Coining of Silver.

The common impression that the government is coining no silver is a mistake. The coinage of silver is still continued, although by the repeal of the purchasing clause of the Sherman act no bullion is now purchased by the government for use in coinage, there being on hand November 1, 1893, the enormous stock of 140,699,852.67 ounces.

The first thing the women will do when they get into power will be to erect a law compelling a man to love only one woman at a time.

Her Dread of Fire.

An English exchange says that Sarah Bernhardt has always had a morbid dread of fire, and that this has led her to direct that all her stage dresses shall be made of fireproof material.

It is reported that a society has been formed in the East composed exclusively of college men, whose object is to secure laws providing for the electrocution of idiots, lunatics, deformed children and old people. It is to be hoped that the ignorant will not take this society as an evidence of what college usually does for young men.

A Moor's Madness.

Si Mohammed ben Moussa, the giant Moor, sent as the chief of the Moroccan Mission to Queen Victoria's jubilee, never reached London, having gone mad in Paris on his way there, and then having been sent home. His madness took a very queer form. He thought he was Montjarret, the chief equerry who precedes the President of the French Republic on state occasions, and insisted on being dressed in livery, with riding breeches and high boots.

Animals and the Weather.

Many naturalists insist that animals have a special sense which enables them to foresee approaching changes in the weather and conduct themselves accordingly. Hens, ducks and geese are well known to make preparations for hours and hours before the change is apparent to human beings these creatures may be seen oiling and dressing their plumage. Pigs frequently prepare a shelter for themselves before a storm; a pig carrying a mouthful of straw is to the farmer a sure sign of rain. Dogs and horses exhibit unusual lassitude before rain, and the cat washing her face is, among housewives, a certain sign. The croaking of the "rain crow" is considered, in the country districts, as an indication of bad weather, while even ants and bees, when rain is approaching, seek their homes, the former retiring to their holes and closing the entrance, while the latter hurry to their hives as though conscious that danger was in the air.

'Tis love that makes the world go round, but in the case of the negro of 101 who courted the damsel of 97 in Tennessee the little god had to be helped out with the extra inducement of a melon patch to the bride.

No Desire for Strong Drink.

Below is a private letter, which we think worth reading:

Has Haven, N. C., Sept. 6, 1897.

W. H. Osborn, Pres. Keeley Institute, Greensboro, N. C.:

Dear Sir:—It has been nearly three years since I took the Keeley Treatment at Greensboro under your skilled physician and kind attendants, and I can honestly say that I have never had the least desire for a drink of anything intoxicating since I left your Institute. I often wonder that I am so thoroughly cured. Before I went to the Institute I made resolution after resolution that I would never drink again, yet I fell.

I hear a great many people say that they want to quit drinking, and I believe they do. They are just like I was, they cannot do it without the aid of the Keeley Treatment.

I write this with the hope that it may induce some poor unfortunate to take the same step I did and you are at liberty to use it any way you think it will do good.

Respectfully your friend,
B. Q. Bailey.

Keep on Scratching.

Dig clear into the bone and the Tetter will only be the worse. There's only one way to treat an irritated, diseased skin. Soothe it. Kill the germs that cause the trouble and heal it up, sound and strong. Only one thing in the world will do this. Tetterine. It's 50 cents a box at drug stores, or postpaid for 50 cents in stamps by J. T. Shuptrine, Savannah, Ga.

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. 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.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reducing inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle.

Fits permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. $2 trial bottle and treatise free. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Piso's Cure for Consumption relieves the most obstinate coughs. Rev. D. Buchmueller, Lexington, Mo., February 24, 1894.

IMPURE BLOOD

Body Covered With Eruptions, but Hood's Has Cured.

"My body was covered with eruptions caused by impure blood. I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla and it entirely cured me. It has done so much for me that I recommend it to anyone troubled with impure blood." S. J. Turp, Maryland, N. Y.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills are the only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

S. N. U. No. 42—97.

[illegible] SOZODONT [illegible]

NORTH STATE CULLINGS.

State Auditor Says the Penitentiary Cannot be Made Self-Sustaining.

CONFEDERATE VETERANS' DAY.

McKinley Can't Attend the State Fair—An Expensive Luxury—Senator Vance's Grave Unmarked Yet.

The following circular has been issued from the office of Adjutant L. O'B. Branch Camp, No. 515, U. C. V., at Raleigh.

COMRADES—It is the desire of the North Carolina State Fair managers to make Wednesday, October 20, 1897, Confederate Veterans' Day, when the portrait of Z. B. Vance, Harry K. Burgwyn and John R. Lane, Colonels of the Twenty-Sixth Regiment North Carolina State troops in war for Southern Independence, will be formally presented to the State of North Carolina at the State Fair grounds. This work of art will be presented, on the part of friends of these gallant officers, by Mr. John Burgwyn McRae, of Jackson, N. C., and the reception speech will be made by the Hon. Walter A. Montgomery, Justice of the North Carolina Supreme Court. For the purpose of making the necessary arrangements, the matter has been placed in the hands of L. O'B. Branch Camp at Raleigh, and it has been agreed that all Confederate veterans will be admitted free to the grounds on that day, upon the following terms: Each veteran will be required to file with the Adjutant of L. O'B. Branch Camp a certificate, signed by the commander and adjutant of his home camp, certifying that the bearer is a member in full and regular standing in his camp, when a ticket of admission will be issued to the bearer. No ticket of admission will be issued without this certificate.

By order of P. E. Hines,
Commander L. O'B. Branch Camp, U. C. V.

The State Auditor furnishes President Dockery, of the State board of penitentiary directors, with a statement that during the past twenty years the penitentiary appropriations have aggregated $2,651,000, and earnings $1,-116,000, making the outlay about $79,-000 annually, while the expenses of bringing in sentenced convicts aggregated $160,000. The Auditor says that the penitentiary cannot be made self-sustaining, and that the net amount expended upon it would have built a thousand miles of macadamized road, sixteen feet wide.

An invitation was sent to President McKinley to attend the State Fair. It was signed by the Governor, the president of the State agricultural society, the president of the Raleigh chamber of commerce, the mayor and the Adjutant General. The President replies that it is impossible for him now to leave Washington.

In 1888, when Jack Boyer was Sheriff of Forsyth county, Mr. J. L. Ludlow gave him a check for taxes to the amount of $21.12. Mr. W. C. Crist, while looking through some old drawers in the court house found the check in the back part of one drawer. It had never been cashed.

As yet Senator Vance's grave in the Asheville cemetery is unmarked. Once his remains were secretly removed from the grave, but there were legal proceedings to recover them and they were returned. It is said that they have not since been molested.

The Statesville Landmark says that Engineer Kinney, who was hurt in the wreck at Harrisburg, on the Southern Railway last spring, will bring suit against the road for $20,000 damages. He has employed Mr. B. F. Long, of Statesville, to bring suit.

The State board of medical examiners is called by the State superintendent of public instruction to meet in Raleigh on the 20th, to prepare a course of reading for public school teachers, and to grade some papers of applicants for life certificates.

The Marion Messenger says that the Catawba Furniture Company will cut about 100,000 feet of lumber into furniture each month. Several carloads of odd dressers and chiffoniers are to be shipped to New York and Brooklyn within a few days.

The Lumberton Robesonian says, A. J. McNair, one of the oldest tobacco drummers in the State, gives us the exact number of tobacco barns in Robeson county to be 406, and says that the tobacco industry in the county is yet in its infancy.

The Criminal Court of Mecklenburg county is an expensive luxury, says the Observer. The records show that it has cost the county $6,393 for the three last courts, viz: December, April and June terms.

From all parts of the State comes news of an increase in the attendance at all colleges and schools. There are very few exceptions to this general good showing.

A large number of railway employees in Raleigh have made a new departure by establishing a co-operative grocery store.

The State board of agriculture's meeting during the fair to accept $2,000 worth of furniture for the museum will cost $700.

Reason for It.

"I never hear you speak of your son."

"No. There are occasionally some little matters of family history that one does not like to discuss."

"He hasn't disgraced the family name, has he?"

"No. Fortunately he had decency enough to change his name before he would consent to run for the Legislature."—Chicago Post.

Ayer's

pills stand without a rival as a reliable family medicine. They cure sick headache, biliousness, constipation, and keep the body in perfect health. In many homes no medicine is used except Dr. J. C. Ayer's

Pills.

REV. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

NOTED WASHINGTON DIVINE'S SUNDAY DISCOURSE.

The Progress of Christ—Walking the Earth Through Centuries Followed by the Eye of Faith—The Glory in Heaven When His Sacrificial Work is Ended.

TEXT: "On his head were many crowns."—Rev. xix., 12.

In watching this march of Christ we must not walk before Him or beside Him, for that would not be reverential or worshipful. So we walk behind Him. We follow Him while not yet in His teens up a Jerusalem terrace, to a building 600 feet long and 600 feet wide, and under the hovering splendor of gateways, and by a pillar crowned with a capital chiseled into the shape of flowers and leaves, and near a marble screen until a group of white-haired philosophers and theologians gather around him, and then the boy bewilders and confounds and overwhelms these scholarly septuagenarians with questions they cannot answer, and under His quick whys and whyfores, and hows and whens, they pull their white beards with embarrassment and rub their wrinkled foreheads in confusion, and putting their staffs hard down on the marble floor as they arise to go, they must feel like chiding the boldness that allows twelve years of age to ask seventy-five years of age such puzzlers.

Out of this building we follow Him into the Quarantania, the mountain of temptation, its side to this day black with robbers' dens. Look! Up the side of this mountain come all the forces of perdition to effect our Captain's capture. But although weakened by forty days and forty nights of abstinence, He hurls all Pandemonium down the rocks, suggestive of how He can hurl into helplessness all our temptations. And now we climb after Him up the tough sides of the "Mountain of Beatitudes," and on the highest pulpit of rocks, the Valley of Hattin before Him, the Lake of Galilee to the right of Him, and He preaches a sermon that yet will transform the world with its applied sentiment.

Now, we follow our Chieftain on Lake Galilee. We must keep to the beach, for our feet are not shod with the supernatural, and we remember what poor work Peter made of it when he tried to walk the water. Christ, our leader, is on the top of the tossing waves, and it is about half past three in the morning, and it is the darkest time just before daybreak. But by the flashes of lightning we see Him putting His feet on the crest of the wave, stepping from crest to crest, walking the white surf. The sailors think a ghost is striding the tempest, but He cheers them into placidity, showing Himself to be a great Christ for sailors. And He walks the Atlantic and Pacific, and Mediterranean, and Adriatic now, and if exhausted and affrighted voyagers will listen for His voice at half past three o'clock in the morning, on any sea, indeed, at any hour, they will hear His voice of compassion and encouragement.

As in December, 1889, I walked on the way from Bethany, and at the foot of Mount Olivet, a half mile from the wall of Jerusalem, through the garden of Gethsemane, and under the eight venerable olive trees now standing, their pomological ancestors having been witnesses of the occurrences spoken of, the scene of horror and crime came back to me, until I shuddered with the historical reminiscence.

In following our Chieftain's march through the centuries, I find myself in a crowd in front of Herod's palace in Jerusalem, and on a movable platform placed upon a tessellated pavement Pontius Pilate sits. And as once a year a condemned criminal is pardoned, Pilate lets the people choose whether it shall be an assassin or our Chieftain, and they all cry out for the liberation of the assassin, thus declaring they prefer a murderer to the Saviour of the world. Pilate took a basin of water in front of these people and tried to wash off the blood of this murder from his hands, but he could not. They are still lifted, and I see them looking up through all the ages red with carnage.

Still following our Chieftain, I ascend the hill which General Gordon, the great English explorer and arbiter, first made a clay model of. It is hard climbing for our Chieftain, for He has not only two heavy timbers to carry on His back, the upright and horizontal pieces of the cross, but He is suffering from exhaustion caused by lack of food, mountain chills, desert heats, whippings with clumped rods, and years of maltreatment.

Now we follow our Chieftain to the shoulder of Mount Olivet, and without wings He rises. All Heaven lifted a shout of welcome. In all the Hierarchy of celestial minds it was hard to find an anthem enough compliant to celebrate the joy, saintly, cherubic, seraphic, archangelic, deific.

But still we follow our Chieftain in His march through the centuries, for invisibly He still walks the earth, and by the eye of faith we still follow Him. I hear His tread in the sick room and in the abodes of bereavement. He marches on and the nations are gathering around Him. The islands of the sea are hearing His voice. The continents are feeling His power. America will be His! Europe will be His! Asia will be His!

One by one governments will fall into line and constitutions and literatures will adore His name. More honored and worshiped is he in this year of 1897 than at any time since [illegible], and the day hastens when all the nations will join one procession, "following the Lamb whithersoever He goeth." Marching on! Marching on!

This dear old world, whose back has been scourged, whose eyes have been blinded, whose heart has been wrung, will yet rival heaven. The planet's turn rule of pain and crime and demonia will come off, and the white and spotless and glittering robe of holiness and happiness will come on. The last wound will have ceased for the last time; the last grief will have wiped its last tear; the last criminal will have repented of his last crime, and our world that has been a straggler among worlds—a lost star, a wayward planet, a rebellious globe, a miscreant satellite—will hear the voice that uttered childish plaint in Bethlehem, and agonized prayer in Gethsemane, and dying groan on Golgotha, and as this voice cries, "Come," our world will return from its wandering never again to stray. Marching on! Marching on!

THOUGHT AND ACTION.

A Sermon Preached in Chicago by Rev. John McNeill, of Edinburgh, Scotland.

TEXT: "I thought on my ways and turned my feet unto Thy testimonies. I made haste and delayed not to keep Thy commandments."—Psalm cxix., 59, 60.

This is the Old Testament story of the prodigal son. What you have in the New Testament, set forth in wondrous detail by our Lord in His inimitable story, you have condensed into this brief epitome of the experience of the man who wrote the Psalm. There, as here, you have the history of a man who once lived, and of whom it is implied here and expressed there, that he wandered on the wrong track, that he came to the end of that—he came to himself, he wandered back again, and brought himself into all temporal and eternal blessing by his return.

It is just, I sometimes think, what one might have expected to be seen on the headstone of the prodigal son after he died and was buried. We hope he lived long and did well, and that in the end of the day he redeemed the follies and disasters of the early part; then, at last, filled with years and honors, he lay down and died and was buried. "Devout men carried him to his burial, and made lamentations over him," and we will suppose that, as they do in this country, they put up a headstone and inscription. If so, I should think of an inscription more suitable than our present text: "Here lies a man who thought on his ways, and turned his feet to God's testimonies, and made haste and delayed not to keep His Commandments."

It is—to change the figure—an entry in the spiritual diary of the man who wrote the Psalm. It is one of those little autobiographical bits that are one of the elements which give to the Psalms their perennial interest. So here you have a little autobiographical bit—one of those things which keep the Psalms in a state of great freshness for all our hearts.

I wonder if we keep a diary? If there is anything that men want to remember, it is that God is writing our diary. Listen to the scratching of the pen behind the arras! Has God had occasion, do you think, to enter into the diary of your spiritual history such an entry as we find here, by His grace, in the diary of the man who wrote the Psalms? I want to get at the root of the idea of experimental religion. It is time the entry was in, for there are black and shameful entries opposite your name and "hypnotised;" it is not any of these things. You never put your intellect to a higher use than when you turned its powers upon your own ways, enlightened by the surest guide, the word of God. I rather fear that many people think that, while you need to take your intellect with you when you go to hear a lecture on philosophy, or on science, you can bring your addled head when you come to hear the Gospel. Get rid of that idea. Bring your best brains with you when you come to hear God's word. "I thought on my ways;" that is the beginning of all experimental religion, and that is the only thing; because it begins there, therefore, conversions are so uncommon among us.

"I thought," that is the beginning: to think for ourselves. Do not let me do your thinking for you. No, nor it is not "I thought on my own sermon," but "I thought on my ways." In God's providence I may be a great help to you, or I may not be, but the thing has to be done by yourselves. It is your own soul that is the issue at stake, and the thinking that will save it must be done by that soul's powers themselves.

"I thought on my ways"—a man who thought for himself, that was the beginning with him of all his blessings. Are you doing it? For there is an essential thoughtlessness in all our hearts, naturally, as regards the gospel. You will get men who sit under the best preaching intellectually, and from the point of view of interest and of power to awaken the heart and the conscience and emotions, and they sit, and they sit, and they grow white, and they grow old, and they die, and leave no sign that ever once they were awakened up to think for themselves about their eternal drift and destiny.

Secondly, he tells us he thought about himself. He ceased to think about other people, and fastened his gaze upon his own soul; he communed with his own spirit; he talked to his own heart upon his bed, did this man who wrote the Psalms. To ourselves we ought to be in every sense of the term interesting creatures. And this text helps the preacher. It relieves him of a great responsibility that ought never to be put on him. I do not know your ways; you are a deep mystery to me. You do not know my ways. I can only see the surface current, and the winds that blow and curl and crisp the water on the top of it, but of those deep, strong undercurrents that flow through what can I know? Think of your own ways, save your own soul. Do not expect me to work miracles. I don't know your ways; I don't know the secrets that lie within your ken. If I did, God knows I would use them. God knows I would preach them to you; I would spread them out before you till your heart stood still with this thought: "God Almighty must have told that man all my ways." Your own ways!

Two or three channels into which we may run our independent thinking: Who am I? Where am I? Where am I going? All that is covered by the expression, "thinking of one's ways." Who am I? The Bible and my own conscience give the only and the sure answer to that question. What is man? Ask philosophy; ask science, and, to their infinite shame, they are not quite sure whether we are gradually developed, not yet perfectly developed monkeys—or donkeys, maybe—they don't know which, nor whether we are going up or back. They have not made up their minds yet.

Who am I? A "germ," a "protoplasm." What pitiful answers these men give. I know there is some good in them, but you have put them in a corner when you ask them to give a plain answer to a plain man on a plain and desperately, intensely personal question, "What is man?" Who am I? God's Word says—my own conscience rings responsive to it—I am an immortal soul. God breathed into our nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul. There is in us a spark of God's own kindling, and God shall die the day I die. That is to say I shall never die—never, never. My body goes down, but my body is not I any more than my coat is I. I can do without one, I can do without the other. The old heathen poet was far ahead of some of these modern ones when he said, "Non omnis moriar" (I shall not all die).

I admire the bold spirit of that infidel who said, "Whether in heaven or hell, he felt he was everlasting." That is the essential soul of a man speaking out for its author God, and declaring its indestructible nature. That is who we are—immortal souls. Think of it. Born never, never, never to go out of the conscious existence. You know what Christ said about one unturned sinner. The only thing Christ could think of was, "Good had it been for that man had he never been born." A good, alas! that could never, never come his way, for he had been born.

Then where am I? On the most uncertain footing you can possibly imagine. A little while ago a wave out of the past eternity cast up like drift wood here on the shores of time, and a little while hence a wave from the eternity that is coming will sweep and carry us back with itself into the eternity that is to be. Landed here for a while on this narrow neck of land, between the two great seas, the eternity out of which we came, and the eternity to which soon we are going. Here to-day, and gone to-morrow.

Upon Clydeside, where I come from, one afternoon on a busy working day, upward of a hundred men on board a ship newly launched—upward of a hundred carpenters with their tools in their hands—suddenly went through into eternity. Continually, by terrible things in righteousness, God is doing His best to sober us. "Oh, man, prepare for eternity!" said an ancient. "Turn to God the day before you die." His disciples said to Him: "Master, we do not know the day of our death." "Therefore," He said, "turn to-day."

And another thought, another channel in which we can run the current of our independent thinking, not only who am I? and where am I? but where am I going? And the Bible tells us more than the vague word eternity. The Bible tells us where we are going. The Bible distinctly gives the destination of every soul hearing me to-day, the preacher included with the audience. We must all appear—put in an appearance before the judgment seat of Christ. Think of it, man, there in the gallery, and woman down there. Individual souls all over the place, you and I must take our turn, we are to drift across the blinding blaze of light that streams from the judgment seat of Christ. We must, like specks in the sun, take our turn of appearing in front of the judgment seat of Christ, to be interpenetrated, to be shot through and through with that piercing light that will discover everything. In that fierce light every black speck will shine out with horrible distinctness, you may be sure. Then the eternal doom! We are going to meet Jesus, and yet, while I speak, the hearts of some of you cringe with fear or turn away with aversion. You do not like Jesus.

Notice further, that our text describes a practical thinker. He turned his feet. After all, perhaps, thinking is not so uncommon. But practical thinking is very rare, and it is the measure of progress of the kingdom of God amongst us. You are, some of you, concerned about your souls, your presence here is a proof of that. Perhaps that is what brings you here. You would fain go away and cannot. It is this: Your soul is in the wrong way, and is wanting to be put right for eternity. That is what brought you. Now this is what you have to do next—decide for Christ. There is a turning point, and the turning point is now. The turning point is the Lord Jesus Christ lifted up in the preaching of the Gospel. Turn with Him, turn at Him, in your thoughts, in your purposes, in your plans, in your opinion of Him. Believe in Him and your soul is turned.

When you have had the common sense to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, from that moment your ways are changed and your destiny determined by the Blessed One. I think I have used this illustration before: How, when we took our Sabbath-school children into the country, and the little ones ran races, I went away down the field and became the turning point. I cried back to the intending runners that they were to run to me, I was the turning point, and they were to turn round and go back again to the goal. Well, so Jesus is the turning point in your life. Oh! I wish I could fill the church with Him, and make it impossible for you to move out of this place without saying to Him, "Yes, Lord," or "No, Lord."

That is what I am trying to do—so to fill your souls with the image of Him, and the idea of Him, and the presence of your Saviour, a really human being, and yet God—having a name like you, a being like you, and a personality as you have; not a mere myth or a phantom, but Christ Jesus, who lives, who loves, who wept, who died, who rose, who is coming again.

mine to a great extent, and it will need every entry which will avail to redeem the record. That which I have named is the only entry that will save it from being a damning indictment against us in the day when the judgment is set and the books are opened. The diaries will be brought out, and our eternal state will be fixed by the record of our diary that God, with impartial pen, has kept. That will be reading for some of us! This will redeem it—this red-letter entry—only this: "I thought on my ways, and turned my feet to Thy testimonies. I made haste and delayed not to keep Thy Commandments."

Do not let anyone turn away, saying: "I am not included, for I have not wandered; I am not a prodigal." All we, like sheep, have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way." Some of us go blundering on through the mud and mire of drunkenness, swearing, licentiousness and open sinning; that is one way to the far country. Some of us go along the macadamized road of self-righteousness and church-going, and sermon-hearing; that is one way to the same outer darkness and the same far country. "I thought on my ways." The beginning lies there. Now, I speak to people who pride themselves, I have no doubt, that they are thinkers, and they pride themselves that dust is not to be thrown in their eyes, and they examine what is set before them." A preacher of the Gospel asks for nothing better than that. "I speak unto wise men; judge ye what I say, to the law and to the testimony."

"I thought on my ways." The beginning lies in serious thoughtfulness. Religion is not magic, it is miracle; but it is not jugglery, it is not witchcraft, it is not being

Every one believes he does not "get the credit" he deserves.

THE BANK TOOK HIS CASH.

Farmer Has to Use Gun to Pay Off a Mortgage.

A Wichita, Kan., dispatch says: Frederick Brown, a farmer went to the Farmers and Merchants' National Bank at Eldorado and told the cashier he wanted to pay off a $1,500 mortgage which drew 9 per cent. interest and was not due until February. The bank cannot loan money at 9 per cent. now and the cashier refused the payment. Meantime Brown had deposited $1,500 in gold on the counter. "We cannot accept payment before this mortgage is due," said the cashier as he pushed the money back.

Brown had brought along a revolver for fear of being held up on the road, and he pointed the weapon at the cashier and said; "Give up that mortgage."

The cashier complied and took the money, while Brown started home with his paper.

A NINE MILLION BALE CROP.

The Dry Goods Record Makes an Estimate—A Good Guesser in the Past.

The Daily Dry Goods Record, of New York, says: Working on these lines by which such close estimates to the actual cotton crop of the last two years were obtained, the figures just now obtained indicate a crop for 1897-'98, which varies from 8,953,788 bales to 9,371,532 bales, of 500 pounds each.

For the last crop, or 1896-'97, our estimate was 8,722,901 bales against 8,-814,011 bales as the actual returns while the estimate for the previous year, or 1895-'96, was 7,142,000 bales, compared with 7,162,473 bales. The closeness of these estimates to the actual returns stamped them with the imprint of correctness and for the current crop year our estimate is submitted with a degree of confidence, that barring unexpected happenings, the yield for 1897-'98 will not exceed the maximum figures of 9,371,532 bales of 500 pounds each.

The National Sanitary Association.

The National Sanitary Association met in Nashville, Tenn. Dr. F. O. Young, of Lexington, Ky., the president, presiding. Papers by Dr. Chas. S. Benedict, health officer of New York city; Dr. Thomas C. Craig, of Brooklyn, and Price Young were discussed. The association elected the following officers: President, Chas. E. Benedict; vice president, Dr. E. A. Wilson, of Meriden, Conn.; secretary and treasurer. Dr. Thos. E. Veal, of Atlanta, Ga. New York city was selected as the next place of meeting.

Negro Shoots Whitecappers.

A special to the Louisville, (Ky.,) Evening Post from Milan, Tenn., says: Whitecappers attacked the home of Dot Price, a negro living near this place, and fired into his house. He returned the fire, killing Wm. Sires, a white man, and fatally wounding four others. The negro was shot through the arm. Intense excitement prevails and a race war is expected as a finale to the trouble.

Salt Water Taken the Place of Fresh.

The Wilmington (N. C.) Messenger says that all the saw mills and steam plants on the river as far up as Hilton, and even the waterworks plant, are having no end of trouble with their boilers on account of salt water in the river. The river is lower than it has been for years, and the salt water of the ocean has come up and taken the place of the fresh water.

Wants Missionaries Withdrawn.

A dispatch to the London Daily Chronicle from Constantinople says: The Sultan is making strenuous efforts to obtain the withdrawal of the American missionaries from the interior of Asia Minor. If his efforts should be successful, the policy of exterminating the Armenians could be accomplished without European witnesses.

Republicans Put Up a Kick.

"A Negro Voter" in a card to the Charlotte, (N. C.,) Observer says the colored Republicans of that city will put up a kick to the confirmation of J. W. Mullen as postmaster for Charlotte. They will send a delegation to Washington on the assembling of Congress and fight the appointment.

Leaves Nearly a Million.

A special from Columbia, S. C., says: Ex-Senator Robertson died in that city on the 13th. He was Senator from South Carolina under the reconstruction regime and was succeeded by Mr. Butler. Mr. Robertson had been paralyzed for years. His estate is estimated to be worth nearly a million dollars.

Slugged to Death.

In New Orleans, La., Jack Cummings and Walter Griffin, local prize fighters, sparred for the benefit of yellow fever sufferers. At the fifteenth round Griffin hit Cummings a hard punch, and he sank to the floor and was removed to a hospital, where he died from the effects of the blow.

The Jury Could Not Agree.

At Glenville, W. Va., in the case of Mrs. Governor Atkinson, on trial for forgery of her former husband's name, the jury could not agree and they were discharged. Seven were for acquittal and five for conviction. A nolle prosequi may be entered at the next term.

Foreign News.

The Budget Committee of the French Chamber of Deputies has voted to increase the standing army by 12,000 men.

The National Council of Switzerland has adopted a bill making the insurance of poor persons against sickness compulsory.

The British Amalgamated Society of Engineers doubts that there will be a general strike of such proportions as is reported.

A Cow With a Wooden Leg.

Director-General E. C. Lewis, of the Tennessee Centennial, who owns a farm at Sycamore, Tenn., had a very valuable Jersey cow that in some way or other broke her left hind leg. Because of certain feelings of sentiment, he was very loath to shoot her if it could possibly be avoided.

Major Lewis called in a surgeon and had the leg amputated, and then a carpenter carefully fitted a wooden leg to the stump. It healed readily, and in a very short time the cow could get around as well as any animal on the place.

Peggy lived for several years after losing her leg and died only a month ago. She would, when things did not go just right, stand on her three good legs and kick everything within reach with her artificial member.

A Just Claim.

"Miss Grabbs declares her girl friends can't deny that her attachment to that gentleman with a title was a case of love at first sight."

"That's very true," replied Miss Cayenne. "She saw him first."—Washington Star.

Pioneering.

It is quite the custom to speak of the whites who were the first to go among the Indian tribes of the West as "pioneers of civilization." The "civilization" was not always of a perfectly civil order. The officials and traders of the old Hudson Bay Company used to claim credit for this rough pioneering. If we may judge from the records of the company, their work was thorough in its way, but the way was a hard one. Some entries in the account-books of the company, made more than a hundred years ago, will show how the civilizing was being done.

"Dec. 31, 1795. Served out a quart of rum per man; the evening spent in innocent mirth and jollity.

"Jan. 1, 1796. All the Indians drunk about the place; great trouble in keeping order."

Two entries of an earlier date, and from a station still farther north, show what were the amenities of intercourse between the "civilized" and savage races when questions of right and justice were in the way of settlement. The first entry reads:

"The Company's cook, a lad of 16, having been carried off by the Esquimaux, three out of a party of six passing Esquimaux were seized as hostages until the return of the boy."

Five years later another brief entry shows how this transaction was finally closed:

"Had a row with the three Esquimaux detained. They were shot, and their ears pickled in rum and sent on to their tribe, to show them what had happened."

A Massachusetts man who left home a few days ago to walk to the Klondike says he "proposes to take along a pair of snowshoes." He'd better also take along a pair of wooden legs.

BICYCLING IN DAKOTA.

Exciting Experience with Inquisitive Steers.

While in South Dakota last summer a book agent had occasion to cross one of the great cattle range districts. He was making the trip on a bicycle and up to this time the journey had been very enjoyable. Now, however, he was destined to meet with trials and tribulations that would be worth telling to his unborn grandchildren. He knew nothing of these untamed range cattle, and, alas, the cattle were equally as ignorant of scorching bicycles.

According to our correspondent, a veracious chronicler of South Dakota happenings—the agent was making good time and lifting a free and easy soul to heaven, without a single fear of the browsing herds upon the rolling plains, when all at once the proverbial change came over the spirit of his dreams. One of the steers, more curious and observant than the others, spied the strange-looking vehicle, and was tempted to follow it. By and by other cattle joined in the chase, and then the entire herd became interested.

The agent began to grow nervous and increased his speed, but this only whetted the curiosity of the cattle and they pounded along after him at a rate that was incredible to the agent.

The situation grew decidedly alarming. The mild inquisitiveness of the steers had changed to anger, and [illegible] were going to run that peculiar specimen of cowboy down if it took all summer. Fortunately for the agent, the cowboys on the range saw the peril, rode to his rescue, and succeeded in diverting the cattle from the hapless rider. It is probable that he will not care to canvass in that part of the country any more—not on his bicycle.—Northwest Magazine.

Eskimo Bows and Arrows.

As every one knows, the Eskimo, with very few exceptions, inhabit a region which is perfectly treeless, or, at any rate, where nothing grows but pines and spruces, whose soft [illegible] wood is entirely useless for making bows. They have overcome the difficulty very effectively by [illegible] along the back of the bow [illegible] cords of reindeer sinew in such a way that each cord is stretched when the bowstring is released. As far as we know, no other race of savages makes use of this ingenious contrivance. Some tribes of Indians are in the habit of stiffening their bows by "backing" them with strips of sinew glued on, but the Eskimo backing is made of cords and tied on. As old Master Frobisher, the first Englishman who ever saw the Eskimos (in 1577), tells us, "Their bowes are of wood of a yard long, sinewed on the back with strong sinewes, not glued too, but fast girded and tyed on."

In some regions the Eskimos, when first visited by white men, were still using bows with a very simple backing, merely twenty or thirty strands of twine running from one end of the bow to the other, twisted together [illegible] from the middle and tied close to the bow in two or three places. Mr. [illegible] at Point Barrow and along the adjacent coast, however, [illegible] improving the bow until it was the best made by Eskimos anywhere.—Appleton'sPopular Science Monthly.

As the cry in 1859 was "Pike's Peak or bust," so now the [illegible] are yelling, "Ho, for the Klondike." The rush of the enthusiasts [illegible] the vessels at the Pacific [illegible] are not able to accommodate the crowds desiring to take passage. Some men even propose to make [illegible] journey to Sitka on foot. It is likely that they will actually [illegible] journey, or if they do that they will be heard of again. A St. Louis man proposes to go to the diggings in a balloon, and he is not less wise than many who are starting for the gold fields by other means. Hundreds of those who are going to the Klondyke region are totally unfitted for life under the circumstances they will encounter there. The hardships there are intolerable [illegible] and the chances of fortune [illegible] against the "tenderfoot."

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This disorder finds its direct cause in some derangement in the liver and its closely allied glands. The bile, instead of passing out through the bowels, has been obstructed, and finding no outlet through its normal channels, has accumulated and been taken up by the absorbents and distributed over the system, poisoning the blood and disturbing all the functions of the body. In the treatment of this disease, Dr. M. A. Simmons Liver Medicine should be taken night and morning until the complexion becomes clear.

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NORTHBOUND. 2nd. Class. 35 Tues. Thurs. Sat.	1st. Class. 33 Daily Ex. Sun.	EASTERN TIME.	SOUTHBOUND. 1st. Class. 32 Daily Ex. Sun.	2nd. Class. 34 Mon. Wed. Fri.
a. m.	p. m.		p. m.	a. m.
9 00	2 00	Camden	[illegible]	[illegible]
9 30	2 20	DeKalb	[illegible]	[illegible]
9 45	2 32	Westville	[illegible]	5 55
11 10	2 45	Kershaw	[illegible]	5 30
11 50	3 00	Heath Springs	[illegible]	4 35
11 55	3 05	Pleasant Hill	[illegible]	4 25
12 40	3 25	Lancaster	[illegible]	[illegible]
1 05	3 40	Riverside	[illegible]	[illegible]
1 29	3 50	Springdell	[illegible]	[illegible]
2 00	4 00	Catawba Junction	[illegible]	[illegible]
2 10	4 10	Leslie	[illegible]	[illegible]
4 40	4 30	Rock Hill	[illegible]	[illegible]
5 00	4 45	Newport	[illegible]	[illegible]
5 20	4 50	Tirzah	[illegible]	[illegible]
6 00	5 05	Yorkville	[illegible]	[illegible]
6 20	5 20	Sharon	[illegible]	[illegible]
6 40	5 40	Hickory Grove	[illegible]	9 23
6 55	5 50	Smyrna	[illegible]	[illegible]
7 30	6 20	Blacksburg	[illegible]	[illegible]
p. m.	6 35	Earls	[illegible]	a. m.
.....	6 40	Patterson Springs	7 42	
....	6 50	Shelby	[illegible]	
.....	p. m.	Lattimore	a. m.	
6 55	5 50	Smyrna	[illegible]	[illegible]

11 2nd. Class Daily Ex Sun.	EASTERN TIME.	12 2nd. Class Daily Ex Sun.
a. m.		p. m.
8 10	Blacksburg	[illegible]
8 30	Earls	[illegible]
8 40	Patterson Springs	[illegible]
9 10	Shelby	[illegible]
9 40	Lattimore	[illegible]
9 50	Mooresboro	[illegible]
10 00	Henrietta	[illegible]
10 20	Forest City	[illegible]
10 50	Rutherfordton	6 20
11 05	Millwood	6 00
11 25	Golden Valley	[illegible]
11 35	Thermal City	[illegible]
12 00	Glenwood	5 05
12 20	Marion	[illegible]
p. m.		p. m.

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