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, 1865

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The Watchman and Southron.

Published every Wednesday,

BY

N. G. OSTEEN,

SUMTER, S. C.

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can be had in Sumter, at short notice, and in the very best class of work, at the shop recently opened by the undersigned on Liberty Street, near the C. S. & N. Depot.

Boilers Patched, and Mill and Gin Work a Specialty.

Prompt attention given to work in the country, and first class workmen sent to attend to same.

Call at the shop or address through Sumter Post office

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I BEG TO INFORM MY FRIENDS AND the public generally that my Saw Mill located on the C. S. & N. R. R., just back of my residence, is now in full operation, and I am prepared to furnish all grades of Yellow Pine Lumber from unbled timber, at prices according to grades.

Yard accessible on North side of residence.

J. B. ROACH.
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Practical Carpenter, Contractor

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All work entrusted to him will be done first class.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

Aug 19 o

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A TRACT OF GOOD FARMING AND Timber land, containing 900 acres with good dwelling and outbuildings, well located half mile from Reid's station on the Manchester and Augusta R. R., 9 miles from Sumter.

Will sell as a whole or in lots to suit purchasers.

Terms—One-third cash, balance easy payments and low interest. See or address

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And all Chronic and Nervous Disorders.

It has been in use for more than twenty years; thousands of patients have been treated, and over one thousand physicians have used it and recommend it—a very significant fact.

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To The Public.

I AM STILL SELLING

First Class Goods

AT LIVING PRICES.

It takes too much room to enumerate all the bargains I have to offer, but I must call your attention to our

HANDSOME CHAMBER SETS

Both in China and tin.

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That are solid and will wear.

HAVE YOU TRIED MY

Coffee at 20c. pr. lb

AND

Tea at 25c. pr. lb.?

If not, you are missing a genuine bargain. It has long been a household word that you get nothing but good goods, and full value at

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For the purpose of working Marble and Granite, manufacturing

Monuments, Tombstones, Etc.,

And doing a General Business in that line. A complete work-shop has been fitted up on

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And we are now ready to execute with promptness all orders consigned to us. Satisfaction guaranteed. Obtain our price before placing an order elsewhere.

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Castoria

For Infants and Children.

Castoria promotes Digestion, and overcomes Flatulency, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, and Feverishness. Thus the child is rendered healthy and its sleep natural. Castoria contains no Morphine or other narcotic property.

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They are mild and remain in the system until they act on the liver, cause a natural flow of bile and their tonic properties impart power to the bowels to remove habitually accumulations. Good appetite and digestion result from the use of these little pills. Price, 25c. Office, 39 Park Place, N. Y.

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LIVER, KIDNEYS, BLADDER AND BOWELS.

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"CAST OUT BUT NOT FORSAKEN."

—BY—

BERNARD BIGSBY,

Author of the "Colonel of the Fourth," and Other Successful Stories.

CHAPTER XIX.

"CALL LADY SCARBOROUGH'S CARRIAGE."

Meanwhile a grand event is agitating the upper circles of London society, which is none other than the splendid ball to be given by the Countess of Scarborough and her sister, Miss Honoria Grahame, the joint heiresses of Sir Harry Grahame, in the Grahame mansion, which has been magnificently refitted in honor of the auspicious occasion—the public declaration that their period of mourning for their deceased brother is past, and that they are now ready once more to enter into the gay whirl of life among the upper ten thousand.

And the high anticipations of the votaries of fashion were not doomed to disappointment. It was the ball of the season, and the wonder was that though December's chilly winds were howling in the streets, and all great personages were supposed to be away at their ancestral halls, there was hardly a refusal, and my Lady Scarborough had been very prodigal of her invitations.

Why stop to describe the magnificent ball-room? They said the flowers alone cost a thousand pounds. The Guards band discoursed ravishing music; servants in the most critically correct livery flitted about the great hall, the supper room presented a scene like a glimpse into a fairy palace; and as for the ladies' dresses, I, a mere man, would not dare the profanation of a description of them.

A proud woman was Lady Scarborough that night. Born to the purple, she had never till then tasted the delight of reveling in extravagance without the anxiety of considering the cost. It was to her a moment of thrilling ecstacy, and her eyes shone as brightly as the family diamonds which flashed on her rounded neck. People wondered a little, and I am afraid my lord swore a good deal at her ladyship's admitting the Colburn family into the magic circle of which she was queen, but the most critical only attributed it to "dear Lady Scarborough's marvelous good nature," and did not grudge the attorney's wife and daughters the enjoyment of their sudden elevation.

And it was a proud moment, too, for Mr. Colburn. It is not permitted to many to rise to such giddy heights from his humble start in life, and his bosom filled with conscious pride.

Nay, it was even whispered that a prince of the blood royal would be present, and the company was kept in thrilling suspense awaiting his advent, each late arrival causing more craning of necks and hushed conversations than is customary on such occasions.

My lord had just whispered into my lady's ear that his royal highness was actually on his way from the palace, and triumph was blazing in her eyes when the groom of the chambers in a loud, sonorous voice announced:

"Sir Harry Grahame and Mr. Dunbar!"

I saw once in an old picture gallery in Germany a painting which was irresistibly thrilling—a banquet hall, and

"SIR HARRY GRAHAME AND MR. DUNBAR!"

every guest by the hand of a cruel magician turned into a stone statue, standing in the exact position they were in at the moment of the terrible incantation.

Here was a living tableau of the German artist's quaint conceit. Every tongue was stilled; every form was motionless; surprise seemed to have paralyzed that vast assembly.

Lord Scarsdale, Harry's old colonel, was the first to recover his presence of mind. He had been standing at Lady Scarborough's right side whispering compliments in her willing ears, and he was the first to notice her ghastly stare at the two men approaching her.

"I am right glad to see you in the flesh, Harry Grahame; but by the Lord, your dramatic entrance is ill advised. Look at your sisters, and—"

"Ah, yes; I see—overcome with joy, my lord, at once more beholding their long-lost brother!" Grahame said, his lip curling with ill-suppressed contempt.

Then, turning to the guests, he said with brief court:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I thank you for graciously honoring with your presence, and I hope that you will not let my sudden arrival interfere with your pleasures. May I plead pardon for the absence of a dear friend who, I see, are counting the moments until they can in more privacy display their joy at my return."

He turned as he spoke, and taking a hand of either wretched woman led them from the hall.

Then it was as though Babel was broken loose. Ten minutes of the wildest confusion of tongues, and then a flight for the entrance hall, and in a quarter of an hour that gorgeous chamber was deserted. But you may be sure that Mr. Colburn, attorney at law, was the first to reach the street—nay, he did not even stay to escort his long line of daughters to their hired carriages—in fact, he never stopped until he reached the grateful shelter of a Belgian city, where he felt that the extradition laws shielded him from arrest. Months afterwards, when he found that the Grahame family pride was stronger than their sense of justice, he crept back to the bosom of his family, to sink eventually into the humble role of police court practitioner.

What passed at that awful interview between the brother and sisters no one knows; but late that night two muffled figures of sobbing women were driven hurriedly to Scarborough house and the next day her ladyship left London for the retirement of her husband's country seat, where she has since lived in a state of the most rigid seclusion. It is whispered that she has become a religious devotee, and that she will never mingle again in the gay crowds she was wont to adorn.

As for Miss Honoria, she went into lodgings at an obscure watering place in Devonshire where she is much respected for her aristocratic bearing and her consummate skill at penny whist.

CHAPTER XX.

THE FALL OF THE CURTAIN.

There is joy at Willoughby farmhouse. Of the hundreds of Christmas dinners which have been eaten beneath that hospitable roof, none was ever half so glorious as this.

At one end of the table sits the master of the house, at the other, Sir Harry Grahame, supported by Kate Grahame, Miss Balderstone, Dame Barlow and her daughter, Arthur Dunbar, and a handsome, stalwart fellow, who has been introduced by the exultant yeoman as "Nellie's young man," and whose cheeks are yet crimson with the novelty of his situation. Mlle. Campignon might have felt shocked at this miscellaneous gathering, but neither Miss Balderstone nor Sir Harry Grahame seem to notice any inconsistency in it.

Kate Grahame is the only one present whose happiness is dimmed by conjectures. Her prince, her hero, the idol of her childish dreams was dead and is alive again, and her heart beats exultingly at the thought, but—ah, these buts—there is another now even dearer to her than this demi god.

Now, what if her king demand his own? What if the man who rescued her from a life of infamy, who surrounded her young days with luxury, should claim her life allegiance? He loves her—she feels that his affection for her is deeper than that of any guardian for his ward. What if all this be true? Then, in sick despair she knows that she must give up her selfish dreams of another and never let him know the sacrifice she makes.

How tremblingly, then, when the mighty meal is ended and the guests scatter to make preparations for the evening festival, she accepts his invitation to stroll with him down the elm-tree avenue.

"My child!" he says, so gently—oh, how her heart sinks at what she calls her base ingratitude—"I have two matters I wish to discuss with you—our futures."

"Yes," she whispers, with white lips.

"And selfishly I will begin with myself. My long life of adventure must end in the usual story-book fashion by my taking to myself a wife."

"I know," she said, standing and looking at him with tearless eyes, frankly and truthfully, "I will do my best to make you happy. I am very young, and I am afraid not very wise, but I will be a true wife to you, Sir Harry Grahame."

"My dear girl, what are you dreaming of?" the baronet cried, amazed at her confession. Then with quick apprehension, fathoming the nobility of her sacrifice: "But, oh! child, child, what a noble spirit is yours!"

"And," she said, with panting eagerness, "you do not want to marry me!"

"Not I, indeed! You ever have been and always will be my own dear daughter. The woman I would make my wife is Hester Balderstone."

"Miss Balderstone!" the girl's tears were streaming down her face. "Oh! I am so glad."

"Glad, eh! Well, you are a nice young woman, certainly," Sir Harry smiled, "to rejoice at such a confession from the man you have just offered to marry. Well, dry your eyes, and let us get to the second subject of our interview—yourself."

"Oh! let me be out of the question for awhile."

"Till you recover your disappointment at not being Lady Grahame? Nay, stop, my dear, I am only in fun. But, see—suppose a certain young gentleman, with the classic name of Arthur, were to ask you the question I am going to ask Miss Balderstone this very afternoon, what would you say?"

"I do not know—I mean I—"

"Well, spare your blushes. I see him coming, and shall leave him to your mercy; but, oh! Kate, do not trifle with him. His is a noble heart. He may not boast a proud patrician name, but, Kate, my child, Dunbar is one of nature's gentlemen."

He was gone, and in his place there stood the man she loved.

"Kate, dearest Kate," he murmured, "I have come for my reward—your priceless love."

She had no words, but the trustful look she gave him set his heart at rest.

* * * * * * *

Three weddings in one day at the little ivy-clad village church was enough to turn the brain of the quiet country folk—and one of the grooms a real, live baronet! It was a red letter day long remembered in the annals of the hamlet. How the bells rang! How freely flowed the brown October ale at Willoughby farmhouse; for the yeoman would, despite entreaties, keep the marriage feast in the olden style; but as the parties most concerned left early on their wedding tours, their bliss was not much disturbed by the prodigal show of hospitality.

It was just his daughter's wedding tour which was the one little disappointment amid all his joy, for whilst Sir Harry and Lady Grahame were bound for Scotland, and Arthur Dunbar was hurrying his bride away to America, Nellie and her "young man" had started for Paris.

If there's anything wot gives new-fangled notions of young married folk some our turnin' parts, I'm the good ole days a lad brought his lass home, an' there was an end on 't; but p'raps it's all for the best, for when Nell an' her man has lived for a week or two on frogs' legs an' sour wine, they'll come back wi' a keener relish for English beef and mutton and wholesome home-brewed beer."

L'ENVOI.

Nothing was ever heard of Capt. Frank Archer. Whether he perished in the wilderness, or settled down among his wild associates, is a mystery. Certain it is that he has never shown his face in the haunts of civilization.

Capt. Campignon sails his own brig and does a roaring trade in the Mediterranean ports. Mademoiselle is the proprietress of a flourishing *salon des habits* at Boulogne; and Leon Jobard has emigrated to New York, where he is undecided whether to invest the small capital his uncle has given him in opening a tonsorial establishment or in promenading at Saratoga or Brighton beach in the blissful hope of capturing an American heiress.

[THE END.]

A Row in Newberry.

The following account of the Newberry campaign meeting is taken from the *News and Courier*:

Col. L. W. Youmans was introduced as the first speaker. He was greeted with great applause mingled with a few Tillman yells. He said that free speech and fair discussion are the educators of the masses. The wisdom of mankind has taught that the liberty of speech and freedom of the press shall not be abridged. In those countries where criticism or public officials has been stifled there justice has died and liberty perished. With Governor Tillman as an individual he had nothing to do, but his record as the servant of the people was a proper subject for consideration.

Col. Youmans explained how the Farmers' Movement had originated and how he had been requested to take a hand in its advancement, but had refused to take stock in any action which had the appearance of imposing upon the credulity of the class to which he belonged and which gave color to the charges Tillman was making against State officials.

He referred to the letter which Tillman had written him urging him to get in on the home stretch. Governor Tillman on the train from Columbia to Augusta, in November, 1886 said Col. Youmans, made personal appeals to me to enlist in his movement. Major Anerum stated that Governor Tillman had informed him that the wholesale charges he was preferring against the Administration of the white people of South Carolina and her public officials were made for the purpose of attracting attention, that he could not arouse the attention of the public without hitting hard. Governor Tillman stated that Major Anerum's assertions were false. After Governor Tillman made these appeals to me I stated I was precluded from taking any stock in his movement because I could not afford to give any color to these wholesale charges he was making against our Government and our public officials. If Governor Tillman denies the truth of this statement, which I make, I desire to have him do so in my presence.

Col. Youmans paused in his remarks, turned towards the Governor, who was sitting at the rear of the stand, took two or three steps toward his Excellency and waited in expectation of a reply. The Governor glanced at his questioner and then for a moment directed his gaze to the floor. He slowly arose and directed his reply to the audience as much as to Youmans. "This is the next to the last campaign meeting in 1892," said he. "I have told this man at Horry that I declined to sink to the level of a blackguard and notice anything he would say or answer any question, and I repeat it."

Excitement and applause from the Tillmanites followed. The Governor having delivered himself sat down. His face was very pale and some who were near him say they observed evidences of trembling in the Gubernatorial frame, but this was not observed from the front.

Col. Youmans remained standing within ten feet of and facing the Governor, who seemed inclined to avoid his gaze. He waved his hand for silence and calmly awaited an opportunity to speak. He every action was in keeping with the proverbial coolness of the man.

"Do you, sir, as Governor of South Carolina," asked Youmans, in measured tones and pointing his finger at the Chief Executive, "condescend to apply to me as a public speaker of the opposite side the term of blackguard?"

"You have your answer," was the curt reply.

"What is your answer?" demanded Youmans.

"I say you have your answer," came from the Governor's lips.

"Governor Tillman, that is an evasion. Will you please be man enough to state positively whether or not you intend to apply to me the epithet of blackguard, and untie my hands."

Youmans's concluding words were lost upon the crowd. The accumulated excitement of the audience burst forth in noise and confusion. Cheers were given for Tillman and cries came from the Conservative throats to "Stand to him, Youmans!"

The speakers and the county chairman called for order, but the appeals only added volume to the noise. Spectators pressed close against the stand and the fighters on both sides forged to the front. The Tillmanites climbed upon the railing in the rear of the Governor.

Sate Constable D. A. Dickard and other officers sprang upon the stand. The rear railing of the platform gave way beneath the pressure of the great number which overrated its power of support. Governor Tillman and others sprang to their feet to prevent themselves from falling backward.

The Sheppard men in front misunderstood the Governor's movement. They believed he was about to assault their leader. They leaped upon the reporters' table and thence gained access to the stand. Weapons were drawn, and men were pelting each other in a surging mass.

The excitement was at high heat, and bloodshed seemed unavoidable to the spectators. There was a moment of suspense, then came a crash, but an unexpected one. It was only the noise of the platform as it fell beneath the weight of fifty men. The accident lent a theater tinge to the war like cloud. The jar was great, but the check was effective. By the time the would-be combatants gained their feet and felt for broken bones the Governor's followers had rescued their chief from the debris, and, with loud hosannas, were parading him on their shoulders through the grove. No one was seriously hurt, and Youmans never lost his footing, but was found standing upright when his admirers rushed to him and hoisted him upon their shoulders. Sheppard was treated the same way, but the most enthusiastic drew the line at Orr.

Youmans was placed upon the stand and cheered to the echo. Chairman Blease asked that Youmans be given a hearing. Governor Tillman's procession circled back to the stand and endeavored to place the Governor upon the already crowded accommodations provided for the scribes.

Mr. Mart. Gary, a one-armed Conservative, was pushed off this eminence in the mad rush of the Tillmanites to gain a foothold. Another Sheppard man retaliated by knocking at one fellow and three Tillmanites fell off the platform. Again confusion ran riot and the timid sought the rear.

The Governor's friends concluded not to tarry. Again gathering him in their arms they trasported him to the front piazza of the residence of Clint Summers, twenty yards distant. They overran and trampled down the pretty flowers in the front yard and otherwise desecrated the premises. "A speech!" they cried, and the Governor, surrounded by coat-tail swingers and others, addressed his one-third of the crowd.

TILLMAN'S SPEECH TO HIS CROWD.

"I am sorry, said he, "that things are as they are. I am not responsible, because this man has been told at least three times before this that I would not sink to the level of a blackguard, and this whole disturbance is an evidence that they are whipped and that they are trying to raise a row. If you can get this crowd quiet so I can go back I will speak. I will speak to the whole crowd, but not to a part of it. They put this man up at Edgefield and he liked to have created a riot. They put him up first at Spartanburg and he almost created a riot. They have put him up here as their last hope." [Great applause.]

Cries: "Lets go back to the stand."

The crowd broke and went back to the stand, where Col. Youmans was dealing his vigorous blows, and proceeded to shout for Tillman during his entire address.

Governor Tillman, after a short while, went out to the crowd and stood within ear shot of Youmans until the meeting had been adjourned.

Standing upon the reporters' table Col. Youmans calmly faced the audience. As soon as he could be distinctly heard above the noise and confusion, which, though somewhat abated, still to a great extent prevailed, he continued to address the gathering before him.

"Governor Tillman has left the stand," said Col. Youmans, "I asked him if he intended to brand me as a public blackguard, and he has left the stand."

Voices: "He'll do it every time!" "He knows he told a lie!"

Youmans: "I don't want to violate the etiquette of stump debate. I have never done so. If Governor Tillman can cast the epithet of blackguard at me I take this opportunity to brand him as a public blackguard and a public liar, [great applause,] and if he wishes personal satisfaction I hold myself personally responsible to him." [Cheers for Youmans, and Tillman yells from the Edgefield contingent, who had by this time again assembled about the stand.]

"The record proves," continued Col. Youmans, "that Governor Tillman has been the first man elevated to high official position by the white people of South Carolina whose standing was so low that the gentry considered he could not give an insult.

"I wish to say before the manhood of Newberry that there prevailed a custom in the State which debars a man from seeking satisfaction from a man of Governor Tillman's standing, but a gentleman could render satisfaction if he so desired to his boot black, and if he fails to take notice of what I say I brand him as a public coward." [Cheers.]

"I told Governor Tillman at the first meeting at Hampton that he could not face me six rounds on the stand, and it appears that he has been skipping the stand to avoid me, or at least it seems that way.

"I asked for permission to speak first here in order to catch him upon the stand. He could not answer the question I put to him, whether the charges against the Administration and public officials were true. He evaded the question. I am fortified upon that position. I have got the statement of one of your own fellow citizens to that effect. I propose to read it and will show that Governor Tillman could not answer the question:

"NEWBERRY, S. C., August 18, 1892.—Previous to Capt. Tillman's nomination to the Governship, about two and half years ago, in conversation with him on the train I said to him that my principal objection to him was that he made so many wholesale charges against the State Government and everybody who had held office since 1876 without the proof. He said he had to write as he did in order to attract the attention and get the ear of the people. That if he had written in the ordinary newspaper style he never could have gotten the attention of the people. Elbert H. Aull.'

Applause and cries: "He's a good man."

"Not alone did Major Aucrum make that statement," said Col. Youmans, "but N. G. Gonzales made the same statement, and Governor Tillman declined to answer it.

"Governor Tillman wrote from his postoffice at Roper's, S. C., under date of February 7, 1887, to the Hon. W. H. Murray, of Anderson, a letter which I have in my hand and from which the following is an extract, and in reading it I will show you why the Governor left. The extract is:

"But I must to business. I desire to suggest that if you can possibly so arrange it, the offer of the College building, etc, which you told me about, be made to the board of agriculture for an experimental station upon condition that an agricultural station be established there hereafter, and let the offer get in the papers, especially The News and Courier. Then notice adaptability, etc, etc, in as glowing colors as possible, be given and enlarged upon. Even a little exaggeration might help and smooth the way to getting the College next winter.'

"Governor Tillman," said the speaker, "has been from stump to stump in South Carolina proclaiming as the truth that he confined himself to the truth. Here is conviction that he published these wholesale charges for the purpose of attracting attention. Here he comes out over his own signature and advocates the doctrine of exaggeration to smooth the way for the accomplishment of his purpose. [Great applause.] That is the way Governor Tillman has smoothed his way to the Gubernatorial chair, not by the truth, but by exaggeration. [Applause.]

"When Governor Tillman started this movement he did not say it was a campaign of exaggeration, but said that truth and right were his guiding stars and he called upon God to witness the purity of his intentions and the sincerity of the motives. Governor Tillman was charged with office-seeking. What did he reply? He said: 'I am better able to carry on this fight for the farmers as a simple citizen and only a farmer than I would be as Governor, tainted with the suspicion of having to advance myself by means of the Farmer's Movement. I cannot afford to give my enemies a club with which to break my own head.'

"He said suggestions coupling his name with the Governorship were devices of an evil one to lead him estray. He had told Satan to get behind him. He would not have office: he had commenced the fight as a farmer and would end it as he had began, and for reward asked only your good opinion and your confidence.' What does the sequel show? It shows that these statements were mere exaggerations; that this was Tillman blowing to smooth his way to political preferment. [Cheers.]

"I charged Governor Tillman with office-seeking. What did he say? He said that examples of treachery to our agricultural interests and of indifference after having obtained political preferment are so numerous in South Carolina that it is small wonder I am accused of trying to feather my own nest by acting as the agricultural champion.'

"What reasons did Tillman have for writing the Shell manifesto? Governor Tillman at Bennettsville formulated certain demands. The Legislature gave him more than he asked for. He said he wanted an agricultural college, and if they would give the farmers the land scrip and privilege tax they would have a college. The Legislature gave them that. Why did he write the Shell manifesto? What did he say in that? He said they wanted to capture the State offices. He said he had been pushed out for Governor, forced to the front.

"That is not the record. In the March Convention a majority of the delegates were opposed to making a nomination, and he was nominated only because of the votes of two Republicans.

"Governor Tillman has said repeatedly that the division of the white people of South Corolina meant the ruin and disgrace of the State, and that it meant negro domination. Who has advocated the division of the white people of the State? In 1886 Governor Tillman, in a letter to the public press, stated that it was the history of all countries where only two parties existed that corruption crept in and stagnation sooner or later prevailed, that it had reached the last stage and the other was not far off.

"The inexorable logic of such a statement is that there was a demand for two parties. In 1887 he said: 'With no opposite party in the State to watch and expose rascality, we have been getting in a bad way.' In November, 1887, in a letter to the Edgefield Chronicle Governor Tillman said the 'harmony of the party demanded that the issues he had raised should be settled as soon as possible.' He said in 1888 'unless more regard is paid to the rights and wishes of the people a split in the Democratic party is inevitable at no distant day.'

"Governor Tillman, in the March Convention of 1890, said he was the only man who had the nerve, the brain and the ability to array the common people against the aristocracy and told them to put him on that ticket. Governor Tillman went before the people. He raised the flag with 'family quarrel' emblazoned upon it. He went before the people and spoke of almost every man of intelligence and ability who opposed him as an aristocrat and an enemy to the people. He asserted that the Government was ruled by ringsters and an oligarchy. Governor Tillman preferred charges against previous Democratic administrations and made pledges to the people.

"Had I the time I could convict Governor Tillman out of his own mouth of being guilty of every charge that he preferred against previous administrations. He has perfected no reforms; he has lifted none of your burdens. The only thing he has done is to 'reform' himself and his coat-tail swingers into office." [Great applause for Youmans and some counter applause for Tillman.]

"He now comes before the white people for renomination, posing as a Democrat; but he is not advocating re-election upon the proof of any charges or upon the fact that he has affected any reforms, but he simply seeks to ride into office by dividing the people. He can make no charge against the Government because he is in possession, but his war cry is: 'The people against corporations,' and 'Labor against capital.' He claims to be a Jeffersonian Democrat, yet he is a protectionist and is opposed to Jefferson's free trade, and is opposed to the Jacksonian idea of finance. He claims to be a Democrat of the Jeffersonian type, and says he is in favor of equal rights and Jefferson's doctrine, that all men are born free and equal. In his inaugural address he said: "We deny without regard to color that all men are created free and equal. It is not true now and was not true when Jefferson wrote it."

At this juncture the confusion became so great that the speaker could not be heard for any distance. The Tillmanites at the rear of the stand and on the outskirts of the crowd were yelling furiously for the "Great Reformer," and Col Youmans's admirers nearer the stand were lavishing unstinted applause upon the speaker.

County Chairman Blease stepped upon the reporters' table beside Youmans and asked the crowd to give him their attention. When he was able to proceed he said that he was exceedingly sorry that there had been so much disturbance, and after consulting with the other speakers and Col Hunt he thought it advisable to adjourn the meeting and accordingly declared it adjourned.

There were loud calls for Youmans to continue. A leader of the Conservatives leaped upon the speakers' table and shouted to his faction to go to the Court House, where the speaking could be continued. The proposition was received with storms of objections. "We will never leave here!" "The Tillmanites would say we ran." There were loud calls for Youmans, who had stepped from the stand and was surrounded by a circle of admirers, who were congratulating him upon his effort.

Governor Tillman, escorted by Cole L. Blease and a troop of shouting Tillmanites, passed through the Antis near the stand, en route from Summer's house to the Governor's back. Some of the Governor's followers wanted him to speak from the stand which Youmans had vacated, but to this he would not consent. The Governor mounted a carriage wheel and in tones audible to those in his vicinity declared the condition of the crowd in its excitement was such, together with the fact that there was no stand and the further fact that he had ceased to hope for a quiet hearing, that he had proposed to Governor Sheppard that they get off to themselves and speak. He thought it would be better to adjourn the meeting and I assented, continued the Governor. I am ready to speak or not to speak, as it shall be decided. [Cries for Tillman.]

"Where is Sheppard?" cried the Governor from his elevated perch.

Mr. Sheppard arose in a buggy, but a short distance away, and undertook to make himself heard, but bedlam again broke loose. During Governor Tillman's remarks the crowd had partially left the stand and sought positions nearer the speakers.

The Orr banner was tantalizingly waving its crest within thirty feet of the Governor's carriage. A small band of reckless Tillmanites made a rush to capture the offensive emblem. One of their number made his way to the banner and catching hold of the canvas stripped a portion from the staff, but a blow from a stick felled him to the ground, and a rallying color-guard forced back the venturesome assailants.

Ex-Governor Sheppard shouted from his carriage above the din, to Governor Tillman: "I am of opinion that we should adjourn this meeting!" The Governor, from his carriage responded: "All right, sir." He asked all the Tillmanites present to hold up their hands. To all appearances not one-fourth of the crowd responded.

The Governor, Gen Farley, Mr Benet and Cole L Blease entered a carriage and were rapidly driven away, followed by a comparatively small but enthusiastic concourse. Two or three ardent Tillmanites insisted upon riding to town on the top of the Governor's vehicle, and were dislodged with difficulty. Messrs Sheppard, Orr, Youmans and W. H. Hunt, Jr., county Conservative chairman, entered another carriage and were driven to the public square of Newberry. They were followed by the great mass of the Conservatives, among whose number were nearly two hundred horsemen. The Sheppard flag and the mutilated Piedmont banner were escorted to town in triumph. A large crowd of people had assembled upon the public square and called upon Sheppard for a speech. He ascended the Court House steps and addressed his hearers as follows:

"I am desirous of doing everything in my power to advance the interests of the good people of Newberry and nothing would justify me in saying a word that would add fuel to the flames which have been kindled this morning. In my judgment it is better for us, better for all the friends of the Administration, better for the future of the friendship which has heretofore existed among your people, that there shall be no futher demonstrations. That is my judgment and I think is the general understanding, and I beg all my friends for the remainder of the day to conduct themselves as peaceably and as quietly as becomes the good citizens of Newberry." [Applause.]

There were loud calls for Orr and Youmans but these gentlemen declined to respond.

Gov. Tillman with a $3,500 salary can well afford to pay $3 poll tax rather than the 2 mill school tax, which costs him about $17. Poor man, vote for him and his $3 poll sax, and the abolition of the lien law; cell yourselves to the land owner, tondemn yourself to the chain gang, and then—do your cursing afterwards. Edgefield Monitor.

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