

The new Khedive of Egypt is the son of the deposed monarch. The latter gets a pension of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year, besides retaining his private fortune. He will live in Paris, as an ex-monarch in the East is never safe from the bowstring.

The Maine Republicans have nominated a dark horse, named Davis, for governor. Neither Hale nor Fry nor Reed was taken. Whether this means that the radicals think they can carry Maine with anybody, or whether the prospect is so uncertain that no prominent man is willing to run the risk of being slaughtered, is not known.

Russia is opening her eyes, and it seems that the government is half disposed to try the effect of a more liberal policy. Religious liberties will be granted to the dissenters, who have heretofore been persecuted. It is also proposed to permit the discussion of Nihilist arguments in the public press. Take away the crown of martyrdom from the Nihilists, and much of their influence will be lost.

The Senate in rejecting the nomination of Corbin as Supreme Judge of Utah have given that insolent carpet-bagger another deserved kick, and have administered a plain rebuke to Hayes. Despite the bloated civil service reform speeches of the fraudulent President, we doubt whether even in the palmy days of Grant there has been more shamelessness displayed in filing government offices with perjurers and thieves. And it is a noteworthy fact that almost every Radical in the South that has ever been accused or convicted of stealing has been taken to Washington and put in the treasury. Hayes is a tremendous fraud.

The Columbia Canal.

To use a paraphrase, Columbia never is, but always to be, blest. At periodic intervals a slight spasm of enthusiasm over the canal seizes the Columbians, and they promise to have factories in operation in the shortest possible time. But something turns up, and nothing is done.

The Legislature appropriated eleven thousand dollars six months ago, to be expended on the canal. As yet, not a cent of the money, if we are correctly informed, has been expended. Nobody seems willing to take the responsibility of putting it to use. The canal commissioners show that they are not entrusted with it, and order of the superintendent of the penitentiary he seems to be doing nothing in the matter. There is a hitch somewhere. Where is it?

Charleston.

Very ugly rumors are floating up the country from Charleston, which certainly need explanation. It is said that certain factions, calling themselves Democrats, are bidding respectively for the Mackey and the Bowen wings of the dirty Radical party. Can this be true? Democracy must be at a very low ebb in Charleston if all such plotters are not summarily read out of the party. We were much surprised to learn that the chairman of the City Democratic Executive Committee participated in Colonel Gayer's meeting; and experienced great relief at seeing his card next the day. We hope that he will not be placed again in a false position; as the mere report that the head of the Democratic machinery is found in such company, inflicts such serious damage that subsequent explanations, however strong, cannot remedy it.

The eyes of the State are fixed on Charleston. And the pure, unadulterated, straight-out Democrats who are rallying under Captain Courtenay's banner may be sure of the profoundest sympathy and heartiest co-operation of the Democracy of the rest of the State.

The End.

Congress adjourned on the 1st inst. after an extra session of three and a half months. The judicial bill abolishing the test oath and preventing the compelling of partisan juries was approved by Hayes, and thus the South has succeeded in securing the reforms she demanded. The days of Bond and E. W. Mackey are numbered. The supplemental judicial bill appropriating money for the regular marshals and prohibiting the use of deputy marshals at elections was vetoed as expected. This interesting class of political hummers will be unhappy over their expulsion from the public crib. At one time it was thought that Hayes would call an extra session, but he is reported as saying that no good can be accomplished by this course, and the country will not be further annoyed.

Looking over the field, the Democrats have gained several points. The test oath and partisan juries are numbered among the things that were. The army bill brings that arm of the government in subjection to the constitution for one year longer at least. And though the practical result in this case is not considerable, still the principle has not been abandoned, but can be revived the regular session this winter.

In the meantime the full elections will have taken place, and then both parties can know more definitely where they stand, and the fight this

winter in Congress can be shaped according to the result. The Congressmen have had a fatiguing time, and those who have stuck manfully to their posts deserve the thanks of their constituents. The absentees should be reminded to private life.

Railroad Freights.

On the 23d of March, 1877, Messrs. Cummings and Company, of Winnsboro, ordered a number of boxes of bacon from Baltimore, of which twenty-five boxes weighing 18,341 pounds were shipped at once. At that time the tariff from Baltimore to Winnsboro was 70 cents per hundred; from Baltimore to Charlotte, 25 cents; and the local rate from Charlotte to Winnsboro, 25 cents. By having the bacon consigned to Charlotte, and then reshipped to Winnsboro, a saving of 20 cents a hundred could be effected. The bacon was sent to Messrs. Brenn, Brown & Co., of Charlotte, for reshipment. But when these gentlemen delivered the bacon at the G. C. & A. R. depot in Charlotte, the agent, acting under instructions from Mr. A. Pope, the general freight agent, refused to receive the bacon at all, unless assured that the shipment was made by Brenn, Brown & Co. for themselves, and not for third parties. This assurance not being given, the bacon was left in Charlotte several days pending the termination of voluminous correspondence. Finally, the Railroad magnates condescended to allow the bacon to be shipped to Winnsboro, on prepayment in Charlotte, of \$67.23, or within a fraction of 37 cents per hundred, when the published local rate was but 25 cents. Cummings & Co. paid the bill and then immediately instituted suit for the recovery of the overplus. The road preferred not to stand the suit, and refunded. But it had succeeded, by interposing vexatious delays, in preventing any further shipments in this way. It is rather a startling provision of law that a common carrier is privileged to reject whatever articles of freight it pleases.

Since, however, the railroad authorities seem sensitive about having the wheels of the past raked up, one or two instances of recent date, occurring under the present management, are given. As already said, the rate for weighty articles is fifty cents per hundred for one hundred miles. Winnsboro being 55 miles from Columbia the lawful charge would be 17 1/2 cents per hundred. Yet on the 11th of January, 1879, Messrs. Matthews & Co. paid 42 cents per hundred for bacon, and on the 3d of February, 35 cents per hundred.

On the 5th of February, 1879, Mr. D. R. Fleniken received 20,000 pounds of bacon from Chicago. The bill of lading specified the rate of freights at 90 cents per hundred, or \$180.00 for the whole order, and the bacon to Mr. Fleniken except on payment of \$212.00, an excess of \$32.00 over the stipulated rate. Mr. Fleniken paid the amount in order to get the bacon, and then made a reclamation for the overplus. The bill of lading was attached. Five months have elapsed, and in spite of repeated efforts by letter, Mr. Fleniken has recovered nothing.

Last month Messrs. Ruff & Cloud, of Ridgeway, shipped a bale of cotton, or, to be more precise, they shipped 314 cubic feet of cotton, to Charleston. The freight for the entire distance was \$2.75. On inquiry, they learned that the South Carolina Railroad received \$1.00 for the distance between that place and Columbia, and that the C. C. & A. Railroad received \$1.75 for the 21 miles between Ridgeway and Columbia. If this be correct, it was a heavy overcharge viewed even through railroad spectacles. At the maximum charge of 15 cents a cubic foot per hundred miles, the charge for 314 cubic feet for 21 miles cannot exceed \$1.20. This leaves 55 cents to be accounted for. As the road would hardly exceed its own claims in this matter, we would be glad to hear some explanation of this apparent extortion.

By the way, the road has an arithmetic peculiarly its own also in estimating distance. By a pleasant fiction it assumes that Winnsboro is thirty-eight miles from Columbia, when in fact it is but thirty-five, and that Ridgeway is twenty-six or seven when it is but twenty-four. By the same rule Columbia is situated three miles from Columbia, and a passenger should be charged fifteen cents for looking into a coach at the Columbia depot. The practice arose in the palmy days when the Charlotte and the South Carolina Road made close connection at the junction two or three miles below Columbia. The track to the junction was torn up long ago, but by a fond adherence to tradition the extra miles are still included in the freight and passenger rates. So, when the road issues a thousand mile ticket, it clips off three miles extra each way, every time a trip is made from the upper portion of the State to Columbia. Several years ago, a gentleman in Winnsboro demurred to this peculiar species of addition, and threatened to sue for the three miles as soon as he reached Winnsboro. By the advice of the attorney of the road, who was present, the conductor gave a check for the difference, which the gentleman, having gained his point, tore up. After that, however, he submitted to the overcharge, as it was a small matter to him.

These are but a few instances of many, showing that the people of Winnsboro are not captious or litigious, but that they have submitted in patience to a long continued series of oppressions. Imbued with the old-fashioned belief that public corporations were public benefits, they waited in vain for any manifestation of a spirit

of accommodation. They found none. And now they have gone to work to help themselves. The cause in which the people and the press are now enlisted is a common one, but the movements are entirely independent. As we have a much wider field than the law, we propose to keep up the fight, whatever be the outcome in the courts, until the railroads of the State begin to show some spirit of accommodation to the people. We have before expressed a conviction that the G. C. & A. R. R. is not a sinner above all others. But we begin first at home.

NEWS OF THE DAY.

Four hundred Nihilists were arrested at Kiel on the night of June 26, and a great quantity of weapons was seized. Clark's cotton factory and mill, sixteen miles east of Atlanta, Ga., has been burned; insurance \$20,000. The property was valued at \$75,000. Mrs. Frances D. Ross, a wealthy old lady, was sitting in her carriage in front of her residence, in New York, Tuesday, when she suddenly dropped dead. Rev. Dr. John Cumming, the celebrated writer on the millennium, has been medically ordered to retire from the ministry. He is about to retire from the ministry.

The failures in New York during the first six months of 1879, are one hundred and forty-eight less in number and \$28,000,000 in liabilities than those which occurred in the same period of last year.

Visitors to the White Mountains within the past few days have been treated to the novel summer sport of hunting for snow. The snow is deep in places, and snow six inches deep on the 1st inst.

The miners at Seneca Colliery, near Pittston, Penn., numbering three hundred, struck last Thursday owing to a dissatisfaction with the docking boss of weights. The colliery is operated by the Empira Coal Company.

Thirty men were killed by a gas explosion on the High Bluff Mine, near Glasgow, last Thursday morning. Four of the victims were burned alive. Twenty-one corpses have been recovered.

A Lebanon, Pennsylvania, dispatch says that Nimrod Spaltenberger, convicted of murdering John Iverson, in a saloon in that city, on the night of December 10th, 1878, was hanged there on Friday morning.

The Louisiana Constitutional Convention has adopted an ordinance prohibiting the sale of arms and munitions on Sunday, and providing that the next Legislature shall pass a law for the punishment of the violators of this ordinance.

It is stated that Salem, N. C., a small town, has shipped, during three years, over three millions of pounds of dried blackberries, for which it received \$150,000, equal to ten thousand bales of cotton, and worth more than five dollars in gold, about twelve dollars in silver, a silver watch and gold chain, and several other pieces of jewelry. It was buried during the war and afterwards hunted for, but could not be found. The elgin has been recovered last week Messrs. Coppock & Johnson, of Newberry, C. H., got an order from Prosperity for ten barrels of lime to be shipped immediately. Mr. Johnson went to the depot to make arrangements to ship it, and learned that the freight would be thirty cents per barrel—it is only eight miles. Seeing a dray standing near by, he asked the driver what he would take the load and consigned it to him, answered fifteen cents per barrel, and of course got the job.

A sad accident occurred last week in Brewington, Clarendon county, which resulted in the death of Capt. Edgar Snowden's son Edwin, caused by the accidental discharge of a shot gun in the hands of his older brother, in a thicket. The gun was caught by a bush, which caused it to go off, and the entire charge entered young Snowden's thigh. From the effects of the wound thus received he died a few days after.

The Abbeville Mediam says: "Not since 1818 have we had such severe dry weather as for the past two months. The moon has changed, the days have come and gone, the gardens have grown up and still we have had no rain. Unless the refreshing showers soon come to our poor parched soil there will be famine in the land. The situation is alarming, we think. Special prayer might be made for rain, and if the preachers want their salaries paid up the sooner they pray the better their chances are."

Isaac Clemens, a colored man working on Mr. Madison Aaron's plantation, some three miles from Barnwell, C. H., was struck by lightning and instantly killed on Wednesday last. Isaac and his son were ploughing, when a light rain came up, accompanied by lightning. He and the boy stopped ploughing, leaving the mules standing, and the father, to protect himself from the rain, leaned against a pine tree. In a few moments a lightning bolt struck the tree against which Isaac was leaning, killing him instantly. The shock knocked the boy insensible for some time, but he soon recovered. Both mules were also prostrated by the lightning's fearful force, but they suffered no permanent injury except that one lost an eye.

On Tuesday last, Mr. Albert De Lette, of Georgetown, was shot by one George Smith, who hails from Fayetteville, N. C. The tragedy took place in a drinking saloon. The old man, who was the origin of the practical jokes indulged in by both of the parties upon a general topic. Smith finally came to the conclusion that De Lette was too personal, a few harsh words were then exchanged, and when Smith drew his revolver and fired at De Lette, he fell to the floor in a doubled up position, the ball having entered his left breast, and penetrated to the heart. While he was in this condition Smith fired the second shot, which entered the skull just above the forehead. Smith immediately turned down the street, pursued by the citizens generally. He was finally captured and committed to jail.

"I am of the impression," said Mr. Thurman the other day, "although I may be self-deceiving, that one of the pleasantest things that I shall recollect in after life, as occurring in my public service, will be the fact of this extra session. I think this extra session has done no small service for American liberty. That is my opinion about it."

At East Farnham, Quebec, there is a boy who says his name is Charlie Ross, and answers to the description of the missing boy very well. He says he was brought from New York by two men a long time ago. He lives with a man who cannot speak a word of English and is reticent and sullen. When questioned about the boy or himself, he says he does not know or care who the boy is. He is paid \$150 for keeping the boy, drafts being sent to him from New York every six months. These drafts are signed "Edward Pierson," and are payable at Wolson's Bank, Montreal. Mr. Ross and parties from Philadelphia have gone to investigate the matter.

HUNDREDS OF SNAKES.

Marvelous Tales That the People of the Valley of Virginia Tell—An Old Distiller's Story—The King of the Rattlesnakes—A Woman's Exploit—Some Stories of the Blue Ridge.

Winchester (Va.) Letter in Philadelphia Times. Snake stories of wonderful proportions are told here in the valley. They are vouched for, too, which makes them all the more interesting. The hills for miles around are just full of rattlesnakes. To the east of this historic old town stretch the Blue Ridge Mountains. To the west the big North Mountain, a spur of the jagged Alleghanies, towers above its neighbors. Rattlesnakes, moccasins and copperheads abound. They crawl out from under every rock. They lie in the path, if they happen to be on a pathway—ready for a spring. They live singly, in pairs, in whole droves, and, in fact, in every way that a snake ought to live. They are a venomous set, always ready for business. It is true that they very seldom come down from the mountain, but if any one does, he is liable to be bitten. It is not necessary to step off from one of the numerous pikes that center here and climb up among the hills.

There are lots of whiskey distillers around the mountains. "Moonshiners," the men who distill in a small way and evade taxation, are very scarce in this district. The deputy collector keeps a sharp look-out, and is thoroughly familiar with all the signs and quick to follow them up, and it takes a moonshiner of the sharpest wits to escape his careful search. The distillers tell some marvelous tales, and are ready to back them up with affidavits at any time. "Talkin' about snakes," said one of them, who inhabits the Blue Ridge, near Leesburg, the otherday, "talkin' about snakes, why, look yere," and he opened his cabin door and pointed to the walls. They were fairly covered with the skins of monsters of the reptile kind. There were stuffed rattlesnakes looking down at you from over the door. Rattlesnakes hung by their tails from the corners, and one big fellow coiled up on a box seemed all ready to spring. Touch one of them and the peculiar odor of the rattles would send a chill all over a person.

"Aren't you afraid of them?" "Afraid of what? Snakes?" and the distiller laughed contemptuously. "I fought with Gen. Early in the Valley, faced the Yankee cannon and didn't run. Do y' s'pose I'd get scared at a snake? We doo keepe for 'em. I kill a dozen or two every mornin'. Just to keep my hand in. How? Why, knock 'em over with sticks and shoot 'em. Nothin' easier. Sometimes I fish for 'em. That's fun, but y' have to work harder to do it. Perhaps you would like to see it done?" and, receiving a nod in the affirmative, the distiller led the way in front of his cabin.

Standing up against the door was a long pole with a noose at the end. The distiller took it down, shook it for a moment in his hands and looked around. "I've caught lots of snakes with this thing," he said. "If you'd like to see it done, you'd better come right sharp 'n' find one somewhere."

About forty feet away the sharp eyes of the distiller caught sight of a shining skin. The snake was a big one, and was slithering himself by the side of a log. The distiller, with a long pole, length and dangled the noose under the snake's nose. His snakeship stirred uneasily, raised his head and, seeing the cord, began striking at it. Pretty soon his head went through the noose. The fisherman had a big hole in the side of his head, and the snake was dangling in the air and blow or two against a tree finished him.

A PRETTY BIG YARN. The distiller smiled as he replaced the pole against the wall. "That's no use in gettin' scared," he said. "I don't mind 'em. I caught a big fellow last summer in just that way. A medical student from Pennsylvania was up yere and wanted one to take home with him. I caught one, stuffed him and he killed him up in a cheap box and he gave the most beautiful snake y' ever saw. They don't both er me much. Sometimes one or two of 'em go to bed with me and roll themselves up in the blankets, but that's nothin'. There's only one snake in these yere mountains that I've got to be afraid of, and that's the distiller." "That snake has got to die," he said. "I've sworn it." and the man rubbed a tear from his eye with the sleeve of his coarse flannel shirt and shook his head thoughtfully. "That snake killed my dog."

There was a pause of a moment or two, and then the old distiller, brightening up, went on with his story. "This yere snake is a monster. He's twenty feet in length, or rather he might be a month or so longer, he might be. I was climbin' up yere, among the rocks, when I heard a rattle and looked around. The snake was just springin'. I jumped back just in time, and he went by like a flash. Scared? I reckon I was, slightly. I was thinkin' that he was shiverin' and shakin' and that big snake all in heap right alongside of him and lookin' down at him with his big mouth wide open. I rushed for my gun, but befo' I got back snake and dog were both gone."

The old distiller stopped again and shook his head sadly. "He was a good dog and I miss him. What he came of? Why, I don't reckon that's much doubt about that. I went down that snake's throat and that's the reason that snake's got to die."

A WOMAN KILLS FOUR HUNDRED AND EIGHTY SNAKES. This story may sound big, but it is nothing by the side of some of the stories which are told about here. The truth, people who have climbed about the mountains to any extent will tell you that the snakes will stare out at you from under every rock. Sometimes the heads are as thick as the

fingers on a man's hand and the wick of a long pipe. One might as well strike a spark from a stone and keep it for the first time. A story is told in Leesburg of a woman's adventure up the mountain. She went out one day to pick huckleberries, and before she was aware of it, was surrounded by rattlesnakes. She had wandered near a den of them and there was no backing out. It was to kill or be killed, and she preferred the former. Grasping a thick stick in her hand she awaited action. Had the snakes attacked her several at a time nothing could have saved her, but, fortunately for her, they began the onslaught singly. A snake would hardly crawl up for a spring when she would knock him over. One after another they fell dead, until they laid in swaths all around her. As fast as possible she backed out from her unpleasant situation, but not until the last snake of the den was killed was she safe. She counted the dead and they numbered five. That lady doesn't pick huckleberries on the mountains any more. When the snakes are in a half torpid condition it does not require much courage to clean out a den, but an immense amount of nerve is necessary to bend real live, hungry rattlesnakes in their dens.

A Rome (New York) man went home tired and hungry to dinner. He took his seat at the table and saw with delight his favorite vegetables and meat before him. It was a tempting repast, and he began to get up in arms. He spread his napkin in his lap and helped himself to a piece of fish and discovered, lo! that it was simply wax. He drew the chicken to him and commenced to carve it, only to find that it, too, was wax. The potatoes, the tomatoes, the beans, the peas, etc., all turned to wax at his touch. In blank despair, he turned to the denure of his wife for an explanation. A ripple of laughter was her reply. She had a talent for wax-works, and he had frequently boasted that he could invariably tell at a glance that her work was artificial. "This was the way she proved that he couldn't," he acknowledged the corn. The potatoes, tomatoes, etc., and meekly presented his pocket-book to his accomplished spouse.

EXPERIENCE TEACHES.—A gentleman, wishing to obtain a wife and settle in the country, was directed to a neat-looking farmhouse kept by an old farmer and his wife. A brief inspection satisfied him that the place would suit him. "But now as to the terms," he said. "Wax," drawled the farmer, "you have six children, you say?" "Yes, sir." "The old man reflected a few moments and then replied: "Last year I took children at half price. Do you see them par trees and berry bushes? Wax, this year I will charge full price for the youngsters, and throw in your wife and yourself for nothing."—Portland Advertiser.

SPRINGS OF TALMAGE.—Mr. Talmage's discourses by hold of my inmost soul. The Lord is with this mighty man of valor. So may he ever be (fill the campaign) close with victory. I am indeed glad of his voice, it cheers me intensely. He loves the Gospel and believes in something, which some preachers hardly do. There are those about who use old labels, but the articles are not the same. May the Lord win armies of souls to Jesus by His man. I am astonished when God blesses me, but somehow I should not be so much surprised if He blessed this man.—London Christian Globe Report.

KILLED BY A MULE.—On the lower place of Mr. E. B. Well, in this county, on Wednesday last, a colored boy was engaged in holding a mule while he grazed in the pasture. While thus engaged he thoughtlessly tied the rope, which was attached to a mule's neck, to his wrist. The mule took fright and becoming unmanageable dashed off with his victim, dragging him a considerable distance, and so frightfully mangled him that death resulted in about an hour.—Chester Bulletin.

The fair sex in Guernsey are not to be deceived. At a fancy dress ball given there recently by the subscribers of an infantry regiment, a lady noted for her beauty and grace, had brought the chair on the side of one of the chief military authorities of the place. Said she to Col. Z.—"May I ask, Colonel, what you are?" "Oh," answered the Colonel, who was evidently not in one of his happy moods, "I am next to nothing," was the prompt rejoinder.

The Cleveland Herald is responsible for this paragraph: "Benjamin Franklin Butler would make a very good Minister to Russia, and there is no man we could better spare from our firesides. Benjamin would not only save his country with disinterestedness, but he would be a very decided help to General Gorko in his war upon the dreadful Nihilists. In fact, if Benjamin were given full swing, he would have his hands on every Nihilist and every Nihilist's spouse within less than ten days."

It is stated that Senator "Don." Cameron has proclaimed himself in favor of the nomination of Grant, and has said that Sherman is not even his second choice. As he recently married Mr. Sherman's niece, his opposition to his uncle-in-law is a little singular. The solid South, Pennsylvania and Michigan can give Grant the solid vote, but Mr. Sherman's office holders will have something to say about the solid South when the time for appointing delegates arrives.

The Boston co-operative grocery, under the presidency of Josiah Quincy, has been open three months, and is said to be a success. The plan is to sell unadulterated goods at fair prices and return the profits to the purchasers. With every sale a certificate of the amount is given and every three months a dividend is paid on those shareholders receiving double the rate given to outsiders, besides 6 per cent. on the money invested.

A North Carolina man got tired of life, and went out in the stable and hung himself with a blind bridle. Just as he was about bringing his last gasp a neighbor opportunely passed, and seeing his peril, promptly cut him down. "Ah," said the would-be suicide, "why did you not let me alone? In two minutes I'd been in heaven." "Yes," dryly remarked the other, "you'd play thimble in heaven with a blind bridle on!"

Hayes has been pardoning criminals by the score ever since he has been in office. The last batch comprised a number of convicted crooks, whiskey men of Chicago, the fug end of Grant's army of whiskey crooks. Any number of post-office thieves and counterfeiters have been turned loose by Hayes.

Two Dutchmen once got into a dispute about the English language, each contending that he could speak the best. They made a bet of length, and appointed a judge to decide between them, and accordingly they began. "Vell, Chon," said the first, "did it rain to-morrow?" "I shall think it vash," said John. "Wasn't that judge in a quandary?"

Rev. Chas. R. Tompkins, a son of Hon. James Hemphill, of Chester, has been elected Professor Ancient Languages in the South Western University, at Oaksville, Tennessee. Mr. Hemphill resigned a professorship in the Presbyterian Theological Seminary at Columbia to accept this position.

A citizen went into a Norwich hardware store the other day and inquired: "How many do you ask for a bathtub for a child?" "Three dollars and seventy-five cents," was the reply. "W-h-e-w!" whistled the customer. "Guess we'll have to keep on washing the baby in the coal scuttle till prices come down."

WHICH FERTILE STICKS.—Senator Conkling will find out, as many have done before, that, in a battle of the Billingsgates, the man who cries, "You're another!" comes off second best. It is the first who tells and sticks.—Philadelphia Times.

O. ICHU.—Still there remains the American branch of the Bonaparte family. Might not the whirligig of time bring around its revenge in such a fashion as to place one of those on the throne of France?—New York Graphic.

BLAISE ON THE CONKING SCENE.—"Oh, it was exceedingly rich!" exclaimed Blaize. "I don't think I ever saw Conkling's waffles look so red."—New York Star.

FOR THE BEST HALF-DIME SMOKE, try the "The Smasher" superior to all others, at T. W. Haberton's, 1049

THE NEW YORK TIMES. The New York Times is a leading newspaper published in New York City. It is known for its comprehensive coverage of national and international news, as well as its editorial commentary.

THE NEW YORK HERALD. The New York Herald was a prominent newspaper in New York City, known for its detailed reporting and editorial content. It was one of the major publications of the 19th century.

THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE. The New York Tribune was a significant newspaper in New York City, recognized for its editorial independence and thorough news coverage. It played a key role in shaping public opinion during its time.

THE NEW YORK SUN. The New York Sun was another major newspaper in New York City, known for its accessible reporting and editorial stance. It was a primary source of news for many readers.

THE NEW YORK POST. The New York Post was a newspaper in New York City that provided news and commentary to its readers. It was part of the dense media landscape of the city.

THE NEW YORK JOURNAL. The New York Journal was a newspaper in New York City that contributed to the local news and information of the time.

THE NEW YORK WORLD. The New York World was a newspaper in New York City that offered news and editorial content to its subscribers.

THE NEW YORK EVENING POST. The New York Evening Post was a newspaper in New York City that provided news and commentary in the evening.

THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE AND SUN. The New York Tribune and Sun were two of the most influential newspapers in New York City during the 19th century.

THE NEW YORK HERALD AND SUN. The New York Herald and Sun were prominent newspapers in New York City that provided comprehensive news coverage.

THE NEW YORK POST AND SUN. The New York Post and Sun were newspapers in New York City that played significant roles in the local media scene.