The Watchman and Southron.

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The Watchman and Southron.

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BY

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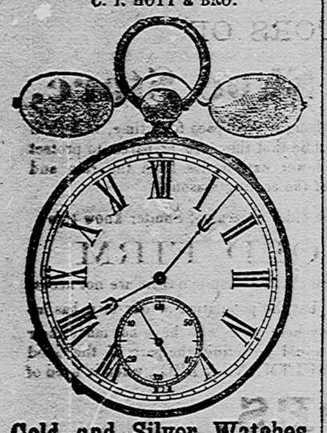

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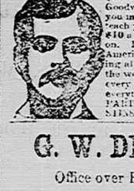

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April 17—o

Beatrix Randolph.

By JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

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[CONTINUED.]

SYNOPSIS.

IN CHAPTER 1 Gen Inigo, a prominent impresario, confides to Hamilton Jocelyn, a man about town, that Marana, a Russian prima donna, engaged at enormous expense to open his new opera house in New York, has cabled that she cannot keep her contract. Jocelyn offers to find an acceptable substitute at once.

CHAPTER 2 introduces to the reader Beatrix Randolph, a thoroughly trained amateur, possessing a remarkable voice and struggling under financial and social reverses. She lives with her widowed father on heavily incumbered estates up the Hudson.

CHAPTER 3 brings Gen. Inigo and Jocelyn, who is an old acquaintance of the Randolphs, to their retired homestead, and Beatrix is engaged at a large salary to impersonate Marana, using the Russian's name.

IN CHAPTER 4 Mr. Geoffrey Bellingham, a rising young architect, who is superintending work on the new opera house, suggests some changes to Gen. Inigo and wins a high compliment.

CHAPTER V.

HOW EVERYTHING WAS MADE PLEASANT AND EASY FOR HER.

"What are the services for which this is the payment?" Mrs. Bemax inquired.

Two or three days afterward Jocelyn betook himself to a small and rather shabby looking house in East Eighteenth street, and asked if Mrs. Bemax were at home. The woman who opened the door said, in a weary and discontented voice, that Mrs. Bemax was in, and Jocelyn went upstairs. He entered the front room on the first floor. This room had a dingy and brownish aspect. The furniture was meager and rickety. Upon the wall between the windows hung askew a print of the Prince of Wales and his family, taken from some illustrated paper and framed in a wooden frame stained black and varnished. The only pretty thing in the room was a photograph of a chubby little child about 4 years of age. It was mounted in a tasteful standard frame of stamped leather, and a small vase containing two or three flowers stood in front of it. The photograph itself was much faded and was in the style of ten years ago.

In a few minutes a tall, middle aged woman, with a square shaped face and rather strongly marked features, came into the room. Her eyes and brows were dark; her hair was slightly touched with gray. The corners of her large mouth had acquired an indrawn look, apparently from a habit of pressing her lips together; her general expression was studiously impassive. She looked like one accustomed to meet with rebuffs and disappointments, and to put up with them when necessary, though never with meekness and resignation. There was an air about her that showed she had once been familiar with the handsome side of the world, but, from whatever cause, had discontinued to enjoy or practice its refinements. There were more hard and unpleasant things in her memory than the contrary, and these memories and experiences had worn away her former comeliness and made her skeptical and somewhat malicious, instead of gentle and engaging.

"Well, Hamilton," she said, as she came in, "I hope you've brought me some money."

"Money, my dear Meg! Didn't I send you some last week?"

"Yes, enough to pay up my arrears of board. I've had none to spend on myself for a month, and I have only one other dress to my back, and that is not fit to be seen."

"Things are more expensive here than in England. I told you that when you insisted on coming here. You would have been more comfortable at home."

"Home is where the heart is," she replied, with an intonation of somber sarcasm. "My heart is not in England, wherever else it may be."

"Well, I've been very busy," said Jocelyn.

"So you always tell me; but I presume, as usual, it is no business of mine."

"Well, my dear, it's only the money aspect of my business that you feel any interest in."

"If you mean there is no longer any sentiment between us I cordially admit it," was the answer. "I don't care the snap of my finger for you or for any one else now alive. But I have some claims upon you, and I've come here to enforce them."

"You have the photograph there still, I see," remarked Jocelyn, turning to the table. "Poor little fellow! If he'd lived I'd have made a man of him."

"Yes! You'd have made the same sort of man of him as you've made woman of his mother. I'm glad he's dead, if it's only to save him from knowing what sort of a father he's got! However, you said that to put me in a good humor, I suppose. What do you want?"

"I vow, Meg, you're too confoundedly sour for anything," exclaimed Jocelyn, twisting his wiskers. "I've come to tell you of an arrangement that will enable you to live at your ease the rest of your days, and this is the way I am received. Come, now!"

"It is impossible you should intend any benefit to me that would not benefit you ten times more," said Mrs. Bemax impassively.

"You do me gross injustice; you are like all women with a grievance!" returned Jocelyn, whose temper was certainly very easy. "My scheme is to put you in receipt of an income of $1,200 a year. Have you any fault to find with that?"

"What are the services for which this is the payment?" Mrs. Bemax inquired.

"To chaperon a lady—nothing more."

"A lady!" repeated the other, a peculiar smile drawing down the corners of her mouth; "I begin to understand! Who is she?"

"The prima donna at the new opera house."

"Yes: in whom you are tenderly interested. Taking everything into consideration, Hamilton, that is very characteristic of you; a very delicate piece of kindness!"

"Bah! Meg, your cynicism is overdone; you are on a wrong scent entirely. In the first place, the lady is not the person she's supposed to be. She's the daughter of an old friend of mine; I once intended to marry her, but—I thought better of it. Circumstances which you will be fully informed of have led to her personating the Marana—name and all—the coming season. It's a grand secret, of course, and I selected you as the only woman who could be trusted to keep it. You are to confirm in every way that suggests itself the idea that she is the bona fide Marana; say you've lived with her for years in Europe, and so on. But she is wholly ignorant of the world, and you are to see to it that none of the young fellows gets ahead of her. You may invent all the adventures you like for her—in the past, but on no account let her get into any scrapes in the present. Do you see what I mean?"

"I think so. The young fellows you speak of are to be kept out of the way for your sake rather than for hers; and she is to be instructed that any scrape she gets into with you is no scrape at all, but a distinction and a blessing."

"Upon my soul I should flatter myself you were jealous if I didn't know you so well," said Jocelyn with a laugh; "I only wish to protect the girl from annoyance and to insure the success of the whole scheme. If you could make me believe in your disinterestedness and virtue the only result would be that I should serve you less efficiently than otherwise. But you always liked deception for its own sake, and you are the same Hamilton Jocelyn that I knew in Richmond twelve years ago. Well, I shall know what tone to take with her."

"Take any tone you like, in the devil's name, so long as you take the position and observe the conditions!" exclaimed Jocelyn, getting up, with some signs of impatience.

"I will take the position on condition of being guaranteed my outfit and twelve hundred dollars," said Mrs. Bemax. "It is not high wages for the devil to pay, but it's better than nothing, and to live as comfortably as I can, so long as I do live, is the best I have to look forward to now. I'm not so fastidious in other respects as you do me the honor to imagine."

"Well, Meg, when you've enjoyed a few months' luxury you'll take a more genial view of things, I hope. Above all things make as good an impression on the lady as possible. She must learn to confide in you, and to take your advice in all social matters from the outset. You can do anything with her if she likes you and trusts you, and nothing if she doesn't."

"I understand; I am to be another mother to her!" said Margaret Bemax, in a tone and with a look in her eyes so quiet and yet so repellent that Jocelyn made no attempt to reply, but took his leave without further ceremony.

Certainly Beatrix needed a mother at this epoch of her career. The peculiar conditions under which she was making her entrance into the world rendered her especially defenseless. She was not only ignorant (as any girl brought up in the seclusion of home is likely to be) of the ways and wickedness of mankind, but the strict necessity of her incognito cut her off from the support and society of both her father and of all the other relatives and friends who should naturally be around her. She was not herself, and she was somebody wholly different from herself as well. Furthermore she was a singer, with all the sensitiveness and the liability to emotional impressions that the musical temperament implies. Upon the whole a young woman can select no career more dangerous than that upon which Beatrix had just entered, and the external circumstances which attended her entrance could scarcely have been more untoward.

Meantime the subject most constantly present to her thoughts, since it gave color to everything else, was her assumed character of the Marana. To be herself began to appear in the light of something criminal. Everything depended upon maintaining the deception. Nor could she disguise from herself that the men she met treated her with a sort of freedom to which she was quite unaccustomed. This perplexed and annoyed her, and Mrs. Bemax, when she appealed to her, only smiled and said she mustn't mind them. Finally she thought it would be a good idea to ask information of Mr. Jocelyn.

"Fellows bother you, do they?" said that gentleman in answer to her complaint, with a reassuring smile. "Well, ma'mselle, you know we mustn't be too particular about that. When we have been on the stage a little longer we shall learn to look upon all men as our brothers, and not mind a little fun. Besides, you know, you are the famous and invincible Marana, and are supposed to be able to settle all such Jack-a-dandies with one hand, so to speak!"

"I don't understand you," said Beatrix, with a slight flush.

"Well, my dear, the amount of it all is they mean no harm, and they've heard so many stories about the Marana's adventures that they feel justified in trying to find out what she's made of. The fact is, you know, she's said to be a little hazarde—dangerous—as soon ruin a man as look at him, and you must act out the character."

"Do you mean that I should pretend to be anything that is not—good?"

"Oh! no, no—not that, of course! Only a sort of give-and-take, live-and-let-live style—that's what you want."

"If they think I am different from what I am, in any bad way," continued Beatrix, "I will either tell them who I am or give up the whole thing." Her voice trembled.

"Now my good little prima donna, don't you say anything so foolish!" said Jocelyn, taking her hand in his and patting it. "Come, you know me, don't you? and you know whether or not Hamilton Jocelyn would permit any one to insult you? Very well, then: you're as safe, if the worst comes to the worst, as if you were sealed up in the center of the pyramid of Cheops! But what I want you to learn is to have courage—to hold your own bravely, and not to be too squeamish about what the people you meet with say and do. The world always seems queer and a little disagreeable when one is first brough in contact with it—full of people not a bit like our quiet folks out in the country. But we can't change the world, can we? All we can do is to take things as they are, and make the best of it. If we are all right nothing can really hurt us. But we must have courage, we mustn't be afraid, we mustn't talk of giving up! We must be a little woman of the world. Every woman must be who intends to accomplish anything, let alone to make such a reputation as lies before you. It's a little freemasonry we all have to learn, nothing more; and, as I said, though you won't love me—naughty child!—yet you can't help trusting your father's old friend; and as a matter of course you will come to me if you get into any real scrape. I shall be only too ready to assist you; but I don't want to seem officious either to you or to others, and I want you to fight your own way as much as possible at first. It will make it all the easier for you hereafter. Don't let yourself be put upon, of course, but don't altogether forget that you're the Marana either. If you manage it cleverly her name ought to be a help to you rather than the contrary."

"In what way?"

"Oh, the sharper the fight the sooner over, you know, and the more decisive," said Jocelyn, laughing. "Yes, it is an advantage in every way. If you were entered in the lists in your own name, with your father and all your friends to fall back on, you would be falling back all the time. You would be trusting to their strength instead of to your own. But since you're alone you'll discover your own force, and make it evident to the others into the bargain."

"But will not papa live in the hotel with me?"

"My gracious, no!" exclaimed Jocelyn, lifting his hands in half playful consternation. "In the eyes of the world, remember he's nothing but a respectable old gentleman, in no sort of way related to you. To have him in attendance on you would be most—what shall I say?—inexpedient; and if it led to nothing else, it might lead to his true relationship being found out. No, you may see him occasionally, of course, but on the same footing as any other chance acquaintance. Ha, ha! You wouldn't want to compromise your own father, would you? not to speak of being compromised by him!"

"Well, I certainly am alone!" said Beatrix gravely.

"In appearance, yes; but so long as Hamilton Jocelyn is alive you'll have an unfailing resource."

"I should compromise you as well," said she, looking at him fixedly. He made a laughing gesture of depreciation.

"Oh, don't be afraid of that! I'm known; everybody understands me! We can do no possible harm to each other. It's an understood thing that I stand godfather to all prime donne on their entry into New York society. You may safely refer to me as an old friend on all occasions. And, by the by, I've taken the liberty to do you a bit of service already. You need a companion, and I've been so lucky as to secure just the person. She's an English lady, daughter of a clergyman; I've known her for years; an excellent creature; really a lady of great refinement and experience, and precisely suited to your needs. She will take perfect care of you, and keep you posted about everything you ought to do and all that sort of thing. I have let her into the secret, the only other persons who know it being your father, Inigo, and myself. The idea is, of course, that she's been living with you on the continent, and all that sort of thing. Mme. Bemax, she'll be here tomorrow morning. You'll be certain to like her immensely."

"Well, what must be, must, I suppose," said Beatrix, folding her hands in her lap and looking down. "It does seem hopeless to think of going back now I have come so far. But if I had understood beforehand." * * * She paused, but went on after a moment. "I seem to be living in the midst of falsehoods, and it seems to me that that is more likely to take away courage than to give it."

"Pooh, pooh! things will very soon shake down, and then in everything but name you can be more yourself than you ever were before!" returned her father's old friend encouragingly.

The next day Mme. Bemax was introduced, and was very genial, helpful and agreeable.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Joel E. Brunson.

The following biography of Mr. Joel E. Brunson, who now fills in a worthy and efficient manner—as he always does everything he undertakes—the office of Grand Chief of the I. O. G. T. of South Carolina, is copied from the Christian Messenger, published at Timmonsville by Rev S. M. Richardson:

SUMTER, S. C., Jan. 19, 1891.

DEAR BROTHER RICHARDSON:

I received your card on my birthday (16th instant,) but was so busy caring for the baby boy which arrived a few days before, I could not find time to reply.

You ask "an auto biographical sketch of my life to read before the lodge and for publication in the Christian Messenger." Now I am somewhat averse to that kind of writing. For first of all it brings before me the words of Solon to Croesus: "That no man could be happy before death;" and so I may say that no man's life can be reckoned a complete success until he has met this greatest of man's foes. In the second place, whatever of merit there may be in my life, for me to set it forth with my own hand would smack so much of egotism as to destroy all good effect—the end sought. I can only give you some of the leading facts of my life, and, as you have known me from my youth, leave you to fill out from your own knowledge.

Your card came to me on my forty-fourth birthday. I was born within a few miles of Sumter C. H., and have spent most of my life in the county.

My father, John E. Brunson, died when I was four years old, and my mother left with four small children, taught school here in Sumter for five years after his death, when she, blessed woman, was also called to the shining courts above.

God, in his care for orphans, provided in my step-grandmother, Elizabeth Landsdell, a second mother, who treated the four little orphans with as much tenderness as it is possible to bestow. She satisfied their every want until her means were exhausted during the war.

After my mother's death I went to school to Mr. Richard Kendrick and then to Mr. Copeland Stiles. I owe much to both of them. I was growing to be a big boy when I went to Mr. Stiles, and he made special effort to develope my moral character, and to this day I never think of him, with his straggling silver locks, without feelings of gratitude welling up in my heart. I wonder how many of the teachers of to-day in South Carolina give the necessary thought and time to grow good morals in their scholars. The heart needs more care in its cultivation than the intellect

At the age of fifteen it became necessary for me to begin the struggle for bread, and I entered the Watchman office at a salary of two dollars and a half a week, which I paid over to my step-grandmother every Saturday evening. In other words, it about paid for my board and clothes. That was not a large salary, and yet, as I now look back upon my printing office life, I unhesitatingly pronounce it the best pay I ever received for my services; that from which I have derived most benefit and most pleasure. My mind was keenly alive and the printing office opened before me a new world of information in which to satisfy it. Mr. H. L Darr had the entire management of the paper—Mr. Gilbert being in the army—and while he exacted good work he was kind and considerate, an excellent printer and conducted the business in a most methodical manner. Yes, while there I gathered that from the printing office, which I would not to day exchange for a life time's tuition in our best schools

When the "reserves" were called I went into the army and returned at the close of the war to find the last vestige of my step-grandmother's property swept away by the emancipation of her negroes. Her brother, Henry Spears, then about seventy years old, was doing carpenter's work around through the country and it fell to my lot to assist him. Now, it so happened that during my school days, Mr. Spears, though he lived in Bishopville, kept a chest of good carpenter's tools in Sumter and I was permitted to use them. In fact carpenter's tools were my toys in childhood and when I now went out to work I found I was already far better skilled in the use of tools than the ordinary workman. After a few years Mr. Spears was so unfeebled by age and disease as to be unable to work. Mrs. Landsdell was in the same condition and my brother, who came home from the army of Virginia with hemorrhage of the lungs, was now a confirmed consumptive Then it was that gaunt poverty, with her long, bony fingers, put in her best work. I had to leave my business and stay at home to nurse the sick members of the family Day after day for long weeks there was not enough bread in the house to last till the next day, and yet, the kindness of neighbors kept starvation away. What strange changes take place in life—how often since have I had opportunity to help some of the children of those who, by their charity, shed light on my darkened pathway.

The sick ones passed away and I returned to my work looking more dead than alive. Gradually recovering my strength I continued mill-wrighting, screw-building, etc., until employed to conduct a mill and lumber business for other parties. In a year or two I was taken in as a co-partner and have continued in the lumber business ever since.

My education has been gathered by constant effort at home, by reading good books, and last but not least, by observation as I came along life's journey.

I joined the Sumter Baptist Church about 1873, was transferred to Kingstree Church about ten years ago and then ordained deacon. Presided over the body of delegates which met at Lake City to consider the advisability of forming the S E Association. Served two years as moderator of the S E Association. Was returned to Sumter Church about a year ago, where I now serve as junior deacon

I have always been earnest in temperance work. I joined the I. O. G. T. soon after its organization in this State. Served two years as G Counselor, and am now serving my second term as G. C. Templar of South Carolina. I have never drank, all told, one half pint of intoxicating liquor, and have yet to learn to chew or smoke tobacco.

Looking back over my life I find the dark places growing brighter and the lessons which came with poverty and suffering wrought more of good than any other.

Did total abstinence play any part in my life? I answer by stating a fact:

One third of all the little boys who played marbles with me along the streets of Sumter before the war either filled drunkards graves or are unfitted for business by liquor to day 'Tis horrible to think of one third of our town boys destroyed, body and soul, by liquor, and our good people sanction the traffic.

God will require the blood of our boys at the hands of those good people who make no effort to remove this great curse from them..

Yours faithfully,

JOEL E. BRUNSON.

The Keitt-Stokes Controversy.

Col Ellison S. Keitt, of Newberry, who is a prominent member of the State Alliance has written some scathing letters attacking the action of the Alliance, in the most bitter way He. accuses the President, J. W. Stokes, of treachery, in having sold out the Alliance for the shadow of being Governor of the State four years hence. He scores members of the Alliance for their action in the caucuses recently held in Columbia. He charges them with having "permitted a scurvey fellow, leprous with crime and without an element of statesmanship to worm himself by political trickery into high position"—instead of electing a clean and able man to represent the order in the Senate, as they had the power to do, to push their measure to success.

To this severe diatribe, President Stokes administers a mild rebuke; he positively denies all of Keitt's charges and ridicules his statements. He goes on to say his denial of having sold out the Alliance is worth as much as Keitt's bare assertion that he was not a candidate for the U. S. Senate in a common acceptation of that word.

A member from Stateburg writes a letter to the Cotton Plant asking for brother Donaldson's views in reference to Keitt's charges that Stokes was false to his leadership in the Alliance—and asking generally for light to be thrown on the matter.

In reply to this a letter is written from a member at Berkeley, sincerely hoping that brother Donaldson will do nothing of the kind—deprecating any further discussion of the matter—and hoping, instead, that the rupture might be healed.

The Stateburg Sub Alliance have since held a meeting and acted as follows:

To the editor of the News and Courier: As instructed by the Stateburg Sub-Alliance I send you a copy of the following resolutions adopted by them at their last meeting, with the request that they be published.

W. WATIES REES,
Recording Secretary.

Resolved 1. That the Alliance should teach all its members that all charges against brother members for failure to live and act up to Alliance principles and methods must be preferred through Alliance channels to be entertained by the Alliance.

Resolved 2. That we commend in the highest terms the well-timed and well-tempered reply of our State President, brother Stokes, to brother Keitt's gross charges, and pledge him, as our chosen leader, earnest, active, and determined support against all assailants while he shows himself, as at present he appears able, zealous, and faithful to the Order.

In reply to this Col. Keitt has published the following:

To the Editor of The News and Courier: I have just read in The News and Courier two resolutions proposed by the Stateburg Sub-Alliance in which Senator Stokes, president of the State Alliance, is endorsed as "zealous and faithful to the Order."

Will the members of that Sub-Alliance, please consider and answer the following questions:

Is it loyalty to the Order for the president of the State Alliance to exercise the power of his high office, and call in a meeting of Alliance men, agreed upon and appointed to nominate a candidate for the United States Senatorship, against the protest of Alliance men and go into a meeting of Non-Alliance men from which Alliance men are excluded, and with them ballot for a candidate for the United States Senatorship

Is not treason the opposite of loyalty?

Are the members of the Stateburg Sub Alliance ignorant of the fact that Senator Stokes in the Cotton Plant of December 27, 1890, assumed the sole responsibility for this act?

Do the members of that Sub Alliance commend and endorse him as "zealous and faithful to the Order" because of this act? Do the members of that Sub-Alliance not know that Alliance men should no more go into a meeting of Non-Alliance men than they should admit Non-Alliance men into their meetings when Alliance interests are involved?

Do the members of that Sub-Alliance not know that Senator Stokes, when he called in the Alliance meeting agreed upon and appointed against the protests of Alliance men, trampled upon the welfare of the Order, and when he went into the meeting of Non-Alliance men he made his conduct a matter for the whole State, to the dishonor of the State, for which the Alliance is not responsible? Hence my appeal to the State. Will the members of that Sub-Alliance kindly tell me where Senator Stokes gets his authority to deal with Non-Alliance men when Alliance principles are involved?

Will the members of that Sub-Alliance kindly permit me to ask them to subscribe for the National Economist and learn the principles, demands and measures of the Order to which they belong; that in future when they act they will know what they are doing? Will they kindly permit me to tell them my end and aim is to keep the Order on the plane of purity that it may be crowned with success, and no earthly power can keep me from speaking the truth?

The writer respectfully asks Alliance men throughout the State to consider and answer the above questions before they vote for resolutions aiding and abetting treason against the Order if they have any respect for its purity.

Alliance men in Kansas are loyal and brave. They heroically stood to their colors and elected a champion to represent them on the floor of the American Senate. They demonstrated that they mean what they say. They were not sold out. Respectfully,

ELLISON S. KEITT.

Enoree Plantation, Newberry County, February 1.

Stained Cotton,

And How to Whiten it—Something Worth Millions.

Stained and blue cotton costs the farmers of the South many thousands of dollars annually. The difference in the price between the finer grades and stained cotton is great, although the staple may be the same.

Heretofore it has seemed an impossibility to get stained cotton white without injuring it. This problem has at last been solved by Mr. J. J. Williams, a successful farmer who lives at Ellenton, S. C., says the Augusta correspondent of the Atlanta Constitution

He takes his seed cotton and packs it in layers. Over each layer he sprinkles water with a pine top, and after he has done this he leaves it for almost three days. The stained and blue cotton when taken out is clean and white, with staple just as good as ever. The cotton when packed in the manner above described generates heat. This heat removes the stains, and the farmer is saved the difference in price between the stained and the white cotton, besides gaining one pound in eight in ginning. The heat generated in the packing kills the germ in the cotton seed, but when the ginning is done the seeds easily let go all the cotton. Though the seeds are dead the oil in them is not injured, and they are still salable to the oil mills

This shows what a wonderful gain this may be to the Southern farmer. He gains one pound in eight on his cotton.

He has no blue and stained cotton to sell a reduced price. He still has the seed left in a salable condition.

Mr Williams has tried this process himself and knows its value, and will be glad to answer any inquiries addressed him.

As the best evidence of its value it may be stated that this year he sold his entire crop as first class cotton.—*Marion Index.*

A Georgia Newspaper on Governor Tillman.

A friend from over in the Empire State, signing himself "A True Democrat," sends us a copy of the Washington (Ga.) Gazette, with the following article on the manners of Governor Tillman and requests that we give same publication:

An old lady well known in this community as a sayer of pithy things often says "Manners are cheap." No man loses anything and he may gain something by the observance of courtesy. Good manners came from the combination of two feelings, just regard for one's self, and just regard for other people. It is sometimes difficult to strike the balance between these two feelings which have many points of conflict in the 'Struggle for existence." The only way is to cultivate both feelings and so form a habit of good manners.

Good manners, genuine heartfelt courtesy, are as important to His Excellency the Governor as to anybody else Our governor Northen is a very courteous man. We do not know that the governors of our state have ever been wanting in good manners, but our Farmer Governor is perhaps an unusually courteous man. There is nothing surprising in this. For genuine, hearty, sincere courtesy no men are more noted than farmers.

But late newspapers publish a story on Governor Tillman which if true, shows that he might take a lesson from Governor Northen. It is perhaps exaggerated, but we reprint it below as it appears in the Telegraph of Macon.

"A special committee of prominent and wealthy phosphate men of Charleston went to Governor Tillman. Their object was to obtain some accommodation with regard to new inspection tags on bagged goods for shipment. The new tags are not ready, and a congestion of business is threatened unless some arrangement can be made. Governor Tillman met the committee in his office, and in the presence of members of his cabinet. He greeted the members of the committee stiffy, without removing his hat from his head, and shook hands as though with a broken arm. The spokesman of the party began to explain the cause of the visit, but was interrupted by Governor Tillman, who refused to hear him through, and who stated his views He broke out into a tirade against swindlers, and said he would put all who committed frauds against the new law in the penitentiary. If any delay or loss was occasioned by the tags not being ready, he would shoulder the responsibility. A member of the committee asked what the companies would do about the matter, as it was a severe inconvenience to them. Governor Tillman replied that they could keep cool by going to Sullivan's island and airing themselves. Tillman seems to have no conception of the loss that the companies might sustain by having their orders cancelled and being unable to fill them and he threatened to put a man at each end of the line to see that the goods were tagged when they were delivered from the cars. Governor Tillman then jumped on to Comptroller Ellerbee and told him that he was responsible for this delay in going off on a four day's frolic. He concluded his remarks by saying he was unable to help the committee in getting the tags, but that blood couldn't be got out of a turnip. In dismissing the committee the Governor stood at his desk with his back to them, and shook hands without turning his face to them. The members of the committee, who returned here last night, are dazed and at a loss what to think of the remarkable exhibition of the Governor. They do not know whether to laugh or swear when they think of his rough insults. They are a grim looking set, and generally inclined to be mum about their treatment, but several of them were too indignant to keep the joke to themselves and the town is gradually getting hold of it. Governor Tillman's rough unpolished manners are well known and much allowance made for them, but his wanton, truculent, unprovoked discourtesy to the committee seems manical in its violation of all decency in official intercourse, and exceeds all conception of his possibilities in that line. His conduct since his inauguration with respect to this city has tended to incense all factions against him, and this last act is regarded as going beyond the bounds of pardon."

THE NEW DISCOVERY.

You have heard your friends and neighbors talking about it. You may yourself be one of the many who know from personal experience just how good a thing it is. If you have ever tried it, you are one of its staunch friends, because the wonderful thing about it is, that when once given a trial, Dr King's New Discovery ever after holds a place in the house. If you have never used it and should be afflicted with a cough, cold or any throat, lung or chest trouble, secure a bottle at once and give it a fair trial. It is guaranteed every time or money refunded. Trial bottles free at Dr. J. F. W. DeLorme's Drug Store. 6

OUR VERY BEST PEOPLE.

Confirm our statement, when we say that Acker's English Remedy is in every way superior to any and all other preparations for the Throat and Lungs. In Wooping Cough and Croup it is magic and relieves at once. We offer you a sample bottle free. Remember, this Remedy is sold on a positive guarantee by J. F. W. DeLorme. 8

THAT TERRIBLE COUGH

In the morning, hurried or difficult breathing, raising phlegm, tightness in the chest, quickened pulse, chilliness in the evening or sweats at night, all or any of these things are the first stages of consumption. Dr. Acker's English Cough Remedy *will* cure these fearful symptoms, and is sold under a *positive* guarantee by J. F. W. DeLorme. 5

THE FIRST SYMPTOMS OF DEATH.

Tired feeling, dull headache, pains in various parts of the body, sinking at the pit of the stomach, loss of appetite, feverishness, pimples or sores, are all positive evidence of poisoned blood. No matter how it becomes poisoned it *must* be purified to avoid death. Dr. Acker's English Blood Elixir has *never* failed to remove scrofulous or syphilitic poisons. Sold under positive guarantee, by J. F. W. DeLorme. 4

If you have a painful sense of fatigue, find your duties irksome, take Dr. J. H. McLean's Sarsaparilla. It will brace you up, make you strong and vigorous. vjan1

If you suffer from any affection caused by impure blood, such as scrofula, salt rheum, sores, boils, pimples, tetter, ringworm, take Dr. J. H. McLean's Sarsaparilla. vjan1

An Attractive Combined POCKET ALMANAC and MEMORANDUM BOOK advertising BROWN'S IRON BITTERS the best tonic, given away at Drug and general stores. Apply at once.