

this—that while I live I will be true to you, and, father or no father, I will die before I break my troth. I am young to speak so largely, but it shall be as I say. Oh, this parting is more cruel than death! Would that we were asleep and forgotten among men! Yet it is best that you should go, for if you staid what could we be to each other while my father lives? And may he live long!

"Sleep and forgetfulness will come soon enough, Lily. None must await them for very long. Meanwhile we have our lives to live. Let us pray that we may live them to each other. I go to seek fortune as well as foes, and I will win it for your sake that we may marry."

She shook her head sadly. "It were too much happiness, Thomas. Men and women may seldom wed their true loves, or if they do it is but to lose them. At the least, we love, and let us be thankful that we have learned what love can be, for having loved here perchance at the worst we may love elsewhere when there are none to say us nay."

Then we talked on awhile, babbling broken words of love and hope and sorrow, as young folks so placed are wont to do, till at length Lily looked up with a sad, sweet smile and said:

"It is time to go, sweetheart. My father beckons me from the lattice. All is finished."

"Let us go then," I answered huskily and drew her behind the trunk of the old beech. And there I caught her in my arms and kissed her again and yet again, nor was she ashamed to kiss me back. After this I remember little of what happened, except that as we rode away I saw her beloved face, wan and wishful, watching me departing out of her life. For 50 years that sad and beautiful face haunted me, and it haunts me yet athwart life and death.

One thing I have forgotten. As we kissed and clung in our despair behind the bole of the great beech, Lily drew a ring from her finger and passed it into my hand, saying, "Look on this each morning when you wake and think of me." It had been her mother's, and today it still is set upon my withered hand, gleaming in the winter sunlight as I trace these words. Through the long years of wild adventure, through all the time of after peace, in love and war, in the shine of the campfire, in the glare of the sacrificial flame, in the light of lonely stars illumining the lonely wilderness, that ring has shone upon my hand, reminding me always of her who gave it, and on this hand it shall go down into the grave. It is a plain circlet of thick gold, somewhat worn now, a rose ring, and on its inner surface is cut this quaint couplet:

Heart to heart,  
Thought far apart.

A fitting motto for us indeed, and one that has its meaning to this hour.

That same day of our farewell I rode with my father to Yarmouth. My brother Geoffrey did not come with us, but we parted with kindly words, and of this I am glad, for we never saw each other again.

Mary, my sister, who after Lily Bozard was now the fairest maiden in the country-side, wept much at my going. There was but a year between us, and we loved each other dearly, for no such shadow of jealousy had fallen on our affection. I comforted her as well as I was able, and telling her all that had passed between me and Lily I prayed her to stand my friend and Lily's should it ever be in her power to do so. This Mary promised to do readily enough, and though she did not give the reason I could see that she thought it possible that she might be able to help us. As I have said, Lily had a brother, a young man of some promise, who at this time was away at college, and he and my sister Mary had a strong fancy for each other that might or might not ripen into something closer. So we kissed and bade farewell with tears.

And after that my father and I rode away. But when we had passed down Pirnhow street and mounted the little hill beyond Waingford Mills to the left of Bungey town I halted my horse and looked back upon the pleasant valley of the Waveney, where I was born, and my heart grew full to bursting. Had I known all that must befall me before my eyes beheld that scene again, I think indeed that it would have burst. But God, who in his wisdom has laid many a burden upon the backs of men, has saved them this, for had we foreknowledge of the future I think that, of our own will, but few of us would live to see it. So I cast one long last look toward the distant mass of oaks that marked the spot where Lily lived and rode on.

On the following day I embarked on board the Adventure, and we sailed. Before I left, my father's heart softened much toward me, for he remembered that I was my mother's best beloved and feared also lest we should meet no more.

Of my voyage to Cadiz, to which port I had learned that De Garcia's ship was bound, there is little to be told. We met with contrary winds in the bay of Biscay and were driven into the harbor of Lisbon, where we refitted. But at last we came safely to Cadiz, having been 40 days at sea.

CHAPTER VI.  
ANDRES DE FONSECA.

Many travelers have told of the glories of Seville, to which ancient Moorish city I journeyed with all speed. Foreseeing that it might be necessary for me to stop some time in Seville, and being desirous to escape notice and to be at the smallest expense possible, I bethought me that it would be well if I could find means of continuing my studies of medicine, and to this end I obtained certain introductions from the firm of merchants to whose care I had been recommended addressed to doctors of medicine in Seville. These letters at my request were made out not in my own name, but in that of Diego d'Alia, for I did not wish it to be known that I was an Englishman. Nor indeed was this likely, except my speech should betray me, for, as I have said, in appearance I was very Spanish, and the hindrance of the language was one that lessened every day, since having already learned it from my mother, and taking every opportunity to read and speak it, within six months I could talk Castilian, except for some slight accent, like a native of the land; also I have a gift for the acquiring of languages.

When I was come to Seville and had placed my baggage in an inn, not one of the most frequented, I set out to deliver a letter of recommendation to a famous physician of the town whose name I have long forgotten. This physician had a fine house in the street of Las Palmas, a great avenue, planted with graceful trees, that has other little streets running into it. Down one of these I came from my inn, a quiet, narrow place having houses with patios, or courtyards, on either side of it. As I walked down this street I noticed a man sitting in the shade on a stool in the doorway of his patio. He was small and withered, with keen black eyes and a wonderful air of wisdom, and he watched me as I went by.

Now, the house of the famous physician whom I sought was so placed that the man sitting at this doorway could command it with his eyes and take note of all who went in and came out. When I had found

the house, I returned again into the quiet street and walked to and fro there for awhile, thinking of what tale I should tell to the physician, and all the time the little man watched me with his keen eyes. At last I had made up my story and went to the house, only to find that the physician was from home. Having inquired when I might find him, I left and once more took to the narrow street, walking slowly till I came to where the little man sat. As I passed him his broad hat, with which he was fanning himself, slipped to the ground before my feet. I stooped down, lifted it from the pavement and restored it to him.

"A thousand thanks, young sir," he said in a full and gentle voice. "You are courteous for a foreigner."

"How do you know me to be a foreigner, senior?" I asked, surprised out of my caution.

"If I had not guessed it before, I should know it now," he answered, smiling gravely. "Your Castilian tells its own tale."

I bowed and was about to pass on when he addressed me again.

"What is your hurry, young sir? Step in and take a cup of wine with me. It is good."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Cotton Mills.

How They Are Built on the Industrial Plan.

The annexed letter from Mr. James A. Mulvey, of Portsmouth, Va., recently appeared in the Manufacturer's Record, and it is so full of sound, practical sense that we give it in its entirety:

A glance at the cities and towns in which cotton mills were built in North Carolina in 1893 shows they are places, with one exception, of less than 3,000 inhabitants. As only four of these mills are run by water power and the other ten by steam, it is not well for the people of other State to investigate this industrial movement and see if they will not be able to follow the example set by our North Carolina friends? I think they will be surprised to find how easy it is to build a cotton mill in every city and town that is located on a railroad. The North Carolina movement has been founded on co-operation. A company is organized composed of a president, board of directors secretary and treasurer. The subscription list is opened and payments on the stock are generally made at 50 cents per week per share. This enables every man, whether mechanic or capitalist, to take as many shares of stock as desired, and the payments are so easy that where it would be impossible to pay \$150 or \$100 down, the payment of 50 cents per week is not felt, and the accumulations run up until the subscriber becomes the possessor of stock on which he can secure dividends if the mill has been properly managed.

These mills are what are termed yarn mills, and convert the raw cotton costing 8 or 9 cents per pound, into yarns or warps, varying in value from 14 to 40 cents per pound. This product is shipped to Eastern cities, where it is readily disposed of. Formerly, the coarser grades of yarns were made in the Southern States, but during the past five years great advancement has been made and many of the mills are weaving the yarns into print cloths, sheeting, etc.

The cost of a 5,000-spindle mill capable of producing from No. 2s to No. 30s yarn will be found about as follows:

The cost of building would vary according to material used, the location and conditions. A plain brick mill with tower would cost anywhere from 45 to 70 cents per square foot of space. This is much lower than can be attained in New England on account of cheaper lumber, brick and labor. Ninety cents is as low as usually attained by Northern mills. Below will be found a statement which will give the cost of a complete plant:

Land for mill site	\$2,000
Mill building	14,000
House for operatives	4,000
Machinery complete	60,000
Total	\$80,000

The above figures represent a fair average cost of a Southern yarn mill of the capacity mentioned equipped with all the modern improvements. Of course for mills of a much greater capacity a proportionate reduction would be made in the cost.

The free working capacity for such a mill ought to be from \$15,000 to \$20,000 to operate to the best advantage, although in the South, owing to the ability of the mills to buy cotton at any and all times they are enabled to manage their mills on a smaller capital than is considered advisable with the same size plants in the North.

The question now arises can such a mill be made to pay, and is the cotton manufacturing business being overdone? When we consider that in the city of Manchester, England, alone, there are more spindles employed in the manufacture of cotton goods than in the entire United States, and when it is understood that in one Fall River (Mass.) mill built last year there were placed more spindles than are contained in the fourteen mills erected in North Carolina in 1893, it will be seen that twenty-five mills with from 5,000 to 20,000 spindles could be erected in the different cities and towns of Virginia, and they would not supply more than the output of some of the Fall River companies. The fact is, that cotton manufacturing in the United States is in its infancy, and every day it becomes more apparent that cotton manufacturing is gradually drifting nearer the base of supply.

Do cotton mills pay? There is invested in the Fall River mills \$17,880,000. The dividends in

these mills are declared quarterly, and for the quarter ending October 1, 1893, the average dividend paid was 1.90 per cent., or \$339,950 was paid out, and this too in the face of a very serious depression that had existed for the previous six or eight months. Let us take, for example, the Border City Manufacturing Company of Fall River, Mass. The figures submitted by the treasurer at the annual meeting showed that the earnings for the year amounted to \$240,320 on a capital of \$1,000,000. After paying all expenses the stockholders received \$150,000 in dividends, or 15 per cent., and \$41,000 was charged off for depreciation.

The Southern mills are doing equally as well where properly managed, and almost without exception have been successful, the mills in many cases having paid dividends before the capital stock was paid up.

Every city in Virginia having railroad facilities should have its cotton or other mill built on a co-operative plan of this kind. Whatever advantage North Carolina may have because of proximity to the cotton crop is more than offset by the cheapness with which coal is placed at our doors.

The mills afford employment to the people, and leave the difference between the cost of the raw material and the manufactured product in the community. This co-operative plan can be used to advantage in nearly every village of the South, as every community has certain resources which can be developed by capital accumulated in this way, and thus add much to the prosperity of the people.

The business men of Portsmouth have adopted this plan, and are erecting a building to cost \$23,000. They secured eight acres of land, which has more than doubled in value because of the building of the mill, and negotiations are pending with a Northern firm that wishes to erect a mill equally as large to use the yarns for knitting purposes.

Stonewall Jackson.

"As an illustration of 'Stonewall' Jackson's belief in the matter of absolute obedience to the letter of an order," said a Confederate veteran to the Louisville Courier-Journal, "I have heard a story told of an incident that occurred during the Mexican war. General Jackson was then lieutenant of artillery, commanding a section composed of two guns. In a certain action he was ordered to occupy a certain position and open fire upon the enemy. His two guns were started for the place, which was very exposed, and before reaching it he saw that he could not remain there ten minutes without losing every horse and man he had. At the same time he saw that by moving some 300 yards away his fire would be more effective. But his orders to open fire must be obeyed, so, reaching the designated position, the two guns were fired. Then they were limbered up and moved to the new position, and the fire was opened up in earnest and with effect.

I could tell of several incidents in which Jackson figured," he continued, "which come under my notice while a student at the Virginia Military Institute, where Jackson was a professor. I remember once how a student tried to kill him. Some fellow—I forgot his name—had a fancied grievance against Jackson. He took a bag which was used to hold soiled clothes and filled it with bricks. His room was in the top floor of the building, and one day as Jackson was passing under his window he dropped the bag of bricks. It passed so close to Jackson that it grazed his cap, tilting it one side. Without pausing or looking around, he straightened his cap and passed on as if on parade, the only notice he seemed to take of the occurrence being to step over several of the bricks that had rolled out of the bag. Several of us who were standing near rushed up to him, remarking upon his coolness. 'Gentlemen,' said he, 'the bricks were on the ground when I saw them. They could not hurt me then.'

And so our "Uncle George" is not in it. He formally and definitely made this declaration in a letter to the Columbia Register. He thinks there is at this time quite too much "Edgefield" in South Carolina politics. Perhaps so, but it seems a pity that weasels and woodchucks should crowd out the great "Numidion Lion."—Edgefield Monitor.

That Alleged Rebate Matter.

Since the charge has been made upon the stump that some one must have secured rebates on the purchases of dispensary liquor, a gentleman in Columbia has written to a prominent liquor house in the West with the object of ascertaining something about it. A reply came yesterday. The writer says the whiskey trust has a law which allows distributing houses to sell to retailers without rebate vouchers. "It is the presumption," he writes, "that the State of South Carolina paid extra big prices for what whiskey they bought." He says that either the Mill creek Company made a great deal of money out of the sales or else somebody else did on the extra profits. Governor Tillman has flatly denied all charges made on this line on the stump and challenges the most searching investigation of all the dispensary affairs.—The State.

Excelsior Baking Powder is the best, because it is pure, try it. Prepared by Dr. A. J. China.

Equity of the Income Tax.

The equity of an income tax, especially in connection with tariff taxation, is thus forcibly shown by Governor Penneyer of Oregon, who although somewhat erratic in his views sometimes, is as level as a mill pond in this:

No fairer system of taxation could possibly be devised than the taxation of incomes, by which a man pays for the support of the Government according to his ability to pay. Under tariff taxation a man pays on what he eats, drinks, and wears. Under that system a laboring man, not worth a dollar in the world, with a family of ten persons, pays nearly ten times as much as his bachelor neighbor worth a million. It is indeed most astonishing that such an unjust and unequal mode of taxation could be tolerated among an intelligent people. And then when to the tariff laws are added the protective feature by which the poor man is not only compelled to pay an undue share for the support of the Government, but a tax for the enrichment of monopolies, it becomes a national offense so rank that it smells to heaven.

Take, for instance, the people of Oregon, and how very few comparatively speaking, are benefited by a protective tariff; and yet every man not benefited is surely injured. There are no neutrals allowed under a protective tariff. It is the old game of robbing Peter to pay Paul, and every citizen of Oregon can rest assured, if he has not the clear figures to establish his identity as a fortunate Paul, that he can safely be counted among the innumerable hosts of poor despoiled Peters. Under an income tax no such robbery can prevail; a man pays according to his means; a system which has the sanction of both common sense and common honesty. The Roman people, twenty-four centuries ago, changed their system of taxation from a per capita tax to a tax laid upon citizens commensurate with their wealth and ability to pay, and the American people should follow that just example. If the Wilson bill becomes a law the income tax feature will be placed upon the statute books never to be removed.

As a matter of fact the poor or people of small incomes as a general thing have larger families than the rich in all countries. In this country, especially in the North, large families among the wealthy are not fashionable, so that the generous bachelor illustration might be extended to include wealthy bachelors and thus make the equity of the income tax more apparent, and show more forcibly how the burden of tariff taxation, as between classes, falls upon the poor. Take it all in all the income tax is the fairest of all taxes and the more it is studied the fairer it shows itself to be.—Wilmington Star.

The "Redbone" People.

A Peculiar Race, About Which Comparatively Little Seems to be Known.

To the Editor of the News and Courier: Your Hampton correspondent, under date of June 13 gives an account of the murder of Capt. James Mixson. Continuing the correspondent says: "Mims, who is suspected of having done the deed, is one of a rather peculiar race of people who live in the river section of this county known as 'Old Issue.' They are a mixed race and have never been slaves. They are supposed to be descendants of Indians and negroes, but nothing is definitely known of their origin."

The right name of the race, or rather mixed race to which Mims belongs, should be "Redbone." These people, as your correspondent observes, are "a rather peculiar race," and it seems the irony of fate that we should have cyclopaedias giving accounts of races in which we are not interested, and with which we will never come in contact, when right here in our State we have a peculiar race about which comparatively little seems to be known, and yet it is a race which is worthy of ethnological research.

There are living in this township (Privateer) a mixed breed of people of this description, among whom are the Chavises. For many years I have been interested in them, I mean those in Privateer, and have made attempts to gather up their history, which I have found to be an entertaining study.

MCDONALD FURMAN  
Ramsey, Sumter County, June 18, 1894

That Tired Feeling

So common at this season, is a serious condition, liable to lead to disastrous results. It is a sure sign of declining health tone, and that the blood is impoverished and impure. The best and most successful remedy is found in

HOOD'S Sarsaparilla

Which makes rich, healthy blood, and thus gives strength to the nerves, elasticity to the muscles, vigor to the brain and health to the whole body. In truth, Hood's Sarsaparilla

Makes the Weak Strong

Be sure to get Hood's and only Hood's  
Hood's Pills are purely vegetable, perfectly harmless, always reliable and beneficial.



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And doing a General Business in that line. A complete workshop has been fitted up on LIBERTY STREET, NEAR POST OFFICE.

And we are now ready to execute with promptness all orders consigned to us. Satisfaction guaranteed. Obtain our price before placing an order elsewhere.  
W. H. COMMANDER,  
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June 16.

JOS. F. RHAME. WM. C. DAVIS.

RHAME & DAVIS,  
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,  
MANNING, S. C.

Attend to business in any part of the State Practice in U. S. Courts  
Sept. 21—x.

G. W. DICK, D. D. S.

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ENTRANCE ON MAIN STREET.  
SUMTER, S. C.  
Office Hours—9 to 1; 2.30 to 5.30.

DR. B. ALVA SOLOMONS,

DENTIST.  
Office  
OVER BROWN & BROWN'S STORE,  
Entrance on Main Street  
Between Brown & Brown and Durant & Son.  
OFFICE HOURS:  
9 to 1.30; 2 to 5 o'clock.  
April 9. 2



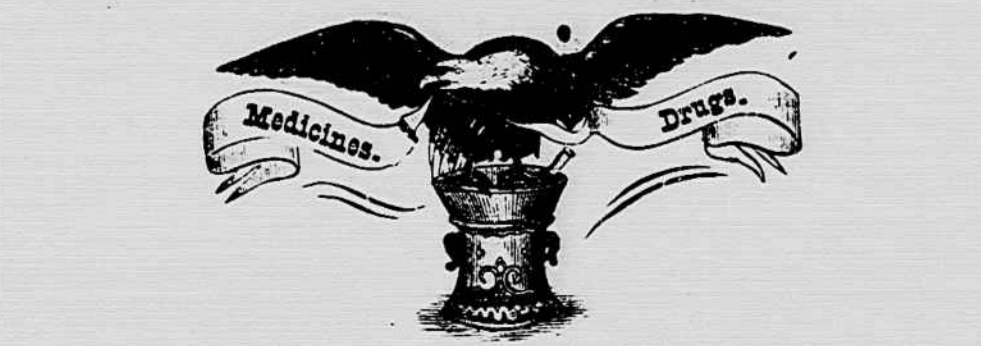
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Physician's Prescriptions carefully compounded, and orders answered with care and dispatch. The public will find my stock of Medicines complete, warranted genuine, and of best quality. Call and see for yourselves.

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THE SUMTER INSTITUTE FOR WOMEN.

THE TWENTY-SEVENTH COLLEGIATE year of the Institute will begin September 11th, 1894. With its full corps of efficient teachers and high standard of scholarship, it offers advantages for educating young ladies, equal to any College for women in this State. We intend that it shall grow in efficiency as it grows in years, and thus command the continued favor of its patrons, and commend itself to the favor of all who have daughters to educate. Entire expenses for the year from \$150 to \$200. For particulars apply to.

H. FRANK WILSON,  
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Sumter, S. C.  
July 4

DAVIDSON COLLEGE, DAVIDSON, N. C.

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Terms Reasonable, send for Catalogue. J. B. SHEARER, President.

June 27—3m.

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Session begins Sept. 25th. Nine regular Courses, with Diplomas. Special Courses, with Certificates. Requirements for admission modified. Board \$8 a month. Total necessary expenses for the year (exclusive of traveling, clothing, and books) from \$112 to \$152. Send for Announcement. For further information address the President, JAMES WOODROW, July 18.

NOTICE.

LANDS FOR SALE.

1. One lot with two story dwelling, new house, on Washington Street, between Calhoun and Republican Streets.
2. One lot with dwelling house, on New Street, formerly property of M. H. Wells.
3. One lot in the town of Bishopville, on Dennis Street, formerly property of C. S. Davis.
4. 90 acres of land consisting of two tracts one of 20 acres and one of 70 acres, on Providence road, six miles from Sumter.
5. 250 acres of land, 3 miles east of Sumter, formerly owned by Miss Julia R. DeSchamps.
6. 40 acres of land on Turkey Creek, formerly owned by W. W. McKagan.

For particulars apply to  
A. J. CHINA,  
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