

MAJOR JONES TRAVELS FIFTY YEARS AGO.

By Major Joseph Jones of Georgia.

LETTER IV.

CHARLESTON, S. C., May 15.
To Mr. Thompson—I arrive here last evening about 3 o'clock, ride up, all safe and sound. Fore daylight yesterday morning the tugger at the hotel in Hamburg knocked me up, and told me anxious for the railroads was waiting for me. I wasn't no time getting ready, and in a few minutes I was riding over the bridge what Lieutenant Odio clared so quick when he got loose from the Peleas, on my way to the Carolina railroads.

I never was in the land of slavery before, and had a good deal of curiosity to see what kind of a place it was where the people lived what they say and do every time. Mr. Calhoun takes snuff—and what General Kitterdum's men was born with arms in their hands," redly and terminated to take Texas from the Mexicans, whether or no. Well, my opinion is, if Mr. Dickens was to see Hamburg he wouldn't find the same fault with it that he did with Boston. The white and red point in Hamburg wouldn't hurt his eyes much, and when he went to sleep at night he might be monstrous certain that he'd find it that in the morning. The fact is, Hamburg is like the Irishman's horse—it is little but it's odd. It was built long before the flood, and is got the marks of antiquity in every old shingle, every unpeeled clapboard, every broken pane of glass.

Don't misunderstand me, Mr. Thompson; I ain't like some travelers into foreign parts, what takes pains to humbug their readers' about every grate city they visit, just as if nobody was ever there before. Not by no means. When I say Hamburg was built just before the flood, I don't mean the flood that drowned all, but what they say of the father Noe and his cargo of animals, but I mean the flood of 1840, what overflowed the whole country from South's Heights to the Sand Hills in Georgia, set in the fences and ghazoules a whassan and dancin hands-all-round with the pig pens and chicken coops of a thousand river plantation. The oldest inhabitants of Hamburg is all outgrowns, and some of 'em are speared to be amphibious. History don't give any satisfactory account of what they came from, but it's generally believed that the illustrious founder of the city is one of the same Dutch of what tuck Holland. He's a monstrous man in his way, and though he didn't build a ark—cause he had no warnin' beforehand—he built a brigd what's stood a thousand years, and some of 'em are all the floods since the days of Noe couldn't tear it up. It was very early in the mornin when we dray through the city to the depo, and I couldn't form much of an opinion about the business of the place. At that time o' day it was monstrous still and looked very much like a barn yard does when there's a hawks about. "Just before what the depo?" see the man what's captain of omnibus, see he, "Major, I'll take your fare, if you please." Cum to find out, he mount a half a dollar, for carry me and my baggage to the railrode. He's a monstrous clever little man; but a terrible politissan—so I paid him, and he soon set us down on the platform by the cars.

There was a considerable bustle and fuss about the depo, getting ready to start. The passengers was getting their tickets and their checks for their baggage, what some fellers was nookin about like they would tear the hide off every trunk that was there, stowin 'em away in the cars—some people was rummaging about in good-bye with their friends, and tellin 'em not to forget a thing, and some was kickin up a rumpus cause they couldn't see their trunks after they was put in the cars. Bimeby every thing was fixed, and here cum old Beelzebub, with his fire, smoke, and thunders, to carry us to Charleston. When I saw that everlasting black, ugly thing cum chug up agin the cars for 'em to tackle it on, fixin and fryin, and smokin like a fire mill, I thought how if I was a horse or a mule I'd take givin 'em plenty of wood and water than I would make my horses work without givin 'em plenty of corn and fodder. "All aboard," see the captain, and the next minute away we went with the thundering rattin, puffin and whistlin over the track. In a few minutes Hamburg was out of sight and the pine trees went dancin agin behind us, as if their roots couldn't hold 'em in the ground when they saw us coming 'mong 'em.

"There ain't nothin much to interest the traveler on the railrode from Hamburg to Charleston; and if a man can't find no company in his thoughts he's monstrous apt to be lonesome. Along at the fast there wasn't usny passengers and most of them was pressers what had been up to Agency to tend a convention. They was the drest set of old codgers I ever met with, till the jolts of the cars shook up their ideas a

little, and then they fell to disputin about religion like all rats. After awhile one old feller, what had his head tied up with a red cotton handkerchief, and didn't belong to the same church with the rest of 'em, mixed in with 'em, and in about five minutes they got into one of the best kind of arguments 'bout sprinclin and dipplin. The old handkerchief laid about him like rath, and the louder the racket and the more dust the cars made, the louder the old feller fired away at 'em, and whenever he stopped for breath two or three of the others was down on him like a Yankee thrashin machine. They kep up one ever-lastin string argument about forty-five miles long, and to 'em what sat a little ways off from 'em, and could hear a few words now and then, it sounded exactly like a regular castin match; and sometimes they'd look at one another like they meant jest, what they say. Bimeby the old handkerchief caved in for ever and all, and all the rest of the way he was hockin and heemin and tryin to git the dust and slanders out of his windpipe.

Every now and then we stopped and tuck in more passengers. "Bout half way to Charleston we tuck in two lady and a little baby. One was a old lady, and she had the little boy which was a beautiful little feller, 'bout the size of my little Henry in her lap. The other was a handsome young gall, and she was cryin. You know how beautiful a pretty woman looks when she's cryin, but you know that's the very time no gentleman ought to stare at 'em. Well, she tried to dry her eyes as fast as she could, but every now and then the tears would bust out agin in grate big drops, and then she'd put her handkerchief to her face. Sometimes she would look at a rick she had on her finger, and then the tears would cum agin. I felt monstrous sorry for her, but I tried not to let her see us lookin at her. Bimeby a sort of stumblin-feller cum and tuck a cart rick close by her, and looked her rite spang in the face, like he was givin to set her up. The pore gall hadn't a very strong stomach, I s'pose, and turned away from him. He follered her, and she turned back agin, and that he was agin, with his everlasting sheep's eyes, lookin her rite in the face. Thinks I, drat your impudence, I wish that gall went to the depot. Just then she looked up to us as if she was sayin, "Sir, did you ever see such insurance?" and I looked back to her, as much as to say, "No, Miss, I'll be drat if I ever did," and the next minute I gin the feller a sort of a cross-cut look, as much as to say he was infernal impertent puppy. He looked back that he begged my pardon, he didn't know who was anything to me; then I looked a kickin at him, if he didn't look out, and he looked tother way a little while, and then tuck himself into another car. The young lady set her a minit or two, then looked the sweetest kind of a thank you, sir, to me, and went and tuck a seat by the side of the old lady. They talked together, and looked over and over towards me.

Nothing did me out of interest on the way, and bimeby I began to see signs of the town. The closer we got to Charleston, the thicker the plantations and houses began to git. Bimeby I could see the steeples; and in a few minutes more we was rollin along among the little old frame houses, till we got to the depo. And now the fuss commenced. Such a rickin rumpus I never seed before. Soon as the doors was open here cum a gang of fellows with whips in their hands, poppin and slippin about 'mong the passengers, axin us to go here and go thar, and whar's our baggage, and if we was gwine to the boat, and more'n twenty could answer the outter had us to see what I knowed a feller had one of my trunks one way and another one of my trunks carryin it off in another direction, while two more was pullin the life out of my carpet bag to see which should have it. I struck the two fellers off my trunks monstrous quick, and was jest gwine to tackle the chaps when I had my carpet bag when who should I see but my old friend, Bill Wiley, what used to live up to the old Planters' Hotel; in Madison, you know.

"Why, hellow, Major," see he, "is that you?"
"I believe it is, Mr. Wiley," see I, "but thar ain't no tellin how long I'll last, if I don't git away from these outterous scamps."
"Well," see he, "Major, jolt pint out your baggage to Patrick here, and then follow me."
I abow'd 'em to Patrick and then went with Mr. Wiley and got into the omnibus, what tuck me, with a whole lot of other passengers, to the Charleston Hotel. When I got thar, they axed me to put my name down in a big book, and then I tuck me 'bout a power to git the dust and smoke off my face. As soon as I was done washin here cum three or four niggers with little short-handled brooms, what began to sweep the very life out of me. They lered at 'em and ax'd 'em what in the mischief they meant; but they jest thrashed away as hard as they could lick it—first at me and then on their hands—keepin up this devilish drummin I ever heard; and the more I twisted and turned to try to git out of there, they the harder they key at it. Bimeby I sent one of 'em a lik aside of his head, what put a stup to his fun, and the rest tuck the hint; but one tall feller feller, what wanted to make a few extra fourshes, got a kick jest as he was leavin, that raised him rite off the floor. I never did see the like of 'em in all my born days. I do believe they'd luv a brush at a man if they tuck it and throw him down and hold him. Mr. Wiley said it was all right, and that they was only tryin to git the dust

off me. That all mought be, but I don't see no sense in brushin the broth out of a feller if he's got a little dust on his clothes.

In the afternoon I tuck a walk over the city to look at the fine buildings and the ships. I tell you what, Charleston ain't no fool o' a city. Meeting street, and King street, and Market street, is very fine and has got some monstrous handsome buildings in 'em. The best part of the streets is too narrow and crooked, but Meeting street is a beautiful width, and from the Charleston Hotel down to the bay has got some as pretty views as I ever seed in my plecter. After tea I went down to the place they call the Battery. The wind was blowin' monstrous stiff and the waves from the sea cum rollin' in and washin' the nasty salt water all over me. It was a very lonesome place and smelled like a old shot-gun what had been cleaned out for a long time. They tell me here its natural for the sea to smell so, and that people soon gets used to it, so they don't mind it. The place made me feel sort o' solemnly, and I started to go to the hotel. It was sum time before I could go to the hotel. It was sum time before I could find the way, and as I was walkin' along in the moon-light I passed lots of ladies and gentlemen. I heard sum sweet female voices and saw sum beautiful faces which made me think of Mary, and by the time I got to the hotel I was homesick as the mischief. I went to my room and tried to go to sleep; but there was a company of midshipmen and navy officers in the next room what had just cum home from a long voyage, and they was drinkin' wine and singin' "We Won't Go Home Til Mornin'," and makin' speeches, and breakin' glasses, so I couldn't sleep a bit, and the merrier they was the worse I felt.

This mornin' I tuck another walk to look at the soldiers. They had a general musterin' of the shively here to bury a officer, and I tell you what's a fact, Charleston can't afford a pretty respectable show of the nation's bull-works. There was sum frigate companies and a good many fine-lookin' officers among 'em. The Governor was that in his regimentals, but I wouldn't see General Kitterdum. There was one little officer thar what had as much as little spirit in him that it put him completely out of shape. He didn't stick more'n 'bout three feet out of his boots, and he looked like a Jack-knife that was opened so far that it bent over back. It's a terrible pity that he couldn't grow a little bigger or slimmer down his spirit a touch more for the sword; there's certainly no such a fortunate officer, only he's a little out of proportion. The fact is, we say what we please, and laugh at each other as we've a mind to 'bout Carolina shively, but thar ain't no mistake about it, Carolina is a gallant little State, and every son she's got's a soldier.

I'd like to stay in Charleston two or three days, but I ain't got time now. When I cum back from New York I'll know more about cities, and then I can make up my mind better about Charleston. I'm gwine to Wilmington in the steamboat this afternoon. Pervidin she don't bust her boiler nor git blow'd to bullyback by sum bombuin' burglar, you will hear from me agin soon. So no more from your friend till then.
"H. C. CORBIN, Adjt. Gen."
"By order of the Secretary of War."
The orders sent to General Miles and General Shafter were identical with the above save as names.
As the orders states, further instructions will be sent to each general. General Merritt will be directed to confer with the Spanish commandant at Manila to carry out the terms of the protocol and to occupy Manila immediately. General Miles will put himself in communication with the chief authority in Porto Rico for the purpose of having the Spanish forces turn over to him and other points on his preparatory to evacuation. Owing to conditions in Cuba the orders to General Shafter to be sent hereafter will be much different than those to other generals. The Navy Department is also preparing orders to all commanders on lines similar to the War Department order.
The President has issued the following proclamation:

By the President of the United States of America: A Proclamation. Whereas, A Protocol, concluded and signed August 12, 1898, by William H. Day, Secretary of State of the United States, and His Excellency, Jules Cambon, ambassador extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary of the republic of France, at Washington, respectively representing for this purpose the government of the United States and the government of Spain, and the United States and Spain have formally agreed upon the terms on which negotiations for the establishment of peace between the two countries shall be undertaken, and Whereas, It is said protocol agreed that upon its conclusion and signature, hostilities between the two countries shall be suspended, and that notice to that effect shall be given as soon as possible by each government to the commanders of its military and naval forces;

Now, therefore, I, William McKinley, President of the United States, do, in accordance with the stipulation of the protocol, declare and proclaim on the part of the United States, a suspension of hostilities, and do hereby command that orders be immediately given through the proper channels to the commanders of the military and naval forces of the United States to abstain from all acts inconsistent with this proclamation. In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed. Done at the City of Washington this 13th day of August, in the year of our Lord, 1898, and of the Independence of the United States the 13th.
WILLIAM MCKINLEY.

By the President of the United States of America: A Proclamation. Whereas, The proclamation has been issued to our army and navy commanders. Spain will enable her commanders like instructions.

WHITE WINGS OF PEACE.

PROCLAMATION by the PRESIDENT.

Spain Relinquishes All Claims of Sovereignty Over Cuba, and Cedes Porto Rico and Other Islands in the West Indies and One of the Ladrones to the United States—Manila to be Occupied and Held by This Country Until Settlement—Treaty to be Negotiated in Paris—Commissioners to Meet in Havana and San Juan Within Six Days in Arrangement Details of Execution.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 13.—An official statement for press publication, setting out the provisions of the peace protocol, was read and approved at the cabinet session today. It was prepared by Secretary Day, the purpose being to make it public immediately after the required signatures had been affixed to the protocol. It does not give the text of the document, but details its main points and provisions, which are as follows:

1.—That Spain will relinquish all claims of sovereignty over the title to Cuba.
2.—That Porto Rico and other Spanish islands in the West Indies and an island in the Ladrones, to be selected by the United States, shall be ceded to the latter.
3.—That the United States will occupy and hold the city, bay and harbor of Manila, pending the conclusion of a treaty of peace which shall determine the control, disposition and government of the Philippines.
4.—That Cuba, Porto Rico and other Spanish islands in the West Indies shall be immediately evacuated and that the commissioners to be appointed within ten days, shall, within 30 days from the signing of the protocol, meet at Havana and San Juan, respectively, to arrange and execute the details of the evacuation.
5.—That the United States and Spain will each appoint not more than five commissioners to negotiate and conclude a treaty of peace. The commissioners are to meet at Paris not later than the 1st of October.
6.—On the signing of the protocol, hostilities will be suspended and notice to that effect will be given as soon as possible by each government to their commanders of its military and naval forces.

As soon as the peace protocol was signed, the President sent for Secretary Alger, Secretary Long and General Corbin, and by his direction, orders to cease hostilities forthwith were sent to Generals Miles, Merritt and Shafter, to Admirals Dewey and Sampson, and the commanders generally.

The order sent to General Merritt to suspend hostilities was as follows: "Adjutant General's Office, Washington, D. C., Aug. 12, 1898. "Merritt, Manila: "The President directs that all military operations against the enemy be suspended. Peace negotiations are nearing completion, a protocol having just been signed by representatives of the two countries. You will inform the commanders of the Spanish forces in the Philippines of these instructions. Further orders will follow. Acknowledge receipt."
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THE WAR WILL DO GOOD.

ARE MEN SUFFERING AFTER THE FLOOD.

Anglo-American Alliance—Mill Favore the Scheme in Order to Civilize the People of Other Countries—Congratulations for the Recent Achievements and Held by This Country Until Settlement—Treaty to be Negotiated in Paris—Commissioners to Meet in Havana and San Juan Within Six Days in Arrangement Details of Execution.

If this war was waged for humanity's sake—that is, for the purpose of feeding the starving (Cuba)—of course it has failed of its purpose, for they have not been fed. But even though our government made a blunder in assigning a cause—a cause belli—and instead of feeding the starving have killed a thousand Spaniards far off in the Philippines, and 8,000 more at Santiago, nevertheless, the war seems to have been the solution of many grievances and has already resulted in a peaceful and happy condition of affairs. Whether it be the fulfillment of prophecy, we cannot tell, but can only say, as of old, "It is this thing of men it will come to pass, but if it come from God we cannot fight against it. One thing is certain. It has exalted the process, the genius and the resources of the American people more than anything that has ever happened. The United States now stand acknowledged by the great powers of the world as equal to any of them, and her only rival has softened her hand in fraternal union. At a banquet given the other day in British Columbia Lord and Lady Aberdeen, Hon. Mr. Mackintosh, lieutenant governor, paid to Americans the following beautiful tribute: "To our American friends who are present we cannot refrain from extending our congratulations for the recent achievements of their army and navy while waging a white man's war for the extension of modern civilization, and we implore them to cast their influence for a white man's policy of an Anglo-American alliance. (Loud cheers.) There can be no legitimate civilization where a Bible is carried in one hand and a drawn sword in the other. When the great English speaking nations link their fortunes together, the war drum will thrum no longer and the battle flag will be furled and a union be perfected that will be sanctioned and blessed by the Almighty. (Immense applause.) They will be written by angel fingers the brightest page in history, on which will be recorded the union of the powers owning the same origin, speaking the same language, but long severed by passion and prejudice, for which the older must accept responsibility. (Loud applause.) Then will be established the greatest confederation of freemen the world has ever dreamed of. Each star upon the flag of the United States will then represent a civilization power and each British colony an auxiliary force, all working together in concert—all under the flag of our fathers and all revering the banner of liberty and patriotism. (Loud cheering.) Mr. Major and gentlemen, I give you the stars and stripes and the Union Jack. Long may their varying tints resound and form in heaven's light one arch of peace."

"Isnt that fine? Couldnt have been better said? Are we not all for it? And another from whom we have been long estranged, in a recent issue says: "We want no possession or control of the Philippines (lands of any other islands that have a hybrid, mongrel, lawless population). It would cost millions of money and a century of time to civilize them and educate them to the blessings of good government. Such a scheme within our domain we find it impossible to control and regulate the conduct of our own people, for in South Carolina and Georgia we cannot punish the people for killing one negro postmaster and wounding another." Isnt that fine? That party still seeks to humiliate us with the negro and to keep up the strife. We were hoping was the best would wipe out all this bitterness, and if it did not, it was worth fighting; but it looks now like politics is shaping itself to continue the sectional strife. Mr. Hemphill has been invited up north to make a speech on fraternal union, and maybe he can stop this agitation and help to give us fraternal peace, but I am afraid not. If it were left to the soldier, we would have a white man's government such as Mr. Mackintosh desired, but already the contention has begun—whose war is it—who killed cork robin—what party is to have the political benefit of the glory?

But we shall see what we will see. The smoke has not cleared away yet. It may be that peace is still afar off, and if the preachers who are writing the prophecies are not mistaken, the St. John is not near poured out. The preachers advise me. When I was a young man Napoleon Bonaparte was claimed as the best, and his number was six hundred and sixty and six. They found the number by giving a numerical value to each letter of his name, and then added them all together and actually did make their sum to be 666. But now the Roman Catholic church is said to be the best, and this war will not end until the Pope and his church are all annihilated and then comes the next vital

which is to be poured out on Turkey and that kingdom is to be annihilated. I heard a preacher say about the time the late civil war began that if it should turn out that the Lord was not on our side he would forever his religion. But he lived to see his boys

blasted and did not forever his religion either. But I humbled him and took away his conceit. But whether the war must go on or not I will pray for peace, for I know that peace is a blessed thing. Peace at home and peace abroad. We want no war for glory when it is all mixed up with tears. Let us stop it just as soon as possible, prophesy or no prophesy. Bimeby it's done and not before as I said before: "I take no comfort in anything that I have done. I have provoked and fought three wars, in which there were killed 80,000 men and which brought rivers of tears. I now believe these wars could have been honorably avoided and I have no pleasure in the memory of them. But I have made my peace with God and have his forgiveness."
What an admission for an old man, a great man to make. How different from that of Gladstone.

A Remark Made.

St. Louis Herald.
The educational value to the United States of the 90 days of war just passed has never been equaled by any nation in a similar period. The peculiar exigencies of its conduct, coupled with the possession of literary undreamed of facilities for acquiring news almost simultaneously from all quarters of the globe, has enabled the American public to keep step with the progress of events while absorbing an enormous amount of varied information in geography, sociology, science and international politics.

The charts of the war griddle the world. Every port in the Mediterranean, every island in Atlantic and Caribbean waters, has been located, measured, studied and described. Their names are now as familiar to the reading schoolboy as to the honary veteran who remembers the Mexican war. The cruises of Curviers' squadron alone was worth such a study of the geography of the Atlantic Ocean, and Camara has supplemented it with a most interesting but otherwise fruitless tour of the mid-waters of the Old World.

The movements of Dewey and Montefu in the Orient have made us familiar with every harbor from the Gulf of Suez to the Golden Gate, and from the Yellow Sea to the South Pacific. The presence of habitable islands which few had ever heard of, the origin and customs of the peoples, the possibilities of future development, the resources, wealth and accessibility of a world practically unknown to Americans until three months ago, have all been exploited in the printed page. Interest has been intensified by the cause which brought them to prominence and the result into which they may enter.

The power of explosives, the weight of armor and gun-metal, the speed of ships and projectiles, the trajectory of missiles of various weights, elaborate military hygiene, the intricate values of campaign commissaries, the nice points of naval and military strategem, the meaning and value of treaties, the relative wealth of nations and the biographies of the men who have made and are making glorious history for our flag are but a few of the topics for study which the days of war have afforded the people of the United States. With quick intelligence they have seized the opportunity and they will never forget the lessons which are punctuated with heroic deeds, emphasized by successive victories and illuminated with bold pictures of American pre-eminence in intelligence, wealth, valor and magnanimity.

Will We Become Responsible for the Cuban Bonds?

It is one of the complications of the Cuban business we have mixed ourselves up in that there is a debt of some \$300,000,000 contracted by Spain on Cuba's account, and the interest on this debt has been paid hitherto out of revenues derived from Cuba. The island is the security for the principal and interest of the debt, and is represented by bonds held chiefly in France. As debt follows territory, if we annex Cuba we become, according to international usage, liable for the debt. If we interfere by force to make Cuba free, we still incur a moral obligation, and all the more because the freedom of Cuba was the avowed object of our war, not an incidental result. It would not, therefore, be necessarily a hostile act on the part of France to ask our government its intentions with regard to the Cuban debt. It may not unreasonably be assumed that our government, in undertaking to alter the political status of Cuba, look into consideration all the equities of the situation.

Spain has till now paid the interest on the Cuban bonds in gold. Since the revenue of Cuba has been reduced by the war she has paid in depreciated pesetas. Without Cuban revenue Spain could pay nothing, she is, in fact, bankrupt; and no indemnity can be extracted from her. Even if the Spanish government should agree to promise an indemnity it would never be paid. France and other countries that hold Cuban bonds will, therefore, be likely to think that, their securities having been rendered worthless by one act, we are under a moral, if not a legal, obligation to make good their loss. We may refuse to do it, but should we not lose friends by refusing?

The Best Remedy For Flu.

Mr. John Mathias, a well known stock dealer of Pulaski, Ky., says: "After suffering for over a week with flu, and my physician having failed to relieve me, I was advised to try Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, and have the pleasure of stating that the half of one bottle cured me." For sale by J. M. Curry & Co.

SEVENTH MESSASGERS.

Mr. Lester Shows Up the Incompetence and Corruption of the Finance Crowd in His New Year Speech.

From the Charlotte Observer's Report of Hon. A. Lester's New Year Speech.
"For the last four years we have had Populist-Republican Finance rule. We could not expect good government. The Democratic party in the only party that can give good rule. It is the consistency that makes a party. No party can rise higher than its consistency. The Populist-Republican Finance rule has for its basis the negro. How could a party with a consistency of 100,000 negroes, 30,000 Populists and 30,000 white Republicans give good government? It is impossible. No man could rule with that consistency. What can any man have for that crowd? Under Democratic rule the people of the State wanted to be no happier; wanted no better government, no better management, no better schools and other kindred institutions. There was no need of change. There was never a charge of incompetency. Look back at the prosperity for the last 30 years! All the account books of the government were open to the public. Who ever heard of a Democratic officer closing his books to anybody who wanted to see them?"

"Now I am going to give you some facts. For the last ten years I have known all about the agricultural department of the State. That department is supported by taxing fertilizers. Since the Populist-Republican crowd has come in the number of offices has been almost doubled to make room for more offices and for the purpose of spending an enormous amount of money. None of these officers are farmers. In the place of a small messenger boy at \$16 or \$20 per month, an officer has been placed at a salary of \$1,000 a year. The chief of the department, who has nothing to do but sign his name occasionally, draws a salary of \$1,000. Another, who does nothing but sign his name, draws a salary of \$2,000. Two weeks ago we had a proposition of former years was made. Where is it to go?"

"From 1893 to 1897 I was superintendent of the State penitentiary. I took the place with much reluctance, as I knew it was hard to fill. We claim now that the Democratic management was wise, economical and successful. The institution is a poor ported fish. The institution is to run it by our own effort. It is organized to work like a new machine. A man could have sat in Newton and managed it. The crowd that has it now should have managed it successfully and with ease. But they were not out to manage it for the best interest of the State, but for purposes of greed and gain. I say it is managed dishonestly by the functionaries. I can, and will, prove it. How do I know the facts? Well, it is lawful to use spies in war. I am able to establish facts. When the farm at Wadesboro, Anson county, was turned over by the Democratic party to the fashion of 100 bales of cotton was sold among the officials of the State, he is to receive \$2,500. Two weeks ago we had a proposition of former years was made. Where is it to go?"

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"The Bonnoke farms were turned over with 603 bales of cotton on hand in 1897. In a few days the superintendent of the penitentiary sold the cotton to a friend and a near neighbor for about 5 cents a pound, when cotton was selling about 17 cents in Norfolk. The fact of the sale and name of the purchaser had been concealed. But I ascertained the facts in the case. Why would he sell it to his friend at this reduced price? Later he bought large quantities of fertilizers from the same man at \$4 a ton more than other dealers asked. Why all this? What is behind it? The act of the Legislature which repealed the law of 1885, giving the directors of the penitentiary power to lease new farms. But in 1897 the same law was re-enacted. With this change the Governor of the State and the superintendent of the penitentiary were given power to lease the lands, etc. A contract was made for the lease of the Grimes lands, near Raleigh. Upon representation of the superintendent of the penitentiary to certain members of the board this contract was concealed at out to the penitentiary, for the reason given that there were no convicts to operate this land. The Castle Hayne farm was very soon purchased by a member of the board, and at once leased to the penitentiary, together with certain rice farms on the Cape Fear, generally known as the property of one Mr. Gardner, though the name of the board is not Wilmington. The price paid for these rice lands is about three times that paid for any other lands held by the penitentiary. I do not say that the Governor is getting the rental. But I just give what facts I am certain of. The board of directors know nothing of the contracts.

"Populists will say that Republicans did this, but did they not help do it? Well, we will make an agreement campaign and arrange the following crowd. Let us retulate the Democrats and have an honest government. Let us throw out this villainous despotism. Put your shoulder to the wheel and lift us from darkness. "The census are good here to-day. I am glad to see so much spirit and enthusiasm. Let it spread."

Mr. John Mathias, a well known stock dealer of Pulaski, Ky., says: "After suffering for over a week with flu, and my physician having failed to relieve me, I was advised to try Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, and have the pleasure of stating that the half of one bottle cured me." For sale by J. M. Curry & Co.