

ESTABLISHED IN 1879.

WORK OF A BLACK BRUTE.

A COLORED WOMAN ALMOST MURDERED IN THE STREET.

The Insensible Body of Nancy Rivers Hidden Under the Steps of St. Mark's Church—A Mysterious Outrage—The Statement of the Victim.

The community living in the immediate neighborhood of St. Mark's Church of Charleston, was startled Thursday morning by the discovery that a most brutal outrage had been committed near the church, and that the perpetrator of the deed had hidden his victim under that building. From the News and Courier we gather the following particulars of the outrage:

"The victim, Nancy Rivers, is a dark-colored, almost black complexioned woman, about 35 years old, who has the reputation of being a quiet, steady and respectable person, and is well thought of by her immediate neighbors. She and her family, consisting of two mulatto girls, one about 14 and the other about 9 years of age, live in Mason's court in a part of the house occupied by a colored woman named Mrs. Mason. Nancy Rivers was married about five years ago, but after a short time she was abandoned by her husband, who up to a very recent period has been living from place to place in Charleston, but is supposed to have recently left the city. Nancy Rivers for the past month or so has been in the habit of leaving her house at 10 o'clock at night and not returning until 8 o'clock on the following night. This was explained to a Reporter yesterday morning by Carrie Bonnetreau, one of the daughters of Nancy Rivers. She said that her mother's occupation was that of a nurse and that she was at the time of the occurrence in the employment of the Rev. Mr. Porter. Usually she got home at 8 o'clock from work and spent the evening at home with the children, leaving the house at 10 o'clock. From the house she went directly to the residence of Mr. McIntosh, on Warren street. On the premises lives Louisa Hazel, a colored woman. Nancy Rivers, it is understood, went over every night to sleep with Louisa Hazel, the latter of whom had asked for this kindness as a protection to herself. From Louisa Hazel's Nancy usually went directly to the Rev. Mr. Porter's house, attended to her duties, and returning to her own house in Mason's court, repeated the same round of visiting and working each day. Carrie Bonnetreau, who is a very intelligent mulatto girl, says that Nancy Rivers came home at 8 o'clock on Wednesday night, and having remained there until 10 o'clock she left the house at that hour to go over to her friend's, Louisa Hazel. Under the circumstances her mother's absence during the night produced no uneasiness, and she knew nothing further until the news was brought to her that her mother had been foully dealt with near St. Mark's Church.

Just outside of the south railing of St. Mark's Church, and about twenty paces from the corner of Thomas and Warren streets, a pool of blood informed the passers-by that some desperate deed had been committed at that spot. Why some information of the circumstances was not given before 7 o'clock is somewhat curious, as the spot must have been passed and repassed by early pedestrians long before that time. The blood lay near and under the railing, and one passing along the side of the street on which the church is situated could not have failed to discover it.

Who first passed is not known, but it was discovered about half-past 7 o'clock by Rosa Mitchell, who told the Reporter quite a long and glib story of what she knew about the case. She lives in a two-story house just across the street from the church. Her sleeping room is upstairs, having one window opening into the yard and one opening on the street. She explained to the Reporter that she is very timid person and always gets up at the "first crack," and especially since the yard-dog died. She has a horror of tramps, and considers that she lives in a very dangerous neighborhood. She says she is both timid and nervous, and consequently does not sleep very soundly. She only knew Nancy Rivers by name, but had heard nothing disparaging as to her social character. She, like Carrie Bonnetreau, was exact to the minute as to her statements of the circumstances which she described. Carrie said that her mother left home exactly at 10 o'clock, and Rosa Mitchell said that her first knowledge of the affair was obtained exactly at half-past 10 o'clock. At that time she said she was still sitting up in her room overlooking the street. Her windows were closed in, except the one looking out into the yard. Just then she heard two faint screams, but as it was a noisy neighborhood she only paid passing attention to the circumstances. Something, however, told her to go to the window, and she went. She pushed open the blinds and looked out. It was exactly half-past 10; the moon had gone down and the gas lamps had been lighted. She could see clearly across the street. The first thing she noticed was a man walking along the railing on Warren street. He was going towards King and did not seem to be in any particular hurry. She couldn't tell whether he was a tall or short man, and didn't notice him particularly. He kept on walking down the street, not looking up, and soon disappeared.

It is somewhat remarkable that Rosa Mitchell could not distinguish a white man from a black man at her distance from the railing, and particularly when she said she could see everything plainly around in the gas light. Viewed, however, in the light of the circumstances that the rumor was current that the outrage had been committed by a white tramp her dense ignorance on the subject is not so remarkable. Contin-

ing her story of the case she said that she then went to bed and got up about 7 o'clock. At half-past 7 exactly she went to the gate to let in the cook. As she opened the gate she looked out across the street and saw a "plat" lying on the pavement.

The "plat" is the false back hair which is much affected by colored females, and a "plat" was pointed out on her own head by Rosa Mitchell in explanation of what she saw. Just then a colored man, an old carpenter, came along and she pointed out the "plat" to him, and told him to go over and look under the church, as she thought something was wrong. There was nobody there at the time. The old man hesitated, but did go over, and looking at the blood and the "plat" and the surroundings generally he walked away without making any further investigations. Rosa Mitchell then closed the gate, and that was all she knew about it. The screams she heard were very faint, and she first supposed them to be those of a child.

Soon after the occurrences related by Rosa the crowd began to assemble. The workmen who were at work repairing the church did not enter the church yard and the crowd stood outside looking at the blood on the pavement and speculating on its probable cause.

There were about a hundred people, mostly colored, present when the officers of the law arrived on the scene. It was easy to trace the progress of Nancy Rivers from the blood spot on the street. Just near the blood there is a depression in the soil leaving a space between the ground and the lower railing of the fence through which one or two persons might have easily passed into the churchyard. That such was the case was evident from the fact that from the fence over to the church there was a bloody trail, over which the woman had been dragged either for concealment or for a fiendish purpose beneath the church. Policemen Burns and Meyers and Sergt. Smith, the officers who arrived promptly after notification, had, therefore, little difficulty in finding the unfortunate woman. She was lying under the church just inside one of the foundation arches. Beside her head was another pool of blood. Her clothes were much disarranged, as if by a desperate struggle. Pieces of her clothing lay around under the church and also in the yard, across which she had been forcibly carried or dragged to the arch under which she had been thrust.

When she had been taken out she was in a terrible condition and presented a horrible sight. On her forehead there was a gash of about four inches in length, from which the blood had flowed profusely. Near the right ear there was another frightful wound, which had also bled copiously. Between the right ear and the right eye there was a contusion, though not severe. Her upper lip was cut badly and there were slight wounds all over her. Her whole appearance indicated that she had undergone the most diabolical treatment, and that, if the perpetrator intended to kill his victim, he had left nothing undone to make it a most fiendish murder.

As is usual among the extremely excitable colored people the first thing they thought of was the McKnight murder. "Another nigger killed by a white man," "Killed by a white tramp," &c., were the expressions that were whispered around among the crowd. This was evidently why Rosa Mitchell did not know whether, if she saw a man at all, he was white or black.

This point was, however, settled by Nancy Rivers herself. She made an ante-mortem statement, which was overheard by a person who stated to a Reporter that she had given her story in a very few words and substantially as follows:

She left home about 10 o'clock and was on her way to Louisa Hazel's. When she got to the corner of Thomas and Warren streets she met a tall black man, who accosted her in a friendly way. He asked her name and she replied "Nancy Rivers." He thereupon struck her a heavy blow with something (she did not know what) which felled her to the earth. She knew nothing further until she was taken from under the building yesterday morning.

This statement was somewhat different from that which she made in the morning, when she stated that before she was struck she screamed out. It she did, then Rosa Mitchell, who went to the window immediately upon hearing the scream, would have seen her either on the ground or being dragged across the churchyard. On the contrary, she only saw a man walking away from the spot where Nancy Rivers was struck down. The men whom Nancy Rivers saw was an entire stranger to her, and she would not know him again if she saw him.

The instrument with which the blows were inflicted was a piece of hard material, like a fragment of flagstone. It was covered with blood, of course, and it is of such a character that death might easily result from even one of its blows.

The appointment of Mr. Broadhurst as Under Home Secretary for Great Britain has caused a sensation in political circles, that gentleman being the first workingman that has ever risen to the Ministry. The appointment is taken as an indication that it is Mr. Gladstone's intention to rely upon the masses against the influence of the aristocracy. The Liberal clubs are divided in opinion on the subject, the Reform and Devonshire disapproving of the appointment and the National Liberal enthusiastically approving it.

Charles Jenick attempted to feloniously assault two daughters of his employer, John Hoar, near Macedonia, Ohio, but failed, when he crushed their skulls with an iron bar and then fired the barn, destroying \$15,000 worth of property. The fiend is in jail at Akron.

CAUGHT IN AN OLD TRAP.

AN INDIGNANT FARMER NARRATES HOW HE WAS SWINDLED.

More Proof that it is Cheaper in the End to Buy from Some Reputable Merchant than to be Cheated by Peddlers.

[From the Carolina Spartan.]

On the fifth day of December there came a man into my gin house where we were ginning cotton. I was standing at the foot of my gin catching the sheet of lint as it came from the condenser, the cotton being fine. This man came to me, calling me by name, as though he was well acquainted with me, introducing himself as Thompson, said he was from Greenville, S. C., was running a livery stable there. He then stated that, very recently there had come two young Frenchmen to Greenville to build and open an enormous cotton and woolen mill. The young Frenchmen had brought with them five hundred thousand dollars worth of French dry goods. Two days after their arrival at Greenville, one of the brothers fell dead on the side walk, leaving the other with this enormous stock on hand, and he being a green Frenchman could not speak one word in English; neither could he understand a word spoken to him in English. The Frenchman determined to sell his immense stock as soon as possible, and at any price he could get for them, and carry the remains of his dead brother back to France. The surviving Frenchman had hired him (Thompson) and his team, as he could speak French and interpret for the Frenchman. Thompson insisted on me going to my house where the team and Frenchman were with the goods, urging me to go and see for myself the finest goods for a mere nothing. At last I concluded to go to the house and see, Thompson talking in a glib way, but he never got steady enough for me to find him out. When we got to the house Thompson called at the wagon for his man to introduce him to me. Said he, Mr. Alexander, I introduce you to Mr. Lepage, (if his name was Lepage.) He resembled a buck monkey fully as much as he did a Frenchman. The so-called Frenchman commenced whistling and whaddling. I have got a little fast, Thompson, at the gin house told me he had sold \$150 worth of goods to J. N. Holcombe; \$250 worth to S. B. Poole; \$350 worth to Mr. Burke DeShields; \$150 worth to Elijah Lanford; \$200 worth to Ivy Darby; \$150 worth to James Carrell; \$200 worth to John Todd. He told me he stayed the night before with old Mr. Simpson Drummond. After getting to the house and introducing me to the so-called Lepage, Thompson gathered a turn from the wagon and carried it into the house. He untied the bundle, saying to me he would sell these cheaper than any before, as this was the last. He commenced throwing out piece after piece, all for one hundred and ten dollars. I was trying my best to keep up with him. He could talk as fast as you could listen. I told him I did not have the money to spare to pay for so much. He said he would take my note for part, or for all. I was fearful he was rotten and tried to keep aside. Finally I told him I would pay him fifty dollars down, give him my due bill for sixty dollars, payable in fifteen or twenty days. He said: "All right." He filled out a blank note for sixty dollars, payable to J. Thompson, or bearer. I struck out "or bearer," making it payable to him and no one else. I knew he would let some one else have my note, if it was transferable. My idea was to see him again. I perhaps could hear something about him. If he was a rascal, I could sweeten him. My oldest son was present. He spoke to me and said: "Pa I have some money." I was sorry he said so. Then the buck monkey looking, so-called Frenchman slid up to me slipping five silver dollars in my hand whistling something. Thompson asked me if I understood him. I said, "no." He means giving the five silver dollars as a present, if you will cash the due bill. I did cash it and am sorry I did. About Christmas I saw Mr. John Darby, son of Ivy Darby. He told me that he never sold any goods to any of the named gentlemen at all, that they never stayed all night with the old man Drummond. They stayed all night with Elias Lanford and left their bill unpaid. I hear that before these two rascals came to me they told the people that the so-called Frenchman's brother fell dead on the street at Newberry, S. C. When they left me they said they had sold the safe, but the cracksmen considerably left these untouched.

The robbers effected their entrance into the office by breaking the transom over a door opening into the yard, three holes were drilled in the door of the safe near the lock, into which was placed a lot of dynamite. A fuse was then inserted, which was evidently fired by the cracksmen at a safe distance.

The explosion was heard several blocks away. The policeman on duty in the market, one square distant, was startled by the noise, but was evidently too sleepy to investigate, inasmuch as the robbery was not discovered until the employees of the brewery came to work at the usual hour.

There is no clue to the perpetrators of the crime, but it is supposed to have been the work of the same gang who have been operating in Atlanta and Augusta recently.

A Model Minister. We see it stated that Parkville, N. Y., has a model Methodist minister. He was a soldier and has a pension, but will not touch a dollar of it because his conscience will not allow him to accept money that has been received as taxes on whiskey and tobacco. He will not marry a couple if either of them smokes, chews or drinks, and, rather than ride on the Sabbath day, he walks ten miles to his charge.

SAFE BLOWERS IN CHARLESTON. The safe of the Clausen Brewery Exploded by Dynamite and Robbed.

CHARLESTON, S. C., February 12.—"The enterprising burglar" has been getting in some daring and successful work in Charleston. About 2 o'clock this morning the office of the Palmetto or Clausen Brewery was broken into, the door of the iron safe blown open with dynamite and \$600 in cash and eight dollars' worth of postage stamps stolen. There were several checks and drafts and other valuable papers in the safe, but the cracksmen considerably left these untouched.

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William Alexander. Cavm's S. C., Feb. 1st 1886. John Springs and Will Austin, colored, were killed by the fall of an elevator at the Meeklenburg Iron Works, Charlotte.

THE TRUTH HURTS.

Federal Veterans who Don't Like the Battle of Bull Run.

A Washington special to the Baltimore American says: For several months a panorama company has been constructing a building and putting up a large exhibition here. It is proposed to display the battle of Bull Run on an immense canvas, and after the style of the battle of Gettysburg at Chicago, and the siege of Paris at New Orleans, etc. A few days ago information was received by a post of the Grand Army here that the exhibition would be purely Confederate in its teachings; that it would show the Confederate side of the bloody contest, and ignore the struggle of the men who fought to preserve the Union. This information was received with a large grain of allowance. The old veterans did not believe that such an affront could be imposed at the capital of the nation which is frequented by every people he globe; but a committee was appointed to ascertain the truth of the report. The building, a large brick structure located near the agricultural department, and new and handsome, is finished, but the interior is not quite completed. A member of the committee managed to get inside to-day when the truth of the statement became apparent. There was the painting and the deceptive surroundings. The whole picture of the sanguinary engagement, with Longstreet and Stonewall Jackson, and their army of gray coats under the stars and bars, driving the Federals back pell-mell—a victory in every lineament for the Confederates. The paintings of the Confederate officers are described as being very fine.

To-night the grand army posts of the district adopted the following:

Whereas, In the city of Washington there is being erected a building for the purpose of exhibiting a panorama of the scene of the battle of Bull Run; Whereas, The said battle was an unexplained victory for the rebel army and a humiliating defeat for the Union army.

Resolved, That it is the sense of this post that the soldiers of the grand army of the republic should discourage the patronage of said exhibition, because it is designed to gratify the spirit of treason, and perpetuate in the memory of the people the triumph of the rebellion, and one of the most humiliating defeats suffered by the Union army during the late war.

"YOU'RE NOT MY HUSBAND."

Curious Case From Atlanta—A Lady in Search of a Lost Husband.

ATLANTA, Feb. 11.—A great deal of fuss has been made over the remains of W. J. Pierce, who was killed in the Pacific and East Tennessee railroad disaster. Two women have claimed him as their husband.

C. W. Belton, who is employed at W. O. Jones' livery stable, was a victim of the same accident, but was not killed. It was reported that he had lost his life, and his name was printed as Felton instead of Belton.

"An Indianapolis woman has been in Atlanta for the purpose of identifying my remains. When she heard I was not killed, she sent for me to come and see her. This woman was a Mrs. Felton. I called at the hotel and was ushered into her presence. The lady, who was young and pretty, gazed at me a moment, and exclaimed, 'You are not my husband.'"

"Since this thing has leaked out, the story has been started that I am sailing under false colors; that Belton is not my name, and that there is a large reward offered in Texas for my capture. If anybody wants that reward they can find me at the Ivy Street Hospital."

"So that wasn't your wife?" remarked the reporter.

"No, sir; but she was a mighty pretty woman."

Mr. Belton says he can prove his record and family standing as good as any man's in the State of Georgia.

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CASSIUS M. CLAY'S FATHER.

Personal Habits of a Noted Kentucky Pioneer—Believer of Fort Meigs.

My father was a hard worker, yet always would have plenty of sleep. He would make up in the day what was necessarily lost in the night. He would never allow children to be awakened; but let them, under all circumstances, to sleep on till they awoke of themselves. And this is the most important of all the means of health. He would never sleep in the house in the daytime, when he could find a suitable place to lie down in the open air. I attribute much of my good health to the same cause. The damp and darkness of rooms, and especially the imperfect ventilation, are the causes of untold diseases. He understood very well that impure water was the cause of most summer complaints, as flux, diarrhea, typhoid and bilious fevers, etc. Hence he took all possible precautions to secure good, pure water. He bored two artesian wells—a thing almost unknown in his day; and they produce pure water to this time.

He was a great lover of sheep, and had great faith in mutton, not only for its agreeable and nutritious qualities, but as a medicine. When flux prevailed, which was rarely the case among the blacks, he had mutton soup given to all, sick and well. It is the best possible remedy now for that disease. But what physician will open the way for a practice which sends him to the poor-house? He understood how a mutton sheep should be butchered, an unknown art to millions to-day. No man understood better how to manage his dependents. He provided first-class clothing, food and shelter for his slaves; but was always rigid and exacting in discipline. Of all the men I ever knew, he most kept in view the means which influenced the end.

Now, slavery was a terrible thing; but he made it as bearable as was consistent with the facts. When any of the slaves were found to "play the old soldier," and pretended to be sick, he had a fine medicine in the bark of the white walnut. This he would have mixed with much water. If the patient was really sick it was a safe and excellent remedy for many diseases; but, if he was playing "possum," he would rather go to work than swallow the bark. There was no market for sheep in those days, and my father's object in raising large flocks was to clothe his slaves well. He always had the heaviest cloth made for the men and women and then "fulled." By this operation the web was thickened and made, like the felting of the wool hats, water-proof. He used to say: "Better lose the value of a coat than that of the workman." He fed and sheltered his slaves well, allowing them gardens, fowls and bees. Groups of cabins were far apart for pure air.

He was much ahead of his times in agriculture, and greatly in favor of secure shelter for his stock, grain and hay. In his intercourse with the world he was rather pleasant than reserved—never aggressive—but always prepared for defense. When he went to the relief of Fort Meigs in 1813, which was built on the River Raisin (where now the city of Monroe, Mich., formerly known as Frenchtown, now stands), instead of going directly to the fort, where he must necessarily have lost much of his force from Indian sharpshooters, he landed above, built rapidly flatboats, with high side-planks, which were bullet-proof, and thus dropping down the river he hardly lost a man.

The defeat of Col. Dudley was the fruit of a contrary policy. He was ordered by my father to attack a battery, spike it and return to the boats. But Dudley, elated by success, followed the Indians, and was cut to pieces, with his whole force. This caution of my father was regarded by the unwise as timidity; and, no doubt, to avoid such imputation the gallant Dudley was ruined. When too late, of course, all agreed that Clay was the better commander.—Autobiography of C. M. Clay.

Houses of the Middle Ages. The seventeenth century was the period when country houses, as we now see them, were mostly built. They go more often by the name of "halls" than of "castles" or "manors," though many of them stand where castles have been before till such strong places were wanted no longer. This title, "The Hall," was not given without reason. The houses of the middle ages had but one room, the hall, and these old mansions retained it above and before all other features of the house. It was where neighbors and strangers, as well as the entire family, were entertained. It was close to the entrance, so that one might enter out of the night, or the storm and be welcomed at once with fire and food.—Family Herald.

Definition of a Dormant Volcano.

There is no end to the funny things that are seen and heard by the teachers in our public schools. One or two anecdotes are told us by a lady of considerable experience in teaching, and a strong sense of humor. It was a question of volcanoes, and one was described as "dormant." "What is the meaning of dormant?" "Nobody knows. Very well, young ladies; look it up in your dictionaries." An eager girl in a remote corner of the room waves her hand. "Well, Miss Smithson, what is a dormant volcano?" "A dormant volcano, sir, is one that does not act in public."—Exchange.

Too Many Dogs by Five.

A negro made a return of his property to the Auditor last week for taxation, and the whole amounted to \$15. In addition to this amount he then returned five dogs which the Auditor put down at \$25. No wonder at his poverty when he has so many dogs to work for.—Camden Journal.

Recently there passed through Opelika, Ala., a youthful couple from Lafayette, the groom aged 18 and the bride 11. They kept their names a profound secret, in order, perhaps, to elude their watchful parents and escape the merited penitence sprout. They will make their play-house in Texas.

Dr. Lagrone of Edgefield has obtained the necessary papers from the Governor to bring back from Little Rock, Ark., a negro named Wright Weldon, who murdered Mr. John Lagrone in Edgefield twelve years ago and escaped while being taken to jail. Weldon is now in prison in Little Rock.

The stable of J. P. Mullaly, in St. Louis, caught fire and the employees were removing the horses, when policemen came up and clubbed them senseless, supposing they were thieves. The flames spread rapidly and 58 horses were burnt to death.

Adelaide Chapman, an American girl nurtured on Boston beans and other intellectual comestibles, is creating a sensation in operatic circles in Italy. But she does not do it in her own name. She calls herself Mme. Adda Adini.

A man in New York has declined a pension lately awarded him on account of suffering undergone at Andersonville Prison because the Government's revenues are in part derived from taxes on whiskey and tobacco.

MORRISON'S MONSTROSITY.

THE TARIFF BILL THAT IS NOW BEFORE THE HOUSE.

What Mr. Dibble has to Say about the Bill and its Effects on the Rice Producing Industry of the South.

WASHINGTON, February 16.—The Morrison tariff bill has been printed and was distributed among the members of the House this morning. But few of them took the trouble to read through its twenty-six pages, although none of them failed to ascertain how the bill affects their respective districts. Truly the late Gen. Hancock summed up the situation in a few words when he said that the tariff was "a local issue." That part of the bill most interesting to South Carolina is the provision relative to the importation of rice. Meeting Representative Dibble at the Capital to-day, I asked him how he regarded the Morrison bill, so far as rice is concerned. He said: "I have not fully examined Mr. Morrison's proposed tariff bill as the printed edition has only reached the House to-day. But I procured a copy and examined the provisions concerning rice. I regard these provisions as extremely hurtful to the rice-producing industry." Besides reducing the duty on rice half a cent and on paddy a quarter of a cent a pound, the bill provides for "broken or granulated rice 20 per cent. ad valorem." This is a settlement of the controversy between rice producers and the importers of rice in favor of the importer on all of the disputed points. The Tariff Act of 1883 reduced rice half a cent a pound on uncleaned and one-fourth of a cent on cleaned. I think that rice should therefore be let alone, for the present at least, unless it is desired to destroy this important industry, and none but extreme free traders would favor a measure which is so pregnant with disaster to one of our important interests. So far as I am concerned I shall never sacrifice South Carolina's interests for a vague and indefinite theory."—News and Courier.

GOVERNOR SEYMOUR DEAD.

Another Great Statesman and Remarkable Man Passes Away.

UTICA, N. Y., February 12.—Ex-Governor Horatio Seymour died here at 10 o'clock to-night at the home of his sister, Mrs. Roscoe Conkling. He would have been seventy-five years of age on the 31st of May. As has been his custom in recent years, he came from his Deerfield home in the fall to pass the winter in Utica with his brother, John F. Seymour and Mrs. Roscoe Conkling. During the last two weeks he has had periods of indisposition, but not of a serious nature. He is reported to have been unconscious part of the time to-day and complained of much pain. His condition indicated a breaking down of the system.

Whipped on the Bare Back.

Harrison and William Rothwell, John Peacham and George Norris, all colored, and Frank Plaford convicted of larceny at the present term of court were publicly whipped on their bare backs in the New Castle (Del.) jail Saturday, receiving from five to twenty lashes. Edwin J. Hollingsworth was confined one hour in the pillory for forging checks on the first national bank of Wilmington. The thermometer was near zero adding materially to the legal punishment, and greatly aggravating the suffering. The first man whipped, although but twenty two years of age, has been an inmate of the jail twenty times, varying from three to twelve months, and has been whipped nearly every time.

A Fool and his Money.

An elderly colored man buried \$500, the savings of himself and family for twenty years, in a church-yard in Abbeville, and on his death-bed told of the place of deposit. The widow went to the spot indicated but found that the money had been carried off. Two colored boys who recently left the State are suspected of taking the money.

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A man in New York has declined a pension lately awarded him on account of suffering undergone at Andersonville Prison because the Government's revenues are in part derived from taxes on whiskey and tobacco.