

The Newberry Herald and News.

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TWICE A WEEK, \$1.50 A YEAR

A HOT FIGHT AT SAN FERNANDO.

FILIPINOS ATTACK MACARTHUR AND QUICKLY DEFEATED.

Aguinaldo Said to Have Personally Conducted the Attack, which was Repulsed by Gen. Funston and Gen. Hale's Divisions—The Reported Assassination of Gen. Luna—Hostile Natives of Cuba Giving Trouble.

Manila, June 16—5.45 p. m.—After cutting the railroad and telegraph at Apalit, seven miles south, for the purpose of severing connection, the Rebels attacked Gen. MacArthur's lines at San Fernando at 4.30 this morning. They met with an unexpectedly warm reception, and were repulsed with a loss of seventy-five killed, thirty prisoners and many wounded.

The rebel force is estimated to have been 5,000 men. They advanced stealthily from the jungle north of the city and then divided, with the evident purpose of surrounding the Americans. The outposts of the Iowa regiment discovered the enemy and retired to their lines, where the entire division awaited in an entrenched position. The Iowa regiment and the Kansas regiment received the first shock of the attack. Reserving their fire until the enemy was within six hundred yards (the first volley of the Americans hit the rebels, who returned the fire wildly, the rest of their line failing to advance. The Americans who thoroughly enjoyed the novelty of the situation, awaiting an attack, sallied forth and the insurgents thereupon turned and fled into the jungles. Our loss was fourteen men wounded and the majority of them is only slightly hurt.

Gen. Funston's brigade of Kansas and Montanans, Gen. Hale's brigade, the 17th regiment and the Iowa regiment, constituted the force engaged.

Aguinaldo is reported to have personally conducted the attack, and preparations were made for several days to bring forward troops from Cavite and other points from Dagupan was transported by rail.

Along the front of the Kansas regiment thirty-nine rebel dead were counted.

The first news of the Filipino advance was reported by a telegraph operator, who was sent to the bridge at Apalit to ascertain the cause of a break in one of the wires. He was compelled to beat a hasty retreat unperiled.

A SPANISH OFFICER'S STORY.
A Spanish officer who had been a prisoner in the hands of the rebels, and who was released by Aguinaldo, has come through our lines to Manila. He claims to have been a witness of the assassination of Gen. Luna.

According to his story the relations between the two Filipino leaders had been strained to the breaking point, because of Luna's attempt to assume control of affairs, and the final rupture was forced by Aguinaldo issuing secret orders to the Provincial Governments. Luna thereupon notified Aguinaldo, demanding copies of the documents, and Aguinaldo replied curtly that Luna was a general of the army, and that the civil government did not concern him. Luna on opening the reply at headquarters in the presence of his officers, exclaimed hotly: "He will be dead to-morrow."

One officer, who was friendly to Aguinaldo, hastened to warn him, and Aguinaldo called together twenty trusted soldiers, fellow townsmen of his, and stationed them around his house, with instructions to kill any one attempting to enter, regardless of rank.

Luna appeared next day and saw Aguinaldo at the window.

A member of the guard said: "Aguinaldo has gone to inspect troops."

Luna then exclaimed: "You are a liar," drew his revolver, struck the guard and tried to force an entrance into the house. Before he could use his revolver one of the guards bayoneted him, and another shot him in the back and others stabbed him. "In all

he had twenty wounds. Luna's aid-de-camp was killed in the same way. The Spaniard's story has not entirely dispelled the doubt of Luna's death, and bets that he is alive are freely made at the clubs. Some people think Aguinaldo has taken pains to send the Spaniard here with his story for the furtherance of some diplomatic scheme, while others suspect Aguinaldo has been assassinated by Luna's men.

Since the Americans withdrew from Cavite recently the rebels have returned and have wreaked vengeance upon those who befriended the Americans. They slaughtered the natives who surrendered the town, and displayed their heads on poles in the public square.

The hostile natives of Cuba are more menacing. Mail advices say hostilities against the Americans have begun there. Col. Hammer, the American commander, has asked for reinforcements, and four companies of the Tennessee regiment have been sent to him from Iloilo. The Nebraska regiment has been ordered to sail for home early next week.

WASHINGTON, June 15.—The following cablegram has been received from Gen. Otis:

Manila, June 16.—Adjutant General, Washington: Northern insurgents concentrated in large force near San Fernando, and early this morning attacked MacArthur's troops; enemy quickly repulsed and driven, leaving over fifty dead on field and large number wounded; enemy in retreat. Our casualties fourteen wounded, mostly very slight. Preparations for this attack in progress several days; believed to be under personal direction Aguinaldo.

OTIS.

An Editor's Appal.

A Mississippi editor makes this appeal to delinquent subscribers: "Fish down into your pocket and dig up dust, the editor is hungry and the paper 'bout to bust. We've trusted you for several months, and did it with a smile, so just return the compliment and trust us for a while. Our wife, she needs some stockings and baby needs a dress; Jimmy needs some breeches and so do Kate and Bess; Bud is on the hog train and Peggy sick with grief, and good gosh almighty, can't you give a man relief. Shell out those nickles and turn loose the dimes, turn 'em loose and whistle and we'll have better times, there will be fewer patches on the bosom of our pants, and we'll make the paper better if we had half a chance. Don't give us the old story, long gone to seed, 'bout taking more family papers than the family want to read, but help to feed the printer, and he'll help our town to grow, and thus escape the sulphur in the regions down below."

The East's New Religious Figure.

The policy of The Ladies' Home Journal, in its religious department, seems to be always to engage the pen of the man most immediately prominent in the eyes of the religious world. Thus it has had the service of Mr. Beecher, Doctor Talmage, Doctor Parkhurst, Ian MacLaren, and now it will have those of Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis, the new pastor of Plymouth Church, in Brooklyn. Doctor Hillis has given the Journal a series of articles upon which he had been working for over a year previous to his Eastern call, and the first of these articles will be published in the next issue of the magazine. The series is all connected in thought, and presents the general subject of "The Secrets of a Happy Life."

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THE NEW LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR.

Mr. Scarborough of Horry County Takes the Oath of Office.

(The State, 16th.)
Yesterday morning the Hon. R. B. Scarborough of Horry County, who by virtue of his position as president pro tem. of the State Senate, and the elevation of the former Lieutenant Governor to the office of Governor, becomes Lieutenant Governor, arrived in the city. He had not up to that time taken the oath as required by the constitution.

At 10 o'clock Senator Scarborough went to the State Capitol and proceeded to take the oath of office before Col. U. R. Brooks, clerk of the State supreme court. Having done so he signed it in duplicate, one copy being left in the office of the Secretary of State.

Upon taking the oath Mr. Scarborough vacated the office of senator of Horry County; the duty therefore devolves upon him of issuing a writ of election for the election of his successor as senator. He also has to issue a writ for an election in Lexington County to fill the vacancy occasioned by the election of Senator Griffith as Superintendent of the State penitentiary.

It is a noteworthy fact that Governor McSweeney and Lieutenant Governor Scarborough are the only two men who have filled these offices to sign the oath after taking it, thus fulfilling the constitutional provision "and subscribe" thereto. At least no record appears of any preceding Governor or Lieutenant Governor having signed an oath after taking it.

A Fable.

(Augusta Herald.)
Frank Reynolds, of the Dalton Citizen, gives the northern critics a sockdologer. He relates a story of the effect that Bob Toombs, when on a visit to Boston, just after the war, was asked by a gentleman of that city if it was true that we "plowed negroes in the south."

Toombs asked his question in return what was the value of a negro.

"One thousand dollars," replied the Bostonian.
"How many negroes would it take to pull a plow?"
"About four."
"Then," exclaimed Mr. Toombs, "do you think we are a—n fools enough to employ \$4,000 worth of negroes to plow, when a \$200 mule would do?"

Editor Reynolds continues:
"Does Bostonian intelligence grasp the idea that it would be foolish for southern farmers and people generally to lynch the best common labor it possesses?"
"Would we deliberately exile our dining room, kitchen and nursery help, to import impudent white help from the seams of creation?"

"It was but this week The Citizen editor saw a negro brick mason and a negro carpenter at work on the residence now being built by Capt. T. M. Folger on Thornton avenue. These two rooks have the confidence and friendship of every member of the community, and any effort to prevent their pursuing their avocations peacefully would meet with armed force, but should a negro attempt any San H-se capers in this town he would be lynched incontinently. The memories of Bunker's Hill nor Gettysburg would help him any, nor the strictures of the partisan eastern press."

Help Your Newspaper.

The following is taken from the pen of Dr. Talmage: "A newspaper whose columns overflow with advertisements of business men has more influence in attracting attention to the building up of a city or town than any other agency that can be employed. The people go where there is business. Capital and labor will locate where there is an enterprising community. No power is so strong to build up a town as a newspaper properly patronized. It will always return more than it receives."

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DEMOCRACY'S ALLIES.

Those Who Have Suffered From Trusts Might Combine Against Them.

The drummers, numbering 350,000 men, are said to be solidly opposed to the trusts. The reason of their opposition is obvious. The trusts destroy their occupation. It is estimated that 75,000 of them have already been thrown out of employment by the monopolies, and that not more than 50,000 traveling men in all will be needed on the road where the process of combination now on foot has consummated. It is said, moreover, that the great body of these men will vote in the next presidential election for the party which is most pronounced in its opposition to trusts. If this be true their ballots will, of course, go to the Democracy, for in the very nature of things the Republican declaration against the monopolists will be the most transparent false pretense.

There is hardly another class of men in all the country that can accomplish more in a campaign than the drummers. They are the liveliest and most aggressive and persistent workers in the country. They do more hustling and more talking than any other class. This will show itself most perceptibly in the final result. The Democracy could have no more potent allies.

Closely allied with the commercial travelers in interest are the hotels and railroads. They are the chief support of the trusts and as they drop off the roads the hotels lose patronage. As the hotels and railroads lose patronage their employees and customers suffer thereby, so the circle of suffering from these unlawful combinations constantly widens.

Considering the strength of the opposition thus aroused against the Republican party because of its responsibility for the creation and the fostering of the trusts, its cinch on elements that have heretofore voted with them in presidential campaigns is not by any means of the lead pipe variety.

An Error in Punctuation.

The ancient church, dedicated to the pious memory of Saint Helena, who, tradition saith, went to "Jerusalem, my happy home," and found the true cross at Holland, is a comfortable hour's walk from Bodim town. The rector, a good sort of fellow, had a touch of rheumatism awhile since, and was recommended to use the waters at Bath, says the Christian Advertiser. So there he went. But Saturday came round, and no "supply" for Sunday's pulpit could be found. At the last moment, however, and after the rector had been wired to return, a worthy cleric named Smith, who had come to Bodim as a witness in an assize case, volunteered his services as a locum tenens. So another telegram was dispatched in haste to Bath to stay the invalid from coming back. It was handed in at the Bodim office, and read thus:

"Smith has gone to Holland. You stop where you are."
When the messenger handed the orange envelope epistle to his reverence at the other end, the latter tore it open and read with a astonishment:
"Smith has gone to Hell and you stop where you are."

The Edgfield Advertiser gives the following advice:
"Sow peas and plenty of 'em. There are many ways of planting peas. The following is a good way: Next to the last plowing of your corn put a row of peas down the middle, and then at the last plowing sow broadcast or drop on each side of the corn row. The field in September will be covered and make the most beautiful sight in the way of a crop the eye of man ever rested upon. Remember that no crop responds to intelligent fertilizing like the cow pea, and the fertilizer to be used is Acid Phosphate. Don't use ammoniated goods on this crop. It will be money thrown away."

Let Her Hum.

(Augusta Chronicle.)
The newspaper men are now having an inning in South Carolina. The Columbia State says: "The Governor is an editor, and his private secretary is an editor, and all the editors of the state are members of his advisory board, and the headquarters of the State Press association is in the executive office. Altogether it is a great up shoot for a patient and long-suffering class, who have been trying to run the government by proxy for a long time, but with indifferent success. Now that they have coupled on directly to the driving wheel you will see the old machine hum."

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COWARDLY MURDER.

Sick Negro Lynched After Acquittal of Burglary in Louisiana.

Memphis, June 11.—A special to the Commercial Appeal from New Orleans, says:

Edward Gray, a negro who was arrested in St. John parish about a year ago with Charles Morelle, another negro, and charged with a series of burglaries, was lynched today, having been released by the authorities because there was no evidence against him.

Since his confinement Gray has been very sick and when released he started to the home of friends in the parish of St. Peter. He made his way as far as Reserve, where his strength gave out. Charles Thibodeaux gave the negro a blanket and allowed him to sleep on the porch of an outhouse. During the night a mob crossed the river and taking Gray from where he was resting hanged him to a tree.

The lynching is bitterly denounced and Judge Ross had instructed the grand jury of the parish to make every effort to bring the guilty parties to justice.

Morelle, the other negro arrested, was lynched last November.

A VALUABLE WORK.

Adjutant General Floyd's History of the Volunteers.

(The Darlingtonian.)

Adjutant General J. W. Floyd is writing a history of the South Carolina volunteers in the war with Spain. The book will contain about one hundred and seventy-five or two hundred pages and will be nicely illustrated with full and half page half-tone steel engravings. The work is one that will commend itself to the reading public of the State, for it will contain information that has never been made public concerning the First and Second Regiments of South Carolina Volunteers and Anderson's heavy battery of artillery. General Floyd has already received proofs of the writings about the First Regiment and the heavy battery and he is now hard at work on the history of the Second Regiment.

In a private letter to the editor of the Darlingtonian, Gen. Floyd says the book will be what might be properly called an epitomized historical record or roster of the State's volunteer troops contributed to the Spanish American war, consisting in detail of names, rank, residence, age, occupation and promotions, and then the movements, happenings, incidents and generally "the parts played" by the several commands which composed the South Carolina troops. "You know," General Floyd said to us in speaking of the book, "such a book must be of a moderate nature, and as I will have nothing but camp life, my racy say, to deal with, and my patriotic embellishments I may make must necessarily reckon upon what the sires and grandfathers and grand history of our State would have guaranteed to be shown by our boys had they been subjected to the test of powder and shot. Their eagerness or the fray was unquestioned, for every order received tending that way was always received in camp with wild enthusiasm and hurrahs."

We have seen proof of the dedication of this work and of parts of the contents of the book, and it is all admirably written and well arranged. When it is placed on the market it will find a ready sale.

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ALL ASKING PARDONS.

Gov. McSweeney Gets a Flood of Applications.

Gov. McSweeney is encountering what all new Governors have to tackle—a perfect flood of new petitions for the pardon of convicts. Although he has been in office only a very short time, the friends of convicts, no matter how often they have failed before, have piled his desk up with new petitions.

One of the most noteworthy cases to be urged upon the Governor's attention is that of Mrs. Carson, who was convicted of complicity in the horrible murder of her husband in Sparta, Ga. Her sentence is for life. Counter petitions have been presented.

The white steward of the O'Keefe club of Hampton, Sd., who took a gun from the club rooms while drunk and was arrested as he was bringing it back upon realizing what he had done, is also asking a pardon, the petitions being unanimously endorsed.

No end of cases could be named. Gov. McSweeney is letting each take its regular course, and no one need expect sudden action.

TIME LIMIT PUT ON.

Reorganization of the State Militia to be Pushed.

Adjutant General Floyd yesterday issued the following order relative to the reorganization of the State militia forces, which is now to be proceeded with:

General Order No. 3.

All companies desiring to connect themselves with the militia of the State must have their enlistment rolls, as required by general order No. 2, in this office on or before July 1, 1899, in order that they may be mustered into service and be prepared for inspection. Any rolls received after said date will be returned without attention.

By order of

Gen. Floyd.

Official.

Jno. D. Frost, Ass't Adj. Gen.

WEED WITH VITALITY.

Tobacco Grows From Old Stubble in Sumter County.

The Sumter Item contains the following remarkable story of a field of tobacco that was evidently made to be burned as cold could not kill it.

Mr. Guy McBride, of the Brick Church section, has a field of tobacco that is a freak, and tobacco men say that they have never seen or heard of another similar case. The peculiarity is that the plants are sprouts from roots of last year plants. The crop of tobacco was harvested last year in the usual manner and the stalks were cut off even with the surface of the ground. The field was not planted this spring and there is now an almost perfect stand of tobacco plants that have come up from the old roots. This may not be believed by those who place no faith in things not seen, but all doubters are invited to come to this office to be convinced. A large tobacco plant attached to an old root from which it sprouted, is on exhibition here and seeing is believing.

Tribute of Respect.

Amid a large concourse of friends and kindred we laid to rest on Friday, June 2nd, 1899, in St. Paul's graveyard the body of our friend and brother, Lehard Werts. By this wise dispensation of our kind Heavenly Father we are made to feel the blow of this hand. Lehard had built a character in the world such as we might all admire. He was an upright young man and to know him was to love him. On his death bed he spoke words of warning that will never be forgotten by some of us who still live.

While the stroke of his death seems gruesome, we do not sorrow as those having no hope, for we feel that with him some day we shall receive the "eternal weight of glory."

The coming of the angel of death was to him foretold. And when his life began to quiver, he was ready and willing to give up this life. For the life beyond the river, Where the billows roll; And now his face on earth we shall ever miss. While he in heaven enjoys perfect bliss.

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Utopia Dots.

The farmers in this section were made happy by a delightful rain Sunday afternoon.

Rev. Tiller didn't fill his appointment at New Chapel Sunday afternoon. We suppose the rain in the upper section was too heavy for him.

Last Saturday, June 10, we enjoyed a picnic at Utopia.

The writer had the pleasure of staying with a friend in the St. Luke's section last Saturday night. The crops down there are strictly up to date. Mr. Joe Hunter has a field of the finest cotton I've seen—all in bloom on last Sunday morning. The people in that section are all substantial, and when you visit them they certainly make it pleasant for you, and the best of all is, when you go to the table you find it deliciously furnished with good things too numerous to mention.

Dr. Lake has a field of corn that I believe beats Fred Long's, although his is fine.

Threshers have cleaned up the grain in this section.

I understand that Mr. J. P. Cannon has peas for sale, and now is the time to sow.

Mr. J. R. Boulware anticipates building a residence this summer for himself.

We are glad to see the girls back from college, whose names are as follows: Misses Nina and Lila Dominick, Soline Werts, Sadie Boulware and Bertha Nichols.

Prof. Cromer, of Newberry College, made one of his noted speeches a Utopia on Saturday last. Messrs. O. W. Long and Arthur Nicholas did a booming business there with lemonade, orange elder, cigars, candy, etc. Notwithstanding the competition they sold to the amount of \$9.65.

I could write more, but will stop for this time.

The health of the community is very good at present.

Success to The Herald and News and its readers. A Utopia Lad.

Death of Mr. J. S. Martin, Newberry, S. C.

The editor received a dispatch from Bro. E. P. McIntock on last Wednesday to this effect: "Mr. Martin died of carbuncle this morning. Can't you come down?"

"This death was a shock not only to distant friends, but to the immediate family. Mr. Martin was seriously ill only thirty-six hours. No one was prepared for his death. A few days before, he seemed remarkably well and strong. His general appearance was of one in perfect health. But his work was done and he was called up higher. Mr. Martin began life under adverse circumstances. He had a struggle with poverty. His father had failed in business, and as the eldest son the care of the family consisting of father and mother and sister and two brothers, fell on his shoulders. This heavy responsibility steadied him for his work in after years. By diligence, economy and integrity he soon established himself in business. He grew steadily before and after the war, until the largest business interests of the community were in his hands. At the time of his death he was the President of the National Bank and of the Cotton Mill and was the leading spirit in other business concerns.

No mention of Mr. Martin is at all worthy of him which does not make prominent reference to his christian character. He had been for years a ruling elder in the Associate Reformed Church, and his life was entirely consistent with his high place in the church. He ruled well his own house, and reared a large family in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. His loss will be deeply felt in the family of which he was the careful and beloved head. The church and the entire community is in mourning over his death. As a personal friend of long standing, we bear cheerful testimony to his great worth and his high christian character. We cherish the dearest sympathy for the bereaved widow, and the orphaned children. They sorrow not as others which have no hope. The funeral on Thursday was a very large one, and it was said that there were 165 carriages in the large procession. The pastor conducted the impressive services at the home—A. H. Presbyterian.

Bret Harte is so frequently complimented as the author of "Little Breeces" that he is almost as sorry it was ever written as is Colonel John Hay, who would prefer his fame to rest on more ambitious work. A gushing young lady who prided herself upon her literary tastes, said to him once:
"My dear Mr. Harte, I am so delighted to meet you. I have read everything you ever wrote; but of all your dialect verse there is none that compares to your 'Little Breeces.'" "I quite agree with you, madam," said Mr. Harte, "but you have put the little breeces on the wrong man"—San Francisco Argonaut.

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