

**Charles Frederick Crisp.**

**The Distinguished Georgian Dies Suddenly.**

ATLANTA, Oct. 23.—Hon. Charles Frederick Crisp, speaker of the fifty-first and fifty-second congresses died at Holmes' sanitarium here at 1:45 o'clock this afternoon. A paroxysm of pain in the heart preceded death, the paroxysm resulting from a rupture of the heart as the result of fatty degeneration.

Judge Crisp came to Atlanta six weeks ago for treatment. He was then suffering from a typical case of malarial fever, which had developed at his home in Americus. He spent June, July and a part of August in the mountains of North Carolina and Tennessee. His return to Middle Georgia during the very hottest period of the summer developed the fever. After a week's treatment by Drs. Holmes and Davis, the fever disappeared and the judge improved slowly. Last week he was out driving several times, and he was getting stronger until Sunday night, when he was attacked with symptoms of his old trouble, pneumonia. Dr. J. S. Todd was called in and on Tuesday the congestion of the lungs disappeared, but the patient was so weak that Mrs. Crisp telegraphed for her children and all came the next day. On Wednesday and yesterday Judge Crisp's condition improved, but he received no callers. His family were hopeful until 10 o'clock last night, when he had a paroxysm, and they continued at intervals all through the night and forenoon. He suffered intense pain, but was conscious up to the very last. At 1:30 his son, Charles F. Crisp, Jr., and his younger brother and sisters went across the street to a hotel for lunch, Mrs. Crisp remaining with her husband. At 1:40 the pain reappeared. A messenger was sent for the children. They came hurriedly and just in time to get some last glances of recognition.

Judge Crisp did not speak, dying within five minutes of the last attack. All of his children were with him, and, although they had been warned by the physicians that the end might come at any moment, when it did come, it was tragic in its suddenness.

**An Escaped American Tells of Spanish Outrages.**

DENVER, Colo., Oct. 26.—Charles Loch of this city, who joined the Cuban army last spring and was taken prisoner by the Spaniards and, after three months' imprisonment in Moro Castle, released through the intercession of Consul General Lee, has reached home.

"The sentiment among the Cubans," said he, "is that Cuba will be free within four or five months. It is estimated by well informed officers of the Cuban army that the Spaniards have lost 35,000 men during the war. The atrocities practiced by the Spaniards, who are exasperated beyond endurance by the persistence of the Cubans, would hardly be credited. I have seen defenceless women and girls outraged, and I saw an American citizen, Dan Erb, formerly a fireman on the Denver and Rio Grande railway at Leadville, shot down in cold blood by a Spanish officer. Erb was taken prisoner at the same time as myself. We were held as prisoners on the side of the railway track, awaiting the train to carry us to Havana. A Spanish officer entered into conversation with Erb, who exclaimed defiantly that he was an American citizen and expected to be treated like a man. The officer drew a six shooter and killed Erb on the spot.

"While confined in the castle, I witnessed many startling scenes. Every morning the prisoners are obliged to go to the seashore to bathe. They are sent out in gangs of twenty men under heavy guard. I noticed that some never returned. The missing men were eaten by sharks. Hundreds and perhaps thousands of prisoners have been disposed of through the agency of the sharks.

"The doors of the inclosure surrounding the Castle are left open as if to invite escape, but no man who has made the attempt has ever been heard of again. Those who attempt to leave are shot down like rats.

"In the Castle I was fed on tortillas and water. The tortillas had evidently been doctored, for it tasted unlike any I ever tasted. The water was salt and brought on dysentery. In a room 8x10 feet in size twelve prisoners were packed. At night we were obliged to sleep in tiers, the upper tier reaching to the ceiling. Of course there was no ventilation and everybody in the room was sick. According to the best estimate I could get there are over 3,000 men confined in the Castle under the conditions I have named."

NATCHEZ, Miss., Oct. 23.—The steamer T. P. Leathers, loaded with 1,700 bales of cotton, 9,000 sacks of cotton seed and a lot of cotton seed oil, sprung a leak and sank three miles above here late yesterday afternoon. The boat was run against the bank at Palo Alto Point and lies in thirteen feet of water. Tugs rescued the passengers and brought them to Natchez. The cause of the trouble, according to Capt. Leathers, was that the steamer's decking opened up near the hull and let in the water faster than the pumps could handle it. From present indications the boat will be a total loss, but most of the cargo will be saved.

**An Outrage.**

From the News and Courier.

Twice in a period of a few weeks have well known members of the clergy been "held up" on the streets of Charleston by whiskey spies, and their robe cases searched for contraband liquor. The first instance of the kind occurred about four weeks ago, the last was on Sunday, October 18, and in both instances the indignity was inexcusable and in every way an outrage.

Bishop Stevens, a venerable and universally respected churchman, was stopped on the streets of Charleston on Sunday, October 18, by a whiskey spy who demanded to see the Bishop's robe case. The spy opened the case and tossed over its contents and after satisfying his curiosity gave it back to the astonished owner.

The matter was brought to the attention of Solicitor Jervy and a letter was addressed by the solicitor to Chief Constable Holley, requesting an investigation. Chief Holley reported the case to Constable Harlin, who is in charge in this city, and the constables here were examined. Each one stated positively that the matter was news to him and denied any connection with the outrage. Constable Harlin then advised the solicitor that Bishop Stevens must have been held up and searched by one of the metropolitan police which k eyespials. These specials wear citizen's dress.

The preceding "hold up" was, as stated, about a month ago, and was very nearly identical with last Sunday's. The clergyman's robe case was taken from him and searched in broad daylight and on a public street.

**An Old Cotton Bale.**

Perhaps the oldest bale of cotton in the world was purchased last Wednesday by Mr. Allen Fleming of Fleming & Foster's Compress Company.

The cotton was grown in Laurens County, S. C., 1834 by an old man by the name of Watts.

The cotton, though old, was snowy white and not the least tinged with yellow. It was a curiosity to the cotton men of to day and attracted considerable attention. The bale was of usual size and was packed in a coarse home made cloth woven from old rags into a sheet. The ties which held the bale together was made from grape vines and were as hard and taut as raw hide thongs.

The cotton has been in the family ever since it was made and dumped from the cotton press into the yard. It was then taken into the old barn where it has been safely sheltered from the weather for more than sixty years.

Mr. Watts, though fairly a rich planter, refused to sell the cotton at any price.

Old man Watts after his crop of cotton was ginned and baled in 1834, one was set aside from the entire lot, saying to his son at the time: "I may be a poor man when I come to die, and in case I am, I want that bale of cotton, pointing to the particular bale," sold, and the proceeds used to defray my funeral expenses."

The years rolled by, he continued to add to his wealth, and when he had lived his allotted time he was pretty well fixed in this world's goods, and the cotton was left unsold. Some time before Mr. Watts' demise he took occasion to remark to his son that in case the cotton was not used to keep it in the family, guarding it carefully and not to sell it under any circumstances except for funeral expenses. The bale was then taken in charge by young Watts and was more carefully watched by him than by his father.

Mr. Watts, Jr., was industrious and when he crossed over the river it was not necessary to dispose of it to pay the expenses of the funeral.

Before the young man died he made a will to his sister, and in that will it was his expressed wish that the precious bale be disposed of only for the purpose of obtaining money to pay her funeral expenses if it be necessary.

When she died she was wealthy and the cotton was not sold.

Miss Watts recently died intestate and when the final winding up of her estate was made the cotton was put on the market and sold—Augusta Evening News

**Excursion and Express Trains Come Together.**

ST. LOUIS, Oct. 25.—A headend collision occurred on the St. Louis and San Francisco railway near Meremac Highlands at 10 o'clock this morning by which nine people were killed and a score injured. The scene of the wreck is 13 miles west of this city. The Valley Park accommodation train going east very fast on a downgrade came into collision with the second section of a west-bound excursion train going to St. James, Mo., and carrying 240 G. A. R. men and their families. The impact demolished both engines and wrecked or derailed all the cars. The first news of the wreck reached Union station and a relief train, carrying nurses and physicians, was sent out at once. Nine bodies were recovered during the afternoon and it is believed that at least two more are beneath the wreck. Of the twenty injured, eight are likely to

**3,500 Bales of Cotton Burned.**

GALVESTON, Texas, October 25.—Early this morning fire destroyed a large ware house and 3,500 bales of cotton, involving a loss of \$25,000 on the building and \$115,000 on the cotton. About 75 per cent of the cotton was saved in a damaged condition. The entire property was insured for \$160,000.

I went to hear Rhea the other night. I heard her talk Portia in "Shylock." Abe Lincoln once said about a certain question of taste: "For those that like that sort of thing, I guess it is the sort of thing they like." Some may like Rhea, but I don't. I hate to hear the immortal Shakespeare, the greatest English writer that ever lived, interpreted by a gurgly French woman. I think that Shakespeare ought to be interpreted by the plainest speaking of Englishwomen. No obscuring medium of foreign accent ought to stand between the genius of the greatest bard and the people who love him. My heavens, when is Rhea going to learn English? It used to be cute and coy, that French accent of hers, but she's getting old now, and she ought to put away the ways of a child.—Atlanta Journal.

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, } ss.  
Lucas County.  
Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, county and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of one hundred dollars for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure.  
Frank J. Cheney.  
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886  
[SEAL] A. W. Gleason,  
Notary Public  
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.  
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**A Sufferer Cured.**

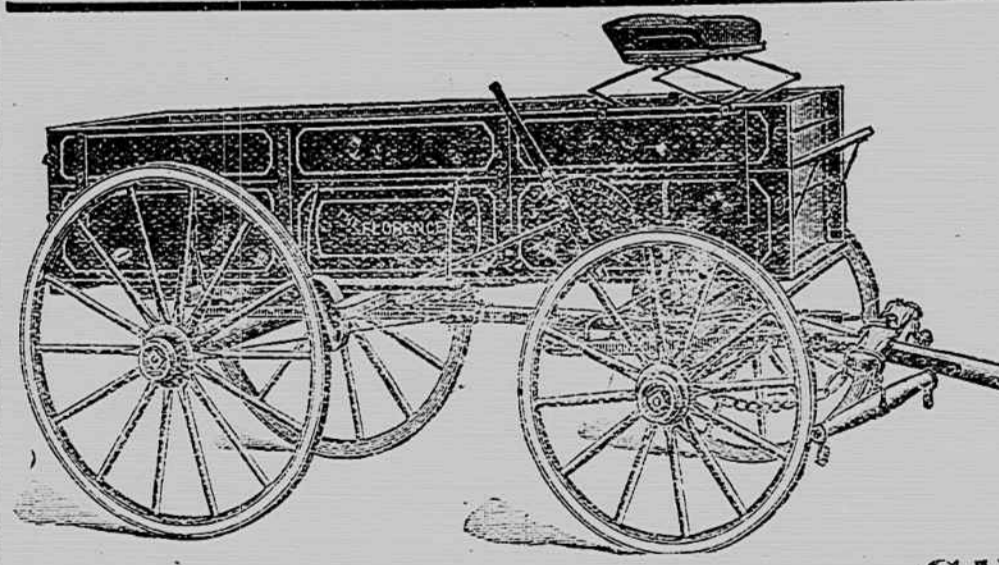
"Every season, from the time I was two years old, I suffered dreadfully from erysipelas, which kept growing worse until my hands were almost useless. The bones softened so that they would bend, and several of my fingers are now crooked from this cause. On my hand I carry large scars, which, but for



**AYER'S**

Sarsaparilla, would be sores, provided I was alive and able to carry anything. Eight bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla cured me, so that I have had no return of the disease for more than twenty years. The first bottle seemed to reach the spot and a persistent use of it has perfected the cure.—O. C. DAVIS, Wautoma, Wis.

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