

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

Mrs. C. W. Harrison sang "Rejoice greatly" and "I know that my Redeemer liveth," in a beautiful and effective way. She received most flattering applause. The other numbers were solo by Mr. Tans and a violin solo by Mr. E. B. Manning.

Miss Emerson paid a short visit lately to Mrs. E. Lushy of Amherst.

Miss Lily Allison returned to her home in Windsor last week after a visit to friends here. Miss Allison's friends were deeply shocked to hear of her father's sudden death the day after her return home, although in his usual health up to the moment of his death.

Mr. George Clarke of St. Stephen is visiting friends here this week.

Mrs. C. W. Young and Miss Abbie Todd of Calais have returned to Calais after a visit of several days here.

Miss O. horse Hannah is spending a few days in St. Stephen with her sister Mrs. W. M. Deinstadt.

Master Foster is in Calais visiting Mr. J. M. Johnson.

Mrs. B. York who has been visiting here returned to Parrsboro last week.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Hastings of Dundee, Ont., were here the middle of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Hatheway and Miss Hatheway have taken apartments at the New Victoria and are comfortably settled for the season.

Mr. J. E. Thompson of Portland, Me., spent part of this week in the city.

Miss Anna Blair arrived home from Fredericton Wednesday to spend the Easter holidays.

Mr. J. Fraser Gregory paid a short visit to Fredericton this week.

Mrs. Spencer Isch of Fredericton has returned to her home after a visit to friends here.

The marriage of Mr. E. B. Seely and Miss Annie Godwin, daughter of Mr. J. F. Godwin, takes place at the home of the bride on Germain street next Wednesday.

Mr. J. J. M. Mooney of Boston spent a short time here during the week.

Mr. J. F. Eagan of London Eng., is staying in the city.

Mr. Lord Chesley and Miss Maggie Chesley are spending a few days in Lawrencetown.

Mrs. Weston-Jones returned to Windsor last week after a visit of a week or two with city friends.

Miss Isabel Christie accompanied by her aunt, is spending a short time in Halifax.

The friends of Mr. George Milligan, son of Mr. E. M. Milligan of this city, will be interested in hearing that he has taken a B. A. degree at Pine Hill Theological seminary. He returns to St. John in about a month where he will spend the summer; in the autumn Mr. Milligan will likely go to Europe.

ST. GEORGE.

[Progress is for sale in St. George at the store of J. O'Brien.]

April 1.—A very interesting missionary meeting was held in the Baptist church on Monday evening under the auspices of the W. M. A. society, the speakers were: Rev. J. Manning, St. John, Rev. Mr. Goucher, St. Stephen. Readings were given by Mrs. E. O'Brien, Mrs. J. S. Clark, Miss Florence Lavers and others, music by the choir; Mrs. Samuel Johnson, president, presided.

Grand Master Whitlock with a delegation from St. George were entertained by the members of St. George lodge with an oyster supper on Wednesday evening.

Mr. Charles Ludgate spent a few days in St. George and returned from a pleasant visit in Moncton on Saturday.

A few friends spent Friday evening at the residence of Rev. and Mrs. Laver's; those who had the pleasure of being there enjoyed it very much.

The marriage of Miss Ada Douglas, daughter of Capt. and Mrs. Hagen Douglas to Mr. Daniel Campbell takes place on this (Wednesday) evening at a quarter after eight, at the residence of the bride's parents.

This being the week before Easter or Holy week, services are being held in the Episcopal and R. C. church every evening.



Mr. Jacob Wilcox of St. Thomas, Ontario, is one of the best known men in that vicinity. He is now, he says, an old man, but Hood's Sarsaparilla has made him feel young again.

"About a year ago I had a very severe attack of the grip, which resulted in my not having a well day for several months afterwards. I was completely run down and my system was in a

Terrible Condition.

I lost flesh and became depressed in spirits. Finally a friend who had been benefited by Hood's Sarsaparilla advised me to try it and I did so. I continued taking it until I used twelve bottles and today I can honestly say Hood's Sarsaparilla has restored me to my former health." JACOB WILCOX, St. Thomas, Ontario.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is the Only True Blood Purifier

Prominently in the public eye today. It cures when all other preparations fail.

Hood's Pills the after-dinner pill and family cathartic.

To the Electors of the City of Saint John.

I WILL BE A CANDIDATE for the office of Alderman for

KING'S WARD

at the ensuing Civic Elections.

I elected I will use my best endeavors to further the interest of the City, and trust by diligence and carefulness to merit your approval.

I would respectfully solicit your support.

J. B. HAMM.

St. John, N. B., March 30th, 1896.

Consumption.

Visible consumption and two months of coughing and spitting of blood. Give Remedy and Post Office address to E. C. C. & Co., 10 West 4th St., New York, N. Y.

Paragins in Wall Papers at McArthur's King St.

Various Growths



of various trees are due to the various conditions of soil and atmosphere. The place a tree grows in has much to do with what kind of wood it is. In high mountains trees grow slowly on account of the dryness of soil and rarity of air, whereas in the lowlands a more rapid growth is made owing to moisture. The grain of high grown trees is hard, fine and close, and after seasoning, does not absorb as much moisture from air. These reasons make the high grown trees the best for use in pianos, and the most select trees of our high Laurentian mountains have been picked out by Mr. Platte personally for piano use.

The PRATTE PIANO is most carefully, most scientifically and most successfully made. It is an artist's instrument. On exhibition at our warerooms.

Read these ads for points on piano making.

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MONTREAL.
Represented in Halifax by
THE W. H. JOHNSON CO.,
Corner Granville and Buckingham Streets.

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—THE—
World Famous Lecturer,
Under the auspices of the
Grammar School Boys.

OPERA HOUSE. - - APRIL 10th.

The Philosophy of Wit and Humor.

To the Electors of the City of Saint John.

I will be a candidate for the office of

MAYOR

Of the city of Saint John at the election to be held on the third Tuesday in April instant, and solicit your votes.

Your Obedient Servant

CHARLES MACLACHLAN

To the Electors of the City of Saint John.

I will be a candidate for the office of Alderman for

DUKE'S WARD.

at the ensuing Civic elections.

I elected I will use my best endeavors to further the interest of the city, and trust by diligence and carefulness to merit your approval.

I would respectfully solicit your support.

GERARD G. RUELL.

St. John, N. B., March 23, 1896.

THE FIGHTING ALSTONS.

Grim Stories of the Duelling Days in Georgia.

The great problem of the future in Georgia will be the disposition of the convicts of the State. There are now over 2,500 persons under sentence. Of these fewer than 200 are white.

The excitement attendant upon the disposition of the convict question has been sharpened by an investigation which was held by the Governor into the treatment of the convicts.

It was during the military Governorship of Gen. Thomas H. Roper in 1868 that the convicts of Georgia were first farmed out. The leading lessee at that time was Chief Justice Jos. E. Brown, who had served four terms in the United States Senate. It may well be imagined that the convicts lease system, placed upon the State by the military arms of the United States, in which the beneficiaries were leaders in the Democratic party, was beyond the criticism of ordinary people, and that it would require a brave man to raise his voice against it.

This man, however, came to the front in the Georgia Legislature of 1874 in the person of Col. Robert A. Alston, who in his place charged upon the system the vilest of crimes and abuses and raised such a howl that it set the lessees by the ears, and threatened for a time to break up the entire system. The enemies which Col. Alston made by this fierce denunciation followed him until they brought him to death in a manner as tragic as sensational.

One of the men who was strongly attached to Gen. Gordon was Capt. Ed Cox. Cox was a bluff, hearty, ready-fingered man—one whose friendship was without limit, but whose readiness to avenge an insult or to resent a slight made him considered dangerous. Between Col. Alston and Cox there arose a feud which the public never understood at the time or since. There came a day when both men met in Atlanta, armed to the teeth, and yet each pursuing a diplomatic avoidance of the other. They would pass on opposite sides

of the street, or perhaps enter the same building by opposite doors, but so evident was the danger of a tragedy during the day that prominent citizens became aware of it and instead of placing the parties under arrest, watched their proceedings with curious interest.

It was well toward evening when the two men met suddenly in Gov. Colquitt's office in the State Capitol, and without a word, pistols were raised and the firing began, which resulted in the death of Col. Alston and the supposed mortal wounding of Capt. Cox. The tragedy occurred in the very presence of the Governor, with all the State House officers called to the spot by the firing.

In time Capt. Cox recovered, was tried, and convicted, with a recommendation to mercy, which saved his neck, and gave him a life sentence in the penitentiary. Gloomy indeed did his future seem to be, for the Governor was the ardent friend of his victim, as was also the late Henry W. Grady, who was at the time swinging the influence which controlled the politics of the State.

The unexpected entrance of Vice-President Alex. H. Stephens of the late Southern Confederacy into the campaign for the Governorship of the State upset most of the alliances which had hitherto controlled affairs, and his election brought hope in the prison of Capt. Cox. Gov. Stephens was very anxious to get the signature of Mr. Grady to the petition for Cox's pardon. A local political leader undertook to secure it, succeeding in obtaining for Mr. Grady immediately sent word to Gov. Stephens that he had signed the paper through an accommodation to his friend, and not that he really wanted the pardon granted. The message came too late, however, for Mr. Stephens held Mr. Grady to his written signature rather than his verbal message, and Capt. Cox became free.

This Capt. Cox, by strange fate, has been for nearly three years superintendent of the very prison in which he was once a convict, and the many grave charges against the treatment of the convicts are placed at his door. He established a punishment known as ducking of prisoners, and was accused of belittling their efforts at religious exercises, referring to their devotions as prayers to wooden gods. It was a highly sensational moment when this man was brought before Gov. Atkinson and his court to answer to the charges thus made. His answer began:

"How could I do such things when I was once a convict myself?"

There was a difference of opinion as to the full truth of all that was told before Gov. Atkinson, but one thing is certain, and that is that the convict lease system is damned.

The appearance of Capt. Cox, after having passed under the shadow of death, exercising supreme control over the prison house in which he once served without a ray of hope for the future, recalls interest in the sad tragedy, which began with the agitation against the lease system, and makes the whole story read more like romance than reality.

Col. Robert A. Alston belonged to a remarkable family in North Carolina, known as the Fighting Alstons of Halifax. It has been for half a century a tradition in the family that its men died with their boots on. For generations after generations this has proven true, and the history of this audacious strain of blood is interwoven with the history of those days when gentlemen fought at the dropping of a hat, and a slight move of the pistol finger was the answer to a insult or an insinuation—the close of all argument.

The Alstons were gallant men of gentle blood and unusually large fortunes. They were free livers and utterly reckless fighters, and frequently became involved in difficulties that drained their estates with costs and forfeitures. Probably the best known of them, Col. Ben Alston, had several affairs of honor and wounded his antagonist every time he went to the field. He was an impetuous, imperious man, and was as cool under fire as he would be in his own drawing room. His most notable duel was with the great Hayne of South Carolina, whom he wounded in the knee. On one occasion he was visiting in Augusta when a gentleman, mistaking him for an acquaintance, tapped him across the shoulder lightly with a riding whip. Alston wheeled as quick as lightning. The gentleman apologized in the most ample terms. Alston took the whip from his hands, lashed him across the shoulders and said: "Now, sir, your apology is accepted." Of course, a meeting followed. It is said that Alston once fought a gentleman who disputed the age of some wine of which Alston had been boasting, throwing some in his face that he might get the full flavor.

The Halifax Alstons' estates lay about Halifax, N. C., and they dominated that whole section for years. They were enormously wealthy, and travelled from one of their estates to another in almost regal style. They had hundreds of slaves, and always travelled with a coach and four and a small army of retainers. The men were princely in their habits of expense, and put the code above the Bible. The women were high-strung and spirited.

Col. William Alston, known as "Honest Willie Alston," fought a dozen duels in one winter, numberless quarrels having sprung up from his attack on the State Treasurer. He killed two men and was

himself frequently wounded. His favorite weapon was an old-fashioned "Yager," which was a sort of blunderbuss, carrying a double handful of buckshot, and of fearful execution. A volume might be filled with the bloody exploits of these two brothers, but this article will deal only with the sons of Col. Bob Alston.

Old Col. Alston, who was himself killed in a duel, had three sons, Willis, Gideon, Augustus. Willis Alston was the father of Col. R. A. Alston, late of Atlanta. Each of these brothers came to his death by violence, or died, as the family tradition runs, "with his boots on." Gideon Alston, the first of the three to die, came to his death in a peculiar manner. His brother Willis was in Nashville on a lordly frolic, when he became very much enamored of a lady who afterward married Sam Houston—a Miss Trimbe. He paid her assiduous suit for several months, and while engaged in the dalliance formed an attachment for a young Spanish boy named Pelat. The boy was friendless, and poor, and Alston adopted him, taking him home with him when he left Nashville. It appears that there was some feeling between Gideon and Pelat. At any rate they left the house at night and went into the yard for the purpose of "practising" with their pistols. Gideon was then a college boy, having just turned sophomore in the State University. A few minutes after he left the house with Pelat he was found with a pistol bullet through his brain. Pelat said he had shot himself accidentally, and this was all that was ever known of the matter.

And now comes one of the most remarkable tragedies in this section so full of tragedies. There was living in Florida, then a primitive region, young Leigh Reed, a young man of great ability, gentleness, and courage. He was almost idolized by the people of his State for his gallant service in the fierce Indian wars, having by his skill and fearlessness several times saved the colony from destruction by the Seminoles and their allies.

A story is told of him which will illustrate his character and at the same time show how delicate was the sense of personal honor at that time. Gen. Reed was a political opponent of Gov. Call's son, and at the same time his personal friend. Political feeling ran very high, and on his election day a Mr. White made some reflection upon the personal integrity of Gov. Call. Reed at once challenged him for a duel. The men went, were both desperately wounded, fighting with bowie knives, their left hands being strapped together.

Some time afterward Reed became involved in a difficulty with the Alstons. An article appeared in a newspaper reflecting on Gov. Call. Col. Augustus Alston, who was leader of the Call faction, was named in the name of the author. He was furnished with the name of Gen. Reed, who was the leader of the opposition faction. He at once challenged Gen. Reed, and a duel meeting was arranged. The weapons selected were "Yagers," a favorite with the Alstons. Col. Alston was attended by Mr. Kenon, his brother-in-law. At the

word "one" Col. Alston's gun exploded, being hair-triggered; the contents were discharged into the air. Gen. Reed, aiming with deliberation, fired, and Col. Alston dropped dead.

His sister a most spirited woman, was almost crazed with the news of his death. She secured the lead that had killed him, and with her own hands mounded it into bullets and sent them to her brother, Willis Alston, and implored him to come and avenge the death of his brother. She wrote that he had been murdered, although the general statement is that the meeting was a fair one, Gen. Reed using only his right right in firing after the explosion of Alston's Yager.

At any rate, it was very well understood that Willis Alston would seek revenge for his brother's death, as the family had for generations made one of all their quarrels. The first meeting between Alston and Reed was dramatic. The Legislature had met, and Reed was elected Speaker. He was a young man of exceptional power and popularity, and his life promised to be brilliant and illustrious. He had invited his friends to the usual legislative supper, and the banquet was in progress and everything going merrily and well. Suddenly a tall figure, muffled in a swinging cloak and with a slouch hat drawn over his face, stalked through the open door. Without a word the stranger made for the head of the table, where Gen. Reed was seated. Instantly cries of "Alston!" "Alston!" ran down the table. At these cries the cloak was thrown back and Alston was recognized. Reed rose from his seat, and, whipping a pistol of his pocket, levelled it at his assailant and fired. The ball struck Alston in his upturned hand, carrying away two fingers. This did not stop him, but, brandishing a bowie knife, he closed in on Reed. Before the men had been parted Reed was pretty severely cut and Alston wounded again. Alston was taken from the room and for several months nothing more was heard of the matter. One day Gen. Reed was walking down the streets of Tallahassee, when he was fired upon by Alston. The contents of one barrel of a shotgun were poured into his left shoulder and as he turned to front his assailant the other lead went into his heart. He fell, and died instantly.

Willis Alston went to Texas, where he lived for some time. He settled near Brazoria. There was a Dr. Stewart, who for some reason or other, pursued the matter of the Reed killing and used remarks derogatory to Alston. Alston, hearing of it, wrote the remarks down, and, meeting Stewart on the prairie one day, asked him whether or not he was responsible for those remarks. Dr. Stewart took the paper, and, while pretending to read it, put his hand in his holsters and drew his pistol. He jumped off his horse on the side opposite Alston, and fired into him. A desperate fight ensued, in which Alston was shot twice and his stomach so cut that his bowels protruded. He killed Stewart, however, pouring a load of buckshot into him after he was prone upon the earth. He was taken to jail almost dead.

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SPRING, 1896.

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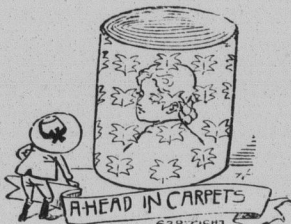
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Our patterns cannot be found elsewhere

Matings from 15c. to 60c. per yd.

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