

Germans Sustain Heavy Losses.

London, Nov. 29.—9:55 p.m. —Latest official Russian announcements still claim advantage in the fighting in Northern Poland, but depreciate exaggerated reports of their successes. Germany declares officially that the Russian attacks have been repulsed and that German counter-attacks have been successful. The German Emperor has joined Field Marshal von Hindenburg in the East to offer his advice and to encourage his troops.

Enormous losses have been inflicted on the Germans, according to the Russian statement but no mention is made of the capture of German divisions, so freely claimed by the Petrograd correspondents of London and Paris papers.

Some days must elapse before this battle, which promises to prove the most decisive of the war, is concluded. So far, all that is definitely known is that the German advance has been stopped. Some of the German troops have been partly or wholly surrounded but they still are fighting stubbornly to break their way through the Russian lines, apparently to the northward, where they hope to join reinforcements from Thorn.

In the battle before Cracow the Russians claim decisive success. During the last week they took 30,000 prisoners in that region, which is taken in Petrograd to mean that Cracow will not bar the Russian advance in Silesia from the South but that, with the Austrian army beaten, it will be necessary only to mask

The Russians also announce success on the Austrian side of the Carpathians and against the Turks in the Caucasus, although in both regions the worst of weather has prevailed.

In the west, the Germans, although making an occasional infantry attack, seem content at present to bombard the allied positions with somewhat lighter guns than they have been using.

This may mean either that they are troops and artillery to the east or that they are preparing a new attack against the Allies.

Death Of Mr. A C Guy.

Mr. A. C. Guy died last Saturday night after an illness of about two weeks at the home of his son-in-law, Mr. A. L. White.

About fifteen years ago Mr. Guy moved from Chesterfield to Elba, Ala., but came out to spend the summer and fall with his children, relatives and friends. When he left Chesterfield to go to Alabama, there was genuine regret on the part of every one.

Mr. Guy was in his 75th year and he was a splendid Christian gentleman in every sense of the word.

The funeral services were conducted at Shiloh church Monday morning by Revs. J. R. Millard and J. L. Tyler.

Mr. Guy was a mason and he was laid to rest with masonic honors.—Chesterfield Advertiser

"Yes," said Mrs. Scraggs across the fence, "we've changed all our old bed room furniture. We gave away the black walnut stuff and put in mahogany dressers and brass beds."

"Single beds?" inquired Mrs. Baggs.

"Yes; they're ever so much more convenient. When my husband hides under one of them I can reach him with a broom."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Stonewall's" Most Important Order.

Perhaps the most important order that "Stonewall" Jackson ever issued—certainly the most vital to himself—is not in the official war records. The order was given in person to a Northern artillery officer as he stood in full uniform, ready for battle beside his gun, and—strangest of all!—was at once executed by him, with the result that the battle was lost by the Union arms.

It was on a spring morning in 1862 just before the battle of Port Republic. Jackson, in advance of his troops with only a single escort, galloped across the bridge over the Shenandoah River into the town, which stood on the east bank. Learning that the army of General Shields was still a good many miles away, and confident that his own troops would be in possession long before the enemy, he rode to a residence at the farther end of the village, where he spent nearly an hour.

But meantime the energetic Shields—who Jackson later declared to be his most formidable opponent—had thrust forward a small, swift column to occupy Port Republic, seize the bridge and halt Jackson's advance. So rapidly did it move that it gained both objects without firing a shot. More than that, Jackson was a prisoner—if anyone had known it!

Jackson, in utter ignorance of the disastrous charge, mounted horse, and ambled down the main street to the bridge. What was the astonishment to see the bridge in the hands of the enemy, busy throwing up intrenchment and fortifications. Planted on a little knoll that commanded the bridge and its approaches, was a formidable field gun.

Fortunately for Jackson, the recent campaigns up and down the valley had faded both blue and grey into a nondescript drab. As Jackson sat on his horse and watch the busy scene, he formed his plans swiftly. He must not go back; he must cross that bridge; that was his only chance. It was the frowning field gun that he feared. He must put it out of commission long enough to get beyond its range. Throwing up his hand to attract attention, he shouted to the officer in command of the gun:

"What are you doing with that gun up there? I didn't order it there and I don't want it there!" There was authority and petulance in his voice as he added, "Limber up, and run it over on that knob over there!"

The officer at the gun, thinking that he had to deal with some superior officer recently arrived, hastened to obey without question, explaining in self defense that he had understood his orders otherwise.

Sitting on Little Sorrel while the Federal troops worked busily about him, Jackson calmly waited until the gun was lumbering off to its new position. Then he rode quietly across the bridge, and up the other bank until he was well out of musket range. Then he turned, waved his hand to the astonished Federals, and putting spurs to his horse, galloped away from the rain of bullets that pattered harmlessly in the rear. Had he been captured, the Confederate victory at Port Republic which he won a few hours later would not have happened; the able and energetic Shields would have defeated his troops, stunned by his loss.

Many Pardons Granted

Governor Blease late Wednesday granted pardons, paroles or commutations to 101 prisoners then serving sentences in the South Carolina penitentiary or in the county convict squads. There will be fewer than 50 prisoners in the State prison at Columbia.

Clemency now has been extended to 1,430 prisoners by the Governor since he assumed the office in January, 1911. His second term as the State's Chief Executive will expire January 12, 1915.

Included in the list of prisoners released were 16 serving life sentences for murder, 31 sentenced to from two to 39 years imprisonment for manslaughter, and 54 serving terms for minor offenses. One man convicted of murder and sentenced to be electrocuted was given a commutation to five years imprisonment.

Fifty-four of the number given clemency are white men. Forty-six are negroes and one Indian.

A Simple Prayer.

Homer Meek in P. A. Magazine.

Teach me that 60 minutes make one hour, 16 ounces one pound, and 100 cents one dollar.

Help me to live so that I can lie down at night with a clear conscience, without a gun under my pillow, and unhaunted by the faces of those to whom I have brought pain.

Grant, I beseech Thee, that I may earn my meal ticket on the square, and in doing thereof that I may not stick the gaff where it does not belong.

Deafen me to the jingle of jangled money and the rustle of unholy skirts.

Blind me to the faults of the other fellow, but reveal to me mine own.

Guide me so that each night when I look across the dinner table at my wife who has been a blessing to me, I will have nothing to conceal.

Keep me young enough to laugh with my children and to lose myself in their play.

And then when comes the smell of flowers, and the tread of soft steps, and the crushing of the hearse's wheels in the grave out in front of my place, make the ceremony short and the epitaph simple;

"HERE LIES A MAN."

Big Job For Gregory

The Kershaw Era has the following to say of conditions in Kershaw and the task before Policeman Gregory, who recently moved from Pageland to Kershaw:

Policeman Gregory will do the town a great favor if he succeeds in ridding it of the blind tiger pest. It is not always practical to give the concrete evidence of the sale but the facts are patent that whiskey is flowing too freely here. The people who usually patronize blind tigers can ill afford to spend money for such rot in times like these. And then the whiskey tiger is not wanted in the community.

Explains Itself

Stanley, N. C., Nov. 26.—Born at Lucas, Gaston county, on Thanksgiving night to Mr. and Mrs. Dan F. Little a son. All parties doing well, except Dan.

Yours truly
Dan Little.

Doctor—"You have a bad case of gout. The best course for you is to take no wine, no beer, no alcohol in any form, no cigars." Patient—"Hold on, doctor; what's next best?"—Ex.

Another Battle at Waxhaw

Waxhaw Enterprise. A rousing rough and tumble fight was pulled off on the streets of Waxhaw between two militiamen of Ham Monday morning, the performers being John Simmons and Rob Montgomery. Rob owed John a certain sum of money for the building of a chimney and these being hard times John naturally wanted what was coming to him. Therefore, John decided that the best way to get it was to ask for it. So he approached Rob in front of the A. W. Heath Co. store and requested the cash. He made Rob mad because he didn't like to be dunned on the street. Then John let fly a huge boulder at Rob's dome. The rock went wild and the boys clonched. After some lively scuffling they fell to the ground with John on top. Having this advantage in position John put one hand about Rob's throat and slugged him savagely with his fist. Under this condition Rob soon called for the calf rope. Shortly after the fight Rob's face looked like he had gone through a wasp nest.

Yesterday morning hostilities between the belligerents were renewed with much more serious consequences. Early in the day Rob came to town armed with artillery. While perambulating the streets and yearning for the sweetness of revenge he came face to face with his hated enemy, John Simmons, in front of Mr. J. L. Rodman's office.

Rob had a thirty-eight in his pocket. Without exchange of greetings both sides prepared for the battle. Rob pulled his pistol and began to fire while John waded in with his pick John got shot twice, one bullet taking effect in the left breast and the other in the right leg. Neither wound is considered fatal. Rob received a heavy blow from the pick on cranium. After the clash John withdrew from the battle and sought reinforcements in the shape of a shot gun. Rob reloaded his revolver on the battle ground and began his retreat through town. John made a vigorous pursuit, but neutral powers intercepted him and held in check while Rob, without interruption, walked out of town, carrying his pistol in his hand. John's wounds were dressed by Dr. Thomas E. Craig. Rob's whereabouts are unknown.

"I can't stay long," said the chairman of the committee from the colored church. "I just came to see if yo' wouldn't join de mission band."

"Fo' de lan' sakes, honey," replied the old mammy, "doan' come to me! I can't even play a mouforgan."

Two college students were arraigned before the magistrate charged with hurdling the low spots in the road in their motor car.

"Have you a lawyer?" asked the magistrate.

"We're not going to have any lawyer," answered the elder of the students. "We've decided to tell the truth."—Ex.

An insurance agent was filling out an application blank.

"Have you ever had appendicitis?" he asked.

"Well," answered the applicant, "I was operated on, but I have never felt quite sure whether it was appendicitis or professional curiosity."

Concealed Barrel in Load of Wood

Ed Decamp, [of Gaffney, thinks there are farmers who are about as tricky as the average town guy, and he says so in the following language:

"We have heard a great deal of talk in our day about the 'honest farmer' but it appears to us that the average farmer is about as tricky as the average city chap. We are acquainted with one farmer who sold us several cords of wood and so honey combed it when racking it that a 'possum could have run through it in a hundred places. We have heard of another farmer who brought a load of wood to town with an empty barrel concealed in the wood and sold the entire load as wood. We know of another who, rather than sell his butter at less than the price he puts on it, will take it home keep it until it becomes rancid and then mix it with fresh butter and sell it all as fresh butter. We know of another who came to Gaffney and bought 'fat back,' took it home and ground it up into sausage and sold the mixture for fresh country sausage. Don't talk to us about the heathen Chinese and tricks that are vain. He has his counterpart in the farmer of this Christian country. But then all farmers are not of this class, and thank God for that."

Presidents Elected by Minorities

Philadelphia Ledger. One on God's side is a majority, said Wendell Philips. Luckily for America, no majority are not required, else a good many of them never would have reached the White House.

Pennsylvania's only President, Jas. Buchanan, had nearly 40,000 fewer votes than his competitors. Old Rough and Ready Taylor landed this job with only 47 per cent of all the ballots cast.

Lincoln was a decisive minority President, and he went to the White House with only 40 out of every 100 votes that were polled. Woodrow Wilson got into office by an almost equally slim majority, having a trifle more than 40 per cent of all ballots.

Neither time he was chosen President did Grover Cleveland have half the voters of the United States with him. Strange enough, the other time he was nominated and when he was beaten by Harrison, Cleveland, although the loser, had the greater number of votes by nearly 100,000.

Hence Cleveland won twice on a minority and lost once with a plurality.

Tilden had not only more votes than Hays, but more than all his competitors combined, yet he wasn't President. Garfield like Hayes, was a minority winner.

There seems to be as great luck in a minority as in the divine right of majorities.

"Where does Miss DeMar get her complexion?" "It's a gift. Her sister married a druggist."—Ex.

When a married woman goes forth to look after her rights, her husband stays at home and nurses his wrongs.—Life.

"You think that man has more money than brains?" "Yes," replied Miss Cayenne; "and I don't believe he has mach money, at that."—Ex.

Shut Up About Hard Times

It is really disgusting to hear people talk about hard times in this day when crops are plentiful and peace reigns o'er the land. One has to go back to the period from 1865 to 1875 to realize what hard times are. The writer well remembers when it was a rare thing to have "wheat bread" except on Sunday morning for breakfast. Parched corn tye and and wheat were a substitute for coffee in many homes, and this was sweetened with molasses. The clothes of the children were in most cases made from the worn-out garments of the grown folks. One pair of shoes was all anyone ever had during the entire year, and they were of the coarsest kind. The children of two-thirds of the families did not know what money looked like or what it was used for. Conditions in those days were far worse than they are today, and it may be because we were small but really we did not hear anything like the complaint about hard times that we hear these days. We are a set of ingrates and should be ashamed of ourselves that we are so thankful.—Gaffney Ledger.

The literal minded foreigner who had been touring the United States for weeks breathed a sigh of relief as he stepped off the train in Boston, relates the Philadelphia Ledger. His face was wreathed in smiles as he walked up to a ragged, dirty urchin and said:

"My little man, I wish to ascertain the location of the best hostelry in your municipality, and also I shall consider it an eleemosynary action on your part if you will furnish me with instructions as the most expeditious method of reaching it."

"G'wan," said the boy. "Yuh gotta mouth full of teeth. Ask uh cop."

Mt. Croghan R. 1. Items

Prayer services will be held at the home of Mr. W. A. Steen, Tuesday night, who is very seriously afflicted.

Miss Sue Sellers, of near Cross Roads church, is at this writing thought to be improving. She suffered a stroke of paralysis about 8 months ago, with no relief until a few days ago. She is under treatment of Dr. R. M. Newsom of Ruby.

Mr. B. B. Steen will fill Rev. J. D. Purvis' regular appointment at Cross Roads next Saturday and Sunday and at Bethlehem at 3 o'clock the second Sunday. Rev. J. D. Purvis has returned for a few month's school at Wake Forest college.

News Notes From Route 1

Prayer meeting at Salem on Wednesday night has been discontinued, for a time at least.

Mr. J. F. Richardson visited old schoolmates, friends and relatives at Matthews last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Phillips and Mr. W. F. Phillips spent Sunday in Charlotte.

Mrs. Mattie and Miss Annie Lee Lowry, of Altan, spent Thanksgiving in this community.

Preaching at Mt. Moriah next Saturday and Sunday.

J. L. Griggs is still suffering with that sore foot.

Leck Brewer, colored, is in a hospital in Charlotte where he recently underwent an operation for rupture.