The Watchman and Southron.

THE SUMTER WATCHMAN, Established April, 1850. "Be Just and Fear not—Let all the Ends thou Aims't at, be thy Country's, thy God's and Truth's" THE TRUE SOUTHRON, Established June, 1866

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SUMTER, S. C.

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I CERTIFY THAT Messrs. E. C. GREEN & SON, of Sumter, Agents of the STAUNTON LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, incorporated by the State of Virginia, has complied with the provisions of the Act of the General Assembly entitled "An Act to regulate the Agencies of Insurance Companies not incorporated by the State of South Carolina," and I have issued to the said Messrs. E. C. Green & Son, Agents as aforesaid, this License and Instrument authorizing the business of Insurance in the Counties of Clarendon and Sumter, for and in behalf of said Company.

Expires March 31, 1888.

W. E. STONEY,
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June 15.

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A FINE ASSORTMENT OF BIBLES and Testaments just received at the Book Store, Sumter.

E. C. GREEN & SON.

THIS PAPER

N. W. AYER & SON, Philadelphia

Before Sailing.

Lean closer, darling, let thy tender heart
Beat against mine that aches with heavy woe;
Dry thy quick woman's tears to soothe thy smart,
Ah, me! that I could ease my sorrows so!
But men must work, sweetheart, and women weep,
So says the song, so runs the world's behest;
Yet time will pass and tender comfort creep
With hopeful company to the troubled breast.
Now, ere we part, while yet on lip and cheek
Clings the kiss's fervor, expiring, passionate,
There is a farewell word love fain would speak,
A tender thought love labors to translate
In earnest words, whose memory through thy years
Shall calm thy soul and dry thy dropping tears.

If in thy garden when the roses blow,
Or by the shelter of some evening fire,
In sunny winter glow or summer glow,
Thy soul float seaward with a fond desire
(Fonder and stronger than thy tender use)
Think then: "One longs for me across the foam;"
And if, sweet falling like the evening dews,
A special peace enfolds thy heart and home,
Then say thou, dear, with softly bated breath,
"In some lone wilderness beyond the sea,
Whether in light or life, in gloom or death,
My lover's spirit speak to God for me!"
Kiss me, beloved, without a doubt or dread;
We are not sundered though farewell be said.

—All the Year Round.

IN AFTER YEARS.

"A dreaming visionary, who will make your life miserable," Mr. Dalston said earnestly, not angrily, when his daughter pleaded for a lover her father had sent away. "See, child!" he added, putting his arm around her slender figure, and drawing her close to him, "you and I must not quarrel about this. But George Clayton is full of impracticable schemes that will never develop into usefulness. His inventions are worthless, his studies have no definite result. He will sink into a mere dreamer. Olive, and you will be in that utterly false position, a woman supporting her husband."

"But," the girl faltered, lifting her shy blue eyes to the grave, loving face above her own, "we love each other."

"And it is upon that love I build my hopes of rousing George to a more active, practical life. I have told him that when he can come to me with any position that gives him a fair, honestly-earned income, I will withdraw my opposition."

Olive's face brightened. Her lover was not, then, finally dismissed. For her sake he surely would exert himself, and accept her father's reasonable condition. He did, and so they parted, true lovers, child-like in their hope and faith: George Clayton to carry his schemes into the world, to win a fortune in one success, Olive to *wait*.

Weeks slipped by, months melted away, and then years dragged heavily along, and no news of George Clayton came back to his friends.

Mr. Dalston died, leaving his daughter ten years older than she had been when George left her, and the heiress of large wealth. The blow fell without warning, desolating her! Strong in health, she had no refuge in weakness to excuse total retirement, no physical pain to cause her to forget mental misery. Day after day she rose, vigorous and active, to a dreary blank of idleness. Her very beauty was changed, not lost, but clouded by the expression of discontent and peevishness never absent from her face.

"Forty years old to-day," she thought, sitting before a mirror and studying her own face. "It was on my birthday George went away. Twenty years ago. What became of him? Father was sorry at the last that he did not help him and keep him here. He knew how lonely I should be. What is life worth? Nothing!"

She rose impatiently, for there was a noise in the lower part of the house, and she objected to noise. This was more than a domestic jar it was a commotion. Heavy feet were trampling across the hall, a very Babel of voices was rising up, and doors slammed, people shouted, until her quiet residence was as noisy as a town hall at a mass meeting.

She rang the bell sharply—twice before it was answered.

Then her maid appeared, flushed, breathless, excited.

"What is all this noise?" Miss Dalston asked sharply. "Is the house on fire?"

"Oh, no, miss; but there's been an accident. Oh!" and the girl gasped, "a man run over, and they've brought him here."

"Who gave permission for such liberties in my house?" Miss Dalston cried angrily.

"It was the nearest, miss."

"Are there no hospitals?" was the sharp rejoinder. "I will go down at once and have him removed."

Going down was easily accomplished: but to her indignant amazement, Miss Dalston found a policeman barring the doors of the library, and another one clearing the hall.

"I am Miss Dalston," she said to the man who refused her admittance to her own library. "This is my house."

"Sorry, mum. We've sent for a cab and mattresses, mum; but the doctors is in there now, mum, and my orders was to let nobody in, mum."

As he spoke the door opened.

"Now if you can get some warm water and towels," a voice said.

"I'll get them," Miss Dalston said, hurrying away, her anger melted in an odd, new sensation of pity and interest.

The door was opened for her on her return, bearing a basin and pitcher and an armful of towels. She went in softly, and crossed the room to where a man lay extended speechless upon the wide lounge, where her father had always rested after his business labors. A man dressed in coarse shabby clothing, with rough crisp hair and beard, and upon whose pallid face was a long ghastly cut. His shirt was open, and a grave elderly man, whom Olive recognized as her father's physician, was bending over him.

"Ah!" he said looking up, "can you wash the blood from his face, Miss Dalston? Here is where the wheel went over him. He fainted, I suppose, from exhaustion, or I could hardly have dressed the wound."

And then Olive Dalston, to relieve the weak faint sickness at her heart, washed that wound upon the blood and made a discovery that drove every vestige of color from her face, and seemed for a moment to cripple her. The doctor was not surprised at the pallor of the face she presently turned to him, for it was a startling sight and task for unaccustomed eyes and hands.

"Is he much injured," she whispered.

"Very, painfully. Internally, I fear. The legs, and internally, I fear. Poor fellow! Poor fellow! Have you any friends, my dear?"

"This is my father's house."

"Your father! Why, child, I had let your father know of his coming home to you. You must have misunderstood me. This poor fellow is a—"

"My father!" she cried, and fainted for the first time in her life.

When she came to herself, she was in her own room, the poor man was in the best guest room, the doctor was in attendance, and everything that could be procured for the comfort of the sufferer was in the room. Miss Dalston herself was in the room all day, waiting upon the injured man. She saw the nurse, she saw the doctor, Miss Dalston herself bore the doctor's orders, and saw that they were faithfully carried out.

But neither servants nor gossips heard a word concerning the story that had so startled her father's guest. Many conjectures were made in the kitchen and drawing room, but the mistress of the house, the master's daughter, was the only person who knew the story of George Clayton's return.

The injured man was able to be moved in a week, and Miss Dalston had him carried to her own home. She had a room prepared for him, and herself superintended his removal. She had him placed in a room adjoining her own, and herself she nursed him through the long months of his illness. The story he had to tell was a very sad one. He had been robbed of his inventions, his papers had been destroyed, he had been drugged, and when he had recovered his senses he was a stranger in a strange land, without money or friends, and he had set out to return to his home, to his promised wife, to his friends, and he was robbed and beaten by the way, and he had lain sick in a hospital for months, and he was poor, penniless, friendless, and his sweetheart was a rich woman, and he was a poor, broken man, and she would despise him, and he was glad he was robbed and beaten and had lain sick in a hospital, because he was so much better off than he had deserved to be for his folly in leaving his sweetheart for a chance of success.

He had told his story to his nurse, and she had written to her father, and George Clayton was a guest in his house when his daughter came home to be married.

Olive Dalston had married her lover, and was a happy woman, and George Clayton was a man who had learned a lesson he was never forgetting, and they were all very happy people who had been very miserable, and it was all because George Clayton had been a fool and had left his sweetheart to go and make his fortune.

Tomatoes.

The tomato has a curious history. Native of South America, like the potato, it is said to have been introduced into England as early as 1596. Many years elapsed before it was used as food, and the botanical name given to it was significant of the estimation in which it was held by our forefathers. It was called *Lycopersicum*—a compound term meaning wolf and peach, indicating that, notwithstanding its beauty, it was regarded as a sort of "Dead Sea fruit." The Italians first dared to use it freely, the French followed, and after eying it askance as a novelty for unknown years, John Bull ventured to taste, and having survived, began to eat with increasing gusto. To our grandmothers in this land the ruby fruit was given as "love-apples," and adorning quaint old bureaus, were devoured by dreamy eyes long before canning factories were within the ken of even a Yankee's vision. Now, tomatoes vie with the potato as a general article of food, and one can scarcely visit a quarter of the globe so remote but he will find that the tomato can has been there before him. Its culture is so easy that one year I had bushels of the finest fruit from plants that grew here and there by chance. Skill is required only in producing an early crop, and to secure this end the earlier the plants are started in spring the better. Those who have glass will experience no difficulty whatever. The seed may be sown in a greenhouse as early as January, and the plants potted when three inches high, transferred to larger pots from time to time as they grow, and by the middle of May put into the open ground, full of blossoms and immature fruit. Indeed, plants started early in the fall will give in a greenhouse a good supply all winter. They also grow readily in hot-beds, cold frames, and sunny windows. We usually can buy well-forwarded plants from those who raise them for sale. If these are set out early in May on a sunny slope, they mature rapidly, and give an early yield. The tomato is very sensitive to frost, and should not be in the open ground before danger from it is over. Throughout May we may find plants for sale everywhere. If we desire to try distinct kinds with the least trouble, we can sow the seed about May 1, and in our climate enjoy an abundant yield in September or before. In the cool, humid climate of England the tomato is usually grown *en espalier*, like the peach, along sunny walls and fences, receiving as careful a summer pruning as the grape-vine. With us they are usually left to sprawl over the ground at will. By training the vines over various kinds of supports, however, they can be made as ornamental as they are useful. The ground on which they grow should be only moderately fertile, or else there is too great a growth of vine at the expense of fruit. This is especially true if we wish an early yield, and in this case the warmest, driest soil is necessary.

But comparatively a few years ago the tomato consisted of little more than a rind with seeds in the hollow center. Now, the only varieties worth raising cut as solid as a mellow pear. The following is Gregory's list of varieties: Livingston's Beauty, Alpha, Acme, Canada Victor, Arlington, General Grant. I will add Trophy and Mikado. If a yellow variety is desired, try Golden Trophy.—*E. P. Roe, "The Home Acre," in Harper's Magazine.*

If there are any, says the Savannah *News*, who think that the leasing system is not a criminal one let them look at the figures. When it was inaugurated in Georgia a few years ago there were 350 convicts. There are now 1,527. There has been some increase in the population of the state since the system was authorized, but the percentage of that increase is small compared to the increase in the number of convicts. If the system with all its abuses is continued the number of convicts within a generation will be something fearful to contemplate.

Ancient Villages in Arizona.

Mr. Stevenson's researches this season resulted in the discovery of several ancient villages, one of which is located on the Little Colorado. This village extends over an area of three miles. Many of the houses stand two and three stories high, built of square, flat stones laid in mortar. Several of the larger buildings, forming one group, are situated along the banks of a small canon. This canon presented many evidences of the handiwork of the aborigines who inhabited the dwellings along its banks. In the walls of this canon are many small niches and cavities which had been walled up, leaving only a small aperture through which to place small articles. The plaster, some of which the party dug out, still retains the finger-marks and impressions of the masons who built them. These little bins must have been for the purpose of storing with seeds and grain, for such were all they contained. Agriculture in these parts is now understood, was understood by the people. [illegible]

[illegible]

The Attack on Mr. Davis.

Col. R. Barnwell Rhett, of South Carolina, for many years editor of the *Mercury* and for a time editor of the New Orleans *Picayune*, has an article in the *Century* that will stir up a hornets' nest. In his paper on 'the Confederate Government of Montgomery,' he states that the failure of the South was not due to the superior numbers of the Northern soldiers—a common belief which the writer says, may be an agreeable sop to Southern pride'—but to the mismanagement of 'third rate and incompetent men.' Colonel Rhett says that his father regarded Mr. Davis as an accomplished man, but egotistical, arrogant and vindictive, without depth or statesmanship.'

As illustrating the incompetency of Mr. Davis, Mr. Rhett states:

That early in 1861 an offer was made by a responsible shipping house of Liverpool to furnish the Confederacy with ten first-class East Indiamen, suitably armed, at a cost $10,000,000 or 40,000 bales of cotton. They would have kept open the Southern ports, which was of vastly greater importance to the rebel cause than destroying the commercial marine of the North, but the offer was at once rejected by Mr. Davis. Again, when early in 1861 an agent was sent to England to purchase arms for the Confederate soldiers, he was authorized to purchase simply 10,000 Enfield rifles to arm 250,000 men. As another illustration of the unfitness of Mr. Davis, the story is told of Mr. Yancey's trip to Europe to secure recognition for the Confederacy If he had been allowed to negotiate commercial treaties advantageous to England and France he would have been much more likely to have secured the desired recognition. But the proposition to this effect was defeated by Mr. Davis' influence, and Mr. Yancey, as he afterward expressed it, went on a fool's errand.

Col. Rhett says that within six weeks after Mr. Davis election as President of the Confederacy, the Provisional Congress found that they had made a mistake, and that there was danger of serious divisions, which would paralyze the Confederate Government. 'To avoid this and to confer all power on the President, they resorted to secret sessions.'

Col. Rhett intimates that these mistakes of the ex-President would have been shown up before, except for his arrest and imprisonment, which made him a martyr and silenced the voice of impartial criticism in the South. Col. Rhett is mistaken if he thinks the time has arrived, or will ever arrive in the South, when the character and conduct of ex-President Davis will be considered proper subjects for adverse criticism. Another generation than the present may review with complacency the mistakes of ex-President Davis, but to the eternal honor of the Southern people Mr. Davis stands to-day enshrined in their hearts as the grandest living representative of the Confederate cause. Whatever may have been the causes that produced defeat and disaster, the Southern people will never accept or endorse Col. Rhett's criticism of ex-President Davis.—*Augusta Chronicle.*

Prohibition in Georgia.

There is no doubt about the contagion and spread of prohibition in Georgia. Under the local option law, it prevails in one hundred and eighteen out of the one hundred and thirty-seven counties in the State.

The people who are in favor of prohibition will be satisfied with the local option law, or at least they should be. The leading advocates of prohibition are not disposed to pass any general law, making prohibition compulsory all over the State. This is a wise conclusion. If the majority of voters in a county or city do not want prohibition it should not be forced upon them by the Legislature.

Where the people of a city or county vote for prohibition, the law should be carried out in good faith, and those who evade the law should suffer the penalties. Dr. Felton's bill, for a tax of $10,000 on every dealer in domestic wines and other intoxicants in counties that have voted prohibition, is not an unjust measure. It simply means that prohibition shall prohibit in cities and counties that have voted prohibition.

We believe in a literal compliance with the law and the way to do this is to make the penalty so severe that it will not be violated.

Prohibition has taken a deep hold upon the people, and whatever we may think of its saving grace and efficacy as a means of permanent prevention against the evils of intemperance, we must open our eyes to the logic of events and recognize the stern fact that the great mass of our people are deeply imbued with the spirit of temperance. The sentiment in favor of prohibition is strong and the people look upon it as a preventive of the sale of intoxicating liquors and as a cure for intemperance.

The prohibition movement in Georgia has no political significance, and there is no probability of its being used as a disturbing element to divide the Democratic party. The movement is purely moral and economical, and so long as its operations are confined within the limits of the present local option law, prohibition should be made to prohibit in every county and city that have adopted it.—*Augusta Chronicle.*

Hurrah for Primus.

Primus Jones, of Georgia, the first bale man, has introduced the following bill in the Legislature, of which he is a member. It is a palpable hint at the use of commercial fertilizers, it is needless to say, was greeted with great laughter and applause:

"Be fore a farmer of this State shall be allowed to buy commercial fertilizers he shall apply to the Ordinary of his county, who, upon such application, shall issue letters of guardianship to some discreet person, not a farmer, by whose counsel and advice, in writing only, such farmer shall be permitted to purchase the same, and any person violating the provisions of this act, or any guardian with whom such fertilizer may be found, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, etc.

Our State Contemporaries.

A Simple Question of Fact.

Fairfield News and Herald.

The Barnwell *People* defends Judge Aldrich in his recent animadversions on the State press; and after pointing out the way in which its misguided contemporaries have gone astray, concludes that 'all this miscellaneous denunciation of lawlessness was started by the malicious brains of slanderous Yankee editors.'

We are pleased at all times to adopt the most cheerful view of an unpropitous situation, but we do not wish to be numbered among those who 'having eyes see not and ears hear not' the things that most concern them. We had supposed that all intelligent observers perceive the fact that the law of homicide is rapidly becoming a dead letter in South Carolina, and we still suppose that those who have failed to perceive it have been curiously oblivious to the acts and doing of the Courts of Sessions of this State during the last few years. The color of the skin has come to carry with it astonishing privileges and immunities. To convict a white man of murder is now next to impossible. A few zealous friends with a few dollars to spend is all that he needs to pull through. Judge Aldrich and the editor of the Barnwell *People* to the contrary notwithstanding.

It would be sad indeed in this condition of things if a disinterested press could be estopped by the corrupt verdict of a jury. Courts do not sit in secret. The facts on which juries base their conclusions are published to the world, and to the facts the public have a right to appeal. The legitimate office of the newspaper is right here.

The press owes a duty to the people which it will discharge, regardles of the idiosyncrasies of any man. It will spare neither judge nor jury. In this great free country nothing is beyond the reach of just criticism.

Orangeburg Times and Democrat.

There has been no fewer than five murders in South Carolina in the past month. This is a terrible record, and causes thoughtful people to tremble for the good name of the State. We are afraid we are too sentimental about the execution of the laws. A few hangings of white murderers in South Carolina would have a most wholesome effect.

The Custom of Crying for the Blood of a White Man.

Abbeville Medium.

In his valedictory address before the Euphradian Society at the recent commencement of the South Carolina College, a young man is represented to have said:

'It is now very difficult to hang a white man in South Carolina for killing another white man. But it was impossible to hang one for killing a negro This was justified by saying that he was only a negro.'

The young gentleman starts out wrong if he expects to build up the State. He has things too much mixed and seems to entirely misapprehend the true purpose of courts of justice. Their object is not to hang a man whether guilty or not. The accused is to have a fair trial and must be acquitted unless a verdict of guilty is found. 'It is now very difficult to hang a white man in South Carolina for killing another white man,' says the young man. It should be utterly impossible to hang anyone for killing another unless the circumstances make it murder.

It appears that some persons and newspapers thirst for the blood of a white man who may have killed a negro. The negro is getting to be powerful precious, but he is not so sacred yet that it is a crime for a white man to defend himself and property. One would judge from the talk now that it is a peculiarly atrocious offence to kill a negro at all.

Some time back a negro was reported killed in Anderson county. These howlers set up a lamentation and berated our laws and our courts. The cry for blood went up to the heavens. A constable was reported to be guilty. He was painted as a brutal, overbearing officer and the negro was said to be as peaceable and harmless as a lamb. Time enough elapsed for this exaggerated story of lawlessness to poison the minds of the people at a distance. A good campaign incident was furnished the Radicals by our own newspapers. When the actual truth was ascertained, the negro was not killed at all but died from disease. He was a notorious scoundrel and refugee from justice. The slandered constable was nowhere about the negro at his death and the whole stery was without foundation.

Another case was where an engineer killed a negro at Branchville. The newspapers called it murder but it was nothing of the kind. The negro was an employee of the railroad, was drunk and creating a disturbance on the street. The engineer requested him to keep quiet. He flew into a passion and sought the life of the engineer. For two hours the engineer tried to get the town council or a trial justice to give him protection without avail. At last when the infuriated negro approached the engine armed and hastening to kill the engineer he was shot down There never was a clearer case of self-defense. The Coroner's jury so found. It would have been an outrage to hang or punish the engineer. Still the newspapers called him a murderer.

This young college man should be sure of his facts before he puts the State before the public in any such light. He is young, however, and he had bad examples set before him by persons who ought to know better.

A Jeremiah After Justice.

[illegible]

We are very much afraid that our good friend and neighbor Brother Simms, of the Orangeburg *Times and Democrat*, was greatly overheated in a week when he made the following lamentation:

'The mass of the people have absolutely no confidence in our courts, and almost regard a trial by them as an acquittal. This being the case, should we wonder at the prevalence of lynch law? [illegible] will grow more that the [illegible] lynch law will disappear from the borders of South Carolina.'

While sincerely glad that our own county is free from the troubles of which our contemporary complains, we are in earnest sympathy with his sorrows and beg to assure him that, in our opinion, the situation is not so gruesome as he has drawn it.

And the best way to help matters seems to be through the education of the people so that they can have intelligence enough to put confidence in their courts, for ignorance of what justice really is must be the parent of the unrest in Orangeburg and elsewhere. And in that needed work of enlightenment the *Times and Democrat* should be a chief educator and missionary.

We beg him to quit generalities and to present a bill of particulars specifying instances in which the ends of justice have not been secured by the findings of the courts.

And we would like for him to tell us which of the two, the courts or the mass of the people, can best tell when justice is administered. Such utterances as the above quotation are calculated to increase whatever discontent with the courts is existing, and to provoke those very exercises of lynch law with which our co-temporary finds fault. People must accept the verdicts of twelve men as right or resort to the red vengeance of excited mobs.

Under which king, Bezonian? The fact that so few men are convicted is rather cause for congratulation than excuse for lamentation, for it shows that the real criminals generally come to grief and the innocent survive.

Carried to its logical result the theory of the *Times and Democrat* would result in the adoption of some rule by which an acceptable per centage of people charged with crime would be convicted, regardless of guilt or innocence. If any better plan can be figured out the *People* will be glad to examine and report upon its merits and demerits.

Justice in New York vs. Justice in South Carolina.

Timmonsville Farmer Friend.

When Judge Barrett sentenced Jacob Sharp, of New York to four years at hard labor and to pay a fine of $5,000, a valuable lesson was taught. The lobbyist then learned that no longer could he, without fear of punishment, use unlawful means to carry his purpose. The millionaire learnt that his money does not give him immunity; that in New York, at least, justice is wide awake, and shows no favor to a man because he can give a check with six ciphers attached. That sentence set its seal of disapprobation on bribery. What had Jacob Sharp done? Why he had only bought up enough aldermen at $20,000 a head to vote him the most valuable street railroad franchise in America. And for this, in spite of all that money and influence could do, in spite of the most learned and eloquent talent at the New York Bar, in spite of the traces of seventy years upon his countenance, and certificates from his physicians that he was suffering from diabetes and a variety of other diseases, and could not possibly live four years—in spite of these facts to his advantage, he goes to Sing Sing for four years to reflect upon the error of his way.

This is no more than right, and all right-minded citizens applaud the verdict of the jury that convicted him. But could Jacob Sharp, with his millions at his back, have been convicted in South Carolina? The man who would expect to obtain a verdict against the owner of a million for buying the votes of a few paltry legislators, would be hooted at. Indeed, things have come to a lamentable pass in our State. It is a byword among the people that justice is a farce. The Sharp trial, and others of a similar nature and of recent occurrence in New York, furnish an example which every Southern State, and especially South Carolina, should emulate. It is time for a change. Let it come. The voice of justice cries out for it. All good people want it. Let the law be strictly and evenly administered to all, and all will be better for it. With the assurance that the rod of justice will fall alike upon all wrong-doers, from the bloated millionaire to the puny beggar, and from the highest functionary to the street scavenger, the people would, in all cases, be satisfied to let the law take its course. The uncertain and loose administration of the law is the direct cause of the rapidly increasing prevalence of lynch law in some of the Southern States to day. It is a stimulant to crime in general, and the bane of civilization and virtue. A jury or a judge who would weigh out justice by the financial or social standing of the prisoner at the bar, or any party concerned in the cause at trial, is more dangerous than a viper. Are there any such judges or juries in South Carolina?

The Danger of Personal Security Bonds.

Lancaster Review.

Instances are constantly occurring all over the State, of estates suffering through the failure of officers charged with their administration to account fully for funds passing into their hands. Clerks of Courts, Sheriffs, Treasurers and Probate Judges sometimes go out of office with or turning over to their successors money held by them belonging to sundry estates.

Experience has abundantly proven that it can in no case out of a dozen cases pay to bring such an official bond with the expected and forcing success to make good the shortcomings of their principals.

The wheels of justice revolve slowly at best, and not infrequently are they clogged temporarily by [illegible] to the way he delays [illegible] having to postpone or avoid [illegible] than a [illegible] generally by the [illegible] rolled against sureties [illegible] of all their property in the ordinary course of business [illegible] the suit in the official bond was dragging its slow length along. [illegible] property naturally and necessarily changes hands oftener now than in olden time, [illegible] bonds executed ten, or even five years ago are good to-day, even where there has been no direct effort made to escape liability thereon by any of the bondsmen? What assurance has a man dying to-day leaving property to minor children that it will be safely turned over to them on gaining their majority?

Any one at all familiar with the business of the courts knows what we state to be true. But is there no remedy—is there no way of preventing estates from being squandered? We think that there is.

Why would it not do for the State to do away with such obligations as "personal bonds" and require all public officers to give responsible guarantee companies as security for the faithful performance of their duties. Such a plan is being worked successfully all over the land by railroad corporations and express companies. The Richmond and Danville Syndicate, or the Southern Express company for example, will not accept a bond with personal security from any of their agents or employees who are bonded officers, but each one is required to get a guarantee company to vouch for him and become responsible for all moneys that pass into his hands. If these mammoth corporations, which are managed strictly on business principles, find so much merit in the plan suggested, why would it not be a good idea to make State and county officers, as well as administrators, trustees and receivers, give similar security before entering upon the discharge of their respective duties instead of allowing them to get a few "friends" to endorse for them, whose solvency is of uncertain duration.

The officers themselves, if made of the right kind of material, would no doubt prefer to pay a trifling sum annually or semi-annually or quarterly, to some good guarantee company to "stand" for them rather than ask friends to whom they would naturally feel under obligations, to become responsible for their official actions and doings.

Better Than Tighe's Letters.

Barnwell People.

Dr. W. B. Rice, who travelled extensively through the Gulf States last year, says that the farmers of South Carolina are in much better condition than the farmers of Mississippi. And yet Mississippi has a first class Agricultural College.

A Very Foolish Sale.

Barnwell People.

The Sinking Fund Commission sold last week to the Berkeley County Land and Stock Company 15,680 acres of land in Berkeley county for 85 cents an acre.

These lands were bought by the famous land commissioner of radical times, C. P. Leslie, for high price. They are said to be admirably adapted to stock raising, to which use their new owners will devote them.

It would have been better for the State to have held these lands always than to have parted with them for such a pittance. This sale will be conclusive evidence to the outside world that those who know, place a very low value on the "sacred soil of the Palmetto State." No use to pray for immigration when that news is published. The S. F. C. is appropriately named.

Agricultural and Mechanical College.

Orangeburg Times and Democrat.

The greatest objection one hears to the establishment of an agricultural and mechanical college in South Carolina is that it would not educate farmers and mechanics. This as the Raleigh *News and Observer* points out, has been too true in many instances. Too often these institutions have fallen into the hands of old-fashioned literary teachers, instead of scientific farmers and industrialists, and invariably in such cases, they have been cheap literary colleges. They then use their free tuition to attract boys who want a literary diploma simply, and the reputation of having a college education. But there are some notable exceptions to this. Wherever agriculture and industrial teaching are made the leading features, as the landscript act requires, the results appear in the professions adopted by the graduates. We have before us the figures, from three institutions which illustrate this.

The superintendent of public instruction of Michigan gives the following statistics with regard to the occupations actually followed by the graduates of the Michigan Agricultural College for ten years: Out of 186 graduates, there were: 1 veterinary surgeon, 4 apiarists, 3 agricultural editors, 12 professors and teachers of agricultural, 8 fruit culturists, one landscape gardener, 2 students of agriculture, 69 farmers, which is a total of one hundred and one following agriculture or related professions. There were seven mechanics, engineers and architects, making a total of 108, out of the 186, who follow industrial pursuits. The other 78 were business men, teachers, lawyers, doctors, &c.

The President of the Mississippi Agricultural College, Gen. Stephen D. Lee, in his biennial report for 1886, says: 'The principal technical education, as usually carried on in the interest of agriculture, as it now is in the education of the solicitor, or doctor, lawyer, engineer and mechanic, will produce but results in preparing young men for the profession of a farmer. It is doing it in this college. Of its living graduates, 11 are engaged in farming or in kindred pursuits. Professor Lowry, of the same college, tells us that a majority of the students who have gone from it, and three or more years ago, have gone home to work with their fathers and have become good farmers.'

[illegible]

Let the People Decide.

Laurensville Herald.

The oft-repeated and thread-bare assertion, that 'Prohibition don't prohibit,' has been repeatedly contradicted by practice and unquestionable proof. One of the best evidences of the insincerity of those who make this assertion is seen in the opposition they manifest whenever a proposition is made to submit the question to the people. If prohibitory laws do not prohibit, because such laws are not enforced, as the opposition claim, why is it that these friends of the liquor interest raise large sums of money—amounting in some instances to half a million of dollars—to be expended in a single contest? See the enormous sums contributed and being used in an effort to defeat prohibition at the election soon to take place in Texas. To bring the matter home, here in our midst, note the effort being made to obstruct the measure known as the 'Murray Bill,' and prevent it from being submitted to the voters of Laurens County. Legal talent has been retained to effect this purpose.

Give the people an opportunity to express their wish at the polls. Many of them have memorialized the General Assembly for that privilege. Let the question be settled, and settled finally. If they don't want prohibition, let them so vote; if they do want it let them so decide. But it seems this is just what the opposition don't want—they don't want the people to have the opportunity of voting on the question. The liquor interest would stifle the voice that speaks in thunder-tones through the ballot-box. They are afraid of it.

Pee Dee Index.

At its session in 1885 the Legislature enacted a law prohibiting the importing, printing, publishing, selling or distributing of any book, pamphlet, printed paper, or other thing containing obscene, indecent or improper picture, print, figure or description tending to corrupt the morals of the youth.

Similar laws have been enacted in many other States. In this State a violation of this law is punishable by imprisonment not exceeding two years and by a fine not exceeding one thousand dollars, or both, at the discretion of the Court. Whoever has in his possession such book, pamphlet, printed paper, or picture, either for sale, exhibition or circulation, comes within the purview of the law and is liable to the fine and imprisonment above mentioned. Right thinking people everywhere are beginning to demand that this law be rigidly enforced.

Photographs, lithographs, prints of all kinds, and of the most obscene nature, are being scattered broadcast over the land, to the intense disgust of all purminded people and the utter undoing of the youth of the country.

It has become common in the trade of the tobacconists more particularly, to give to each purchaser one or more of these foul pictures which no young man for a moment would think of showing his mother or sister. They are used as advertisements and distributed particularly among the younger boys who smoke the 'toney' cigarette. They are abroad in this town. We have seen young boys with them in their possession, cherishing them with a care they would never give the finest painting of the world's most renowned master.

In Charlotte and Raleigh, North Carolina, the sale of Duke's cigarettes has been prohibited by the laws of those municipalities for the reason that with each package sold a picture of an obscene character is given as an inducement to purchase. The sale of the goods of this and every other firm which offers similar inducements, should be forbidden everywhere. The law of our State covers this case and it should be carried out. Whether the law is violated or evaded here we do not know, but the effects of its violation either here or in some place near here may be seen in the community. The law is so plain that the most ignorant may easily understand it. It is so in addition to have no loophole for evasion. It is so excellent and designed to destroy an evil so great that every pure-minded person will desire to see it made effective.

We glean a fact from the Griffin (Ga.) News that ought to interest our farmer readers. In Fayette county there is a farmer who makes more from a quarter of an acre of swamp than he does from the remainder of his farm. He made last year from this quarter of an acre $[illegible]. That beats any thing but a rich gold mine. The explanation is given in the words of the venerable and well-to-do farmer:

'I will tell you,' said he, 'when I first moved on this place it was very much like my swamp—died rapidly and nearly ruined my health. My wife had been in the habit of keeping cows in the house for her own use, and she had [illegible] on a small patch on the edge of the swamp. He began to speak [illegible] about time the wheat was sown in the fall of March was [illegible] with it. The cattle drank the water from the branch on which it grew [illegible] healthy and ceased [illegible] was then that I first began [illegible] in the growth of the swamp [illegible] take pain to save and [illegible] for market, as I under-[illegible]

[illegible] have I an raging te-[illegible] among the [illegible]