

The Watchman and Southern.

THE FREE SOUTHERN, Established June, 1868
New Series—Vol. X, No. 13.

THE SUMTER WATCHMAN, Established April, 1850.
Consolidated Aug. 2, 1881.]

"Be Just and Fear not—Let all the Ends thou Aims't at, be thy Country's, thy God's and Truth's"
SUMTER, S. C., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1890.

The Watchman and Southern.

Published every Wednesday,
BY
N. G. OSTEN,
SUMTER, S. C.

TERMS:
Two Dollars per annum—in advance.
ADVERTISEMENTS:
One Square first insertion.....\$1.00
Every subsequent insertion..... 50
Contracts for three months, or longer will be made at reduced rates.
All communications when subscribed private patrons will be charged for as advertisements. Objections and tributes of respect will be charged for.

NOTHING SUCCEEDS LIKE SUCCESS.

The reason RADAM'S MICROBE KILLER is the most wonderful medicine, is because it has never failed in any instance, no matter what the disease, from LEPROSY to the simplest disease known to the human system.

The scientific men of to-day claim and prove that every disease is
CAUSED BY MICROBES,
AND
RADAM'S MICROBE KILLER
Eradicates the Microbes and drives them out of the system, and when that is done you cannot have an ache or pain. No matter what the disease, whether a simple cold, Rheumatism, Catarrh, or any other disease, we cure them all at the same time, and we treat all diseases constitutionally.

Asthma, Consumption, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Rheumatism, Kidney and Liver Disease, Chills and Fever, Female Troubles, in all its forms, and, in fact, every disease known to the human system.

Beware of Fraudulent Imitations!
See that our Trade-Mark (same as above) appears on each jug.
Send for book "History of the Microbe Killer," given away by Dr. A. J. China, Druggist, Sole Agent.
Jug 22

CATARRH

COLD IN HEAD.

Try the Cure
Ely's Cream Balm

Cleanses the Nasal Passages. Alleviates Inflammation. Heals the Sores. Restores the Senses of Taste, Smell and Hearing.

A particle is applied into each nostril and is absorbent. Price 50c. at Druggists or by mail, ELY BROTHERS, 50 Warren St., New York.

Tutt's Pills

Regulate the Bowels.

Constipation deranges the whole system and begets diseases such as Sick Headache, Dyspepsia, Fevers, Kidney Diseases, Bilious Colic, Malaria, etc.

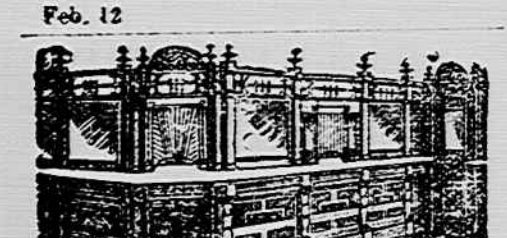
Tutt's Pills produce regular habits of bowels, and give digestion without which, no one can enjoy good health.

Sold Everywhere.

A. WHITE & SON,

Fire Insurance Agency,
ESTABLISHED 1866.

Represent, among other Companies:
LIVERPOOL & LONDON & GLOBE.
NORTH BRITISH & MERCANTILE.
HOME, of New York.
UNDERWRITERS' AGENCY, N. Y.
LANCASTER INSURANCE CO.
Capital represented, \$75,000,000.
Feb. 12



TYLER BANK COUNTERS.

ILLUSTRATED IN COLORS. Perfect Work of Art. 250 Pages; Now ready. Books free, postage 15c. Also 120 pp. Catalog for 1890, of Tyler Bank, 720 Broadway, New York. Also 120 pp. Catalog for 1890, of Tyler Bank, 720 Broadway, New York. Also 120 pp. Catalog for 1890, of Tyler Bank, 720 Broadway, New York.
TYLER DESK CO., ST. LOUIS, MO., U.S.A.

5,000 Accident Insurance,

FOR 25 CENTS PER DAY.
5 days, \$1.00; 15 days, \$2.00; 30 days, \$3.00;
one year, \$10.00.

In case of death, \$5,000.
For loss of both hands, \$5,000.
For loss of both feet, \$5,000.
For loss of one hand and one foot, \$5,000.
For loss of one hand or one foot, \$2,500.
\$25 weekly indemnity.

THOS. E. RICHARDSON,
Agent for the Fidelity & Casualty Co. of New York.
May 28 Cash Capital \$250,000

ATTENTION!

Citizens of Sumter and vicinity!

J. M. WINGATE & CO.

Have opened a
Blacksmith and Wheelwright Shop.

At the old stand of John I. Brennan, on Republic Street, opposite Graham's Stable, guaranteeing to do first class work in every department of their business, and ask the patronage of the citizens of Sumter and vicinity. Give us a trial. Come and get first class work at bottom prices.
Feb. 13.

Judge Haskell Answers an Ugly Question.

COLUMBIA, S. C., October, 1890.
Mr. R. K. Charles, Darlington, S. C.—Dear Sir: Your public letter dated 15th inst., appearing in The News and Courier of 17th inst., and addressed to me, propounds a question and demands an answer. The answer has been delayed by brief but severe illness. It is not my habit to occupy an "equivocal position" on any question affecting my responsibility, and I shall, as far as I can, relieve your mind of all doubt. You ask: "Do you rest your prospect of election solely on the white Democratic vote, or do you and your friends intend to supplement your present following by an appeal to the Republican or negro vote, and to the machinery of the election law?"

You then proceed to explain the status of the election law, and conclude with saying: "Now, if you, with the assistance of the Administration, should put in operation all this election machinery, and at the same time appeal, or, even tacitly accept, the negro vote, there is no question but that you can carry the election against the nine-tenths of the white vote who oppose you."

Your other remarks are immaterial. But as your fellow interrogatory by comments and assertions which are starting in their nature, I will premise my answer by one or two remarks, to correct to some extent the gross injustice you do the State and its government. The Administration is spoken of as partisan, and a tool to be handled by one or the other political faction. This is not true, and you should retract it. You practically say that if a fair election is held, the Tillman ticket is inevitable. Now you claim that the "Tillman" is the regular Democratic ticket; that it is supported by nine-tenths of the white voters of the State; and that if a fair and legal election is held it will be defeated. Nevertheless you appeal to your patriotism to join the Tillman party to the extent of preventing a fair election, and thus entitle yourself to the gratitude of the white people of the State. While I do not admit the truth of your premises, either that a fair election will unavoidably defeat the Tillman ticket and elect the ticket on which my name appears, or that nine-tenths or anything like that proportion of the white voters desire to elect the Tillman ticket, I do most absolutely repudiate your conclusion that the white people of South Carolina, whether for or against Mr. Tillman, will appeal to fraud or force to carry their end. While in my opposition to Mr. Tillman and his associates I have charged them with dire wrong, I have never for a moment included in these charges the large portion of our white people who will vote for that ticket. The majority of these voters are honest. They have been imposed upon and misled, and are held together by an appeal to party name and race issue; but they do not sustain Mr. Tillman in his threats of bloodshed, or you in your appeal for an illegal election or fraudulent handling of the ballot-box. No, Mr. Charles, they may be against me, but many are friends and are known to me, and however they cast their votes I shall never pass over in silence the imputation that they wish to carry the election by fraud or violence.

Your letter is a black spot on our record, and if unanswered would be circumstantial evidence to sustain every charge made by our bitter political opponents. I know you are not alone and that a good many minds of "political tendency" are on your line of thought and have been chattering over what they consider my dilemma and are confident that your main question will not be answered. I will answer it presently, but before doing so will call the attention of those gentlemen, however high may be their political aspirations, to the fact that a large body of good and true men have joined together to have a free election and a fair count, under the law as it is written, and if offices are wanted they must be won by honest votes.

Now, for your question. I answer for myself and the gentlemen with whose names my own has the honor to appear: "Yes, we ask for the vote of every white Democrat, but of every colored Republican, and every white or colored Democrat, entitled under the laws of this State to vote." We ask them to vote for us, because we believe that our ticket is composed of men who most desire good government, and who will to the best of their ability administer the Government for the good of the whole people, in obedience to the pledges put forth in the platform and the utterances of the Democratic party established in 1870.

On the other hand we advise all citizens, without regard to party or race, to vote against the Tillman party, which has repudiated, overthrown and trampled under foot those solemn pledges which should bind every Democrat in this State, and which are essential alike to the welfare and prosperity of either and both races.

Now, Mr. Charles, having answered as to whether we ask or accept the vote of the colored people, I have to say further with regard to your insinuation that the Governor or other State officers will be subject to improper influence in the conduct of the election—lest the mere suggestion should be so understood by the misguided people that they further notice or anything in the shape of a denial would be almost as offensive as the question.

You have limited me by your letter to the single question of the colored vote. I am not at liberty here to state the many reasons which have caused the people of the State to oppose Mr. Tillman and his methods, but on the question of the "negro vote" alone I can show you how absolutely the Tillman party has violated the laws and pledges of the Democracy, and that no man who is true to the faith and the utterances of 1870 can vote for Mr. Tillman. I will cite the beginning of the platform adopted in 1870, and the words of our great leader delivered at your town in 1875, and endorsed by you and all the people of Darlington, then compare them with Mr. Tillman's words in your letter.

That platform begins:

"We declare our acceptance, in perfect good faith, of the 13th, 14th and 15th amendments to the Federal Constitution. Accepting and standing upon them, we turn from the settled and final past to the great living and momentous issues of the present and the future."

It goes on, and calls upon all citizens, "irrespective of race, color or previous condition, to rally with us."

It charges the Republican party with arraying race against race, and rebuking that party for its crimes, again calling upon all "irrespective of race or past party affiliation, to join with us, pledging equal justice to all and absolute security to the rights and property of all."

Wade Hampton at Darlington, S. C., 25th September, 1876:

"I care not whether they call me a Republican or a Conservative or a Democrat. I stand on a platform so strong and true and broad that every honest South Carolina can stand with me upon it, if he is honest and wants good government. Not only those born here, white and black, but every man who has come here to be a citizen and not to be a thief."

"We wish to show the colored people that their rights are fixed and immutable. We would not abridge them if we could. I do here what I did in the Convention. I pledge myself solemnly, in the presence of the people of South Carolina, and in the presence of my God, that if the Democratic ticket is elected, I shall know no party race in the administration of the law. So sure as the law pronounces a man guilty, so sure shall that man be punished. I shall know nothing but the law and the Constitution of South Carolina and the United States."

"We recognize the 13th, 14th, and 15th, amendments to the Constitution of the United States, and accept them in good faith. The colored people know that it is under those amendments that they enjoy the rights they now have. We stand upon that platform, and not one single right enjoyed by the colored people to-day shall be taken from them. They shall be the equals under the law of any man in South Carolina."

"I was the first man in the State of South Carolina after the war who advised the white people of South Carolina to give the right of voting to the colored people. I made the proposition at several public meetings in Columbia, and I took the ground that they should not be excluded from the right to vote."

"Now we ask the honest colored people of South Carolina to help us, Chamberlain has done nothing except through the conservative vote through the State. * * * He wanted no strife, no disturbance, no bloodshed."

Hampton at Newberry, September 15, 1876:

"I elected he would endeavor to fill the office with justice to all, and convince the colored people that they were South Carolinians too, and entitled to all the rights of citizens. We are fighting now for reform, and it matters not by what name the party he represents is called."

"If elected he proposed to stand by the platform adopted at Columbia, which has accepted the late amendments to the Constitution, and would carry out those laws fully, being Governor of the whole people and holding the scales of justice equally."

"He wished it distinctly understood that he and all with him in the campaign would, if elected, preserve order and carry out all laws of the country, especially protecting the colored man in his rights and would see that he was not imposed upon."

Dr. H. V. Redfield, in Cincinnati Commercial—Interview with Gen. Hampton, dated Spartanburg, September 8, 1876:

"I asked Gen. Hampton if he thought he would be elected."

"I think the chances are in my favor, but of course we have no certainty of it."

"Upon what do you base your hopes?"

"Just this: The whites are aroused if they never have been. The largest white vote ever polled will come out, and I calculate upon not less than ten thousand colored votes."

"We do not want to deprive the colored people of any of their rights; we agree to and support the constitutional amendments and turn our back upon the past."

"But in the South we are not now averse to negro suffrage, whatever may have been our opinions at the outset."

"* * * Individually I advocated negro suffrage immediately after the war and was the first man on the soil of South Carolina to make a speech in favor of it. What we want now is to get enough blacks to sit with us, secure the success of our ticket, elect a good Legislature and drive the plunderers that have so long deplored us from power. This is all. We are working for South Carolina now; I might almost say for existence."

Meeting at Abbeville, September 16, 1876:

"* * * Hampton: 'We want to show them all that the platform upon which we stand is wide enough and strong enough to hold every son of Carolina, be his color what it may, provided he is an honest man.'"

If I cannot go to the people of the State, white and black, and say to them: 'These are the laws, and you must uphold and enforce them; if I cannot appeal to Carolina's sons to support me in the laws that I am sworn to maintain, then cast me out with scorn from the office that I disfigure.'"

I had asked that if the colored people of the State would come out and see and hear for themselves there will be thousands and tens of thousands, like the colored men of Abbeville, that will join the Democratic party in this State."

I give them the word of a man, who not his friend nor foe can say ever broke that word, that if I am elected Governor of South Carolina I shall be the Governor of the whole State. I shall render to the whole people of this State equal and impartial justice."

"We want your votes. We don't want you to be deprived of them, and I can tell you if the colored people continue to join the Democratic ranks as they have been doing thus early in the campaign, we will be the last people in the world to curtail their suffrage."

"* * * The only way to bring about prosperity in this State is to bring the two races in friendly relation together. The Democratic party in South Carolina of whom I am the exponent, has promised that every citizen of this State is to be the equal of all—he is to have every right given him by the Constitution of this State and of the United States. The Democratic party in South Carolina pledged itself to support and accept the 13th, 14th and 15th amendments to the United States Constitution, and I pledge my faith, and I pledge it for those gentlemen who are on the ticket with me, that if we are elected, as far as in me lies, we will observe, protect and defend the rights of the colored man as quickly as any man in South Carolina. If there is a white man in this assembly, because he is a white man or a Democrat, believes that when I am elected Governor, if I should be, that I will stand between him and the law, or grant to him any privileges or immunities that shall not be granted to the colored man, he is mistaken, and I tell him so now, that if that is his reason for voting for me, not to vote at all."

"* * * I pledge you, my colored friends, on my honor, that if elected I shall give you greater facilities for education than you have now or ever had before."

"We cannot be elected without the aid of the colored people, and we know that we are going to get that aid. * * * I can only implore our people, white and black, to come together and sustain this cause. It is not the cause of a party. It is not the cause of a clique. It is a struggle for party supremacy. It is a struggle for this grand old home of ours. * * * It is a struggle that white and black can struggle shoulder to shoulder to sustain."

And now, I ask you all, white and black, in the name of Carolina, in the name of your children, and in the name of your God to stand by and sustain this great cause to the last."

M. W. Gary: "He appealed to the colored people to try their own white people once. He told them that the white people wished to join hands with them in the grand effort to drive the thieves from South Carolina and give prosperity to all."

Says the News and Courier 21st September, 1876:

"The rights of the colored people are threefold guarded—by the United States Constitution, by the State Constitution, and by the pledges of Hampton and his associates. Any one of these would be enough; but upon the personal promise of the candidates most stress is laid, because they are known to be upright and honorable men, whom no circumstances or interests could induce to swerve from their pledged word."

Those are utterances of the true Democracy. What a sad departure is your letter. But this is not said to condemn, but only to beg you to pause and reflect.

Take in contrast with these pledges and doctrines of the white people of South Carolina, speaking by the platform and through our leader, Wade Hampton; take, I say, in contrast the provision of the new or Tillman Democratic constitution, which dictates that only white men shall vote for the nomination of State officers, except that any negro who voted for Hampton in 1876, and has voted the Democratic ticket continuously since, may be allowed to vote.

Take the speeches of Mr. Tillman, which have been the doctrine of his party, and take his utterances ever since his nomination:

"Take my country, Edgely," he says; "there the people will resort to any means rather than allow the negro to vote for this ticket" (meaning the Straight Democratic ticket). "This is the situation in many counties; and I have grave apprehensions of consequences."

Again, a day or so later he says, speaking of the election and victory for his party:

"Yes, it will be bloodless, if possible, but if the victory cannot be gained without bloodshed, then we will have to have it, by that means or any other, if it is necessary. I tell you white supremacy is what we are fighting for now, and white supremacy we must and will have at all hazards."

Take, in addition these extraordinary but measured statements, the allegation in the preamble to the resolution by the Irish committee:

"Whereas, it is of vital importance to the Democratic party and essential to the preservation of white supremacy in this State that the commissioners of election be Democratic," and then proceeds to ask the Governor to remove from office every Democrat or person of any political proclivity differing from the views of the Tillmans—for a heretic they cannot carry the election?"

Your views unhappily are justified by the progress of your leader, and your claim that you are the Democracy of South Carolina, and that you are the same party that has conducted the Government since 1876; that you are for white supremacy, and for your own election by fraud and violence.

Such things are not true to our party. The opposition to you is the true Democracy. The true Democracy is for white supremacy, in the white race, by force of property, intelligence and numbers, can keep control of the Government. But we repudiate supremacy to be attained by fraud and violence, and appeal to the higher justice of our race to root out political corruption, than winning by force of mind and morals it hold the Government by means which will command the respect of the whole country, and the loyalty of all our citizens, black as well as white."

Now, Mr. Charles, permit me to ask you a question, and I hope every honest hearted man who now intends to vote for Tillman will ponder over before he casts the ballot. After reading over the pledges you made in 1876, and

TWO SOLDIERS.

By Capt. CHARLES KING.

Copyrighted by J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia, and published through special arrangement with the American Press Association.

CHAPTER I.—In a recruiting office in the "Queen City" Lieut. Fred Lane, U. S. A., receives two letters—one informing him of his promotion to the rank of captain, the other a brief note from Mabel Vincent.

CHAPTER 2.—Gordon Noel, a lieutenant in Lane's company, succeeds, through wheedling the wife of his colonel, in being appointed to the vacancy caused by Lane's promotion. He is disliked by his brother officers, as he has in the past several times dodged active service in Indian campaigns.

CHAPTER 3.—Capt. Lane is desperately in love with Mabel Vincent. He prepares to turn the recruiting office over to his successor.

CHAPTER 4.—Lieut. Noel arrives to take charge of the recruiting office. He is handsome and agreeable and succeeds in creating the impression that he was a very gallant officer and done brave service on the plains. He is discredited by a clerk named Teitner, who has enticed some of the funds of the recruiting office (forging Lane's name) and disappeared. Noel professes an enthusiastic friendship for Lane.

CHAPTER 5.—Lane writes to Mabel's father asking him to pay the advance to let this be granted. Vincent is on the brink of financial disaster. Lane professes his services.

CHAPTER 6.—The transfer of the recruiting office to Noel is made by Lane, who has orders to return to his regiment in the west. Lane makes good the deficit in the accounts out of his own pocket.

CHAPTER VII.—Lane was awake with the sun on Friday morning, and lay for a few moments listening to the twittering of the sparrows about his window sills, and watching the slanting, rosy red shafts of light that streamed through the intervals in the Venetian blinds. "Does it augur bright fortune? Does it mean victory? Is it like the 'sun of Austerlitz'?" were the questions that crowded through his brain. Today—today he was to "be down for a little while in the afternoon," and then she "hoped to be able to thank him. Could she? Ten thousand times over and over again she could, if she would but whisper one little word—Yes—in answer to his eager question. It lacked hours yet until that longed for afternoon could come. It was not 5 o'clock; but mere naps sleep was out of the question, and lying there in bed intolerable. Much to the surprise of his darky valet, Lane had had his bath, dressed and disappeared by the time the former came to rouse him.

Noel was late in reaching the rendezvous. It was after 10 when he appeared, explaining that Mrs. Withers was far from well, and therefore Cousin Amos would not leave the house until the doctor had seen her and made his report. Lane received his explanation somewhat politely, and suggested that they go right to work with their papers, as he had important engagements. It was high noon when they finished the matters in hand, and then the captain hastened to the club and was handed a telegram with the information that it had only just come. It was evidently expected. Lane quickly read it and carefully stowed it away in an inside pocket. In another moment he was speeding down town, and by half past 12 was closeted with the junior partner of the towering house of Vincent, Clark & Co. Mr. Clark was pale and nervous. Every click of the "ticker" seemed to make him start. A clerk stood at the instrument watching the rapidly dotted quotations.

"I am not disappointed. I thank God the Rossiters refused him money. It will open his eyes to their poor, charity, and live in a hotel than be under obligations to either of them. And now the papers are raining down and checks."

"Do not grieve so, Mrs. Vincent," said Lane. "I cannot believe the danger is so great. I have listened to the opinions of the strongest men on 'change this afternoon. A 'break' in this corner was predicted in New York at 11 this morning, and that is the universal opinion among the best men now."

"Yes, but it may be days away yet, and Mr. Vincent has confessed to me that his whole fortune hangs by a single hair—that this wretched speculation has swallowed everything—that a rise of a single penny means beggary to us, for he can no longer answer his broker's calls."

"That may have been so when he wrote, but Mr. Clark would have had a better better luck locally. Under from what he has been, yet he was safe for today and could meet the miss of that critical cut or two, so that, despite the great loss they have sustained, there is not the certainty of ruin that so overwhelmed Mr. Vincent on Wednesday."

"You give me hope and courage," cried the poor, anxious hearted woman, as she seized and pressed his hand. "And you come to me in the midst of our troubles? Mr. Vincent was so touched by your writing first to him, it brought back old days, old ones, old-fashioned, but he loved to recall—how when he was young and brave and full of hope and cheer."

"And I have your good wishes, too, Mrs. Vincent—your good wishes! I am a soldier and have so little to offer her but my heart."

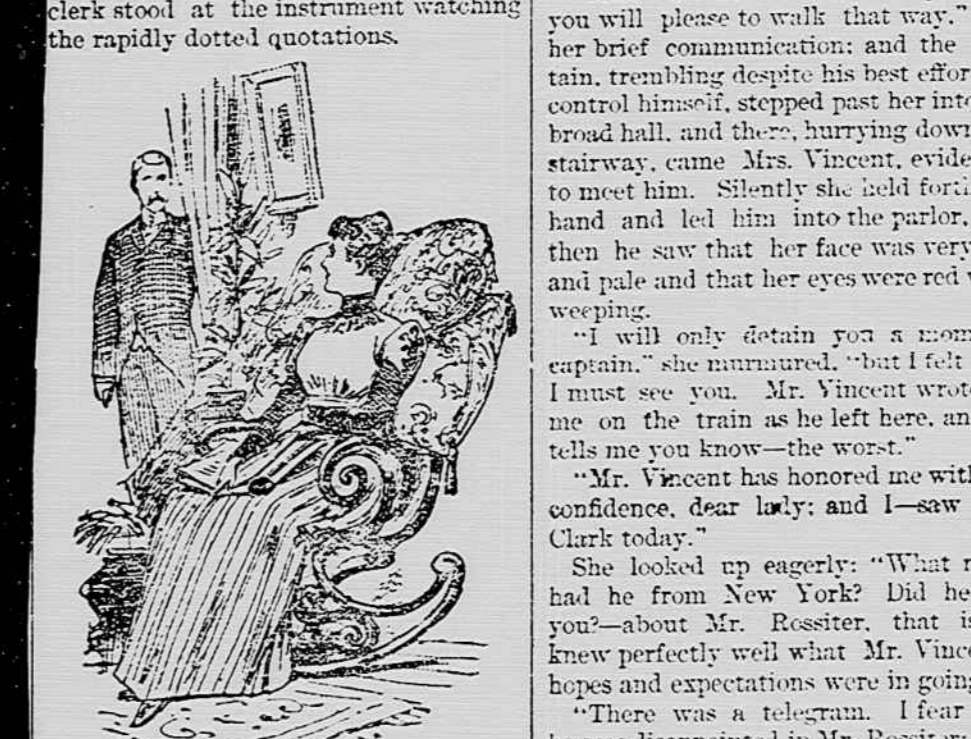
"I know what you would say," she answered with quick and ready sympathy. "I have never heard my child has been to you almost from the very first. Indeed he will say he has. Mr. Lane, had Mr. Vincent told you that we once had other views for Mabel, it is only fair to tell you that she should be told."

"How could it have been otherwise, Mrs. Vincent? Is there any man quite worthy of her? Is there any man in

"Do you want this now, captain? Surely you are not?"

"No, I'm not, most emphatically," replied Lane with a quiet laugh. "I may have a sudden use for that sum, but I will not have it kept over, then," said she, smiling through her tears. "I will see you after a while, perhaps. Mabel is in the library. Now I'll leave you."

With tumultuously throbbing heart, he softly entered and quickly glanced around. The tiers of almost priceless volumes, the antique furniture, the costly Persian rugs and porcelains, the pictures, bronzes, bric-a-brac—all were valueless in his eyes. They sought one object alone, and found it in a deep bay window across the room. There, leaning back in a great easy reading chair with a magazine in her lap, her fair head pillowed on a silken cushion, reclined the lady of his heart smiling a sweet welcome to him, while the rosy color mounted to her brows as he came quickly forward and took her soft, white hand. How he was trembling! How his heart's gray eyes were glowing. She could not meet them; she had to look away. She had begun some pleasant little welcoming speech, some half laughing allusion to the flowers, but she stopped short in the midst of it. A knot of half faded roses—his roses—nestled in her bosom, contrasting with the pure white of her dainty gown; and now those transient, envied flowers began to rise and fall, as though rocked by the billows of some clear lake stirred by a sudden breeze. What he said, he did not know. She had felt, through her hair, the touch of his lips, and she had felt the softness of his hand, and she had felt the warmth of his eyes. She had felt the touch of his lips, and she had felt the softness of his hand, and she had felt the warmth of his eyes.



Her fair head pillowed on a silken cushion, reclined the lady of his heart.

"Have you heard from Mr. Vincent?"

The first question, and without a word a telegram was handed to him. It was in cipher, as he saw at once, and Clark supplied the transcription:

"Rossiter refused. We shall meet closely. Saw Warden instant touches half break predicted here."

"Twenty minutes more," groaned Clark, as he buried his face in his hands. "Twenty minutes more of this awful suspense!"

"What was the last report?" asked Lane in a low voice.

"Ninety-eight and a quarter. My God! Think of it! The quotations of a cent between us and beggary? I could bear it, but not Vincent! Would kill him. Even his home is mortgaged."

There came a quick, sharp tap at the glazed door; the clerk's head was thrust in:

"Three-eighths, sir," said Lane.

"It's time to move, then," said Lane.

"I cannot follow you to the door," said he, rising. "I will be awaiting your call at the Merchants' Exchange. Mr. Vincent has told you—Better have it in treasury notes—one hundred each—had you not?"

"I'll see Warden at once. Don't mind; he will sell us out with no more complications than he would show a hawk."

"You infer that Mr. Vincent has had no success in raising money in New York?" asked Lane, as they hurried from the room.

"Not an atom." He made old Rossiter what he is—broke in a moment of the depths, set him on his feet, took him in here with him for ten years, sent him here with a fortune that he has lost since in Wall Street, and now, by heaven's child blood, he will not lend him a cent but twenty-two and a half."

At the bank Lane found a crowded number of men, and there was an air of suppressed excitement. Clark's eyes were wild with various passions, and there were eagerly opened and read. Straps of low, earnest conversation reached him, as he stood another day. "They cannot stand it another day." "They've been raining what on them from every corner of the north and west. No man can stand under it." "It's bound to break." "I've a hunch it will." "I'll bet you have."

They were all in a state of excitement. Lane was the only one who knew that he had received at the club, and the gentleman looked up in surprise.

Natural Gas in Alabama.

NASHVILLE, TENN., Oct. 22.—A Florence, Ala., special says: Much excitement prevails over the discovery of natural gas seven miles from this city, by H. O. Weller and others. It has been known for months past that gas existed in this section, and several surveys have been made for this purpose. One company has been at work for months getting up options on land in this neighborhood. Prominent geologists and experts have relied largely on indications for finding gas, which has at last been accomplished.

The expenditures for pensions for the year ending June 30, as now officially stated, amounted to \$109,557,534. In the previous year we paid \$87,644,779.11, while in the year before that we paid \$80,258,508.77. The cost of the German army, it may be interesting to note is for this year estimated at \$91,726,233. Besides our pensions our army cost \$30,000,000.

"Can the syndicate carry any more weight, think you? Prices jumped up and down and the news came they only climb a hair's breadth at a time. I hear they are loaded down—that it must break; but I'm not expert in these matters."

"If you were, you'd be wise to keep out of it. Who can say whether they will break or not? It is what everybody confidently predicted when ninety-nine was touched twelve days ago, and look at it!"

"Do you go back to the office from here? Good! I'll join you there in ten minutes," said Lane. "For I shall not come down town this afternoon, and may not be able to in the morning."

And when Capt. Lane appeared at the office of Vincent, Clark & Co., he brought with him a stout little packet, which, after the exchange of a few words and a scrap of two of paper, Mr. Clark carefully stowed in the innermost compartment of the big desk. The old woman gasped in both of his as the captain said good-by.

That afternoon, quite late, the captain rang at the Vincent's door, and it was almost instantly opened by the smiling Abigail, whom he so longed to reward for her evident sympathy the day before, yet lacked the courage to proffer a green-ick. Lane was indeed little versed in the ways of the world, however well he might be informed in his profession.

"Miss Vincent is in the library, sir, if you will please to walk that way," was her brief communication; and the captain, trembling with his best efforts to control himself, stepped past her into the broad hall, and there, hurrying down the stairway, came Mrs. Vincent, evidently to meet him. Silently she held forth her hand and led him into the parlor, and then he saw that her face was very red and pale, and that her eyes were red with weeping.

"I will only detain you a moment, captain," she murmured, "but I felt that I must see you. Mr. Vincent wrote to me on the train as he left here, and he tells me you know—the worst."

"Mr. Vincent has honored me with his confidence, dear lady, and I—saw Mr. Clark today."

She looked up eagerly: "What news had he from New York? Did he tell you about Mr. Rossiter, that is? I knew perfectly well what Mr. Vincent's hopes and expectations were in going."

"There was a telegram. I fear that he was disappointed in Mr. Rossiter; but the money was not needed up to the closing of the board at 1 o'clock."

"I am not disappointed. I thank God the Rossiters refused him money. It will open his eyes to their poor, charity, and live in a hotel than be under obligations to either of them. And now the papers are raining down and checks."

"Do not grieve so, Mrs. Vincent," said Lane. "I cannot believe the danger is so great. I have listened to the opinions of the strongest men on 'change this afternoon. A 'break' in this corner was predicted in New York at 11 this morning, and that is the universal opinion among the best men now."

"Yes, but it may be days away yet, and Mr. Vincent has confessed to me that his whole fortune hangs by a single hair—that this wretched speculation has swallowed everything—that a rise of a single penny means beggary to us, for he can no longer answer his broker's calls."

"That may have been so when he wrote, but Mr. Clark would have had a better better luck locally. Under from what he has been, yet he was safe for today and could meet the miss of that critical cut or two, so that, despite the great loss they have sustained, there is not the certainty of ruin that so overwhelmed Mr. Vincent on Wednesday."

"You give me hope and courage," cried the poor, anxious hearted woman, as she seized and pressed his hand. "And you come to me in the midst of our troubles? Mr. Vincent was so touched by your writing first to him, it brought back old days, old ones, old-fashioned, but he loved to recall—how when he was young and brave and full of hope and cheer."

"And I have your good wishes, too, Mrs. Vincent—your good wishes! I am a soldier and have so little to offer her but my heart."

"I know what you would say," she answered with quick and ready sympathy. "I have never heard my child has been to you almost from the very first. Indeed he will say he has. Mr. Lane, had Mr. Vincent told you that we once had other views for Mabel, it is only fair to tell you that she should be told."

"How could it have been otherwise, Mrs. Vincent? Is there any man quite worthy of her? Is there any man in

"I do love you," she murmured. "I do honor you so, Capt. Lane; but that is not what you deserve. There is no one, believe me, whom I so regard and esteem; but I do not know—I am not certain of myself."

"Let me try to win your love, Mabel. Give me just that right. Indeed, indeed I have not dared to hope that so soon I could win your trust and affection. You make me so happy when you admit even that."

"It is so little to give in return for what you have given me," she answered, softly, while her hand still lay firmly held in the clasp of his.

"Yet it is so much to me. Think, Mabel, in four days at most I must go back to my regiment. I ask no pledge or promise. Only let me write to you. Only write to me and let me strive to arouse at least a little love in your true heart. Then by and by—six months, perhaps—I'll come again and try my fate. I know that an old dragoon like me, with gray hairs sprouting in his moustache—"

"But here she laid her fingers on his lips, and then, seizing both her hands, he bowed his head over them and kissed them passionately.

The day of parting came, all too soon. During the mistress to whom he had never hitherto given individual allegiance—called him to the distant west, and the last night of his stay found him bending over her in the same old window. He was to take a late train for St. Louis, and had said farewell to all but her. And now the moment had arrived. A glance at his watch had told him that he had but a few minutes in which to run to the station.

"She had risen, and was standing, a lovely picture of graceful womanhood, her eyes brimming with tears. Both her hands were now clasping his; she could not deny him that at such a time—but was there not something thrilling in her heart that she longed to tell?

"It is good-by now," he murmured, his whole soul in his glowing eyes, his infinite love betrayed in his lips quivering round the heavy muscles to you. "She glanced up to his face.

"Fare thee well, then, though I dashed at her own boldness, the lovely head was bowed again almost on his breast.

"What is it, darling? Tell me," he whispered, eagerly, a wild wild hope thrilling through his heart.

"Would it make you happier if—I told you that I knew myself a little better?"

Mabel: "Do you mean—do you care for me?"

And then she was suddenly clasped in his strong, yearning arms and strained to his breast. Long, long afterward he used to tell that traveling out of gray twined from the trunk in which it was carefully stowed away, and wonder if it were not old-time that her throbbing heart had thumped through that senseless ravel, stirring wild joy and rapture to the very depths of his heart.

"Would it be so, my dear heart, if I told you that I had never loved you?"

"I know what you would say," she answered with quick and ready sympathy. "I have never heard my child has been to you almost from the very first. Indeed he will say he has. Mr. Lane, had Mr. Vincent told you that we once had other views for Mabel, it is only fair to tell you that she should be told."

"How could it have been otherwise, Mrs. Vincent? Is there any man quite worthy of her? Is there any man in

THE END.

THE BEST CLASS OF THE WORLD FOR SALE. BRISTOL, ENGLAND. THE WORLD'S BEST CLASS OF THE WORLD FOR SALE. BRISTOL, ENGLAND. THE WORLD'S BEST CLASS OF THE WORLD FOR SALE. BRISTOL, ENGLAND.