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THE CONCORD TIMES.

JOHN B. SHERRILL, Editor. "BE JUST AND FEAR NOT." $1.00 a Year, in Advance.

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THE DISCARDED BABY.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

Mr. James Weed was forty-six and unmarried. Moreover, he intended to remain so.

He had a horror of women, and a double horror of babies. The very sight of one of the little darlings gave him the ague, with symptoms of a pain in his stomach.

One memorable day, Mr. Weed started for New York on the 6:30 train. He was a country merchant, and made a semi-annual journey to the metropolis to purchase goods.

He was in fine spirits and a new suit of clothes.

The first stopping place after leaving Winford, Mr. Reed's residence, was Axtell, and at Axtell quite a large number of persons entered the cars. Among them a pretty young woman in a mourning bonnet, and with a suspicious bundle of white flannel in her arms that the initiated at once surmised to be a baby.

She looked over the car at once for a vacant seat. There was none except by the side of Mr. Weed. She advanced with ill-bred ease, seated herself close by the side of the amazed bachelor, and commenced taking the bundle in her arms apart. The operation was something like husking an ear of corn in a season when the infinite number of husks prognosticate a cold winter, but the lady was perseyering, and bye and bye there emerged from the wrappers a little red-faced, pug-nosed edition of humanity, with a string of corals round its neck, and its little sweet fist in its little mouth.

The proud mother held him aloft in triumph, and all the lady passengers smiled, and showed their approval by sundry nods.

Weed grew bearish and stuck his head out of the window. The mother very sweetly requested him to put that window down—the air made the baby's eyes red. He slammed it down, and buried his hands in his pockets, and his chin in his cravat.

But the pretty lady in the black bonnet was not afraid of Weed. She unceremoniously piled the flannels and embroidery into his lap, and at Hassie—from which place the train was express, and where there was a half of ten minutes for refeshments—she plumped the baby on the pile of garments in Weed's lap, saying sweetly—

"My head aches, and I must have a cup of tea. I will leave the baby with you till I return."

And before the horified bachelor could utter a single word, she was gone. The ladies tittered, the gentleman smiled at each other behind their newspapers, and the baby began swinging backward and forward in a way that babies have before they get any backbone to help themselves with.

Thump went its little head against the side of the car, and Weed, sure that he must have broken in his skull, seized the back of his frock and held on with desperation.

The minutes passed slowly. Weed was in a cold sweat. The bell began to ring. Where was that dreadful woman? He looked around to see if he was observed, for a terrible temptation had seized him to toss the baby out of the window and be rid of it.

The last bell sounded! The conductor jumped aboard—the brakes were unwound, the train was off.

Weed dropped the baby among its wrappings, and ran after the conductor.

"Look here, sir!" he cried frantically, "there's a woman left drinking a cup of tea, deuce take it!"

"Let her drink it, and much good may it do her," returned the official. "Let go my arm; I'm in a hurry."

"What do you think I shall do, sir?" cried Weed, growing redder and redder in the face; "here's this baby and no mother for it!"

"You must find mothers for your own children yourself. It's none of my bread and butter!" cried the conductor, striding away.

Wood returned to his seat, and picking up the baby bolstered it up on the cushion beside him.

A pale woman in green veil and spectacles came to his side.

"You've met with an irreparable loss, sir?" asked she in a voice whose tones of sympathy and interest was unmistakable.

"A devil of a loss!" cried Weed, thinking of his own predicament, and forgetting that ladies never tolerate swearing.

"You dreadful man!" cried the lady—"it is wicked to indulge in profane language; how long has she been departed from this sublunary sphere?"

"About ten minutes ago; she went after a cup of tea."

"Good heavens! then she is not dead. Unnatural monster, to forsake her sweet child!"

"Amen! that's so; truth, every word of it!" ejaculated Weed.

"My dear sir," said the lady insinuatingly—"you are left in a very unpleasant situation. Very, indeed. It's a lovely child. Resembles its father strongly. Is it a boy or girl?"

"Deuced if I know or care!" growled Weed.

"Why, what a man! But, my dear sir, it is so extremely disagreeable for a gentleman to travel with the care of a child, that really my tender heart sympathizes so deeply with you that I—ah me! we women have to pay so much regard to appearances. And I would not overstep the strictest bounds of modesty."

Weed caught at what was implied by her manner more than by her words. The idea was ecstatic.

"My dear madam," he exclaimed, if you would be so kind as to take care of the little wretch—I mean the little darling—I shall be your debtor for life, and will pay you any sum that you may name."

"You are very good. I will see what can be done. But you must of course understand that in obliging you I shall endanger my reputation."

"I am a man of honor; you can depend on me," said Weed promptly.

The lady took him at his word, and, slipping into the seat beside him, she took the baby on her knee. The baby recognized the care of a woman, probably, for after a few digs at her bonnet strings and a couple of kicks at her stomach, he subsided and fell into a profound sleep.

The time passed and the train flew on. The woman who had so kindly relieved Weed of his charge smelled onions, and he was sure she took snuff, but he was ready to excuse all such little failings in consideration of what she was doing for him.

But as they rode along he thought she grew more affectionate in her manner. Either the seat was contracting or the lady was moving closer to him, and the thought was horrible viewed in any light. He shrunk into the corner and she followed him, baby and all.

"May I not know your name, my dear sir?" asked she, softly.

"Certainly. James Weed, of Winford."

"And mine is Celestina Bean, of Axtell."

"Yes'm."

"My dear James, I cannot feel sufficiently grateful that fate has thus thrown together. I am a believer in fate, and I have been so lonely these many years without thee."

"What! what!" cried Weed, edging away from her.

"Do not be so coy, my dear James. I am here taking care of your baby, and, of course, people think I am your wife."

"Good Lord!" cried Weed, in consternation. "My wife! You'd better say my mother! you're old enough."

"Wretch!" exclaimed Miss Bean, in a tragical voice, "take back those words!" Recant them, or I will forsake you, baby and all!"

"Forsake me, then! I'd sooner turn baby-jumper for the remainder of my life than have any body for a moment imagine such a vinegar-visaged old woman to be my wife!"

Miss Bean's anger was a thing sublime. She rose majestically—brandishing aloft the baby.

"James Weed," cried she, "you have ruined my character. I have tended your baby half a day, and you must marry me at the first stopping place! Refuse, and I will bring it before the courts."

"Marry you! I'd die first," cried James, bounding up and springing entirely over the back of the seat into the lap of an old lady with a poodle dog and a bandbox, both of which he nearly demolished, and made for the door. "Let me out!" he cried to the conductor, "she's after me, and the baby, too! I'll jump off if you don't let me out."

The conductor was a man of muscle, and he soon settled matters satisfactorily to himself. He shut Weed up in the baggage car under a lively impression that he was insane, and Miss Bean and the baby he took to New York

And in the next train came the nearly distracted mother of the juvenile—that cup of tea had been so hot that before she could cool it sufficiently to the train had left.

She sought out James; wept, apologized, was grateful, and, being a widow, they struck a bargain, and James is now the obedient stepfather of the discarded baby.

He Got It.

A graphic incident in the life of a spoiled child is well told by a writer in an exchange:

Among the passengers on the St. Louis train recently was a woman accompanied by a nurse girl and a boy about three years old.

The boy aroused the indignation of the passengers by his continued shrieks and kicks, and screams, and viciousness toward the patient nurse.

Whenever the nurse manifested any sharpness the mother chided her sharply.

Finally the mother composed herself for a nap, and about the time the boy had slapped the nurse for the fiftieth time a wasp came sailing and flew on the window of the nurse's seat. The boy at once tried to catch it.

The nurse caught his hand and said coaxingly, "Harry musn't touch. Bug will bite Harry."

Harry screamed savagely and began to kick and pound the nurse.

The mother, without opening her eyes or lifting her head, cried out sharply:

"Why will you tease that child so, Mary? Let him have what he wants at once."

"But ma'am it's a—"

"Let him have it, I say."

Thus encouraged, Harry clutched at the wasp and caught it. The yell that followed brought tears of joy to the passengers.

The mother awoke again.

"Mary," she cried, "let him have it!"

Mary turned in her seat and said demurely, "He's got it, ma'am!"

A Household Treasure.

D. W. Fuller, of Canajoharie, N. Y., says that he always keeps Dr. King's New Discovery in the house and his family has always found the very best results follow its use; that he would not be without it, if procurable. G. A. Dykeman, Druggist, Catskill, N. Y., says that Dr. King's New Discovery is undoubtedly the best Cough Remedy; that he has used it in his family for eight years, and it has never failed to do all that is claimed for it. Why not try a remedy so long tried and tested. Trial bottles free at P. B. Fetzer's Drug Store. Regular size 50c and $1.00.

The Snake and the Rabbit.

Atlanta Constitution.

M. W. Pournelle killed a coachwhip snake near the right of way of the Sandersville and Tennile Railroad, in Georgia, that measured eighty-two inches in length. The snake was climbing a tree with a rabbit in its mouth when it was shot. The snake was brought to town and exibited as a curiosity.

The railroads have run out of their employ all men who prefer getting drunk to holding steady situations, or who think they must drink liquor. Now the Superintendent of the Boston and Maine railroad has commonced war against tobacco consumers and has issued a circular to his men, which says: "Your attention is called to the fact that you are not allowed to use tobacco in any form whatever while on duty, nor on trains or in the stations when off duty with uniform or badge on. This rule is imperative and must be regarded at all times."

ANDREW JACKSON'S CONVERSION.

Many years before Gen. Andrew Jackson made profession of religion, he was influenced by his wife to build a small church near the Hermitage. After the death of his wife the General frequently attended service here, but merely as a matter of form. On one occasion when there was a sacramental meeting in progress, General Jackson was observed to show unusual and intense interest, and after the service he pressed Dr. Edgar, the minister, to go home with him. This Dr. Edgar could not do, on account of some church buisiness, but he agreed to call very early the next morning, and did so. What occurred at the Hermitage on that morning is related by Mr. T. J. Wharton, in The St. Louis Globe-Democrat, as follows:

"Dr. Edgar reached the Hermitage shortly after breakfast. He was received by Mrs. Jackson, wife of Andrew Jackson, Jr., who told him that the General had passed a very restless night, and that she did not think he had undressed or even lain upon the bed. In the chamber adjoining she had heard him walking the floor and sighing all through the night. On entering the chamber of the General Dr. Edgar was informed by him that he had urged his invitation the day before because he had seriously thought of connecting himself with the church, but had heretofore been prevented from doing so by the recurring excitement of political campaigns. Now that his political career had ended, his mind, more than ever, was occupied with the contemplation of the end of his earthly existence, which, in the course of nature, must be near. He had asked for the conference in order that he might act advisedly in applying for membership in the church. He therefore earnestly requested Dr. Edgar to subject him to the examination that might be required by the church, and that it be made exhaustive. He regarded it as a matter of profound importance, and wanted to know distinctly the ground on which he stood. He had never had been false to his fellow men, and would not be to his heavenly Father.

Dr. Edgar proceeded to examine the General touching all the cardinal doctrines of revealed religion, such as the plenary inspiration, the divine authority of the Holy Scriptures, the depravity of our human nature, the atonement by the Savior, the operation of the Holy Spirit, and the new birth effected thereby. After a thorough examination on these points, which was most satisfactory, Dr. Edgar said: 'General, there is one other point upon which I feel it my duty to interrogate you, but I feel some embarrassment in doing so.' The General replied that in a matter of such vast importance he wished a full knowledge of every step and to be probed to the core. Thus assured, Dr. Edgar said: 'General, you have had a very stormy public life, during which you have been fiercely assailed by enemies personal and political, and doubtless you have thought very unjustly assailed. Can you, do you feel that you have freely forgiven your enemies?' The General was silent a moment, and said that he freely forgave his enemies, personal and political, but the enemies of his poor, dead wife, who had been slandered in her grave, he did not feel, in justice to her memory, that he could forgive. Dr. Edgar said the injunction laid upon us by the blessed Savior to forgive our enemies, to pray for them, is positive, and admitted of no exception. To this the General made no reply for a considerable interval, during which he seemed in great mental distress. Then, Dr. Edgar related, the whole expression of the countenance changed; a sweet, heavenly smile illumined his face, and the General said: 'Yes, I do forgive, and ask God's forgiveness of every one toward whom I ever felt hostility.' He accordingly presented himself for membership in the church that day, and for the first time sat at the Sacrament table."

A Paris Journalist's Long Suicide.

London Times.

An old Paris journalist, Paul Mercier, died recntly after having been voluntarily confined to his room for several years. It was nothing but a long and cruel suicide which he committed. He once owned and edited two papers, the first, Le Tambour Battant, a semimilitary paper, and later on Le Gegue-Pett, a financial weekly for the middle and lower classes. Both of these ventures failed, and the lack of success worried him to such an extent that he became a confined misanthrope.

About seven years ago he appeared in a house ou the Passage Stevens and rented rooms, which became his chosen prison. It must be noted that Mercier was then by no means poor, even if his enterprise had failed; he had a regular income which would have been enough to keep him well and had his apartment very nicely furnished when he moved in.

From the day he moved in he never opened the windows and allowed everything to be covered by dust and dirt. His meals were brought in to him by the janitor, placed on the floor before the door and the bell rang. No one had admittance to the rooms of the voluntary recluse. At last he did not answer the bell, and after two meals had remained untouched the janitor announced the matter to the police. A commissary appeared and the door was broken in.

When entering the air was so foul that the window lights had to be smashed as the frames and fastenings of the windows had completely rusted during the seven years and could not be unfastened. In one of the apartments there was a regular mountain of dirty clothes. Mercier had never sent any clothes to the wash, but ordered new shirts acout once a week. Whatever he laid on he threw upon the pile in the furthest room, continuing this custom for seven years.

In Your Blood

is the cause of that tired, languid feeling which afflicts you at this season. The blood is impure and has become thin and poor. That is why you have no strength, no appetite cannot sleep. Purify your blood with Hood's Sarsaparilla, which will give you an appetite, tone your stomach, and invigorate your nerves. HOOD'S PILLS are easy to take easy in action and sure in effect. 25c.

SAM MAY'S SNAKE STORIES.

"In Muncos canon they draw you up into the cliff dwellings from the bottom of the gorge by a rope and pulley," says Sam May, a noted collector of the relics of the extinct race that inhabited these almost inaccessible homes. "Imagine being hauled up in a sort of basket seat some six or seven hundred feet! I was pulled up this way on one of my excursions to a ledge about three hundred feet from the top of the canon, whereon stood a particularly fine block of these mysterious dwellings. The fellows on the top of the cliff who were hauling me up stopped my car in front of a second-story window, through which I intended to enter the dwelling. Now, think of it! Here I hung, like Mohammed's coffin, between heaven and earth, with this awful canon below I caught hold of the winbow ledge and drew my basket close, then putting my hand into the room to get a purchase so that I might draw my body through, I put it directly on a soft, slimy substance, a coiled-up rattler, in fact! My nerve did not desert me. My hand closed on the rattler's throat and I slowly drew the reptile out through the window and threw it, hissing, writhing and struggling, down a sheer 800 feet. Then I signalled the men to let me down. I had enough of cliff dwellings for one day. Gravy boats and soup ladles are, I confess, enough to tempt any man into all sorts of reckless endeavor, but coiled-up rattlesnakes are quite another story.

"At another time with my partner I started on one of these ransacking expeditions after crockery, and when we got in the neighborhood of Dolores we discovered we had forgotten the feed for the horses. So there was nothing to do but for one of us to go back after it. I decided to camp and let the other fellow do the rustling. My partner had not been long a way when I heard the peculiar hissing note of a rattler coming from a pile of lossley heaped-up stones near by. I fired into the heap and killed the snake, and, dragging it out, with true western instinct broke off the rattles and slipped them into my vest pocket Next morning I made my fire, cooked bacon, eggs, made coffee, flapjacks, ate heartily, and then, well satisfied with my breakfast, sat down, took my toothpick from my vest pocket and industriously applied it. In a few minutes my face began to swell. To my horror I found I had put the rattles next my toothpick and some poison had clung to it and been conveyed to a hollow tooth in my jaw. There I was alone in a wilderness and my face visibly swelling. What did I do? There was a gallon jug of whisky in the outfit, and I drank it. Just as I drained the last drop a mounted travler came along on the way from Mancos to Dolores. To him I shouted the terrible tale, and the kind-hearted stranger ran his horse to Dolores and back for another gallon of whiskey. So I live to resurrect ancient pottery and to tell snake stories."

The Girl at Church.

You pride yourself on your politeness. You count yourself a mannered girl and would be verry indignant if you were told that you were lacking in ordinary politeness. When you are invited out you are careful not only to be prompt but to be considerate of your hostess. What consideration bo you show God when you go to His house? Too little noise and do not hesitate to turn and twist until you feel that your skirt is arranged exactly right and you are quiet comfortable. Then you give a sigh as you look at the preacher. He is one whose sermons you do not admire, so while he is trying to do his duty you coolly read your prayer-book or hymnal, or look around the congregation, and catching the eye of a friend, give a shrug of disgust. When the sermon is over you give vent to a sigh of thankfulness, and you never seem to realize that this bad behavior an your part is bad behavior not only to the clergyman, but to that God whose representative he is.

When the collection is taken up you look here and there everywhere to see who is depositing a bank-note. Before the benediction is said you crane yourself like a bird with its plumage so that you will be ready to start out the very minute it is ended. I do not suppose you realize for a moment how dreadful this is. How it is giving an opportunity to an unbeliever to say' "What can these Christains think of their God when they are so impolite to Him?" Then you do something else. In your church the pews are rented. When you enter you close the door and give no poor sinner an opportunity to sit beside you, and yet, in the sight of God you are all alike, and before Him the rich and the poor stand together to be judge.

The Normans Dream.

The Normans are called the Yankees of France, which is a compliment to them, no doubt, though it sometimes has reference to their extremely thrifty habits, and to the craft which they employ in evading a service that may cost them something. It is related that one good Norman farmer went early one morning to another's house, and found him still in bed.

"Art thou asleep, neighbor?" he asked, some what falteringly, in the tone of a man who is going to ask a favor.

"If I were not asleep," murmured the other from his bed, "what probably wouldst thou want of me?"

"To borrow thy donkey to go to the fair at Gisors."

"Well, then, neighbor, I am sound asleep."

"Bah! Thyu canst not be asleep when thou talkest to me."

"Nonsense! It is only a dream I am having, neighbor!"

And the other had to go away without the donkey.

A Proper Choice.

A young fellow, having been asked by a recruiting sergeant wether he wished to enlist in a Scottish regiment, replied: "Not likely. I'd rather go to the lunatic asylum than enlist in a highland regiment."

"Aweel," said the sergeant, "I've nae doubt ye'd feel mair at home there."

Hot weather proves depressing to those whose blood is poor. Such people should enrich their blood with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

POLITICAL TALK.

Raleigh Correspondent.

The great question is how to get the Democrats together. It is a terribly hard job. In the Populist party there is the same division as that which exists in the Republican. The leaders want complete freedom, but the Populist leaders are troubled about controlling their followers on the silver question. It is positively asserted by some leading Democrats that the Populist leaders will do anything to promote the interests of the Republican party, both State and national. They cannot yet tell whether they can handle the rank and file of the Populists so as to deliver them to the Republicans, or whether a mixed ticket shall be supported, but they are scheming to do whatever is most advantageous to the Republican national ticket, and will put up an independent silver ticket or a mixed silver and gold ticket just as they find they can best control their people for the Republican national ticket. In other words they wish to aid the Republicans in capturing North Carolina. It may be there will be an independent electoral ticket put up so as to keep votes from the Democratic party. Some Democrats say Senator Butler, the Populist headcentre, will either give the Republicans the Populist vote or else neutralize the latter vote. Populists and Republicans will vote their full strength; the Democrats, many of whom are disheartened, will vote light. An independent ticket would draw nearly all its strength from the Democrats. Butler is deeply interested in keeping the Populist forces intact.

There are some hopeful Democrats who think the fall elections will put a different aspect of affairs on Democratic prospects; this in connection with the big crops and good business conditions. This is claimed to be a growth in the anti-silver sentiment. This is the west and centre. In the east that sentiment has a clean sweep.

A Raven-Fed Preacher.

Monroe Journal.

Monroe people have for the past week been treated to a series of sermons in every way unexpected, and perhaps not very well appreciated. A man by the name of Boyd came to town last Friday and began preaching in the court house every afternoon and night. With him were his wife and one child. Congregations and collections were both quite scanty, till Saturday the family took its position on the court house square and awaited for a congregation. The preacher took up his accordeon and played a little, but no congregation assembled. Night came, and they were still there, supperless and without shelter for the night, the preacher saying that he had no money to pay for his board, and that he would not return to the boarding house. Some gentlemen made up enough to pay for their supper and night's lodging, and since then they have been getting enough to pay their way by the help of being asked out to different meals, as some of their hearers have been doing. The preacher says that he is a reformed drunkard and is doing the Lord's work in the way that he is directed, and that the Lord is taking care of him. When some one asks him out to dinner he considers that the good Samaritan is sent by the Lord. He certainly has implicit faith in something or somebody, for he sat on the public square all Saturday evening with not a cent in his pocket and no prospect for either any supper or a bed for the night, and sat as quietly and undisturbed, too, as would a man whose barns were full to overflowing.

He holds allegiance to no denomination, and seems to be a free lance in every respect. He preaches and sings and his wife prays and sings.

Differences Among the Lutheran Brethern.

Newton Enterprise.

Tennessee Lutheran Synod has been in session in Hickory this week and has been grappling with the doctrine of "election." A good many Lutherans, especially in vicinity of Conover, have embraced the views of the Missouri Synod on "election," but have never severed their connection with the Tennessee Synod, which takes a very pronounced stand against it. A gentleman who has been attending the meeting in Hickory tells us that the discussion has been verry warm and that Revs. C. H. Bernheim, J. M. Smith, Crouse Long and Dr. Hoffmann have been expelled from the Synod. The expelled members claim that they have not changed their views on this doctrine, but that the majority ruling the present Tennessee Synod have discarded the teachings of Henkel and the other founders of the Synod and take up the teachings of the Ohio Synod.

The Price Of Cotton.

All idea that the recent rise in the price of cotton was spasmodic seems to have been abandoned. It is practically certain that the present crop will be sold at prices which will pay good profits for its production. The belief that cotton will go considerably higher is very general. When January futures passed nine cents on the New Orleans Exchange a few days ago bets of $2,000 were freely offered that January cotton would sell in that market for over ten cents.

This may be the expression of overconfidence, but there is a very strong feeling back of cotton. The farmers have produced this crop at small cost, and besides their profits on cotton will improve their condition very materially by having raised such great food crops.

Did You Ever

Try Electric Bitters as a remedy for your troubles? If not, get a bottle now and get relief. This medicine has been found to be peculiarly adapted to the relief and cure of all Female Complaints, exerting, a wonderful direct influence in giving strength and tone to the organs. IIf you Loas of Appetite, Constipation, Headache, Fainting Spells, or are Nervous, Sleepless, Excitable, Melancholy or troubled with Dizzy Spells, Electric Bitters is the medicine you need. Health and strength are guaranteed by its use. Large bottles only fifty cents at P. R. Fetzer's Drug Store.

It is said that the cordage on a first, class man of war costs about $15,000.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report
Royal Baking Powder
ABSOLUTELY PURE

NOTES FROM WASHINGTON.

Secretary Herbert has returned from Alabama, where he has been making speeches on the financial question.

Henry A. Robinson, statistician of the department of agriculture, announces to the lovers of the buckwheat cake that the crop has fallen short almost everywhere in this country.

Receipts of the government for the first ten days of the current month aggregated $9,157,668, and the expenditures $16,573,000; deficit, $7,416,331. This deficit will probably be reduced during the remainder of the month.

By request of Minister Terrell for the protection of American missionaries in Turkey, and at the instance of the state department, the navy department has ordered the warship Marblehead to the Gulf of Iskedoneroon (Gulf of Alexandretta).

Returns to the statistical division of the department of agriculture for the month of October make cotton show decline of 5.7 points from the September condition, which was 70.8, against 65.1 for the present month. There is general complaint from all the counties, which report excessive damage from the early rains.

This government has formally notified the Spanish government that action recently taken by it in Havana in depriving Consul Williams of all diplomatic authority is in violation of the treaty rights of this country, and that for any damage to American dignity arising therefrom Spain will be held responsible.

Colonel Hampton B. Denman died, aged 66 years. He was born in Ohio, and was related to the Blaine and Ewing families. He went to California in 1846, and was one of the Rucker relief party which carried provisions across the mountains to starving immigrants. He was the first mayor of Leavenworth, Kan., and a member of the first Kansas legislature.

Foreign News Notes.

One hundred persons were drowned near the village of Ozery by the capsizing of a raft on the river Oka.

The Higginbotham mill in Glasgow, Scotland, was burned and four women, who were employed therein, were all killed.

Arthur Kilsby, recently a member of the Canadian militia, has been arrested for stabbing a chorister of the Palace theater at Charing Cross.

A special from Colon says: To prevent her pilferings being discovered by her parents, a 14-year-old girl, the daughter of a laborer in Santander, murdered her three little brothers.

The Italian native troops have attacked 1,300 Abyssinians who occupied a strong position near Braailet. The latter fled, leaving 20 men killed and numbers wounded. The Italian troops lost 11 killed and had 30 wounded.

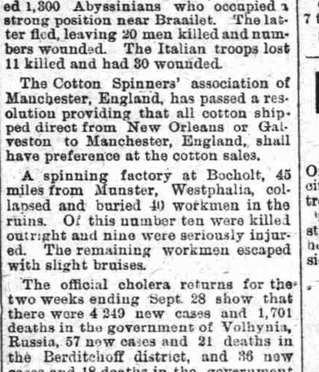
The Cotton Spinners' association of Manchester, England, has passed a resolution providing that all cotton shipped direct from New Orleans or Galveston to Manchester, England, shall have preference at the cotton sales.

A spinning factory at Bocholt, 45 miles from Munster, Westphalia, collapsed and buried 40 workmen in the ruins. Of this number ten were killed outright and nine were seriously injured. The remaining workmen escaped with slight bruises.

The official cholera returns for the two weeks ending Sept. 28 show that there were 4 249 new cases and 1,701 deaths in the government of Volhynia, Russia, 57 new cases and 21 deaths in the Berditchoff district, and 36 new cases and 18 deaths in the government of Podolia.

The Republican organ at Winston gave the Populist "snap" away. That paper says that Chairman A. E. Holton correctly expresses in his letter to Congressman Settle the views of the North Carolina Republicans. Holton favors fusion on State and county matters but not on national issues. The Republican organ says: "Action now would be embarrassing and unwise. The Populists are not agitating the fusion question now. The disintegration of the Democratic party occupies the Populists' attention. The work they are doing on this line seems more important to both the Populists and Republicans than the discussion of fusion on the electoral ticket."

The North Wilkesboro News is our authority that there have been 63 murders in Ashe county and never a hanging.



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Sept. 20.'94.—1y.

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