

The People

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LITTLE MAKE-BELIEVE OR A CHILD OF THE SLUMS.

BY E. L. FARJEON.

CHAPTER V.
Continued.

"Ah," muttered Dexter, with a satisfactory sigh, "that's all right. But I wonder what it was?"

He walked slowly onward, somewhat uncertain of his footsteps—there was certainly something wrong with the pavement; it seemed to be loose when he experienced a repetition of his disfigurement.

This time he sank to the ground, in consequence of there being nothing substantial within reach for him to lay hold of, and a crowd immediately gathered around him.

Their voices acted like a charm upon him.

He scrambled to his feet, and gazing at the people in a dazed condition, pushed through them unceremoniously, and in the course of half an hour succeeded in reaching his shop in safety—while one of the haunting women in the crowd he had left behind him, said with a laugh:

"It's easy to see what's the matter with him!"

Dexter's movements, when he was in his shop, were guided by a kind of wise instinct.

The first thing he did was to put up his shutters and lock his street door.

The second thing, to place by his bedside as much bread as he found in his cupboard, and a jug of water.

The third thing, to make a large pot of tea.

The fourth thing, to undress himself and go to bed.

"I'll have a good long sleep," said Dexter, speaking confidentially to himself; "and I shall wake up in the morning quite well."

Then he drank a cup of hot tea. Then he said again:

"I wonder what it was? I don't think I've eaten anything to disagree with me. It might be understandable if it was summer and a hot sun was blazing on my head. But it's winter, and there's a frost settling in last night when that Little Make-Believe was running away with the pie. Rum idea not to eat it herself. Almost as rum as finding myself here in bed in the middle of the day, instead of in the middle of the night. Shouldn't wonder if it was a rush of blood—yes, that's what it was, a rush of blood. Oh, Lord! here's my head going round again!"

Then he gave his head a great many shakes to bring it to a proper sense of its duty—he was really angry with it for its bad behavior—but it went round more than ever.

Then he looked at his father's night-cap, hanging scidly down from the rafters, and that was going round, too.

Then he looked at the little nest of drawers in a corner of the room, and that was going round, too.

Then he looked at the old armor, old brasses, old engravings, old lace, old enamel, old furniture, with which the room was crammed, and they were going round, too.

Then the ceiling went round, then the floor went round, then his clothes went round—how funny his muddy old boots, with his socks stuffed in them, looked, as they waltzed gravely in and out the goods.

A peculiarity of these proceedings was that, although every article in the small room was actually within his reach, they all seemed to be going round at a very long distance from him—just as if he were gazing at them through the thin end of a pair of opera glasses.

"Upon my soul," he said, "I feel like a teetotum."

Suddenly, and evidently by some occult arrangement and understanding between themselves, everything stood stock still in its proper place and distance—boots, socks, nightcap, ceiling, floor, armor, brasses, engravings, enamel—there they were all of them as steady as a rock.

"This," said Dexter, with a weak little laugh, reaching out his hand to the teapot to pour himself out a cup of hot tea, "is about the rummiest thing that ever happened to me. Nobody would believe it of me, and I don't know—no, upon my soul, I don't quite know—if I believe it of myself."

He was surprised to find that the tea had got ice cold all in a minute.

"Here's another funny thing I don't quite believe," he said; "a minute ago the tea was boiling hot, and now it's as cold as charity. But I mustn't forget it's winter; that's what's making my fingers tremble so. Jolly cold, jolly cold. Yes, jolly cold as charity. No; that can't be right. Jolly cold as charity sounds topsy-turvy."

The cup rattled in the saucer, and the spoon against both, as he held them in his hands, and wondered why the tea was so cold.

He did not know that a day and a night and the best part of another day had passed since he went to bed.

With difficulty he replaced the cup and saucer on the table.

Just in time, for everything began to go round again, and there he was lying on the flat of his back, watching the gyrations in a kind of stupefied, contented stupor.

Among the carvings were some

queer old faces of men and women and animals, which glided occasionally from the silent walls to have a close look at him; and when in his thoughts he asked them how they were, and whether they were enjoying themselves, they grinned and nodded at him, and seemed to say:

"Very much, indeed, very much, indeed. And how are you, old fellow? and how are you enjoying yourself?"

"Quite well, thank you," he replied, quietly. "Pray, don't stop on my account. Go round—go round. There's a number of little circles up there, and you'll just fit into them. And there's my boots waiting for partners. But upon my soul and body, if any little boy or girl would tell me what it all means, I give 'em a brand new farden. It won't last long, that's one comfort."

For it was all over once more, and every article in the room was as sober as a judge.

He felt so thirsty that he determined to have another cup of tea, cold as it was; but when he put out his hand he could not find the tea things.

He managed to crane his head over the bedside, and there upon the floor lay the teapot, cup and saucer, broken in a dozen pieces.

"Now, how did that happen?" he wondered; "not a moment ago they were as sound as I am, and I didn't hear anything fall. It's that confounded waiting, I suppose. Never to upset everything in the place. Never mind, I'll have some water."

But to say he would have some water was one thing, and to have some water was another. The water in the jug was a mass of ice.

To crawl out of bed and get a sharp-pointed knife and to crawl back again shivering and dig into the ice with the knife till he obtained sufficient to assuage his thirst, occupied him much longer than he supposed, for he had lost count of time, and intervals which he reckoned as so many minutes were in reality so many hours.

"But at least," he thought, "but come what will, I'll have some sleep, or I'll know the reason why."

So he winked at his father's night-cap, and saying, "If you're going to have another waltz, have the goodness to let me know beforehand," turned on his side and fell into a sleep less disturbed than he had previously enjoyed.

His dreams were not so extravagant, but were sufficiently fantastic.

His predominant fancy was that he was walking through scores and scores of alleys and courts and narrow streets for the purpose of asking the little boys and girls what it all meant.

Every one he asked returned the same answer, and to every one who answered him he gave a brand new farthing. The answer was:

"Old Dexter's had a fever." Not "Old Dexter's had a fever," as if he himself was somebody else.

"But look here," he said to a young imp with weak eyes and red hair; "I'm old Dexter!"

"Gammon!" retorted the young imp, with scornful snap of his fingers.

"Did you ever see old Dexter going about as you're going on, with a sack of brand new fardens on his back, giving 'em away as if they was stones? You old Dexter, tell that to the matines."

By which speech the dreamer knew that he carried on his back a sack filled with the new farthings he was giving away so liberally.

He did not find it at all an unpleasant sort of lump, and notwithstanding that there were thousands of farthings in it, it was as light as a bag of feathers.

He went about to other boys and girls, and tried to bribe them with admitting that he was old Dexter, and no other fellow; but bribe them as he might, he could not get them to admit that he was himself.

Said one, "Arak old Sally if you don't believe us, and give her four farthings."

Old Sally was a blind woman who stood begging on the curbstone every Saturday night in Clare Market, within twenty yards of Thomas Dexter's shop.

The dreamer gave her four farthings, saying:

"I'm Thomas Dexter."

"No, no, kind sir," said Sally. "You're hiding your charity under another name than your own. Thomas Dexter never gives anything to the poor."

"Here you, sir," cried the dreamer to a figure in a gray cloak that happened, oddly, to come his way. "Tell me why old Sally and the little chaps won't recognize me. I should like to know, really, and I'll pay her for the information."

"Pay me, then," said the figure, holding out his two hands, which the dreamer filled with farthings, "and look and learn."

He flung the farthings into the air, and they changed instantly into little birds, their feathers the colors of the rainbow.

The odd part of the affair was that every bird wore a white apron, like a waiter, and every one of them carried something nice to eat or drink.

LEAVES OF BREAD, BASINS OF SOUP, SHEEPS' TROTTERS, MUTTON CHOPS, PLUM DUFF, PORK SAUSAGES, MINCE PIES, AND GOODNESS ONLY KNOWS WHAT, WHICH THEY IMMEDIATELY COMMENCED TO DISTRIBUTE AMONG THE THOUSANDS AND THOUSANDS OF POOR CHILDREN WHO STARTED UP LIKE MAGS ON ALL SIDES.

The faces of many of these poor children were familiar to the dreamer, for he had seen them in his walks about the streets.

The most familiar figure in the throng was Little Make-Believe, who seemed to be ubiquitous, who was so continually repeating herself.

How eagerly they took the food from the birds, and how eagerly they ate and drank the good things!

What a chorus of thanksgiving filled the air! "Prime, ain't it?" "Here's a jolly go!" "Good luck ter yer!" "Warm as a chap, don't it?" "Never had such a feed in all my born days!" "I wouldn't call the Emperor of Rooshier my uncle!"

And they laughed and hoorayed, and the birds kept up a pleasant twittering all the time.

"What do you think of the sight?" asked the figure in the gray cloak.

"It's beautiful!" exclaimed the dreamer, enthusiastically.

"Well, did old Dexter ever do such a thing?"

"I don't remember," said the dreamer, considering a little, "that he ever did."

"It's worth doing, is it not?"

"I should say it was. Listen to the little chaps."

"It seems to please you."

"It does."

"Why," asked the cloaked figure, "did old Dexter never indulge in a pleasure so cheaply purchased?"

"Now you mention it," replied the dreamer, "I suppose it is because he never thought of it."

"Not a young man, this Dexter?"

"Not at all."

"How old, should you say?"

"Oh, I know, having lived with him so long. He's fifty-five."

"Fifty-five! And never thought of doing a charitable action?"

"Perhaps he didn't have time," pleaded the dreamer.

"Not in all those fifty-five years? A large family of his own to occupy him, perhaps?"

"No," said the dreamer, with something like a sigh, "he has no family."

"No wife?"

"No. Here, I say!" cried the dreamer, excitedly, as the phantom of Polly Cleaver glided past. "What are you doing here? I thought you was dead."

"To whom are you speaking?"

"To one who was my wife for about a month. There she is—no, she's gone!"

"Dead to you?"

"Dead to every one, so far as I know."

"And left no child behind her?"

"None that I ever heard of."

"So you stand alone, without one human link of love to bind you to the world, without sympathy, without charity, without a spark of kind feeling for the suffering and helpless. Farewell!"

In the utterance of this word the children and the birds faded from his sight, and the dreamer found himself alone with the figure in the gray cloak, which was slowly moving away.

"But I say, old boy!" cried the dreamer, "you are rather hard on old Dexter. He isn't at all a bad sort of fellow. Upon my soul, he isn't."

He caught hold of the cloak, which fell from the figure, and the dreamer saw before him the form of a man shaped in ice, and on the region of the heart were inscribed the words, "Old Dexter's Charity."

The dreamer laid his hand upon the inscription, and shivered as he murmured:

"Precious cold, upon my soul!"

Then everything vanished and Thomas Dexter enjoyed a dreamless sleep of several hours.

He was aroused to consciousness by a postman's knock at the street door.

He jumped out of bed and shuddered into his shop, where he saw the letter drop through a slit.

On the floor there were two or three other letters and three copies of a daily newspaper, which the postman poked every morning under the door.

He gathered the newspapers and looked at the dates.

"Why," he muttered in wonder, "I've been asleep for three days and nights. I've been ill, I suppose. I feel better now, but still a bit shaky. What's that noise?"

It was a noise of voices in the street, followed by a cracking at the door, which betokened that people were trying to force an entrance.

"Hold hard!" he cried. "What do yer want?"

In response he heard voices exclaiming:

"It's old Dexter's voice!"

"It ain't; it's his ghost's!"

"It's somebody robbing the place!"

"Break it in, policeman; break it in!"

To avert the destruction Thomas Dexter hastily unlocked the door and threw it open.

And there he stood, clad only in his shirt, confronting quite a number of persons, most of them neighbors, who, alarmed at the shutters being up, and at Dexter not making his appearance for three days, had prevailed upon the policeman to effect an entrance into the shop.

All of them fell back at his appearance, and a few ran away as fast as if Old Nick himself were at their heels, and when they were at a safe distance spread a report that Dexter was dead and his ghost was coming that way.

Those who remained were soon convinced that Thomas Dexter was alive by the abuse he hurled at them for their kindly interest in his behalf.

(To be Continued.)

METHODIST CONFERENCE

Session Closes With Assignments of Pastors For Following Year.

Spartanburg, Special.—The annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, closed a profitable and interesting session here on Monday, the reading of the appointments by Bishop Candler being the closing event. The appointments are as follows:

Anderson District—R. H. Jones, presiding elder; St. Johns, R. S. Truesdale; West End, W. E. Wiggins; Orrville, S. T. Creech; Antreville, C. L. McCain; Donalds, J. E. Beard; Lowndesville, R. W. Barber; McCormick, J. K. McCain; Mt. Carmel, R. C. Bouware; Pelzer, G. E. Edwards; Pendleton, S. W. Henry; Starr, J. W. Bailey; Seneca, circuit, O. M. Abney; Townville, D. A. Lewis; Wallhalla, E. S. Jones; Westminster circuit, to be supplied; Williamsston and Belton, J. W. Elkins.

Charleston District—H. W. Bays, presiding elder; Allendale, W. C. Kirkland; Beaufort, J. B. Campbell; Bethel circuit, W. H. Thropper; Black Swamp, G. P. Clarkson; Barnwell, R. A. Young; Charleston, Bethel, M. L. Carlisle; Spring Street, G. P. Watson; Cypress, supplied by W. T. Patrick; Dorchester, W. T. Bedenbaugh; Edrhardt, T. L. Belvin; Grover, S. C. Morris; Hampton, G. R. Shaffer; Hendersonville, J. T. Peeler; Port Royal, L. D. Gillespie; Ridgeland, W. H. Murray; Ridgeville, H. C. Mounz; Smoaks, J. R. Sojourner; Summerville, H. R. Mills; Waltherboro, J. L. Daniel; Young's Island, supplied by W. A. Wimberly; Round O, E. P. Hutson; student in Vanderbilt university, H. C. Garrison.

Cokesbury District—T. D. Duncan, presiding elder; Abbeville, P. B. Wells; Butler, Foster Green; Cokesbury, S. D. Vaughan; Greenwood, M. B. Kelly; Greenwood and Abbeville, Mills, J. M. Miller; Newberry, Central, B. M. Grier; O'Neal Street and Mollohon, J. B. Kilgore; Newberry circuit, A. H. Best; Ninety-Six, A. J. Cauten; Parkersville, J. A. Peeler; Phoenix, J. R. Copeland; Prosperity, H. W. Whitaker; Princeton, W. E. Barre; Saluda, R. W. Humloo; J. L. Ray; Whitmire, J. N. Isom; Lauder College, John O. Willson, president; student Vanderbilt University, J. H. Graves.

Columbia District—J. S. Beasley, presiding elder; Aiken, W. J. Snyder; Batesburg, E. T. Hodges; Columbia, Washington Street, J. W. Daniels; Main Street, W. L. Herbert; Green Street, B. H. Tompkins; Cranby, J. I. Spinks; Brookland, C. E. Peete; N. Stone; Edgewood, supplied by I. N. Edgell; Marvin Auld; Fairfield, W. W. Williams; Gilbert, to be supplied by J. K. Inabert; Graniteville, J. W. Neely; Johnston, J. W. Arial; Leesville, M. M. Brabham; Lexington, A. S. Leslie; Lexington Fork, G. H. Pooser; North Augusta, H. J. Cauten; Ridgeway, O. N. Rountree; Wagoner, to be supplied by J. C. Holley; Warrenville, J. R. T. Major; Wateree, to be supplied by W. D. Patrick; Columbia Female College, W. W. Daniel, president; S. H. Zimmerman, agent; Epworth orphanage, W. B. Wharton, superintendent; Paine College, Geo. W. Walker, president.

Florence District—W. P. Meadors, presiding elder; Bennettsville, T. E. Morris; Bennettsville circuit, A. T. Dunlap; Brightsville, E. M. McKisick; Cartersville, supplied by J. N. Taylor; Cheraw, B. G. Murphy; Cheraw circuit, supplied by F. S. Nook; Chesterfield, J. J. Stevenson; Clyde, John Manning; Darlington, Trinity and Epworth, J. C. Roper; Darlington circuit, B. C. Clarkson; Florence, J. C. Beckwith; Hartsville, B. J. Guess; Jefferson, supplied by S. M. Jones; Lamar, A. R. Phillips; Liberty, T. F. Gibson; McColl Mills, supplied by D. H. Everett; Marlboro, J. L. Mullin; South Florence, supplied by W. C. Gleaton; Timmonsville, J. B. Weldon.

Greenville District—E. P. Taylor, presiding elder; Clinton, W. H. Hodges; Esley circuit, R. M. DuBose; Fountain Inn, D. P. Boyd; Greenville, Buncombe Street, W. M. Duncanson; St. Paul's, N. L. Wiggins; Hampton Avenue, A. E. Dribbinger; Greenville Mills, N. G. Ballenger; R. R. Doyle; Greenville circuit, D. D. Jones; Greer, C. B. Burns; Laurens, First church, M. W. Hook; Laurens circuit, to be supplied by W. C. Kelley; North Laurens, J. F. Anderson; North Pickens, J. P. Attaway; Pickens, R. F. Bryant; Piedmont, S. T. Blackman; Traveller's Rest, to be supplied by A. A. Merritt; Victor and Batesville, J. G. Huggin.

Marion District—E. O. Watson, presiding elder; Blenheim, W. S. Martin; Britton's Neck, to be supplied by S. J. McNeill; Brownsville, W. M. Hardin; Bucksville, H. L. Singleton; Centenary, W. A. Betts; Conway, W. L. Wait; Conway circuit, J. C. Davis; C/O. F. H. Shuler; Wilson, J. D. Crot; Gallivant, J. N. Wright; Latta, J. H. Thacker; Latta circuit, W. B. Baker; Little Rock, G. C. Leonard; Loris, to be supplied by T. W. Godbold; Marion, J. A. Clifton; Marion circuit, G. P. Penney; Mullins, T. C. O'Dell; Mullins circuit, Dove Tiller; North Mullins, J. E. Rushton and J. M. Rogers; Waccamaw, to be supplied by Allan Macfarlane.

North Charleston District—J. F. Carlisle, presiding elder; Cades, J. A. White; Charleston, Trinity, C. B. Smith; Cumbertland, J. W. Spenke; Gooseville, to be supplied by W. R. Buchanan; Georgetown, Duncan and West End, T. G. Howbert; Greelyville, R. W. Spigner; Harleyville, W.

TAKES HOLIDAY RECESS

Senate and House Both Adjourn to January 4, 1906.

The day was passed without legislation and ended with an amusing debate on the question of appointing a janitor at \$60 a month to the reception room on the minority side of the chamber. The minority refused the offer of the majority in this matter, and with their aid the janitor was rejected.

Mr. Brantley (Ga.) took the oath as a member, after which Mr. Richardson (Ala.) discussed quarantine regulations.

Commenting on the President's message, Mr. Watkins (La.) said: "The President has shown that he possesses the convictions of a Bryan; the firmness of an Andrew Jackson; the popularity of a Witte and the patriotism of the Japanese."

Mr. Mason (Ark.) was interrupted in a speech on insurance in order that the conference report on the canal appropriation bill might be considered. Mr. Williams, the minority leader, objected to action on the report until Thursday as he did not wish the precedents in such matters to be broken. This objection carried the report over a day.

The House adjourned until Wednesday.

Senate Confirmations.

Confirmations by the Senate of the nominations of members of the Isthmian Canal Commission was reconsidered in executive session and a motion was adopted calling upon the President for the return of the notification of the Senate's previous action. When this has been done the nominations will again be referred to the inter-oceanic canal commission for consideration.

Before the decision was reached to reconsider the vote charges of "railroading" nominations were made by Senator Morgan and others and counter charges that the protestants were proceeding in a manner not prescribed by the rules of the Senate were made by Republican Senators. The discussion developed the fact that there had been no poll of the canal committee on the nominations in question to be reconsideration was withdrawn. Mr. Morgan said he had not had an opportunity to vote in committee on the question of confirmations. It is generally understood that the purpose of minority Senators in asking to have the nominations returned is to permit a protest against Chairman Theodore P. Shonts holding a position on the commission and the presidency of the Clover Leaf Railroad at the same time.

More Talk in The House.

The House continued to "shoot clay pigeons" as one member put it, and the debate on general topics continued for five hours. It is understood that with adjournment the general debate on the President's message, which has been in progress for seven days, has been concluded and that the session is to be a brief one when adjournment for the holidays will be taken.

Both Houses Take Recess.

There was but a ten minute session of the House Thursday, when the holiday adjournment until January 2 was taken. The speeches, one attacking and the other defending the cotton crop estimates of the government, were to have been made, but permission was granted to print these speeches in the Record, and Mr. Payne announced "Our oratory seems to have been exhausted," and without extending further invitation to any member for a speech the adjournment was declared by the speaker.

After a session of a little more than an hour's duration the Senate adjourned until January 4. Only about half of the session was legislative in character and the greater part of that time was devoted to a discussion of the regularity of the credentials of Mr. Garin, who succeeds Mr. Mitchell as a Senator from Oregon. The credentials were accepted and Mr. Garin was sworn in.

STRIKE IN CAPITAL

Turbulence and Disorder in St. Petersburg

BLOODY RIOTS IN PROVINCES

Czar's Troops Take the Town of Tukum by Storm After a Desperate Struggle of Twelve Hours With Rebels Using Machine Guns, and 10,000 Revolutionaries are Under Arms at Kharkoff—Other Stories—Alternates Take Place of St. Petersburg Agitators as Fast as They are Arrested.

St. Petersburg, By Cable.—Since noon the streets have been filled with troops, especially those in the industrial section. The railroad stations are in possession of the military.

The wholesale arrest of the leaders of workmen were made at night. It is reported that the police include in their captures members of the Second Workmen's Council, who were placed in the fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul with the members of the first council, who were arrested Saturday night. A third council, however, promptly took the place of the second.

Moscow is already cut off from St. Petersburg, and with the provinces generally there was no communication. According to the latest information, the Lithuanian insurrection has extended into the province of Vitebsk, across the borders of Livonia. At Kholmno, the chief of police and his assistants were tried by a revolutionary tribunal and executed.

It turns out the Tukum only surrendered after a severe battle which lasted for twelve hours. The rebels' rectonists had fortified the town by throwing up intrenchments, before which they dug pits. They also had in position the machine guns recently captured by them. The trenches were taken by storm, both sides losing heavily.

The latest information from Kharkoff says that 10,000 revolutionaries are under arms and that troops are being concentrated for the purpose of recapturing the city.

The strike started here at noon very tamely. In the center of the city the shops were not closed, the proprietors having received guarantees that if they remained open they would receive ample protection and that any deputation of strikers seeking by threats or force to compel the closing of the shops would be instantly arrested. There was, however, an impressive demonstration in the industrial section.

Much Bloodshed.

Riga, Livonia, By Cable.—It is reported that there was bloodshed at Talsen. Revolutionary peasants entrenched themselves in their houses from the windows where they fired on the patrolling soldiers. It is estimated that 40 infantrymen and cavalrymen were killed or wounded.

Estates Devastated.

Peasants continue to devastate the estates of the Baltic nobility and a total of 50 estates are reported to have been burned down. Baron Von Wolf was pulled out of bed by peasants but succeeded in escaping. He reached Riga without clothing and is now dangerously ill. Baroness von Wolf, who was the well known Italian Actress, Alle Bari, arrived here in a sledge. The Baroness has owned for food, clothed and taught a hundred peasant children in their estate at Stormersee. The peasants burned this estate and robbed it of its valuables, which they are selling at ridiculous prices. For instance four horses were offered for ten dollars.

Moscow in Darkness.

Moscow, By Cable.—The town is in darkness and the theatres and clubs are closed. The employees of the municipality have abandoned their work. Fifty thousand factory hands are idle. The troops are confined to their barracks and every possible military precaution for eventualities has been made. The strikers' pickets are all over the city persuading or threatening those who are reluctant to join the strike.

Kidnaps Own Child.

Newbern, Special.—An exciting affair occurred here when Capt. Mark Fulcher kidnapped his own child by forcible entrance to his wife's home and taking his two-year-old daughter. He took her to his home. The act is the culmination of a number of acts for the possession of the child and the father contends that the mother is not a proper person to take care of the child. Capt. Fulcher has not been molested yet but it is likely that legal proceedings will be instituted.

Four Lives Lost in Fire.

Lorain, O. Special.—Four lives were lost in a fire which destroyed the Verleek Theatre here early Sunday morning. The dead are: James Dwyer, aged 28; Mrs. Wm. Marsh, aged 24; her two children, Grace, aged 3 years, and Clifford, aged 7 months. Wm. Marsh was stage manager. The loss on the theatre building is \$50,000.

ONE CONVICTION IN RICHMOND.

Richmond, Special.—In the case resulting from the alleged frauds in a recent city primary election the jury found Jackson Wise guilty of a misdemeanor and set his sentence at 90 days' confinement in the city jail and at the same time L. J. Culberson not guilty. This is in one indictment against Culberson and Wise. A second indictment against Culberson will be taken up soon. The Wise case will be taken to the Supreme Court.

ASSAILED BY ODELL.

New York, Special.—Former Governor B. B. Odell, Jr., chairman of the Republican State committee, made a statement in which he charged President Roosevelt and Governor Higgins with a deliberate attempt to wreck the Republican party of this State for their own personal ambitions. He declared that if disaster ensued, they not he, will be responsible.

PURCHASES POWER SITE.

Gaffney, Special.—The Southern Power Company has purchased another fine water power. It is located on the Broad river, in Cherokee county, South Carolina, at what is known as "the 99 lands." For the past several months negotiations have been in progress and the announcement now comes that the deal has been completed. The consideration is not given but it is understood that it will run up in the hundreds of thousands. It is stated that the development will net from 10,000 to 12,000 horse power and will require the expenditure of at least \$1,000,000.

SUIT FOR \$30,000.

Asheville, Special.—A suit for \$30,000 damages has been instituted against the Southern Railway Company because of an accident to James Hyams, of Old Fort, on the day before Christmas of last year. The boy, a son of Postmaster George Hyams, of Old Fort had one leg cut off. The lad was only six years of age at the time of the accident and alleges negligence on the part of the Southern's employes.

CAPT. SAUNDERS DEAD.

Spencer, Special.—Captain R. K. Saunders, a well known condactor in the Southern Railway yard here, died in his home in Spencer Thursday afternoon, after being ill for only three days. He had been confined to his room but a few hours, and his death was very unexpected. Capt. Saunders formerly resided in Richmond, from which place he came to Spencer two years ago and leaves a wife and five children.

WALSH BANK AT BEDFORD, IND., DOES BUSINESS AS USUAL.

Bedford, Ind., Special.—The officials of the Bedford National Bank, of which John R. Walsh, of Chicago, is president, received notification of the Chicago financial troubles. A meeting of the directors and stockholders of the bank was at once called. The bank's business is being conducted as usual. The deposits according to the officials of the bank, are \$300,000.