

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 30, 1893.

The State's Invitation.

Come, Carolinians, come and drink, Come one and all, nor stop to think; Though white or black as ink, Still, come, nor pause upon the brink;

Though straight your hair or a knot, Ben likes to see a money chink; He, silent, stands and gives the wink, "Come, Carolinians, come and drink."

Come, youngest son or oldest sire, Come, sink yourself in deepest mire; Here's dispensed the liquid fire That breeds forever evil dire.

Come, at the call of Ben the crier, Come, at the call of all the Reform; Come, drink ye all nor ever tire, Let ye arouse Reforming ire.

The price is high, the liquor's mean, "Will make you poor, 'twill make you lean."

"Will turn you yellow or make blue, 'Twill turn you purple or make green; But turn you purple or make blue, 'T's villous from your sight will screen; To get your money, Ben, so keen, Sell, amongst liquor, ever seen."

But come and drink; don't stop to prate, Nor still be mope and unhappy fate; Don't grieve at outrageous rate; Remember, Ben, the State's state.

To lower tax ere 'tis too late; Then, come and drink and dissipate, As long as you can "swiguate."

What matter's that the traffic is, If thereby Ben can get that? To grease those wheels with "swig" is his; That's still must raise a weary mile; Ere they arrive at Reform's gate; What though it does the State defile, If thereby Ben the people will, To save the "movement" by a "smile"?

Then, come and drink; don't stop to think Of letters forging link; Ben loves to hear your money chink, Hence the less the truth; In order to keep up the false semblance of solvency, the subsidiary fund, that is useless for the payment of government debts, and the deposits of disbursing officers—that is, debts due and for which redemption had been made and the money requisitioned—were all counted as assets, and millions of dollars already appropriated to public improvements and due and payable, were withheld by the Secretary of the Treasury.

One of the last official acts of Secretary Foster was his refusal to sign a warrant for over \$2,000,000, long overdue, because he had not the money to pay it; and, setting aside the \$100,000,000 gold reserve for the redemption of greenbacks, and taking the available assets of the Treasury and the claims against the government then due and payable under Congressional appropriations, Secretary Carlisle was given the Treasury over \$30,000,000.

In short, President Harrison received the Treasury from President Cleveland with a surplus of \$65,000,000 and \$55,000,000 of bank redemption fund, making \$120,000,000 of surplus; and in four years, balancing the books on precisely the same basis, the Treasury was handed back to Cleveland \$30,000,000 bank note.

There is no peril to the national credit; it can stand all the present strain upon it and even more; but prompt and decisive action is called for. With the highest tariff taxes ever levied upon the people in time of peace, the deficit for the present fiscal year—ending on the 30th of next June—may reach \$50,000,000. Few national expenditures can be reduced. The increase all came from the Fifty first Congress, when President Harrison had both branches of Congress in political harmony with his administration. That Congress passed enormous permanent increase in expenditures which were not felt until the next Congress had to provide for them. The last Congress, when the House was Democratic, reduced expenditures where it was possible, even to the extent of provoking criticism for its "cheese-paring" policy, and it added little or nothing to the absolutely necessary appropriations; but we have bankruptcy simply because the Fifty-first Congress fastened permanent expenditures upon the Treasury which it cannot now pay.—Philadelphia Times.

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Dispensary vs. Church.

For two weeks there has been a rumor afloat to the effect that State Dispenser Traxler intended to resign his position owing to the conflict which has been brought about between himself and his church.

Mr. Traxler returned to the city yesterday from Timmonsville, where he has been in attendance upon the bedside of his daughter, who is very ill. He laughed at the report and said that there was no truth in it or foundation for the story. He said that he has no idea of resigning on that or any other account.

He says, with regard to the trial of himself, for violation of the rules of the church: "The case is now pending and will be tried as soon as I can get my case ready. Should the church not call the case, at such time as I can prepare my case, I will have it called myself."—Columbia Journal.

A Republican Legacy.

When Cleveland retired from the Presidency on the 4th of March, 1889, the surplus revenues in the Treasury amounted to \$65,000,000, exclusive of the \$100,000,000 gold reserve and the \$55,000,000 of trust fund for redemption of bank notes.

When Harrison retired from the Presidency on the 4th of March, 1893, the \$65,000,000 of surplus had been expended; the \$54,000,000 of bank redemption fund had been covered into the Treasury and expended, and the Treasury was literally bankrupt—excluding the \$100,000,000 of gold reserve—to the amount of over \$30,000,000.

True, the Treasury books did not show that the Treasury was some \$30,000,000 bankrupt; but it was none the less the truth. In order to keep up the false semblance of solvency, the subsidiary fund, that is useless for the payment of government debts, and the deposits of disbursing officers—that is, debts due and for which redemption had been made and the money requisitioned—were all counted as assets, and millions of dollars already appropriated to public improvements and due and payable, were withheld by the Secretary of the Treasury.

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AN OLD MAID'S LETTER.

A Pen Picture of Social and Loving Life at a Nodded Summer Resort.

It may be that old maids are precluded in this contest. I am an old maid, for no fault of my own, goodness knows. I am also a Christian, yet kick rebelliously against my destiny. I am 45 years of age, well preserved or pickled (unappropriated hearts are apt to curdle).

It appears to be my fate to witness the billings and cooings of others. I encounter lovers everywhere. They are to me what a confectioner's window is to the beggar outside.

Last week there was a new arrival at our boarding house, a man, a minister. I am suited for a minister's wife. Denomination is immaterial (the goal is heaven, it matters not which road one goes by). Without appearing forward I put myself in this good man's way. I have had some pleasant chats with him and have aired my knowledge of church work. I think he dislikes to be so beset by so many vestal virgins (the number of old maids here is pathetic).

In self defense he has made known his celebratory proclivities. His bride is the church. He is very bigoted. However, last evening, while on the piazza he drew his chair close to an attractive widow here. To say that he flirted would be an insult to his chaste.

I am down at the beach now alone. The tender glances I surprised him in are within me. To my left sit the inevitable lover and loved one under the shelter of a pounce umbrella. The breeze wafts their conversation to me.

He—Did you think it wicked to tell lies? She—Depends (laughing softly). He—When I told your sister yesterday that I was perfectly cured, I told a gigantic lie. She—Yes (quietly). He—Are you glad or sorry? She—Glad. When I was well, I did not care to be cared for, but now that I am weak and ill like some kind, patient person to be near me and look sorry when I am out of breath and in tiresome pain.

My darling, if I could only take your pain I would bear it without a murmur. She—Oh, no, you would not. You cannot know what my pain is. How clear and blue your eyes are, how broad your shoulders; what a stalwart person you are altogether! I clear my throat to acquaint them of my proximity. They look up. She—Behold the girl; 'tis only one of those old maids. Go on.

I have reached my boarding house now. There is an appearance of hubbub. "Have you heard the news?" is the inquiry from half a dozen voices. "No." "The reverend has proposed to Mrs. L. and been accepted."

Ump!—Long Branch Cor. New York Telegram. All the agitation in behalf of the Duke of Veragua reminds us that there are some people in the very midst of us who appear to be worthy of financial aid. At this moment we have in mind old Dan Emmet, who at last accounts was saving mental labor somewhere in Indiana, balancing the books on precisely the same basis, the Treasury was handed back to Cleveland \$30,000,000 bank note.

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