

G. K. GRANTHAM, Editor

Render Unto Caesar the Things that are Caesar's, Unto God, God's.

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THE GREAT MOSQUE.

MECCA'S SANCTUARY FOR MOHAMMED'S FOLLOWERS.

The Court Will Contain 35,000 People. It is Frequented by Worshippers Day and Night.

The mosque has been so often destroyed and rebuilt and repaired that it contains few traces of remote antiquity. The structure as it stands was mostly built in the seventeenth century, but repairs have been made down to our day. As its object was simply to enclose the Kaaba, the size of the court has been enlarged in the successive rebuildings. The mosque has nineteen gates, placed at irregular distances, but as some of the gates have three arches, the number of entrances is thirty-nine. The principal of these are the Bab-el-Salam (gate of peace), by which every pilgrim makes the first entrance; Bab-el-Naby, by which Mohammed used to enter, and through which the bodies of the dead are carried that prayers may be said over them, and the Bab-el-Omra, through which it is necessary to pass in order to pray before performing the rite of Omra, or the Little Pilgrimage, to a hill place three miles outside the city. As these gates have no doors, the mosque is open at all times. The exterior is shared with seven minarets of the common Moslem style. The entrances to these are from the houses, which touch the mosque on all sides, and from some of these houses windows are opened in the wall of enclosure so that pilgrims holding in them can pray at home in light of the Kaaba. It is said that the court of the mosque will hold 35,000 people, but it is never full, even in the time of the Hadj, and a belief is current that it never could be filled by any number of pilgrims—either the worshippers would be individually diminished in size or the court would be miraculously enlarged for the occasion. The mosque is never deserted, and day and night presents scenes of animation and picturesque interest. Through its open gates citizens, burden-bearers, and traffickers constantly pass from one part of the city to the other. At sunset, one of the hours of prayer, when great numbers assemble, spread their carpets, and perform their devotions, the sight of 7,000 persons kneeling in the same place, in the same attitude, is a sight inspiring. Later, when the lamps are lighted, the devotees, rank outside of rank circling round the Kaaba, racing, crowding, ejaculating, the metewels loudly reciting the prayers, idlers clamoring and chaffing, and boys running hither and thither and shouting, give the court the appearance of a place of amusement. Every hour of the day people are seen under the colonnades reading the Koran. Indians and negroes spread their mats and pass the whole period of their Mecca visit there, being allowed to bathe, eat, and sleep, but not to cook in the court. Men come there to lounge in the cool shade at noon and to talk business. Poor Hadjis, diseased and deformed, lie about among the pillars in the midst of their miserable baggage. Public schools are held for young children. Learned men deliver lectures; ulamas recite the Koran. At the gates sit scribes with inkstands and paper for writing letters and contracts, and producing amulets and love charms. Winding sheets (for many Hadjis buy at Mecca the shrouds in which they wish to be buried) and other linen washed in the holy well Zem-zem hang drying between the pillars. In the square are many small stone basins filled with water for the use of the pigeons which gather there, and by these basins Arab public women sit in order to exhibit themselves and make appointments with visitors, and for a pretence sell corn to feed the birds. Burckhardt says that the holy Kaaba is often the scene of indecencies practised with impunity, and calling forth usually only a laugh from the spectators. At the end of the Hadj the mosque presents a sad appearance: the fatigues of the pilgrimage, the unhealthy lodgings, the bad water and food, cause great mortality, and the court is filled with the bodies of the dead and those in the last stages of emaciation who are borne there in order to be sprinkled, when dying, with the waters of Zem-zem.—Harper's Magazine.

THANKSGIVING.

With quickened heart and with bended head  
Bless the bounty that never ends,  
The great, sweet gifts of life it sends,  
Hope to the living and rest to the dead;  
For the boundless wealth of good it spends  
Be thanksgiving sung and said,  
And most for the blessing of home and friends.

The pale years wane and falter,  
And melt away like snow,  
But on its holy altar  
Love's fires unchanging glow;  
To dear, familiar places,  
Lured by its gentle light,  
Come back the dead, dead faces  
Out of the awful night.

Beside it, on Thanksgiving,  
The kindly feast is spread,  
And old, lost hopes are living,  
And old, fond words are said;  
Said by the long-stilled voices,  
Heard by the hearted alone,  
And memory rejoices  
In the sweet undertone.

Though years the head may whiten,  
The heart shall not grow gray;  
Young thoughts that thrill and brighten  
Possess the smiling day,  
To all our best and dearest  
A loving cup we fill,  
To friends that are the nearest,  
To love Time cannot kill.

The heart's delight, and the feast is spread,  
Blest be the love that never ends,  
For the hope of the living, the rest of the dead,  
Be thanksgiving sung and said,  
And most for the gift of home and friends.  
—New York Sun.

A Thanksgiving Surprise.

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.

It was the close of a brief autumn day; the last level beams of the sunset-tinted sun were peeping through the plate-glass casements of the great Eighth-avenue store, and Kitty Kasson, tortured with a splitting headache and wearied with the incessant buzz of questioning voices, pressed both hands over her forehead and asked herself:

"Will six o'clock never come? Will these people never go!"

The floor superintendent came up. "Miss Kasson," said he sharply, "what ails you to-day? I have heard more than one complaint. Is it simple inattention? or don't you care whether you retain your position here or not?"

Kitty looked piteously up. "My head aches so!" said she. "But I didn't know. What can I do, please?"

"Here's a lady asking for mode-colored gloves, and you've taken out the box of blacks," said Mr. Irwin, impatiently. "Really this won't do!"

"Kitty murmured a word or two of apology, substituted the mode-colored for the blacks, and set herself to be as attentive as possible.

Headache or no headache, it behooved her to give satisfaction. She had not only herself to support, but the ailing mother, whose board she paid at a cousin's farmhouse in the Connecticut Valley. To her every dollar meant its full worth, and when she saw gull customers of her own age scattering the contents of their purses with reckless disregard, she could but wonder.

But when the crowd of shoppers had ebbed and flowed itself away, and the much-bumtled and becrumpled stock was replaced in boxes and on shelves, and the girls were departing, Kitty came to Mr. Irwin's desk.

"Well?" he said impatiently, biting the handle of his pen, as he glanced up from the big book before him.

"Mr. Irwin," faltered Kitty, "I haven't had any vacation this year. Can I have a week at Thanksgiving?"

Mr. Irwin frowned. "You had the chance in August," said he. "No, we can't spare you at Thanksgiving, Miss Kasson. Three of the girls in your department have been ahead of you in securing that time, and, as you must know, we are extra busy at this time of year."

"I couldn't go in August," said Kitty. She did not like to tell the superintendent that she had lent her salary for the month of August to poor Mary Sinclair, to pay for a sea-coast trip for her consumptive sister, that the sister had died at Ocean Beach, and that Mary Sinclair had never been able to repay the indebtedness.

How true it is that "it is the poor who are good to the poor!" "Couldn't I possibly—?" "No, you couldn't!" said Mr. Irwin, and turned to his big books as if the case were closed.

Kitty Kasson went quietly home to the solitary half-bedroom that she shared with a hollow-eyed stitchee in a corset factory, whose cough kept her awake half the night. They made themselves a cup of fabulously weak tea, and nibbled at bread and butter, with a pan of clams, which

Miss Skerrett had cooked over a neighbor's stove, to give some relish to it.

They sat with shawls around them, and left the door into the hall open, in hopes that some current of warmth from the down stairs rooms might set their way.

"Oh, here's a letter for you, which I'd nearly forgotten!" said Miss Skerrett. "It got slipped under the bread plate."

Kitty opened it and read it eagerly. Then her head dropped on her hands; she burst into tears.

"No bad news, I hope!" said Miss Skerrett, who was mending the worsted gloves which had so often been mended before.

"No," said Kitty. "Nothing but what I might have expected. The old home is sold—to somebody from the West!"

"But it hasn't been really yours for a long while, has it?" said Miss Skerrett.

"Well, no!" Kitty admitted. "But as long as Squire Taft owned it, there was some chance of our buying it back. When I first came to New York, you know, Sarah, I was sure I could sell the novel I had written, and rebuild the family fortunes. I fancied it was only a matter of a year or two. Now I know what nonsense it was. No matter. I'm young, and tolerably strong. But it'll come hard on mother—poor mother!—who has kept hoping all her lifetime for things that never came. I've got to write to her, now, that I can't be at home for Thanksgiving. They won't spare me!"

Miss Skerrett shrugged her thin shoulders. "Well," said she, "what you haven't got you can't miss. I never had a Thanksgiving!"

Kitty did not answer. She was thinking of the red November sun, the aromatic scent of dead leaves, the sound of church bells chiming across the frosty fields, the smell of burning beech logs on the old stone hearth.

And all that night long, when poor Miss Skerrett slept and coughed by turns, Kitty Kasson lay awake and thought about Thanksgiving.

She was unusually quiet and dejected the next day.

Mr. Irwin frowned a little. "We want our girls to be spry and smiling," said he. "The customers don't like to see a death's-head-and-bones behind the counter!"

So Kitty tried to look cheerful, while all the time she was asking herself: "How could Abram Taft break his promise to me? How could he let his father sell the old home, when he told me I should have the refusal of it? Of course, I couldn't buy it; but the blow wouldn't have come so sudden if I had known beforehand."

Miss Skerrett was full of a new plan when Kitty came home that night.

"Kitty," said she, "you felt bad about losing your Thanksgiving. Let's have a little one of our own. A chicken won't cost much—poultry is always cheap if you wait until the night before Thanksgiving. And Mrs. Daley will let us cook it in her oven, and we could have a few roast chestnuts and two red apples, and a cranberry tart from the baker's. It won't cost so much if we join together."

"Stop!" cried Kitty. "Here's the old home. Stop, Abram, and let me have one look at it. And there are lights in the window! Look, Sarah—there's the window where I used to peep out winter nights and watch for Santa Claus's coming. There's the big flat stone where we used to play jack-straws, and the apple tree, where the red gills-flowers grew. And, oh, Sarah, am I dreaming? There's mother coming out to the gate to meet me, just as she always did. Drive on, Abram! I—I think my brain must be going."

"I guess we won't drive on," said Abram Taft, alighting and deliberately tying the sorrel horse to the post.

"Your brain's all right, Kitty. It is your mother; and you be comin' home again, just like you always did. The house's your mother's, Kitty; I decided it for her, I bought it of father with the profits I made in that Western ranch affair. I never felt quite satisfied about that foreclosure business, and this is what I call restitution money."

"But," cried Kitty, "the old furniture—the dear, tall clock and the high-topped chairs—"

"I managed all that," said Abram, simply. "I sort o' planned to have it all dovetailed in by Thanksgiving Day. You see, Kitty, I know right well you don't love me; but, for all that, no one can stop me from loving you and working to make you happy. I couldn't no-how stand the idea of your bein' shut up in that big city store like a bird in a cage. Go on, Kitty. Don't you see your mother waitin' for you?"

"But—but you'll come and spend Thanksgiving Day with us to-morrow, Abram?" faltered Kitty, still lingering under the lilac bushes, although her hand was tightly clasped in her mother's.

"Oh! but you must!" said Miss Skerrett.

"What will Mr. Irwin say?" "What he pleases. Oh, Kitty, we are such slaves all our life long, do let us have one free moment, and risk the consequences!"

The dimples came into Kitty's cheeks. "We will!" said she.

It was a stormy sunset that brooded, in its red magnificence, over the valley that night; but Thanksgiving is one of the few things that stormy weather cannot spoil; and as Kitty and Miss Skerrett stepped of the train, a gust of sweet-scented air came up from the pine glens, the leaves rustled under foot, and the red barns in the distance seemed as if it were but yesterday that she had left them.

Mrs. Copley was at the station, rubicund and short-breathed as ever.

"There's a waggin' back o' the freight-house," said she. "Wait a spell, girls, till the train's gone by. The boss, he's skeery of the cars."

"But what do we want of a wagon?" said Kitty. "It isn't a quarter of a mile to your house, Cousin Deb."

"We ain't a-going there!" said Mrs. Copley. "Your ma, she's moved."

"Moved! Oh, Deb, I know I haven't been able to be very regular in the payments of late," said Kitty, a sudden suffocation coming into her throat, "but surely—surely you haven't let them take her to the town house?"

"Wal, I guess not!" said Mrs. Copley. "Get into the waggin. You'll see!"

Abram Taft was driving. Kitty viewed him sternly, scarcely returning his nod.

"You are not vexed with me, Kitty?" said he.

"You have broken your word," said she in a low voice, while Mrs. Copley pointed out the various places of interest to Sarah Skerrett. "You did it out of spite, because—because I wouldn't marry you."

"I may be a pretty mean man, Kitty," said he, "but I ain't as mean as all that. Get up, Bonny," with a lash across the old red horse's fat back.

And they drove along in silence until—

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"Do you want me to, Kitty?" "Yes, I do." "Then I'll come!" Back to the old hearth ran Kitty. The familiar cricket still chirped between its stones; the kettle sang the same sleepy tune over the fire.

The oven and set the steaming teapot further back on the stove.

"There's only one way, daughter, that I know of," said she. "You've sneered at honest Abram and laughed at him all these years, but now—"



MRS. COPLEY PREPARING THE TURKEY.

"Now," said Sarah Skerrett, turning Kitty around so that she could look full into her eyes—"now she loves him. I can see it in her eyes. Ah, Mrs. Kasson, time has taught her more lessons than one!"

And Mrs. Copley, singing the pinfeathers of a fat young turkey in the back kitchen, mused to herself.

"Well, I shouldn't wonder if that tangle came straight arter all. Me and Copley got engaged on Thanksgiving Day. It always was a lucky time."

Five grains of Corn.

The pleasant custom of beginning a Thanksgiving feast by laying five kernels of corn upon the plate of each person at the table, in commemoration of the time when the Pilgrim founders of New England had but five grains of corn each day to eat, serves, so far as it is observed, a double purpose.

It must, in the first place, render the mere physical enjoyment of a festival keener to perceive the plain contrast between the fare of those hard days of the past and the plenty of the present. A little nibble at the hard kernels of corn, with a momentary attempt to fancy that this is all one is to have, gives an added zest to roast turkey, cranberry sauce, mince and pumpkin pies and things of that sort.

But the custom may also bring to mind the real meaning of the Thanksgiving festival.

It expresses the conviction that affliction, adversity, privation are merely trials of our character, as a nation and as individuals. Sometimes it happens that a Thanksgiving seems almost inappropriate. There has been great personal loss, or some public calamity; a pestilence may have carried off thousands, or the times have been hard for the people.

But these things are the five grains of corn upon the plate; all may be sure that the account will be much more than righted; that our debt will be much greater than all our thanks can pay, our table more beautifully spread than we deserve.—Youth's Companion.

No Respect for Age.

"Is there any portion of the fowl you prefer, Major?" asks the sutler's wife, blandly.

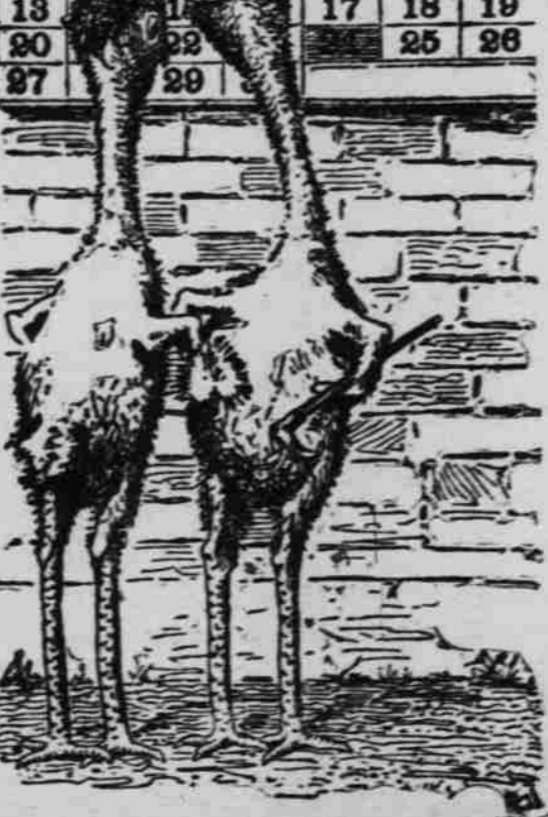
"The left wing, if you please." "The left wing?" "Yes," retorted the Major, gazing dubiously at the platter. "I believe it is always good military tactics to bring the left wing of a veteran corps into action first!"

No Neck in His.

The Minister—"Well, my little man, what are you thankful for to-day?" Bobby—"That the Thanksgiving dinner's mos' ready."

A Cloud on the Horizon.

Table with 5 columns: Sun, Mon, Wed, Sat, Fri. Row 1: 8, 10, 11, 12, 13. Row 2: 14, 15, 16, 17, 18. Row 3: 19, 20, 21, 22, 23. Row 4: 24, 25, 26, 27, 28.



DIXIE NOTES.

The Sunny South Gleaned and Exploited. Here is Condensed From.

Charleston, S. C., has another savings bank—the Commercial.

The mayor of Lynchburg, Va., Hon. Robert D. Yancey was married Thursday night to Miss Rosa Faulkner.

In the Virginia Supreme Court of Appeals at Richmond, B. Larcy Hoge was admitted to practice in the court.

The new trunk factory to be built at Petersburg, Va., will be quite a large affair. With the most modern machinery.

The Hebrews of Charleston and Sumter, S. C., are each preparing to build a synagogue. One will also be built at Charlotte, N. C., next year.

Work on the Ocmulgee river is being pushed forward rapidly, and within a short time the channel will be clear from Macon, Ga., to the sea. Congress appropriated \$25,000 for this work last session.

The Atlantic Coast Line is making extensive improvements in its terminal facilities at Columbia, S. C. It intends putting in additional side-track to reach industries heretofore shut off from such a convenience.

Wm. Miller, who killed Jack Wilfong in Iredell County, N. C., on the 1st, was convicted of murder in Iredell Superior Court this week, and sentenced to be hanged in January, but appealed to the Supreme Court.

It is reported that a company is being organized to purchase 20,000 acres of land in Craig valley, Va. This land will be divided into ten plantations for the cultivation of such products as the soil is best adapted to. A large tract will be set apart for sheep and stock raising. The location will be near the town of Craig City and New Castle.

The Association of Southern Canners, representing the States of Virginia, North and South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Tennessee and Kentucky, was organized at Savannah Tuesday. A resolution was passed which will be sent to every canner in the South for signature, protesting against the duty on tin and demanding its repeal.

It is reported that a large cave, equal in size and beauty to that in Luray, have been discovered near Harrisonburg, Va. The discovery was made while blasting for rock. Thus far twenty-four rooms have been found and further exploration will, it is thought, open many more. People from all the neighboring towns are gathering at the place and collecting specimens of stalactites, some of which are remarkable beautiful.

THE INTER-STATE COMMISSION.

A Decision on Long-and Short Hauls. WASHINGTON, D. C.—The inter-state commerce commission announced its decision in the case brought by the Georgia railroad commission against the Cincinnati, New Orleans and Texas Pacific Railway Company, the Louisville and Nashville Railroad Company, and other railroads and steamship lines, seven cases in all, involving rates for longer and shorter hauls from Cincinnati and other Ohio river points, and from New York and other northern Atlantic ports to points in southern territory.

Among other points the commission holds that the fact of a receivership for a defendant carrier subsequent to complaint should not interfere with the progress of a proceeding brought merely for the purpose of railway regulation. The phrase "common control, management or arrangement" for continuous carriage or shipment," in the first section of the "act to regulate commerce," was intended to cover all interstate traffic carried through over all rail or port water and port rail lines.

The competition of markets on different lines for the sale of commodities at a given point served by both lines does not create circumstances and conditions which the carriers can take into account in determining for themselves, in the first instance, whether they are justified in charging more for shorter than for longer distances over their line.

Two cases were dismissed, and the others defendants are ordered to cease and desist from charging more to shorter than to longer distance points mentioned in the complaints or file applications for relief under the proviso clause of the fourth section and show cause thereon, within a time specified.

Commissioners of the Virginia Sinking Fund.

RICHMOND, Va.—A meeting of the commissioners of the sinking fund was held here on the 21st. The President was instructed to advertise that the bond holders' committee, having surrendered to the State the old obligations held by them, the commissioners are now ready to receive on deposit for verification, classification and exchange, under the terms of the act of the Legislature approved February 20, '91, such old obligations of the State as may be presented to them.

The rate of exchange cannot be stated nor the new bond issued for the old obligations, which may be surrendered, until the rate of distribution of the new bonds issued to the bondholders committee is adjusted by the commissioners appointed for that purpose.

All obligations must be presented at the office of the Second Auditor either in person or by some responsible agent not connected with any of the departments of the State. No bonds will be received after December 31st next.

Sad Drowning.

LEXINGTON, Va.—News has just reached here of the drowning of Gardner Drain, a young farmer of this county, near Collier's-wm. He had been attending a corn husking, and having imbibed freely of hard cider lay down on the roadside near a pond to sleep. On being aroused by his companions a little later, he jumped suddenly to his feet and sprang over a fence into the pond. He was drowned before he could be rescued. He was twenty-two years old, and belonged to a very well known family in his town.

WORLD'S FAIR NOTES.

What is Being Done Towards Representing the South at Chicago.

TENNESSEE.

The schooner Mary, built by Captain Bettes at Clifton, on the Clinch river, to carry a floating exhibit from Tennessee, has arrived in Chicago. It is loaded with products of East Tennessee, including gold, silver, copper, zinc, fifteen kinds of marble, onyx and relics from Tennessee battlefields. The route was down the Tennessee river to the Mississippi, then up to the Illinois, and thence through the canal, making in all a voyage of 2,000 miles.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

One of the most interesting of the curios to be sent from Columbia, S. C., to the World's Fair will be a photograph which is said to be the first taken in America. It is the picture of Major J. G. Gibbs, and was taken December 15, 1854, when this gentleman had just returned from Paris, where Daguerre had just discovered his process of photography. It is printed on the corner of an old yellow sheet of writing paper and while somewhat indistinct, the likeness can be plainly perceived. The Women's Central World's Fair Club has secured many interesting Indian relics and other curios which they will send.

FLORIDA.

Florida's State building at Jackson Park, Chicago, is now under construction and work on it is progressing well. Foundations are finished and the frame work for the walls is being put up. Since it is to be a reproduction of Fort Marion at St. Augustine, its unique architecture and historical associations have caused it to attract as much attention as any other State building on the grounds. Commissioner Jackson will endeavor to obtain at the coming Pensacola Tobacco Fair some good exhibits of Florida grown tobacco for the Columbian Exposition.

By request of the Horticultural Department, Mr. Plant is forwarding from the Tampa Bay Hotel gardens a carload of choice plants, and next spring will send a larger number. These, with those already received or expected from the Ponce de Leon gardens, will make a very beautiful display.

Mrs. Ellen Gail Long, whose efforts to introduce silk culture in Florida have been untiring, has had made from silk produced in Florida an elegant American flag, and has presented the same to Mrs. Potter Palmer, the head of the woman's department of the World's Fair.

KENTUCKY.

The appropriation made by the legislature for a Kentucky exhibit is not yet available for the purpose intended, owing to a constitutional point being raised as to its legality. The committee as at last advised had not determined what course to take, and will probably await the action of the courts.

LOUISIANA.

The picture of Acadian life in Louisiana will form a prominent part in the State's exhibit. At the last meeting of the Woman's Auxiliary, Mrs. Paul Leeds, delegate from New Iberia, said she hoped to have the pleasant life of the Acadians well depicted in Chicago. One of the rooms in the State building will be set apart for this exhibit, and fitted out in simple fashion like the homes of the peasants, furnished with looms and wheels, cards and cotton, the representation being completed by the woman weavers plying the shuttle. Part of the room will be converted into a boudoir decorated with the silks of Louisiana, and other articles for use and ornament will be shown. Mrs. Preston Johnson hopes to get permission to use parts of Charles Dudley Warner's articles on the Acadians, written in 1887, and wants to have these, together with parts of Evangeline and a sketch of the Acadians, bound in cloth woven by these people and ornamented by their artists.

The ornate kitchen department will be in the hands of a stock company and appear as an annex to the Louisiana building. The contract for the construction of the State building has been let at a cost of \$14,500. The World's Fair Association has decided to have the grounds about the building beautifully laid out and embellished with all the plants and trees and shrubs typical of Louisiana. The structure will be a frame one, and represents an old style plantation house, with the lower story cemented and ornamented in characteristic style. Tall columns, iron gables and tiny panes of glass will form distinctive features of the famous mansions of days gone by.

SWITZER SURRENDERS.

Additional Particulars of the Laurens Homicide. LAURENS S. C.—Switzer, the slayer of Cheek, surrendered and was lodged in jail Wednesday evening. When the fight commenced Cheek had Switzer pressed against a fence, and Cheek had a knife Switzer caught Cheek's hand and it was then that Cheek promised to go off and let Switzer alone. Cheek walked off, turned again and threatened to kill Switzer, who threw a brick, striking Switzer on the back of the head and knocking him down. Then Cheek partially rose, and Switzer hit him two or three times with a hatchet. Switzer helped to carry the wounded man into the house, and did what he could for his relief.

The doctors testified that the blow in the back of the head, made probably with the brick, would have caused death.

Mrs. Switzer, Cheek's sister, swore that Cheek had abused Switzer before, and at one time had drawn a gun on him in their town. These facts were substantiated by sworn to on the coroner's inquest.

Burning of Shenandoah College.

STAUNTON, Va.—The Shenandoah Normal College at Basic City, Va., which was burned, together with nearly all its contents, was a large three-story frame structure. The property was leased by Prof. G. W. Hoenshel who had a flourishing school attended by about 100 male and female students. All escaped in safety, though many lost their effects. The loss is estimated at \$10,000.