A. ROSCOWER, Editor,

"HERE SHALL THE PRESS THE PEOPLE'S RIGHTS MAINTAIN, UNAWED BY INFLUENCE AND UNBRIBED BY GAIN."

W. P. DAVIS, Publisher.

VOL. I. NO. 20.

GOLDSBORO, N. C., FRIDAY, JANUARY. 20, 1888.

Subscription, \$1.00 Per Year.

THE BEST OF THE BARGAIN. [From the Judge.]

Sally an' me was courtin', an' like enough ter be spliced, When I heera o' suthin' I calkilate needn't be

told me twiste: Fer when we druy ter the village my fun was allus spiled

By the falks a-nudgia' an' snickerin' till their actin' made me riled. So I clum right cout o' the waggin, for Dobbin

wouldn't skeer, An' I went straight up ter a gawky, an' sez I,

What be ye laffin' at, darn ye! a winkin' at me "W'y," he sez, "yeon're drivin' an' old white

hoss an' beauin' a red-haired girl! Anybody'll tell ye, an' it needn't git ye cross, Wharever thar's a red-haired gal yeou'll see an old white hoss."

The crowd all sez, "Wy, sartin," so up ter my scat I clum, Shock up the lines on Dobbin an' thoughtful meande ed hum.

After a power o' thinkin' I traded the hoss Ter Jedeslier Hawkins that lives down the vil-

lage way. I hed an oneasy feelin' that I'd swopped him at a loss, But I vowed I'd ruther stick ter the gal an'

dew without the hoss,

Wall, I went one day ter Sally's, whar I'd often been afore, An it tuk me aback, fer the old white hoss

was a standin' afore tue door; An' under the honeysuckles, as comfortable as

veou please, Was Jededier with Sally, a-helpin' her shellin'

I went hum sayin nuthin', for 'twarnt no use ten fues. An' I set deown cont in the woodshed and runninated thus:

"Thio: is agin ye, Hiram; deown in your profit and loss Yeon ain t got nothin' to put against yer gal

an' a good, strong hoss. Things is agin ye, Hiram; better ter be re-

Git used for seein' that old white hoss with Sally an' him behind."

It sorter seemed ter consoleme when I thought what folks had said. That the 's allos a pesky temper inside of a

Neow they're up an' married, an' ter-day Jed

come ter me An begged me ter take back Dobbin: "II trade him cheap," sez he.

But I shook my head an answered, "I'm afraid that wouldn' dew." Fer Sally is dretful shrewish, and I dreaded

that she'd come tew.

FLORENCE E. PRATT.

NOT MY FATE.



Bassette. I am an engraver by trade, by birth a Frenchman, by American. My age is five-andtwenty, and I am by no means a rich man. Had I been one I cer

tainly should not have hired, on the first of May, 1873, the studio at the top of the building number thirty-three street, room number twenty-four. Firstly, because the room was small; secondly, because the building was old and ill-cared for; thirdly, because the street was by no means a genteel one. However, I had hired it, and I had

taken thither my small possessions. My bed, which became a lounge by day, my table, my three chairs, my striped car pet, my books, the shelves that held them, my bachelor's cooking apparatus, and my tools, and I had gone to work at the illustration of the next week's Pub lie Astonisher-a mysterious figure, clad in a foldless dressing gown, and some thing, presumably a turban, which, sitting in a modern kitchen chair, held up its right hand mechanically as though it were voting, while something that might have been the ironing board on castors, with a veil atop, tumbled in at a barn door with curtains to it, with both hands up like those of the figures little boys draw upon their slates for ghosts. . The Sultan and the Lady Mirands



mutually astonished at each other's appearance, said the text, and the observer mentally added, "And no won-

I was doing the Lady Miranda's nos a very long Grecian—when lifting up my eyes I looked across the well-like space between my window and that of the opposite house, and eaught sight of the prottiest face that had ever met my eyes-a face of Cuban darkness with great velvet eyes, and black hair that clustered about the smooth forehead in atuesque waves, and lips rounded and out as an infants, and red as reddest

It was the face of a young woman of twenty, and she had been looking at me. When she caught my eye she at once averted her gaze and left me free to look at her; and now I saw her pro-Nothing could have been more regular or sweeter, and the neck and bust seemed perfect. Her dress was black, with a scarlet bow in the hair and a knot of the same color at the breast, and she seemed to be at work at something which required delicate care. Looking closer I saw that she was coloring photograph

The Sultan and the Lady Miranda de manded attention, of course; but every now and then I lifted my eyes and feasted them on the beautiful face of my Some people deny that there is such a thing as love at first sight.

Perhaps they are right. But, then, what was it that came into my heart for my lovely unknown neighbor? There is no other name for it. When the evening shadows fell and hid her from my

sight it was a grief to me.

About midnight I retired. I had watched all the evening in the dark to see a light in that opposite window, but none had appeared, and I had decided that it was a work-room, whence the workers departed at eventide. On the morrow she would be there again, no doubt. I would hasten the morrow by sleeping as soundly as possible, by dreaming of her if I could. I was foolish enough, I remember, to go through a certain rhyme which an old French aunt of mine had declared would always bring a dream of one's "future" if re peated just at the stroke of twelve, if one refrained from speaking, taking a drink of water, or saying one's prayers afterwards.

The last stroke of twelve had dropped

upon the air from a clock hard by as I ended the foolish lines, and my eyes closed with that odd weight upon them which has given rise to the nursery fables of "The Sandman." I felt that I was about to slumber.

How many minutes passed? I do not know, but I was awakened by a shrill scream—the cry of a woman's voice. Such sounds are common enough in the city, and at first it gave me merely a feeling of annoyance, in that it had disturbed my repose; but when it was re-peated and I heard the words "Help!" in a voice which was neither coanse nor vulgar, it occurred to me that, instead of coming from the lips of some posed, it might be that of some innocent being in distress, and without a mo-ment's hesitation I hurried on my clothes and dashed out of my room and into the

Here I stood staring about me with-out seeing anyone. The street was de-serted and utterly dark, save for the blue and crimson gleams from the win-dow of a druggist's shop on the corner; but I heard the screams again, and this time discovered that they came from the house next door, and hurrying into the public entry which was quite un-garded, I came at once upon the scene of action. A woman was struggling in the arms of a filthy and degraded look-ing brute, who reeked with whiskey and was clad in rags that were scarcely deserving of the name of garments.
"Let me go!" she cried. "Take the money—take all I have—but let me go!"

And the next moment I had levelled the brute to the ground with a blow, and had stood between him and the

Apparently I had not hurt the fellow much. After lying much. After lying motionless for a moment he scrambled to his feet, gave me a furious look, appeared to meditate an attack upon me, changed his

mind, and staggered out at the door.

"He is gone," I said to the woman.

"You are safe, but has he robbed you?
Shall I follow him and detain him? She answered by clasping both hands

together as though in prayer.
"Ah, no, for Heaven's sake," she said. "Let him go. The farther the better.
He has taken only what—I mean he has taken nothing. Thank you, thank you; you have been so good, so brave, so-Oh, thank von! And with these words she turned

from me and hurried up the stairs. As she passed the flickering gas-jet in the hall its lights fell full upon her face, and I saw that it was the girl l had watched all day through my study window.
"Stay!" I cried, "Madame, please

permit me. One moment—" was gone. I saw her again next morning, how

She sat at her window again, but this time she gave me a smile and a bow, It was not etiquette, I know. It wa perhaps very wrong, since we had no introduction whatever, but we soon became friends. From smiling we came to speaking; having spoken I begged leave to call. After that love had hi own way with me. To win and wear treasure became the hope of my

She was, as I had fancied, of Cubar descent. At once so soft and spirited, she was all for which I had ever hoped in my ideal wife.

One day I resolved that I would no longer delay my happiness. I would ask her to be my wife, and if she accept-ed me, as I had little doubt she would, we would be married at once. True, we would be poor, but we had youth, health, and industry, and we need not fear but that all would be well with

It was a calm August evening; the air was sweet and sensuous; floods of white moonlight lay across the pavements and mellowed the city streets into a certain

I had bought a handful of red roses of an o'd woman who sat at the corner, and was taking them to my love. As I held them in my hand their fragrance floated about me. I shall never forget those bours in which all life's beauty seemed

I sought her presence. I gave the roses into her hands. I sat down be-side her. The only light in the room was that of the moon. There was no one near to listen; and there, holding her white hand in my own, I told her of my passion and asked her to be my

She listened to me without a word and when I had done speaking she lifted up her black eyes, swimming with tears, and looked me in the face.

"Henry," she said, "I have done very wrong; I have allowed myself to be hap py; I have tried to forget how it must end. I love you even as you love me, but I cannot marry you. I am already married. I have been a wife since I was sixteen years of age, and I am now twenty-two. My husband is the man from whom you rescued me on that night when I first learned how brave and kind you were. He comes to me now and then to take my earnings from me. On that night he was more intoxicated than usual, and had endeavored

"Oh, Henry, pity me, pity me! Do not blame me if I have given you grief. I suffer more myself, far more."

How altered the night seemed as 1

went out into it! Its beauty was gone, its sweetness vanished. I wandered along the street which led riverwarl, and came to the long wharf at the foot. my bride, my Isabelle? What did she It was late, and the place was deserted know? How did she regard me? Alas,

by the throng of poor people that habit-ually came there in the early evening for fresh air. I sat down upon its edge



and looked into the water. How long and weary seemed the time before me And perhaps, after all, there was no hope. The wretch to whom Isabelle

was tied might outlive her.

Was it not better to end all—to die then and there and be done with love and pain forever? It almost seemed so. And below me the river, dark, deep and silent, swept on toward the sea. death were only a long slumber, as

My thoughts were disturbed by a stumbling step. I looked up. Through the moonlight staggered the figure of a drunkard, a bloated, hideous object. He was singing to himself the words of low song, and, even had I not been hidden by a projecting beam, might not have seen me. Coming close to the spot where I was hiding, he sat down on the edge of the wharf and swung his legs over the side, and, drawing from his bosom a bottle and some greasy scraps of food, began to eat and drink. I saw his face distinctly. I knew the ragged black hair mixed with gray—the stubby beard, the red swollen nose, the shapeless figure. It was the man I had grappled with in the hall of the house next door. It was Isabelle's brutal, degraded husband. He was drunk already. He was drink-

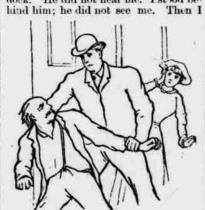
ing more flery liquor. He was in a dangerous position for any but a man with a steady head. Left to himself the e was a possibility that he would fall into the water. Cnce there he must drown. I was the only person in sight.
I would leave him to himself. I arose and crept away. A little on I looked back. On one side I could see

the street; on the other, the wharf. In the first a policeman walked his rounds. On the second the drunkard still sat sucking at his bottle. There seems to be a Providence that watches over drunkards and keeps them

safe where sober men would perish; or

this policeman may spy him out and take him into custody Safe! Ah, yes, he will be safe enough; the bad penny always comes home again.

I turned and walked back along the He did not hear me. I stood be-



gave him a sudden push with the palme of my hands against his back, and then he was there no more; and darker and deeper and more silent than before th

" You are my prisoner!"

river seemed to flow toward the sea. On my way home I passed the polic man. He gave me a strange look. For a moment I thought he was about to approach me, and he followed me a little way, or I fancied so; but then my con science was not what it had been. Hitherto a policeman had been nothing to

All the next day I never went near the window. On the next day I lay upon the bed in a sort of low fever. On third day a letter was slipped through the little slit in my door. It was from Isabelle.
"My husband is dead," it said. "He

was drowned in a drunken frolic. I cannot pretend much grief; but do no come to see me for a week. After that, as you choose.

For a week I remained alone; then sought her side. So long a widow, in fact, and living as she did among strangers. No delay was necessary; but for the crime that rested upon my conscience I should have been happy; but, alas! I could not forget the deed that I had done. Vainly I argued with myself that I had rid the world of an incumbrance—that I had saved Isabelle from a base tyrant—that the man was but a curse to himself. Despite this sophistry, I saw the writing on the wall that gave my deed its proper name. Blood red—it gleamed before me! Musder! Murder! Murder! Yes, I was a murderer! And though Isabelle was to be my own, I was miserable!

The day of our wedding came. We went together to the church with two friends only. She wore a white dress and white blossoms in her black hair. How beautiful she was,

Before us stood the clergyman, a ven

erable man with long white locks. He began the ceremony thus: "Dearly beloved, we are gathered to gether in the sight of God, and in the

face of this congregation to join together this man and this woman in holy There he paused. The book dropped from his hands, I saw all eyes fixed on something behind me, and turned. There stood the policeman I had passed as I left the wharf, and the next moment

his hand was upon my shoulder, and he

"You are my prisoner!" I came to myself in perfect darkness was lying on a bed of some kind, and ss I recalled what had happened I had no doubt that it was the pallet of a prison cell but what had occurred, where was

I could not tell. I put my head upon my hands and wept bitterly. It was very desolate, very wretched. I had no words for my misery, and the darkness was intolerable. Suddenly I remembered that I had a habit of keep ing matches in my vest pocket. If I could find my clothes I might at least see what sort of a place I was in. I felt about and soon laid my hands upon my vest. Matches were indeed there. I struck one. It lighted but a short distance, but things seemed more familiat than I expected. I struck another, A lamp stood on the table.I lit it and saw my own room. It was exactly as usual.

My engraving tools were upon the table.

I crossed the room and looked at the block lying there. It was the Sultan and Lady Miranda mutually astonished at each other's appearance. I rubbed my eyes and shook myself. Then I felt under m pillow for my watch. Its hands points! to twenty-five minutes

after twelve.

I had been asleep for twenty minutes. and I had had a queer dream. I had rescued no distressed woman. I had known no Isabelle-I had

wooed and won no one, and, thank heaven, I had not murdered anybody. It was all the work of the pretty pho-tograph colorer at the opposite window, and perhaps of my aunt's magical

Never was mortal man more thanki. than I when I had fully mastered this delightful truth. I returned to bed again, and this time slept dreamlessly.

I saw the pretty girl next day, and was interested enough in her to dis cover who she was. She was a Miss Jones, and her "sensibility" was not, like that of Sir Charles Grandison's sis ter, "equal to her charms;" besides, she was engaged to a young hair-dresser. She was not my fate, after all, and I love with her at first sight; at all events, I recovered rapidly.

THE JUSTICE "UNJINED" THEM.

A Michigan Magistrate's Nove Method of Divorcing a Couple.

John Henry Lawson and Sarah Jane Clawfield, of Bellaire, Mich., went be-fore a justice of the peace a year ago and were married. They quarrelled, and a few days ago agreed to be divorced, walking eight miles Saturday to see the old justice who had married them. The justice put on his judicial look and sternly said:
"Unjine hands." As they were sit-

ting ten feet apart this was hardly neces-"Now, John Henry Lawson, you stand over by that side of the house, and you, Sarah Jane Lawson—Clawfield that is to be again—you stand over by you side of the house. John Henry, do Sarah Jane Lawson-Clawfield you, in the full belief in the existence of Almighty God, and of the Constitu-tion of the United States, devise, bequeath and quit-claim all your right, title and interest in this woman to the State of Michigan, its heirs, assignees and administrators, and do you agree and covenant to and with the said party of the first part, her representatives, heirs and executors, that you will well and truly assign, transfer and set over, all her clothes, bedding, children and chattels of which she may stand seized partnership; and do you further prom se not to remove the same goods, tels, children, clothes and bedding from the said township of Smithson, or to enter upon the premises of the party without the written assent of the said party of the first part?"
"I do," said John Henry.

"Sarah Jane, hold up your right hand," said the justice.
"A like oath was administered to her, ending with: "John Henry, and do you er promise that you will in future do nothing to molest or make afraid, so help you God?"

"I do," vehemently asserted Saral Stepping to the door and gazing around the adjoining country, the judge loudly said:

"Hear ye, hear ye, hear ye! If any man has aught to say why this couple should not be unjined asunder, let him forever stand forth and say it or hold his peace.

No objection being made, he solemnly concluded: "Then, by virtue of the power in me vested by the Legislature State of Michigan and my officia oath, I hereby declare the partnership hitherto existing between the parties to this suit to be this day dissolved by mutual consent. All claims against the firm will be paid by John Henry Law son, and all outstanding accounts owing the firm will be paid into this court." Then John Henry and Sarah Jane went to their respective former homes

Saved Her Life and Married Her.

A Davenport, Iowa, paper says: The marriage of Miss Fannie Porter, daugh-ter of D. C. Porter, for years resident in Davenport, and Edward N. Harwood, a lawyer, which occurred last week at the home of the bride's parents in Billings, Montana, is but the fru ition of an attachment which commence ed romantically indeed. A year ago last summer Mr. Harwood saved Miss Porter's life at the risk of his own. Mr. and Mrs. Porter, with their daughter and Mr. Harwood, were out for a drive. They were crossing a river on an old-style rope ferry, when the horses com-menced backing. Mr. Harwood had left the vehicle. Mr. and Mrs. Porter leaped from the carriage, and when the daughter attempted to follow she plunged into the river and was carried a way by the current. Instantly Mr. Harwood leaped in for her rescue, and being an expert swimmer, soon caught her. He had hardly reached her when she fainted from exhaustion. Sustaining her, he swam toward the shore. Meantime Mr. Porter and the ferryman were having all they could do to restrain Mrs. Porter, who was determined to leap into the water to help save her daughter. When Mr. Harwood was within a few feet of the shore with his precious bur-den he was so exhausted that he was unable to swim longer, and they probably would have floated out of reach had not a ferryman who was on shore gone to them with a yawl. Mr. Harwood is a prominet lawyer in Billings Valley, and a gentleman of means. Miss Porter was awarded the Dean's prize for amiability and deportment at St. Katharine's Commencement in June last. Davenport is her native city.

THE JOKERS' BUDGET.

THE HUMOR OF THE FUNNY WRITERS.

A Cruel Parent.-Amusing Smith. Some Style.-Wanted to Realize. Not Necessary.-Scared, etc., etc.

A CLEAR CASE. "Young man," said the physician, impressively, "your symptoms indicate fatty degeneration of the heart."
"I presume they do, doctor," replied the youth, dejectedly. "I am engaged to a young woman who weighs 314 pounds,—Chicago Tribune.



SEEKING INFORMATION. Stranger-What church is that a the way, little boy? Little Boy-Christ's church.

Stranger-And the one further up

Little Boy—That's pa's, but he doesn't go very often .—Texas Siftings.

WANTED TO REALIZE.

Johnnie, a bright boy of six years, while being fixed up for school, observing that his overcoat was much the worse for wear, and having more mended places than he admired, turned to his mother and asked her: "Ma, is pa

"Yes; very rich, Johnnie. He is now worth two and a half millions." "What in, Ma?"

"Oh, he values you at one million, me at one million and baby at half a mill-

Johnnie, after thinking a moment, "Ma, tell papa to sell the baby and

buy us some clothes. KEEP YOUR HEAD IN.

"Better keep your head in the car," continued the conductor on the Lausing train as he passed through a coach and saw an old man with his head thrust out. It was slowly drawn in, and the owner turned to a man on the seat behind and asked: "What harm does it do to put my head out?"

"You might knock some of the tele graph poles down."
"Oh, that's it! Well, if they are sc
mighty 'fraid of a few old poles, I'll

eep my head in. That's the way on the railroads since that new law went A CRUEL PARENT.

Father-I regret, my dear sir, that I cannot allow you to marry my daugh-

ter Lydin. Suitor-Why not, my dear sir? Father-Because she is entirely too

young to marry.
Lydia (who has been listening)-"But, pa, it ain't right to refuse to give the gentleman what he wants on account of a fault for which neither he nor I are to blame. It is your own fault, pa, that I am not old enough to marry. Why didn't you marry a few years sooner?"

NOT HOWLING. "I say, Springstein, I don't hear got howling round so much now about An-archy, Socialism, division of property, all of them modern inventions

What's come over you-didn't it pay? "Vell, you see, Shorty, the shircum-stanshes vas schanged a leetle. My on-kle is Owstralia, he died lasht veek, unt I shust get vord as he leefe me tree tou-san' dollar. You don' peleefe I divite it mit deese feller—schkarsely!"—Har-

TOO MISTRUSTFUL. "What luck did you have at the farm house?" asked one tramp of another. blamed mistrustful."

"How was that?" "When I asked her for something to eat she asked me if I could saw wood. "Yes, what then?"

"Why, I'll be dog-goned if she didn't want me to prove it."-Merchant Trav-

Brown was abusing Smith violently, on the sidewalk one night. Jones, who was Smith's friend, heard it from an up per window, and yelled to Smith, "Knock him down?" The next day Jones and Smith met. "Why didn't you knock that man down? Jones, "I hollered to you to do it,"
"Yes," replied Smith, "and I would
have hollered the same thing had I been up where you were.'

THE VOYAGE OF LIFE.

First College Student—Yes, George, my mind is made up; fame first, wealth next. then marriage.

Second College Student—I disagree with you, John. My plan is wealth first, then the achievement of fame will be easy enough. After that marriage.

Ten years later.—George—Say, John, ston a moment.

stop a moment.

John.—In a big hurry, George. Old Doctor Blank won't come again until his bill is paid, and I'm hunting for another. All the children have the measle Anything I can do for you.
Yes, John; lend me a nickel to buy

safety-pin. - Omaha World.

TALL ENOUGH. "You must remember, my daughter, you are only a little girl. I can't think letting you wear long dresses yet." "But, mamma, I am as tall as you

They measure. "Sure enough, my child, you are. How fortunate! Now you can hang out the washing just as well as I can."— Chicago News.

Fur-lined garments are in striped or figured stuffs this season.

Amure silks are soft and pliable, making beautiful draperies.

Velvet edged ribbons are very stylish, and also those with metal threads.

The velvet toque is not alone in black, but for young girls may be in any suit-

coming fashion.

The folded velvet toques are very stylish and are sometimes trimmed with fur very prettily. The ulsters with cape-like epaulettes

These are for girls. The demi belt, in jets or embroidery, makes a dressy finish for some of the

House dresses of a dressy character have a demi belt and epaulettes of jets or metal passementrie. The coachman coat is a favorite gar-

A wide stripe of satin and an alter-nating one of moire are seen in some of the beautiful evening shades.

Dainty lace morning caps are very generally worn by young married ladies in America, as well as in England. The shirred turbans with a band of fur

unshrinkable, is worn by those who need warmth and slight friction of the skin. The long pointed shoulder capes, are a Russian style, and very graceful if not

so warm as those which cover the shoulders. Goblin blue for children is a very fa vorite color and may be found in soft woolens suitable for young children's

Hanging pendants of jet form a very

low, as its name would indicate, and one which is quite becoming to a brunette complexion. Poke bonnets in black velvet are very

ornamentation. White ribbons with gilt edges are very stylish, and some very stylish velvet bonnets are decorated with rich bows of this pretty ribbon.

is sometimes braided. White ribbon bows on black velvet bonnets make a very effective trimming and one which is stylish this season of

young ladies, and ostrich tips or a plume is the trimming for such a hat. A chair back or a hassock in soft leather embroidered in metal braids

priate gifts for almost any occasion Soft muffs of plush, lined with a color which is visible at the fulled ends, are

The ribbon work so effective and easi ly done is a form of handwork which will prove very popular with those not exceedingly well skilled in needle-work.

upper one being draped slightly at each Turkish embroidery in gold is still used

or white. It is now considered much better taste to put elaborate needle work on a back-

The plan de soie with a wide stripe of moire down the middle of each breadth is one of the most lovely fabrics and suitable for petticoats of the court trains of dinner dresses.

"Do you know," said a we'l-knows plath-glass dealer to a New York Tri une reporter, "that the great plate-glass win dows that adorn large store fronts have their origin in the vanity of women? A her. She can do that in a mirror. When she is on the street the show windows serve as mirrors to tell her how prettily or badly she appears, if her hat is on crooked, her back hair down, or her new-fangled bustle awry. Watch the women as they saunter up and down Broadway or Sixth avenue, and you will find nine out of ten casting furtive glances into the windows that reflect back their likeness. Then they are at-tracted to the goods in the windows and go into the stores to inspect and buy. was that idea that first brought about big plate glass windows. The old com-mon frames, with large numbers of panes gave no opportunity for the ladies to see their full figures. They could only see their faces. Tradesmen who observed the manner in which they looked in the windows urged the glass manufacturers to make them larger, until now they fill the entire front. The men like to look in them quite as much as women, too."

"Here is a cute story of terriers;" said a gentleman who had read the 'Wayside' on these dogs the other day. "When grace is said at the table the ediately the corners are occupied

TELEGRAPHIC TICKS.

The News of the North, East, South and West, Reduced to Facts

an Interesting Budget for our Busy

The news of the shooting of the noted Mexican bandit, Bernal, has been con-

The latest news from Powderly is to the effect that he is improving in health.

Reuben Crawford of the internal revenue department died at Lansing Mich.

Isaac Merrick, at Camden, N. J., murdered his daughter and then shot himself. No cause is ascribed for the trage-

The fire at Louisa Courthouse Va., resulted in the destruction of twenty-one out of twenty-four business houses

A fire in Chicago destroyed a seven story building, No. 298 and 300 Third

A large deposit of bituminous coal has

been discovered near San Antonia Texes.

John Gibson, another victim of the Cincinnatti Southern Railroad accident on the 31st, is dead, The National Bank of Greenville, S. C.

has been designated as a depository of public funds by the Government. Two elevators belonging in the Northern Pacific Railroad Company were burned at Rockford, Minn.

The anniversary of the battle of New Orleans was celebrated in New York by banquet at the Hoffman House Presi dent Cleveland sent a letter.

"Aunt Eunice" Cottrell, died at Nor-

wich, Conn., aged 115 years. She was the great grand child of King Phillip, of ante-revolutionary fame. At Chattanooga Tenn., during a quar-rel between Lew Owens and J. D. Barnes-the former was shot three times by Barne's, who was cut by Owens. The wounds of Owens are mortal.

Miss Campbell against Coffee Merchant Arbuckle for breach of promise of marriage returned a verdict for plaintiff in the sum of \$45,000. The body of Capt Amos Cliff, formerly of Sheridan's staff, who died in Wash-

In New York the jury in the case of

medical college. The death is announced of Bonamy Price, M. A., professor of political economy in Oxford University. He was 80

ington about two weeks ago, has been stolen from the cemetary and sold to the

The President and Mrs. Cleveland have been formally invited to attend the opening of the Sub-Tropical Exposition at Jacksonville, Fla. At Rockford, Ill., the Rockford Co-

\$60,000. One of the Reading strikers, at Norristown, Pa., attacked an engineer upon his locomotive and knocked him down with a couplin pin, and it toook three men to drive the rioter from the engine

and arrest him.

Delegates have arrived in Chattanooga, Tenn., from several Southern States to attend the railroad convention to secure an excursion rate of one cent per mile from the North and West to all points in the South. The Vicksburg, Miss., Commercial

stock is \$15,000. The paper appeared R. Gaylord Eaton, charged as an acessory before the fact to the lynching of Waldrop, at Central, S. C., applied for bail before Judge Norton, at Walhalla, S. C., and it was granted in the sum of

Herald building, newspaper, job office and bindery, were burned. The loss is heavy. The insurance on building and

Dr. James R. Dugan, Professor of Chemistry at Wake Forest, N. C., College, died there, aged 28 years. For more than a month he had been sick with typhoid-malarial fever, followed by pneumonia and meningetis. His body was taken to Linton, Ga., his home. It was accompanied as far as Raleigh by five professors of the college and a committee of ten students. Dr. Dugan not long since married the niece of Rev. Dr. Taylor, President of Wake Forest Col-

Large crowds are attending Evangelist Pearson's meetings, at Spartanburg, S. C. Many of the audience have gone into the inquiry meetings, and have otherwise manifested an earnest interest. Quite a number of people come in from the country, and strangers generally drops in to hear what is going on. A premature blast occurred on the 3

C's road, about three miles from Blacks,

S. C. One negro was killed and two others severely injured. Henry Dennis, a well-known negro in Spartanburg, S. C., was arrested on the affidavit of J. M. Spann, charged with robbing the delivery wagon of the South-

ern Express Company. Dennis was com-mitted to jail to await trial. He had two accomplices, who escaped. At Quancock, Va., William C Duer, cut the throat of his wife, killing her almost instantly, while riding with her and their two children. He is said to have been insane for some time, but was

supposed to have recovered. Duer was committed to East Vale jail.

It has long been known that the flavor of game can be given to the flesh of turkeys by giving the birds walnuts to eat for a week or so before being killed; but it has been left to the Scientific American how it comes that the Italian farmers, both at home and in the South America Republics, succeed in sending the fattest turkeys to market. A mon,h before killing, they give each fowl a walnut to est every day.

FASHION NOTES FOR WOMEN.

Fur trimming is not used on stylish street costumes this season.

The trimming of hats from the back of the crown is a very stylish if not a be-

are very stylish made in Scotch tweeds.

pretty new basques.

ment for young girls and the heavy caper are pinked on the edge.

Gray astrakhan is used as stylish trim ming this season, both as a garniture for head gear and outer garments.

are among the pretty things in head gear which a young girl can wear. Camel's hair underwear, said to be

pretty trimming and one very stylish for this season, particularly on any black Burnt orange is a stylish shade of yel-

stylish, and have a rich cluster of bows of satin edged with moire ribbon as their

Piece felt is used for making the soft toques so stylish for young girls this season. It is pinked to form an edge and

black and white combination. operative Furniture Company's building vas burned with all its contents. Loss A cord in Russian fashion is set about

which will not tarnish are both approvery stylish, and take the place of the hand muffs called drums so long worn.

Double skirts are likely to be generally worn again. Upon some models both skirts are of nearly the same length, the

on some stylish bonnets, and is effective if somewhat tawdry. Spangles are used with this embroidery on bonnets of black

ground of linen or workable stuff. Since then the labor of months may be preserved indefinitely.

Origin of Big Plate-tilass Windows

two canines go at once to the corner and sit erect until it is finished. If I say) would like to see how a little dog would look in the corner, without in the least appearing to direct my remarks to them, If I say I am tempted to pull a little dog's tail a wicked growl is the answer, and it is kept up until I say that I believe I will not."—Philadelphia Call,