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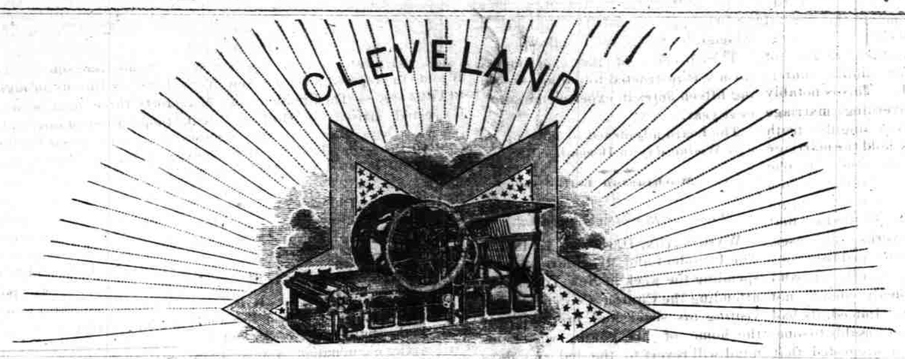
NEW  ERA.

THE NEW ERA
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—AS IT—
Circulates in Every County of that Section.

VOL. 3. SHELBY, N. C., WEDNESDAY, JULY 20, 1887. NO. 26.

New Tin Shop.

HAVING opened a Tin Shop in A. R. Eskridge's old stand, Shelby, N. C., I solicit the patronage of those needing tin Ware, Tin Roofing and Guttering, Valley Tin, Sheet Iron, Copper, &c. Satisfaction guaranteed in every respect
3-tf. J. H. HIGHTOWER.

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BOOKS, STATIONERY, ARTIST'S Materials, etc. Will receive subscriptions for THE NEW ERA and other leading publications. If you need anything in his line, call on him at the Post Office Building, Shelby, N. C. 50.

WATT ELLIOTT,

Fashionable Barber and Hair-Dresser,

SHELBY, N. C.,

HAVING secured an expert assistant is prepared to do all tonsorial work in first-class style. He has moved into his new shop south of the court house, which is neatly furnished. 1-tf.

HOTELS.

Commercial Hotel,

SHELBY, N. C.,

J. W. CLARKE, Proprietor.

THE best furnished and best kept Hotel in the Western part of the State. Perfect satisfaction guaranteed. Public patronage solicited.

At the beginning of the year the Commercial 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 reputation. Rooms newly carpeted and neatly furnished. Best servant attendance. Table fare first-class. [n01—1y

GUTHRIE HOUSE.

Rutherfordton, N. C.

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
7tf.

MERCHANT'S HOTEL,

BLACK S. C.

THIS House is conveniently situated on Main Street, to the Depots and business part of town and has been newly furnished with spring beds and mattresses. Table furnished with the best the market affords. Polite servants who give every attention to guests. Porter meets all trains. Sample room in the house. First-class Livery Stables attached.
J. W. THOMSON, Proprietor.
44tf.

Forest City Hotel,

FOREST CITY, N. C.

L. N. BIGGERSTAFF, PROPRIETOR

HOUSE and furniture new. Every thing in first-class style. Rates low

THE undersigned has taken charge of the above named house and will endeavor to keep his table supplied with the best this market affords, and will spare no pains in making his guests comfortable. Rates reasonable.
W. S. GUTHRIE,
36-tf. Proprietor

BUSINESS CARDS.

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McBRAYER & RYBURN,

Attorneys at Law,

SHELBY, N. C.

GIVE prompt attention to all business entrusted to them.
☞ Office in Commercial hotel.

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OFFERS his professional services to the people of Shelby and surrounding country. Office in old Postoffice Building.
14-1y

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SHELBY, N. C.,

IS PREPARED TO DO ALL KINDS of Dental work in first-class style. Has every modern convenience to facilitate good work. Perfect satisfaction guaranteed.
☞ Office up stairs over McBrayer's Drug Store.
31-1y

IDEALIZING.

Were you a gentle Zephyr,
And I a Summer Rose,
I would woo you to my bower,
You should kiss no other flower,
And when weary you should rest,
By my fragrant breath caressed,
Hidden deep within my breast,
Were you a Zephyr, darling,
And I a Summer Rose.

Were you the Wind of Autumn,
And I, your love, a Leaf,
From the home tree I would sever
And float with you forever
Down the autumn's golden tide.
I would never, never chide;
For your maddest freaks would be
Summer zephyrs soft to me,
Were you the Wind of Autumn,
And I, your love, a Leaf.

If I were Queen of Summer,
And you were Winter's King,
I would gather into posies
All my violets and roses,
All blossoms fresh and sweet,
And lay them at your feet,
At your cold and icy feet,
If I were Queen of Summer,
And you were Winter's King.

If I were Twilight's Lady,
And you were Lord of Day,
We would walk the dewy meadow
And mingle light and shadow;
You would smooth my dusky hair,
I would kiss your brow so fair,
If I were Twilight's Lady
And you were Lord of Day.

Were you the Ocean, darling,
And I, your love, a Star,
On your bosom I would glisten,
I would bend me down to listen
To the great throbs of your heart,
Light and wave would never part,
Were you the Ocean, darling,
And I, your love, a Star.

—*Pearl River.*

HOW JOHNSON KEPT HOUSE.

"You can go just as well as not, my dear," said Mr. Johnson, as his wife was bewailing the impossibility of leaving home to visit her mother, who had invited her.

"But how will you get along while I am gone?"

"As if I could not keep house as well as any woman!" said Mr. Johnson, indignantly. "That is, if I had a mind to. It would be a little strange if a man that could build a steam engine, and tame the electricity, and calculate the eclipses for hundreds of years to come, could not boil a potato, and make coffee in a pot!"

"Yes, yes, I suppose so," said Mrs. Johnson; "but I'll confess, Charley, that I never looked at it in that light before. I never supposed that, in being a scientific man, the art of being able to cook well came along with it. But no doubt you are right and, if you think you can manage for a fortnight, I'll go to mother's tomorrow."

"Manage? Of course I can manage. And you shall see that I will have as neat a house and as good a table as you, and not spend all my time puttering around, as women do, either."

So Mrs. Johnson, relying upon her husband's capacity as a household-manager, departed for her mother's.

Mr. Johnson had invited Sam Brooks, a bachelor chum of his, to come and board at the house with him during the absence of Mrs. Johnson. He had boasted of his ability to manage domestic affairs more than once before Brooks, and he wanted to prove that he has not been overrating his talent.

Brooks had come over the previous night, to help Johnson "start out fair," and, when Mrs. Johnson was out of the house, the two men began planning their work for the day.

"I aim to be at the office at eleven," said Johnson, "and it is now nine. That gives us two hours to get the dinner cooking, wash the dishes, and do the chamberwork. Dinner will cook while we are down town, of course. My wife always gets it going, and then she sits down to her sewing or fancy-work, till it's time to put it on the table. Brooks, did it ever strike you that women have an all-fired easy time of it?"

"Of course, they have," said Brooks, with emphasis. "Anybody could see that, with half an eye. Yet they are always complaining of being over worked."

"Well, women are natural complainers, I suppose," said Johnson, hunting around after his wife's apron and getting it on up under his arms, wrong-side-out. "Now I am uniformed. Let us wash the dishes and talk over what we'll have for dinner."

He seized the boiling tea-kettle from the stove, but dropped it instantaneously, and the water ran into the coal in the hod, and under the mat, and under the door into the dining-room.

"Ou-g-h!" cried Johnson, blowing and rubbing his scalded wrist, "it must have been the steam. Confound the thing! I didn't think of the steam. Good gracious! the water's running all over the house. Give me a rag, quick! I'll mop it up."

He seized the fine damask table-cloth which Brooks handed him, got down on his knees and commenced sopping up the water.

"Your coat-tails are in the coal-hod," cried Brooks. "By George! it's too bad, and that delicate gray, too!"

Johnson got up with a hurried whisk of the tails aforesaid, and they swept a five-dollar tureen from the table and broke it into fragments.

"It never rains but it pours," said Johnson, striving hard to keep his temper, as he surveyed the wet black streaks on his coat. "We've made rather a bad beginning, Sam; but we shall come out all right. And we'll wash the dishes in cold water. I'll wash, because I have got an apron on," and he piled the dishes into the pan miscellaneously, tin pans and China altogether, and dashed some cold water on them. "Where is the dish-cloth, I wonder?" poking around under the sink, and bringing to light a calico rag, which had evidently been used to clean lamps with.

"What in the dickens is that that smells so strong of kerosene?" asked Brooks, sniffing the air suspiciously. "I wonder if I've got any on my clothes?" glancing around behind him, and examining the skirts of his coat. "By Jove, Johnson, it's your dish-cloth! The oil is fairly dropping out of it."

Johnson threw it on the floor with a gesture of disgust and substituted the towel they had just wiped their hands on. The cold water flew in every direction, but the grease did not start on the dishes. Brooks suggested soap, which slightly mended matters, but was not entirely satisfactory.

"Seems to me the dishes don't feel nor smell just as they do when Anne washes them," said Johnson, thoughtfully; but then perhaps it is imagination. Now, Sam, what shall we have for dinner?"

"Perhaps it had better be a simple one, till we get the hang of things a little more," said Sam, with caution. "What do you say to a chicken-pie, tenderloin steak, a custard pudding, and some light hot biscuit?"

"Admirable! Nothing could be better or simpler. I will go out and order the chicken and the steak, and you shall make the pudding. I guess Anne would stare if she could see how nicely we are doing."

He put on another coat, went out, and soon returned with the chicken and steak. Brooks was making the pudding. He had an old cook-book on the shelf before him, which he looked at surreptitiously now and then. He broke his eggs into a tin pan, poured in some milk, dumped in a scoopful of sugar, salted the compound, gave it a stir, and set it down on a chair; while he and Johnson went to the window, to see an old man, who has lost his hat, run after it. The sight was quite inspiriting, owing to the high wind which was prevailing. And, when the two housekeepers returned to business, they were just in season to see Mr. Johnson's pet pointer cleaning out with the most scrupulous nicety the dish where the embryo pudding had been left.

"We won't say anything about it to Anne," said Mr. Johnson; "she might think we were careless. Now, Sam, you construct the biscuit, and I'll go for the pie. I wonder if this chicken is a hen? Humph! it smells rather old—or something; but, of course, it's all ready to cook. Now for the crust—flour and water and baking powder. They make all kinds of pastry—don't they?"

"Yes, yes. That is, I think so," said Sam, a little doubtfully. "That is, all the newspaper advertisements say that baking powder will do anything; and of course it will make pie-crust."

Johnson had taken off his cuffs, and poured a couple of quarts of water into a pan, which he stirred thoughtfully, and added several spoonfulls of baking powder.

"This amount of water will make enough—won't it, Sam?"

"I should say so," returned Sam, manipulating his "light" biscuits, the dough of which was sadly inclined to run up his arms, under his coat-sleeves, and two big dabs of which were sticking, all unnoticed, to the legs of his pantaloons.

Johnson stirred in the flour rapidly, putting in a good deal of muscle, and making the flour fly right and left. His hair and whiskers and eyebrows were peppered, and, when he had stirred in all the flour in the house, the mass was still a little thin.

"By Jove!" said Johnson, eyeing the result before him, "there is half a bushel of it; I never saw so much chicken-pie crust before. But this is a large chicken—a full grown one—adult, in fact, and a strong one, too, or my nose deceives me; but I guess this crust will hold him. Hold it open in the middle, Sam, while I envelop the biped in the crust."

The chicken, with his legs and head still adorning his body, was put into the middle of the dough, and the covering patted down. Johnson stepped back and eyed the contruction of his hands critically.

"Sam," said he, "I think—yes I am certain that Anne never cooks them with their legs on."

So they cut off the legs, thrust the mass into the oven of the stove, put some potatoes to boil, opened the draught of the stove, locked the house, and went down town.

At three, serenely smiling, our two housekeepers ascended the front steps of the Johnson mansion. An odor, infinitely worse than the atmosphere of any soap-boiling establishment, met them as the door opened.

They looked at each other.

"What in the dickens is it?" they cried in chorus, and both made for the kitchen.

No wonder there had been a smell. The chicken pie had burned fast to the bottom of the oven and lay there, with the smoke pouring from it, a blackened mass of cinders; and Sam's light biscuits had burned entirely up, and left nothing but the pan, which had melted down into a mass of solid tin and run out on the floor, which it had set on fire, and which was smouldering away, threatening every moment to burst into flames. The only wonder was that the house had not been burned down before they returned.

The tea kettle had boiled dry and cracked in two, and everything in the room was covered with a deposit of the very blackest soot. The two confederates exchanged glances. But they did not speak. It was no time for words.

Johnson seized the duster and began to whisk the soot from the furniture, while Sam, with a courage which did him credit, proceeded to get the chicken-pie out of the oven, by the help of the tongs.

"I declare, Johnson," said he, as he hurried along, with the grease dripping from his burden and smearing the kitchen floor from one end to the other, "I believe that the reason the thing smelled so strong was that we didn't take out the insides of the critter."

"Jerusalem!" said Johnson, "is that so? Well, if that's the case, it's lucky for us that it burned up."

The two men set to work to wipe up the floor, and, while thus engaged, the door bell rang.

"You go," said Johnson. "You ain't so smutty as I am."

"No, you go," said Brooks. "I am so hot, I shall take cold."

While they parleyed, the unmistakable giggle of young girls broke on their ears and consternation seized them.

"It's Anne's sister Kate," cried Johnson.

"And Mary Hartley, too," cried Brooks. "And I wouldn't have her to see me for all I'm worth. Great Peter! what shall I do?"

"Kate has got a key. She will come in in spite of us," cried Johnson. "Anne gave it to her, so that she need not wait at the door. Perdition take the girls! Why couldn't they have waited till we'd got things straightened out? I'm going to run for it."

As he finished, Johnson dove down the cellar-stairs, while Brooks followed. Both men hid behind the coal-bin.

Soon the girls' voices were heard in the kitchen above. Exclamations, peals of silvery laughter, rattling of dishes, and a melee of sounds generally. And then the two culprits in the cellar heard the girls descending the cellar-stairs.

"They are hiding somewhere, of course," said Kate. "Charley has bragged so much how he could cook, and keep house in order, that he'd rather die than face us. And he knows I should tell Anne. Good heavens, what a mess!"

The girls came daintily along, holding up their skirts. Directly, Kate got a glimpse of Sam's face, smeared with smut and hair disordered. She uttered a piercing scream.

"It's a negro," she cried, seizing Mary and dragging her back. "He's as black as the ace of spades. And such a dreadful countenance. I shall die of fright."

"Two of them," cried Mary, as Sam and his friend rose from their concealment. "Heaven help us! I'll call the police." She started to rush up the stairs, but Sam Brooks caught her by the skirts and held her back.

"Do stop, Mary—for heaven's sake, stop, and don't make an alarm. It's only Charley and I, and we—we—that is, we've been doing a little cooking, and we ain't just ready to see company—"

"Oh, Charley, Charley," cried Kate, "what would Anne say if she could see how you've kept house?"

"I was an ass to boast," said Charley, frankly, "and I am willing to confess it. You may tell Anne so when you write to her. And Sam and I will get our meals at a hotel. I think it will be cheaper and easier for all concerned."

"I should think it would," said Kate.

Sam and Mary Hartley lingered behind, to say that they thought it would, too; and to say something vague and sweet about the housekeeping they two proposed to set up jointly. Only Mary, not Sam, was to be housekeeper.

Charley Johnson is a "sadder" if "wiser" man. He never brags any more about how nicely he can keep house.—*Peterson's Magazine.*

ADVERTISE
in THE NEW ERA. Rates reasonable.

A LIFE THAT READS LIKE A NOVEL.

The South Carolinian who was Prime Minister of Hawaii.

The news of the revolution in Honolulu, and the deposition of the Prime Minister, Walter M. Gibson, has awakened considerable interest in regard to the fate and history of the man who had so great an influence over King Kalakaua.

Walter M. Gibson was a native of South Carolina. His first scheme of any account was in 1852, when he went into the business of selling fire-arms to the Venezuelan government, in violation of the United States neutrality laws. He was arrested and tried, defended by H. H. Anderson, of New York, and by some means managed to escape. He then fitted out a small schooner and started for the coast of Brazil with a load of ice. On reaching the place he found that the ice had all melted, and he had none for sale. For some reason never explained, he sailed for the Malay Peninsula. On reaching there he put himself in communication with some of the chiefs of the Island of Sumatra, which was subject to the Dutch government.

He sent a communication to one of the principal chiefs suggesting a rebellion against the Dutch government, with the idea of profiting by it. The letter was captured, he was thrown into prison, and taken to Java for trial. He was tried, found guilty, and sentenced to be hanged. After lying in prison for eighteen months he managed to escape, through the influence, he claimed, of a beautiful woman. He put to sea in a small boat, boarded an American ship, and finally reached Liverpool. There he presented himself to the American consul, Nathaniel Hawthrone, and represented that he was looking after his paternal estates in England, as he believed himself to be the son of an English nobleman. His great versatility, powers of conversation, culture, knowledge of language and suave manner completely fascinated Hawthorne, and in the author's note-book he devotes three or four pages to interviews with Gibson, closing by saying that he borrowed money to get back to the United States, which had never been repaid.

Gibson went to Washington and made a claim against the Dutch government for $100,000 for imprisonment. Congress took it up and Secretary of State Marcy was much interested. A formal demand was made upon Holland for the amount of the claim; considerable correspondence was had with August Belmont, then minister to The Hague, and he was instructed to demand the money, with war as an ultimatum. This was done. In the meantime the Dutch government had secured and forwarded to Washington a copy of the treasonable letter Gibson had sent to the chief in Sumatra, and Mr. Marcy filed it in the state archives. Wishing to refer to it a short time after it was found to be missing, and Mr. Marcy, in a letter to Congress, said that Gibson alone had access to the archives and intimated that he had stolen it. The whole affair was then dropped.

Soon after, Gibson put himself in communication with Brigham Young and suggested to him that some of the islands of the Pacific would be much better for a Mormon colony than any place in the United States. He was encouraged by Young, and left at once for Honolulu. On his arrival he joined a few Mormons who were already settled there, made himself their leader, and started to build a large church on the Island of Lanai. Thousands of natives contributed towards it and the project was booming. He sent out written documents in which he declared himself the representative of Bingham Young, who held divine power. Gibson declared himself to belong to the sacred order of Melchisedec, and that he had been sent to the ocean islands to convert the inhabitants to the true faith. After he had acquired nearly all the land on Lanai through the native contributions, he abandoned the church, started a newspaper, and went into politics.

He was by far the ablest writer on the newspaper, and knew how to use his writings for his own advancement.

He started the caucus system in the islands, a thing which had never been before attempted. The king was afraid of him, but found him useful; and on the resignation of the ministry in 1882, he placed Gibson in charge of the cabinet, and found that he had the only white minister who would carry out the wishes of the King regardless of morality or legality.

On last Saturday evening Mrs. A. S. Abernethy, accompanied by her children and Mrs. J. S. Propst, were out driving, and in descending a very abrupt declivity in the road about a mile from town, the tug on the shaft of the vehicle broke, and it ran forward on the horse, causing him to start in a run down the hill. Mrs. Propst, who was driving, drew the lines with her whole strength, in order to stop the horse. The lines broke and she was thrown out and dragged some distance. Two of Mrs. Abernethy's children who were in the wagon were considerably bruised.—*Hickory Press.*

PRACTICE WITH REPEATERS.

The Appalling Spectacle of a German Company's Shooting.

The company I saw had had but little practice, and were getting reprimands from half a dozen officers standing beside the drill sergeant for the slowness of their movements, but, to a non-military eye, nothing could have been more machine like. The repeating rifle differs from the ordinary rifle in the fact that the stock, instead of stopping short where it is grasped by the left hand, is prolonged to within an inch of the end of the barrel. This constitutes the reservoir of cartridges. The firing consists of three movements—the "ready," during which each man gives a sharp turn to the right to a little lever above the lock of his gun, and the familiar "present" and "fire!"

The company stood four deep, the two front ranks firing while the two rear ranks recharged their magazines. So rapid were the movements that the magazine, holding either ten or twelve cartridges, I forget which, was emptied, with a preceptible allowance each time for rapid aim, in ten seconds. The thought of what would happen to any body of men exposed to half a minute of firing like this made the spectacle almost appalling. A stolid looking German by my side, who, as I afterward learned, had been of the landwehr in the war, expressed his feelings in one word—the most vigorous in his native tongue. "Schauderhaft!" he exclaimed under his breath.

It is all very well for a Russian governor to issue orders to his troops calling upon them to remember that battles are won by courage and not by repeating rifles, but the moral effect of the new weapon both upon those using it and those opposed to it must be enormous. To be able to wait until the enemy, in whatever form he may be, is within a few yards of you, and then to deliver your fire upon him at the rate of a shot a second, is enough to make "cracks" out of even falstaff's levies.—*Metz Correspondence Pall Mall Gazette.*

Holding Back Milk.

The habit some cows have of holding up the milk is a difficult one to overcome. Mr. L. B. Arnold accounts for this habit by the following explanation: It consists in shortening the time of relaxation of the cords controlling the valves to the little reservoirs holding the milk. These are distributed through the udder and there are several circumstances which tend to make a cow shorten this relaxation. Rough treatment, fear, grief, solicitude, loud noises, etc., are among them. The circumstances inducing a prolongation of the relaxation are comfort and quietude, together with the relief afforded by the flow of milk. The best way, according to the authority quoted from, is to avoid all occasion of disturbance and observe those which promote pleasure and quiet for the cow, and to milk as rapidly as possible, consistent with comfort, with a view to getting the milk before the "letting down" ceases. Milking rapidly does not mean jerking sharply or moving with hasty or irregular motions in the presence of the cow. Such a course would counteract the very thing aimed at. The motion of the milker should not be such as to attract her suspicions. They should be deliberate and cool, but when set down to the milking, let nothing be allowed to interrupt or retard the work. This will induce continual letting down, by giving relief to the udder. The milker should bear constantly in mind the fact that the letting down is short and that every movement should be availed of to the best advantage. When the milk ceases to flow the milking should stop at once, whether the milk is all out or not. There is no use in hanging on after it stops coming, as this only cultivates and confirms the habit of "holding back." To give a cow the least possible occasion for holding back her milk is the best way to prevent her forming such a habit, and the surest and readiest way to make her forget it after it has been formed. To break up the objectionable habit, let the milking be quick, but easy and regular.

Heaves in Horses.

In heaves the great point is to correct any faults in feeding, watering and working. Keep the patient in a cool, clean, well aired stable, feed sound oats or ground feed morning and noon, without any hay or straw, but at night a few pounds of well-cured timothy, or better, straw may be given after the grain; do not put to work for at least an hour after any meal, and let exercise be gentle for the first half hour; never overdrive; if there is any tendency to costiveness give daily two or three ounces of Glauber salts, more or less, as may be necessary to keep them easy. Without such careful management, all other measures will prove unavailing, and this care alone may be sufficient to check the disease in its early stages.

The Regents of Bulgaria have resigned,

LAST WEEK IN THE STATE.

Happnings Social, Political, Financial and Otherwis.

Street cars are now running in Durham.

The *Landmark* says that Statesville has forty-eight miles of streets.

The fish tank on the top of Duke's factory in Durham now contains four pound carp.

The W. N. C. Railroad has been assessed at $5,284.12½ per mile including road bed and rolling stock.

The revenue receipts in the fourth district last month were $65,000; of this amount, $50,000 was paid by Durham.

President Crowell, of Trinity College, married the other day and will come South in time for the opening of the session, August 22.

The eighth annual meeting of the North Carolina Pharmaceutical Association will be held in Asheville, August 3.

The Board of Education of Jones county refuses to grant a teacher's certificate to any man who has not paid his poll tax.

The three white fire companies of Charlotte, owing to a misunderstanding with the city authorities, have turned all the public property in their possession over to the city and have disbanded.

Private citizens have subscribed a sufficient amount to build a branch of the Cape Fear & Yadkin Valley R. R. from Stocksdale to Madison. Madison has recently voted against subscribing to the same road.

Dr. L. C. Stokes, of Wilkesboro, who went to Los Angeles, Cal., about a year ago to be cured of consumption and was on his way home uncured, died at Albuquerque, N. M., last Saturday a week ago.

The Silver Valley Mine has contracted to furnish the Smelting Works with 20 tons of ore per day. C. C. McPhail, of Richmond, Va., is President of this company, C. Morris Orem, Treasurer, and Elwin Hendrix, Secretary.

Lt. Zeb. B. Vance, Jr., U. S. Army, is in the city, visiting friends and relatives. Army life agrees with our young friend, and his commissary department is evidently well supplied. We were glad to meet him.—*Asheville Citizen.*

Gov. Scales has been invited and has promised to be present in person, if possible, if not, to be represented, and deliver the opening address of welcome on the part of North Carolina at the Inter-State Grangers' Encampment and Fair, August 8th to 10th, at Mount Holly.

The stockholders and directors of the North Carolina railroad met at Greenboro Wednesday. Col. T. M. Holt was re-elected president and P. B. Ruffin secretary. The proceedings of the directors were not made public. The stockholders elected four new director's for the state and four for the private stockholders.

The names of the killed in the blow up in South Carolina Saturday last, besides M. L. Agee, are Bill Smith, Elias Chappel and Jack Farmer, of Virginia; Cephas Means, of Mt. Holly, N. C.; Tom Dogan, of Lincolnton; Milas Bennet, of Lilesville; Jim Jones, of Rock Hill, S. C., and Henry Morrison, of Mecklenburg county.

Mr. Moses Rountree, the leading merchant and most wealthy citizen of Wilson, dropped dead from heart disease last Thursday a week ago. A public meeting was held in the Court House to express the loss the community had sustained in his death. Every business house in town was closed and the meeting was largely attended.

A difficulty occurred at Catawba Station last Monday, in which Mr. Jake Trollinger was seriously cut by Mr. Jake Little. The knife entered between the 7th and 8th ribs, causing a painful wound of some depth and about two inches in length. Drs. Campbell and McCorkle went, in answer to a summons by telegraph, to dress the wound which they say is right serious, but not necessarily fatal. The difficulty grew out of the cutting of some watermelon vines belonging to Mr. Little by Mr. Trollinger's children.—*Newton Enterprise.*

The Statesville *Landmark* gives the following organization list of the office of Collector Craige, of the new fifth district.

Sterling Ruffin, Chief Deputy, D. C.;
M. O. Sherrill, Cashier, D. C.;
Gilmer Brenizer, Bonded Acct., D. C.;
Jerome Dowd, D. C., in Stamp Room;
G. W. Michal, D. C., Bandy & Tobacco;
J. C. Tipton, " " " "
J. P. Matheson, Clerk Bonded Acct.;
M. P. Anderson, " " "
J. H. McRee, Assessment List, D. C.;
Thos. Earnhardt, Messenger.

There will be but two special deputy collectors in the new fifth district and to these positions Col. A. H. Baird, of Asheville, and Mr. A. M. Vannoy, of Statesville, have been appointed.

SOUTH CAROLINA NEWS.

What our Neighbors in the Palmetto State are doing.—A Budget of Notes on Matters in General.

The National Bank of Chester has declared a semi-annual dividend of four per cent.

A military company was recently formed at Duncan's, with J. B. Williamson as Captain. They enrolled forty-eight fine looking men.

Rev. J. C. Chalmers, the father of Rev. J. T. Chalmers, of Winnsboro, died at the home of his son, on Thursday, the 7th inst., in the 77th year of his age.

The Kershaw Troop hope soon to do away with the red shirt for a uniform by having new and attractive ones made. Their respective measures were taken one day last week.

During a storm on the 12th instant, lighting set fire to one of the warehouses of the Pelzer cotton factory and 2,000 bales of cotton were consumed.

The Rock Hill Cotton Factory Company has just purchased two new steel boilers for use in the factory building. These boilers are of greater capacity than those which they replace.

There is a negro at work on the 3 C's road in this county, who used to walk and carry a tri-weekly mail in Spartanburg county, making a tramp of forty-two miles in a day three days in the week.—*Lancaster Ledger.*

A match game of base ball was played between the Rough and Ready club, of Sumter, and the 3 C's, of Camden, on the grounds of the latter recently, which resulted in a victory for the 3 C's, the score standing 11 to 6.

The Chester survivors of the 6th Regiment decided at a late meeting to abandon their proposed trip to Petersburg. They will hold the annual reunion with the Fairfield veterans of the same Regiment, in Winnsboro, next month. Hon. H. A. Gaillard will be the orator of the occasion.

Sam Littlejohn, of Pacolet, has a veritable half dollar picked up by Early Wood, a colored man, on the old camping ground of Daniel Morgan near Grindall Shoals. It is a Spanish dollar cut in two pieces for the sake of change. He will exhibit it at the encampment.—*Spartan.*

Adjutant General Bonham has effectually settled the dispute between the two military companies at Edgefield, C. H., as to the right to the name "Edgefield Rifles," by issuing an order disbanding both companies. The reason ascribed for this action is the failure of either company to comply with the full requirements of the law in the organization.

Mr. Tilman Dixon, while seining in Catawba river, near Chester, last Monday a week ago with a party of friends, was drowned. He was attacked with cramp, and being some distance from his friends, met an untimely death. A wife and many children lament their bitter affliction.

The Rock Hill Hook and Ladder Company has reorganized the company and changed its name to the Rock Hill Steam Fire Company. Mr. A. H. White was elected president and Mr. J. F. Reid foreman. Mr. J. H. Miller, the former secretary, was retained. The company decided to name the new steamer "Marion Jones," in honor of Capt. Allen Jone's sweet little daughter who died recently.

On Tuesday morning Henry Wilson, colored, employed on Mr. Ross' railroad work, 3 miles east of town, was accidentally shot with a small pistol in the hands of Joe Rankin, another railroad hand. The ball entered the face on the right side of the nose and lodged in the back portion of the brain. Dr. W. G. White was summoned to attend the wounded man, and from the nature of the wound he thinks it may prove fatal.—*Yorkville Enquirer.*

Mr. Wm. N. Flynn, a promising young man eighteen years old, was drowned on Sunday the 10th inst., in Gill's creek, near the Dixie gold mine, while trying to save a man named Funderburk, who could not swim. Mr. Flynn had some of his clothing on and was seized by the other man and drowned. Funderburk escaped on a plank that was thrown to them. Flynn had been on his way to church.

There was a very small ripple of excitement Saturday night because the Morgan Rifles were ordered to the jail. Sheriff Jentry had heard in some way that there was a party of lynchers made up to take George S. Turner from jail and deal with him after their peculiar manner. The Morgan Rifles remained there all night and did not even see a "solitary horseman" on the streets, and they went home at the break of day feeling like they had been on a "fool's errand."—*Spartan.*