CHAPTER XIII.

ONE MELVIN FEARED. Turner knew that Melvin was not going to Beckett's Mill. He was as easiness. well assured of that fact as he would have been had Melvin told him so. He knew, on the contrary, that he was going to Hi Jenkins' place. Why he was going he did not know further than that he knew the new stranger had something to do with it.

The important information possessed by a little coterie at Beckett's Mill concerning Melvin had not reached wonder, it had not spread beyond the few persons to whom Sam Morgan had

related it that night at Hicks' store. The reason it had not spread, and the only reason doubtless, was attributable its surroundings. to Hicks. With an eye single to business he had seen a likely chance to turn a few honest dollars only if they would all keep quiet and patiently await the development of events. Taking the others fully into his confidence. he had said:

"If that feller's done somethin drefful for which he has to hide out from the law-which, of course, he has, or he wouldn't 'a' said so-why, it stan's to reason that'll be a reward out for him, if it ain't out already. Now, most ginerly when a reward is offered that a-way circulars are sent out to all the postoffices round whar the feller is likely to go, givin the amount of the reward, the feller's name an description an tellin whar he's wanted an what he's wanted for."

"Jest so," Pap Sampson had agreed. "I've seed them papers a stickin up in the postoffice here lots of times."

"Now," Hicks resumed, "my plan is for us all jest to lay low an keep our mouths shet, not sayin a word of this to nary a livin soul, an wait to see if one of them circulars don't come along here putty soon bout Mr. Melvin, Then when the circular does come we'll jest nab Mr. Man an take in that reward."

They all saw the wisdom of Hicks' plan and readily agreed to it, and for awhile they kept sacreally to their agreement. The temptation to talk was great, it must be admitted, but that reward was a greater temptation

So it had come about that Turner was still ignorant of everything concerning Melvin and in forming his opinions was acting altogether on mere surmises. He had never changed from his first formed opinion that there was something back of Melvin that was not exactly right, but he had never succeeded in getting beyond that point.

He readily conceived the idea that there was a connecting link somewhere between Melvin and Waite, but what that link was he could not tell. He had no idea whether the link was one of friendship or enmity, but he was inclined to the belief that it was the former. In fact, he labored under the impression that the two young men had been associated together in the commission of a crime or were leagued together for the purpose of committing some crime at a later date. He did not place their crime or contemplated erime beyond raddary, however, but he fixed it at robbery on a large scale.

When Moly, a role away from the house that might, beginner believed he had gotte to have and confer with Waite, but he was partially mistaken. Melvin had gone to Jonkins' place, and it was on account of A alte that he had gone, but if his edinises were correct Walte was one of the last men in the world be would once to meet or with whom he would sook a conference.

As Melvin bad teld Mrs. Banks, he had taken the life of a human being. In the hept of a quarrel he had shot down and instantly killed a young man named Marchand. He Justified himself for the act on the ground that he had acted in self defense, and in a way his claim was true. Just at the time of the killing it was merely a question of who could fire first, and if Melvin had not killed he would have been killed. But, on the other hand, Melvin was responsible for the misunderstanding, for Marchand was seeking to avenge the honor of his sister, whom Melvin had betrayed.

While Melvin might justify his act he knew public opinion nor the courts would justify it, so he fled from the scene to escape arrest. Having met Louisa Banks and learned to love her while she was a girl at school, his first thought when he began his flight was to go where he could be near her. That she had married mattered little to him, except to the extent that it removed her out of his way, for he had no very high regard for marriage nor a very

strongly developed sense of honor. His plan was to induce 1 r to elope with him if possible, and, though she had refused to marry him when she was free to do so, he had no doubt of his ability to influence her now since it had become known to him that she had learned to regret the step she had taken when she had declined him for Sim Banks. If she would elope with him, they would go to some out of the world place out west and there lose themselves to every one who had ever

known them, as well as to the law. In all his planning Melvin did not lose sight of the fact that the man he had killed had a younger brother living and that the brother was a determined, desperate character who was not likely to wait for the slow process of law to right his wrongs. From the arst Melvin had feared Robert Marchand more than be feared the law, and day and night he had been haunted with a dread that that man would hunt him out and kill him. He had covered his flight well, he knew, but biting sarcasm he answered: he was also aware of the tireless ener-

and set defermination of young Marchand, and this, added to the anxlety a criminal always experiences, kept him in a continual state of un-

His purpose in going to Jenkins' was to discover, if he could, without making his own presence known, whether the man giving his name as Waite had stopped there and whether or not it was Robert Marchand. The way be had planned to do this was very simple and at the same time comparative-

He proposed to tie his horse some where in the woods near Jenkins' Jonathan Turner. In fact, and for a house, then except entitionally forward under the cover of the fences and shrubbery until he reached a position commanding a view of the house and

> He was well aware that it was a universal custom among the people of would find Jenkins and Waite so sitting if the latter was there. In this or entild satisfy himself as to en steal softly away again.

And if that man should prove to be dert Marchand there was but one as for Melvin to do, and that was be from the section. He had that all planned out too. He would return Turner's for his things, claiming he of received a letter calling him back one, and he would go that night There would be no waiting for the morrow, not an hour's delay, if Robert Marchand was there.

However, he was saved all the trouble of putting his plans into execution. for as he passed along the road a mile from his destination a voice bailed him from the woods, and, looking around,

he saw old Hi Jenkins sitting on a log. "My Lord, young feller," Jenkins said, "but I'm pow'ful glad to see you shore, I been settin here for two mortal hours, an I got to thinkin that wa'n't nobody never goin to come along.

"Why have you been sitting there all that time?" Melvin asked.

'Cause I couldn't do nothin else Recken I was doin it for fun?" "Why can't you do anything else?"

"'t'ause I can't git a-loose from this dad burned log, an I ain't big enough to walk off with it." "Are you fast to the log?"

"Waal, sorter, I guess. Leastwise I been kinder under that impression the last two hours."

Melvin rode over near the old man. "How did you happen to get fast to the log?" he asked.

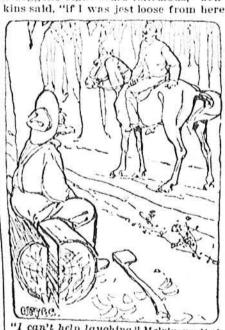
"Why, I was figh to eplit it up for rails," Jenkins replied, "an I'd drove a wedge in, startin a right smart crack in one eend. Ecclin sort of tired, I lowed I'd set down on the log to rest. an like a durned fool I set right on that ernek. I'd been settly there a light bi when the first thing I knowed that mis 'able sneakin wedge flew out, an the crack closed up, a-ketel in the seat of my pants an a-holdin me that so fast an tight that I couldn't move."

Melvin laughed. The situation was so ludicrous that he couldn't help it. He would have laughed if Jenkins had been dying. There was nothing funny in the situation to old Hi, however, and when Melvin laughed it made him angry.

"Reckon you think it's duried smart to stand that that a way an laugh like a blame fool at a poor, helpless, suffer in feller critter, but I bet if I was out of this I'd make you laugh out of t'oth er side of your mouth."

"I can't help laughing," Melvin replied. "The idea of a man getting into such a pickle as that! It's the most ridiculous thing I ever knew "

"Waal, you'd soon hear of somethin a doggone sight wass ridiculous," Jen



"I can't help laughing," Melvin replied. for 'bout a minute. But, say, dad burn your onery hide, ain't you goin to do nothin but stan' thar an act a fool a-laughin at me? Ain't you goin to help me out?"

"Couldn't you get loose in any way?" "You reckon if I could I'd 'a' set here all this time waitin for some durned idiot to come along an help me?"

"Did you try to get loose?" "Did I try to get loose? Geemenetty! Did I try? Lord, what senseless questions a blamed fool can ask! Reckon if you'd 'a' seen me tryin to tear my pants off an a-wigglin round here till I most wore myself out a-tryin to git out of 'em you'd 'a' had some notion I tried to git loose. Did I try? Lord, sich a question!"

"But you couldn't make it, eb?" Old Hi looked up, his face a perfect picture of disgust. With keen and

"Oh, to be sure I could 'a' got loose,

but it was so nice settin here that I 'lowed I'd jest stay an enjoy myself! I reckoned sooner or later some idiot isylum'd come along an stan' round here an ask a million fool questions, an I knowed it'd be more fun 'an you could shake a stick at to jest set here an answer 'eiu. But, say, air you almin to help me or not?"

Melvin had thought of the time when he had met III Jenkins and sought a little ald from him and of the treatment he had received, and it had occurred to him that now would be a good time to retaliate. So with cool nonchalance he replied:

"It makes no difference to me whether you get loose or not." Jenkins looked surprised, but after a

"It don't, ch?" "Certainly it doesn't. I didn't put you in there, did 1?"

"Course you didn't." "Then I guess I am not responsible for you being there, am 1?" "No. But what of that?"

"Nothing, only if I am not the cause of your being there I can't see that you have any reason to expect me to help you out.

"Ain't you got a grain of accommodation bout you, not nary a little speck?"

"Oh, I attend to my own business," Jenkins was silent and thoughtful for a little while. Then he said, almost humbly:

"Look here, young feller, I know what you're a-drivin at. You're a-thinkin of that time you cum acrost me over thar in the woods, an you're a-layin out to git even with me for the way I done you that day. But it hain't fair, for then I was a-settin thar waitin for my chill to come on, an nobody ain't goin to stan to be pestered under them circumstances. Hain't one man out of a thousan' that wouldn't 'a' done you wuss'n I did. You ain't got no excuse for cuttin up no capers with me, 'cause you ain't no ager workin on you, so you ort to help me out."

"Well, I guess I will this time, since you put it that way. But how shall I proceed? Shall I cut you loose?" "An spile my pants? Great Sam

Smith! Not much you won't." "How, then?"

"Why, jest maul that wedge in thar till you open up the crack enough to let me loose. Lord, looks like you'd have sense enough to know that much without bein told."

Melvin took up the wedge and stuck it in the end of the log. Then he took the maul and began to pound it with all his might. Slowly with each blow the crack opened until finally the old man found himself released from his humillating and wearisome imprisonment.

The moment he was free he rose to his feet and started toward home without speaking one word to Melvin or even so much as grunting a "Thank you." Melvin looked after him a moment in astonishment, then called to him, saying:

"Where are you going, Mr. Jenkins?" The old man glanced back in surprise as he answered:

"Why, home, of course. you reckon I'd be a-goin?" "Well-but-you seem to be in a great hurry, don't you?" "Not special. Why?"

"Oh, I thought you must be by your walking off that way without a word." "I ain't got nothin that I know of to stay here to talk about. Have you?" "Nothing in particular, I guess. I

presume you think your family are uneasy about you and you want to get home to relieve their anxiety?" "Reckon nobody ain't much uneasy bout me.' "Don't you suppose your folks are

searching for you?" "Not any to hurt. Hain't no folks but the old woman, an she ain't likely to strike out an trapse round huntin after me."

"Why?" "'Cause she 'lows I'm able to take keer of myself, an she figgers that I'll turn up somewhar some time all right. Then she ain't able to bother after me nohow."

A thought occurred to Melvin. "Perhaps that Mr. Waite may come out to look for you." he said. "I believe he is stopping at your house?" "Hain't no Mr. Waite stoppin at my

house," old Si replied. "That so?" "I wouldn't 'a' said it if it wa'n't

"Mr. Turner said a man of that name ame over here today to secure board with you."

"Waal, he dld come." "And didn't stop?" "He ain't stopped yit." "Is he going to stop?" "Said he was." "When?" "Putty soon."

"This week?" "Mebby-this week or next." "Where is he now?" "Went on down the country some-

Melvin drew a sigh of relief and, remounting his horse, rode back to Turner's. He decided that there was no immediate need for him to take his departure from the Ridge, so he would renaln on a few more days. It would

whar. Goin to stop when he gits

have been better, far better, however, for both himself and others if he had gone then. CHAPTER XIV.

THE SECRET OUT. It is difficult for two people to keep a secret, much less a half dozen. When Pap Sampson advised the men

at Hicks' store that night that it would be best for no one to mention to Sim Banks a word about the meeting between Melvin and Louisa, they all agreed with him, and each of them promised not only the others, but himself as well, that he'd abide by that advice, and every man there kept that promise most sacredly.

Yet, for all that, the information they were guarding from Sim reached him in the course of time, as they might have foreseen that it would.

Sam Morgan in an unguarded moment told his wife all about it, but was careful to caution her to montion it to no one. She carried the secret safely in her bosom for a day or two; then, finding it too much of a burden to any longer bear alone, concluded to

share it with her very nearest and dearest friend, Mrs. Mann, not forgetting to caution her against breathing a

word of it to another living soul. Mrs. Mann, less scrupulous than her neighbor or perhaps less afraid of Sim, did not hesitate to reveal to him the whole story. She so thoroughly despised Louisa, for the simple reason that Sim loved her, that she was only too auxious to avail herself of such a propitious opportunity to injure her. Then Sim, the cruel wretch, had coolly scorned her love and humiliated her thereby in a manner that would be galling to the heart of any woman, and she was not sorry that it had fallen in her way to be able to make him wince, for once in his life, under the sting of the cruelest knowledge that ever falls

She did not stop to consider what might be the result of her act. Meddlers never do. The after consequences of gossip are something with which they are not concerned and of which they take no thought. It was so, in this instance at least, with Mary Mann. It never once occurred to her to what serious lengths her act might lead, but it is doubtful whether she would have been able to control her tongue even if she had known.

It was only after an impatient delay of two or three days that she secured an opportunity of speaking with Sim. Then she proceeded to pour into his ears the whole story as Sam Morgan had told it at the store. Sim listened quietly until she had finished, after which he calmly said:

"That is all you have to say, is it?" "All!" she exclaimed wonderingly. "My land, ain't it enough?" "Is that all?" he repeated, with quiet

"It is," she replied. "Now do you want to hear what I

firmness.

have to say?" he asked. Her heart gave a little joyful bound, and a thrill of pleasure ran through her. Sim spoke so quietly, so calmly, that she was sure he was not hurt by what she had told him, and in the space of half a minute she had reasoned it out that it falled to hurt him because he no longer cared for his wife and took no interest in anything she did. She felt assured that what he had to say would prove to be a renunciation of Louisa, and certainly nothing he could say would be more acceptable to her, except it were a declaration of love for herself. So softly and demure-

ly she replied: "If you care to tell me," "Then listen," he said. "Every word

you have told me is a lie, a willful Mrs. Mann staggered back as from the effects of a heavy blow. Sim's

words, spoken so quietly, so positively, so unexpectedly, completely disconcerted her. In one breath they had dashed all her newly formed hopes and opened her eyes to the fact that the one great desire of her soul would never be realized. Sick at heart and pale with disappointment, she stared at Sim for a full minute in painful silence. But presently a change came over her, and the paleness of disappoint-

ment on her face slowly gave way to the flush of anger. If she could love with a passion that but few women know, she could hate equally well. Fixing her eyes on Sim, with such an expression of deadly hatred as he had never seen in any human eyes before, she sald: "Sim Banks, you are a fool, a poor,

pltiful, mis'able fool, an I despise you with my whole heart and soul. I despise you wuss'n I despise the meanest snake that ever drawed the breath of life or crawled in the dust. I hate you! I hate you!"

Ordinarily Sim would have been astonished at this sudden and vehement outburst, but at that moment he was not in a state of mind to be astonished at anything. With a wan, weary smile, he said:

"That's a different tune, Mis'us Mann, to what you sung that night up thar when you told 'bout lovin me." "What if it is?" she snapped vicious-

"Oh, nothin. It don't make no difference to me what kind of tune you sing, nary a particle on earth. I'd jest as lief you'd sing this kind as the other, an I don't know if I wouldn't liefer. But seems like you've changed a heap."

"S'pose I have? Is it any sign 'cause a body's a fool once they're goin to allus be a fool? An I was a fool then, Sim Banks, a plumb downright idiot fool. If I hadn't 'a' been, I'd never 'a' thought that I loved the likes of such a mis able thing as you. Lord, you make me plumb sick with your fool clingin to Loneesy's skirts when she's doin her very best to kick you off. You ain't got as much sense nor as much

backbone as a fishworm." A flash of anger swept over Sim. "Mary Mann," he said, with some spirit, "what I do is my own business, an as long as I don't step on your corns you ain't got no cause to squeal. No matter what I do nor what Loueesy ddes, it ain't takin no hide off of your back, as I kin see, so I reckon you mought jist as well save your breath

for some other purpose." "Humph! I reckon you mean to say that it ain't none of my business." "I do, Mis'us Mann; I mean jest that

exactly." "Waal, mebby it ain't my business; but, for all that, Sim Panks, I'm bound to say that you're a fool an that ever'body knows you are."

"Waal, if I am it's the Lord's doin's. He made me that a-way, an I can't help it. If you got any quarrel to make about it, you better go on to him.'

"You're sich a sot an determined fool," Mrs. Mann said, Ignoring Sim's last remarks, "that you wouldn't believe a thing ag'in Loueesy if you see it with your own eyes. Them words I told you are the truth, the plumb gospel truth, an I'd be willin to sw'ar to em with my hand lifted up to heaven an the Bible open before my eyes."

"I don't b'lieve nary a word of it. Mis'us Mann, an I wouldn't b'lieve nary a word of it if you was to stan' up here an sw'ar to it till you drapped in your tracks. It's ever speck a misable lie!" "It's over' speck the God's truth."

"I say it's a lie!" Mrs. Mann was silent for a little while, but hers was not the silence of the vanguished. She was only pre-

paring to deal a harder blow. As she PENSION LIST DECREASED. stood with her eyes fixed on Sim she marveled at the change that had come No Pensions for Negroes-The New over her. She thought of how dearly she had once loved that man and of she had once loved that man and of how thoroughly she now despised him, ed its labors for the year 1901 and adof how once she had longed to make him happy and of how now she delighted in making him suffer. Of a truth and the result of the operation of the "hell has no fury like that of a woman | new act has been to most materially rescorned." Truer words were never uttered, nor ever was there a woman to whom they more perfectly applied than they did to Mary Mann.

Calmly, far more calmly, than she felt, she said: "I reckon you know Sam Morgan,

Sim?" Sim glanced up in surprise. "Me know Sam Morgan!" he exclaimed. "Land, what a question to

ask! Aln't I knowed Sam Morgan from the day he was borned?" "An, knowin him that a-way, I want to ask if you ever knowed him to tell a lie?"

llar, no matter what else you can say 'bout him." "Then if he was to tell you anything

"I never did. Sam Morgan ain't no

you'd b'lleve it?" Sim began to suspect to what Mrs. Mann's questions were leading, and a sensation of fear came over him. However, after a little hesitation he au-

"Yes. If Sam Morgan was to tell me anything for a Bible truth, I'd b'lieve "Even if it was them words I spoke

to you 'bout Loueesy an that Mr. Mel-

Sim's face blanched to a deadly whiteness, and a dreadful trembling selzed him. If Sam Morgan said those things, he couldn't doubt them, and in spite of himself, in spite of all his earnest desires, he would have to believe all Mary Mann had told him. It was hard, hewever, to relinquish the last vestige of the fond faith he had in his

wife, and, beaten back to the last

ditch, he made a final stand in her de-

"Sam Morgan won't say no sich words!" he cried in tones half pleading, half defiant. "Sam Morgan won't nev-

er do it!" "He will," Mrs. Mann persisted, with unrelenting cruelty. "He has said 'em already, an he'll say 'em ag'in."

"I don't believe it. Sam won't lie." "Sam won't lie, but he'll say them words."

"How do you know he will?" "'Cause he has already said 'em, an he won't never take back his words. It was him that seen the meeten between Loueesy an Melvin, an it was him that heard them two talkin love. If you wa'n't a fool, Sim Banks, a plumb, senseless idiot, you'd know from what you've seen an heard that Loueesy loves that man. My Lord, ever'body else knows it an has knowed it for weeks!"

Sim shook his head. "I don't b'lieve it, I don't b'lieve it," he repeated. "Loueesy wouldn't never do no sich a thing."

"No, you wouldn't b'lieve it, I guess, if she was to tell you so herself." "She ain't never a-goin to tell me

"I guess not. She'd be a fool if she did. What she'll do will be to deny it. A wife ain't likely to stan' up an tell some man she loves him, then go an tell her husband all 'bout it." "She never told that man that, an

you'll never make me b'lieve she did." "Waal, you ask Sam Morgan. That's all I got to say. You jest ask him." "I will, an I don't b'lieve he'll say it's so."

"He will say it's so, ever' word of it. "If he does, may God have mercy on

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

-During the past twenty one years Georgia has paid out in pensions to Confederate soldiers the snug sum of \$6,458,857.



shiftless when she doesn't deserve the least bit of it. She can't study, easily falls asleep, is nervous and tired all the time. And what can you expect? Her brain is being fed with impure blood and her whole system is suffering from poisoning.

Such girls are wonderfully helped and greatly changed, by taking

Hundreds of thousands of schoolgirls have taken [ it during the past 50 years. Many of these girls now have homes of their own. They remember what cured them, and now they give the same medicine to their own children. You can afford to trust a Sarsaparilla that has been tested for half a century.

\$1.00 a bottle. All druggists. If your bowels are constipated take Ayer's Pills. You can't have good health unless you have daily action of the bowels. 25 cts. a box.

boweis. 25 cts. a nox.
"One box of Ayer's Pills cured my
dyspepsia." L.D. CARDWILL,
Jan. 12, 1890. Bath, N. Y. Jan. 12, 1899. Bath, N. X.

Wello the Bostor.

If you have any complaint whatever and desire the best medical advice you can possibly receive, write the doctor freely. You will receive a prompt reply, without cost. Address, DR. J. C. AYER, Lowell, Mass.

Law is Working Very Well. ourned. Every application has been duce the number of names upon the lists. One source of the reduction is found in the fact that the new pension law only allows pensions to widows of soldiers actually killed in service, and widows who have reached the age of 60 years. This statement shows the figures for last year as compared to those

es a sul lando da tracimo como son nel ro	A	В	C	<b>Fotal</b>
1900	46	362	7,298	7,706
1901	24	201	6,213	6,438
	-			
Decrease	22	161	1,085	1,268

some slight changes. Here is the statement of the number county:

O Total

١	Abbeville	-	2	136	13
١	Aiken		12	178	1
١	Anderson	2	9	359	. 3
١	Bamberg		2	48	14
١	Barnwell	3	-	105	1
١	Beaufort	-	-	27	
١	Berkeley	1	-	87	
١	Charleston	2	5	77	(3
١	Cherokee	1	6	151	1.
١	Chester	1	3	89	Ţ,
1	Chesterfield	1	4	130	1
١	Clarendon	1	3	118	1
1	Colleton	-	2	287	2
١	Darlington	2	1	187	1
١	Dorchester		-	69	
١	Edgefield		6	91	
1	Fairfield	-	8	103	1
١	Florence	1	2	128	1
ı	Georgetown		2	36	
1	Greenville	_	11	325	3
	Greenwood	-	5	115	1
	Hampton	-	1	113	1
	Horry	-	7	144	1
	Kershaw	1	2	108	1
	Lancaster		8	114	2 2
	Laurens	1	8	500	2
	Lexington		9	131	1
	Marion	3	8	180	1
	Marlboro	-	2	109	1
	Newberry	-	5	137	1
	Oconee	-	3	162	1
	Orangeburg	1	4	122	1
	Pickens		2	236	2
	Richland	1	5	156	1
	Saluda	-	5	141	1
	Spartanburg	_	23	507	1
	Sumter		6	159	
	Union	1	4	135	1
	Williamsburg	_		106	- 3
	York	1	9	2'19	2
	70. 4 3	~			-

Total...... 24 201 6,213 6,438 On a basis of \$100,000 the class A pensioners last year got \$72 each; class B, \$16 90 class C, \$12 30; on a basis of \$150,000 they would have gotten in classes B and C \$19 52 and \$14.62 respective ly. This year the class A pensioners will get \$96 each, class B about \$29.80 and class C about \$22 35

The receipts have been sent to the several counties for the pensioners to sign. As soon as they begin to come in the warrants for the individual pension ers will be sent to the several clerks of There has been considerable interest

in the matter of the three negro men

whose applications have been approved, and some of whom have been on ous pension lists. The case from Green wood attracted decided attention and comment The State board rejected all of the apgrounds that their names did not appear

CAPERS IS A REPUBLICAN

other than enlicted soldiers.

Will Act With Party in Future His View of the Situation.

Mr. W. E Curtis, the Washington corespondent of the Chicago Record-Herald, writes as follows: "I am not so vain as to suppose that

my appointment as district attorney for South Carolina will make any great difference in the political affairs of that State," said John G. Capers turs morning, "but I am sure that it will be grat men. said John G. Capers this mornfying to a large class of young men, who, like myself, have become dissatwho, like mysen, have become district sfield with the policy and the platform of the Democratic party, and are seeking more congenial political associations. My family have always been Demo-crats, and I was more or less active as a member of that party until the Chicago convention of 1896. With many others n my State I could not endorse the platform or support the nominees, because we have no sympathy with the Ransas city convention of 1900, having settlements. I think experience and renominated the candidate for President and reaffirmed the platform of the previous campaign, we were again compelled to reject the ticket, and we decided to support the Republican candidate. I contributed all that I could to destiny. That entire confidence, which the election of President McKinley I spent six weeks on the stump in the campaign, chiefly in Maryland and West and her property in his custody, gives Virginia, and I suppose that I am now rise to the most sacred and tender re-reckoned as a Republican. A least I gard. A marriage settlement implies a expect in the future to act with that party because it represents progressive party because it represents progressive ideas and patriotic policy.
"I can not say anything about

movement to organize a white Repub ican party in South Carolina, although can say that the Democratic organizaion and its leaders no longer command the respect and confidence of the better classes of our people, and its national policy is repudiated by the commercial nterests and the intelligent and enope that we shall be able to organize Republican party in South Carolina that will be a credit to our State and represent the best elements of that com-munity. I am not a political leader, but I shall do everything in my power to promote the movement. I have no fear of negro supremacy. That danger is passed, and it can not be used any longer by the politicians to create public sentiment and excite prejudice against the Republican organization. "I am not authorized to speak fo

Senator McLaurin," said Mr. Capers, in conclusion. "He is able to speak for himself, and I understand that he intends to do so next Thursday at the meeting of the Cotton Manufacturers' Association at Charlotte, N. C. From what I have heard of Senator McLaurin's intentions I am sure he will leave no doubt as to his political attitude." It appears that Mr. Capers is not the

first gold Democrat appointed to office by the President in South Carolina, nor will he be the last. There seems to be no doubt of the intention of Mr. Mc-Kinley to aid in the organization of the dissatisfied element among the Demo-



Our books, telling about composition of fertilizers est adapted for all crops, are free total farmers. GERMAN KALL WORKS, of Nascan St., New York,

Republican organization in South Carolina for the last few years has consisted of a small number of white and colored politicians, who have elected themselves delegates to conventions has recommended themselves and each other for Federal office. They have had no following except among the colored people, who have not been allowed to vote. the last Presidential election only 3 579 votes were east for the Republican ticket in South Carolina, and in 1896 69 only 8,281. In the election for members 97 of Congress 1.529 Republican votes were 131 second, 332 in the third, 165 in the 38 fourth, 151 in the sixth and 505 in the seventh. In the First district the De-

mocratic candidate had no opposition. This condition of things has been so seriously impressed upon the mind of the President that he is impelled to encourage the gold Democrats in their opposition to the Tillman regulars, with 140 the hope of seeing a new Republican 190 organization that will command confilence and support in the State. For that reason Mr. Capers has been recognized, and only the other day another young Democrat by the name of Capt. Chaffee was appointed postmaster at Aiken upon the recommendation of Senator McLaurin over a prominent colored leader by the name of Dickerson, who was recommended by the Re publican State committee and the few Republican leaders that are left in South Carolina. Like McLaurin and Capers, Capt. Chaffee belongs to what is familiarly known as the 'Old Plantation Aristocracy,' which has never been comfortab'e under the leadership of Tillman. He was a captain in the Spanish war and made a good record. His appointment has been approved by the best people of the State and will be followed by other appointments of a similar character, as vacancies occur in the Federal offices.

JOHN C. CALHOUN'S FORMAL WOOING. -Though an ardent lover fretting at time's slow course until his wedding day, John C. Calhoun wrote but one letter to his sweetheart-his pretty cousin, Floride Calhoun All the other communications, when the lovers were reparated, were made through her mother. But shortly before their marriage the Great Nullifier," wrote expressing his anxiety for the arrival of the happy day, and the letter recently come to light is published in the Ladies' Home lications from the negroes on the Journal. After giving hearty expression to the joy he has found in her company

on the rolls of the respective companies the letter runs:
to which they were credited on the Con 'It gives me much satisfaction that federate rolls and records on file in the time and absence make no imprestion Adjutant Gene are office, and that they on my love for you; it glows with no had no author ty to issue persons to less arder than at the moment of parting, which must be a happy omen of its permanent nature. When mere persona charms attract, the impression may be violent but cannot be lasting, and it requires the perpetual presence of the object to keep it alive; but when the beauty of mind, the soft and sweet disposition, the amiable and lovable character embellished with innocence and cheerfulness are united to the attractions of personal beauty, it bids de-fiance to time. Such, my dear Floride, are the arms by which you have conquered, and it is by these the durability of your sovereignty is established over your subject whom you hold in willing servitude. May God preserve you. Adieu, my love: my heart's delight I am your true lover."

> OPPOSED MARRIAGE SETTLEMENTS .-Just before Calhoun's marriage he had a ong talk with the legal counsel of his sweetheart's mother regarding Floride's marriage settlement, and directly thereafter, says George Wolsey Symonds, in the Ladies' Home Journal, wrote to his prospective mother-in-law on the sub-"From prejudice, or reason, I reason prove them to be unfriendly to the happiness of the marriage state; and that they tend to produce pecuniary em-barrassment. In that state there should be one interest, one happiness and one is reposed by a female in the object of able accident. It is a guard against the imprudence or misconduct of the husband only. If successful in life there is no benefit in one; if unsuccessful, what more disagreeable than to have property, but not to be able to pay just debts? would to me be wretched. It would be splendid poverty."

-Rev. Justin D. Fulton, who for 47 years was actively engaged in the Baptist ministry, died recently near Boston. He was for many years a public lecturer.



If Death Dust is not for sale by your pealer, we will upon receipt of 25 cents dend you the large package by mail post-

MONEY TO LOAN

On farming lands. Easy payments. No commissions charged. Borrower pays actual cost of perfecting loan. Interest 7 per cent. up, according to security.

JNO. B. PALMER & SON.

dissatisfied element among the Democrats, which is quite numerous in that State and has always protested against the domination of Senator Tillman and the Populist element of the party. The Columbia, S. C.