

The story told on the first page of this paper of how an innocent man was hung in South Carolina for murder, although he had a fair and impartial trial, is one of a number of similar instances given in the books. There are a number of cases cited in works on circumstantial evidence where parties have been convicted, condemned and executed, and afterwards some party who had not been suspected was found out by confession or otherwise to have been the perpetrator of the crime. It makes one's blood run cold to think of such a possibility where every precaution has been taken to secure for the accused a fair trial by his peers, but the fact remains that such things have happened and been found out. How many cases there are where the innocent have suffered for the crimes of others who made no sign we can but conjecture. But if unprejudiced juries are after a patient investigation and with the assistance of learned judges to expound to them the laws of evidence, what of the frenzied mob that goes forth at night to avenge a supposed wrong to the public? Their work is fearful enough when they kill the guilty, but when we reflect how hard it is often to determine who is guilty and who is innocent the horror attending these lawless executions becomes apparent.

In these days of political storms, when the whole political sea is full of swirling waves, when breakers hiss on every side and wrecked political hulks drift hither and thither on the seething brine, it is hard to predict what pilot will be able to steer his vessel safely through the rocks into the presidential port in ninety-two. In both Democratic and Republican camps everything is chaos and confusion, and the political workmen who are rearing their tower of Babel toward the heaven of national power and patronage have been stricken with a confusion of tongues. The cause of this state of affairs just now is probably that the presidential aspirants are doing the most of the talking, and each one is trying to catch the popular ear without definitely committing himself to anything. The people are generally too busy just now to talk politics. They are plowing their fields, or delving in their mines, or building towns and factories and railroads. Some time twelve months or more from now they will take a day off and attend to the politicians and save the country again. We predict with confidence that the country will be saved though many of the politicians are going to be lost next year in the weird and wintry waste of the mystic river of Salt.

The telegraphic despatches from Chilean and Mexican ports indicate that the United States navy may soon have a chance to show its metal in a battle with the insurgent Chilean fleet. The steamer Itata, that was loaded with arms and munitions of war in a California sea port for the use of the insurgent forces in Chili, in violation of the neutrality laws, is plowing the waters of the Pacific with the U. S. man-of-war, Charleston, in hot pursuit. All the vessels belonging to the U. S. navy now cruising in the Pacific have been ordered to Iquique, the port on the northern coast of Chili where the insurgents are making their headquarters. Here it is thought that the Itata must turn up sooner or later if she escapes from the Charleston, and the American war ships have orders to take her at any cost. If, as is likely, the insurgent fleet now anchored in that harbor, should resist the capture of the Itata, there will be a hard sea fight. This chasing of the fugitive Itata looks like very fine sport, but it is costing this government away up in the hundreds of thousands, and it may be that the fun has only begun. The insurgent fleet must now fight or run or back down and the country is waiting the result with interest.

Every editor could do just like every-day folks, and allow his friendships and his kindly feelings to control him in all that he wrote, he would have an easy time and would make very few enemies, but he would be unworthy of the trust and confidence of the people and ought to be kicked out of his sanctum by a forty horse power man with a number twelve shoe. In dealing with prominent citizens and informing the people of their acts the conscientious editor often has to lay a ruthless hand on his nearest and best friends. Having said so much by way of introduction, we deem it our duty to state

that at the Episcopal Convention at Asheville last week, brother Scott, of the Topic, who palmed himself off on George Vanderbilt as the Governor of the new State of Clingman or something of the kind, voted against allowing ladies to vote for vestrymen. Should he deny this, as we believe he will privately, we are prepared to prove it.

The editorial in last Saturday's New York Herald, reproduced elsewhere, is significant. The Herald doesn't write editorials for buncomb, but it writes about things the people are thinking about and when it devotes a half column of its editorial space to "the growth of the South" it means that thousands of people have their eyes on this section, and that several hundred thousands more will have their attention riveted on the South by the pithy sentences of the great New York daily. Not only the Herald, but nearly every other northern paper now devotes a good deal of space to the development of the South, and it is telling wonderfully in the increased impetus given to immigration and the investment of northern capital in the booming, growing South.

IT COSTS YOU NOTHING: It is with pleasure we announce that we have made arrangements with that popular, illustrated magazine, the American Farmer, published at Cleveland, Ohio, and read by farmers in all parts of this country and Canada, by which that publication will be mailed direct, free, to the address of any of our subscribers who will pay up one year in advance. This is a grand opportunity to obtain a first class farm journal free. The American Farmer is a large 16-page illustrated journal, of national circulation, which ranks among the leading agricultural papers. Its highest purpose is the elevation and ennobling of Agriculture through the higher and broader education of men and women engaged in its pursuits. The regular subscription price of the American Farmer is \$1.00 per year. It costs you nothing. From any number ideas can be obtained that will be worth three the subscription price to you or members of your household, yet you get it free. Call and see sample copy. Any subscriber to THE HERALD, either new or old, can get this excellent farm monthly magazine free by paying up one year in advance.

NEWS NOTES. During the year 1890 New York received 400,000 immigrants. Fire in the business portion of the city of Muskegon, Mich., destroyed property estimated at \$500,000, with insurance for about \$300,000.

Amer Ben Ali, who has been arrested by Inspector Byrnes of the New York "Jack the Ripper," has been indicted and the grand jury has found a true bill against him.

The Kentucky State Democratic Convention has declared for the free coinage of silver. The Cleveland men fought it, but the silver men carried the day with a whoop.

The wheat prospect at this time is very promising. If nothing happens to injure it between now and harvest we will have an unusually large yield.—Mount Airy News.

The United States government has recently had some enormous guns forged that will throw a projectile weighing 1000 pounds ten miles. It takes 400 pounds of powder to charge the guns each round.

The negroes of Wilmington tried to rescue a colored prisoner named Kit Higgins, last Saturday night and there was a serious riot, which was only quelled by the prompt appearance of the Wilmington Light Infantry on the scene of the disturbance.

FROM WASHINGTON. Crookedness in the Pension Bureau. Mr. Harrison's "The Pension Bureau" is a very interesting and timely article. The Pension Bureau is a very important one in the State of Clingman or something of the kind, voted against allowing ladies to vote for vestrymen. Should he deny this, as we believe he will privately, we are prepared to prove it.

Statistics are said to be dull and stupid. That may be true as a general thing, but when you take an inventory of your property and see that you are worth just three times as much as you were ten years ago then figures become more fascinating than poetry and more thrilling than oratory.

The South will back us up in these statements. When it pulled itself together after the war it found that it had nothing but bankruptcies and pluck as capital in trade. The past is nowhere; the future is everywhere, and it drew its belt one hole tighter and started in the race.

Mr. Harrison, who thinks about this young man's peculiar transactions, as well as those of his father, probably wishes he had never seen the Banns and that he had not been so precipitate in kicking "Corporal" Tanner out—no one ever accused Tanner of being dishonest. The Banns have certainly tried to make a while of the official seal of the old gentleman as soon as he became Commissioner began to look out for the rest of the family.

Moore, gold mining speculator of Washington, D. C., have been in our town some time, prospecting, we presume. Good money of our dysarthric little wife, who in Marion last week attending court, was taken to a huge fraud on the night of the 6th. No serious damage except to truck patches and garden vegetables. We had a fine rain last week. The crops were greatly in need of rain.

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The statistics which represent its progress are as exhilarating and cheering as old wine. Its total output twenty years ago was about two million tons; now it is nearly eighty million tons. It is nearly as much as it was twenty years ago, but it is nearly as much as it was twenty years ago, but it is nearly as much as it was twenty years ago.

The South has rolled up its sleeves and proposes to be rich again—richer than ever. It has all the natural resources which attract capital and enterprise. Young men from the North are looking for a career are making investments there, helping to develop the country, and they all ways receive a warm welcome.

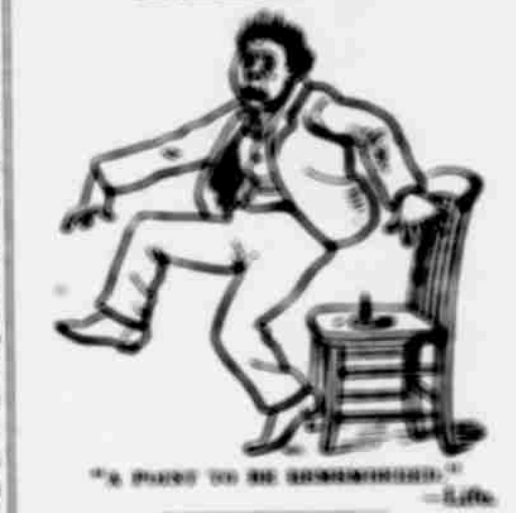
It was on a beautiful train coming into Jersey City. A tall, dark, young man, with a pair of spectacles on his nose and his hair in a wavy style, was sitting in a nervous way and looking about on the seat as if he was afraid of some one sitting in the seat next to him.

Republishers who have talked with Mr. Harrison since his return says that he has about as well developed a case of the "log head" as they ever saw.

Mr. Harrison—How do you get on? You have two suits today. Mr. Binge—How do you get on? You have two suits today.

One of the clergy of the Christian Episcopal congregation in Portland had this to write in illustration about the small boy at his home last five years and six months—who had been out of school for some time.

Good Chance for Snappers. Washington (New York) Correspondent. I saw a man who was out for a good chance for snappers. He was out for a good chance for snappers.



Several weeks ago a boy entered a candy store on Michigan street and said: "Please, sir, my father is dead, and won't you please see for two weeks of candy?"

The visitor from New York had been in the city to address the Sunday school. "I am reminded, children," he said, "of the names of a boy who was once no larger than some of the little fellows I see here before me."

An interesting anecdote is related of Benbowing as regards the case of the following societies. A society had met, and the passage under discussion was taken from "The Pilgrim's Progress."

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