# THE CHARLOTTE MESSENGER.

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THE

**Charlotte Messenger**

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**Every Saturday,**

AT

**CHARLOTTE, N. C.**

**In the Interests of the Colored People of the Country.**

Able and well-known writers will contribute to its columns from different parts of the country, and it will contain the latest General News of the day.

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It is intended to supply the long felt need of a newspaper to advocate the rights and defend the interests of the Negro-American, especially in the Piedmont section of the Carolinas.

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Address,

**W. C. SMITH Charlotte N C,**


During the year ending with the close of last June, we are informed that about 1,700,000,000 cigarettes were sold in this country—an enormous increase over the year before. At this rate, says the New York *Star*, the small boy will disappear from history about January 1, 1898.

The New York *Mail and Express* says that "the shipment of Florida oranges to Europe, which was attempted for the first time this winter, has resulted most satisfactorily. About 1,600 boxes of the fruit were sent over during November and December, when the markets of England and Scotland are almost entirely without oranges, as the Spanish and Italian fruit was not yet ripe. The prices obtained were such that after all the transportation charges and commissions were paid, the net returns to the growers exceeded those on the same grades of oranges sold in this city. The fruit became very popular on the other side, as it is much sweeter than any European oranges."

J. Hatch, the best engraver in the government bureau of engraving and printing in Washington, has resigned owing to the small salary, and has taken a place with the Western Bank Note Company of Chicago at a high salary. He is a young man, and one of the best engravers in the United States. The Washington *Star* says of him: "Hatch was discovered by George B. McCartee, the late chief of the bureau, in the little town of Salem, N. Y., where he was acting as a jeweler's apprentice. He brought him to Washington and assigned him to an engraver's table at a nominal salary, the first apprentice who was ever employed in this division of the bureau. One of Mr. Hatch's early tasks was to make a reduced copy of a portrait of Bryant, which Charles Burt had then recently engraved for a memorial of the poet's works, and for which he had been paid a very large sum. It was one of Burt's best efforts, and no finer specimen of the engraver's art could have been found as 'copy.' Young Hatch succeeded in producing a portrait of Bryant, that for art skill amazed every one. Mr. Burt, who lived in Brooklyn, and rarely came to Washington, was displeased when he first saw the picture, but when he met the young engraver his displeasure was lost in astonishment. From that time, about ten years ago, young Hatch has remained in the bureau, and every year has brought with it for him new achievements and increased compensation. Recent specimens of his work are portraits of Garfield on the new $5 national currency note and of Grant on the $5 silver certificate, and as showing his versatility of talent he designed and engraved the 'picture work' on the back of the $5 silver certificate, as well as other work of a similar character on notes lately issued by the Treasury."

## REV. DR. TALMAGE.

### THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUNDAY SERMON.

TEXT: *"And there was a man in Maon, whose possessions were in Carmel; and the man was very great, and he had three thousand sheep and a thousand goats."*—I Samuel, xxv., 2.

My text introduces us to a drunken bloat of large property. Before the day of safety deposits and government bonds and national banks people had their investments, in flocks and herds, and this man, Nabal, of the text, had much of his possession in live stock. He came also of a distinguished family and had glorious Caleb for an ancestor. But this descendant was a sneak, a churl, a sot and a fool. One instance to illustrate: It was a wool raising country, and at the time of shearing a great feast was prepared for the shearers; and David and his warriors, who had in other days saved from destruction the threshing floors of Nabal, sent to him asking, in this time of plenty, for some bread for their starving men. And Nabal cried out: "Who is David?" As though an Englishman had said: "Who is Wellington?" or a German should say: "Who is Von Moltke?" or an American should say: "Who is Washington?" Nothing did Nabal give to the starving men, and that night the scoundrel lay dead drunk at home, and the Bible gives us a full length picture of him sprawling and maudlin and hopeless.

Now that was the man whom Abigail, the lovely and gracious and good woman, married—a tuberose planted beside a thistle, a palm branch twined into a wreath of deadly nightshade. Surely that was not one of the matches made in heaven. We throw up our hands in horror at that wedding. How did she ever consent to link her destinies with such a creature! Well, she no doubt thought that it would be an honor to be associated with an aristocratic family, and no one can despise a great name. Beside this, wealth would come, and with it chains of gold and mansions lighted by swinging lamps of aromatic oil, and resounding with the cheer of banqueters seated at tables laden with wines from the richest vineyards, and fruits from ripest orchards, and nuts threshed from foreign woods, and meats smoking in platters of gold, set on by slaves in bright uniform. Before she plighted her troth with this dissipated man she sometimes said to herself: "How can I endure him? To be associated for life with such a debauche I cannot and will not!" But then again she said to herself: "It is time I was married, and this is a [illegible] world to depend on, and perhaps I [illegible] do worse and may be I will make a [illegible] man out of him, and marriage is a lottery anyhow." And when one day this representative of a great house presented himself in a parenthesis of sobriety and with an assumed geniality and gallantry of manner, and with promises of fidelity and kindness and self-abnegation, a June morning smiled on a march squall, and the great souled woman surrendered her happiness to the keeping of this infamous son of fortune whose possessions were in Carmel; and the man was very great, and he had three thousand sheep and a thousand goats.

Behold here a domestic tragedy repeated every hour of every day all over Christendom—marriage for worldly success without regard to character. So Marie Jeanne Phipon, the daughter of the humble engraver of Paris, became the famous Mme. Roland of history, the vivacious and brilliant girl united with the cold, formal, monotonous man, because he came of an affluent family of Amiens and had lordly blood in his veins. The day when through political revolution this patriotic woman was led to the scaffold around which lay piles of human heads that had fallen from the ax, and she said to an aged man whom she had comforted as they ascended the scaffold: "Go first that you may not witness my death," and then undaunted took her turn to die—that day was to her only the last act of the tragedy of which her uncongenial marriage day was the first.

Good and genial character in a man, the very first requisite for a woman's happy marriage. Mistake me not as depreciative of worldly prosperities. There is a religious cant that would seem to represent poverty as a virtue and wealth as a crime. I can take you through a thousand mansions where God is as much worshiped as he ever was in a cabin. The gospel inculcates the virtues which tend toward wealth. In the millennium we will all dwell in palaces, and ride in chariots, and sit at sumptuous banquets, and sleep under rich embroideries, and live 400 or 500 years, for, if according to the Bible, in those times a child shall die 100 years old, the average of human life will be at least five centuries. The whole tendency of sin is toward poverty, and the whole tendency of righteousness is toward wealth. Godliness is profitable for the life that now is as well as for that which is to come. No inventory can be made of the picture galleries consecrated to God, and of sculpture, and of libraries, and pillared magnificence, and of parks, and fountains and gardens in the ownership of good men and women. The two most lordly residences in which I was ever a guest had morning and evening prayers, all the employes present, and all day long there was an air of cheerful piety in the conversation and behavior. Lord Radstock carried the gospel to the Russian nobility. Lord Cavan and Lord Cairns spent their vaction in evangelistic service. Lord Congleton became missionary to Bagdad. And the Christ who was born in an eastern caravansary has again and again lived in a palace.

It is a grand thing to have plenty of money, and horses that don't compel you to take the dust of every lumbering and lazy vehicle; and books of history that give you a glimpse of all the past; and shelves of poetry to which you may go and ask Milton or Tennyson or Spencer or Tom Moore or Robert Burns to step down and spend an evening with you; and other shelves to which you may go while you feel disgusted with the shams of the world, and ask Thackeray to express your chagrin, or Charles Dickens to expose the Pecksniffianism, or Thomas Carlyle to thunder your indignation; or the shelves where the old gospel writers stand ready to warn and cheer us while they open doors into that city which is so bright the noonday sun is abolished as useless. There is no virtue in owning a horse that takes four minutes to go a mile, if you can own one that can go in a little over two minutes and a half; no virtue in running into the teeth of a northeast wind with thin apparel, if you can afford furs; no virtue in being poor when you can honestly be rich. There are names of men and women that I have only to mention and they suggest not only wealth but religion and generosity and philanthropy, such as Amos Lawrence, James Lennox, Peter Cooper, William E. Dodge, Shaftesbury, Miss Wolf and Mrs. Astor. A recent letter says that of fifty leading business men in one of our Eastern cities and of the fifty leading business men of one of our western cities three-fourths of them are Christians. The fact is that about all the brain and the business genius is on the side of religion. Infidelity is incipient insanity. All infidels are cranks. Many of them talk brightly, but you soon find that in their mental machinery there is a screw loose. When they are not lecturing against Christianity they are sitting in barrooms squirting tobacco juice, and when they get mad swear till the place is sulphurous. They only talk to keep their courage up and at best will feel like the infidel who begged to be buried with his Christian wife and daughter, and when asked why he wanted such burial replied: "If there be a resurrection of the good, as some folks say there will be, my Christian wife and daughter will somehow get me up and take me along with them."

Men may pretend to despise religion, but they are rank hypocrates. The sea captain was right when he came up to the village on the sea coast, and insisted on paying $10 to the church although he did not attend himself. When asked his reason, he said that he had been in the habit of carrying cargoes of oysters and clams from that place, and he found since that church was built the people were more honest than they used to be, for before the church was built he often found the load when he came to count it a thousand clams short. Yes. Godliness is profitable for both worlds. Most of the great, honest, permanent worldly successes are by those who reverence God and the Bible. But what I do say is that if a man have nothing but social position and financial resources, a woman who puts her happiness by marriage in his hand re-enacts the folly of Abigail when she accepted disagreeable Nabal, "whose possessions were in Carmel; and the man was very great, and he had three thousand sheep, and one thousand goats."

If there be good moral character accompanied by affluent circumstances, I congratulate you. If not, let the morning lark fly clear of the Rocky Mountain eagle. The sacrifice of woman on the altar of social and financial expectation is cruel and stupendous. I sketch you a scene you have more than once witnessed. A comfortable home with nothing more than ordinary surroundings, but an attractive daughter carefully and Christianly reared. From the outside world comes in a man with nothing but money, unless you count profanity and selfishness and fondness for champagne and general recklessness as part of his possession. He has his coat collar turned up when there is no chill in the air but because it gives him an air of abandon, and eyeglass, not because he is nearsighted but because it gives a classical appearance, and with an attire somewhat loud, a cane thick enough to be the club of Hercules and clutched at the middle, his conversation interlarded with French phrases inaccurately pronounced, and a sweep of manner indicating that he was not born like most folks but terrestrially landed. By arts learned of the devil he insinuates himself into the affections of the daughter of that Christian home. All the kindred congratulate her on the almost suspernatural prospects. Reports come in that the young man is fast in his habits, that he has broken several young hearts, and that he is mean and selfish and cruel. But all this is covered up with the fact that he has several houses in his own name, and has large deposits at the bank, and more than all, has a father worth many hundred thousand dollars, and very feeble in health, and may any day drop off, and this is the only son, and a round dollar held close to one's eye is large enough to shut out a great desert, and how much more will several bushels of dollars shut out.

The marriage day comes and goes. The wedding ring was costly enough, and the orange blossoms fragrant enough, and the benediction solemn enough, and the wedding march stirring enough. And the audience shed tears of sympathetic gladness, supposing that the craft containing the two has sailed off on a placid lake, although God knows that they are launched on a Dead Sea, its waters brackish with tears and ghastly with ghastly faces of despair floating to the surface and then going down. There they are, the newly married pair in their new home. He turns out to be a tyrant. Her will is nothing, his will everything. Lavish of money for his own pleasure, he begrudges her the pennies he pinches out into her trembling palm. Instead of the kind words she left behind in her former home, now there are complaints and fault findings and curses. He is the master and she the slave. The worst villain on earth is the man who, having captured a woman from her father's home and after the oath of the marriage altar has been pronounced, says, by his manner if not in words: "I have you now in my power. What can you do? My arm is stronger than yours. My voice is louder than yours. My fortune is greater than yours. My name is mightier than yours. Now crouch before me like a dog. Now crawl away from me like a reptile. You are nothing but a woman, anyhow. Down, you miserable wretch!" Can halls of mosaic, can long lines of Etruscan bronze, or statuary by Palmer and Powers and Crawford and Chantry and Canova, can galleries rich from the pencil of Bierstadt and Church and Kenset and Cole and Cropsey, could flutes played on by an Ole Bull or pianos fingered by a Gottschalk, or solos warbled by a Sonntag, could wardrobes like that of a Marie Antoinette, could jewels like those of a Eugenie make a wife in such a companionship happy?

Imprisoned in a castle! Her gold bracelets are the chains of a life long servitude. There is a sword over her every feast, not like that of Damocles, staying suspended, but dropping through her lacerated heart. Her wardrobe is full of shrouds for deaths which she dies daily, and she is buried alive, though buried under gorgeous upholstery. There is one word that sounds under the arches and rolls along the corridors, and weeps in the falling fountains, and echoes in the shutting of every door, and groans in every note of stringed and wind instrument: "Woe! Woe!" The oxen and sheep in olden times brought to the temple of Jupiter to be sacrificed used to be covered with ribbons and flowers, ribbons on the horns and flowers on the neck. But the floral and ribboned decorations did not make the stab of the butcher's knife less deathful, and all the chandeliers you hang over such a woman, and all the robes with which you enwrap her, and all the ribbons with which you adorn her, and all the bewitching charms with which you embank her footsteps are the ribbons and flowers of a horrible butchery.

As to show how wretched a good woman may be in splendid surroundings, we have two recent illustrations, two ducal palaces in Great Britain. They are the focus of the best things that are possible in art, in literature, in architecture—the accumulation of other estates, until their wealth is beyond calculation and their grandeur beyond description. One of the castles has a cabinet set with gems that cost $2,500,000, and the walls of it bloom with Rembrandts and Claudes and Poussins and Guidos and Raphaels, and there are Southdown flocks in summer grazing on its lawns and Arab steeds prancing at the doorways on the "first open day at the kennels." From the one castle the duchess has removed with her children because she can no longer endure the orgies of her husband, the duke, and in the other castle the duchess remains confronted by insults and abominations in the presence of which I do not think God or decent society requires a good woman to remain. Alas for those ducal country seats! They on a large scale illustrate what on a smaller scale may be seen in many places, that without moral character in a husband all the accessories of wealth are to a wife's soul tantalization and mockery. When Abigail finds Nabal, her husband, beastly drunk, as she comes home from interceding for his fortune and life, it was no alleviation that the old brute had possessions in Carmel, and "was very great, and had three thousand sheep, and a thousand goats," and he the worst goat among them. The animal in his nature seized the soul in its mouth and ran off with it.

Before things are right in this world genteel villains are to be expurgated. Instead of being welcomed into respectable society because of the amount of stars and garters and medals and estates they represent, they ought to be fumigated two or three years before they are allowed without peril to themselves to put their hand on the door knob of a moral house. The time has come when a masculine estray will be as repugnant to good society as a feminine estray, and no coat of arms or family emblazonry or epaulet can pass a Lothario unchallenged among the sanctities of home life. By what law of God or common sense is an Absalom better than a Delilah, a Don Juan better than a Messalina? The brush that paints the one black must paint the other black. But what a spectacle it was when last summer much of "watering place" society went wild with enthusiasm over an unclean foreign dignitary, whose name in both hemispheres is a synonym for profligacy, and princesses of American society from all parts of the land had him ride in their carriages and sit at their tables, though they knew him to be a portable lazaretto, a charnel house of moral putrefaction, his breath a typhoid, his foot that of a Satyr, and his touch death. Here is an evil that men cannot stop but women may. Keep all such out of your parlors, have no recognition for them in the street, and no more think of allying your life and destiny with theirs than "gales from Araby" would consent to pass the honeymoon with an Egyptian plague. All that money or social position a bad man brings to a woman in marriage is a splendid despair, a gilded horror, a brilliant agony, a prolonged death, and the longer the marital union lasts the more evident will be the fact that she might better never have been born. Yet you and I have been at brilliant weddings, where, before the feast was over, the bridegroom's tongue was thick, and his eyes glassy, and his step a stagger as he clicked glasses with jolly comrades, all going with lightning limited express train to the fatal crash over the embankment of a ruined life and a lost eternity.

Woman, join not your right hand with such a right hand. Accept from such a one no jewel for finger or ear lest the sparkle of precious stone turn out to be the eye of a basilisk, and let not the ring come on the finger of your right hand lest that ring turn out to be one link of a chain that shall bind you in never ending captivity. In the name of God and heaven and home, in the name of all time and all eternity I forbid the bans! Consent not to join one of the many regiments of women who have married for worldly success without regard to moral character.

If you are ambitious, oh woman, for noble affiancing, why not marry a King? And to that honor you are invited by the monarch of heaven and earth, and this day a voice from the skies sounds forth: "As the bridegroom rejoiceth over the bride so shall thy God rejoice over thee." Let Him put upon thee the ring of his royal marriage. Here is an honor worth reaching after. By repentance and faith you may come into a marriage with the emperor of universal dominion, and you may be an empress unto God forever, and reign with him in palaces that the centuries cannot crumble nor cannonades demolish.

High worldly marriage is not necessary for woman, or marriage of any kind in order to your happiness. Celibacy has been honored by the best being that ever lived and his greatest apostle, Christ and Paul. What higher honor could single life on earth have! But what you need, oh woman, is to be affianced forever and forever, and the bands of that marriage I am this moment here and now ready to publish. Let the angels of heaven bend from their galleries of light to witness while I pronounce you one—a loving God and a forgiven soul. One of the most stirring passages in history with which I am acquainted tells us how Cleopatra, the exiled queen of Egypt, won the sympathies of Julius Cæsar, the conqueror, until he became the bridegroom and she the bride. Driven from her throne, she sailed away on the Mediterranean sea in a storm, and when the large ship anchored she put out with one womanly friend in a small boat until she arrived at Alexandria, where was Cæsar, the great general. Knowing that she would not be permitted to land or pass the guards on the way to Cæsar's palace, she laid upon the bottom of the boat some shawls and scarfs and richly dyed upholstery, and then lay down upon them, and her friend wrapped her in them and she was admitted ashore in this wrapping of goods, which was announced as a present for Cæsar. This bundle was permitted to pass the guards of the gates of the palace and was put down at the feet of the Roman General. When the bundle was unrolled there rose before Cæsar one whose courage and beauty and brilliancy are the astonishment of the ages. This exiled queen of Egypt told the story of her sorrows, and he promised her that she should get back her throne in Egypt and take the throne of wifely dominion in his own heart. Afterward they made a triumphal tour in a barge that the pictures of many art galleries have called "Cleopatra's Barge" and that barge was covered with silken awning, and its deck was soft with luxuriant carpets, and the oars were silver tipped, and the prow was gold mounted, and the air was redolent with the spicery of tropical gardens and resonant with the music that made the night glad as the day. You may rejoice, oh woman, that you are not a Cleopatra, and that the one to whom you may be affianced had none of the sins of Cæsar, the conqueror. But it suggests to me how you, a soul exiled from happiness and peace, may find your way to the feet of the conqueror of earth and sky. Though it may be a dark night of spiritual agitation in which you put out, into the harbor of peace you may sail, and when all the wrappings of fear and doubt and sin shall be removed you will be found at the feet of Him who will put you on a throne to be acknowledged as His in the day when all the silver trumpets of the sky shall proclaim: "Behold the bridegroom cometh," and in a barge of light you sail with him the river whose source is the foot of the throne and whose mouth is at the sea of glass mingled with fire.

### A Mysterious Shooting.

Near Glass Mountain S. C., Benjamin A. Ross, who has been a noted character in his time in all the mountainous section of that county, was shot and killed in his own house. Ross had been sick during the day and was lying on a pallet before the fire waiting for his bed to be prepared for him. It was early in the night. At last Ross arose and started across the floor to the bed, when the crack of a rifle broke the quiet of the night and the sick man fell dead on the floor pierced with a bullet. The deadly shot had been fired through the window by some unknown assassin outside, who fled leaving no trace of his identity.

### Forged Checks.

Some shaper is perpetrating extensive forgeries on the firm of Edwards & Broughton, printers and binders, of Raleigh, N. C. Checks with the name of the firm, forged, have been received at the firm's bank from Wadesboro, Hillsboro and other places. The operations are of such a nature as to lead to the belief that other forgeries will be discovered. All business firms are warned not to receive these checks.

### THE BURGLARS CAUGHT

**And a Reign of Terror in Charleston, S. C., Ended.**

The whole city of Charleston, S. C., is rejoicing over the capture by detectives of the burglars who have been operating there for the past six months. They were captured at their den on Meeting street. Their names are Andrew Gibbs and James Johnson, with a dozen aliases. Both are negroes under twenty years of age. There can be no doubt that these two crooks are the ones who have terrorized the entire city for several months, for the detectives found in their nest a large assortment of plunder, which filled up a room at the main police station. The news of the arrest was bulletined early in the morning, and the station-house was crowded all day by victims in search of missing articles. One of the burglars made a confession and told how they had robbed over fifty houses within the last three months.

### Indian Outrages.

NOGALES, A. T., Special.—The prefect of the Guaymas district has informed the State officials of Sonora that he has information of further trouble from the Yaqui Indians, and at a point where it was thought there was no danger. The people in the vicinity of Punta del Agua have appealed for aid, stating that a band of desperate Indians, numbering fifty or more, have arrived there and are devastating ranches and running off all the cattle and horses. General Guerra, who has been following the Indians in another portion of the State, and is now at San Marcial with his command, has been ordered to proceed to Punta del Agua with all possible haste. He is instructed at once upon his arrival to call for reinforcements, should he deem it necessary. The opinion that many bandits have joined the Yaquis prevail in official circles.

### North Carolina State Guard.

Officers of the general staff and commandants of the various regiments of the state guard met at Raleigh and had a long conference with Governor Scales. It was decided by the governor to furnish all troops with overcoats, and twelve hundred will be immediately requisitioned for. It was also decided to issue cloth for uniforms to the companies as rapid as needed. This latter issue will be at once made to four companies whose uniforms are reported unserviceable. It was also decided to hold an encampment some time between the middle of July and the middle of August, at a point on or near the coast. The location and exact date of the encampment were not settled, but will soon be announced. Mhe adjutant-general and regimental officers have left for Wilmington ty look at camping points in that vicinity.

### At Her Post of Duty.

The editor of the Southern Christian Advocate, of Columbia, S. C., has received a letter from Piracicaba, Brazil, announcing the death, at her post of duty in that city, of Mrs. Wolling, wife of Rev. J. W. Wolling, of the South Carolina Conference, who left that State less than a year ago to reinforce the Methodist Missions in Brazil. Mrs. Wolling was sick for twelve days with malarial fever, and, a heavy hemorrhage coming on, she sank quickly and passed away in half an hour, on December 27th. The news of her death will be a great shock to hundreds of loving friends throughout this State and Georgia.

### The Body Found.

While a party of laborers were working on a public road in Alexander county, N. C., they unearthed a skeleton. Their picks first unearthed the skull a foot beneath the surface. They soon had the entire skeleton out. It was in a sitting posture, the knees being drawn up close to the chin. It is that of a colored man who mysteriously disappeared from Taylorsville twenty years ago. At the time he disappeared he was known to have had $400 in gold and silver in his possession, and it was always thought he had been murdered, his money secured and his body disposed of in some mysterious manner.

### Jealousy the Cause.

In Wilkes county N. C., Joseph Green shot Martin Triplett with a rifle, causing death in forth-eight hours. The men were on good terms for some months before this fatal affray, which occurred on account of Triplett's alleged intimacy with Green's wife. Triplett went into Green's yard and the latter, taking his rifle, shot him in the abdomen. Green has, with his wife, made his escape and cannot be found. Whiskey and jealousy were the cause of this bad affair.

### Cut His Fathers Throat.

At Greenville, N. C., John Page was assaulted by his seventeen-year-old son, and the latter cut his father's throat, causing very severe injury. The lad had an infectious disease. The father had ordered the son not to visit him until well. The boy disobeyed, whereupon the father rebuked him. This infuriated the young fiend, and he instantly sprang at his father and cut his throat and threw him down, and would have killed him had not his mother and sister interposed.

### North Carolina's New College.

Raleigh has completed the payment of eight thousand dollars subscribed to the State Agricultural and Mechanical college, that sum having been a bonus given to secure its location there. Work on the college will begin in thirty days. Great quantities of material are being hauled to its site.

## TELEGRAPHIC TICKS.

### THE SOUTHERN STATES.

**News Collected by Wire and Mail From All Parts of Dixie.**

There are now 213 students at Wake Forest N. C. College,

Another national bank is to be established at Salisbury, N. C.

Simon Elias, clothing merchant at Florence, S. C., has failed, liabilities $10,000; assets $3,000.

The latest estimate is that 1,800 bales of cotton were burned in the fire at Charleston, S. C.

The old war between the ports of Newport News and Norfolk, Va., has been received at Washington.

Revenue officers in Alabama captured several stills, 16,000 gallons of wiskey and seven moonshiners.

W. K. Gilkerson, a prominent dry goods merchant of Laurens, S. C., has failed, liabilities $5,878; nominal assets $13,731.

James Hudson's residence, in Rowan county, N. C., was burned a few nights ago, with all its contents. Loss, $1,500, with no insurance.

A Republican State Convention has been called to meet in Jackson, Miss., on February 9th, to elect delegates to the National Convention.

Winstead & McGowan, hardware dealers, at Greenville. S. C., have made an assignment. Liabilities, $5,000; assets said to be $8,000.

The firm of Jackson & Shaw, at Carthage, N. C., also made an assignment for the benefit of creditors. Liabilities and assets are not stated.

Rev. Dr. J. T. Wheat, of Salisbury, N. C., one of the most venerable Episcopal clergymen in the State, died at his home at Salisbury. He was the father-in-law of Hon. Frank E. Shober, ex-congressman from the seventh district.

Counterfeit money is becoming so numerous in Laurens county, S. C., as to suggest the idea that the factory is not far away. The coin appears as bright as a pin, and is a clever imitation.

Near Longview, Texas, a passenger train on the Texas and Pacific Railroad was derailed by a defective switch. The engineer was killed and three trainmen fatally injured.

Walter Bristow, the one-armed man, who this week at Palmyra, Halifax county, killed J. H. Hemmit, has been acquitted on plain proof that it was justifiable homicide.

Governor Blackburn, of Kentucky, refuses to surrender the Hatfields, for whom a requisition has been made by the Governor of West Virginia. The courts must decide the matter.

A serious stabbing affray occurred at Sandy Flat, near Greenville, S. C., at a party given in the neighborhood. Sam Lynn, while recklessly handling an open knife, stabbed Charlie Collins, seriously wounding him under the arm.

At Danville, Va., the amount of leaf tobacco sold from warehouses in January was 2,700,000 pounds. For the first four months of the tobacco year the sales were 10,700,000 pounds, as against 5,500,000 pounds for the same time last year.

The two men charged with being concerned in the Pinkens, S. C., lynching, were granted bail in the sum of $2,000 each. Richard Kemp, who was convicted at the term of the Court, made his escape from the jail at Abbeville. He has not yet been caught.

Fire broke out at Williamston, Martin county, N. C., in the recently finished residence of S. H. Newberry. The large frame livery stable caught fire from the residence, and both were entirely consumed. The Masonic hall and other property near by sustained some damage. Newberry's loss is $3,000. Insurance $1,300.

Miss Alice Savage, of Hamilton, N. C., was so badly burned that her recovery is hopeless. Her dress is supposed to have caught fire before retiring, thereby setting fire to her-self and the bed. Her father, mother and brother-in-law were painfully burned in extinguishing the flames.

Two miles from Makelyville, in Hyde county, N. C., a man named Lupton kept a barroom and grocery. In the morning his store was found in ashes with his charred remains in the midst. He is supposed to have been murdered, robbed and store set on fire. There is no clue to the murderer.

### North, East and West.

A fire at Seattle, W. T., destroyed two sawmills. Loss, $25,000.

Colonel Mapleson, opera manager, has been declared a bankrupt in London.

The employees of the Bessemer Steel Works at Troy, have returned to word.

There are twenty-one iron furnaces idle in Pennsylvania in consequence of the strike.

Earnest Brockoff, 13 years of age, died of hydrophobia in Chicago. He was bitten by a dog early in January.

Arguments in the trial of Hopkins, of the Fidelity bank, were concluded in Cincinnati, and after the judge's charge, the case was turned over to the jury.

A fire at Brown's Valley, Minn., the town that was blockaded by the blizzard, caused a loss of $18,000; only partly insured.

At Cornwall, Ont., fifteen hundred cotton operatives are on a strike against a reduction of wages.

A band of strolling gypsies, arrested at Providence, R. I., a day or two ago, were found to have $9,000 in gold tied up in rags with them.