedmont district Pocahontas coal is the favorite, and costs \$3.40 per ton delivered. Tennessee coal at \$2.73 is considered hardly equal to Pocahontas coal at the price quoted."

"How about the character of the labor, Mr. Lincoln? Is it as intelligent as our own, or is it likely to become so?"

"It is useless for our labor leaders to underestimate the abilities of southern help. They are intelligent and faithful. These people are the children of the men who fought the rebellion, and we found them worthy of our best efforts, to say the least. The absence of compulsory school laws has allowed Southern mills to employ younger help than we like to see at work in Massachusetts. There is a movement in both North and South Carolina in favor of compulsory education and shorter hours for labor. Both a ten and a nine-hour bill have been proposed this year by the Populists of North Carolina. In the matter of education many mills maintain at their own expense excellent schools for their younger help. These operatives are all native Americans, they are ambitious, and are already seeking to improve their condition. The South is beginning to realize that if there is to be intelligent citizenship there compulsory education must be adopted."

"Do you understand, Mr. Lincoln, that the wages throughout the South are uniform as they are in this city or throughout New England?"

"There is not a uniformity in the wages paid by the different mills for the same work. For instance, in one mill the price paid for ring spinning was seven cents a side of 128 spindles, while in another mill in the same locality the price was eight cents per side."

In conclusion, Mr. Lincoln said the great present advantages of the South were cheaper labor and longer hours. He asked a great many men how long they expected these advantages to continue, and those who were best informed feel that they cannot last in the nature of things more than three years.

This Will Interest You.
The Atlanta Weekly Journal is now running a missing word contest. For fifty cents they send the Weekly Journal one year and allow the person sending the subscription one guess at the missing word. The sentence selected is:

"He who has ceased to enjoy his friend's——— has ceased to love him."
The missing word is the one necessary to fill out the above sentence and make perfect sense. It is not a catch word, but is a plain every day English word.

To the person first guessing the right word The Journal will give 5 percent of the amount of subscriptions received during the three months that this contest lasts, and 5 percent additional will be evenly divided between all other persons who may guess the missing word.
The Weekly Journal is a first class family paper, having ten pages filled with matter that will interest all members of the family. It has a first class woman's page; an admirable children's department; at least one story every week; a vast amount of miscellaneous features; and all the news of the world. Address The Journal Atlanta, Ga.

SARGE PLUNKETT