A Journey For Love.

It is not necessary to journey to the Latin quarter of Paris to find living romance, stories of unfulfilled ambitions, empty cupboards, flat purses and sometimes starvation itself. New York city, that Mecca for American genius, is filled to overflowing with ambitious men and women who flock there with high hopes and beating hearts, and who, once lost in the city's struggling mass of humanity drift lower and lower, and finally seek occupation in the most humble and bitter paths of life. Such creatures of misfortune were the tenants of a small, shaky structure in lower New York, a building that had so outgrown its usefulness and decent appearance that it was known as "The Ruins," which name was most significant when one considers the financial condition of the old house's occupants.

"We lived in "The Ruins," Tom and I, pegging away at our pictures and praying for that blissful day when fame and fortune would come, when we could shake the dust of "The Ruins" from our feet and journey away to some delightful spot beyond the reach of bill collectors and out of the prosaic sound of vegetable carts and coal wagons. It was this thought of coming wealth that kept us on our feet, that buoyed our sinking spirits and made us laugh when our hearts were crushed under a load of sorrow. Were we unhappy? No, for we had each other, and the love of man and woman is a healing balsam in times of misfortune. To be sure, each grieved to see the other in want of those little luxuries which make life worth the living, but had we not each other's inspiring words of hope to cheer the way and make the rough places less sharp and painful? Had Tom been alone, had I been alone, the dreary forsakenness and the agony of unceasing disappointment would have been beyond all human endurance and—well, who can tell what fate would have been ours? It is a harrowing thought, and a foolish one, but women are wont to dwell on "what might have been," even if it makes them miserable.

Our neighbors, the other tenants of "The Ruins" were conditioned like ourselves. Like us, too, they were shabby clothes and run-over shoes and supplied the wants of the "inner man" by buying articles of food at the corner grocery and cooking them over the blaze of a smoky grate fire or an ill-smelling sputtering oil stove. There were six or seven of them, our neighbors, and every week or two one would disappear, no doubt to go into cheaper lodgings, while a new face and an unfamiliar but equally shabby figure would take his or her place. We saw little of the other tenants, meeting them only in the dusty, bleak hallways or on the creaking, unsteady stairs.

Sometimes they would murmur good-morning or we would exchange a growl of hatred for the landlord of the crumbling "Ruins," but more frequently we passed in silence, slinking hurriedly along as if ashamed of our parcels of provisions or our three-season garments. This had been the condition of our social affairs until one gloomy April day, when there came a timid knock on our door, which knock I answered with no great feeling of happiness, fearing an un-looked-for visit from the uncongenial landlord.

My apprehensions were groundless. It was the little German governess who lived in a cheerless back room on the floor above.

"I heard your husband go away and so took the liberty of coming to see you," she stammered in broken English, as a pretty blush of embarassment crimsoned cheeks which were usually of a cold and unhealthy whiteness.

"I have waited to come for such a long, long time. It is very lonesome, this New York, is it not? I think one could die and not be found for years unless it was by the landlord when he comes to collect his fees each week. The landlord, one is only sure of him: he never fails, he never forgets, he comes each Wednesday with hand held out for the money and his wrinkled old face is all pinched and puckered with avarice. Ach, I hate him, the landlord."

She paused for breath. I took Tom's palette, covered with paint from the one comfortable chair in the room and begged my visitor to be seated.

"You and your husband are both artists?" she continued, talking fast and never waiting for replies to her questions—"you must be happy. Yes, you are happy, for I hear you singing sometimes, and when I see you and your husband on the street he is always holding your arm as if you were a piece of rare porcelain. You are the only person in this dreary place—this ruin, as they call it—who ever smiles. The rest—ah! they go about like ghosts, creeping up and down, up and down, the stairs as if they'd die at so much as the sound of their footsteps. Oh, this America, it is awful—it is terrible. I think sometimes I shall die. I think sometimes that I can live no longer in this vault, where people are neither dead nor alive. If only I had more work, if only I could earn more money and get a little more room somewhere in the fresh air, and get where I can see trees and green things. And this noise—this endless roar of wagons and clanging of street car bells! Ah, I fear I am going mad—that my brain is ill——"

It was the same old story—little or no work, wretchedness of heart and a desperate lack of money. I pitied her and felt that strong sympathy which only one woman can have for another. How much richer was I, I thought than this poor, friendless woman alone in a foreign country. How could I complain after that?

She told me her history; her crimsoned cheeks grew brighter as she continued and her hands moved nervously as if she were ill.

Her mother, it seems, had been a widow of considerable wealth and moved in the best society in Berlin. When she, my visitor, was fifteen years old, her mother married again. The step-father, having the usual old country view of woman's incapabilities in business affairs, promptly relieved his wife of the care of her money and thereafter positively refused even to consult her as to either its use or its disposal. He entered into several enterprises which failed dismally; then he began to speculate, with the usual results. In four years the widow's little fortune had drifted away and her husband plunged into dissipations that soon brought his earthly career to an end. Mother and daughter struggled along as best as they could, giving French and music lessons and doing what sewing they could beg from their rich friends.

During this time of poverty and distress a manly young German had fallen in love with the hard working daughter and they became betrothed. He, too, was battling with hardships and one day he came to his little sweetheart and told her that he was going to America, that place of freedom where opportunities for work and advancement are to be had for the asking. She and her mother were to come to him, to a little home that he would have ready and waiting on the other side of the great ocean.

She smiled bravely when he left her, but as she watched his broad figure disappear in the soft evening twilight despair seized her heart and strange forebodings made her tremble with fear and distress.

What an age it was until his first letter arrived! The waiting for it so filled her thoughts that she failed to notice that the dear, frail mother was growing weaker and paler each day. Before the second letter reached Berlin the mother was dead.

For six months the young girl breasted the storm of poverty. Then, to her great joy, her lover in far-away America wrote that she was to come to him at once. She gathered up the small belongings and heirlooms that, although worthless in a money sense, were of such priceless value to her, and with these she sailed away to her new home.

When the great boat landed her in the noisy city of New York, she found her way to an address that her German sweetheart had sent her, expecting to find there a friend of his, who could put her on a train that would take her to the small town in Pennsylvania where he had secured work. There he would meet her at the station, and, after saying over the holy words that were to make them husband and wife, take her to the little home he had prepared. The plan was a good one, but something was wrong somewhere. At the address in New York there lived no person by the name which he had written in her letter, and the poor girl was in despair. She found lodgings, and the next day journeyed on to the little Pennsylvania town, where she was unable to discover the whereabouts of her betrothed. With but a few dollars left she returned to New York, and by some miracle immediately secured employment as a governess. In another week she was on her way to Mexico, having in her charge two small children of a wealthy Gothamite.

Then came two years of hard work, during which she went from one situation to another, and finally became our neighbor in "The Ruins."

"I have but two pupils now," she explained. "One I am teaching French, the other German. But two pupils—they bring me hardly enough to pay my rent and to buy fuel and provisions. I cannot hold out much longer—and I though perhaps you could tell me where I could get work. I have tried everything—everything!"

I promised to help her even while doubting my ability to secure employment for her, for I knew that hope never fails to warm the heart and that encouragement is pleasant even to the doomed. She said good-bye and went up the dark, creaking stairs. As she took my fingers I noticed that her hand was hot and fevered and that her eyes looked strange and restless.

After hearing that poor girl's story I almost fancied myself a millionaire, so much better and happier was my lot than hers. The old furniture appeared less awkward and scratched, the faded curtains seemed to brighten, even the old cook stove did not look so bad after all, and when Tom came home I fussed over him in a way that made him say:

"Dear, I'm always afraid of you when you act like this; it's sure to forerun a quarrel." And then we laughed. The idea of Tom in a quarrel was really too funny.

As we sat down to the little supper I had prepared I told Tom about my visitor, and we immediately began to lay plans as to how we could best offer her assistance. As Tom remarked: "We never hear of anyone who wants lessons in painting; they're always on a mad tear after languages." And so we bethought ourselves of several persons to whom we would recommend and advertise the talents of our downcast neighbor.

I did not see her the next day, but the following morning I tiptoed along the creepy corridor to her room, carrying a little breakfast dainty in my hands and hoping that she would accept it in the same sisterly spirit that it was offered. I knocked several times on the door but no answer came. Then I fancied that I heard some one moan. Back I ran to Tom, who returned with me, and after satisfying ourselves that the girl was there and ill we broke open the door.

What a room it was! A bare little garret with a bed and table and several decrepid chairs and footstools. The one semblance of elegance was a large oil painting of a beautiful woman with snow white hair and exquisitely shaped hands, which I immediately surmised was a portrait of the girl's mother. On the bed lay the room's occupant, burning with fever and talking wildly of "this terrible, terrible America, where people have no heart," and sometimes breaking into a strange German love song.

We did what we could for her. Tom went for a doctor, who came and said she had brain fever. He advised sending her to a hospital, and after considerable red tape preliminaries we had her installed in one of the large institutions of New York. She had been there less than a week when the kind nurse told us that such a person as our little invalid was wanted by some one who had been long searching for her, who had left word with city officers to notify him at once in case she was found. How my heart leaped when I heard the good news. How happy I was for her. I rushed home to Tom and cried all over his shabby old coat, and he scolded me for being "such an emotional little woman." But just the same, he had to put on a pretty bold front to keep me from noticing that his voice was unusually husky.

"Well, unlike the more "artistic" stories of the present moment, this one ends happily. The German governess recovered, and when her mind awakened from its troubled illness her sweetheart was the first on whom her pretty brown eyes looked. Tom and I were there, but she did not see us, and we hastened into another room, so as not to intrude upon a scene too sacred for other eyes.

It was easy to untangle the complications that before had been so unexplainable. Her betrothed had in some way given her a wrong address. When too late he discovered the mistake and hastened to New York to meet her as she left the steamship. Again there was a mistake and he missed her. Then his search began. As she had gone to Mexico almost immediately after her arrival in New York he could get no clew of her whereabouts, and when at last he found her he had given up all hope and was on the verge of utter despair.

They went to their home in Pennsylvania and every letter that I received from her—it is years since last I saw her—brings news of greater happiness and deeper content.

We don't live in "The Ruins" now—in fact, "The Ruins" is laid low, and in its place stands a massive office building that towers high above its fellow structures. Tom has a little studio in our Harlem flat and is busy as can be imagined with his magazine and newspaper sketches. I help him occasionally, but not as I used to during our more unfortunate days. You see, "little Tom," who is now three years old, is such an "enfant terrible" that it takes all my time to fulfill his youthful majesty's demands.

Governor Evans Issues an Address to the Democracy.

THANKS TO HIS SUPPORTERS.

Reviews the Recent Senatorial Campaign and Gives His Ideas as to the Causes of His Defeat.

To the Democracy of South Carolina:

As the primary election is now over and the result officially declared I feel it my duty to thank my friends and supporters and to say a few words to the public at large. I came to the Governorship of the State with the policy of the Reform movement thoroughly outlined and given to me by the Reformers who had nominated me and I have been confronted by many difficult and important problems for solution. These problems were political, legislative and judicial, and while not altogether of my own making it was my duty as the leader of my faction to shirk no duty imposed upon me by my party, my predecessor in office or the General Assembly. Under such circumstances, there was but one course open to me, which was to carry out as faithfully and as earnestly as possible, and with all the means placed in my hands, the laws of the State and the expressed will of the majority.

In the performance of my duty I met with most serious difficulties and necessarily made many enemies, more political than personal, for the reason as is well known there has been from the beginning of the Reform movement up to the present time a minority faction which have been active, vigilant, bitter and untiring; ready to take any course or adopt any measures calculated to make my administration a failure and to restore them to power. From this faction I could expect nothing save implacable opposition to my administration. I, of course, was not surprised at their bitter opposition to my election to the position of United States Senator, but I did expect the support and hearty co-operation of at least the beneficiaries of the Reform movement. Had I known at the beginning what was to occur during the campaign, I might well have said, "Save me from my friends and I will take care of my enemies." No doubt many changes had taken place in the minds of individuals on matters connected with the Reform movement and the State government. The final result of this election, unfortunate as it is to our faction and to me, is due, in the first instance, to the thorough organization of the Conservative minority, which fought me with all their bitterness and vituperation, not for the reason, as is sought to be inculcated by their newspapers, of any unworthiness on my part, but simply because I represented the Reform movement, and the principles which they had fought since 1890. This was made to succeed by the co-operation of my so-called friends and members of my official family who, while pretending to support me and my administration, were really stabbing me in the back and finally united with the opposition, which was powerless without their help, to accomplish my defeat. If the Reform party has been injured by this campaign or my defeat "is the beginning of the end," let the blame rest upon the heads of the traitors and false friends in our own ranks without whose help it could not have been accomplished. Who these parties are I need not state here, for late developments have exposed some of them and time will uncover the others to the public.

I can find no words with which to fully express my deep appreciation of the adherence and steady devotion and love of principle of the forty thousand Reformers who remained so loyal to our cause and to me, regardless of all the slander, misrepresentation and abuse that have been heaped upon us by open foes and secret enemies. When we take into consideration the persistency with which slander and misrepresentation were repeated, though as often refuted, not only by individuals, but by a partisan and unscrupulous press, which seemed bent upon making our people believe the statements of men in whom they had no confidence and reports without any foundation, it seems wonderful that a greater number of our people were not made to believe them and to vote against me. It is a beautiful example, however, and will ever serve to make me appreciate and have confidence in the honesty of the masses. It shall be the proudest recollections of my life when I recall the fact that after the most infamous campaign ever known in the history of South Carolina, not excepting Radical days, or probably in any other State, fully one-half of our people, if not more, for some 5,000 to 10,000 in the country could not be gotten to the polls, persisted in refusing to believe these slanders, although seconded by a venal press resorting to all the devices which the most ingenious malice could suggest. Besides this, all sorts of slanders were secretly whispered into the ears of our country people regarding my personal and private character, which could not be met, denied or refuted, until after the election, because not openly avowed or known to me at the time.

Let it be understood that I am not complaining or blaming those of our innocent or unsuspecting people who were thus led to vote against me, but now that the campaign is over and the result declared, I am satisfied all fair-minded men will carefully review the wrongs done me and will place their righteous indignation upon the guilty parties and point the finger of scorn at those unworthy of belief. I am willing to leave the whole matter with the people, for I am sure that to many, even of those who voted against me, a sober second thought will come, which will convince them of the great injustice that has been done, and so far as my enemies are concerned, time will bring its revenges.

I have but little to say in reference to my opponents. One of them is beneath my notice after having been so contemptuously repudiated and scorned by the people at the ballot box. I shall say nothing against my successful opponent. It must be admitted that he was not elected on his merits as a Conservative, a Reformer or a Democrat, but has become simply the beneficiary of the slanders that were heaped upon me and elected by the turning votes of the small minority who preferred a slanderer to either of us. I hope that he will prove a useful and valuable member of the Senate.

In conclusion, I would say to the people of South Carolina and the Reformers, in particular, that while I am disappointed in my aspirations, I shall not be found sulking in the camp of the Reform party or in the counsels of the true Democracy. I expect to live and die in the State of South Carolina. My political faith will ever remain true to the Reform Democracy and I shall continue to be a factor in the social, political and industrial affairs of my State in the future as I have been for the past ten years. I have been honored by my people by being placed in the highest position in their gift. For this I am duly and truly grateful. I shall always endeavor to command their respect as I try to deserve and win the high honors they have conferred upon me. Neither I, the Reform party nor true Democracy are yet dead and if God spares me we shall be heard from in the future. As Governor I have discharged my duties to the best of my abilities, and I am satisfied that a returning sense of justice will vindicate any wrongs done me. Time cures all things and there is nothing to prevent us all from moving forward and uniting and working for the progress, civilization and development of South Carolina.

JOHN GARY EVANS.

Columbia, S. C., Sept. 12.

WEEKLY CROP BULLETIN.

This bulletin covers the weather and crop conditions for the week ending Saturday, Sept 12, and in its preparation were used reports from one or more correspondents in each county of the State.

The past week was a hot one on the whole, with two days quite cool, that greatly reduced the average weekly excess over the normal temperature. The midday heat was intense, and as great as in July or August. The maximum temperature for the week was 95 on the 7th at Beaufort and on the 12th at Spartanburg; the minimum was 53 on the 9th at Cheraw.

The weekly mean temperature was 77, ranging from 71 at Greenville to 80 at Poverty Hill. The normal is approximately 75.

The past week was the dryest one of the season. The only section of the State that had any rain was a narrow strip along the North Carolina border, reaching from Greenville to Lancaster county. All other portions of the State were absolutely without rain, other than possibly a light sprinkle on the 6th. The drought is becoming intense. The approximate normal rainfall for the past week is 1.27.

There was scarcely any cloudiness during the week, the average percentage of possible sunshine was 92, and the lowest was 64 per cent. at Reid, Greenville County.

There wer no high winds or local storms.

The week favored farm-work, and was especially favorable for saving the lint of cotton in the best possible condition. The drought is, however, distressing in some localities, as water for stock is scarce. The ground is too dry for plowing and seeding, although some fall oats have been sown.

Vegetation of all kinds is fast dying, and one correspondent in Edgefield County reports that oak and hickory trees and shrubbery dying from effects of continued dry weather.

The weather is too hot for harvesting corn, although the crop is entirely made. It is feared that it will be infested with weevels should it be housed now. Some corn is being gathered from bottom lands subject to overflow. Corn is dry and hard, but on many ears the grain is shrunken.

There is a unanimity among the correspondents of this service on the condition of cotton; it is that the yield is shorter than previously estimated. Cotton is about all open and over half picked; some fields being entirely picked out. Bolls continue to open prematurely, and the seed in such bolls is not matured nor does the lint separate cleanly from the seed in ginning.

It is generally stated by the correspondents that the entire crop will be picked by the end of this month, if the weather continues as favorable as it has been.

They also have reduced their estimates of the probable yield and now very generally put it at half a crop. The plant is dying and it can be definitely stated that there will be no top crop. Sea-island cotton is in need of rain. It showed deterioration in condition for the week.

Peas are not doing well generally, although in Union they appear to be fruiting heavily, but the better condition of all minor crops in the upcounties is due to the copious rains during the latter portion of the previous week.

Turnips in most places are a failure so far, for where the seed germinated and came up the plant was subsequently killed by the intense mid-day heat.

Truck along the coast needs rain badly.

Second planting of Irish potatoes, in the interior, an entire failure. Sweet potatoes doing fairly well in places, but are generally a poor crop.

There was ideal rice harvest weather during the entire week, and that work made rapid progress. The weather also favored gathering forage crops.

Reports on sorghum and sugar cane vary considerably now, some indicate a poor yield of sap while others say the cane is as juicy as usual but all agree as to the excellent quality of the sap and syrup made from it.

Gardens are burned up and over a large portion of the State vegetables are scarce. Pastures are beginning to afford scant grazing.

J. W. BAUER, Director.

—It has been repeatedly asserted that Senator Teller is a large silver mine owner, and that is why he is an advocate of equal coinage. Those who differ with Senator Teller, as well as those who agree with him, testify to his honesty of character and purpose, and any personal statement he may make will not be doubted by those who know him. He states emphatically that he has not a dollar invested in silver mining, but that his capital is invested in gold mines. Here is another sample of the method of misrepresentation employed by the gold serving press.

The jawbone of the average whale is 25 feet in length. The tongue of a monster will yield a ton of oil.

A Dandy Thing to Sell!

I have been doing so well this summer selling combination dippers that I think it is my duty to tell others about it. I have not made as much money as some I read about, but I never make less than $3, and often $5 a day; the dipper can be used as a fruit jar filler; a plain dipper; a fine strainer; a funnel; a strainer funnel; a sick room warming pan, and a pint measure. These eight different uses makes the dipper such a necessary article that it sells at nearly every house, as it is so cheap. You can get a sample by sending, as I did 15 two cent stamps to pay postage, etc., to W. H. Baird & Co., Station A, Pittsburgh Pa., and they will mail you a dipper, and you can go right to work. Any one can make $3 or $4 a day anywhere. A READER.

13 t.

THE REBATES ON BOTTLES.

The State Paying High Prices for Inferior Goods—St. Julian Yates Getting His Share.

News and Courier, 16th inst.

While the dispensary investigation was going merrily on in Columbia last night there was a gentleman in Charleston who had stories to tell wherein alleged bad management was made clear. Just where this information came from is best, for business reasons, to be withheld, but the facts are all on file and if necessary can be produced on very short notice.

It has long been a matter of speculation why the dispensary should pay more for bottles than was previously done. Early in the spring it was stated that the dispensary needed ten or more carloads of flasks and bottles to be packed during the summer season while the glass factories were closed. Complete specifications and samples of bottles and skeleton packing cases, such as are now used, were given to responsible parties, with instructions to quote the price on green bottles of certain weights and in carload lots to be delivered in Columbia. The positive assurance was given that the green ware, which had been extensively used at the dispensary, was more satisfactory than the flint ware, also in use. Mr. Scruggs and Mr. Gaston are both on record as having complained to several parties about the indifferent ware being furnished by a house in Indiana.

Acting on this a certain responsible house in New York submitted specifications in green ware of a better quality than the dispensary has been using. At the May meeting of the present board of control bids were received according to these specifications at the following prices: Half pint flasks, 9 ounces in weight, at $2 45 per gross; pint flasks, 16 ounces, $3 80 per gross; quarts, 21 ounces, $6 75 per gross. These were the weights desired by the board. The board at the same time called to the attention of the manufacturers that the bottles they had been using weighed much less, although the first contract made with them specified the above weights.

Here is what the dispensary people received: Half pints, 8 ounces. Carload after carload of these good were sent. The prices paid were: Half pints $2 50, pints $3 80, quarts $7.

The attention of the board was called to this shortage in the weight. The New York house offered to furnish these weights of the finest quality of green ware at $2 40 for half pints $3 75 for pints and $6 75 for quarts. It was somewhat strange that after the dispensary had used hundreds of cases of the green ware from some of the best glass manufacturers in the country that they should suddenly discover the necessity of paying so much higher prices for flint ware at $2 90 for half pints, $4.25 for pints and $7.50 for quarts. Sixty cars at this price are said to have been ordered from parties in Baltimore, and ten cars from the house in Indiana. This is quite an increase over the estimated ten that were wanted for summer bottling. It has been said that the style of packing which is in wooden skeleton cases makes this difference in the cost, but this is not the only reason for such an advance, as is proved by the fact that the bids made for the green ware called for the same packing, and the prices were for delivery in Columbia.

While bottles and corks are a very small part of the purchases of the dispensary compared with whiskey and beer, it is a matter of general interest all the same why they should pay more for corks than they could have gotten them direct from the manufacturers for. It has been said repeatedly that during the first year of the dispensary something over $6,000 was spent for corks. At that time corks were sold in large quantities by the various leading cork manufacturers at a discount of 80 and 100 per cent. from the list price. Quotations were given the dispensary people at these prices, but it seems that they preferred to buy at 75 per cent. discount from the list. This would make a difference of many hundred dollars in a little matter of corks. Some people who keep track of such matters say this was done to accommodate a few friends in Cincinnati.

The bottom of the whole business is that the dispensary decided to get flint ware and it might be well to state just here that the flint ware was purchased from the Pennsylvania Glass Company, of Anderson, Ind., and that Mr. J. St. Julian Yates acted as their agent in making the sale.

WHAT A WOMAN CAN DO.

Last week I cleared, after paying all expenses, $58.85, the month previous $260 and have at the same time attended to other duties. I believe any energetic person can do equally as well, as I have had very little experience. The Dish Washer is just lovely and every family wants one, which makes selling very easy. I do no canvassing. People hear about the Dish Washer and come or send for one. It is strange that a good, cheap Dish Washer has never before been put on the market. The Mound City Dish Washer fills this bill. With it you can wash and dry the dishes for a family of ten in two minutes without wetting your hands. As soon as people see the Washer work they want one. You can make more money and make it quicker than with any household article on the market. I feel convinced that any lady or gentleman can make from $10 to $15 per day around home. You can get full particulars by addressing THE MOUND CITY DISH WASHER CO., St. Louis, Mo. They help you get started, then you can make money awful fast. A. L. C.

—About a year ago a Wichita (Kan.) man was a juryman at the trial of a man accused of counterfeiting. The implements of the counterfeiter were in evidence, and the juror examined them closely. After the trial was over he went home and made some counterfeiting tools himself. He was caught, was recently tried and is now in prison.

Hair Restored to Natural Color.

I have used many preparations for restoring hair to natural color, but never had satisfactory results till I used Zulu Vulier; it will restore any hair or beard to its natural color in three weeks. If it does not they return your money, so you take no risks. People who have never tried it can get a sample package which contains enough to restore any one's hair to natural color, by sending 2 two cent stamps, to pay postage, etc., to Wilson & Co., New Concord, Ohio.

The regular price is $2.50 per package. If it does not restore your hair to natural color, or make any color of hair darker in three weeks they will return your stamps. This proposition is so fair that thousands are using it. It is harmless, but never fails. Why can't big money be made by selling Zulu Vulier from house to house?

—A carpet in the room of the English mint, after being in wear some years, was recently burnt in pans, and yielded $2,500 worth of gold.

A Chance to Make Money.

I have made $1,630 clear money in 87 days and attended to my household duties besides, and I think this is doing splendid for a woman unexperienced in business. Anyone can sell what everyone wants to buy, and every family wants a Dish Washer. I don't canvass at all; people come or send for the Washer, and every washer that goes out sells two or three more, as they do the work to perfection. You can wash and dry the dishes in two minutes. I am going to devote my whole time to this business now and I am sure I can clear $5,000 a year. My sister and brother have started in business and are doing splendid. You can get complete instructions and hundreds of testimonials by addressing the Iron City Dish Washer Co., Station A, Pittsburg, Pa., and if you don't make lots if money it's your own fault. MRS. W. H.

STRONG PLEA FOR HARMONY.

Judge Earle Considers His Nomination as Marking the Beginning of a New Era in South Carolina Politics.

To the Democratic Voters of South Carolina:

It is with pride and gratification that I have received notice of the official count by which I am declared your nominee for the office of United States Senator. Permit me to express to you my grateful thanks, and to assure you that I hope to merit your confidence by earnestly striving to do my duty.

As I declared many times during the campaign, in which I had the honor to address you, I am the candidate of no faction, and I recognize no difference between Reformers and Conservatives, but honor you all as Democrats. I have appealed to you to lay aside all factional differences, and in casting your votes to consider only your duty to the State as Democrats, conceding to no man the right to control you and submitting to no dictation. The result shows that you have not been influenced by prejudice, that you have laid aside factional differences, that you have asserted your manhood, and have been influenced only by your duty to the State.

For many years I have labored to heal the breach in our ranks, and to restore good feeling among our people. Sometimes I have almost despaired that this would be accomplished, but the result of the election gives me new hope. Indeed, I believe that a new era has dawned upon our State, and that the future gives promise that our people will hereafter consider men and measures solely upon their merits and will be influenced by no other consideration. God grant that this may be so.

In this connection, let me congratulate you upon the election of Mr. Ellerbe as your nominee for Governor—a brave, able and conscientious gentleman, who has promised to be the Governor of the whole people. His high character gives the assurance that this promise will be faithfully kept, and that, free from partisan influences, his administration will be pure, able and just.

Appreciating the great honor that you have conferred upon me, and invoking Divine aid in discharging the important and responsible duties of the office to which I have been nominated, I am,

Your obedient servant,

JOS. H. EARLE.

Beaufort, S. C., Sept. 11, 1896.

—The Bardstown, Ky., Record prints this telepathic experience: "Last Monday as Dr. Gore was quietly walking down the street he was suddenly impressed with the conviction that he must go to the house of his sister, Mrs. Judge Fulton. It had not been long since he had left there, and the impulse to go seemed unaccountable. But he went and found Mrs. W. B. Grigsby there with her charming baby boy, Ramie. A few moments after the doctor was seated he noticed a nervous twitching about the muscles of the little one's throat. This became so alarming to the doctor he seized the child and, having inserted his thumb and forefinger into his mouth, he extracted from his throat a piece of a glass bottle, which the child was trying to swallow. The doctor certainly saved the little one's life."

—A fall of sixty-five feet generally kills as dead as a mackeral, but there are exceptions to all rules. After attending Sunday school for forty-eight consecutive Sundays, the fourteen-year-old son of Rev. Ira Partin, a Baptist preacher who lives near Peacheville, Ky., was persuaded by some wayward youths to go with them the forty-ninth Sunday morning on a fun-searching expedition among the cliffs of a mountainous section, and, getting too close to the precipice, he fell sixty-five feet, turning several somersaults in his fearful downward flight, and alighting on his feet. He still lives to prove that the days of miracles have not passed.

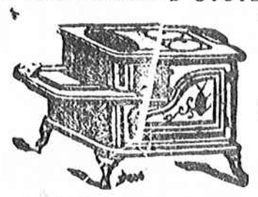
—The New Orleans Times and Democrat says "the defeat of Gov. Evans by Judge Earle in South Carolina's second primary, by a vote of 40,000 against 43,000 the largest Democratic vote in sixteen years, insures the State one of the best United States Senators she has had since the war. Probably no other man in the State except Earle could have defeated Evans. The newspaper penny-a-liners who are denominating the result, Tillman's turn down, know about as much of South Carolina politics as the geese that fly across that State twice a year."

The New Hook Spoon Free to All.

I read in the Christian Standard that Miss A. M. Fritz, Station A., St. Louis, Mo., would give an elegant plated hook spoon to anyone sending her ten 2-cent stamps. I sent for one and found it so useful that I showed it to my friends, and made $12.00 in two hours, taking orders for the spoon. The hook spoon is a household necessity. It can be slipped into the dish or cooking vessel, being held in the place by a hook on the back. The spoon is something that housekeepers have needed ever since spoons were first invented. Anyone can get a sample spoon by sending ten 2 cent stamps to Miss Fritz. This is a splendid way to make money around home.

13 t. Very truly, JEANNETTE S.

A $25 COOKING STOVE



WITH A COMPLETE OUTFIT FOR

Only $12.00.

Delivered to your railroad depot, all freight charges paid. Read this description carefully. This splendid Cooking Stove is No. 8, has four 8 inch pot holes, 16x16 inch oven, 18 inch fire box, 24 inches high; 21x25 inch top; nice smooth casting. I have had this stove made for my trade, after my own idea, combining all the good points of all medium priced stoves, and having cut the objectionable features.

Beyond all doubt the best No. 8 Cooking Stove made, for the price. Fitted with 3 pots, 2 pot covers, 2 skillets, 2 griddles, 3 baking pans, 3 joints of pipe, 1 elbow, 1 collar, 1 lifter, 1 scraper, 1 cake polish, 1 iron tea kettle, 1 shovel.

We want to make customers and friends in every part of the South, for the purpose of introducing our business to new people, and to renew our acquaintance with old friends.

We will ship this splendid cooking Stove and the above described ware to any depot, all freight charges paid, for only $12.00 when the cash comes with the order. This stove is a good one, well made, and will give entire satisfaction. Our illustrated catalogue of Furniture, Stoves and Baby Carriages mailed free. Address

L. F. PADGETT,

646 Broad Street, Augusta, Ga.

—THE—

Liquor, Morphine, Opium and Tobacco Habits.

Thousands in the Throes of Torture.

Prompt, decisive action can save the Many already saved prove that there is way.

Are these the days of freedom? is everybody out of bondage? Would that we could answer, Yes, everybody is free!

But in this enlightened age hundreds of thousands of men are in the clutches of a tyrant worse than any in history, unable to fight their way to liberty, impotent to break their fetters.

When once the habit gets its grip on a man it destroys his nerve and will power, robs him of his only means of defense. His life is sapped out of him, his manhood destroyed, his brain deadened, and he becomes a wreck of a man—existence a living death, himself an object of disgust instead of love and affection to those who are dear to him.

Is there no hope? There is—even after years of slavery a cure without failure guaranteed.

Come and be treated and if in a week or two you do not like gaining weight, feeling new manly vigor and making your loved ones happy, you can quit and there will be no charge. No cure—No pay!

HEXT M. PERRY, M. D.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY.

Condensed Schedule in Effect SEPT. 6, 1896.

STATIONS.	Daily No. 11.
Lv. Charleston	7 10 a m
Lv. Columbia	11 00 a m
" Prosperity	12 11 p m
Ar. Newberry	12 22 p m
Ar. Ninety-Six	1 25 p m
" Greenwood	1 45 p m
" Hodges	2 25 p m
Ar. Abbeville	2 55 p m
Ar. Belton	3 10 p m
Ar. Anderson	3 35 p m
Ar. Greenville	4 30 p m
Ar. Atlanta	9 50 p m

STATIONS.	Daily No. 12.
Lv. Greenville	10 30 a m
" Piedmont	10 55 a m
" Williamston	11 18 a m
Lv. Anderson	11 05 a m
Lv. Belton	11 35 a m
Ar. Donalds	12 02 p m
Lv. Abbeville	11 45 a m
Lv. Hodges	12 30 p m
" Greenwood	1 00 p m
" Ninety-Six	1 35 p m
Lv. Newberry	2 25 p m
" Prosperity	2 37 p m
Ar. Columbia	3 50 p m
Ar. Charleston	8 00 p m

Daily No. 3	Daily No. 13	STATIONS.	Daily No. 11	Daily No. 9
5 00 p	7 15 p	Lv. Charleston, Ar	8 00 p	11 00 a
8 50 p	11 55 p	" Columbia, "	3 50 p	9 28 p
10 05 p	1 15 a	" Alston, "	2 30 p	8 00 p
10 23 p	2 05 a	" Prosperity, "	1 47 p	7 40 p
10 37 p	2 30 a	" Newberry, "	1 30 p	7 20 p
10 53 p	2 55 a	" Jalapa, "	1 13 p	6 57 p
11 23 p	3 30 a	Ar. Spartanburg, Lv	11 45 a	6 30 p
11 53 p	4 05 a	Lv. Spartanburg, Ar	11 15 a	6 00 p
2 00 a	7 00 a	Ar. Asheville, Lv	8 30 p	3 05 p

"C" p. m. "A" a. m.

Trains 9 and 10 carry elegant Pullman sleeping cars between Columbia and Asheville, connecting daily between Spartanburg and Cincinnati.

Trains leave Spartanburg, A. & C. division, northbound, 6:15 a. m., 1:05 p. m., 6:15 p. m. (Vestibule Limited); southbound, 1:00 a. m., 9:15 p. m., 11:35 a. m., (Vestibule Limited).

Trains leave Greenville, A. and C. division, northbound, 5:35 a. m., 2:50 p. m. and 8:45 p. m. (Vestibuled Limited); southbound, 1:30 a. m., 4:20 p. m., 12:25 p. m. (Vestibuled Limited).

Pullman Service.

Pullman palace sleeping cars on Trains 35 and 36, 38 and 39, on A. and C. division.

W. H. GREEN, General Superintendent, Washington, D. C.
J. M. CULP, Traffic Mg'r, Washington, D. C.
W. A. TURK, Gen. Pass. Ag't, Washington, D. C.
S. H. HARDWICK, Ass't Gen. Pass. Ag't, Washington, D. C.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY.

PIEDMONT AIR LINE.

Condensed Schedule of Passenger Trains

Northbound. Sept. 20, 1896.	Yes. No. 38 Daily.	Fst. Mail No. 36 Daily.	No. 12 Daily.	No. 18 Ex. Sun.
Lv. Atlanta, C. T.	12 00 m	7 40 p	7 50 a	4 .....
" Atlanta, E. T.	1 00 p	8 45 p	8 30 a	5 .....
" Norcross		9 14 p	9 00 a	5 40 p
" Buford		9 34 p	9 20 a	6 00 p
" Gainesville	2 30 p	10 31 p	10 15 a	7 00 p
" Lula	2 48 p	10 47 p	10 31 a	7 20 p
" Toccoa	3 15 p	11 15 p	11 00 a	7 50 p
" Mt. Airy		11 38 p	11 24 a	8 16 p
" Seneca	4 18 p	12 48 a	12 34 p	.....
" Central	4 45 p	1 08 a	1 00 p	.....
" Greenville	5 30 p	1 55 a	1 50 p	.....
" Spartanburg	6 18 p	2 55 a	2 50 p	.....
" Gaffneys		3 02 a	2 58 p	.....
" Blacksburg	7 08 p	3 18 a	3 14 p	.....
" King's Mt.		3 41 a	3 37 p	.....
" Catawba		3 51 a	3 47 p	.....
Ar. Charlotte	8 30 p	4 30 a	4 25 p	.....
" Danville	12 02 a	7 50 p	7 25 p	.....
Ar. Richmond	6 00 a	6 40 p	6 05 p	.....
Ar. Washington	8 42 a	9 40 p	.....	.....
" Baltimore	11 30 a	12 35 a	.....	.....
" Philadelphia	1 30 p	3 00 a	.....	.....
" New York	4 45 p	6 30 a	.....	.....

Southbound.	Yes. No. 37 Daily.	Fst. Mail No. 35 Daily.	No. 11 Daily	No. 17 Ex. Sun.
Lv. N. Y., P. R. R.	1 50 p	12 35 a	.....	.....
" Philadelphia	6 55 p	3 50 a	.....	.....
" Baltimore	9 22 p	6 22 a	.....	.....
" Washington	10 45 p	7 45 a	.....	.....
Lv. Richmond	2 00 a	12 55 p	2 00 a	.....
Lv. Danville	5 50 a	6