WANTED, A

5,000 Bales of Cotton

THE STORY OF "NANCY FAT."

How Mrs. General R. B. Elliott Tried to Make a Social Queen of Her and Failed.

The New York *Herald* says: Not long since there was a brief notice announcing the death of "Mrs. General R. B. Elliott," wife of the late negro congressman who, a few years ago, took such an active part in South Carolina politics. Possibly no woman of the present century has experienced such a sudden change from indigence to opulence or has risen so quickly in the social scale. She was owned by a family in Columbia, S. C. Her name was Nancy, but on account of her plump figure she bore the sobriquet of "Nancy Fat." She was an amiable, humble creature, happy and indolent, with no ambition or pride of character, and was as contented while engaged at her most menial and servile drudgery, as when arrayed in fantastic and gaudy attire, she danced as belle of the slaves' quarters. During the period of Republican rule, Elliott, while in Columbia, was one afternoon driving behind his beautiful pair of bays. He was dressed in the usual style of black broadcloth and lavender kid gloves. At the corner of one of the streets he saw a picture that proved to be the key to his destiny. It was "Nancy Fat." She was bending and drawn a bucket of water from the well. I can conceive of no more complete vestigate. The contrast in the manner and ship of Jesus of Nazareth drop trickling down her acts of hypocrite and neck, and she laughed the Christian way. Her white teeth sucked way. It is as if there was a generous display of put on religion and ankles. The effect was in a compliment, and the congressman in broadcloth, and the was hopelessly fascinated with than the vulgarest water carrier. The result, no personal society, courtship and marriage. tion unless position was wonderful [illegible] Fresh from the washtub and the [illegible] of Columbia. Elliott was a man of brilliant intellect and unbounded ambition. He was one of the leading spirits of the Republican party, and was regarded as one of the most intelligent negroes who was ever known in the South. He was from Boston, Mass., he was a finished scholar and a successful lawyer. His alliance with the untutored Nancy caused general surprise. Yet she was received by his friends with courtesy and kindness. One day I was passing her house in company with her former mistress, when we espied a sight that was droll and amusing. Beside a marble fountain surrounded by rare exotics sat Mrs. Elliott. She was arrayed in a costume of most extreme elegance. Peeping beneath her skirts of amber satin we plainly saw her bare brown feet. As she saw us she quickly tucked them under her skirts, and exclaimed good naturedly: "Now, old missis, don't laugh at your [illegible] I never did like shoes. [illegible] I get I just slip them off. All this money can't make me forget the happy days when I was plain 'Nancy Fat,' [illegible] Mr. General Congressman Elliott." [illegible] we passed on, and left her with her feet buried in the deep sand of the fountain. [illegible] later Mrs. Elliott became a prominent feature in the [illegible] South Carolina, and also [illegible] Washington. It [illegible] administration [illegible] such a [illegible] altered [illegible] prominent [illegible] to make con- [illegible] of the social equal [illegible] congressman [illegible] a few days ago the wo- [illegible] could do, and [illegible] to elevate by all [illegible]

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This instance [illegible] is now but a [illegible] will not [illegible] it may [illegible]

Hard to Identify.

Prof. Baird's grave [illegible] when the dispatch from Paducah, Ky., announcing the discovery of a meteor-field near that place was shown to him, writes a Washington correspondent of the New York *Herald*.

"I should say, without knowing anything about it," he said, "that the story was a hoax. None of the specimens reported to have been sent to the Smithsonian have been received, nor do I believe they will be. Prof. Proctor, an eminent geologist, is now making a tour of Kentucky, but he has not been heard from upon the subject. If the story possesses any foundation in fact, the probability is that the meteors were salted." Such tricks do occur occasionally. [illegible] remember [illegible] discovery of diamonds was reported from Colorado, [illegible] newspapers teemed with descriptions of the mine and its dazzling [illegible] gentlemen went from [illegible] and examined the mine [illegible] their judgment it was a bona-fide discovery. They returned to California and organized a stock company, with capital running up into the millions. Mr. Clarence King, one of the geologists attached to the Smithsonian, had just returned from Colorado when the excitement was at its height. Nothing of the kind had come under his observation, and naturally enough he regarded the discovery as a reflection upon himself. He returned to Colorado, and saw at once that the mines were "salted." The projectors of the affair offered him a large sum of money not to expose them, but he refused to be bribed, and so the fraud became public.

"Whenever an alleged important discovery like this Kentucky one, for instance, gets into the papers of the Smithsonian have to suffer the consequences. I am quite sure that before the expiration of a week we shall receive a hundred letters about it. People write to us upon every conceivable subject. We received a letter the other day from a man in Pennsylvania who claimed to have found a petrified parrot, which he offered to sell for $1,000. It is impossible to petrify the soft tissues of a bird, but I told him to send it along and we would examine it for him. It proved to be nothing but a water-worn fragment of a limestone rock, with something of the appearance of a petrified parrot might have if such a thing were possible.

"Speaking about curious people, I have just written a letter to Mr. John Hampden, of London, who sends us each month for distribution a magazine devoted to proving that the earth is flat. Some years ago Mr. Hampden wagered Arthur R. Wallace, the celebrated scientist, £1,000 that Wallace could not prove the earth to be round. There were three umpires, two of whom decided in Wallace's favor, and the money was paid to him."

"Do you answer crank letters?"

"We have one clerk who does nothing else. Occasionally they write a second time, and express their regret that an institution so famous should not possess one man of good common sense."

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Powderly Stigmatized as a Tool of Capitalists.

The Coopers' Union of Cincinnati has issued a statement of its reasons for seceding from the Knights of Labor as follows:

1. Because it seems to us clear and proven beyond doubt that Powderly is a traitor to the working men; that he is sanctimonious and untrustworthy as well as a tool in the hands of the capitalists.

2. Because all the good the order possesses is only on the paper of the constitution, but never could be found in reality. It is opinion that it is the fault of the officers, who always paralyzed the enforcement of the best parts of the constitution.

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[illegible]

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Crowell on Politics.

Ex-Postmaster General Crowell, of Maryland, who was a member of Grant's administration, and an early and latter-day stalwart, and who now figures at the head of an important national bank in Washington, recently said: "I have not been very active in politics for the past few years. Republican politics have become so sentimental and ceremonious that it is almost a waste of time to attempt to do any effective work. It sometimes looks to me as if the party surrendered all its vigor when it passed out of the hands of its founders and leaders for two decades and took up with management inspired by the theories and riding hobbies. Taking the men who are putting themselves forward as candidates and comparing them with Lincoln and Grant, we are forced to admit that the timber is quite dead."

"I am taking very little part in Maryland politics. Our fighting chances are thrown away by personal rivalries and struggles for personal aggrandizement in a political way. I have kept out. The Republican party might control the State. The Democratic vote is yearly growing less. The 22,000 Democratic majority on the Governorship in 1879 fell to 12,000 in 1883, and on the Presidency President Cleveland had 11,000, as against 15,000 for Hancock. This only shows the drift of political sentiment, unaided by such methods of unity and discipline as were in vogue when the Republican party was in its prime."

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A Mysterious Murder in Charleston.

Charleston is much excited over the murder of Mr. Thomas F. Croghan on the night of the 15th inst. All that appears now to be known is that Mr. Croghan went into his house after his work on Monday afternoon. How late he stayed up is not known. It was stated by one of the colored persons on the premises that Mr. Croghan frequently stayed up late at night, and occasionally made or warmed up some coffee before retiring. The assassination evidently took place on Monday night, for a bowl of coffee was noticed untouched on the table yesterday morning. On the floor was lying an old musket undischarged. It is not unlikely that this was simply pushed from its place near the door, where it was kept, by the body as it was being dragged from the room. It is not probable that the murderer would have approached close enough with a gun loaded with buckshot—a certain shot and sure death—to have aroused the suspicion of the intended victim. The most probable positions at the time of the killing were that Mr. Croghan was sitting in his dining-room at the table facing the door that opens on the east piazza. Just behind him was a door opening upon the passageway dividing the two lower rooms. The murderer entered through a window, got into the passage and approached its door. The back of his victim was partly toward him, and he fired the fatal shot which, with well-directed aim, took effect in the left side. The motive for the murder was evidently to get money. Mr. Croghan was an elderly man and was of so quiet and amiable a character as to have had no enemies. Sam Hunter, a negro, made such statements before the coroner's jury as to induce the belief that he knew either the manner or was accessory to the crime. He is now under arrest. The whole affair seems as much involved as the famous McKnight murder in Charleston some months ago.

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[illegible] sailed to New York. She amused herself very well for several days, among her other pleasures including the beautiful display of chrysanthemums at Cosmopolitan Hall. She was delighted with it. The splendid shocks of snowy and flame-colored blooms and the new Japanese seedlings that look as if nature had copied them from decorations on Japanese jars, and the clean, fresh, curious perfumes filled her cultured soul so full of sentiment that it bubbled over for the benefit of a New York man. He came to call soon after her return from the flower show. He was a charming young person, who never by any accident polluted his person with any article manufactured in this country. He was in [illegible] in Europe [illegible] avenues [illegible] the wilds [illegible] awe [illegible] copied [illegible] true [illegible] im- [illegible] ant [illegible] copied [illegible] walking [illegible] that he [illegible] bound but [illegible] unbend his [illegible] over a book, and other matters of more important had escaped his attention, among them the flower show which he happened not to have heard of.

"I've just come from seeing the chrysanthemums," said the enthusiastic young woman from Boston; "and, O! it was such a treat. I never enjoyed anything so much in my life. Have you been yet?"

"No," he drawled out loud, thinking to himself, "What the deuce is the girl talking about, anyhow?" After rapid but profound reasoning he came to the conclusion that being a Boston woman and addicted to literature, she thing that she had been to was something partaking of an intellectual nature, and probably scientific, judging from the long and unpronounceable name. So he remarked lightly that really he "didn't go much into that sort of thing now—it was out of his line, too deep entirely for him."

The Boston girl stared. "What do you mean, sir? Chrysanthemums too deep?"

"Well, you know," said the hapless youth, putting his foot deeper in his mouth every time he opened it, "that one has to do such an awful lot of reading to keep up with these scientific things, and for my part I never enjoy them unless I am quite up on the subject they're talking about." He felt he was getting skillfully over a difficult question and continued, with graceful self confidence, to add a few delicate and artistic touches to his position.

"When I go to this sort of 'thing,' he declared, "I get works on the subject and read up thoroughly, so that I can follow the speaker with intelligent interest; but I'm too awfully busy just now to be able to do that, and so I cut the Nineteenth Century Club, and the Chrysanthemum, and all the rest of it."

The Boston girl gasped a few times and then said she supposed that he really must work awfully hard, and it really was no end of a pity he had had to give up his studies. But before she went back to Boston she told the story, and the young man has gone out in the country to stay some time with his sister. The Boston girl says she thinks New York men are "delicious, simply delicious."—*N. Y. World.*

An Elegant Toy.

Mrs. Whitney is looking very well, indeed. Her summer has evidently agreed with her, and she comes back full of life and energy. Her house is more beautiful than ever, and a number of pretty little curios have been added to its collection. One of these is a pretty little [illegible] of children's playthings. It is a miniature sedan-chair, covered with silk, made into a cabinet. It has windows of plate-glass. It is not more than twelve inches high and six inches wide, and upon the shelves within it there is a full set of children's dishes in old silver. They were made several hundred years ago, and were in all probability the possession of the children of some noble French family. There is a little wine-glass of solid silver, with a bowl not bigger than a thimble. A little silver table about two inches high, minature silver coffee-cups and plates, and in fact quite a set of solid silver dishes of antique shape, elegantly chased and bearing the marks of the makers of generations ago. In this cabinet also she has placed two Russian coffee-cups of solid silver, lined with gold. The cabinet itself is a curiosity, and as one looks at it makes him feel how closely the people of the past are allied to the present, and how much alike human nature and child nature are in all ages and generations.

Musings.

How is it that the people who are so persistent in giving advice are generally the ones who need it most? Every street corner has a crowd of able-bodied loafers who never could make a living, but every loafer in the crowd is a repository of advice and information as to the best way for you to make a living.

There is the fiend who tells you that if you would quit smoking cigars you would save $300 in a year. He has the figures and statistics to prove it, and points with pride to the fact that he does not chew or smoke. When you ask him if he saves $300 a year by his abstinence he will be obliged to admit blushingly that he spends $300 in his life and would feel rich if you would lend him a quarter.

The man who has failed at everything from pounding sand to sawing wood is always the one who can tell how a government should be operated. He can show conclusively that if he were president *everybody* would be rich and happy in three months, but he cannot show conclusively that he is of any use in the world further than to consume provisions and keep beer from growing stale.

A man of brains and business never needs the advice of these moral wrecks and when it is forced upon him uninvited it can scarcely be wondered at that he sighs for the absence of the fool killer.—*St. Louis Whig.*

[illegible] in Paris is a big wooden [illegible] in front of a cafe. The [illegible] milks a stream of milk [illegible] and a placard proclaims the following astonishing fact: "France [illegible] Bartholdi's goddess to America and [illegible] gratefully [illegible]

Two hundred weavers in Edwards' Company mill, at Augusta, Me., have struck for higher pay. The [illegible] they will close their mill before [illegible] the demand.

A statement of beautiful design will soon be placed over the grave of Chester A. Arthur. Besides this he will have a monument in New York city, erected by voluntary subscriptions to the amount of $30,000.

[illegible] Punch suggested that [illegible] way to prevent railway accidents is to hang one or two directors [illegible] engine. This advice is old, but [illegible] it may be wise to suggest [illegible]

Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute

Staff of Eighteen Experienced and Skillful Physicians and Surgeons.

ALL CHRONIC DISEASES A SPECIALTY.—Patients treated here or at their homes. Many treated at home, through correspondence, as successfully as if here in person. Come and see us, or send ten cents in stamps for our "Invalids' Guide-Book," which gives all particulars. Address: WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, 663 Main St., Buffalo, N.Y.

OVER WORKED Women.

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Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription

is the result of this vast experience. For internal congestion, inflammation and ulceration, it is a specific, and a powerful general, as well as uterine, tonic and nervine, and imparts vigor and strength to the whole system. It cures weakness, stomach, indigestion, bloating, weak back, nervous prostration, exhaustion, debility, sleeplessness, in either sex. Favorite Prescription is sold by druggists under our positive guarantee. See wrapper around bottle.

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Send 10 cents in stamps for Dr. Pierce's large Treatise on Diseases of Women (160 pages, paper-covered). Address, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

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SHOW CASES, WALL CASES

A NAMELESS CASE.

My case has been a very curious one for about thirteen years. At intervals of about one week I would be attacked with spells of severe and most excruciating pain, always commencing in the region of my kidneys. The pain would then go upward and affect my back and head, and sometimes my very eyeballs, creating a disease suffering, lasting about eight hours each spell.

I resorted to all kinds of medicine without benefit. Several doctors treated my case, but none gave relief. I finally used B. B. B. as an experiment, and to my utter astonishment all pain and suffering vanished after using three doses. To the present time I have used three bottles, and not a pain has ever returned. I do not know what was the matter, neither could my physician name the complaint. The B. B. B. acted finely and powerfully upon my kidneys; my appetite has been splendid and my constitution built up rapidly.

R. THOMAS,
Constitution, Ga., May 6, 1886.

Unimpeached Integrity.

I am 55. Broke down twelve years ago, and have not been able to work since. Have lost proper action of my hips and legs. For five years scrofulous sores have appeared on my scalp and nose, and at same time my eyesight began to fail, and for three years have been comparatively blind. I have been treated by eminent physicians of different schools [illegible] I have taken five bottles of B. B. B. made at Atlanta, Ga., and all scrofulous sores are gradually healing. Inflammation about my eyes has disappeared and there is some improvement in my vision. Am very much benefited and relieved, and begin to feel like a boy again—feel good. My strength and activity are surprising in my legs and hips. The B. B. B. acts vigorously upon my kidneys, and the great quantity of matter that has been forced out through the skin is utterly incredible, often so offensive in odor as to produce nausea. Refer to all business men of LaGrange, Ga.

J. P. PROCTOR.
LaGrange, Ga., January 13, 1886.

All who desire full information about the cause and cure of blood poisons, Scrofula and Scrofulous swellings, Ulcers, sores, Rheumatism, Kidney complaints, Catarrh, etc., can secure by mail, free, a copy of 32 page illustrated Book of Wonders, filled with the most wonderful and startling proof ever before known. Address, BLOOD BALM CO., Atlanta, Ga.

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