

SPEER ON THE IMMORTAL LIFE.

Georgia Jurist Speaks Before Hamilton Club.

Chicago, Ill., April 9.—Attorney General George W. Wickersham, addressing the Hamilton Club membership at the annual Appomattox day banquet here tonight, warmly upheld the Taft Administration.

Judge Emory Speer, of Georgia, discussed the dimly receding line of sectionalism between the North and South, and Governor Adolph O. Eberhardt, of Minnesota, addressed himself to the subject of the "new North."

Mr. Wickersham declared that the first year of President Taft's Administration, so far as possible in that short space of time, was a fulfillment of pledges made in the Republican platform. Expenses of Administration, he said, had been reduced, revenue increased, valuable information bearing on the correction of corporate evils collected, and in a general way forces organized in a sane and orderly manner to carry out promises made to the people.

Judge Speer, responded to the toast "To the men who surrendered and since then have carried the flag and kept step to the music of the Union," paid tribute to Gen. Robert E. Lee, leader of the Confederate forces, which surrendered, and praised in highest terms the action of Gen. Grant in making liberal terms for the Confederates at Appomattox. He quoted his historical data to show that from the closing days of the war to the present time the spirit of sectionalism has been gradually dying out in all sections of the country.

After drawing a graphic picture of Lee, presenting himself before the Union generals and the conference preceding the actual surrender, he described Lee's return to his troops to break the news.

"It has been permitted to his countrymen to know the emotions in the lofty soul of the noble figure in grey, as he regarded for the last time that army of tattered uniforms and bright muskets, which, in the words of a Northern historian, 'opposing a constant front to the mighty concentration of power brought against it, vital in all its parts, died only with its annihilation.'

"That his military career, brilliant and unstained from its inception, had ended he clearly knew. But every act of his life and especially that most critical and criticised, demonstrates that of all earthly considerations, his personal fortunes were to him the least. He had declared that duty is the sublimest word in any language and it can be made plain to any impartial mind that this loftiest type of American of the Southern States cast his lot with his native State and its subsequent allies, from a sincere conviction of duty, as holy and unselfish as that of any martyr, who, posted at the shrine of truth, had died in her defence."

Referring to the antagonism to placing a statue of Lee in Statuary Hall, and declaring that the sincerity of Southern men in their efforts to remove all trace of sectionalism can no longer be questioned, Judge Speer concluded:

"Nor can our country afford to deprecate or discredit in any manner the like character, or the military honor of the American States called Southern, and nothing could be more affrontive to a strong and fearless population, who have demonstrated their devotion to the flag, than any authoritative attempt to sully that Southern symbol, the stainless sword of Lee. It would obliterate in every such State the felicitous influences of the personal knowledge of the genial, courtly, manly President Lincoln, the tender mercies of the gentle McKinley, and all else that has been done or attempted to cultivate fraternity between the States once disordered, discordant and belligerent."

Profane History.

"Well, what is it now? If it's foolish question No. 9,597 I'll spank you and put you to bed."

"No, pop; I just want to know what is profane history."

"Profane history, eh? Well—it's—it's just a term to distinguish it from sacred history."

"But why is it called profane, pop?"

"How the—that is, how do I know? I suppose it—say, you know when little George Washington cut down his father's pet cherry tree?"

"Yes, pop."

"Well, what little Georgie's father said to little Georgia is profane history. I should think you could get your lessons without bothering me with your fool questions."—New York Times.

Standing in the barn will spoil a horse sooner than good steady work. When you see his legs begin to stock up, hurry and get him to work at something, if it is nothing more than exercising in the yard every day. Keep that up till you have some real business to do.

IN THE JURYROOM.

Strange Verdicts and Odd Occurrences Recalled by Business Man.

What was said in an editorial article in the Sun on March 9, about the foolish verdicts rendered by juries is all true. It would take a whole page of the Sun to relate the ridiculous and curious things I have experienced in thirty years of service in juries, grand and petit, Federal and State. I've been ashamed of the verdicts I've had to concur in civil cases rather than have a disagreement that would be dreaded by both parties.

I remember a case where a servant sued the administrator of an estate for a large sum in lieu of support for life, which she claimed had always been promised her by the deceased. To me and to three or four others of the jury it was plain that the whole thing was concocted by the woman's attorney, and when we retired we compromised in a \$5,000 award to the woman. The defendant's attorney assured us afterward that while it was an absolutely cold steal, they'd rather pay that sum than have the suit hang over with all it implied to the estate.

On another case a smart lawyer had bought up the claims of a dead and gone company of some kind down south and came north to try to collect from some of the original stockholders. He sued a well known gentleman of standing in the United States court before Judge Lacombe, and the defendant employed Mr. Choate to represent him. The whole thing was so preposterous that Mr. Choate said but little, and the jury was sent out. To the surprise of eleven of us there was on the first ballot one vote for the plaintiff. We began to discuss the matter, and one of the jurymen who sat quietly filling his pipe, said: "Gentlemen, it's no use discussing this matter. That was my ballot, and if we stay here a year you will never get me to vote in favor of that blankety, blank blank (naming the defendant.) I'm employed in the custom house, and some time ago, when that fellow was returning from Europe, he treated me as if I were dirt under his feet, and here is where I get square with him, d—n him." We of course had to report a disagreement, and at the same time gave a statement of the matter to Judge Lacombe.

I remember a humorous incident occurred in Judge Peckham's court. A tedious case had dragged along and on Friday the judge told us that court would sit on Saturday. Several of us business men didn't want to come to court on Saturday, and during lunch time we arranged with one of our number, a Hebrew, to remonstrate against serving on his Sabbath, and get us discharged until Monday. Well, when court reconvened we pushed our little man up to the front, and as soon as he spoke to the judge we saw there'd be something doing. The judge called up the counsel, one of whom was Gen Tracy, and there was quite a confab, resulting in the judge informing us that with consent of counsel he was going to withdraw a juror and go on with the case on Saturday with eleven jurymen. Our little game had been entirely successful of the Hebrew.

If there were space to spare I could give innumerable instances of both the sad and the humorous side of jury trials. Think of being on a jury for a year in the "Emma Mine case" and losing your business and becoming a bankrupt through it, as some men did. Think of a Federal court sitting five days with twelve jurymen and such counsel as the late Leon Abbot and Edwards Pierpont to decide on the loss of a sloopload of potatoes, frozen on their way from Nova Scotia. I'll bet Judge Wallace remembers it.—New York Sun.

Canada's Boer.

They tell a story of a farmer grown tired of wheat-raising, who decided to trade his farm for a bunch of city lots, says The Saturday Evening Post. He went into town and saw a real estate agent and arranged a trade.

The agent hitched up and drove the farmer out to see the lots. When they arrived at the destination the farmer looked over the lots and made no comment.

"Now, then," said the agent, assuming the trade to be made, "let's drive to your farm. Where is it?"

"Oh," replied the farmer, "we passed that about a mile back coming out here."

School Teacher Kills Herself.

Milledgeville, Ga., March 11.—Compelled to resign her work as school teacher because of ill health, Miss Effie Simpson, twenty years old and a member of a prominent family in this section, shot and killed herself at her home here to-day.

One day my little four-year-old boy was crying very hard, and his auntie said, "O, Walter don't stretch your mouth so wide, you will make it as big as a horse's." He stopped suddenly, then said, "And will my nose be on the end of it?"—The Decliner.

BLACK ROT OR SWEET POTATO.

Clemson Extension Work—Article II.

One of the most widespread and most destructive diseases in this State at present is the Black Rot of sweet potato. This disease occurs quite commonly and does considerable damage on potatoes both in the field and in storage. The rot is caused by a parasitic fungus which, under certain conditions, is able to pass from one plant to another and thus spread the disease.

The trouble first appears as brown or black patches or mottled, discolored areas on the surface of the potatoes. Quite frequently these discolored areas are observed in potatoes when they are dug, but at this stage the disease only seems to penetrate the skin and is apparently doing no serious harm. Later the rot extends into the potato and causes the affected area to turn black and to emit the odor which is so characteristic of rotten potatoes. When such potatoes are stored in warm, moist places, the rot producing fungus becomes especially active and by means of tiny spores, which are produced in small black pustules on the surface of the diseased areas, spreads rapidly from one potato to another. Under such conditions the disease is also spread by the filaments of the fungus growing from the rotten potato directly into adjoining healthy potatoes. In this way the rot might spread to every potato in a bank.

If slightly diseased potatoes are stored in a place where conditions are unfavorable for the development of the rot, they frequently remain partly rotted until spring. The real danger of spreading the disease from one field to another comes in bedding such potatoes. Slightly diseased potatoes seem to sprout as readily as healthy ones, and the slips from such potatoes are diseased. The disease transferred with such slips to the field remains on the plant and attacks the potatoes when they develop. The fungus which causes black rot also lives over in the soil from year to year and where potatoes are planted every year on the same land, the disease constantly gets worse.

To prevent black rot then we must: First, secure disease free seed for planting.

Second, avoid planting potatoes on the same land for two years in succession.

Quite frequently it is impossible to secure potatoes for bedding which are entirely free from disease. In such case it is well to use vines instead of slips, for the fungus which causes the disease remains in the vicinity of the roots of the plants. It does not live in the vines and leaves, so vines grown from diseased potatoes, if planted on land which is free from disease, will produce sound potatoes.

Now, as I have said, black rot occurs on the majority of the farms in this state and is responsible either directly or indirectly for the loss of thousands of dollars worth of potatoes annually, so it is well for every farmer to look out for it and guard against its spread. If you have already bedded your potatoes and are not sure that they are free from disease, plant as much of your crop as you can from vines and on land not previously planted in potatoes. When you gather these potatoes, bank separately the ones grown from the vines and the ones grown from the slips and note the keeping qualities of each.

Potatoes should not be banked for two years in succession in the same place, because the fungi which cause these rots will live over in the old banks and attack the new potatoes as soon as they are banked. Where potato houses or cellars are used for storing, they should be cleaned out and disinfected before the new crop is put in. This can be done by cleaning them out thoroughly and then spraying the walls and floor with a 3 per cent. solution of formaline or a 1 per cent. solution of copper sulphate (Blue stone).

H. W. BAURE,

Botanist S. C. Experiment Station.

"How Sharper Than a Serpent's Tooth."

An irritable, old farmer and his ungainly, slouching son were busy grubbing sprouts one hot, sultry day, when the old man suddenly stumbled over a small stump.

"Gosh darn that everlastin' stump!" he exclaimed, "I wish it was in hell!"

The son slowly straightened up from his work and gazed reproachfully at his father.

"Why you oughtn't to say that pop," he drawled, "You might stumble over that stump ag'in some day."—Everybody's.

Capt. James F. Wenman, oldest member of the New York Cotton Exchange and its first vice president, celebrated his eighty-seventh birthday anniversary yesterday at his home in that city. Mr. Wenman is known as the "father" of the exchange, and is more regular in attendance at its sessions than many of the younger members.

JUDGE HASKELL DEAD.

DISTINGUISHED SOLDIER-JURIST DIED THIS MORNING.

Was Gallant Confederate Officer and Faithful Public Servant and Strong Business Man.

Columbia, April 12.—Judge A. C. Haskell, for many years one of the leading men of the State, both in public life and in business affairs, died this morning at 3 o'clock. Last night Judge Haskell was operated on for an obstruction of the intestines. He stood the operation well and his condition was such as greatly to encourage his physicians and friends.

Later in the night, however, he grew rapidly weaker, and early this morning the end came.

Alexander Cheves Haskell was born in 1839, in what is now Abbeville county.

Judge Haskell, who was a member of one of the South's most noted families, graduated at the South Carolina college in 1860, ranking second in his class.

In January 1861, he enlisted as a private in Company D, First regiment, South Carolina volunteers. At the end of six months he was appointed adjutant. In November 1861, he was made chief of staff to Gen. Maxcy Gregg. When Gen. Gregg was killed, Judge Haskell continued in the same position under Gen. Samuel McGowan and also under Gen. Abner Perrin. In March 1864, Judge Haskell was given command of the Seventh regiment, South Carolina cavalry, with the rank of colonel. This command he held until the surrender at Appomattox. Colonel Haskell was detailed by Gen. Lee to surrender the Confederate cavalry to the Union Gen. Merritt. During the war Col. Haskell served at the battles of Antietam, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Cold Harbor and other engagements. At the battle of Cold Harbor he was badly wounded. Later he was wounded again and left for dead on the field of Darbytown. He also received wounds at Chancellorsville and at Fredericksburg.

Returning from the army at the close of the war, Col. Haskell commenced teaching school at Abbeville. At the same time he was engaged in the study of law, which profession he had decided to follow. He was admitted to the Bar in December, 1865, and in the same year was elected to the legislature, where he served two years. In 1867 he was elected judge of the district court at Abbeville. He resigned this position in September of the same year to accept the professorship of law in the South Carolina university, which he held with distinguished ability until July, 1868. At that time he was chosen as an elector in the presidential contest between Grant and Seymour. He at once began an active canvass of the State in the interest of Democracy, which did much for his party. At the close of the campaign Col. Haskell opened a law office in Columbia. A year later he formed a partnership with the late Joseph Daniel Pope, which lasted until December, 1877, when Judge Haskell was elected associate justice of

the South Carolina supreme court, a position which he held two years. He resigned to accept the presidency of the Charlotte, Columbia & Augusta railroad. At the organization of the Loan and Exchange bank in 1887 he was elected president. From 1887 to 1890 Judge Haskell was one of the government directors of the Union Pacific railroad.

When the State Publishing company was organized for the publication of The State, Judge Haskell was made the president of the company.

During the reconstruction campaign of 1876 Judge Haskell acted as chairman of the Democratic State executive committee. At the close of the campaign he represented the State in Washington in a successful effort to secure the recognition as governor of Wade Hampton.

Judge Haskell was married in 1861 to Rebecca C. Singleton. In November, 1876, he married again, Alice V. Alexander, being his second wife.

PREACHER MEETS MARTYRDOM.

Mission Worker Shot Down on Leaving Church.

Pittsburg, Pa., April 10.—A sermon on martyrdom in which Frank Skala, an editor and prominent mission worker, had declared himself willing to lay down his life for the Christian cause, was followed today by his assassination in a highly sensational manner and the shooting down of a fellow church leader, John Gay.

Arm-in-arm the two missionaries were leaving the little congregational church in Woods Run, a suburb, at the head of more than 100 foreigners. A raggedly dressed and collarless man pushed his way through the crowd and when he was but a step behind the leaders, he pressed a revolver to Skala's side and fired twice,

Skala falling dead. Gay, who threw up his right hand as if to ward off the weapon, was struck first in the thumb and then a second bullet was buried in his head. He fell unconscious across the body of his colleague.

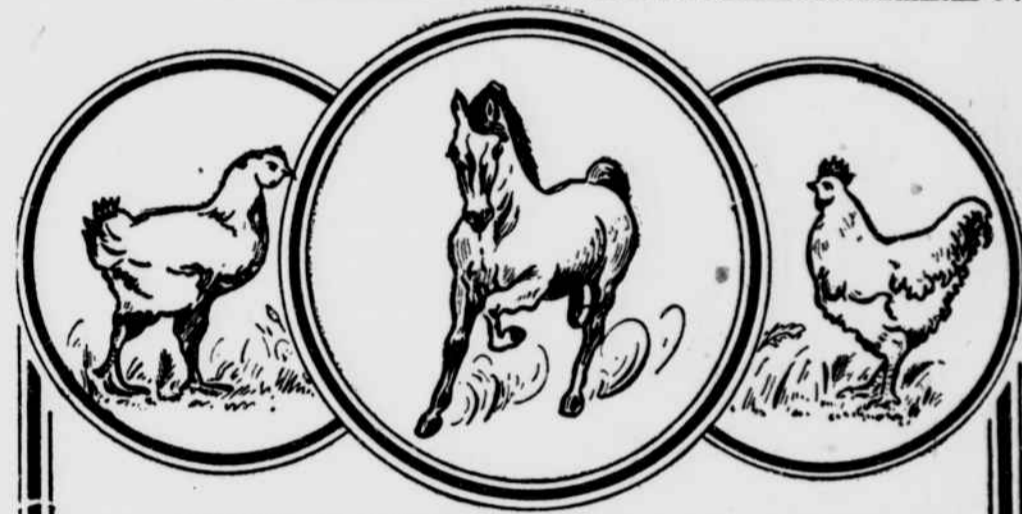
For a moment—for several moments—the assassin stood over his prey in amazed contemplation of the deed, flourishing his revolver, while the panic stricken crowd fled to shelter behind posts and doorways.

The madman was Jian Radowitch, a character known to most of the mission for his shiftless habits, slovenly dress and radical opinions. A moment before he had meekly read from juvenile leaflets in the Sunday school led by Skala. Previously he had set in a back pew of the church during the regular sermon and at the commencement of service Skala had shaken his hand in greeting. In all this Radowitch had given no warning of his murderous intention.

There was no policeman in sight when the murder was done, the church people were too terrified to grab the assassin, and after flourishing his weapon and stamping his foot on the bodies he made off from the avenue to the Fort Wayne railroad tracks and disappeared.

A large armed posse of police, detectives and church people was soon in pursuit, but up to a late hour tonight they had found no trace of him.

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Silas G. Ruffin

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