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# THE LEXINGTON DISPATCH.

A Representative Newspaper. Covers Lexington and the Borders of the Surrounding Counties Like a Blanket.

VOL. XXIX.

LEXINGTON, S. C. WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 16, 1899.

NO. 10

## GLOBE DRY GOODS COMPANY,

W. H. MONCKTON, JR., MANAGER.

1620 MAIN STREET.

COLUMBIA, S. C.

Solicits a Share of Your Valued Patronage. Polite and Prompt Attention.

Oct. 17-18



### A Woman Only Knows

what suffering from falling of the womb, whites, painful or frequent menses, or any disease of the distinctly female character, is, until she has tried this medicine. It does away with the agony she goes through—the terrible suffering, so patiently borne, which robs her of beauty, hope and happiness. Let this suffering really be needless.

### McELREE'S Wine of Cardui

will banish it. This medicine cures all "female diseases" quickly and permanently. It does away with humiliating physical examinations. The treatment may be taken at home. There is not continual expense and trouble. The sufferer is cured and days saved. Wine of Cardui is becoming the leading remedy for all troubles of this class. It costs but \$1 from any druggist.

For advice in cases requiring special directions, address, the "Ladies Advisory Department," The Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn.

MRS. C. J. WEST, Nashville, Tenn., writes:— "This wonderful medicine should be in every house where there are girls and women."

### Bill Arp's Letter.

Bill Says He Can't Fool His Wife.

Atlanta Constitution.

Mr. Lincoln said, "You may fool some of the people all the time—you may fool all the people some of the time, but you can't fool all the people all the time." That's so, I reckon, but I will add that a man can't fool his wife at all. She catches up with him by instinct. My wife has been away to Rome and so I took advantage of her absence and had two trees cut down. One was dying at the top and the other was crowding two other trees and doing no good. But she is utterly hostile to cutting down a tree and so I have to do it while she is away. One of them was cut down low to the ground and after every chip and twig was cleared up I had grass put over the place where the tree was. I was going to do the other the same way but I got sick and she came home prematurely and there was the stump grinning with its fresh cut edges. I was getting better, but when I saw her coming I took a horizontal attitude on the couch and tried to look sick and sad and melancholy. It was too days before she noticed that stump and when she called my attention to it I told her that it was an old stump and had been there for years. She never said anything, but there was a doubtful expression on her tranquil countenance. If there were no grandchildren around here I could get along, but they let the cat out of the bag every time and I am the victim. "I don't remember ever seeing that stump before," said she, but I persuaded her that the late rains had colored it. When she found me out, I assured her that the tree was hollow and was bound to die soon and that its proximity to the other trees prevented their expansion and that expansion was now the policy of the country. "Yes," said she, "I suppose we must cut down the smaller trees so that the larger ones can have more room. We must kill off the Filipinos for the same reason. I wonder how many of the poor creatures they have killed. If our people kill a black brute down here, they make an awful fuss about it, but they are killing thousands because they are defending their native land. It is all very strange to me."

I don't like some of our governor's utterances. The daily paper prints in big lines that he said the man or men who lynched a negro were as guilty in the sight of God as the negro they lynched. Surely he didn't say that. The reporter must have misquoted him again. It does not sound like him. There is no such theology in the books. If God had not have put a mark upon Cain anybody might have slain him. Moses had to provide cities of refuge for those who accidentally killed a body, lest the avengers of blood should pursue and overtake and slay them. The avengers of blood were recognized factors in the administration of the law. What would have been the punishment of those black brutes in Moses' time for their outrages we cannot imagine, for with the Jews no such crimes were known and to this day no such crime is known among them. As a race they are the purest people in their domes.

relations. Husbands are loyal and true and kind to their wives to their husbands; children are obedient to their parents and affectionate to one another. But here among us are a numerous people who seem utterly devoid of those family virtues that are the safeguards of all good government. Within the last thirty years they have grown from childhood to manhood and have become infinitely worse than their fathers and mothers were while in slavery. There are more bastard negroes in and around this city than those born in wedlock. They are not mulattoes, but they are negroes of full blood. The moral degeneracy of the race is alarming. The State convicts and County convicts now aggregate over four thousand, and all of them have come to maturity since the close of the civil war. The morals of these negroes gets worse and worse and their outrages upon white women more frequent and more brutal. Our people are shocked and whisper to one another, who will be the next victim. When the savage Indians burned the homes and tomahawked the women and children our forefathers pursued them by day and by night and had their revenge. We have a people among us many of whom are worse than savages, and every man among us who is loyal to his wife or mother or sister or daughter is an avenger of blood and should never stop until the brute is caught and slain. For such there are no cities of refuge and no horns of the altar for him to lay hold of. This is one crime that makes a man an outlaw and the people have no more fear of provoking the vengeance of God than did Governor Candler when he was leading his brave men against the enemy and crying at the top of his voice, "Shoot 'em, boys! on, boys! Come on and follow me!" He never thought of giving them a trial by jury nor of being guilty of murder. Let governors proclaim in their perfunctory fashion—let preachers and judges speak ex cathedra from the pulpit and the bench, our people will lynch a brute as soon as they can catch him, and it is no sign of lawlessness either. You cannot find in any State better citizenship than in Early County and my letters from friends who live there defend them most heartily from all their slanders. If you wish to hear the truth, just sound the common people—the country people, the working people, who live in the peril of these outrages—the people who are too poor to move to towns or cities—the people who are of all people the most obedient to law—the people who serve on our juries and work the roads, and nurse their sick neighbors and bury their dead, and who gather at the humble church on the Sabbath day and worship God. These are the lynchers for this particular crime and always will be. If a thoughtless, reckless element joins them it cannot be helped. The people of our county of Bartow, I

suppose, are a fair sample of the people of Georgia. There has been but one hanging in twenty two years. We have no white citizens in the changing, nobody ever shoots or fights in our streets. Sometimes at long intervals there is a small fight between lawyers in the courthouse, while court is in session, and the judge on hand to stop it, but nothing more. But nine out of ten of our grand and petit juries would lynch a negro for this crime as soon as they could catch him. Ex-Governor Jones, of Arkansas, has got sense—common sense—and he says: "All this stuff about the law's delay provoking lynchings is the merest nonsense. When this crime is committed no man stops to think or to care whether the brute will be tried next week or next year. They want vengeance right now and they are going to have it, and that is human nature in all civilized countries and is to be commended rather than condemned."

And so let Governor Candler reconsider and take back, if he said it. He can with propriety teach us patriotism and the purity of politics, but his "obiter dicta," as the lawyers call it, on our guilt or innocence before God is "ultra vires"—it is beyond his jurisdiction and hence goes for nothing. But we are all getting along pretty well. Two weeks ago it looked like starvation was staring us in the face. The garden had dried up, the corn was perishing away; everything save cotton had withered, but the rains came in with the dog days, which this year began on the 20th, and the change is wonderful. It looks like a miracle of grace. Verily, God moves in a mysterious way and, as the poet says:

"Behind a frowning providence  
He hides a smiling face."

Our second crop of garden vegetables is better than the first. We did not count on any more beans or squashes or cucumbers and the tomatoes were nearly dead, but everything is on a boom. Our roses are more beautiful than ever before and every morning I fill the vases with a fresh supply, and my wife smiles her sweet rewards. Verily, we cannot foresee what a kind Providence has in store for us. Now, if the Philippine war will be honorably closed and our northern brethren will apologize and be reconciled to us, and our negroes will behave and vote the Democratic ticket, we will all be happy.

Bill Arp.

### To the Public.

Having recently purchased a full set of the latest improved surveyor's instruments, I take this method of informing the public that I am prepared to do all kinds of surveying at the shortest notice and on the most liberal terms. All who have surveying can save money by addressing me at this place.

Sam. J. Leaphart,  
Lexington, S. C.

## A SMALL SPOT MAY BE CANCER.

MOST VIOLENT CASES HAVE APPEARED AT FIRST AS MERE PIMPLES.

The greatest care should be given to any little sore, pimple or scratch which shows no disposition to heal under ordinary treatment. No one can tell how soon there will develop into Cancer of the worst type. So many people die from Cancer simply because they do not know just what the disease is; they naturally turn themselves over to the doctors, and are forced to submit to a cure effected by surgery. Cancer is a deadly poison in the blood, and an operation, plaster, or other external treatment can have no effect whatever upon it. The cure must come from within—the last vestige of poison must be eradicated.

Mr. Wm. Walpole, of Washington, S. D., says: "A little blotch about the size of a pea came under my left eye, gradually growing larger, from which shooting pains at intervals ran in all directions. I became greatly alarmed and consulted a good doctor, who pronounced it Cancer, and advised that it be cut out, but this I could not consent to. I read in my local paper of a cure effected by S. S. S., and decided to try it. It acted like a charm, the tumor becoming at first irritated, and then disappearing altogether, leaving a small scar which soon dropped off, and now only a healthy little scar remains, where what threatened to destroy my life once held full sway. Positively the only cure for Cancer is Swift's Specific."

S. S. S. FOR THE BLOOD—because it is the only remedy which can penetrate to the root of the disease and force it out of the system permanently. A surgical operation does not touch the blood, the root seat of the disease, because the blood does not touch the hand. S. S. S. can take its place. S. S. S. cures all cases of Scrofula, Eczema, Rheumatism, Contagious Eruptions, Ulcers, Sores, or any other form of blood disease. Valuable Book on Cancer and Blood Diseases will be mailed free to any address by Swift Specific Company, Atlanta, Georgia.

### Remarkable Rescue.

Mrs. Michael Curtin, Plainfield, Ill., makes the statement, that she caught cold, which settled on her lungs; she was treated for a month by her family physician, but grew worse. He told her she was a hopeless victim of consumption and that no medicine could cure her. Her druggist suggested Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption; she bought a bottle and to her delight found herself benefited from first dose. She continued its use and after taking six bottles, found herself sound and well; now does her own housework, and is as well as she ever was—Free trial bottles of this Great Discovery at J. E. Kaufmann's Drug Store. Only 50 cents and \$1.00, every bottle guaranteed.

### Fodder Curing.

Farmer Knotts Tells His Fellow Farmers the Best Way.

To the Editor of the Dispatch:

The time for fodder pulling will soon be on hand and a bit of experience from your fellow farmer may be helpful to some one.

The practice of pulling fodder I have for the past several years seen very clearly did not pay me, and I am fully convinced that our farmers will soon see that there is actual loss to any one that continues the practice.

In the first place it is a very costly way of procuring forage for horses. In the second place, it is very damaging to the ear of corn and in the third place it is getting a very inferior forage out of what would if differently treated make a first class feed.

We have farmers who think it a sin to do different from our venerable progenitors, and in whose eyes it is criminal to change the condition of the fathers. These men's prejudices are too steep a grade for the engines of progress and around whose minds there is an armor of steel too thick to be penetrated by the balls of this revolutionary movement. To such of course ideas appeal in vain and the reasons for a change can never break through the shell in which they live contented with the petrified orthodoxy of the past. I am glad to believe and do rejoice that I have genuine, well grounded reasons for the belief that the great majority of Lexington's farmers do not breathe this stagnated air, and do not live in a region whose nativity generates and fosters such idle dreams and where the citizens will eternally hug such a deluding phantom to their bosoms. With the most of us the curtains of the past have dreams and with the associations of former days there will linger a recollection of respect and the responsibilities of the future should reconcile with our duty to ourselves and families and to our country. Let us lay aside all weights which may beset us in our journey and press forward to the mark of a greater remuneration for our labor and a higher and nobler success in our undertaking.

Corn fodder, when properly cured, is a good feed for stock but sundried for several hours and exposed to both dew and rain renders it only a second rate forage. I find that about one hundred pounds of fodder for each ten bushels of corn is a very fair average yield in an average year. That will usually cost one day's work and the risk of losing from rain to still enhance the danger and expense.

If you will strip several rows alternately leaving each alternate row unstripped, then weigh carefully the corn and fodder from the rows stripped and also from the rows not molested you will find that the corn on the rows not stripped will weigh as much as the corn and fodder on the stripped rows. That will tell to any reasoner that it is a costly forage that robs the corn pile of as much in pounds as the fodder weighs. It is giving up a pound of corn for a pound of fodder, besides throwing away the work of one hand for a day to accomplish this destructive end. He will see that the grain of corn on one stalk is full and the corn grain on the other has perished away somewhat, or as we farmers say generally "it has swiddled somewhat."

I have found that there is still a better way than leaving on the stalk. When about ready for the stripping process, cut down the entire stalk at the ground with a hoe and stack in good large stacks and let it cure well before handling in. The higher the stalks the larger the stacks can be made, leaving them always sharp at the top. Stack as fast as you cut or within a short time afterwards before any chance of wilting. A man can cut awhile and then go back and you need not fear for rain, but if rain comes and should run you out of the field and a large amount of corn is on the ground you can follow right behind the shower with your stacking with perfect safety. Cloudy and rainy weather need cause you no fear or alarm, for the water will drip down and go into the ground and not injure in any way your feeding value. A rain immediately after stacking will have a like result without any danger to your interest in any way. What dampness remains in the stack will be driven out by the heat as soon as the wilting and curing process sets in, and that will not start till the water has most dropped off to the ground. If a few hours come on the stack of good warm sunshine the wilting sets in and you can see a decided lessening of the size of stack. Tie a rope around one as tight as you and another person can in the morning and by night you can take up a couple of feet of stack rope. That process condenses and solidifies the stack and renders it entirely impracticable for the hardest showers to enter more than two or three inches deep, and that will evaporate as soon as the "sun comes out," and each successive shower will find your forage heap still better fortified against its entrance and in a very few days will bid defiance to its fury.

At first you and your hands will be green and will make some bad stacks, but I find that the most ordinary field hand will soon catch the idea and move on successfully. At first it will be well to use a green corn or roll up a rope of grass and tuck it around the top of the stack two or three feet from the top. That will help it to stand alone for awhile till the solidifying can make it compact so as to stand the assaults of rain and wind. But never put on the ground or in little stacks till the blades half cure and then place in a larger stack. It will never be compact, will never solidify but will continue to be porous and will admit the rain and dew to its ruin and will be surely a dead loss if any rains fall on it before housing.

A still better way if you have house room is to cut and haul straight to the shelter and stack upright, tassels upwards. Just keep erect and you can start at back side of the lot and "fill plum to the door" without any risk of its injury. It will evaporate upward and will continue to do so till dry. Then you can throw up high and pack as you choose without harm and refill this space with more green corn. Never throw down lengthwise while in green state on any pile. That is simply to give it over to mould, blight and ruin; that is but to give up your mastery and surrender your possession. If you are fearful of committing violence to your best interest, try an acre or two in stacks this year and be convinced that you persist in doing a foolish, unremunerative and non-progressive thing from which you are the loser and your family are the sufferers. If you fear trying to shelter on a large scale put a few loads upright in a fence corner and place a few boards over it to prevent the ravages of the rainfall and let your reason have a fair, even chance with your likeliest prejudices and then do the net of a good husbandman, a kind companion and generous father, to say nothing of the righteous part of a merciful owner to provide a nutritious, palatable food for the poor, faithful horse who is ever ready to do its master's bidding.

The forage thus cured is a natural green color, much stronger in feeding power and far more satisfactory to your stock. When you have partially tried this experiment, just let your horse decide the case for you and place in his reach fodder cured in this way and the old sun dried beautiful "yellow" bundle of fodder and see which he will use up first, and let Solomon's advice, "go to the

**ROYAL BAKING POWDER**  
ABSOLUTELY PURE  
Makes the food more delicious and wholesome  
ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

ant, then sluggard, have its proper corrective influence on your future.

I find that corn thus cured weighs several pounds more on the bushel and much fuller and more even grain than when stripped in our old way.

With me the question is a settled one for all time to come, and with me there is no further doubt nor hesitation. In 1897 I tried enough to convince me and in 1898 I thus treated the entire crop on the place except the contract farms. I will not use force and power to compel them to come to my ways in this, as these hands usually sell their portion of the corn and fodder to persons in the neighborhood, and on the stalk as I use mine it is, yet not saleable. In this way a large portion of mine stood in the field this year till in February and March. Care and vigilance should be kept and as soon as a stack begins to show signs of falling it should be hauled in. It is better if any one has house room to haul in as soon as convenient after being dried, but that is a question for each farmer's capacity. The corn can be broken off in the field, placed in the bin and thus stalks and forage can be secured from loss by a rude shelter of rough boards if the farmer has no shelter in reach of him.

The feeding power of this forage is much better and the capacity is about doubled or tripled by the addition of the tassel and small end from the ear up, and any one will be surprised to see how much of the stalk the stock will eat, and what is not eaten becomes trampled up into a first class fertilizer for another crop, besides assisting in making a comfortable bed for the horse in the stable. By using a shredder and tearing the stalks and blades into fine pieces, the entire lot becomes firm forage and it will pay any one who can pay twenty-five to forty dollars to buy one for such a use.

The blades of fodder fill the place in the corn crop that the lungs fill in the human system. When you tear out a man's lungs, breathing ceases and death takes hold. Tear away the blades of fodder and the nutrition, that is in the stalk can have no further circulation and the corn grains perish to that extent but cut it all down and the good work goes on for several hours and nature continues to carry on the separation of materials by the pores in the blades of fodder and the restoration of what is needed when the useless and poisonous gasses are set at liberty and released so that they can escape through the tops of these stacks.

Nature in her wisdom has placed this work on the blades of corn and to remove them when so much needed by the ear is a violation of nature's laws and must meet with a refusal on her part to fulfill her obligations; to "feed me till I want no more." Nature knows best when the ear has no longer a need for its feeders and when this time arrives the little blades beginning at the ground commence to give up their life, to fade and to die, till all have surrendered their living green and in death part with all. We should decide when we plant if we want grain or forage. If grain be our aim then it will be well to remember that there is doubtful wisdom in interferences with nature's decrees that are more unalterable and more unchangeable than the boasted laws of the Medes and Persians.

If forage be our aim we can get it without such a sacrifice, and it will be better to plant with that end in view. Besides getting a better corn grain and better forage, we run but little risk of loss from rain, and a man can cut and stack two or three times as much as he can strip in average per day. Besides this it removes the stalks from the field and a grass blade or mower can be used on peavines or grass that may be on the land.

D. J. Knotts.  
Swansea, August, 12, 1899.

The churches of the United States claim 2,000,000 communicants.

### We're Agin It.

The State: The Batesburg people, it is reported, are almost unanimously in favor of the proposition to consolidate Lexington and Richland counties, believing that after this shall be done it will be easier to form a new county with Batesburg as the county seat. They are shrewd folks and argue logically, and if they want to support the Congaree county scheme with that ulterior object let them go ahead. We doubt whether there would be objection on this side to their plan if western Lexington should prefer it, as there is no hunger here for mere bigness of territory. Batesburg is in truth well situated to be the seat of a new county, embracing western Lexington, northern Aiken and bits of southern Edgefield and Saluda. If the Lexingtonians over that way shall work on the lines proposed Congaree county will have its only serious obstacle removed.

We ask the State to reconsider its Greater Richland or as it calls it "Congaree County" scheme. We're agin it. We join hands with the Lexington Dispatch to fight it to the last ditch. The Edgefield and Saluda papers will be on hand in the fight and the Johnston Monitor will make a noble defence for its section. Batesburg may be ever so ambitious to become a county seat but Aiken has no territory to spare. Let the State let well enough alone, and keep to its own side of the river. Instead of making two blades of grass grow where one grew before it is trying to reverse the order of things and wants one big blade in place of two flourishing ones now growing. We do not believe the State is sincere in its desire to annex Lexington to Richland but anyway, we're agin it.—Aiken Journal and Review.

About one month ago my child, which is fifteen months old, had an attack of diarrhoea accompanied by vomiting. I gave it such remedies as are usually given in such cases, but as nothing gave relief, we sent for a physician and it was under his care for a week. At this time the child had been sick for about ten days and was having about twenty-five operations of the bowels every twelve hours, and we were convinced that unless it soon obtained relief it would not live. Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy was recommended, and I decided to try it. I soon noticed a change for the better; by its continued use a complete cure was brought about and it is now perfectly healthy.—C. L. Boggs, Stumpfield, Gilmer Co., W. Va. For sale by J. E. Kaufmann.

### No, Thank You.

The Saluda and Newberry telephone line, is being rapidly put up between the court houses of Saluda and Newberry. By the by, would it not be better for the two counties to consolidate. The Saluda river only divides them and that could be free bridged, electric car put on the extension which would be very convenient for the whole country. It is open for discussion.—Lexington Dispatch.

Not a bit of it. Saluda wants no consolidation where she will lose her identity. If she finds she can't take care of herself. She will go back to her old mother, Edgefield.

If on the other hand, little slices of an adjoining county would find it more convenient to be made a part of us, will try to make room for them and make them welcome.—Saluda Advocate, August 9th, 1899.

### Story of a Slave.

To be bound hand and foot for years by the chains of disease is the worst form of slavery. George D. Williams, of Manchester, Mich., tells how much a slave was made free. He says: "My wife has been so helpless for five years that she could not turn over in bed alone. After using two bottles of Electric Bitters, she is wonderfully improved and able to do her own work." This supreme remedy for female diseases quickly cures nervousness, sleeplessness, melancholy, headache, backache, fainting and dizzy spells. This miracle working medicine is a God send to weak, sickly, run down people. Every bottle guaranteed. Only 50 cents. Sold by J. E. Kaufmann, Druggist.

### ADVERTISING RATES.

Advertisements will be inserted at the rate of 75 cents per square of one inch space for first insertion, and 50 cents per square for each subsequent insertion. Liberal contracts made with those wishing to advertise for three, six and twelve months. Notices in the local column 5 cents per line each insertion. Obituaries charged for at the rate of one cent a word, when they exceed 100 words. Marriage notices inserted free. Address: G. M. HARMAN, Editor and Publisher.

### The Best Remedy for Flux.

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

The Christian Scientists have organized a Church in Cawleston.

No man can worry about how he looks and keep his bank account growing.

For Headache caused most likely by a Disordered Stomach, accompanied by Constipation, use Dr. M. A. Simmons Liver Medicine.

No man will ever be celebrated for his piety whose religion is all in his head.

The girl who can speak seven languages is less sought after than the girl who can hold her tongue in one.

Keep the Stomach and Bowels in good condition, the Waste Avenues open and free by an occasional dose of Dr. M. A. Simmons Liver Medicine.

Haller says that a single female house fly lays 20,000,320 eggs in one season.

The "insiders" in the stock market are the "lambs" after the "bears" take them in.

Quickly cure constipation and rebuild and invigorate the entire system—never gripe or nauseate—De Witt's Little Early Risers. J. E. Kaufmann.

The suit a tailor makes a man seldom lasts as long as his suit against him.

Any girl who refuses a sparkling diamond engagement ring must be stone blind.

In Diarrhoea Dr. M. A. Simmons Liver Medicine is invaluable. It gives Tone to the Stomach, Aids Digestion and Assists Nature in carrying off all Impurities.

If the wages of sin is death some people are slow in collecting what is due them.

There is hope for any young man who is willing to unlearn what he thinks he knows.

If you feel sleepy, ill and bilious and wish to feel well, bright and wide awake use Dr. Sawyer's Little Wide Awake Pills. They are the best. J. E. Kaufmann.

Recruits for the Chinese army are not accepted unless they can jump a ditch six feet wide.

It is estimated that on an average each penny in circulation changes hands 11 times in a week.

Let disease come as they will, Take Life of the Liver and be healthy still; Pleasant to take, unlike a pill, Regulates the system and cures every ill.

Five times more cotton is said to be needed by the mills of Spartanburg than the county raises.

Simple health rules demand that you check your present kidney trouble by giving Dr. Sawyer's Ukatine a trial. You will find your investment good. J. E. Kaufmann.

The man who never tries to do anything and the man who tries to do everything are both foolish.

Ledgers, journals, records, counter books, memorandum books, school books, pads, pencils, ink of all colors, mullage, &c., for sale at the Bazaar.

A horse is never sick at the stomach, because that animal is not provided with a gall bladder.

Congressman Ketcham, of New York, has served in 13 congresses, and has never made a speech.

Persistent Bride—"Will you love me just as much when I am dead?" Bridegroom (suddenly)—"More, darling, more."

Congressman Talbert says that he will not oppose Senator Tillman; that he is entirely content with a place in the lower house.

Othello is the name of a man in Mississippi who has recently announced himself as a candidate for justice of the peace.

King George of Greece, gets the smallest salary of any European sovereign. He has to rock along, poor fellow, on 200,000 a year.

Dr. Sawyer's Anker and Witch Hazel Salve heals and soothes inflamed skin, and is especially recommended to heal cuts, burns, bruises and sores. J. E. Kaufmann.

Adjutant General Floyd announces that thirty companies in the militia service of the State have been completely and entirely equipped.