

**The Watchman and Southron.**

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 22, 1899.

The *Sumter Watchman* was founded in 1850 and the *True Southron* in 1866. The *Watchman and Southron* now has the combined circulation and influence of both of the old papers, and is manifestly the best advertising medium in Sumter.

The mild but earnest invitation to our delinquent subscribers, made in these columns a few weeks ago, that they come up and settle without being "dunned," has not met with the unanimous response hoped for. Some have paid promptly, but these who have not paid are again requested to do so. We want money, but will take country produce of any kind, provided it is sound and in good condition. The full market price will be allowed for everything—poultry, eggs, grain, forage, meat, wood, and even pine-straw included. Now is a good time to bring in a load of something while wagons are coming to town to carry back farm supplies.

The tax levy for this county remains the same as it was last year, viz: 11 1/2 mills. The levy is apportioned as follows: For State 5 mills, school tax 3 mills, ordinary county purposes 3 mills, past indebtedness 1/2 mill. We have long hoped for a reduction in taxes, but recently we have quit hoping for an improvement our hope being swallowed up in the fear that the levy would be increased. Candidly, our belief is that there is more likelihood of an increase in the levy for ordinary county purposes than there is of a reduction.

The Legislature discussed the many bills relative to changes in the dispensary law, but no change was made. Prohibition, local option and high license are all theories, while the necessary is a powerful political machine, and has influence and a strong pull.

The expansionists declare their purpose to hold the Philippines indefinitely, that they shall never be an integral part of the United States and that the natives of those islands shall not be recognized as American citizens. Why should not the Filipinos fight the Americans and continue to fight them as long as they are able to do so? If the Filipinos are conquered the Americans will have a subject province for spoliation; if they succeed in attaining their independence they will be as much entitled to honor as the Americans who fought in the Revolutionary war. The conduct of the Americans toward the Filipinos is more oppressive and with less show of excuse than the tyranny of Spain from which Cubans and Filipinos have alike been endeavoring to escape.

An American restaurant keeper in Havana has stirred up a hornet's nest by refusing to serve a mulatto who holds a general's commission in the Cuban army, and his place was closed in consequence by the police authorities. His action is said to have raised the race issue, and Cuba will doubtless furnish, in future, a fruitful field for the exercise of the peculiar talents of the cultivators of negro outrages.

President McKinley has served notice, so the press reports say, on the senate that unless the army reorganization bill is passed and suitable appropriations made he will call an extra session of congress immediately subsequent to the adjournment of the present session. Imperialism and expansion require a large army and still larger appropriations, and we may expect an increase of both in geometrical ratio, year after year, for so long as the land-grabbers are in the ascendancy. Then will follow as an inevitable result still greater bond issues and heavier revenue taxes.

The Senate killed a very good bill last week when it voted to continue the Mauldin Broad Tire bill until next session. The bill bore its merits on its face, and the fact that little or no argument was advanced against it is satisfactory evidence that there was but little to be said in rebuttal of the solid and logical arguments made in its favor by Senators Mauldin and Manning. It is not often that a law will accomplish the beneficial results desired and at the same time confer compensating benefits

upon the persons directly affected. The Broad Tire law would have been of inestimable benefit to the public roads and would have made the roads better each day that broad tire wagons were used. Instead of causing them to deteriorate steadily as now results from the constant travel of narrow-tire vehicles. The use of broad tires is of benefit to the owners of wagons and stock, for it has been proven, by carefully and intelligently made experiments and tests, extending over several years, during which time the performance of the vehicles fitted with broad tires was noted, in all conditions of weather and on all kinds of roads, and that heavier loads could be carried and kept in better condition than when worked in wagons having narrow tires. The bill is dead for this session, but it can be taken up again next session and we hope it will then be passed, for it is in the nature of a reform and will improve the roads.

We direct the attention of our readers to the statements of Supt. Edmunds in reference to the Graded School library. The library is wholly inadequate to the needs of the school and is sadly in need of books. Old books by standard writers as well as new books will be welcome additions to the library and will be of lasting benefit to the pupils of the school. We are of the opinion that it would be practicable to organize a library aid association of a hundred or more members among the patrons of the school, each one of whom would agree to give a dollar or upwards each year for a period of years, and in this way the funds could be raised to purchase by degrees a small, but very useful library. The suggestion is made for what it is worth.

Sumter county has been exempted from the operation of the law to regulate the charges of tobacco warehouses. This is the next best thing to the defeat of the law, and we trust there will be no effort made at the next session of the Legislature to extend the law to this county.

Gov. Candler, of Georgia, has taken hold of the smallpox epidemic in that State with an energy that our tenant of the executive chair would do well to imitate. Gov. Candler has secured the detail of a smallpox specialist from the U. S. Marine corps and adopted a common sense and systematic plan for the suppression of the disease where it has appeared, and to prevent its spread to other and at present uninfected portions of the State. The authorities of all towns and cities and all county officials have been called upon to assist and co-operate with the Governor and the physicians acting under his direction, in the effort to control the epidemic, and we believe that the sensible and well-considered efforts of Gov. Candler will prove effective. In this State the disease spreads almost unopposed, and the Legislature biggled over making an appropriation that was absolutely necessary to the prosecution of the work the State Board of Health had undertaken. Unless greater efforts are put forth to combat the smallpox epidemic that is rapidly spreading over the entire State, we shall not be surprised if adjoining States declare a quarantine against South Carolina. Neither could we blame the authorities of other States for doing so, for they would be but protecting their people.

**Three Brothers Fight.**  
Barrow, Feb. 19.—The Sabbath was broken here to-day about 4 o'clock by a family difficulty in which the only participants were brothers, Adam, George and Thomas Duncan, all colored. In the triangular fight Adam Duncan was killed, being shot through the heart. George Duncan was shot in the leg. It is said that Adam and George used pistols, while Tom did his shooting with a gun. George is now in jail for shooting his brother, Adam. It seems Adam and Tom were pulling together in the fight against George. A woman caused the difficulty, which occurred in time for trial at this month's court.

Quicksilver has been discovered in Grant Park, in Atlanta. A man washing his dinner bucket in the lake in the park noticed the quicksilver, and examinations by the State Geologist showed that it exists in larger quantities in the ground around the lake.

A. J. Gill, Jr., Scotia, S. C., writes: I have used Dr. M. A. Simmons' Liver Medicine in my family 10 years. It has cured Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Constipation, and many other ailments.

**NEW TOBACCO WAREHOUSE.**

The announcement that Sumter will have a tobacco warehouse this season, managed by experienced tobacco men, backed by ample capital, and that a number of buyers for manufacturers and exporters will be stationed here throughout the season, is the best news we have been privileged to publish in quite a long time.

The warehouse will be leased by the men who will manage it and they will run it as a business enterprise from the start. They will come to stay and they have expressed a determination to build up a first class market, where tobacco will be sold strictly on its merit, and where the tobacco growers will receive fair treatment and have their interests guarded by the warehousemen.

The warehouse, under the new management, will be an excellent thing for this city and a great convenience to the tobacco growers of the county, who will be able to sell their crops at home and avoid the trouble and expense of hauling or shipping their tobacco to more distant markets.

Tobacco should fetch as high prices here as at any other place in the State, and we believe it will this season if the farmers of the county will patronize the warehouse and thus do their part toward establishing a permanent home market.

There will be more than enough tobacco produced in Sumter County this year to give both the warehouse in this city and that in Mayesville a support and keep the buyers at both places busy during the entire season, and we trust both will have a liberal and satisfactory patronage. Thus far tobacco warehouses in this county have not proven financial bonanzas to the men who put up the money to establish them, but they have been indisputably of great benefit to the tobacco producers, and we welcome with no small degree of satisfaction the re-establishment of the warehouse in this city, for it will be an encouragement and an incentive to many who have not heretofore planted tobacco to reduce their cotton acreage and put a portion of their farms in tobacco. There is money in tobacco, and if a fine grade of the weed is produced there is more clear profit to be realized from one acre than from five acres of cotton at six cents a pound.

**ARIZONA.**

(By A. F. Bonney, M. D.)

When I was editor in chief, devil, typo and chief cook of the now defunct *Arizona Triller*, and later of the *Arizona*, I used to tell the people how honest, and progressive, and intelligent they were. This fiction is as much a fixture in the average country newspaper office as is a shooting stick or a hell box, and the average editor will appreciate my sensations as being once more in a position to tell the truth.

No where else on earth will you find the peculiar conditions that exist here; and I can attribute it to no other cause than a lack of circulating medium. Everything used to be dicker and trade, and the most of the money the people got was what they received from the government in payment for bay and grain. When, about eleven years ago, the railroad was run through here it made some change, but even a greedy corporation was obliged to take personal cheques for freight charges that had oft times gone through a dozen hands, serving the place of greenbacks. The penny is an unknown thing here, as it is, or was, in California when I went there. I used to have lots of fun buying pennies at the postoffice and giving them to the street car conductors who invariably threw them into the street. But after awhile they got onto me, and then they had some fun throwing me into the street. Here an hypothetical quantity, a bit, twelve-and-a-half cents, is the unit of small change. In buying two cent stamps at the postoffice I got hold of pennies until I had five of them. With a good honest nickel and those five copper, or bronze, abominations I would try to buy a sudden dose of snake medicine, but the polite clerk would always shove them back. I could not buy a cigar with them, and so one day, seeing a remarkably beautiful, bright looking boy of five, I thought I would gladden his heart and so I offered them to him. He looked at them in surprise, and then said in his sweet, childlike treble: "What in hell do you think I want with them things, pard, think I'm a damned Mexican kid?" In my agitation I went to a nearby well, noted for the alkalinity of its water, and threw them in there, and then I ran swiftly away. I really expected the well to reject them. I never thought until afterwards that I could have got two two-cent and one one-cent stamps with

them at the postoffice. No wonder I am poor.

The dicker and trade way of doing business alluded to before is still very prevalent. The merchants send their cash to the bank at Tucson, over one hundred miles away, and pay bills in goods; and it is an unwritten maxim here: "If you get hold of a piece of money hang on to it, for if you let it go you will never see it again." A local justice of the peace was owing a man two dollars. When asked for it he said: "Oh, just let it go on your next fine." To give an air of truth to this statement I will just say that we have some justices, laws and juries out here in Arizona the like of which can be found no where else on the foot stool.

The large majority of the settlers in this valley are Mormons. They are recruited from all nations, as a rule from the middle and lower walks of life, and intellectually and morally will compare with the same class of people of other faiths. They are not more honest than their Gentile neighbors, they are industrious, but the results they achieve will not, in my opinion, compare with those of the good eastern farmer. There are a few smart, educated people among them, and they, thro' the control of the heads of the church in Utah, dominate the business, religious, domestic, political and spiritual affairs of the common herd. Like the Apache they have found that Uncle Sam has a long arm, and the Edmunds law is observed pretty well. They are as hospitable as the rest of the people here. I was recently out on a hunting trip and stopped at a ranch away out in the foot hills and asked to stay all night. They told me to come in, gave me supper, and after I had eaten, and the old man and I were smoking I looked around and wondered where we were all to stay. The house was built of adobe (mud), and was about 16x25, all in one room, and with a flat roof. One lone bed was all I saw to accommodate me, the old man and woman and six kids. There was a huge fireplace in one end of the room in which a fire crackled merrily. About 9 o'clock three of the children began to show signs of sleepiness, and they were undressed and put to bed. When they were sound asleep they were taken out of the bed and leaned up against the wall near the fireplace, and soon the other three were put through the same routine; then I was told that the bed was at my disposal. I protested, but as they insisted, and I was dead tired from a days hard tramping I took off my shoes and coat and turned in.

Along about 5 a. m. my old enemy, the asthma, gave me a jolt and I awakened, and to my great surprise I found myself propped up alongside the fireplace with the six kids, one of whom was using my abdomen for a pillow. The man and woman were in the bed, snoring hard and loud enough to scare the bears away. I have had doubts cast upon this story, but as I was formerly a newspaper man no one should doubt my veracity for a moment.

Many of the men here would be handsome were it not for their faces. The girls are pretty. Fortunately I can prove this, as I recently made a picture of one of the valley belles. It chanced that her own sweetness was going on a hunting trip, about the time she got the pictures, and she gave him one to take along and look at in camp. I have had just experience enough with camp life to know that a picture of ones sweetheart is just as essential to a well organized camp, as a Bible or a history of the Punic war. But he took the picture; and it chanced that he, in hunting, ran across a nice healthy cinnamon bear. The bear, in the course of the discussion, put his arms around the man so as to hold him while he, the bear, told him, the man, how much he, the bear, thought of him, the man. Realizing the emergency of the case the man drew out the picture of the girl to take one last, fond look at it. The bear turned his head to see what sort of a new engine of destruction the man was bringing to bear on him, gave one shriek of mortal agony, and went staggering down the trail. Afterwards they found him—dead, his face distorted with such a look of unutterable pain and despair that the men who were skinning him, the bear, shed great big tears.

When we stop to think of the curious fact that the female population is much greater than that of the male, there being three girls born to every boy, one cannot help wondering whether it is a proof of polygamous Mormonism or a divine plan to kill off the bears.

Mining is a great industry in this sun kissed land, and while there are no mines just here, there are bright promises for the near future. At Clifton, forty miles away over the mountains, and at Globe, the terminus of the G. V. G. & N. railroad, are two great camps where millions of pounds of copper are turned out each year. The hills are full of prospectors who come and go unceasingly. Young men, middle aged men, and old men; all eager and hopeful. The prospector is a born gambler. And no man who has not the gambling instinct largely developed will ever make a persistent prospector, for it is a life-time against a million in copper or gold, since the white metal has become just a base com-

modity. Thirty, forty, fifty years ago the prospector started out, a young, robust man, full of hope, lured by the chance of great and sudden wealth. At twenty five a million or more was his figure. At thirty-five a million would do. At fifty anything in the neighborhood of a million, at sixty he says: "It won't take much to keep me the rest of my days;" and most anything will satisfy him. His visits to town become more frequent and his stops longer, and one day he takes the trail over the Great Divide with the Grim Reaper for a pard, and his place is filled with other men who prospect the same hills and camp by the same springs. And it will be ever so, as long as men will gamble, with life as a stake, against a million to be won. To be Continued.

**WRECK ON A. C. L.**

Charleston, Feb. 19.—The northern mails were late to-day, due to a terrific head end collision reported to have occurred on the Atlantic Coast Line railroad at Roland, N. C., 40 miles beyond Florence, between the Florida Special and No. 35, the fast mail due here at 6.03 this morning. The two engines were reduced to wrecks, which extended partially to the trains, but no fatalities were reported. The mails were delayed about eight hours by the collision.

The *Kansas City Times* says: "The administration of William McKinley has already fastened an annual public expenditure upon us of not less than \$150,000,000 a year more than any previous administration, and it may reach over \$200,000,000. In fact, if the war revenue tax is continued, which it will have to be to make good the revenue deficits of maintaining the Government will be close on to \$300,000,000. The country has a few thousand islands, which are not self sustaining, and an additional force of 75,000 men for military purposes to snow for it all."

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The regular subscription price of the Southern Farm Magazine is \$1 a year, but we offer it and the Watchman and Southron together one year for \$2. Oct 19.

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