

The Newberry Herald and News.

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JOURNALISTS IN COUNCIL.

Annual Meeting of the State Press Association—Able and Interesting Address of President Wallace.

[News and Courier.]

COLUMBIA, July 19.—The World's Fair elixir, and the growing interests in journalism and the State Press Association have combined to make the annual meeting quite a successful event. The attendance is especially large and representative, and what is more, the interest in the work of the editor is keenly shown. The Association can now be considered on the high road to success, and it will not be long before every active newspaper man is enrolled as a member. The association has been particularly fortunate in its selection of officers, as harder workers could not very well have been found.

Twenty-seven new members were elected to-day.

The meeting of the State Press Association was called to order by President W. H. Wallace, of the Newberry Observer, who called upon Chaplain Brown, of the Christian Neighbor, to open the meeting with prayer. After the devotional exercises President Wallace said that he thought it in place to say a word or two to his friends, the members.

PRESIDENT WALLACE, who is the distinguished editor of the Newberry Observer, made a straightforward talk. He has been in the newspaper business since 1875, first as editor of the Newberry Herald and since 1883 of the Observer, which he has made one of the leading papers of the State. He said:

It gives me great pleasure to meet so many members of the South Carolina State Press Association here to-day. I hope this large attendance augurs a new era and upward movement in the association. It would be a good thing for us all and for the public who we serve, if we, the "moulders of thought," could see more of each other. Personal association for a short time once a year at our State meetings would make us better acquainted with each other, and serve the good purpose of rubbing off some of our sharp angles and corners. The result would be that our discussions and controversies would take a more liberal turn, and there would be more respect and consideration for each other's opinions. Personal controversies, so often degenerating into abuse, would give place to discussions of public questions on the high plane of reason and argument.

There never was a time in the history of this State when so great a responsibility rested on the profession of journalism. Whether newspapers shape or reflect public sentiment, there is no doubt that they give tone and character to public discussion. It is a time that calls for moderation in maintaining opinions and toleration towards the opinions of others. There is nothing so intolerant as ignorance; hence those who know the least are most impatient of contradiction or correction.

In these days passion and prejudice run high—they have largely usurped the throne of reason—and there is no telling to what lengths they may go if not checked by the sober judgment and good example of those who speak to the people day after day and week after week. It is in their power to a large degree, to still the tempest of passion and prejudice that rages in the hearts of the people. Not by a unanimity of opinion on public matters, for that is not possible, and not desirable if it were possible, but by a spirit of toleration, each man giving every other man credit for honesty of opinion and rightfulness of purpose.

There is a bitter fight raging between radicalism and conservatism, or, more properly speaking, between innovation and stagnation. There is much that is commendable on both sides of the question. It is the same contest that has been waged with more or less vigor and venom for centuries. The journalist is strongly tempted to rush headlong into the thickest of this fight, to charge with the impetuous radicals or to resist the onslaught with the mosks-backs. But wisdom dictates that in this case, as in all others, the true position is between the two extremes, and it is the province and the sacred duty of the journalist to keep a level head and a firm foot as he treads this narrow path, so that out of all the turmoil and strife that rage around him he may be able to separate the good from the bad and discern the true from the false.

At this time the qualifications most useful to the journalist, after intelligence and information, for which there are no substitutes, is an even temper. This, and this only, will save him from becoming a prey to his own and others' passions and prejudices and will enable him to consider every public question impartially and calmly. The editor who frets and fumes because things don't go his way is like a spoiled child and makes himself a public nuisance, besides destroying his own usefulness.

The tendency in journalism is to extremes, because the extreme journalist appears to superficial observers to exercise great power. Such journals appear to exert wonderful influence over the public mind, and their editors vainly imagine they are raising a tremendous dust. But things are not always what they seem. It is the old fable of the fly and the chariot wheel. Let the boasting fly get off the chariot wheel and it will realize soon how insignificant it is.

So far from extreme men and newspapers exercising a controlling influence they simply float on the tide and are carried along by it. It is easy to float; the test of strength comes when one buffets against the waves. The journalist with the majority appears to be doing great things; but he is only following, not leading.

And here arises the question that presents itself at one time or another to every conscientious editor: How far shall I be governed in the conduct of my paper by the opinions of the people? The argument on one side is that the people are the rightful rulers, and therefore entitled to have their own views and measures carried out; that this is a government of the people, by the people, for the people, and therefore whatever they want done should be done, and that it is undemocratic to oppose them. The more pleasant course would assuredly be to go with the people, or majority. That involves no effort and no sacrifice and it entitles one to be regarded—by the politicians at least—as a "friend of the people." If a newspaper simply to be the mouth-piece of a clique, whether large or small, that is the proper course; but if it aspires to be an exponent of truth and right, regardless of majorities, or minorities, or cliques, or factions, it must form its own opinions on public matters and express them frankly, if not fearlessly.

Majorities are not always right; indeed it is a debatable question whether they are often right or wrong. And there is no telling when or why majorities may change from one side to another of a public question. Let any editor who hesitates between following his own sense of right or going with the crowd reflect that in the most essential matter of human existence the majority is wrong. If he needs proof here it is: "Wide is the gate and broad is the way that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat; because straight is the gate and narrow is the way that leadeth unto life and few there be that find it."

If the majority is wrong in this important matter, how much more in matters of less consequence? In the presence of this declaration who will maintain the infallibility of majorities? It is wiser in this instance, as in many others of less importance, to go with the few than with the many. Few majorities are not always wrong. One may be on the popular side of a question and still be right; and this is a very pleasant position to occupy. It is a good thing to be a floater on the side of popularity, it is worse to be a journalistic Ishmael, whose hand is against every man and every man's hand is against him, a chronic fretter and kicker against everything that is—Charles A. Dana on a small scale; for in this field he stands without a rival. This is not independence or individuality, but stubbornness and general uselessness, for which no amount of learning or skill or genius can atone.

The journalist who pursues the even tenor of his way, independent of all factions and all politicians, will as often find himself on the side of the people as he who sets his sails to catch the favoring breezes. There is a peculiar satisfaction in being on the side of the majority when the majority is right; for then one has the approbation of his own conscience and the commendation of his fellow citizens—both extremely gratifying to any well-regulated mind. All things come to those who wait, if they only do their duty while waiting. George Washington says, in a letter to Prof. Luzac, of Leyden, December 2, 1797: "In times of turbulence, when the passions are afloat, calm reason is swallowed up in the extreme to which measures are carried; but when these subside, and the empire of it is resumed, the man who acts from principle, and pursues the path of truth, moderation and justice, will regain his influence."

The greatest danger to journalism is not lack of independence, but lack of training and qualification for the office and work of editor. To be a physician one must devote himself for years to the study of medicine. The lawyer must go through a tedious and laborious course of reading. The carpenter, the blacksmith, the shoemaker must acquire skill by long and patient practice. But the editor, whose knowledge should be all embracing, needs only a hand press and a few pounds of type to enlighten the world on the "issues of the day." With meagre information, with no originality or power of thinking, he can only become an echo of some man or clique, to be used for a time and then cast aside. Every man who can put words together and spin out sentences is not an editor any more than an evildoer who bangs on a piano is a musician. The public is too exacting in some things, but in this matter its standard is much too low.

"The editor sits in his sanctum, his countenance furrowed with care, his feet at the top of a chair, his chair-arm an elbow supporting his right hand upholding his head, his eyes on his dusty old table, with different documents spread before him. There were thirty long pages from Howler, with underlined capitals topped.

And a short disquisition from Growler, requesting his newspaper stopped; there were lyrics from Gusher, the poet, concerning sweet flowrets and zephyrs. And a stray gem from Plodder, the farmer, describing a couple of heifers. And billets from beautiful maidens, and bills from a grocer or two, and his best leader hitched to a letter which inquired whether he wrote to who? There were raptures of praises from writers of the weakly mellifluous school. And one of his rival's last papers, informing him he was a fool; there were several long resolutions, with names telling whom they were by; Canonizing some harmless old brother who had done nothing worse than die; There were letters from organizations—their meetings, their wants and their laws—Which said: "Can you print this announcement for the good of our glorious cause?" There were tickets inviting his presence to festivals, parties and shows, wrapped in notes with "Please give us a 'shoot' demurely slipped in at the close." In short as his eye took up the table, and ran o'er the ink-spattered trash, there was nothing it did not encounter, excepting perhaps it was cash.

"The editor dreamily pondered on several of these things. On a line of action, and the pulling of several strings; Upon some equivocal doings and some unequivocal ones. On how few of his numerous patrons were quietly prompt-paying ones; On friends who subscribed just to help him, and worldly encouragement lent. And had given him plenty of counsel, but never paid him a cent.

"'On his threshold, a slow and reliable tread, and a farmer invaded the sanctum and these were the words that he said: 'But layin' aside pleasure for business, I've brought you my little boy Jim, and I thought I would see if you couldn't make an editor outen of him.'"

"My family stock is increasin', while other folks' seem to run short. I've got a right smart of a family—it's one of the old-fashioned sort. There's Leabod, Isaac, and Israel a-workin' away on the farm—they do 'bout as much as one good boy, and make things go off like a charm. There's Moses and Aaron are shy ones, and slip like a couple of eels, but they're 'tobeable steady in one thing—they 'alays git round to their meals. There's Peter is busy inventin', (though what he invents I can't say. And Joseph is studyin' medicine—and both of 'em boardin' with us. There's Abram and Albert is married, each workin' my farm for himself. And Sam, smashes his nose at a shoot-in' and so he's laid on the shelf. The rest of the boys are growin', 'cept this little runt, which is Jim. And I thought that, perhaps I'd be makin' an editor outen of him. He ain't no great shakes for to labor, though I've labored with him a good deal. And give him some strappin' good argument, I know he couldn't help but feel. But he's built out of second-growth timber, and nothing about him is big. Exceptin' his appetite only, and there he's as good as a pig. But he don't take to nothin' but victuals, and he'll never be much, I'm afraid. So I thought it would be a good notion to learn him the editor's trade. His body's too small for a farmer, his judgment's rather too sliin, and I thought perhaps I'd be makin' an editor outen of him.'"

"The old farmer was not singular in his notion of the qualifications necessary for an editor. I suspect he spoke the commonly accepted opinion on this subject. But the experienced editor did not agree with him. Hear what he says in reply to Jim's father: "The editor sits in his sanctum and looked the old man in the eye. Then glanced at the grinning young hopeful, and mournfully made this reply: "Is your son a small unbound edition of Isaac and Solomon both? Can he compass his spirit with meekness, and strangle a natural oath? Can he leave all his wrongs to the future, and carry his heart in his cheek? Can he do an hour's work in a minute, and live on sixpence a week? Can he courteously talk to an equal, and browbeat an impudent duce? Can he keep things in apple-pie order, and do half a dozen at once? Can he press all the springs of knowledge with quick and reliable touch? Can he drink with the boys, and yet never take one drop of liquor too much? Does he know how to spur his virtue, and put a check rein on his pride? Can he carry a gentleman's manners within a rhinoceros' hide? Can he know all, and be all, and do all with cheerfulness, courage and vim? If so, we can perhaps be makin' an editor outen of him.'"

There is every consideration for an editor to magnify his calling by honest and diligent study, by the acquisition of useful knowledge and a broad liberal culture. He may thus become a leader among thinking men and a power for good among all men—an educator of the people. An editor should be better informed than his readers; that is his business, and his profession demands it of him. It is not necessary that he should be educated in the languages and the sciences, though these will not hurt him, but he must learn to think for himself and to rely on his own judgment for the decision of the many questions of popular interest that are constantly confronting him. Some of the best educated men owe very little to the schools and colleges. The model journalist, of the weekly press especially, is he who combines the practical knowledge of the printing business with a knowledge of the men and things of his own times. The most successful journalists are those who have risen by regular promotion

from the position of "devil" to that of editor. We have some worthy examples of this kind of journalists in our own Association—men who know every detail of their profession, from washing rollers to writing leaders.

I would like to discuss the more practical side of newspaper life and show how newspaper owners have gradually allowed the public to encroach upon their property rights and deprive them of a large share of their legitimate profits; how the newspapers have come to be free bulletin boards for the communication of facts for persons interested at a dead expense to the publisher; how every party and faction and society use the newspaper freely for their own ends; in short, how the publishers allow themselves to be imposed upon to the great damage of their business. But there are several matters of importance to come before the Association, and I will not detain you longer. I sincerely hope that our deliberations in this splendid hall, so kindly put at our service by the Secretary of State, may be characterized by courtesy and liberality of sentiment, and that our stay in this beautiful city may prove pleasant and profitable to us all.

To Provide More Money.

WASHINGTON, July 16.—Comptroller Eckles has received the following letter from Henry Clews, the well-known banker:

NEW YORK, July 14, 1893. The Hon. James H. Eckles, Comptroller of the Currency, Washington, D. C. DEAR SIR: The National Bank act certainly should be amended to provide for notes being issued up to the par value of United States bonds, and another amendment would also be wise to provide for an issue of notes against the surplus capital of the national banks to the extent of 75 per cent. thereof.

These two changes in the law would make an increase in national currency amounting to about \$150,000,000, and would provide the nation with enough new money for its needs, and it would be the best and most legitimate kind besides. The New York banks now have a surplus over capital of \$70,000,000. The national banks of other cities and elsewhere have probably \$100,000,000 in addition.

This backing in cash or its equivalent to the notes issued against same, would make them the strongest and most legitimate character of money in circulation. No stronger kind of money could be devised. The surplus against which the issue of these notes would be made would be under the National Bank Examiners. The constant increase in the surplus of the banks would also give an elastic character to such money, which is a very desirable feature. Yours very truly,
HENRY CLEWS.

THE LITTLE GIANT.

The C. N. and L. Railroad in Good Condition.

[Columbia Register, 19th.] The stockholders of the Columbia, Newberry and Laurens Railroad held their annual meeting in this city yesterday at noon. The annual report of the president, Mr. W. G. Childs, showed the road to be in a prosperous condition with its business growing.

The road has been leased and operated by the Atlantic Coast Line for the past year, but the Atlantic Coast Line and the Seaboard Air Line have traffic arrangements and under the agreement between them the Seaboard Air Line will operate the Columbia, Newberry and Laurens the ensuing year.

At the meeting yesterday the following officers of the Columbia, Newberry and Laurens Railroad were re-elected: W. G. Childs, president. Directors—H. Walters, R. C. Hoffman, W. T. Elliott, John C. Winder, J. R. Kenley, W. A. Reach, H. C. Moseley, George S. Mower, W. T. Martin, Charles W. McCreery, W. A. Clark and W. H. Lyles.

Like a Thief in the Night. Consumption comes. A slight cold, with your system in the scrofulous condition that is caused by impure blood, is enough to fasten it upon you. That is the time when neglect and delay are full of danger. Consumption is Lung-scurf. You can prevent it, and you can cure it, if you haven't waited too long, with Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. That is the most potent blood-cleanser, strength-restorer, and flesh-builder that's known to medical science. For every disease that has to be reached through the blood, for Scrofula in all its forms, Consumption, Weak Lungs, Bronchitis, Asthma, and all severe lingering Coughs, it is the only guaranteed remedy. If it doesn't benefit or cure, you have your money back.

The proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy know that their medicine perfectly and permanently cures Catarrh. To prove it to you, they make this offer: If they can't cure your Catarrh, no matter what your case is, they'll pay you \$500 in cash.

WASHINGTON, July 19.—The South Carolina delegation will make a new departure this session and will establish itself in a hall and will be known as the "South Carolina headquarters." Of course Representative Brawley and the negro representative and refractory Tillamites, will not be harbored among the elect.

SENATOR IRBY SHOWS UP.

Full History of His Connection with the Laurens Scandal, and Statements from all the Persons Concerned—A Compromise Not Advised.

[From the Greenville News.]

On last Saturday your paper contained an article on the Davenport-Fuller scandal of this county, signed "Carolinian." If I am not mistaken as to the true author, it would have been unnecessary for me or any one else in this county or the Piedmont section to answer it for he is known of all men.

The first of last week, without my knowing or caring about it, Samuel W. Fuller, the husband of the woman concerned in this scandal, sent for me and said that, as there were so many lies being told about this matter, he thought it best for all the parties concerned that he should make a written statement to the public; and asked me to put in suitable language his idea of what had really occurred. He made his statement, and I wrote out what was published. I read it over to him and he made several erasures and corrections to suit himself. After these corrections, he said it was exactly as he wanted it.

I then said to him: "If this is just as you want it, sign it in the presence of these gentlemen," and he signed it in the presence of two men—well known citizens. After that, I said, "One more question before we separate, which I wish you to answer in the presence of these gentlemen: Did I try to influence you or dictate any of this article to you?" He answered: "You did not."

In justice to other men, who have been drawn into this matter, I ask, Mr. Editor, that you publish the following statements and certificates.

Very respectfully,
JOHN M. HUGHES. S. W. FULLER.

"I voluntarily make this statement to the article that I wrote: 'You published report for word what I asked you to write, and as it appears in the Laurensville Herald over my signature, I declare it to be the truth and the whole truth of the matter.'"

"I have no idea of writing any piece to correct it because I have already said what I believe to be true."
S. W. FULLER.

SENATOR IRBY'S STATEMENT.

On Friday, two or three weeks ago, I happened to be at Col. J. D. M. Shaw's, six miles in the country. About 11 o'clock a. m. William S. Benjamin, the father, and Samuel Fuller, the husband of the woman connected with the Davenport scandal, came up and called on Colonel Shaw. After talking awhile Colonel Shaw came to the house and asked me to join in the conference between them. I did so, when they unfolded their grievances and charges against Mr. Davenport. They said they were on their way to see Mr. Davenport and find out what he meant by insulting Mrs. Fuller.

After going over in detail her statement of fact Colonel Shaw proposed to send for Mr. Davenport and have a talk over the whole matter in the presence of some neighbors and relatives of the woman. Mr. Benjamin and Mr. Fuller invited me to come down with Mr. Davenport that afternoon. In the afternoon about 5 o'clock Mr. Davenport came, and he and Colonel Shaw asked me to go down with them. Upon assembling there were present Mrs. Benjamin, Mrs. Fuller, Watt Cunningham, John Fuller, the father of Samuel Fuller; Samuel Fuller and William S. Benjamin. The woman made her statement, which was not materially contradicted by Mr. Davenport. At the conference every one present was of the opinion that there was no rape or intent to commit a rape upon Mrs. Fuller. I stated, as a friend to both parties, that the element of rape or attempt to rape was absolutely wanting according to the statement of both parties and that they would have to do one of two things: Either on account of the relationship by blood existing between Samuel Fuller's wife and Mr. Davenport's children, to prop the matter after an humble apology from Mr. Davenport, or prosecute him in the courts for an assault on an indecent nature. Thereupon, Samuel Fuller, husband of the aggrieved woman, said that he was willing to what his father and her father should determine upon. The two fathers retired to the horse lot and were gone for ten minutes and then called me and said that they had agreed that Mr. Davenport should pay \$100 and that the matter should then be dropped.

I told them that it was one of the kind of cases that could not be settled with money, and that it would be a compromise of the girl as well as of the whole family, and I advised against taking it. They, however, insisted and said that they would not be satisfied with anything but money and called Colonel Shaw, who is nephew of Mr. Davenport, and told him that they would have to have \$100. Colonel Shaw said that he couldn't give them any money, but if Mr. Davenport would settle it that way he would loan him the money until he could get it up. Samuel Fuller seemed to be highly pleased with this settlement, especially the money part of it, when I advised him that he ought not to accept money of this sort. Mr. Davenport gave Mr. Shaw his note for \$100, which was written by myself, and Mr. Shaw paid Fuller \$50 and gave him his note, endorsed by myself, for \$50 more in sixty days. I drew an order on O. G. Thompson, signed by Mr. Davenport, for the balance of what the county owed him (Davenport) as school commissioner, in favor of Colonel Shaw. This is all that I know about it; all that I had to do with it. I could not advise, as I had been invited by both parties, and, for other reasons, that Mr. Davenport's life should be taken. I may say, incidentally here, that the most exaggerated accounts of what Mrs. Fuller said have been in circulation in this neighborhood.

(Signed) J. S. L. M. IRBY. COL. J. D. M. SHAW. I have carefully read Senator Irby's statement of this matter and pronounce every word of it truth. (Signed) J. D. M. SHAW. JNO. R. FULLER. Mr. Fuller, the father of S. W. Fuller, says that the subject of money was not mentioned until after he and Wm. S. Benjamin went into the horse lot and had agreed that \$100 ought to be paid. He then called Senator Irby and Mr. Benjamin did the talking, telling Irby that they thought Mr. Davenport ought to pay Sam (S. W. Fuller) \$100. Senator Irby replied to us that this was not a money case, and he couldn't advise the use of money in it. Billy Benjamin (W. S. Benjamin) said that nothing but money would satisfy Sam; that he knew Sam would have something. Senator Irby also said in the house that we would have to do one of two things: Either just drop it on account of the children and the lady involved, or prosecute him. From what I heard I do not think that there was any rape or attempt to rape in it. (Signed) W. F. CUNNINGHAM. W. S. BENJAMIN. The foregoing statement was read to me and I find it true as to what took place in the house. I was present and knew that Senator Irby advised against taking money. (Signed) W. F. CUNNINGHAM. W. S. BENJAMIN. Mr. W. S. Benjamin, the father of the lady in the case, says: "I have heard read the statement above of Jno. R. Fuller and certify that that statement is correct and true to my own knowledge." (Signed) W. S. BENJAMIN.

[To the Editor of the Greenville News.] We, the citizens of Oakville community, see a bundle of lies in Saturday's issue of July 15, signed "Carolinian." We think we know the little cur. We do not propose to reply to him now, but we do propose to correct his lies. We do not see how any true Carolinian could publish such falsehoods unless he has a political design. The meeting was held five miles from Mount Pleasant. That settles the number one.

We love the virtue of our women, but we are lovers of truth. Mr. Editor, we demand his name to be sent O. C. Cunningham, chairman of the meeting P. O. Madden, S. C., and will show him up to the people of our State. We are true citizens of South Carolina and think that it is time newspaper liars were stopped.

It was very ungentlemanly in any one to report a meeting before its final adjournment. Our county papers will give the facts in the case. We felt that we are slandered by the trifling puppy piece. Please send his name at once: O. C. Cunningham, J. E. McDaniel, W. H. Finson, D. E. Benning, H. Y. Boyd, A. G. Irby, M. E. McDaniel, J. C. Williams, J. C. McDaniel, John Hamilton, Foster Hipp, John E. Boyd.

All papers that copied "Carolinian's" piece, please copy this. Mr. Editor: As chairman of the meeting to which "Carolinian" alludes, I wish to correct the lies that have been circulated by said writer. The meeting was called for the purpose of protecting the educational interests of our county and to appoint a committee to investigate the matter, and the report of the committee was that there was no malicious intent although the conduct of Mr. Davenport was found to have been such as the good people of this county could not tolerate. The Laurensville Herald will give the full particulars in next issue.

O. C. CUNNINGHAM.

THE MEETZE LYNCING.

Said That the Lynchers are to be Arrested and Prosecuted.

[The State, 20th.] Mr. John H. Meetze, the brother of the man who was lynched a few days ago in Lexington, it is said, has secured evidence, and intends to have the lynchers arrested. The warrants will be sworn out at once against about fifteen men and may be served in a few days. It is stated that Mr. Meetze is much incensed at the cowardly manner in which his brother was killed, and although he does not intend to shield his brother's bad record, says he is determined to see justice one, if it bankrupts him.

It is said also that Meetze with his dying breath denied to Sheriff Drafts that he burned his home, and some are beginning to believe that that crime at least was wrongfully charged against him.

Rich, Red Blood. As naturally results from taking Hood's Sarsaparilla as personal cleanliness results from free use of soap and water. This great purifier thoroughly expels scrofula, salt rheum, and all other impurities and builds up every organ of the body. Now is the time to take it. The highest praise has been won by Hood's Pills for their easy, yet efficient action. Sold by all druggists. Price 25 cents.

Are You Going to the World's Fair?

If so, see that your ticket reads via Cincinnati and the C. H. & D. and Monon—the only line out of Cincinnati connecting with E. T. V. & G. and Q. & C. train No. 2, arriving Cincinnati 10.30 p. m.; a solid train carrying through sleepers from Jacksonville, Savannah, Birmingham, Atlanta, Chattanooga, Macon and New Orleans via E. T. V. & G., Q. & C., C. H. & D. and Monon Route to Chicago.

You can stop over in Cincinnati if your ticket reads via the C. H. & D. and Monon Route, by depositing same with the Merchants' and Manufacturers' Association, Chamber of Commerce building, corner of Fourth and Vine streets, one block from Fountain Square (the C. H. & D. ticket office is in the same building). This enables you to visit the picturesque "Queen City" at no additional cost, and special efforts will be made to entertain strangers hospitably and reasonably.

The universal verdict of the traveling public is that the Pullman Safety Vestibuled trains, running every day, "and Sunday too," via the C. H. & D. and Monon, between Cincinnati, Indianapolis and Chicago, are without doubt the "finest on earth." These trains were especially built by the Pullman Company for this service, and embrace every improvement. Their magnificent coaches, luxurious smoking cars, superb sleepers, observation cars, compartment sleeping cars and unexcelled dining car service, afford "all the comforts of home."

Leaving Cincinnati you pass through the beautiful Miami Valley, and for twenty-five miles the double tracks run through the very front door yards of the finest suburban homes in the country. Beyond Hamilton and up to Indianapolis the line is noted for scenic beauty.

A stop over at Indianapolis, the capital of Indiana, may be obtained by depositing your ticket with the secretary of the Commercial Club. This city is more worthy of a visit than almost any other of its size in the West, and offers the greatest inducements to traveler and tourist. Between Indiana and Chicago the line traverses the very best agricultural and commercial territory, and the ride is one of unparalleled comfort and beauty.

Bear in mind that the C. H. & D. and Monon Route trains all run via Burnside Crossing, from which point the Illinois Central suburban trains run direct to the World's Fair Grounds every moment. At Englewood connection is made with the electric cars, which run every five minutes to the grounds, but we recommend all persons to go directly into the Dearborn Station, which is located in the heart of the city and from which all street car lines converge, then go directly by place. First locate yourself; know where and how you are to live while in Chicago. Get the locality firmly fixed in your mind, before going to the World's Fair by any of the numerous convenient ways; the cable cars, electric roads, elevated railroad, Illinois Central R. R., suburban trains and the steamboats afford ample accommodations for all possible visitors, and it is but five minutes ride from the business portion of the city to the grounds. Take your breakfast down town, buy your lunch at the grounds, and take your supper down town. If you follow these suggestions you will save money. The facilities for serving lunch at the grounds are of the most excellent, and the prices are cheaper than at your own home, but breakfast and supper should be taken down town, or at your boarding house. The World's Fair is already the most astounding and stupendous spectacle ever attempted any people, and a day's visit will afford more delight and instruction than can possibly be obtained in any other way or by the same expenditure of money. For further particulars, descriptive pamphlets, rates, etc., address

E. A. HOOPER, General Advertising Agent C. H. & D. R. R., No. 200 W. Fourth St., Cincinnati, O.

A lady, whose hair came out with every combing, was induced to give Ayer's Hair Vigor a faithful trial. She did so, and not only was the loss of hair checked, but a new and vigorous growth soon succeeded that which had gone.

TRIPLETS EXTRAORDINARY.

Two Boys Like the Siamese Twins, with a Girl Attached.

[The New York Press.] NYACK, July 17.—A Nyack physician reports the death, after seven hours' existence, of triplets which were classed with the most remarkable ever born. The mother's name is Withheld. The triplets weighed in the aggregate fifteen pounds. There were two boys and a girl.

The boys were joined by a ligature almost precisely like that which united the Siamese twins, and were otherwise perfect. The girl was joined to one of the boys by a band of flesh from the hip of each. When the death of the girl and one boy had occurred an effort was made to save the life of the other child by cutting the ligature, but death ensued.

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SAV MONEY IN 'POSSUMS.

So Be Halted the Fast Express to Find Out If the Passengers Would Buy Any.

[Seneca Enterprise-Gazette.] The regular passenger train was going west from Griffin, and was about forty minutes late. The engineer was trying to make up lost time, and was running about fifty miles an hour, when he was horrified to see about two hundred yards ahead of him, just as he turned a curve before he got to White-water Creek, a man on the track waving his coat across the track and over his head, and seeming to be very much excited. The engineer, thinking of course that the bridge had been burned or fallen in, applied his air brakes, reversed his engine, and shouted to his fireman to jump. They both landed safely, and the train came to a halt so suddenly that it nearly upset all the passengers.

"For God's sake, what's the matter?" asked the almost breathless conductor of the fellow who had stopped the train.

"Sam, for that was his name, answered: "I jes' wanted to know if you wanted ter buy some 'possums."

"The engineer, thinking of course that the bridge had been burned or fallen in, applied his air brakes, reversed his engine, and shouted to his fireman to jump. They both landed safely, and the train came to a halt so suddenly that it nearly upset all the passengers.

"Wall, I hain't got um here, but these here big woods up here is jus' chock full of um, and I will ketch you three or four and bring um down some time."

Four strong men lifted the limp and almost lifeless form of the conductor to the train.

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