

The Jeffersonian

Vol. 12, No. 25

Thomson, Ga., Thursday, June 24, 1915

Price, Five Cents

The Old Paths — and the New Path Taken By the Frank Case.

It came to pass, in the olden days, that the Lord God of Hosts raised up men among the people, men who spoke as never men spake before—men whose tongues were tipped with celestial fire, and whose winged words have flown to the uttermost parts of the earth, to live on and on, until this poor scroll shall shrivel at the Last Day, and Time shall merge into Eternity.

And one of these men—mocked then, and unheeded now—said to the Israelites:

"Thus saith the Lord of hosts, the God of Israel, Amend your ways and your doings. Trust ye not in lying words. For if ye thoroughly amend your ways and your doings; if ye thoroughly execute judgment between a man and his neighbour; if ye oppress not the stranger, the fatherless, and the widow, and shed not innocent blood in this place, neither walk after other gods to your hurt: then will I cause you to dwell in this place, in the land that I gave to your fathers, for ever and ever. Behold, ye trust lying words. Ye steal, murder and commit adultery. . . . Is this house which is called in my name become a den of robbers?" (Jer. vii. 3—12.)

And again he said:

"This people hath a revolting and a rebellious heart; they are revolted and gone. Neither say they in their heart, Let us now fear the Lord our God, that giveth rain, both the former and the latter, in his season: He reserveth unto us the appointed weeks of the harvest. Your iniquities have turned away these things, and your sins have withholden good things from you. For among My people are found wicked men: they lay wait as he that setteth snares; they set a trap, they catch men. As a cage is full of birds, so are their houses full of deceit: therefore they are become great, and waxen rich. They are waxen fat, they shine: yea, they overpass the deeds of the wicked: they judge not the cause, the cause of the fatherless, yet they prosper; and the right of the needy do they not judge. Shall I not visit for these things? saith the Lord: shall not My soul be avenged on such a nation as this? A wonderful and horrible thing is committed in the land." (Jer. v. 23—30.)

In a lifetime of fifty-eight years, which has touched almost every extreme of human experience, I have naturally heard a great many public addresses, and a great many sermons; but as I look back over the by-gones, it seems to me that the two which made the deepest imprint on my heart and mind, were made by preachers whose names were never trumpeted by the voice of Fame.

I was fifteen years old, and a village-store clerk, at Norwood, when a minister, bearing the commonplace name of Smith, held forth in a little school-house, on the outskirts of the village, to an audience which probably did not exceed fifty. It was Sunday afternoon, and the meeting was a casual local gathering.

"Pay thy vows to the Most High!" was the text; and the sermon thrilled me, through and through.

It was a bugle-call to Duty; an appeal to men for the sanctity of obligations; a passionate plea for the redemption of those pledges which we make, when we are lifted out of the dull routine of life by some great desire, some great inspiration, some great peril.

In the audience were a few of the soldiers who had followed Lee and Johnston; and to

these heroes—all gone now, perhaps—the parson turned and said—

"You remember that battle-field in Virginia: you remember the serried blue ranks that you were about to charge: you remember the awful stillness that came over you, as you thought of the loved ones at home, whom you might never see again; and you remember what you promised God you would do, if you came out of that battle alive.

"You remember just how you felt, when the word came ringing down the line, 'Forward march!'"

"PAY THY VOWS TO THE MOST HIGH!"

Very unpretentious was that little school-house, very ordinary the occasion, very obscure the preacher; but I am sure that no better sermon ever shook the dome of the grandest temple reared by man—and the essence of it was, *Live up to obligations.*

DO WHAT YOU PROMISED TO DO!

The other was a sermon at Thomson, preached by a man whose life was as pure as crystal, and who, now and then, was lifted into a simple eloquence that moved all who listened.

John M. White was his name—peace to his soul, for he is dead, and I loved him well.

He, too, was speaking of Duty, of the higher path and the old land-marks; of the honor that a man should guard, as a woman guards her virtue.

He told of the little ermine of the far North, the tiny creature of the snows, the unsullied Diana of the silent woods, that was so true to its instinct for purity, so loyal to the white drapery that God had put around it—that the hunters, seeking its life for its priceless fur, put filth around the burrow where the dainty thing lived; and how this little dumb brute, shrinking from a vile contact which would soil its spotless covering, fell into the hands of its enemies—preferring death to contamination.

Are the old lessons lifeless? Are the old glories gone? Are there no feet that tread the old paths?

Once, there were *men* in Georgia—men who were afraid of nothing, save to do wrong; men who sprang to arms, and went to death, on a bare question of principle; men who would no more lie than they would steal; men who flamed into passionate indignation when a legislature was believed to have disgraced itself, and the State; men who caught the fire from the heavens to burn a law which outraged Georgia's sense of honor and justice.

The sons of these men carried the Grey lines, and the tattered Stars and Bars farthest up the heights of Gettysburg; met the first shock of battle at Manassas; led the last charge before Appomattox.

And the sons of those Georgians are to-day bowed down with unspeakable grief—for they feel that *our grand old Empire State HAS BEEN RAPED!*

Like the Roman wife of old, we feel that something unclean, something unutterably loathsome has crept to bed with us, and be-

fouled us during the night; and that while the morning has come again, it can never, never restore our self-respect.

We have been violated, AND WE ARE ASHAMED!

"A wonderful and horrible thing is committed in the land."

Everybody whose minds were open to conviction knew that, after a perfectly unbiased jury had patiently heard all the evidence, and all the pleadings, in a trial that lasted nearly a month, a new trial would have been granted to Leo Frank, had Judge Roan, and the Supreme Court been dissatisfied with the verdict.

On the bench, Mr. Rosser had a former partner, but he could not bend Judge Roan to his will.

In the executive office, Mr. Rosser had a present partner, whom he could bend to his will.

When a criminal has money enough to employ lawyers by the score, and engage a firm whose second member is the Governor of the State, that criminal enjoys an advantage heretofore unknown in the annals of America.

What Judge Roan refused, what our Supreme Court refused, and what the Supreme Court of the United States refused, *Rosser's gubernatorial partner granted.*

Governor Slaton gave Frank a new trial. While in New York, he said he would do it, and although his oath of office forbade him to exercise judicial functions, he did that very thing.

He mentally obliterated the jury, wiped out Judge Roan, abolished our Supreme Court, and made himself both trial judge and jury.

He made a personal inspection of the scene of the homicide; he says he studied every part of the evidence; he claims to have tried the case, *de novo*, as if nothing that had been done bound him in the least.

Hereafter, why should we burden our administrative system with the useless expense of trial judges and juries?

If a criminal can command unlimited money, why shouldn't he be taken before the Executive Department, in the first instance?

Why tantalize the Judicial Department with illusions and delusions?

If there was a reasonable doubt as to Frank's guilt, *it was the province of the jury to have found it*—and such a doubt would have worked an acquittal.

The Governor usurped a power which the Constitution expressly forbids him to exercise, when he re-tried the case, discovered what the jury could not find, and used that alleged doubt as a reason for commutation.

If Slaton had the power to retry the case, and if he found a reasonable doubt, Frank was entitled to a pardon.

After a hue and cry which the Burns Detective Agency, and the Prostitute Press has kept up for more than a year, Governor Slaton turns out to be the dead fly in the ointment, the weak joint in our armor, the vulnerable heel that lets the fatality enter our body politic.

Judge Roan could not be moved; our Supreme Court could not be swayed; the

United States Supreme Court could not be stormed; the lowly work people, whose evidence perhaps took the bread out of their mouths, could not be bullied or bribed.

Our system stood, like Jackson at Manassas—it was a stone wall, against which Rosser, Arnold, Burns, and the Prostitute Press dashed in vain.

Our Prison Commission was confidently claimed for Frank, and again the attack was repulsed.

At last, *one partner got before the other—ROSSER BEFORE SLATON—and the one partner gave what the other partner wanted.*

If there was ever a time when Slaton should have proved his manhood, it was when he was occupying so ambiguous a position.

Either his firm should have withdrawn from the case, or he should have withdrawn from the firm.

No man whose standards are correct, would have remained both in the law-firm and in the executive office; and when Slaton used his official position to liberate a man who had been defeated before every other tribunal, he has no right to expect people to believe that his connection with Rosser had no affluence upon his midnight commutation.

People have not forgotten that the Atlanta papers considered the case as a troublesome legacy for Governor Nat Harris.

People have not forgotten how, all of a sudden, the lawyers of Frank got in such a hurry to have the decision come from Washington, and took the *unprecedented step of asking the court to hasten the matter.*

Why the sudden haste? What was the object of getting the case before Rosser's partner, Slaton?

Why was the United States Supreme Court jogged and hurried?

AND WHEN WAS IT, THAT JOHN W. MOORE WAS SENT TO MASSACHUSETTS ON THE MISSION TO JUDGE ROAN?

The afflicted jurist died a few days before the end of March, this year. Since October, 1914, he was unable to hold a pen. Powerful drugs were administered to give him relief from constant torture.

Cancer had eaten away one side of his face: his jawbone had to be cut out: he was utterly incapable of connected, rational thought and composition.

Who composed that letter which John W. Moore brought from Massachusetts?

Where was it composed? Who heard it read to the dying judge?

Who will swear that he understood it, approved it, and ordered his name put to it?

Who actually put his name to that letter?

Why was John W. Moore's agency in the matter kept secret?

If it was all right, in every way, why so much secrecy and concealment?

Judge Roan told his pastor, the Rev. H. C. Emory, that "according to the evidence Frank was unquestionably guilty," and I doubt whether anybody believes that Judge Roan ever changed his mind—else he would have written to Governor Slaton, and to Mrs. Roan.

There are *so many* dark places, in this phenomenal Frank case!

The employment of the infamous scoundrel, William J. Burns, after the Supreme Court had denied Frank a new trial, was suggestive of dirty work *intended*:

The unparalleled efforts to buy evidence, and to suppress evidence:

The unprecedented campaign of defamation against the State of Georgia:

The manufacture of a national craze in behalf of this peculiarly vile criminal:

The taking of the case into pulpits, magazines, and public lectures:

The appeal from the State to the Federal Government;

The repudiation by Frank's lawyers of the waiver of Frank's presence at the time the verdict was returned—which waiver Judge Roan and Solicitor Dorsey had acted on in good faith, believing that Rosser and Arnold would not go back on their word:

The attempt to get William Smith, the attorney of Conley, to fix the crime on his client:

The suppression of the affidavit made by Frank's cook, and sworn to by her in the presence of her own lawyer:

Frank's base conduct in trying to hang two innocent men:

The refusal of Frank's wife to go about him for three weeks after his rape and murder of the girl:

The abject fear of Frank in refusing to face the negro, when the negro broke down and confessed, telling his own share in that horrible crime, as well as Frank's leading part in it:

The guilty conduct of Frank in taking refuge behind his legal privilege, and refusing to answer a single question—

All these are dark, dark places, *but there are others.*

It was an evil deed, and a deed that courted darkness, when John W. Moore went North to get a statement which Judge Roan would have voluntarily made, long before, had such a change come over his mind.

It was an evil deed, and a deed that courted darkness, when Luther Rosser, after the Prison Commission had acted, *motored up a side street, in Atlanta, left his car, and footed it to the house of his partner, AND HELD A MIDNIGHT CONFERENCE WITH HIM*, lasting about two hours and a half.

Slaton and Rosser may say that they never mentioned the Frank case, in that midnight meeting; but an angel from heaven would have to swear it, before people would believe it.

If the one partner wished to see the other, on a matter of legitimate business, there was no need of the side-street, no need of the abandoned automobile, and no need of the clandestine character given to the visit.

To the end of time, people will believe that the decision of the Prison Commission had surprised and appalled Frank's mercenaries; and that Rosser went to Slaton in a last desperate effort to defeat the Law.

To the end of time, people will remember that, although Slaton was put upon notice of the dirty work which C. W. Burke was doing, the rascally work that Burns was doing, the foul work that Lehon and Tedder were doing, and the use that was being made of Slaton's private office in the progress of the dirty work, he never severed his partnership with Benjamin Phillips, the Jew, and Luther Rosser, the pariah of the bar.

Throughout the State, people are speaking of the enormous fee paid to Rosser's firm; and the question naturally arises—

Is the fee to be divided among the partners?

God help the State! It is a sickening mess.

A trail of slime runs from the Haas Finance Committee to the outer boundaries; and many a Georgian bears a stain on him that he will not outlive.

Jew money has debased us, bought us, and sold us—and laughs at us.

Where, now, is the Georgian who can hold his head up and look the North in the face, when people talk of the Almighty Dollar?

Where, now, is the Georgian whose soul does not surge with shame, and whose eyes are not dimmed with the tears of infinite humiliation?

Bought and sold! Cried off at the auction

block, and knocked down to Big Money!

Every-slander, born in the sordid soul of William J. Burns, has been endorsed by Georgia's chief magistrate!

Every black falsehood flung at the twelve honest jurors who fearlessly did their duty, has been endorsed by Georgia's Governor.

Every villifyer of our courts, and our people, and all those who said we condemned Frank on the testimony of a negro, have been vindicated by our Governor.

Those who lampooned us, may now do it, forever, and cite Slaton as a witness.

Those who cartooned us, may do it, forever, and name Slaton as their witness.

Those who said that we have one law for the Jew and another for the Gentile, may say it still; and we must be silent.

Those who said that we have one law for the Rich and another for the Poor, may say it still; and we must be dumb.

Before the whole world, *we stand ashamed*, bitterly conscious of the mire into which we have fallen!

On the heights from which the immortals look down into the lives of human beings, how vast must seem the moral distance between the little girl who, like the ermine of the frozen North, died, rather than soil the purity that God gave her, and the Governor who brought this eternal disgrace upon himself and our State!

She was true: he was not!
A child died a heroine's death, and sleeps in a heroine's grave: *the man stands naked in shame.*

He has not been true: he has not kept his word: he has not lived up to his obligations.

He has been recreant to his trust, and false to his oath of office.

HE HAS NOT PAID HIS VOWS TO THE MOST HIGH; he has not held above pollution the robes of State.

We gave him a clean commission; and he returns it to us, covered with filth.

The Constitution which he swore to respect, he has trampled into the mud.

The great Seal of State has gone, LIKE A THIEF IN THE NIGHT, to do for an unscrupulous law firm, a deed of darkness which dared not bask in the light of the sun.

For once in our history, a Governor has forsaken the respectable companions of the day, and has been found lurking with the bats, and the owls.

We have been betrayed! The breath of some leprous monster has passed over us, and we feel like crying out, in horror and despair,

"Unclean! UNCLEAN!"

Mary Phagan's *childish hands were up*, her arms outstretched, *pushing Frank OFF*, when the rigor mortis seized her, and left her with those mute witnesses to her fight for her honor.

It was the old negro who put the little hands down, folded them upon her breast, and there they stiffened into position.

So firmly were the hands and arms frozen upon the cold bosom, that when Frank took her by the heels, that evening, and dragged her on her side-face more than 200 feet over the gritty dirt floor of the basement, the arms remained fixed, "folded across her breast."

When John M. Slaton tosses on a sleepless bed, in the years to come, he will see a vivid picture of that little Georgia girl, decoyed to the metal room by this satyr-faced New York Jew: he will see her little hands put out, to keep off the lustful beast: he will hear her cry of sudden terror; he will see her face purpling as the cruel cord chokes her to death—and *John M. Slaton will walk the floor, a wretched, conscience-smitten man, AND HE WILL SWEAT BLOOD!*

He will think of those Cantrell boys that

be allowed to hang last summer, and those two Georgians will haunt his dreams.

He will think of a telegram that he sent, one year ago, to the Sheriff of Jones County, sending Nick Wilburn to the scaffold. It reads:

Atlanta, Ga., June 11, 1914.

C. E. Roberts, Sheriff, Gray, Ga.:

I have declined to interfere with the sentence of Nick Wilburn. Let the judgment of the Court be carried out.

JOHN M. SLATON, Governor.

ONE LAW FOR THE RICH, AND ANOTHER FOR THE POOR!

What Georgians can now deny it?

Mary Phagan, pursued and tempted, and entrapped, and then killed, when she would not do what so many other girls had done for this Jewish hunter of Gentile girls.

There she lies at Marietta, unavenged by the Law!

And her pursuer and murderer, spirited out of Atlanta, unshackled, and taken in his natty new suit and patent leather shoes, on a Pullman palace car, to the State Farm, FROM WHICH AN ESCAPE WILL BE ARRANGED FOR HIM IN LESS THAN THIRTY DAYS!

The Haas Finance Committee and its cooperative organizations do not intend that Frank shall be punished at all, for the rape and murder he committed on the Gentile girl.

In their eyes, she was legitimate prey; and with their Unlimited Money and Invisible Power, they have established the precedent in Georgia, that no Jew shall suffer capital punishment for a crime committed on a Gentile.

In the name of God, what are the people to do, when they wait patiently, two years, for the just sentence of the Law to be enforced; and when, after all other shifts and tricks have failed the criminal, one of the partners of a law-firm prostitutes his official position, TO SAVE THE CLIENT OF THE FIRM?

Hereafter, let no man reproach the South with Lynch law: let him remember the unendurable provocation; and let him say whether Lynch law is not better than no law at all.

What Rosser and Slaton have together done, nullifies the Code, abolishes the courts, and plunges us into administrative anarchy.

"Amend your ways and your doings!

Shed not innocent blood!

So are their houses full of deceit; therefore, they are become great, and WAXEN RICH; yea THEY OVERPASS THE DEEDS OF THE WICKED: they judge not the cause, THE CAUSE OF THE FATHERLESS.

Yet they prosper!

Shall I not visit for these things, saith the Lord.

Shall not my soul be avenged on such a nation as this?

A WONDERFUL AND HORRIBLE THING IS COMMITTED IN THE LAND."

THE PEOPLE BEING HEARD FROM IN THE FRANK CASE.

Manchester, Ga., June 21, 1915.

Governor J. M. Slaton, Atlanta, Ga.:

This is to notify you that the citizens of your old home county, Meriwether, bid you adieu forever, and as we love and cherish our women and would leave no stone unturned to protect them in the purity of the surrounding in which they move and live we warn you not to contaminate the atmosphere in which they exist with one single breath from your vile nostrils. We feel that the people of the State should now take up this case and settle it in short order. Wire us at our expense amount of money you received to commute Frank's sentence, as we have numerous inquiries. While Jewish gold hangs around your neck the bloody ghost of little Mary Phagan will haunt you in this world and the world to come.

CITIZENS OF MANCHESTER, MERIWETHER COUNTY,

Woodbury, Ga., June 21, 1915.

Governor John M. Slaton, Atlanta, Ga.:

We, the citizens of Meriwether, regret such a man as you were born in our county. Scratch the word justice from our State Seal and tear down every court house in Georgia, for we have no more justice and no more law. The honor of our State is gone, and we hope you will enjoy what you have received therefrom.

A. D. Jones, W. C. Gill, F. A. Barte, J. R. Chunn, A. A. Sims, J. D. Dunn, L. E. Turner, D. C. Gill, H. T. Sutton, W. W. Linton, G. T. Walker, J. E. P. Ward, Harvey Taylor, W. L. Chunn, O. O. Reeves, J. O. Gill, F. P. Smith, W. P. Parks, J. B. Gill, H. L. Gill.

Woodbury, Ga., June 21, 1915.

Hon. Thos. E. Watson, Thomson, Ga.:

Dear Mr. Watson: Am enclosing copy of telegram sent this morning to Gov. John M. Slaton Atlanta, Ga., and would thank you to have the same appear in The Jeffersonian, so that the people at large may know just how we feel over what Slaton has done.

May the good Lord allow you to live long enough to drive this man into exile; for the stain which he has cast upon our State will take time eternity to erase. Every man, woman and child in the State of Georgia should be proud that we have one man with the courage to make the fight for justice which you have made—a man that has placed law and justice above money.

With kindest regards for you and The Jeffersonian, I am,

Yours very truly,

A. D. JONES.

P. S. A copy of the enclosed message is being sent to the three Atlanta daily papers, but, judging from their stand in the past, don't expect it to be published.

A. D. J.

Marietta, Ga., June 20, 1915.

The Jeffersonian, Thomson, Ga.:

Jack Slaton hung in effigy here today. This placard was placed on dummy: "Jack Slaton, King of the Jews; Traitor Governor of Georgia."

Yours truly,

W. T. LEWIS.

Athens, Ga., June 21, 1915.

Hon. Thos. E. Watson, Thomson, Ga.:

Dear Sir: You have done your duty; faithful among the faithless found; faithful only you. The action of Mr. Slaton does not surprise me. His name will be used in the years to come to frighten and horrify children; may the Lord reward according to his works. I could not wish him greater damnation.

And will he ever suffer the pangs of remorse? Not at all, for he is consciousness. The Peachtree licentiate has spit upon and despised the working girls. Will he be injured in fortune? Not at all. He has put money in his pocket, and, besides, he is a pensioner—the variety I will not mention as being in violation of the postal laws.

Hardwick well said of him, "He's a feather-legged dunghill of the rankest variety."

Let not the people distrust the courts. They are good, and their integrity has been established. It was reserved for them to see their Governor sell them out: Judas betrayed Christ; Arnold his country; Slaton his people. The blood of Mary Phagan is unavenged. But small matter is this to the gentleman who makes the mistake of thinking he has lost nothing by the betrayal of trust. His unquestioned recognition of the fact that he was politically dead bore on the subject. You say "Nothing concerning the dead unless it is good;" but how can you exercise charity in the presence of this villainy?

"When the righteous are in authority, the people rejoice; but when the wicked beareth rule the people mourn."

Solomon could have used this expression could he have been here today.

Yours very truly,

SUBSCRIBER AND ADMIRER.

Atlanta, Ga., June 21, 1915.

Hon. Thos. E. Watson, Thomson, Ga.:

The good people of Georgia feel very much embarrassed owing to the fact we have not had a Governor for the last two years. Let us hope we will have one real soon.

HORACE R. MOORE.

Fort Gaines, Ga., June 21, 1914.

Hon. Thos. E. Watson, Thomson, Ga.:

As a Colony or State there has never been such a crime committed against our institutions and people as Slaton has committed. I made twenty-three speeches for Slaton for Senator. I believed in his honor and integrity. I can't get a line in a daily paper. Wont you publish this and tell my friends throughout Georgia that in my sad, lonesome hour of disappointment that I wish to apologize for asking for their support of a man who refuses to let the law protect innocent childhood. Whom can we trust? What can we do? The bleached bones of innocent childhood scream out from the tomb to Georgia manhood. Does that voice apeal in vain? We shall see.

EMMET R. SHAW

Alma, Ga., June 21, 1915.

Hon. Thos. E. Watson, Thomson, Ga.:

Following is petition mailed the Governor by Alma citizens: "In view of your unwarranted commutation of the death sentence of Leo M. Frank, we hereby petition you to return to the people of Georgia the commission they trusted you to hold.

G. C. Edmondson, C. R. Orr, J. E. Howell, C. L. Sibley, C. C. Sibley, R. B. Cannon, J. A. Mims, L. S. Sellers, J. M. Lee, A. P. Wade, G. M. Henderson, L. O. Taner, R. McDonald, J. J. Robinson, W. G. Rigdon, and many others.

Milwaukee, and she sold her hair to buy food for her sick husband.

As an offset argument to the charge that a German official has been buying arms in this country, Germany says it's no use to make a fuss over it, as we are a long way from being truly neutral.

Every time one of the newspaper clan is elected to high honor in some of these secret orders, it makes us glad—to know that he had money enough to keep on paying his dues, till he reached said high office.

After a while it is going to be quite the fashion to regard the man with the hoe, as being capable of understanding why he should vote as the bosses tell him to, and then maybe he won't vote that way.

That row on between Billy Sunday and his former partner, based on the fact that said partner didn't get his share of the pickin's, is going to work serious havoc in the "convictions" of the recently converted.

Now that the Western Federation of Miners are falling out among themselves, they have taken to dynamiting each other's halls, and so far two have been blown up. Great stunt, that, to strengthen the order, isn't it?

Oh, well, since the manufacturers have begun to call men's socks by the name of "Lily of France," and "Blush Rose," and so on, and other manufacturers are turning out ladies' razors, what's the use worrying about women voting?

"Them as has, gits," and so it causes no surprise to learn that the daughter and son of two millionaire families, on their marriage, received gifts amounting to \$300,000. P. S.—But think of the burglar insurance they will have to carry.

Nothing gets to be a habit so quickly as public clamor, and the chance to see their name "in print," or become identified with a movement warranted to bring publicity, is what is largely due to the so-called "Frank sentiment," which has swept the country from one end to the other.

That scandal in Annapolis, hinging on the cheating of some officers and students, at examination, should be investigated farther back than the examinations. A properly equipped student never dreads "exams," and maybe if more time was given to study and less to the other et cets, there would be no scandal.

The Handbook of Politics by Thos. E. Watson, is a book every American citizen should read. Contains every party platform; fourth edition almost exhausted. Price, 50c. The Jeffersonian Publishing Company, Thomson, Ga.