

A Double Load for Tillman.

COLUMBIA, S. C., OCTOBER 10.—Judging from the temper of the people since the last scandal has developed in the State dispensary, Senator Tillman will have to keep his promise of staying in South Carolina for the institution he founded or see it demolished.

The action of the board of control in dismissing Commissioner Douthit, after exposing what they termed "gross frauds on the people of South Carolina" and the discharging of Chief Bookkeeper Ozts, who has been a strong supporter of Tillman, following him around the State as a newspaper correspondent in his first campaign, gives the dispensary the most severe blow it has ever received.

The papers term the dispensary a nest of corruption and thievery. It is asserted that no man has ever been connected with the dispensary who has not been caught in some fraud or irregularity or resigned under suspicion, and that the record carries out that assertion.

In former investigations the pro-dispensary people charged persecution, and as nothing was actually proved, the institution was hurt little in the estimation of its friends. Now it is different. The investigation has been conducted by members of the board, Reformers and friends of the dispensary.

The prohibitionists will make a hard fight against the dispensary when the Legislature meets in January. They have almost won that point at the last session, which was to have the matter of dispensary or prohibition referred to a vote of the people.

At a young man's house late that night and it is feared that there may be a number of fatalities. It was the occasion of the marriage of Miss Jessie Sidebottom and James Dillon, prominent young people of the county.

The handsome county home of the bride's father this morning presented a hospital scene. A grand ball was in progress when a number of persons became suddenly ill and had to be carried from the ball room.

Poison placed on growing cabbage some months ago, which slaw was made is attributed as the cause. Bringing in the Sheaves.

With the first touch of gold on the beards a feverish activity begins. The farmer gets his binder and reaper and arranges with his neighbor to trade off work.

Attacks Atlanta Society.

ATLANTA, GA., Oct. 8.—Dr. L. G. Broughton made a savage attack in his sermon to-night upon Governor Candler and Atlanta society in general for serving wine at receptions.

He said that whenever there was a society function in Atlanta there was always a convenient bar in the hallway, where a "little lady" would dispense punch, and that the same thing occurred at the executive mansion when receptions were given there, with the same hallway punch arrangement, and that the voters should see to it hereafter that Georgia should have no more such orgies.

His listeners were at a loss to understand his reference to the "little lady" who served the punch, but the impression conveyed was that she was bankrupt in religious fervor and piety. He boldly asserted that there had not been a public garden in this city since his pastorate here that society ladies did not drink, and that on one occasion several got beastly drunk and that they had to be spirited home in close carriages.

The sermon produced a profound sensation upon all who heard it. He characterized it as lustful, and said that all its votaries, with rare exceptions, were actuated by that impulse only.

The tabernacle where the sermon was delivered was crowded to the doors, as the preacher had previously announced that he would preach upon "The Fast Young Woman," and the people that flocked to hear him expected a lively time, and were not disappointed. He advised parents to watch their daughters who entertained company later than 10:30 o'clock, and said "No young man had any business at a young man's house later than that hour."

Sam Wang's Watermelon. Sam Wang, a Chinese laundryman over in Covington, was paying his Saturday night visit to Sixth Street Market last week, and after getting together a basketful of Celestial delicacies started homeward. He stopped to make one final purchase at a vegetable stand, and the proprietor having a somewhat old watermelon on hand, presented it to Wang with his compliments.

Sam accepted, and dragged it all the way over the bridge. Sam had often seen a watermelon, but had never tasted one, and neither had any of his family. A council of all the Chinks in the neighborhood was held that night, but no one knew what to do with the watermelon.

Finally, after mature deliberation, a huge washing boiler was procured and the melon dumped into it and boiled for two hours. Then the entire colony sat down and discussed the luscious morsel. In about two hours shrieks of agony were heard proceeding from the laundry, and when the neighbors entered they found Sam, his family and the other Chinamen rolling on the floor, emitting Chinese oaths and clutching at their stomachs.

A doctor was called, and by liberal use of Jamaica ginger brought them around. When Sam next visited the market the vegetable dealer shouted at him: "Well, Sam, how did you like the watermelon?" "Me likee dlam bad!" said Sam.

"What did it taste like?" "Taste likee nothin'! Aet likee hellie!" was all Sam would say.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Proclaimed His Immorality. Since the new jury law went into effect few talesmen have been excused in Brooklyn. In the county court Chief Clerk Van Doren yesterday, after calling the names of the talesmen summoned to serve, said: "There are only four excuses that can be given in order to be relieved from jury duty. They are: Being under age, not able to read or write, being of bad character and being an alien.

Are there any talesmen who desire to be excused?" "I want to be excused," said one of the talesmen. "On what ground?" asked Chief Clerk Van Doren. "Because I'm an immoral character," was the response.

A Queer Election.

CHESTER, S. C., October 16.—The most remarkable election since the time of Aristides is reported from Judge's Store, in the hamlet of Landsford, this County. Its object was to determine which citizens should be invited to leave the neighborhood for the improvement of its moral tone.

An invitation to leave in this country means "leave!" and is never disobeyed, the man to whom it is given choosing whether he will go over the State line or "through the gates ajar."

There has recently been much illegal liquor selling about Landsford, and the presence of some undesirable women was supposed to be encouraged by the persons conducting the liquor traffic.

Last week Constable J. L. Rape seized a buggy and mule and fifteen gallons of liquor, which he intercepted during the night. Under the State dispensary law property used in conveying liquor unlawfully is confiscated.

The man in charge of the outfit escaped. A night or two later an attempt was made to kill a mule belonging to a prominent citizen, who was supposed to have instigated the constable to the seizure. This brought matters to a point.

Every white man in the neighborhood was summoned to meet at Judge's Store, and they gathered to the number of fifty. All their names were enrolled, and the secretary then announced that there was to be an election, and put the question as follows: "If you conscientiously believe there are any person or persons whose presence is contaminating to the moral and social atmosphere of this community, then write his or their names on a piece of paper, fold, and deposit in ballot box. On the contrary, if you conscientiously do not believe there are any such person or persons in the community, then so write it."

A box was opened, ballots were distributed and managers were appointed. The voting proceeded silently and there were no quarrels or threats. The man known to be the owner of the whiskey laden mule the constable had captured was present and voted like the others. When the box was opened it was found that he had carried the precinct by a majority which did not seem to gratify him.

His name was on most of the ballots. It is not known whether he voted for himself or cast a courtesy ballot for some other man. Several other men of those present received such liberal support that they began preparations next morning to finish picking out their cotton in a hurry. It was understood that those invited to depart will do so "as soon as practicable," and the only limit put upon their destination by the sense of the meeting is that it shall be "elsewhere."

An Unsought Pardon. Among the stories of that former Governor of Texas, familiarly known as Sam Houston, is more than one amusing tale. There was a financial agent of the penitentiary, who had warmly opposed the election of Governor Houston; but was particularly anxious to retain his own pleasantly lucrative position.

Consequently the governor was soon in receipt of a petition in which the man's years of faithful service and special qualifications for the place were set forth in glowing terms by himself. The governor sent for him and said gravely, "It appears from this petition that you have been in the penitentiary eight years."

"I have," was the reply. "And during that time you have performed faithfully every duty that has come in your way to the best of your ability?" "I have," answered the agent, his courage swiftly rising. "Then, sir," said the governor, with the air of one conferring a priceless favor, "I pardon you out!"—Youth's Companion.

Why Monogamy Prevails. Margherita Arlina Hamm, the well-known traveler and author, called when in China upon the wife, rather the wives, of a great mandarin. Her visit partook of the nature of a festival, so novel was the experience of the Chinese women, whose lives are passed almost entirely within the walls of yamen. They examined her clothing, and were partly pleased and partly astonished at it. They were shocked by her shoes, and especially by the fact that her feet were not confined by bindings.

Couldn't Catch Him.

Mr. Kuhn was thrifty in money matters, and cared little for his own personal appearance. He had worn the same old shabby overcoat until his sons were ashamed of him, and tried to induce him to buy a new one.

"Oh, no," the old gentleman would always say, "I would rather have the ten dollars that it would cost."

One day the sons determined that he should wear a new coat, and, believing that if he could get one at a good bargain he would buy it, arranged with a tailor to sell him a ten-dollar coat for seven dollars and a half, they to pay the difference. They then went home and told their father what a handsome coat they had seen, and what a bargain it would be to buy it. So the father went and looked at it, and after beating the tailor down to six dollars, took it and started for home.

But when he reached the door he had no coat with him. "Didn't you buy the coat, father?" "Yes; got it for six dollars," replied the old man.

"Where is it?" "Oh! I was showing it to a friend on the street car, and when he offered me eight dollars for it, I let him have it."—Collier's Weekly.

Life Insurance is Sinful.

The preachers of the German Lutheran Church in the Litchfield district assembled at Mount Olive recently to discuss the relations of life insurance to the Bible. The conference was attended by about eighty ministers and lasted several days. These ministers hold that money and goods can be rightly obtained in only three ways—by work, by gift or by inheritance; that money secured by life insurance is the result of good luck, or a species of a game of chance; that life insurance is against the first Commandment, because it takes a man's trust off God and places it on the insurance company; that it is against the seventh Commandment, because by it the beneficiary gets something not paid for, and, therefore, stolen; that it is against the ninth commandment, because the person who invests in life insurance is taught to covet something not his own.

They hold, therefore, that life insurance is sinful. The outcome of the conference has been watched with great interest, as in this district most of the citizens belong to the German Lutheran Church, and it is impossible to induce the to take life insurance. On returning from the barn one morning the old man found his wife in tears. "Wha' cher cryin' about, Melissy?" he inquired. "Nothin'—one uv our darters—was stole las' night," she sobbed. "The red-headed un?" he asked, laconically. "Yes—pore Mag—she was the best gal."

"Bob Scuttles?" "Uv course; hasn't been no other feller waitin' on her. Ain't you goin' to pursue after 'em an' arrest 'em?" "Uv course not," he replied, sternly. "I'm not under obligations to help Bob Scuttles out of no difficulty. Let him go ahead and work out his sentence, same's I've been a-doin for the las' 40 years."

Only three of the Spanish vessels sunk by Admiral Dewey in Manila bay and subsequently raised will be of any use. Chicago uses every year 41,000,000 pounds of soap.

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Thomas Jefferson's Ten Rules of Life. 1. Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day. 2. Never trouble others for what you can do yourself. 3. Never buy what you do not want because it is cheap. 4. Never spend your money before you have it. 5. Pride costs us more than hunger, thirst and cold. 6. We never repent eating too little. 7. Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly. 8. How much pain have those evils cost us that never happened. 9. Take things always by their smooth handle. 10. When angry, count ten before you speak; if very angry, a hundred.

Conquerors Conquered. It is a remarkable and instructive fact that the career of four of the most renowned characters that ever lived closed with a violent or mournful death. Alexander, after looking down from the dizzy heights of his ambition upon a conquered world, and weeping that there were no more to conquer, died of intoxication in a scene of debauch, or, as some suppose, by poison mingled in his wine. Hannibal, whose name carried terror to the heart of Rome itself, after having crossed the Alps and put to flight the armies of the mistress of the world, was driven from his country and died at last of poison administered by his own hands, in a foreign land, unlamented and unwept.

One Was Enough. This is one of General Miles' stories. In the Confederate army Longstreet's Corps was making a night march. About 3 or 4 o'clock in the morning, when everyone was worn out, a Georgia regiment stopped. A Georgia soldier put his rifle up against the tent on the other side of where Longstreet was. "Well," he said, "this is pretty hard—to fight all day and march all night. But I love my country. I am going hungry. I can fight, if need be, I can die for my country. But, when this war is over, I'll be blown if I'll ever love another country."

Housework is Hard Work. without Gold Dust. It lightens the labor of cleaning more than half and saves both time and money. It is "Woman's Best Friend, Dirt's Worst Enemy."

Notice of Final Settlement. THE undersigned, Executors of the Estate of D. A. Hrad, deceased, hereby give notice that they will on the 15th day of November, 1899, apply to the Judge of Probate for a final settlement of said Estate, and a discharge from their office as Executors.

TAX NOTICE. THE books for the collection of State School and County Taxes will be open from Oct. 10th to Dec. 1st, 1899, at the office of the Tax Collector, 110 North Main Street, and at the offices of the Tax Collectors in the following places:

Valuable Lands for Sale. WE offer for sale the following Tracts of Land: 1st. The Hopkins Tract, situated in Pickens County, containing two hundred acres, more or less.

Notice to Creditors. ALL persons having demands against the Estate of John L. Savage, deceased, are hereby notified to present them, properly proven, to the undersigned, within the time prescribed by law, and those indebted to make payment.

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A SMALL SPOT MAY BE CANCER. MOST VIOLENT CASES HAVE APPEARED AT FIRST AS MERE PIMPLES.

S. S. S. FOR THE BLOOD. because it is the only remedy which can go deep enough to reach the root of the disease and force it out of the system permanently.

BLUE RIDGE RAILROAD. H. C. BEATTIE Receiver. Time Table No. 7.—Effective 1898.

ATLANTIC COAST LINE. TRAFFIC DEPARTMENT. WILMINGTON, N. C., Jan. 16, 1895.

CONDENSED SCHEDULE. GOING WEST. GOING EAST.