

LITTLE SNAPS.

A western debating society is wrestling with the question whether the range of a ladder be put in to separate the sides or hold them together.

The first real estate entry of record in Kanawha county, W. Va., was made January 2, 1795, and is of 150,000 acres of land to Phineas Taylor, of Waterbury, Conn., who was the grandfather of Phineas T. Barnum, the great showman.

A man whose wife is a hard worker in the woman's suffrage movement, says that now when his wife comes home, she hardly says a kind word to him, and has only praised his biscuits once.

The people in Florida towns are suffering from tramps, and the tramps are suffering from frozen oranges. They die by the wayside and are buried at the expense of the counties.

A bill prohibiting the display of foreign flags on public buildings has passed the General Assembly of New York.

Twenty families in the town of Rank, Wis., are reported starving, and Gov. Upham has been appealed to for aid. The sufferers lost their property in the forest fires last fall.

The Canadian, Marion Butler's paper, Tuesday published pictures of the newly elected United States Senators. Under his own picture Mr. Butler prints his name "Hon. Marion Butler," while he labels his colleague simply "Jeter C. Pritchard." Mr. Butler is doubtless setting on the principle, "Blow your own horn or it will not be blown."—Raleigh Observer.

The sum of \$1,500,000 in gold was withdrawn from the Sub-Treasury at New York yesterday, of which \$1,000,000 was for export to Europe.

The old constitution will be removed from the Portsmouth Navy Yard to Washington, where it is to do service as a training ship.

The Comptroller of the Currency has appointed Marshall Winchester of Baltimore, National Bank Examiner for the State of Maryland, vice L. B. Kemp, resigned.

A great many unique suggestions have been made by parties who wish to help advertise the Cotton State and International Exposition to be held at Atlanta. A characteristic one comes from Texas. A gentleman from that State wishes to drive ten white horses tandem through all the Southern States, making a tour of nine months, visiting every town and hamlet. The horses are to be richly caparisoned, and the leader is to carry a banner with legend announcing that he is on his way to the Exposition.

One hears a great deal these days about the devotion of the race to money getting, and the indifference of wealth to the needs of their poorer brethren, but statistics just compiled show that during last year more than thirteen million dollars was bequeathed to charitable, missionary and educational institutions in this country, to say nothing of the millions given to charity by generous persons whom death has spared to continue to do good to other fellow men.

A large retail store in Chicago has placed on the inside of all its doors, in such positions as to be seen only by persons going out, signs inscribed: "any customer sees this, thinks a moment, and goes back to make another purchase. A well-put advertisement asks the same question while answering others, thus rendering a double service which as often spares the purse as it helps the tired memory.

Through the sudden cessation of the picking and packing of oranges throughout almost the entire State, hundreds of men in Florida were left without occupation or resource, and these men are compelled to get a living in some way, in another. And that man, is not most of them, are worthy and deserving, a highly probable.

An over case of insanity was developed in Mr. Downing's mill at Haverhill, Mass. A mill

They were forced to bind him and take him to jail.

These are twenty men in the Logan county, Kentucky jail. The February term of the circuit court has on its docket for trial twelve murder cases, and the The Russellville Herald says that "the juries in some of the cases will have to be chosen where the newspaper finds not its way."

The great secret of life is good conduct. It brings all the rewards that are worth having.

Willa P. Sargent, of Amherst, Conn., one of the best known carriage manufacturers in New England is dead, aged 80 years.

A T. Hay, inventor of the celebrated Hay steel used in a number of large railroad bridges, died yesterday at Burlington, Iowa, aged 69.

The Pullman trial, which was to have begun yesterday at Chicago, went over until Tuesday because of the illness of the Pullman attorney.

While responding to an alarm of fire at Albany, N. Y., yesterday the driver and ladderman were thrown from their truck. The driver, Robert F. Gilmer, was killed and the ladder man, John F. Kinney, will die.

The Chicago police Tuesday night arrested Knos Crowell, Jay Crowell and Dennis Maher, all of whom are said to be implicated in the ditching of the Grand Trunk passenger train at Battle Creek July 17, 1894.

Joseph B. Plante, the fugitive Magistrate from Nanaimo, who is charged with embezzlement, was arrested in Seattle, Wash., Tuesday. Plante says he will return home without extradition papers. The Canadian officials have been notified.

A letter has been received at Boston from Paul M. Swain, the well known drug broker of that city, who mysteriously disappeared more than a year ago. He is living in obscurity in London, England, and the letter is a request to send him his personal effects. Swain is penniless.

At the November term of the Hagerstown (Md.) Circuit Court, Jonathan Smith, of Pleasant Valley, was convicted of the murder of Solomon and sentenced to the penitentiary. His wife, aged about 40 years, died yesterday morning from grief, brought on by the family disaster.

Counsel for a majority of the stockholders of the Bankers' Loan and Investment Company of New York have obtained from Chief Justice Daly, of New Haven, Conn., an order compelling the lately-appointed receivers to appear on Friday and show cause why they should not be removed.

Visitor: "Is your town a religious town?" Native: "You bet!" Visitor: "Any Shakers among you?" Native: "Mighty few now; we've got a medicine shop knocks the chills sky-high."—Atlanta Constitution.

Aunt Amanda: "I wonder why that city boarder of ours only wears a half pair of eye-glasses?" Uncle Selas: "Oh, I guess he's only half as near-sighted as he makes out to be."—New York Advertiser.

Esger Maiden: "Well, Reginald, what did papa say?" Rejected editor (about to depart): "It cannot be expressed in words. All that I can tell you is that his answer gave me great pain."—Truth.

Mrs. Pelt: "Did she catch a noble man?" Miss Hyde: "Oh, no." Mrs. Pelt: "Ah, one of the landed gentry?" Miss Hyde: "I presume so. At least he was after she 'landed' him."—Detroit Free Press.

"From the description o'ye heard av the Sharra Diert," said Pat to Mike, "sure the climate av the place must be similar to an iver lasting Sunday wid no side doors."—Washington Star.

Fond Mother: "Clarence, didn't I overhear you praying at bedtime for God to keep Willy Wiggles from harm during the night?" Little Clarence: "Yep! I wanted him spared, so's I could kick the stuffin' out of him today."—Pack.

Oh! man (rather fell): "I wish you'd (hic) take me home. Do you know where (hic) I live?" Policeman: "What's the name of your cook?"—Life.

Insomnia is a frequent forerunner of insanity. This explains why so many

They were forced to bind him and take him to jail.

A NOVEL ALLIANCE.

Wednesday's Atlanta Journal, in speaking of the political situation in North Carolina, puts it as follows: "Yesterday a Populist in nominating one of the men whom the fusionists in North Carolina have elected to the Senate declared that the Populist and Republican parties 'have married.' What a matrimonial alliance that must be! What can we expect of the offspring of such a union?"

"So far as their professions go no two parties are further apart than these which we are informed 'have married.'"

Their union on principle is impossible and whenever it is formed it is merely to secure and divide political plunder. This was clearly the case in North Carolina and is the case wherever such a marriage occurs. What will the Populist Senator from North Carolina, one of the political children of this marriage, think when he finds in the Senate Republicans like Frye of Maine who declared that they had rather lose their seats in that body than be parties to an alliance with the Populists? It must be remembered, however, that Republican Senators of this stripe invariably come from states where Populist votes were not needed for their election. Otherwise they would probably have fallen on the neck of Populism and sworn eternal enmity for it.

In North Carolina the marriage of the Republican and Populist parties was necessary and therefore it was consummated with due ceremonies and with dobering protestations of affection.

In truth politics makes strange bedfellows.

A WELL DIRECTED SHOT.

The Baltimore Sun expresses the feeling of every true Southern man in the following paragraph: "The Populist of the North Carolina Senate emphasized their littleness yesterday by voting down a joint resolution which has passed the House to adjourn over until Monday in order to observe today, the birthday of Gen. Robert E. Lee. These legislators might well stop one day in their dangerous and extremely partisan legislation which they are rushing through at breakneck speed to pay a tribute to the memory of Lee, in whose splendid career and exalted character every Southern man especially should take pride. It seems almost inexplicable that in North Carolina, which furnished thousands of gallant soldiers to the Army of North Carolina, which furnished thousands of gallant soldiers to the Northern Virginia, a single man should be found unwilling to honor the memory of the distinguished soldier who led that army to so many brilliant victories."

John Wesley and the Farmer.

A farmer went to hear John Wesley preach. He was a man who cared little about religion; on the other hand, he was not what we call a bad man. His attention was soon excited and riveted. Wesley said he would take up three topics of thought; he was talking chiefly of money. His first was, "Get all you can." The farmer nudged a neighbor and said: "This is strange preaching, I never heard the like before; this is very good. That man has got things in him; it is admirable preaching." John Wesley discoursed on "industry," "activity," "living to purpose," and reached his second division, "Save all you can." The farmer became more excited. "Was there ever anything like this?" he said. Wesley denounced thriftlessness and waste, and he satirized the wilful wickedness which lavished luxury, and the farmer rubbed his hands as he thought, "All this I have been taught from my youth up, and what with getting, and what with hoarding, it seemed to him that 'salvation' had come to his house. But Wesley advanced to his third head, which was, "Give all you can." "Ah, dear! ah, dear," said the farmer, "he has gone and spoiled it all."—Oxford.

They're After Him.

"A lady recently visited our city, and upon seeing another lady, a friend whom she had not seen or heard of for some years, entered into a confidential talk which resulted as follows, and told to our reporter: "And so you are not married yet?" "No." "Engaged?" "No." "Expect to be?" "No." "What's the matter?" "Well, papa says that my husband must be a good and experienced man, of a keen health and good habits. Ma'ma says he must be frugal, industrious, attentive and moral, and I say that he must be handsome, dashing, talented and rich. We are

G. G. Mazyck, paymaster of the South Carolina and Georgia Railroad, was held up by highwaymen Wednesday afternoon and robbed of \$350. The robbery took place on King street, Charleston, and was perpetrated by two negroes. The robbers escaped.

Miss Singlewinn. "What a hateful thing Lyddy Black is!" Miss Thins gummy. "Why, what has she been saying now?" Miss Singlewinn. "I just happened to say she'd never see 45 again, and she said: 'Not even I look

CHANGE FOR CHANGE NAME.

"From his bristled bed at break of day, A-walking the devil is gone, To visit his little snug farm on earth, And see how his stock went on."

Thus in the by-gones sang Coleridge; and away back in the 50's Fenimore Cooper wrote: "There is a tendency at the present time to court change for its own sake. This is erroneously termed a love of reform. Something very like a revolution is going on in our midst, while there is much reason to apprehend that few real grievances are abated; the spurious, too, exclusively occupying the popular mind to render easy a distinction between them."

How very applicable in this paragraph of Cooper's to our present time in the old North State. Conservatism has taken a back seat and a general overturning is the order of the day whether any good comes of it or not.

A few months ago, on the introduction of the telephone and phonograph in the Indian territory, the Comanche Indians were dumbfounded—so it is with the reasoning and reasonable people of this grand old commonwealth. They stand aghast at the wholesale onslaught upon the wise, just, equitable and economical laws under which we have progressed and prospered. With an expression akin to awe they behold the introduction of measures unfitted coupled with the extravagant sets of by-gone radical legislative rascality. The grizzled veteran who obeying the call of his native state, donned the gray, and through leaden hail, followed over bloody fields the immortal Lee from Meadow Bridge to Harrison's Landing, who tramped from Manassas across the Potomac to Sharpsburg; who sealed the threshold of Cemetery Ridge, or hand to hand defended the bloody angle at Spotsylvania and the crater in front of Richmond look with shame and humiliation at the insult to the memory of their dead chieftain and their crippled comrade. With sorrow they hear of the proposal to deprive their disabled of the pittance granted by a grateful people. Those who have been under the blundering and irresponsible county officials dread a return to the dark days of reconstruction. Behold all present trampled underfoot and the Lieutenant Governor deprived of the prerogative of appointing Senate committees, and even have they attempted to deprive him of his seat, in violation of the state constitution, by electing a president of the Senate. They are attempting to thwart the will of the people by abolishing the office of county commissioners and by "ways that are dark" bedging in enough magistrates of populist persuasion to annihilate Democratic commissioners with "Trustees" of their own ilk. That great populist idea, The railroad commission is under ban because endorsed by the Deaconry. The State guard is to be relieved from duty and the Naval Reserves will be sent to Davy Jones' locker.

All this and more they are doing or trying to do. In fact, about everything that has been done since we were rescued from Republican thralldom in '76 is to be overhailed and changed. Well may the mournful winds among Carolina's winter clad forests echo and the murmuring of her icebound rivers re-echo from mountain top to seashore to her sons.

"With thou behold me in my woes, And wilt thou not reach out a helping hand, To save me from amidst this plunge of sorrow."

But the demagogue must have his war cry as well as the Indian and he will continue to cry aloud without ceasing as long as he can make dupes enough to foist him into office. Happy is he who beholding these reckless changes can say: "This folly, Helena, is no fault of mine."

Did You Ever

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Birmingham, Ala., Jan. 25.—Southern Railway train No. 62, west-bound, was wrecked near Moorehead, Miss., at 1:30 this morning, derailing and overturning the engine, baggage, mail and second class cars. It was the work of iron wreckers, who removed every spike from one of the rails. Engineer Graham Jones and Fireman Harvey Woods, of Columbus, were caught under the engine and terribly scalded. They are in a critical condition. Baggage Master John Tate, of Winona, was severely injured.

Miss Singlewinn. "What a hateful thing Lyddy Black is!" Miss Thins gummy. "Why, what has she been saying now?" Miss Singlewinn. "I just happened to say she'd never see 45 again, and she said: 'Not even I look

SHE WAS A RELATIVE.

Just Called Around to See How the Condemned Man Felt.

I sat in the Sheriff's office talking with him about a man in his charge who was to be hanged three days later, when a woman was introduced, and in walked a female who had passed fifty. Her face was wrinkled as hair thin and white and her voice seemed to come out of a far off world.

"Hev' yo' got a man in this here prison named Thomas Jackson?" "Yes'm," replied the official.

"Did he kill somebody about three months ago?" "He did, ma'am."

"And he has bin tried for murder and sentenced to be hung?" "He is to be hung on Friday, ma'am."

"He is, eh?" she quired as she took a pipe from her pocket and proceeded to fill and light. "Ar' yo' the man who's goin' to hang him?"

"I shall have to carry out the law?" "Yess, of co'ee. Folks here got to be hung, and we've got to lay 'em out for 'em. How does Tom 'bar up under it?"

"Very well, indeed ma'am. I think he will die like a man."

"He will, eh? Well, that's more'n he ever lived. Tom's allug bin mighty onery."

"Are you a relative?" "Used to be his wife, but dun left him. Yass, lived with Tom for sixteen years."

"And you have come to say farewell to him?" "No, sir. I'm on my way to Collinsville, and thought I'd just run in for a minute. No, I didn't keer to see him, but yo' kin say that I called."

"And that I'm sorry he's to be hung?" "Yes'm."

"But that as long as he's got to be hung and can't get out of it that haint no use in fussin' 'round."



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