

The Watchman and Southron.

THE SUMTER WATCHMAN, Established April, 1850.

"Be Just and Fear not—Let all the Ends thou Aims't at, be thy Country's, thy God's and Truth's."

THE TRUE SOUTHRON, Established June, 1866.

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June 27—3m.

Reviewing the S. C. Campaign.

Correspondence Augusta Chronicle.

COLUMBIA, S. C., July 2.—The political temperature of the State is much lower than it was two weeks ago.

When the campaign opened at Rock Hill there was a general pricking of ears. It was expected that something would drop with the force of a steam hammer, and for two or three days newspapers were really interesting things to most people.

At the Chester meeting Senator Butler was inclined to be vicious towards Governor Tillman and the debate at Lancaster on the following day showed some evidences of life. Governor Tillman took his turn and reciprocated the Senator's ferocious compliments.

On one or two occasions in the earlier meetings misguided persons in the crowd rushed headlong to the conclusion that the speakers were in earnest and got mad, but after a little jostling and scrounging they were in all cases appeased or removed.

Both Tillman and Butler are now behaving in a comparatively seeming manner. The Governor, of course, continues to belch forth words of consuming and burning wrath, but he is considerate enough to aim most of his attacks at Cleveland and Wall street and nobody is at hand to take up the gauge of battle for either the one or the other of them.

Unless the Governor should train his guns on some enemy nearer home there is only the faintest likelihood that even the turbulence of the first week will be repeated.

At nearly all the meetings the demonstrations have been favorable to the "Blinker" as Governor Tillman's rustic followers affectionately and admiringly denominate him.

The Governor's friends are demonstrative people. They have immeasurable lung power, and throats like steam whistles, and when "Marse Ben" works himself up to about 212 degrees Fahrenheit and begins to sing like a tea kettle on a fire of hickory limbs, the "wool hats" invariably shatter the walls enclosing all the demons of hideous sounds.

Then the Governor is a man of "hand primaries." It is his old trick and he clings to it with the tenacity of a whist player to a favorite suit.

"Now all of you boys who think I am right," he shouts in the brief intervals that now and then occur between their cheers, "hold up your right hands," and always up they shoot, the two or three hundred horny palms of the plough boys usually densely packed about the platform down in the front and beneath the platform from which he is hurling his declamatory and ireful thunderbolts.

Thus it has been at York and Lancaster, Camden and Sumter, Darlington and Florence, and on and on from county to county. Senator Butler's friends, when the Governor puts the negative, make it a rule to do and say nothing, looking on the antics of the opposition with sullen silence. The hand primaries have their intended effect. The newspaper reporters trim their pencils and say, "this was another Tillman day" and away on electric wings across the country speeds the news that South Carolina's pyrotechnic Populist is as usual carrying all things before him with his fiery eloquence.

A BUTLER VIEW OF IT.

But Senator Butler's friends talk confidently. "Why, there is scarcely anybody at the meetings," they say. The crowds number from 300 to 1,000 at most, while two and four years ago when Tillman was doing the State, always from two to five thousand were out to see and hear him. Besides these hand primaries prove nothing. Fifty or a hundred of the rabid and rampant shout up both fists at the bidding of the boss, to do which they have been carefully trained, in order to make a great impression. The people, the real bulk of the people present, whose hundreds and hundreds of silent ballots will weigh down the boxes and count, are standing back and thinking.

Thousands of other people are tired of Tillman, say the Butlerites, and in spite of tremendous efforts made to rally them they are biding their time at home and when the primaries arrive Governor Tillman will feel the torrent of their votes sweeping his feet from under him. When one hears a Butler man discuss the campaign in this way he cannot but be impressed that there is not a little truth in that analysis of the situation.

SENATOR BUTLER HANDICAPPED.

Senator Butler goes into this race handicapped. All the odds are against him. The anti-Tillmanites eye him coolly with an inquiring look on the faces, which asks why he did not on Cleveland's inauguration "chuck off his coat" and assist them in the scramble for all the Federal patronage to the everlasting disappointment of the Tillmanites? "Why did he endeavor to put some of the most blatant and offensive of

all the Tillmanites into easy berths, while we who have fought for his cause in the ranks are left to shiver in the cold?" The Anties are not in good fighting trim anyway. They have out no State ticket, many of them are disgusted with Cleveland and Congress, and scarcely two of them can be found agreeing on all political points.

In many counties it will be a difficult task to induce men pledged to Butler to run for the Legislature. The Tillman cause being looked upon as invincible, men will not care to risk losing the chances of future preferment by leading what they fear is a forlorn hope. It is for this reason that Senator Butler insists so strenuously on a separate box in the Democratic primaries in which the popular choice for Senator may be registered and by the results of which both candidates bind themselves to abide. Such a proposition, although the primary has always until now been one of the constant hobbies, the Governor declines, protesting that it is a matter not for him but for the State Democratic Executive Committee alone to determine. Governor Tillman doubtless believes that he has the Senator at a great disadvantage as matters stand, and is naturally reluctant to yield any assistance, in the meantime, regarding constancy as a pearl to be thrown to swine.

NATIONAL ISSUES NOT IN IT.

Strange as it may seem National issues find little place in this Senatorial campaign. Governor Tillman to be sure is spectacularly grand in his attacks upon the National Democracy, the money power and all that embattled host of monsters, but most of his oratory is expended upon the beauties of "reform" in South Carolina, and in replying to Senator Butler's onslaughts. He advocates, though, free silver and a greenback currency and cries "more money, more money;" with ever increasing unctious. Sometimes he expatiates on the necessity of joining the South and West against the greedy East, and his enemies interpret him as nominating himself as the National standard-bearer for a new party looking to this union for strength.

Senator Butler in a regretful sort of way speaks of the differences between himself and Grover Cleveland on questions of finance and mildly defends the President as an honest, if misguided, politician. He urges the necessity of State bonds of issue, and manfully champions the tariff bill as the best measure of the kind that has been before Congress since the war. The Senator too, intimates that the country could stand a larger greenback issue. But these arguments are not the burden of his song. They are merely incidental to his warfare on the dispensary scheme and the charges of corruption in connection with it, which he fires at the Tillman administration.

Senator Butler will have the support of the Confederate veterans.

At Chesterfield the other day an old fellow in shabby gray jeans and flat brimmed white hat shambled up to him and held out his hand.

"Why, how are you, Brantley?" said the Senator, as he grasped it, as he did so the ragged old ex-rebel's emotion overcame him and he cried like a baby. In Butler's brigade thirty years ago his humble duty had been to drive an ambulance across Virginia's hills and this was the first time since then that the General had seen him.

Senator Butler was never known to forget the face of a soldier. The Senator inquired into the man's condition, and finding that he was poor and struggling for a livelihood offered to take him to his Edgefield plantation, and give him a home for his declining years. And if Butler is defeated for the Senate, fighting over his many battles with the war worn ambulance driver will not be the least pleasure that he will find in retirement to private life.

RACE FOR GOVERNOR.

The race for Governor is a frolic confined to Reformers. They have arranged a plan for a State convention to which delegates are to be elected from clubs whose membership shall be composed exclusively of those who will agree to stand by Reform nominees. This convention will meet on the 14th of August and nominate either Comptroller General Ellerbee, a young farmer of Marion county or Secretary of State, Tindal, an old farmer of Clarendon county, or State Senator John Gary Evans, a young lawyer of Aiken county, or Clerk of the Senate, Pope, an old doctor of Newberry county.

Then in the primaries of August 25th, when all the Democrats, including anti-Tillmanites, have a right to vote, the Reformers of high and low degree will support this nominee to a man. It will be seen from this that the Reformers, or Tillmanites, are practically a party to themselves and have arranged to eliminate their opponents from figuring in the selection of a Governor.

Young Ellerbee, in his campaign

speeches, pitches into young Evans whom he accuses of being a latter day convert to Tillmanism and whom he says snuggles up to the Governor now because he is a greater man. Then Evans replies and eloquently paints his own portrait before the eyes of the multitude as a better friend to Tillman than Ellerbee and ever anon says a good word for the dispensary. But the issue which both emphasize a tear passions into tatters over is, "Who of the true believers is the truest believer in Ben."

So it goes and the outlook is that the one of the two who can hold the tightest grip on the Governor's coat tail will preside over the destinies of this Commonwealth for the next two years.

Candidate Tindal, who is a gentleman and a well-versed scholar, is really not in the race.

Candidate Pope has waked up to the realization that rings have found their way into the Reform organization and now he is clamoring for a free-for-all primary. But candidate Pope, like Tindal, has too little of the demagogue and speaks with too much moderation and liberality towards the Conservatives to stand the slightest chance for success. Candidate Pope is probably the first Democrat in South Carolina to advocate a high protective tariff from the stump.

There are still six weeks of campaigning. Not a man in the field has played his hand yet, and many a big card is yet to fall before the Palmetto knows "where it is at."

J. WILSON GIBBES.

Epidemic of Typhoid Fever.

The Charlotte News says that reports from all quarters show that typhoid fever is raging in a most peculiar manner this year. It seems to show no discrimination against climate or height above sea level.

For instance; Taylorsville, N. C., a mountain town at the foot of the Blue Ridge, is seriously stricken with the disease. It has been so common there as to almost paralyze business.

Another place is Georgeville, Cabarrus County, N. C. There the fever is raging again as it did last year. The river and a big creek pass close by this place, and that was always supposed to be the cause of sickness.

But this year it has been no worse than the disease has been in Taylorsville, which town has perfect natural sanitation. Men who have made a study of the disease attribute the extraordinary amount of typhoid germs to the singularly mild winter which prevailed in this section last season.

The fever is also reported to be in several towns in South Carolina.

Will "the Fur Fly."

Governor Tillman may have unwittingly put his hand on a hornet when he said in his Sumter speech that Col. Cal. Caughman, announced candidate for congress, had made an indecent exposure of his mind.

Colonel Caughman can talk louder, harder, faster and more fiercely than anybody. Also he can say things. His oratorical and political stomach craves stronger meat than the meek and much mashed and martyred Willing Jay Stokes is likely to provide. We would not be at all astonished to see him tackle the Governor himself. If he does so, Senator Butler may simply step to one side, hoist an umbrella and watch the mud and fur fly. It will be black gum against thunder, the devil against a witch, a Kansas cyclone encountering a West Indian hurricane, a mountain ram in combat with a rock headed goat. Everything would go—both barefooted and gouging, hitting, biting, kicking, hair and whiskers pulling, chin cutting and any holds allowed. It would be the fight of the century between two past masters in that style of fighting.—Greenville News.

New York Town Topics: I understand that Senator Matthew C. Butler and Governor Benjamin R. Tillman, of South Carolina, have received an offer of \$1,000 a week each from the managers of Hagenbeck's trained animals to do their act at Manhattan Beach every afternoon and evening.

Mr. Butler, in one corner of the cage, will hurl four thousand, three hundred and twenty-seven epithets, seventy-two inuendoes and eight bushels of miscellaneous hard words at Governor Ben, who will catch them all on the fly, at the same time whirling around on his axis till his clothes catch fire and have to be put out with a hand hose. Senator Butler will also eat fire, throw knives, sword canes, revolvers and Winchester rifles out of his mouth, and the performance will end with an elegant living picture in which the Senator will represent Ajax, and the Governor, with streams of lighted Palmetto Dispensary whisky issuing alternately from the right and left corners of his mouth, will be the lightning. It will be a great show, but I fear the other animals will go on a strike.

Our Executive Anarchist.

In a certain sense Governor Tillman is as rank an anarchist as there is in America. He would not ally himself with a body of madmen or affiliate with bomb throwers or assassins, but his illtimed and intemperate addresses are calculated to foster strife and intensify the bitterness among the political factions of South Carolina.

He has given expression to public utterances in his debate with Senator Butler that would shame Dennis Kearney or the most blatant and ignorant Tammany politician. He has made public statements about President Cleveland and Congress that are seditious and unreasonable, and has on every occasion in which he appears on the stump displayed such revolutionary spirit that no State and no people would passively submit to except South Carolina and her sons. Language such as he adopts and capable of being construed and applied as he intends is as dangerous and as wanton as the expression of Most, Schwab and the Goldman woman. In no other State in the South is there such a chief executive and possibly in the country, with the exception of Colorado and Kansas.

There was a time in the history of Carolina when such a demagogue would be recognized under no circumstances and when he could in no manner possible be raised to the dignity he now enjoys. South Carolina has within her borders knights as chivalrous as ever drew a sword, orators as persuasive and eloquent as ever trod a rostrum, statesmen as pure and unselfish as ever graced the halls of Congress, and men as many and upright as ever lived and maintained a sovereignty, but they have to passively submit to the insults visited on them through the stubbornness and the egregiously vanity of Governor Tillman. All his prominent public acts have subjected him to derision and contempt. His open defiance of the mandates of the Supreme Court for his interference with the railroads, his intemperate zeal in the maintenance of State dispensaries, his employment of tramps and vagrants for constables to apprise and harass his people and his cruel and wanton persecution of his citizens at Darlington, stamp him as a man wholly unfit to administer the affairs of a great State.—Savannah Dispatch.

How They Waltz in Kentucky.

A Danville girl tells the Advocate the following with regard to waltzing: "No one waltz, even when danced with the same partner, is exactly the same. It is always a new sensation. The music is not in the same key, and the waltz does not touch the same chords of one's soul. If I dance twenty waltzes in the evening I have twenty different thrills of pleasure. With one partner it is a soft, insidious measure; with the next, a long and languorous movement; with the third, more of a hop, that gently jars the brain into a delicious, dreamy forgetfulness; while the fourth cavalier, with a heroic tread, bears you away with strong and vigorous rhythm into still another world. The lights of this go out, you lose consciousness but you feel no dread as you lie within those herculean arms like a child rocked to sleep in his mother's embrace. Your feet are no longer on the earth. It's a celestial rotation out into space, and when you light on earth again you feel like a tired bird stopping from a long flight."

Germs and Jelly.

When physicians want to secure minute organisms for investigation, they expose gelatine to the air or in places where they have confined the malignant germs. The gelatine speedily attracts and holds them. This is a fact for housekeepers to know. Jellies of any sort placed in the air to cool should be covered with a piece of broken window glass to protect them from these germs.—The Cultivator and Country Gentleman.

It is no longer the Richmond and Danville Railroad but "The Southern Railway Company."

We gave it as our opinion in last week's issue that uncle George Tillman was out of politics for the present. We have since heard, as coming from him, that he is undecided, but that he will keep posted as to the time allowed him to come out, and his decision will depend entirely upon information received between now and then as to his chance of election. He has no objection to serving the people as a democratic Governor of the whole State, not as the candidate of either faction.—Johnston Monitor, July 8.

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