

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

McBRAYER & RYBURN,
Attorneys at Law,
SHELBY, N. C.
Office in Commercial Hotel.

H. GABANISS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
And United States Commissioner,
SHELBY, N. C.
Practices in the courts of Cleve-
land and Rutherford counties.
Office on West Warren Street. 28-4f.

J. C. JEFFERIES,
Attorney at Law and Notary Public,
GAFFNEY CITY, S. C.
Practices in all the Courts. Prompt
attention given to business. Cor-
respondence solicited.
Office at City Hotel. 4-f.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW,
AND REAL ESTATE AGENT,
SHELBY, N. C.
Special attention given to collections
of all kinds, and to the sale and
conveyancing of Real Estate, and
the investigation and preparation of Titles,
and all other business connected with
the law. Office at City Hotel. 10-f.

VICTOR McBRAYER,
SHELBY, N. C.
Practices his professional services to
the people of Shelby and surrounding
country. Office in old Postoffice Build-
ing. 14-1f.

J. A. HARRILL, D. D. S.,
SHELBY, N. C.
Prepared to do all kinds
of dental work in first-class style.
Has a modern convenience to facili-
tate work. Perfect satisfaction guar-
anteed.
Office on stairs over McBrayer's
Drug Store. 21-1f.

W. L. SEIGLER,
Dentist,
SHELBY, N. C.
Respectfully announces to the citizens
of Shelby and surrounding country that
he can be found at his office daily, where
he will attend to all operations of his
profession. Being a graduate and with a
practice of 12 years he feels warranted in
saying that all work will be satisfactorily
done. General and local anesthetics used
in extracting teeth.
Office over Fulkner's Store. 27-4f.

T. L. HYNDMAN,
Boot and Shoe Maker,
SHELBY, N. C.
FINE WORK A Specialty. Best mate-
rial used. Prices reasonable.
Satisfaction guaranteed. 52-1f.

H. F. McPHERSON,
Cotton Buyer,
HAS RETURNED to Shelby and is
offering the farmers the highest
market price for cotton. See him before
you sell. Office at Boettch & Martin's,
(A. B. Suttle's old stand). 41-4f.

J. B. BEAL,
—MANUFACTURER OF—
DOORS, SASH, BLINDS, MOULD-
INGS, STAIR-BAILING, NEWELL-POSTS, Bat-
tens, Brackets, etc. Gastonia, N. C.
20-6m

HOTELS.
Commercial Hotel,
SHELBY, N. C.,
J. W. CLARKE, Proprietor.
This best furnished and best kept hotel
in the Western part of the State. Per-
fect satisfaction guaranteed. Public pa-
tronsage solicited.
At the beginning of the year the Com-
mercial changed hands, and with the new
management the house has been refitted
and furnished anew. No effort will be
spared to maintain its well-deserved rep-
utation. Rooms newly carpeted and neat-
ly furnished. Best servant attendance.
Table fare first-class. 10-1f.

GUTHRIE HOUSE.
THE undersigned has taken charge of
the above named house and will con-
courage to keep his tables supplied with the
best that market affords, and will spare no
pains in making his guests comfortable.
Rates reasonable.
W. S. GUTHRIE,
Proprietor. 36-4f.

Grover Hotel,
GROVER, N. C.
(Lately known as Whitaker, S. C.)
B. F. Wood, Proprietor.
THIS HOUSE, under the new manage-
ment, is furnished with new spring
beds and mattresses, and good table and
livery Stable attached. 42-4f.

THE AIR LINE HOTEL,
Black's, S. C.,
IS ONE of the Neatest, Cleanest and
Best kept hotels in the State.
Careful attention at all times.
MRS. M. E. BLANTON,
Proprietress. 2-f.

AN EMPTY NEST.

A grave old man and maiden fair
Walked together at early morn;
The thrushers up in the clear cold air
Sang to the farmer planting his corn.
And, oh, how sweet was the fresh-turned
mound!

And, oh, how fair were the budding
trees!
For daisy's silver and daffodil's gold
Were full of the happy honey-bees,
"Ah, look! there's an empty nest," she
said;
"And I wonder where sing the last
year's birds?"

Then the old man quickly raised his head,
Though scarcely he noted her musing
words;
He tore the nest from the swaying tree,
He flung to the winds its moss and hay,
And said: "When an empty nest you see,
Be sure that you throw it far away."

"But why?" she asked, with a sorrowing
face—
"Why may not the pretty home abide?"
"Because," he answered, "it will be a place
in which the worm and slug will hide.
Last year 'twas fair enough in its way—
It was full of love, and merry with song;
But days that are gone must not spoil
today."

Nor dead joys do the living joys wrong."
The maiden heard with a thoughtful face—
Her first false love had gone far away—
And she thought, is my heart become a
place
For anger and grief and hate to say?
Down, heart, with thy sad forsaken nest!
Piling far off the selfish and idle pain,
The love that is ours is always the best!"
And she went with a smile to her work
again.
—Mary A. Barr, in Harper's Magazine.

A BRIGHT FACE.

My name is Henry Debon. I am
not ashamed of the name, even though
it was disgraced. My parents came to
Arkansas while I was very young. My
father, having the idea of ever living
in a town, settled in the wilderness,
where, after several years of toil, he
succeeded in opening up one of the
best farms in the state. Being educated
and refined, my parents were the lead-
ers of our neighborhood society, and so
familiar did our name become that we
were known far and wide. Just about
the time I attained my nineteenth year,
my parents were taken ill of a disease
which was at that time spreading over
the country, and in spite of the best
medical attention that could be pro-
cured they died, both on the same day.
As I was the only child, the property,
of course, came into my possession.
Well, it is unnecessary to dwell upon
this part of my eventful history, so I
will—ingoring several years—proceed
to relate a painful experience.

One day our neighborhood was
shocked by the discovery that a Mr.
Mapleson, one of the most prominent
men in the community, had been mur-
dered. I was particularly shocked for,
during the evening before the murder,
Mr. Mapleson and I had strolled to-
gether through the woods; and start-
ling to contemplate, he was found near
a certain old house where we had
separated. The next day after the body
was found I was arrested, charged with
the crime, and, after an examination
before a justice of the peace, I was re-
manded to jail to await the action of
the grand jury. It would be in vain
to attempt a description of my embar-
rassment—of my indignation. Not be-
fore I saw myself surrounded by
iron bars did I realize my awful situa-
tion. What stung me most was that a
man named Evans—a man whom I
well knew and who bore the reputation
of being a gentleman—swore that he
saw me strike Mr. Mapleson near the
old house, but, supposing that we were
playing with each other, he paid no
attention to the affair, but that in hor-
ror he soon afterward discovered that
Mapleson had been stabbed. He did
not stop at this—he produced a knife,
which he and several other men had
seen lying near the murdered man—a
knife bearing the initials of my name.
The grand jury found an indictment
against me, and I was arranged before
the circuit court. I sold my farm and
employed able counsel, experienced
lawyers, who did everything they could
for me, but after a tedious trial I was
sentenced to be hanged. A more mis-
erable, utterly desolate place being
never set in a cell, waiting to be choked
to death. Preachers came and prayed
for me, but my mind was so distraught
that I could not fix it upon death.
One preacher, a venerable old man,
particularly impressed me.

"O, Mr. Debon," said he, "ask the
Giver of all good to forgive your sins.
Only a few more days now and you
will stand at the bar of God. Let me
beseech you not to throw your time
away. You have friends in heaven,
pray for the glorious privilege of
meeting them. Do not think of the
torments of death, but think of the sub-
lime life beyond the grave."

"I am not guilty, Mr. Gray."
"O, young man, do not hold out in
such obstinacy. Do not, I beg of you,
improve you, do not perish with a
falsehood on your lips."
"I tell no falsehood when I say that
I am innocent."
"Mr. Debon, you need not hope for
executive clemency. You are very

young but the governor has refused to
do anything in your behalf."

"What do you want me to do, Mr.
Gray?"
"Acknowledge your crime and pray
God for pardon."
"I have committed no crime."
"Think of your perishing soul."
"I am innocent."
"I saw, Mr. Debon, that it is useless
to talk to you."
"Yes, on that subject."
"Remember that the day after to-mor-
row you must die."

"All right!"
"Good-bye. I hope that the Lord
may change your mind."
When the good man had gone I
mused a long time over what he had
said, yet there occurred to me no
thought of regret that I had so plainly
spoken to him. There is a strange
resignation that comes to a man who is
condemned to die. Weary nights of
contemplation dull his dread, take off
the keen edge of fear. It is not a
philosophy; it is a "don't care" which
settles upon him. I was not afraid to
meet the King of the universe, and,
knowing that not a shadow of hope re-
mained, I surrendered myself to an un-
just fate.

I was not hanged; the governor, on
account of my youthfulness, commuted
my sentence to imprisonment for life.
Even this was indeliberately awful;
still, after thinking it over I concluded
that it was better than being hanged—
I shall never forget how I felt when
I first put on my suit of stripes. The
thought that I was entirely disgraced
took deep root in my mind that I
doubt if I were at the time any better
morally than the most hardened crim-
inal in the walls. I began to hate
the world, to mock, within myself, the
very idea of honesty and virtue. On
Sundays we were compelled to listen
to long sermons, delivered by preachers
not distinguished for eloquence. I
sometimes thought that, knowing that
we could not leave the chapel, they
took a peculiar delight in lengthening
their discourses. One day Mr. Gray
came out but he did not pay any special
attention to me. This stung me,
and as I sat on a bench looking at him
I won't say that I was listening to
him—I hated the old man. I thought
to have been ashamed of myself, but I
had forgotten the meaning of shame.

The upmost thought in my mind
was the thought to escape. I had lost
everything but my desire for freedom.
My chance came. One night, while a
number of us were penned in a
"stockade," near a coal mine, into
whose dark vaults we were daily
driven, I heard one of the guard say
to a companion that he was so sleepy
he could scarcely hold his eyes open.

"So am I," the companion replied,
"and to tell you the truth, I wouldn't
be surprised if I do some little nodding
tonight."
Crawling over where several of my
villainous associates lay, I communicated
the intelligence which I had caught.
They agreed with me that our time had
come. We kept the secret closely
guarded, knowing that a general rush
would be fatal to our plans. We made
our stealthy move about two o'clock in
the morning. We climbed the fence
with but little trouble. I passed near
one of the guards. He was sitting,
leaning back against a stump, and was
sound asleep. I took his gun and box
of cartridges which he had deposited
on the ground near him. We spoke
not a word until we were fully a half
mile from the scene of our imprison-
ment. Then we stopped and laughed.
By the time the sun rose we were quite
a number of miles from the "stockade."
But we knew that we should be pur-
sued. Hunger began to pinch us.
This was serious, for, dressed as we
were, we dare not go near a human
habitation. The next day we stopped
and held a consultation. It was bet-
ter to risk recapture than to go hungry,
accordingly we decided to call at the
next house. We soon came upon a
farm. Walking up boldly we entered
the house. There was no one at home
except a little girl, about twelve years
old. She was the most beautiful child
I have ever seen. She was frightened
at first, but soon recovering, she gave
us something to eat. She exercised a
strange influence on me. Her sweet
face at once reminded me that purity
existed in the world. She took a spe-
cial liking to me, and when I hinted
that I would like to have an old suit
of clothes, that I was tired of wearing
ugly strips, she, not knowing that she
was committing a crime, procured for
me an old suit of clothes. At the gate
I kissed her hand. My companions,
three vile wretches, were not impressed
by the little girl, and had I not posses-
sed a gun I am sure that they would
have robbed the house.

We had not gone much farther when
pursuers came within sight. There
was a race for liberty. I was
fleet, more so than the wretches.
About the time night set in two of my
fellow convicts had been captured.
The other one kept close to me. A
gun was fired, I heard a yell. Looking
around, I saw him fall. The darkness
and the dense woods protected me. I
escaped. Finding a canoe, I crossed
the river. The face of the little girl
was constantly before me.

I succeeded in making my way to New
York. In the great city I was com-
paratively safe. Under an assumed
name I went to work in a manu-
facturing establishment. I bent my every
energy to the work, and, from time to
time I was promoted. Three years
from the time I entered the establish-
ment, I was the superintendent of the
entire works. My services became so
valuable that I was admitted as a part-
ner. I saved my money and became
wealthy, yet, not for a moment did I
forget the crushing fact that I was a
convict.

One day, while on a ferry boat, I
took up a newspaper which some one
had left on a chair. Opening it, I saw
that it was an Arkansas sheet. The
next moment I was thrilled. Below
startling headlines appeared the fol-
lowing:

"Several years ago a highly respected
young man, named Henry Debon, was
convicted of the crime of murdering
one of our most prominent citizens, a
Mr. Mapleson. Debon was sentenced to
be hanged, but the governor com-
muted his sentence to imprisonment
for life. Debon escaped and went,
no one knows whether. Now comes
the real tragedy. About a month ago
a man named Evans, who swore that he
had seen Debon strike Mapleson, and
who found near the scene of the mur-
der, a knife bearing the initials of
Debon's name, was taken violently
ill. Believing recovery to be impos-
sible, and fearing to die with such a
burden on his heart, he confessed that
he, inspired by bitter enmity, had
murdered Mapleson. From the very
moment of the confession he began to
improve, and soon became so well that
he was taken to prison. After a short
trial, during which he did not attempt
to make a defense, he was sentenced
to be hanged. The execution took
place last Friday, and was witnessed
by a large crowd of people. The pub-
lic deeply sympathized with young
Debon, and should he ever come back
to the state he will receive an enthusi-
astic ovation."

I cannot describe my sensations.
I hurried to my place of business, and
after relating to my partners the ex-
perience through which I had passed, I
showed them the Arkansas paper. My
partners were rejoiced. They de-
clared that such a vindication was
worth half a lifetime of trouble.

I immediately set out for Arkansas.
I indeed received an ovation. Mr. Gray,
the old minister, took me by the
hand and said:

"I was intimate with your father and
did not see how his son could commit
such a crime, but the proof was so
strong against you. Your earnest
protestation of innocence caused me to
call upon the governor and intercede
in your behalf."

I purchased the farm where I had
spent a happy childhood. Everyone
was desirous of bestowing honors upon
me, and the governor himself came
out, and in the presence of a great
crowd gave thanks that a great wrong
had been availed. During all this
time I had not ceased to think of the
little girl whose beautiful face had
brought me back to the world of men.
I had gone to the house where
I had seen her, but her father, a Mr.
Miller, had moved away, and no one
in the neighborhood knew his place of
residence. One night, at a theatre in
Little Rock, I saw that face. I knew
it in a moment. At the conclusion of
the performance I followed the girl,
who, in company with an old man,
went to a hotel. I introduced myself
to Mr. Miller, and he introduced me to
his daughter Ida.

"I have seen you before, some-
where," she said.
"You have seen me."
"When?"
"I will tell you when we become bet-
ter acquainted."

I did tell her—told her one night
when she had promised to be my wife.
Several years have elapsed since our
marriage. We live in New York most
of the time and the old man Miller
lives with us. I have built a monu-
ment above Mr. Gray's resting place.

THE TERRIBLE MELINITE.

An Explosive with Ten Times the Pow-
er of Nitro-Glycerine.

The one subject of supreme interest
among military men just now is the
new explosive, melinite, about which
little except its wonderful destructive
power is known, and which is, there-
fore, naturally a fruitful theme for dis-
cussion. The centre of French artiller-
y operations is now at Bourges, where
the new explosive is being manufactured
for experimental purposes. Bourges
has taken the place of Metz and Stras-
burg. It is here that experiments are
going on without ceasing, and a corps
of distinguished officers are seeking a
solution to the problem how to kill at
a single stroke as many men as possi-
ble. It is a frightful problem, which
science should solve as soon as possi-
ble, for there is good reason to hope
that the solution will prove the ending
of all wars—wars which had some of
the elements of chivalry a century ago,
but have become hideous since chemis-
try has taken a hand in them.

The two men who discovered the
principles of melinite are Capt. Lo-
card and Hironard, who are attached
to the gun factory at Bourges. As a
reward for their invention M. Locard
has been promoted to the rank of major
and M. Hironard has been de-
corated. Major Locard is regarded as a
savant of the first rank. Scarcely any
of his time is given to the routine of
military service, but he devotes him-
self constantly to the technical studies
of the service. He is more of a chem-
ist and inventor than a soldier. His
latest discovery, in connection with
Capt. Hironard, is this destructive
powder, which has been christened
melinite, because in color it resembles
honey, (*miel*).

Following the first experiments with
the substance, which were made at La
Fere, works for testing the invention
have been pushed actively at Bourges.
Three small forts have been construct-
ed to try the effect of the new shells
charged with melinite. The forts,
which have been finished several days,
look like truncated pyramids. Two
are of concrete and pebbles, and the
third, which is the largest, is of as-
phalt and silex. It is 12 meters (about
39 feet) square at the base, 3 meters
(nearly 10 feet) high, and cost \$7,000,
about \$7,400. The other two cost, to-
gether, \$6,000, or about \$9,200. It is
predicted that the melinite will destroy
these works, solidly built as they are
of extra hard materials, in less time
than it takes to write it. Daily experi-
ments have been made on a small
scale and their result has been so sat-
isfactory that wagon loads of materials
for manufacturing the new explosive
are arriving at Bourges daily. Either
is one of the principal ingredients of
the powder, and as the production of
this is only about 100,000 kilograms
annually in France, Minister Boulanger
has his agents out buying either
wherever they can find it, and some
has been purchased in Germany for
the manufacture of the shells which
are expected to be some day used
against the forces of that empire.

To launch the shells charged with
melinite no special design of mortar is
required. Gen. Boulanger has decid-
ed on the immediate manufacture of
210,000 melinite projectiles, which will
be ready by spring, but the shells are
to be made at Lyons and Rive-de-Gier
instead of Bourges. When they are
ready for charging they will be trans-
ported to Bourges, and there the
melinite will be introduced. Boulanger
explains his action in this matter
by stating that the Government has
workshops at Lyons all ready for pro-
ducing the shells, and that he will save
\$800,000, by having them made there.
The melinite is being manufactured at
Bourges as fast as possible under the
supervision of its discoverers.

The destructive power of the new
explosive is reported to be 100 times
that of ordinary gunpowder, or ten
times that of nitro-glycerine. An ordi-
nary shell, falling on the roof of a
building, bursts and shatters every-
thing in its immediate vicinity. The
melinite shell is intended to strike the
ground at the foundations of the build-
ing, and once there it explodes and
shoots everything into the air, reduc-
ing beams and joists to an almost
impalpable powder.

In the meantime, while the manu-
facture of this terrible explosive is
going on, its inventors are experiment-
ing with a new rifle powder, which
explodes without making any smoke,
and which will enable a body of infan-
try to fire on the enemy from cover
without betraying their position by
clouds of smoke. The chemists are
developing, into wholesale slaughters
of men, and when the time comes, as
it apparently will come, that a general
by blowing a whistle can annihilate
100,000 of the enemy, covering a line
of several leagues, the theory of uni-
versal peace, founded on wholesale
massacre at a distance, will be pretty
nearly demonstrated.

Herr Strauss (yawning): How you
was, Han? I You don't know nobody
no more, ain't it?

Hans: "Mine friend, if you was shut
your mouth so I can see your face,
den mebbe I can tell who you was!"

A LETTER FROM CHRIST.

Supposed to have been found under
a Rock after the Death of
the Saviour.

A tradition says: This letter was
written by Jesus Christ, and found un-
der a great stone, both round and large,
at the foot of the cross, eighteen miles
from Isonium, near a village called
Mesopotamia upon that stone was writ-
ten and engraved: "Blessed be he that
shall turn me over." All the people
that saw it, prayed to God earnestly,
and desired that he would make known
to them the meaning of this writing,
that they might not attempt in vain to
turn it over. In the mean time there
came a little child, about six or seven
years old, and turned it over without
help. To the admiration of all the peo-
ple that stood by, and under this stone
was found a letter written by Jesus
Christ, which was carried to the city of
Isonium, and there published by a
person belonging to the Lady Cuban,
and on the letter was written, The com-
mandments of Jesus Christ, twenty-
eight years after our Saviour's birth."

Whoever works on the Sabbath
day shall be cursed; I command you
to go to church and keep the Lord's
day holy, without doing any manner
of work. You shall not idly mispend
your time in bedecking yourselves with
superfluities of costly apparel, and in
dresses, for I have ordained it a day of
rest. I will have it kept holy so that
your sins may be forgiven you; you
shall not break my commandments,
but observe and keep them, written
with my own hand, write them in your
hearts, and steadfastly observe. This
was written with my own hand, spoken
by my own mouth. You shall not only
go to church, but you shall observe my
commandments; you shall finish your
labor every Saturday in the afternoon
by six of the clock at which hour the
preparation for the Sabbath begins.

I advise you to fast five Fridays in
every year, beginning with Good Fri-
day, and to continue the four Fridays
immediately following, in remem-
brance of the five bloody wounds I
received for all mankind. You shall
diligently and peacefully labor in your
respective vocations wherein it has
pleased God to call you. You shall
love one another with brotherly love
and come to church and hear the holy
sacrament, viz. Baptism and the Lord's
Supper, and be made members thereof.
In so doing I will give you long life
and many blessings, and you shall
replenish and bring forth abundance,
and surely he that doth the
contrary shall be cursed and unprofit-
able. I will also send hardness of
heart upon them; fill it have destroyed
them, but especially the hardened and
impatient unbelievers. He that hath
given to the poor, he shall not be un-
profitable.

Remember to keep holy the Sab-
bath day, for the seventh day I have
taken to myself, and he that hath a
copy of this letter written with my
own hand and spoken with my own
mouth, and keep it without publishing
it to others shall not prosper, but he
that publishes it to others I will bless,
though his sins be in number as the
stars in the sky. He that believes
in this shall be pardoned, and he that
believes not this writing and my com-
mandments, I will send my plagues
upon him, and consume both him and
his children and his cattle; and whoso-
ever shall have a copy of this letter
written with my own hand, and keep
it in his house, nothing shall hurt him,
neither pestilence, lightning nor thun-
der shall do him any hurt; and if a
woman be with child and in labor, and
a copy of this letter be about her, and
she firmly put her trust in me, she
shall safely be delivered of her birth.

You shall have no news of me, but by
the Holy Spirit until the day of Judg-
ment.

This curious document was publish-
ed many years ago in the Laurensville
Herald, and is republished here by re-
quest.—Spartanburg Herald.

How to Keep Out of Debt.

One of our merchants who was out
on a collecting tour a few days ago,
tells us that he saw a practical ex-
planation of living hard to make ends
meet without going into debt. The
gentleman with whom he stopped for
dinner, just over the line in Cheshire
county, owned several hundred
acres of unimproved land, but,
owing to a bad crop year, had gotten
into debt a hundred or two dollars, and
he and his wife knowing how soon a
mortgage would eat up land, had resolved
to "live hard" until they could retrieve
their wasted fortunes and get out of
debt. The gentleman's wife told him
they had not bought a yard of cloth
of any kind in over two years, and that
they were living on plain bread and
meat and rye-coffee, and all growing
fat on it. This is a great deal better
than "mortgaging the homestead,"
and then live high on long credit
prices until the land is all gone, and
wife and children without a home. A
good many are doing this.—Morris En-
quirer Express.

THE LADIES OF LIMA.

The Coquettish "Manta" that Gives
them the Reputation for
Beauty.

The ladies of Lima are all eyes.
They have the reputation of being, as
a class, the most beautiful in the world,
and meeting them on the way to Mass
in the morning or shopping later in
the day, one can easily see how they
obtained it; but, knowing them in
their homes, the opinion changes, and
you conclude, after calm reflection,
that they are not so pretty as the
women of New York. It is the manta,
which they wear in such a coquettish
way, that gives them their reputation
for beauty, for it conceals every
feature except their bewitching eyes
and lovely olive complexion.

No matter how ugly her mouth or her
nose is, no matter how high her cheek-
bones or large her ears, no matter
whether she is as crawly as a scarecrow
or as bald as a bat, a "manta" will
make any woman with pretty eyes
look handsome, and, like charity, it
covers a multitude of sins. This gar-
ment, which is peculiar to Peru, and is
worn by ladies of all ages and social
positions, from the President's wife to
the landlady who comes after your
linen, is a sort of foster-sister to the
mantilla of Spain. It is usually of
crepe from China, and costs anywhere
from \$10 to \$500, according to its qual-
ity.—Buenos Ayre Herald.

The Queen and the Prince of Wales.

There is said to be some friction be-
tween the Queen and the Prince of
Wales on the subject of the latter's
oldest son. The great question of his
name has come to be pretty well set-
tled, and as the grandmother wished
it. All the papers now allude to him
once more as Prince Albert Victor,
after a brief period of calling him Prince
Edward, to please his father. It is well
understood that he will be Edward
again after the Queen dies, just as his
father will be when he ascends the
throne, but meanwhile the Queen has
her own way, and he has to bear her
name linked to that of the consort.

The present friction is understood to
be over the question of betrothing him
to some German Princess that the
Queen has in mind. Albert Edward,
on the other hand, doesn't want any
more German blood introduced in the
line and insists on the youth's remain-
ing free. It is hard to see whom he
can marry if it is not a German. The
question of religion closes the door
upon most of the royal families of
Europe. Both consanguinity and
national feeling bar out Russia, and
there are no daughters of a suitable
age in Sweden, Denmark or Holland.
—New York Times.

How to Improve Your Town.

Oppose improvements.
Mistrust its public men.
Run it down to strangers.
Go to some other town to trade.
Lengthen your face when a stranger
speaks of locating in it.
Do not invest a cent. Lay your
money out somewhere else.
Refuse to advertise in your village
paper.

If a man wants to buy your property
change him two prices for it.
If he wants to buy anybody else's in-
terfere and discourage him.
Be particular to discredit the moves
of public spirited men.
Refuse to see the merit in any scheme
that does not directly benefit you.

HOW TO MAKE IT PROSPER.

Don't fret. Talk about it. Write
about it. Beautify the streets. Patron-
ize the merchants. Be friendly to
everybody. Elect good men to all of-
fices. Don't grumble about hard
times. Keep your sidewalks in good
repair. Avoid gossip about your neighbors.
Do your trading with your
home merchants. Sell all you can and
buy all you can at home. If you are
rich, invest in something; employ some-
body; be a "rustler." Remember that
every dollar invested in permanent im-
provement is so much on interest. Be
courteous to strangers that come
among you, so that they go away with
good impressions. Always cheer on
the men who go in for improvements;
your position in the case will be "not-
ing but what is just." Don't kick at
any proposed improvement because it
is not at your own door, or for fear
your taxes will be raised fifty cents.—
Franklin Times.

A young man was admiring his
young lady's hair. "What a lovely
shade of brown it is. I wonder what
you would call it?" he said. She
smiled sweetly and answered, "Ches-
nut." The young man left, saying,
indignantly, "he didn't mind a joke,
but did draw the line at a young lady
using slang."

That wonderfully popular Magazine,
Good Housekeeping, published every
other week, which has met with such
unprecedented success, will be issued
in future from their new publication
office on Harrison Avenue, corner of
Bright Street, Springfield, Mass.

SOUTH CAROLINA NEWS.

WHAT OUR NEIGHBORS IN THE PALMET-
TO STATE ARE DOING—A BUDGET
OF NOTES ON MATTERS
IN GENERAL.

A meeting of the directors of the
Georgia and Carolina Midland R. R.
will be held in Newberry about the
middle of February.

It is said that grading on the Geor-
gia, Carolina and Northern Railroad
will be commenced by the first of
April between Chester and Monroe.

Miss Eliza W. Barnwell, librarian of
the South Carolina College, died last
week. She was the daughter of Robert
W. Barnwell, who was once the presi-
dent of the college.

Several stores in Yorkville were
broken into by a burglar on Wednes-
day and Thursday nights. The burglar,
a negro man named Warren, has been
arrested and is now in jail.

Alex Buntin, of Cowpens, had two
good mules killed by the Air Line
Monday. They stalled at the crossing
and were standing on the track when a
train rolled up and knocked the stub-
bornness out of them.

Efforts are being made to organize
an amateur baseball league in this
state. The scheme is likely to be suc-
cessful, for several clubs have signi-
fied their willingness to go in. The
effort originated in Columbia.