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GAMBLER RANSOM.

How He Saved a Man from Ruin and Made a Family Happy.

"I could relate hundreds of stories about his life," said a shining light of the N. Y. Athletic Club speaking to a reporter of the N. Y. *Mail & Express* about the well-known sporting man Charley Ransom, who died recently. "There is one story about him which the papers have not published yet. Charley and I made the acquaintance of what we thought to be a very wealthy man at the Monmouth Beach race-course two years ago last summer. He was introduced to us by a prominent official of police headquarters. After the races were over, all three went over to Long Branch. Charley and I came up to this city on an early train, leaving our new acquaintance behind. I never saw him after that, but Charley one day met him on Broadway, near Twenty-third street. They went to the Fifth Avenue hotel to get a drink. I don't know exactly how it was, but that same night Charley and I were in the room of a neighboring hotel to play draw-poker. I do not wish to disclose the gentleman's name, because he is a good father now and because such indiscretion on my part might hurt his present fair chances; but he was a confounded ass for his own sake. Charley was an honest fellow, however, and he played a square game. Our new friend dropped \$375 that night all he had in his possession. He made an appointment for the next evening in the hope of getting even, but he again quit a loser. This time he threw up his hands to the tune of \$1,200. They kept playing every odd night until the middle of the following December. Our gay friend by that time was minus, according to his own calculation \$18,000. Charley wanted him to give up poker half a dozen times before he lost this amount, but in each instance he refused. The fellow commenced to drink like a fish and Charley confidentially told me he'd be hanged before he'd sit down with him again. He never did play after that, although the fellow accused him of being afraid to render satisfaction.

"One morning about 10 o'clock Charley fell in with the would-be sport on Sixth avenue. He was partly intoxicated, and his dissipated appearance denoted he had not seen a bed for several nights. Charley endeavored to get away from him on the plea of business, but the latter overtook and insisted that they repair to a room and indulge in a game. But the devil could not have altered Charley's fixed determination and he said so. While both were talking a little boy of about 12 years came up and touched the leg of Charley's foolish friend. There was a little snow on the ground, and the little fellow's feet protruded from a broken pair of boots. He had neither gloves nor mittens on, and he really looked the picture of misery. Turning around, our friend saw the boy, and Charley often told me he turned deadly white. "What are you doing here?" he finally asked the lad. "Oh, papa," stammered the boy, moving backward, as if he was afraid. "I have been looking all over for you. Aunt and mamma sent me to find you. This morning they were most mad, and he broke out with frightful oaths, winding up by bidding the boy to get home or he would kick him all over the street. The lad departed without a word, but before going he cast a most significant but affectionate look at the man he called father.

"Charley had had enough, and breaking away from the man's grasp he walked in the opposite direction to that taken by the boy. The father, after a moment's hesitation, went into a gin-mill. When Charley saw him disappear from view he turned on his heel and with a quick gasp started after the lad. He overtook him at Twenty-fifth street. The boy would not talk for some time, but finally he broke down and told all; informed him how his father was fast running a good business down town; how he and his mother were well and lived in, on—well, never mind what street, how mother, sister, and self were being neglected, abused, and starved, and their once comfortable home was fast going to pieces. Well, the end of that business was that a sober man entered his home that night, and a weeping wife embraced him. They were tears of joy, I assure you. The mortgage was paid off the next day, a good business was revived, and a man who not long before wished to be a sport, sat down to dinner with his family in his cozy dining-room. No matter how the thing was managed, I promised a dead friend I would never tell one about it, but I could not keep a secret, for he was a good fellow. He may have been a sporting man; may have earned a living by cards, and may have associated with some rough persons, but I'll warrant there never walked along the path of life a better man than Charley Ransom.

"The time-honored story of Goldsmith's arrest by his landlady and Johnson's escape in some danger. It is impossible that Goldsmith's account, received from Johnson himself, should not be substantially true; yet his introduction to Mr. Stock's new facsimile of the first edition Austin Dobson shows that it will have to be reconciled with certain convenient facts. It proves that the book, so early as Oct. 29, 1789, became the property of three persons, one of whom was Benjamin Collins, the Salisbury printer. This relieves Mrs. Fleming's account of Goldsmith's landlady, from her traditional reputation for asperity, as Goldsmith at that date had not gone to Lexington; and it fixes some time anterior to October, 1789, for the composition of the book—a point hitherto obscure. Mr. Dobson also gives much new information as to the first publication of the "Vicar," and shows that its early popularity and sale were by no means so great as generally supposed.

A St. Paul, Minn., dog watches the trough directly under the ice chest where the trough becomes filled with the beer he will lap it up. He refuses water, and drinks beer morning, noon and night. After drinking heavily he will go to sleep, and the first thought on waking up seems to be of beer, as he goes directly to the trough and sustains his thirst.

Will You Do It?

The nursery is over-crowded. There are three little ones in it, of two, six and eight years of age, besides Jane, the nurse girl, who sleeps in the bed with the six-year old, and yet you go to your room, oh, mother, night after night from your party, or lecture, or receiving at home, too tired or careless to think of anything but your own personal fatigue. When the baby frets and grows white and hollow-eyed, you wonder why it is that your children disappoint you so as they grow up. He was a healthy, chubby little fellow, but he is becoming spindling like the rest, and losing all his good looks, and Clara, the six-year old, is listless and acts more like an old woman than anything else, while Ethel is crooked and quarrelsome to that degree you are never sure of her, and have got to cover the habit of calling her down to the reception-room to see visitors. There is precious little comfort to be had out of all of them, you cry.

Now let us whisper a hint. Take Ethel out of the nursery, and put her into that room at the end of the hall, and opening into yours. "Why that is my dressing-room," you say. "We know it, but we are going to have it for her. Very well, so far, so good. Now comes the greatest difficulty, what to do with Clara. There is no other small room for her connected with the family rooms, and she is too little, to be shut off by herself. Ah! we have it; you may take back your dressing-room. The large square room across the hall, the one with three windows, is just the thing. Now put two small beds in it, and give it to the two little sisters for their very own.

"But that is Tom's room; he is devoted to that place, and would never give it up in the world. It is his paradise. He will soon have another that he will like much better, for you know you never allowed him to invite the boys into this room, or to do certain things in it, as it has so many nice furnishings in it, and it is so snugly at the head of the front stairs it must always be in perfect condition. Let us have that large open room in the upper story.

"What! my lumber closet?" "The very same. Now if you will look over your accumulation of used-up, broken, or unfashionable household articles that are allowed to be stored there, you will easily see that just one-third of them is all you will care to retain. These can be packed up snugly in that smaller room just back. The next step is to prepare the now empty room, using all the taste you have, for a boy's occupancy, and invite him up into it. Our word for it, the first thing he will say will be "Jolly!"

"Well; you have turned our house upside down with a vengeance!" "Never mind abusing us. Will you do it?"—Margaret Sidney, in *Good House-keeping*.

The Woman who Translated Newton's "Principia."

Other women, whose names are less known, wrote on astronomy during the seventeenth century. We may cite Maria Cunitz, daughter of a Silesian doctor, who published astronomical tables in 1650; Jeanne Dume, who in 1650 wrote a book defending the Copernican system against "scientific" attacks upon it. Of more modern date was Madame Gabrielle Emilie de Breteuil, Marquise du Chatelet, who was for fifteen years the constant friend of Voltaire, and in her retreat at Cirey devoted her whole life to the sciences. She it was who first made known to France, then devoted to scientific Cartesianism and the doctrine of elementary vortices, the mastery of glory which might have made the fortune of more than one scientific man. Her husband, the mathematician, Mademoiselle de Breteuil had received a very careful education, but her natural taste for study and serious occupations did not prevent her from shining brilliantly in the society of the courts of the Regency for some years after her marriage with M. du Chatelet. One of the best evidences of her genius that we have is in the bearing toward her of Voltaire, who had no respect for any mental gifts. He had returned from Great Britain full of enthusiasm for English science and philosophy, and occupied with the dream of making Newton known to his countrymen and dethroning Descartes at the Academy. It may appear singular that he selected Madame du Chatelet for his work; but the choice was not extraordinary after all. She had already made some progress in mathematical studies under the direction of Clairaut and Newton, and Voltaire was looking for the assistance he needed to some one outside of the official scientific circle. The translation of Newton's "Principia" would be the best means of making known in France the English geometrical and the admirable simplicity which this theory of attraction lent to the study of the movements of stars. This work Madame du Chatelet did not do until more than make a century after the original work. The simple translation follows the translation in large part the work of this lady, although it was composed under the direction of Clairaut and revised by him. "We have witnessed two prodigies," said Voltaire in his historical introduction to the "Principia"—"one that Newton should have composed this work, and the other that a woman should have translated it."—From "Women in Astronomy," by E. Lagrange, in *Popular Science Monthly* for February.

On Highbrook Road, Mount Desert, "Mossy Hall," the new cottage of Mr. Blaine, is being erected. The site is a very pretty one, being well elevated, and commanding an excellent view of Frenchman's Bay, with its numerous islands, the villas on the other shore, and the lovely grounds of several shore-cottages located near by. To the western side, from the upper windows, a good view is had of Green Mountain and other points of interest. The main building is 61x28 feet, with a wing 32x24 feet. The main entrance is on the west side, and to the left of the vestibule is the reception-room, 11x14 feet. The hall is 18x20 feet, and to the right, on the east side, is located the dining-room, which is 17x22 feet, while on the left is the parlor, of the same dimensions.

A State street merchant put a handsome plaster figure in his store window and prepared himself to enjoy it with his customers. Along in the afternoon the wife of an artist came in and noticed it at once. "Ah, Mr. B.," she said, "that's a handsome figure in your window." "Yes," replied the merchant, "it is all it is myself, I do." "Your taste is excellent," pursued the lady, "and I'm glad to see a love of art developing in commercial circles. We at the figure—Hobbs?" "O, no, ma'am, it's plaster of Paris."—*Merchant Traveler*.

Melville's Ambition.

"It's a terrible thing to be cold," said the Chief Engineer Melville, of the United States navy, at the rooms of the United Service club, "but it is more terrible to suffer the pangs of hunger, to crawl on hands and knees on the ice, as I have done, that my comrades might be saved. It was not for myself, but for my country and my fellow-men."

Engineer Melville, who looked the picture of a royal health, was surrounded by distinguished officers and officers of the army and navy as he read his interesting paper on Arctic exploration. Among them were Gen. Joshua T. Owen, Capt. Richard C. Collum, Pay Director Russell, and Col. Nicholson. In his opening remarks Mr. Melville said:

"When I returned from Siberia I promised myself and the whole world that I would never lecture on the trials and sufferings of Arctic explorations, but that I would never coin money out of the blood and bones of my dead companions." Continuing he said: "For more than 300 years some of the best blood and brains of the world have been devoted to solving the problem of the far north. It was for a grand and noble purpose—the benefit of man, that we may have knowledge which is wealth, power and happiness."

Mr. Melville spoke of the peculiar absence of scurvy in the later American expeditions, particularly those of the Polaris, Jeannette, and Greely party, while Sir George Nares' exploring party were terribly afflicted. He thought it a matter of food, clothing and well-ventilated quarters. He had frequently been asked how he hoped to escape the fate of those who had gone before him if he attempted to reach the pole. His answer was that the bitter school of experience led him to believe that the pole could be reached safely, and that the proper route was by Franz Joseph Land, the southern end of which was accessible every year.

Mr. Melville then described the Arctic outfit necessary for explorers, and the mistakes made in making them too heavy. He said: "I have slept comfortably on top of a sled in a sleeping-bag, with the thermometer 100 degrees below the freezing point of water. The Arctic sleeping-bags, he explained, were worn with the hair inside, thus retaining the heat of the body. He thought the very idea of unlimited appropriations by congress caused an Arctic expedition to be loaded down with the worthless rubbish of every crank in the land. His sleeping-bag weighed eleven pounds. The Greely expedition bags weighed twenty-two pounds—"elegant things to sleep in, but death to those who attempted to carry them." He then mentioned the chief engineer said that with his knowledge, born of experience, he expected at some future day to conduct a party in safety to the Arctic regions, and to find a grand, public-spirited citizen of vast means who would aid him in solving the problem of a commercial pole. This road was one of trial and tribulation, but the object was attainable, and the scientific world would not be satisfied until it was reached.—*Philadelphia Times*.

The Universality of Inventions.

We do not often stop to think how little man has or enjoys that is not the fruit of invention. It was the only man has long had we cease to think of as inventions, and we are apt to apply that term only to modern things—to things the origin of which we know. It will be hard for any of us to name anything which we use or enjoy which is not an invention, or the subject of an invention, in its adaptation to our use. The air we breathe and the water we drink are provided by Nature. But we drink but very little water, except from a cup or vessel of some kind, which is a human invention. Even, if we drink from the shell of a gourd, we are using a thing which, in the shape we use it, is a human contrivance, and the contrivances which man has devised for obtaining water and distributing it have been among the most wonderful and ingenious of any which have occupied the human mind. Bountiful as Nature has provided water and placed it within the reach of man, yet we do in fact get or use but little of it except by the aid of inventions.

The air surrounds us at all times and we cannot help using it if we would; but, if we want it either hotter or colder than we find it, we must resort to some invention to gratify our want. If we want it to blow upon us when it is still, we must set it in motion by some contrivance, and fans among other things have been invented for that purpose. A large amount of human ingenuity has been expended upon devices for moving air when we want it moved, upon fans, blowers, and ventilators.

How small a part of our food do we take as animals do, in the form provided by Nature, and how very large a share in some form contrived by man! We eat infusions of tea or coffee without thinking that the compounds are human inventions. How large a place the milk of the cow has in the food of man, but how little of it could we have but for a multitude of contrivances! We think of butter as we do of milk, that it is a production of Nature; and so it is, but its separation from milk is an invention which has been followed by a host of inventions to effect the separation easier or better.

Sugar is a production of Nature, but little known a few hundred years ago. Separated from the plants in which it is formed, it is an invention of man. The savage who first crushed some kernels of wheat between two stones, and separated the mealy interior from the outer skin, invented flour, and the human mind has not yet ceased to be exercised on the subject of improvement.—*Chauncey Smith, in Popular Science Monthly for February*.

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The Model for a Marble Hand.

After the restoration of Louis Philippe to the French throne, many of Napoleon's soldiers were left in comparative poverty. One of them, a famous General, had a beautiful daughter whom he wished to marry rich, but who fell in love with a poor young man—an under-secretary or something of that kind. She married at her father's request a rich Count, but refused at the wedding ceremony to allow the ring to be placed upon her left hand, upon which she wore a ruby, put there by her lover. Her jealous husband was not long in finding out what was the matter, and intercepting a letter in which the ardent young lover claimed Matilda's hand as his, he determined upon an awful revenge.

One night as the celebrated surgeon Lisfrance was returning from a professional visit, he was captured by a party of men, blindfolded and taken to a distant palace, and led through a labyrinth of passages and rooms. At length his conductor, stopping, said: "Doctor, you have arrived; remove your bandage." The doctor, whose fears had given place to a restless curiosity and a vague apprehension, obeyed, and found himself in a small chamber furnished with remarkable luxury, and half lit by an alabaster lamp hung from the ceiling. The windows were hermetically sealed as well as the curtains of an alcove at the end of the room.

Here the doctor found himself alone with one of his abductors. He was a man of imposing height and commanding air, and his whole exterior of the most aristocratic stamp. His black eyes gleamed through the half mask that covered the upper part of his face, and a nervous agitation shook his colorless lips, and the thick black beard that framed the lower. "Doctor," said he, in an abrupt, loud voice, "prepare for your work—an amputation."

"Where is the patient?" asked the doctor, turning toward the alcove. The curtains moved slightly, and he heard a stifled sigh. "Prepare, sir," said the man convulsively. "But, sir, I see only the hand you are to cut off." The doctor, folding his arms and looking firmly at the other, said: "Sir you brought me here by force. If you need my professional assistance, I shall do my duty without caring for that or troubling myself about your secrets; but if you wish to commit a crime you can not force me to be your accomplice." "Be content, sir," replied the other, "there is no crime in this," and leading him to the alcove he drew from the curtains a hand. "It is this you are to cut off."

The doctor took the hand in his; his feet trembled at the touch. It was a lady's hand, small, beautifully modeled, and its pure white set off by magnificent ruby encircled with diamonds. "But," cried the doctor, "there is no need of amputation; nothing is—"

"And I, sir! I say," thundered the other, "if you refuse I will do it myself." The resolution of this man was so frightful, the prayer of the poor lady so full of entreaty and despair, that the doctor struck that even humanity commanded to strike in compliance with the appeal of the victim. He took his instruments with a last imploring look at the unknown, who only pointed to the hand, and then with a sinking heart began the operation. For the first time in his experience his hand trembled; but the knife was doing its work. There was a cry from the alcove, and then all was silent. Nothing was heard but the rattling sound of the operation till the hand and the saw fell together on the floor.

Lisfrance wore the ruby upon his watch-chain, where it was seen by the young lover on his return to Paris, and out of it grew a duel that led to the disclosure of the infamous crime. The morning after the young lover's arrival at the capital he was presented by a man in livery with an ebony box. Opening it he discovered a bleeding hand, Matilda's, and on it a paper with these words: "See how the Count keeps his oath." After the duel the young man fled to Brussels, where the bleeding hand was transferred to canvas. Hart seeing the painting copied it in marble.—*Livington (Ky.) Letter to Cincinnati Enquirer*.

One of the daughters of Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton gives an amusing account of the way her mother and Miss Susan B. Anthony work together on their "History of Woman Suffrage." Mrs. Stanton is a stickler for the philosophy of the suffrage movement, and Miss Anthony is punctilious about dates. The ladies often get into excited discussions over their subject, and dip their pens into their quills, and into their ink-bottles in their excitement over their work. They sit at opposite sides of a large double desk in Mrs. Stanton's library, and occasionally they find each other so persistent in opinion that they sit back and stare at each other in a silence that is very near anger. Once in a while they will march out of the room by different doors, and there seems likelihood that their friendship of forty years is about to be broken, but after a while they will be found peacefully at work again together.

"Wasn't that Mr. Talkaway to whom you introduced me this morning an old college chum of yours?" asked Mrs. Gusher. "Yes," replied her husband. "Then why didn't you invite him to dinner?" "I was afraid he'd come."

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes is still a frequent visitor to the Old Corner Bookstore.

GENERAL NEWS ITEMS.

Facts of Interest, Gathered from Various Quarters.

—Representative Randall is suffering from the gout.

—Moody and Sankey are meeting with success in Atlanta.

—The revolutionists in Buenos Ayres have been completely defeated.

—Statistics show that in Europe the women have a majority of 4,569,000.

—Europe is stated to have an available military force of 9,000,000 soldiers.

—Thousands of negroes in Alabama will require active help for many weeks.

—The captured Apaches have been sent to Fort Marion, St. Augustine, Florida.

—Poker playing in the Kimball House, Atlanta, has been broken up by the authorities.

—If the weather is favorable, a grand naval review will come off at Pensacola on Wednesday.

—Rochefort and several of his French Radical friends have been arrested on charges of inciting riot.

—The naval evolutions at Pensacola, on Tuesday, were very successful and were continued several days.

—Hon. Wm. E. Forster, Chief Secretary for Ireland under the previous Gladstone Ministry, is dead.

—The steamer *Mountain Boy* was turned over at Owensboro, Ky., by a gale and three men were drowned.

—The Bland silver bill was defeated in the House of Representatives on Thursday, by a vote of 162 to 126.

—W. C. Ackerman, the celebrated "boy preacher," attempted suicide in New York. Disappointed in love.

—Thomas A. Thatcher, Professor of Latin and Literature in Yale College, was found dead in his bed last week.

—The Mexicans are down on the Chinese. An Anti-Chinese demonstration was recently made at Mazatlan.

—The Gem City Mills, Quincy, Ill., the largest flour mills in that section, were burnt last week; loss nearly \$200,000.

—Several prominent Mormons have been arrested in Salt Lake City, charged with unlawful cohabitation. They gave bail.

—The people in portions of Labrador are suffering for food and are consuming their dogs. Actual starvation is imminent.

—Dr. Lucy C. Waite, of Chicago, has been admitted to the University of Vienna on equal terms with the male students.

—Representative Honk, of Tennessee, is a hopeful man. He actually supposes the Republicans may elect a Governor there!

—The past winter has been very severe and destructive to birds in Great Britain. Large numbers have died from want of food.

—Harvard's 250th anniversary occurs next October, and the students want to celebrate it, but the faculty remain silent on the subject.

—Witnesses before the telephone investigating committee last week were not public men and the testimony was of no general interest.

—The King of Greece and his Ministers have decided to abandon war preparations, as Prince Alexander has yielded to the powers.

—Gen. Pope left San Francisco on his journey into retirement in a special train. Time was when he was glad to retire with his baggage train.

—The Republicans of Cincinnati carried the municipal election by an overwhelming majority, the Democrats being kept home by bad weather.

—A Paris paper states that twenty-five cases of cholera have appeared in the town of Audierne, in Finisterre, and that one of them has proved fatal.

—Dr. Printon H. Warner, a well known physician of Baltimore, died of hydrophobia, on Tuesday. He was bitten by a small dog Christmas day.

—Four wild trains on the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad came into collision on the outskirts of Beloit, Wis. Three persons were badly injured.

—Secretary Manning continues to improve. He was permitted to get out of bed and sit up a short time on Thursday, the first attempt since his attack.

—Ex-Senator McDonald denies having a grievance against the Administration and says he has expressed no opinion as to the effects of Cleveland's policy.

—Rioting has been renewed in East St. Louis and the police had to bring their Winchester rifles to bear on the crowd before they could be made to retire.

—The Knights of Labor have issued an address from St. Louis, signed by three of the executive boards, in which it is declared that Jay Gould must be overthrown.

—A juvenile vagabond, who had been convicted of the murder of a workman on the Champs de Mars, was executed at Paris, last week, with the guillotine.

—Every railroad bridge between Newport, Tenn., and Asheville, N. C., except the iron bridge near Warm Springs was carried away by the recent floods.

—The General Convention of the Episcopal Church will be held in Chicago in October. That city has already subscribed \$5,000 for the entertainment of the body.

—Wm. Ellis, of St. Francis, Ark., a hard drinker, who habitually beat his wife, shot her and her infant fatally with a Winchester rifle. He was hurried to jail to avoid lynching.

—A fire in the Central Railroad warehouses at Savannah, on Tuesday, destroyed forty-five car loads of corn and damaged three hundred bales of cotton; estimated loss \$25,000.

—The Mormons have just closed a four days' session at Provo, Utah, over ten thousand people being in attendance. They have no intention of emigrating by wholesale from Utah.

—The boiler of the British steamship *Enochness*, ashore on Plying Pan Shoals off Wilmington, N. C., exploded last week. Three wreckers were badly scalded—one dangerously.

—The Republicans have elected the Mayor of Madison, Wis., for the first time since 1880. Racine and Kenosha also elect Republicans. The entire Republican ticket was elected at La Crosse.

—In the recent municipal election at Fort Worth, Texas, every Alderman chosen was a Knight of Labor and the Mayor leans that way. Incendiary speeches were made at a recent public meeting.

—Louis P. Schmidt, of Freeport, Illinois, killed himself—driven to the act, it is believed, through dismissal from the Knights of Labor. He was charged with divulging the secrets of the Order.

—A fire broke out in a lumber yard in La Crosse, Wis., on Tuesday, and spread in adjacent directions; fire engines from adjacent towns had to be called in. The loss will reach fully \$1,500,000.

—Representative Samuel J. Randall's admirers are talking of him as a successor to Mr. Manning in the Treasury department. Counting chickens before they are hatched is an old habit of the sanguine.

—Isadore Seidenbaum, a young man, went into the sleeping room of Annie Rosestein, a pretty girl of fifteen, in Milwaukee, and killed her and then himself with a pistol. No cause is assigned for the terrible act.

—A strike of cotton spinners and weavers against the lowering of wages is in progress at Ensuedo, Holland. So far no disorders have occurred, although the Socialists are urging the strikers to resort to forcible measures.

—Dr. Luther C. Rose, of Palmyra, Ohio, claims to have invented a most excellent telephone transmitter. In a test over 87 miles of wire a whisper was heard distinctly, and also the ticking of a watch held ten feet from the transmitter.

—The report of the Royal Commission appointed to inquire into the business depression throughout Great Britain contains some very strong statements about the damage to the trade of that country by high tariffs in the United States.

—The Chinese Minister was grossly insulted on his arrival in San Francisco last Tuesday. The Collector of Customs refused to let him land, without an inspection of his credentials. The affair caused quite a sensation, but this has quieted down.

—The month of March, with its dry winds, has always been a disastrous one in the fire record. The waste for this country and Canada for that month has averaged \$7,000,000. Last year the March losses footed up \$9,000,000, and this year they were \$16,650,000.

—B. C. Coyle, a respected citizen of Dalton, Ga., was taken from his home and whipped severely by masked men. Two young females were whipped by the same party. The whipped individuals are charged with reporting the whippers for running illicit distilleries.

—Sheriff Stench, of Cochise county, Arizona, went to Gen. Crook with a warrant for Gerónimo and forty-one "John Does." Gen. Crook refused that the Indians are held as prisoners of war under instructions from Washington, and he would not give them up.

—One of the mail cars attached to fast mail train No. 4, which left Chicago at 5.30 p. m. on Thursday on the Lake Shore Railroad, was burned at Oak Harbor, Ohio. The car contained, besides the mail, a casket in which were the remains of a mother and her newborn babe.

—Illinois Republicans are pluming themselves over "patronage" dissensions among the Democrats in the Eighteenth Congressional district of that State. Of course the suggestion is made that these will cause Colonel Morrison's defeat. The same thing has been said before.

—Mrs. Foster, wife of the late Senator from Connecticut, who was the acting Vice-President and President of the Senate pro tem. from 1865-67, after spending the winter in Washington, has gone to Beaufort, S. C., for a visit to the family of Lieutenant Lyman, United States navy.

—It seems to be a general impression in Washington Mr. T. L. Fortune, editor of the *Evening*, the independent organ of the colored people, would like to have the Recorder of Deeds at Washington in case Mr. Matthews is not confirmed. Mr. Fortune's friends think he will get it.

—Will S. Hays, the poet-author, does not want the Louisville Postoffice and has telegraphed to Washington: "Tell President Cleveland for the Lord's sake not to appoint me Postmaster. I don't want to be annoyed by 100,000 citizens wanting places. I'd rather engineer a balky mule."

—M. Sarrien, Minister of the Interior, has ordered all the mayors and prefects of the country to do their utmost to dissuade Frenchmen from emigrating. The officials are instructed to expatiate on the obstacles and disappointments which await newcomers in all parts of the world, particularly in America.

—Governor Lee, of Virginia, has issued a strong appeal to the people of his State, asserting that the debt question can be forever settled by the patriotic citizens of the old Commonwealth refusing to deal in the detested coupons. A call has been issued for public meetings to denounce the men who offer coupons for taxes.

—Representative Herbert has introduced a resolution to appropriate \$300,000, to be immediately available, to be expended under the direction of the Secretary of War in the purchase and distribution of subsistence stores and other necessary articles to aid in the relief of destitute persons in the overflowed districts of Alabama.

—Mr. George Hearst, of California just appointed United States Senator in place of the late General Miller, is not only one of the very rich men of that State in lands, mines and money, but he is also a public-spirited citizen and a Democrat. He has won the honor at Governor Stoneman's hands, and will fill the place with credit.

—Robert G. Phillips was hanged at Indianapolis last Friday noon for wife murder. Phillips attempted suicide at the same time he killed his wife, by cutting his throat. The wound had never thoroughly healed, and he has breathed through a tube since June 24 last. His body was taken down in twenty minutes after the drop fell.

—The Government University at Tokio, in Japan, is to be raised to a higher standard, and celebrated professors will be invited from different countries. Four other universities, secondary in importance, are to be established. Greek, Latin and some other languages will be added to the curriculum of the Tokio University.

—A passenger train over the Fitchburg, Mass., Railroad was thrown from the track down an embankment of two hundred feet, near West Deerfield, Thursday evening. Several persons were killed and many others seriously wounded, some of whom will die. The cars caught fire from the stove, and two or three were destroyed.

—The testimony of the Chicago builders is practically the same as that of those at Washington. Contracts for buildings that would give weeks of steady employment to mechanics and laborers are being pigeonholed or rejected because the unsettled condition of industrial matters makes the acceptance of a contract a matter of almost certain loss.

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