

TILLMAN VS. LIPSCOMB.

HAMBURG EDGING FOR SECRETARY OF STATE LIPSCOMB'S CLOTHING.

Mr. Tillman Hits Back and Tells About the Farmer's Movement—He Has No Political Ambition to Subserve.

Since the publication of my recent "open letter to the farmers of the State" I have been the recipient of many courtesies from the newspapers and their correspondents. I am like King Lear. "The little dogs and all, Tray, Blanch and Sweetheart. See! they bark at me." I have been accused of nearly every sin mentioned in the decalogue, and many others besides, and I doubt if ever a column of plain and lucid English has been so variously construed or had so many different interpretations put upon it. There has certainly been a "ring" firing at me, whether there be a political "ring" in South Carolina or not—and I seem to have pinched many people's toes of whom I was not even thinking. Such a broadside from politicians and pap suckers has not been heard in the State in many a long day. We farmers can now locate the enemy and govern ourselves accordingly. But I feel under lasting obligations to the gentlemen of the press for so liberally advertising "a farmer's convention" gratis. "The agitation of thought is the beginning of wisdom." Farmers need only to think, to wake up, and all will be well. They are doing this, I hope and believe, and I am therefore more than satisfied with the situation.

The firing has almost died away and things are growing quiet. But hush, hark! what deep booming sound is it that breaks the stillness at this late hour of the bombardment? "Hamburg Moses," "Moses Tillman," "slanderer," "crank," "dreamer" and "demagogue," who somehow feels uneasy at being the innocent cause of all this turmoil, and who is trying to make out why a simple suggestion to the farmers to organize and demand a redress of grievances should create such a commotion, "Moses" picks himself up, shakes, feels for his head, and finding he is not hurt looks around to see by whom this "air gun" was fired. There was no bullet in it, or certainly Edgefield would have a funeral on her hands. A burly form as fat as a porker on official paper, and as red with impotent rage as a turkey gobbler, stands ready to claim that he killed "Cock Robin." "Moses" has been begging with tears in his eyes for some "Richmond" from the agricultural bureau to answer his arguments and disprove his facts; but our belated warrior who at this late day appears upon the scene and fires the gun it

ignores argument, pays no attention to facts, dishes out abusive epithets like a fish wife, claims to be the only original and possible "Agricultural Moses," and winds up with a pitiful appeal to the farmers and people not to punish him because he refuses to accept "Moses Tillman as a leader." Oh how these men who are sucking the public teat begin to squeal when they feel or fear they are about to lose their hold! It is heart-rending. Col. Lipscomb has been nursing his wrath to keep it warm and it is certainly very hot, but it does not burn "Moses" because he has only told the truth, and Col. Lipscomb must disprove the charges of incompetence, extravagance and inattention to duty made against the board of agriculture before he can injure "Moses" by flinging mud. I shall not descend into the gutter and fight this doughty granger with his chosen weapon. A negro can beat us both on that line. I prefer decency and courtesy, although I am accused of "outraging" both. Col. Lipscomb must prove these charges "ere they will harm me. I have been severe but parliamentary, and have always attacked the official acts of men and not the men themselves; and although my words were thus interpreted by many, I have never said anything about the State officers except the agricultural bureau and their administration of their trusts. They are not the "ring" to which I alluded, but may and doubtless do form a part of it, and Col. Lipscomb's ready anger at the mere suggestion of such a thing makes one suspect that his conscience accuses him. "The wicked flee when no man pursueth, but the righteous is bold as a lion."

I voted for Col. Lipscomb for secretary of State in the State convention in 1882, and have never denied that his motives are pure. But the possession of office has strangely emasculated and silenced the sturdy advocate who was wont to make the welkin ring while he depicted the wrongs and abuses heaped on farmers. He spoke for my resolutions at Bennettsville, but it was with bated breath and in general terms. He was mild; and while I have written nothing since which was as severe as that speech, no farmer enjoyed it more or complimented it so highly as he did. Let him deny this if he can, and explain why he has since changed front. I said little there about the board of agriculture and only sought to enlarge it and increase its usefulness. That is what I propose now, and my efforts are not bent towards "pulling down and destroying everything and everybody," &c. but towards building up, encouraging and protecting our agricultural interests. We want a real agricultural college. We want a large and representative board of agriculture composed of live, progressive farmers. We want farmer's institutes to teach our people how to do better and increase the general prosperity. We want fewer laws and better ones; we want fewer officers and more efficient ones; we want a government of the people by the people and for the people; and as the people are, by a large majority, farmers, farmers have a right and it is their duty to govern the State, and "if this be treason make the most of it." Such a government does not by

any means imply that only farmers ought to hold office or that other classes are to be excluded altogether or imposed upon. Only a dreamer or idiot would imagine such a thing and only a narrow-minded, selfish bigot would want it. The assumption that this movement has any such object is entirely gratuitous and only emanates from those who seek to bamboozle farmers and obscure the real issue. "Divide to conquer" has ever been the tactics of our enemies, and the same old dodge is being tried now. It may succeed but I hope for better things.

Col. Lipscomb felt obliged to acknowledge that a farmer's convention is a right and proper thing and advocates it, but he objects to it because he did not suggest it and cannot "boss it" and is silly enough to say it will be called and controlled, appointed and organized by Mr. B. R. Tillman. He does me too much honor. I have called the convention in common with those who endorsed the idea and sent me their names. It will assemble and choose its own officers and will, I trust, result in great good to the State and entire people. I will endeavor to get it to adopt some measures which I deem highly important to our welfare as farmers; only this and nothing more, and the idea that it will be composed of puppets to be "bossed" by anybody will I think be only too clearly disproven when it assembles.

It will be no joint summer meeting of politicians to "make a slate." There will be no "free passes," and lacking these two familiar features, perhaps Col. Lipscomb does well to turn his back on us. 'Tis a pity, but I suppose we common people must perforce do without him. Let the farmers of this State see that good and true men, not politicians or office seekers, are sent to this convention and it will mark an epoch in the history of South Carolina. If any county can find a better man who is not a farmer than it can among farmers, by all means let the farmers of that county send him. We want the brains and patriotism and honesty of the State to come together and take charge of it. B. R. TILLMAN.

A SICKENING SPECTACLE.

A Shin-Kicking Contest That Was Fun for the Crowd, but Death to Will and Jack.

A shin-kicking contest, or as it is known in sporting vernacular, a "purring" contest, was held in a barn in the rear of a saloon in East Orange, N. J., last Monday night. The men were Jack Fawcett and Will Wilson, and they contested for \$100. They wore canvas jackets, knee breeches, no stockings, shoes with wooden soles, the tips of the toes being of iron. After the referee had informed the men that any kick above the knee would be considered a foul, each man grasped his competitor's coat collar, and the sickening sport began.

That it was not sickening to the forty persons collected in the barn was evidenced when, after some minutes of plunging and parrying, Fawcett landed his left toe on Wilson's leg laying open the flesh to the bone. This elicited a round of applause from the spectators, which was renewed when shortly afterwards, Wilson retaliated upon his antagonist's shin. The sport then continued without interruption, each thud of the iron-toed shoe upon the quivering flesh being followed by applause. So it went on for ten minutes, when Wilson began to show signs of weakening. His kicks became less vicious and he was unable to successfully parry Fawcett's blows. Five minutes later he fell powerless to the floor and Fawcett stumbled over him. The later arose, however, and as Wilson did not respond to the call of the referee, Fawcett was declared the winner.

Terrors of the Boycott.

The Knights of Labor have the upper hand at Fort Worth, Tex. The boarding houses and hotels which accommodate men who take the places of strikers are being boycotted. Even the butchers refuse to sell them meat. All this is true, yet the sentiment of the people is against the strikers, but business men are afraid of the boycott. John Taggart, boarding house keeper, was boycotted on Thursday. The waterman from whom he has been purchasing his supply of drinking water refused to sell to him, and he has to go two miles to secure water. His landlord, one of the richest citizens of Fort Worth, has ordered him to vacate his house. On the same day poison was thrown into Taggart's water barrel, and one married woman and two little girls were poisoned and now lie in a critical condition. The case cited above is the worst yet reported, but there are others nearly as disgraceful. The people are afraid to call their souls their own.

A Woman's Awful Vengeance.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., March 17.—At 8 o'clock to-night Emma Norman, a young lady twenty-one years of age, shot and killed Henry Arnold, proprietor of a grocery store at No. 109 Beal street. Arnold seduced Miss Norman about eighteen months ago and has made repeated promises to marry her. Five months ago he married Miss Nellie Kiley, and to-night while standing in front of his store door was shot through the heart by Miss Norman, who approached him from behind. Miss Norman resided eight miles in the country and came to town this afternoon for the express purpose of killing her seducer. She was arrested and locked up. She expressed great satisfaction at the fatal result of her shot.

A Baby Contest.

More than 3,500 babies have been entered for the international baby contest in Paris. The favorite for the prize in the heavy-weight class is a boy named Sidoyne Vollez, a Belgian by descent. At the age of five years he is four feet one and a half inches in height and weighs 158 pounds.

YOUNG MEN OF CAROLINA.

The Prospect and the Power of the Coming Carolinian.

CHARLESTON, March 16.—Nothing strikes an old South Carolinian, who has returned to his native State after several years residence in other States, so forcibly as the fact of the vigor and activity of the young men of the State. Circumstances have recently thrown me in many sections of the State, and every where I have observed that the young men are coming to the front. I consider this one of the most hopeful signs for the future of South Carolina. With the young and new generation in charge of its affairs, South Carolina is destined to make rapid strides in genuine material progress. It is a hopeful sign to notice that this young element does not despise the wisdom of years, but on all occasions blends its active force with the experience of old men. These young men do not belong to that class of youthful politicians, who are continually making sport of the "moss backs." It is evident that there is no movement on the part of the young men to gain control of the State, but that they are put into positions of honor and trust by the people because their sterling qualities are appreciated.

My attention was first directed to the prominence of the young men of South Carolina by going to the editorial rooms of the News and Courier and finding in the chair, for years so ably filled by that graceful writer and profound scholar, Barney Riordan, an active and bright young man, who has not yet reached his twenty-fifth year. This young man, Mr. John L. Weber, reads the entire mass of the exchanges received at his office, besides managing the State department of his paper and doing his share of editorial work. I was told in Charleston that Mr. Weber is one of the best equipped journalists of the South, and it is as much noted for his popularity as for his ability. Gen. Hemphill, who is manager of the News and Courier in the absence of the editor-in-chief, is a young man, and one of the leaders of progressive thought in the South. There are other quill drivers in the State who are making reputations for themselves, and doing good work for the State. Among these are the vigorous Jones, of the Spartanburg Herald. The clear and witty Williams, of the Greenville News, the courteous McSweeney, of the Hampton Guardian, and the progressive Murray, of the Anderson Intelligencer. There are many others whose pens exert an influence beyond their counties.

The young men are more prominent at the bar perhaps than in any other field of activity. In Charleston Chas. A. McHugh, Ancrum Simons, John D. Capper, and George W. Pickett, in Columbia, Perry, George M. Trenholm and Chas. A. Boyle are the young men who have already reached enviable position at the bar. McHugh and Simons have both been pressed into service in the Legislature, though neither has reached his thirtieth year. Orangeburg county has always shown her appreciation of her young men. T. M. Raylor, who has just passed his twenty-fifth year, has reached a commanding place at the bar and against his wish has been sent to represent his county in the State Legislature. The same county sends as representative Mr. C. G. Dantzer, a young man less than thirty years of age, who has just begun the practice of law. Barwell has her young representatives Jas. E. Davis and W. R. Kelly, Union her Chas. C. Culp and David Johnson, Anderson her George E. Prince and H. G. Scudder, Abbeville her W. C. Benet and W. A. Bradley, Edgefield her N. G. Evans and E. B. Gary, and, indeed, every county in the State has active young leaders. Spartanburg, perhaps, has more vigorous young men than any other county in the State. They take an active interest in every movement that concerns the country, and exert a good healthy influence. Well may Spartanburg be proud of her Stanyarae Wilson, Ed. Bomar, J. K. Jennings, Charles Wofford, Stobo Simpson, Hugh Farley, Arch Calvert and Tucker McCrary. South Carolina has a host of young men with the right spirit and may meet any issues presented to her without fear of danger.—O D in Augusta Chronicle.

An Anderson Tale.

Mr. James Harrison, while engaged in getting out staves on the steeple place in Pendleton township last Monday, found a small lock of brown human hair in the middle of a large white oak tree. A hole had been bored in the tree, the hair inserted and the hole stopped. The tree had grown around the hole to the extent of ninety-seven circles, showing that the hair had been placed there about the year 1789. It is supposed to have been the act of some superstitious person, who hoped thereby to ward off witchcraft or something of that kind, such practices in olden times being traditional. Mr. Harrison preserves the hair as a curiosity.—Anderson Journal.

Old Bricks.

An old brick kiln has been discovered near the town of Laurens which promises to turn out several thousand good bricks. Some of the older citizens of the place say it is probably one of the kilns of brick from which the present postoffice building was built, about thirty-five years ago and were made by the late Colonel James H. Irby. Two or three large pine trees, besides much other smaller growth, have sprung up on the mound. The man who discovered it carries a rabbit foot.

A Mystery.

McCormick, Abbeville county, is in a muddle over its recent municipal election. Only thirty-five votes were cast, and since the election twenty-two men have made affidavit that they voted for a certain man for attendant, and still he was not elected.

MOB LAW RAMPANT.

A WHOLESALE LYNCHING IN MISSISSIPPI—A DOZEN MEN SHOT.

Terrible Scenes in a Court House—Killed in the Presence of the Court—The Guilty to be Punished.

NEW ORLEANS, March 17.—A special to the Picayune from Grenada, Miss., says: News of a terrible tragedy enacted at Carrolltown, an interior town twenty-four miles southwest of Grenada, was received here this evening. Fifty men rode into town and repaired to the court house, where thirteen negroes were awaiting their trial. The white men walked into the court room and shot ten negroes and mortally wounded the other three. The shooting grew out of the attempted assassination of Gaines Liddell, a prominent citizen, who was shot seriously wounded by these negroes several weeks ago.

WINONA, Miss., March 19.—The dreadful affair which occurred at Carrolltown, in Carroll county, by which thirteen negro men were killed and eight or ten wounded, has thrilled the State like an electric shock and intense feeling exists over the deplorable affair. The circumstances which led to the catastrophe and the details of the fight in the court house are in brief as follows: The trouble began some three weeks ago in a trifling altercation between a young white man named Moore and a colored man named Brown. S. M. Liddell, a friend of Moore, afterward got into a difficulty with Brown through reference to Brown's treatment of Moore, in which Liddell struck Brown with his fist and was shot in the elbow by Brown and was fired at by several other colored men. In the further course of the difficulty Liddell was shot a second time and two colored men were shot slightly.

Another statement of the beginning of the original trouble was that a crowd of negro men were standing on a street corner, apparently quarrelling, Liddell, who is a young lawyer, stepped up to them and asked what they were talking about. One of the negroes answered aggressively: "It's none of your d—n business." Liddell whipped out his revolver and fired at the negro; whereupon the others drew their weapons and a general fusillade ensued, in which Liddell was seriously wounded.

Following this the negroes made affidavits against Liddell and others, charging assault with intent to murder. These affidavits came up Wednesday for trial and were called at noon, when the court house was immediately filled with negroes, who stationed themselves around and about Brown's brother. The attorneys were proceeding with the case when suddenly appeared about one hundred white men, all of whom were well armed. Perceiving their entrance, Ed. Brown drew a pistol and fired in the direction of Liddell, who was between his attorneys, and thereupon the firing became general. Ten negroes were instantly killed, and three others have since died. Some escaped by jumping through the windows a distance of at least twenty feet from the ground. On most of the dead bodies arms were found. The room was completely filled with smoke. The judge's bench is on the North side of the room and the benches facing it are towards the south. It is a very large court room, with windows all around. On the south wall were counted 135 shot holes, in the wall of the passage leading down stairs ten shot holes. One shot struck a northwest window sash and glanced into the wall. Five others show on the north wall from the direction of the benches. Large pools of blood were on the floor of the court room. The mob left as quickly and as quietly as they came in. The sheriff and county officers have control and there is no apprehension of danger requiring the protection of military. The law will be rigorously enforced against the guilty.

A Horrible Tale.

Cora Green, a pretty fourteen year old girl, escaped Monday night, at Greenville, Ohio, from John McVey, a roving gipsy, and his two female companions, who kidnaped her two years ago on her way home from school near Lebanon, Indiana. The girl's story is a terrible one. She says she was kept a prisoner in McVey's wagon, and traveled all over Ohio and Indiana. He shot her in the head, kicked her, cut her on the body with a hatchet, beat her with a club, flogged her with a buggy whip and assaulted her. He also drove a nail through her foot, fastening her to a board, and swung her up to the wagon bows. Marks of the girl's wounds are still plainly visible. Replies to telegrams confirm the statement as to the place where she lived, her name and parents, now at Jamestown, Indiana. McVey fled as soon as he found the girl had escaped him and his two companions. The girl's parents have been telegraphed to come, and officers are after the guilty outlaw. The people are much excited, and lynching is talked of every where.

A Merchant's Great Nerve.

Thursday night while a leading wholesale grocer, W. B. Mitchell of Chattanooga, was sitting at his desk in his office opening his mail he heard heavy breathing in the room, and, supposing it was some animal that had crept in, glanced casually around. He beheld a negro within ten feet of him, hidden behind the desk, with a double barreled shot gun in his grasp, levelled at the gentleman's head. The negro did not know he was discovered and Mr. Mitchell, with wonderful coolness, proceeded to open his mail and then carelessly left the store. He immediately notified the police, and the negro was captured in the building. He confessed that he was sent there by two professional cracksmen to remain hidden until the store was locked and then to let them in.

SPORTIVELY KILLED.

A Boy Thoughtlessly Takes Human Life—Particulars of the Tragedy.

ATLANTA, GA., March 18.—Another human life was taken this morning by the careless handling of fire arms. William Pinion, a white man, was killed by a pistol in the hands of Pat Hickey, a white boy 16 years of age. Hickey, a clerk in Dr. C. J. Johnson's family grocery store, 147 Smith street. This morning Dr. Johnson came to town and left Hickey in charge. About 11 o'clock William Pinion entered the store and walked up to a show-case on the counter and rested his elbows upon it. Hickey was standing behind the show-case immediately opposite Pinion. The two began conversing, and Hickey opened the show-case and picked up a pistol that was lying inside. Without taking the pistol from the show-case he cocked it and pulled the trigger. There was a loud report and a heavy fall. As soon as the smoke cleared away the boy saw Pinion stretched out upon the floor and blood was flowing from a wound in his breast. Frantic with excitement Hickey sprang to the side of the prostrate man, begged him to speak. Pinion said only these words: "I'll die." Help was summoned, and the wounded man was carried to his home, which is about a square from Dr. Johnson's store. In ten minutes after the shooting he was dead. His wife was crazed with grief when she learned her husband had been killed. The shooting, it is claimed, was purely accidental. Dr. Johnson said to a reporter that the pistol, which was a Remington, had been lying in his show-case unloaded; that last night he loaded one chamber, and did not mention the fact to his clerk.—Augusta Chronicle.

A MEMORABLE EVENT.

The Ex-Confederate Chieftain to Lecture in the First Ex-Confederate Capital.

MONTGOMERY, Ala., March 20.—The monument committee to-day received from Jefferson Davis, Ex-President of the Confederacy, a letter officially accepting the invitation to lecture in Montgomery on behalf of the monument to be erected on the Capital grounds here in memory of the Alabama soldiers who died in the civil war. Mr. Davis will be here about the last of April. His lecture will be delivered in a large warehouse with seating capacity of 5,000 people. He will also lay the cornerstone of the monument, which will cost \$50,000, of which \$10,000, or enough to complete the pedestal, has already been raised, and John W. Daniel, of Virginia, has been invited to deliver an address on that occasion. All the men who bore a prominent part in the civil and military service of the Confederate Government have been invited to be present to meet Mr. Davis, as also many prominent men North, and Ex-Union generals not now in active service. All of the Alabama State troops, some thirty companies strong, will be here, and invitations will be sent to the militia companies of all the States, North and South. It will be so timed that the companies going to the Savannah drill camp on the porch of the Capitol building here Jefferson Davis took the oath of office as President of the Confederacy and the government was here organized.

The Blood of Innocent Men.

ASHLAND, Ky., March 10.—A horrible murder on Christmas eve, 1881, when three children were murdered here which resulted in a lynching, is recalled again by development about to be made, which will demonstrate that Neal, Craft and Ellis were innocent of the crime for which they suffered. For some time several gentlemen have been employing detectives to sift every clow. Their work has been crowned with success, and it is claimed the arrest of the real criminals will soon follow. The evidence is said to be conclusive, and will show that the triple murder were committed early in the evening; that the perpetrators went to the house by appointment with one of the girls, who had been on intimate terms with one of them, and that the triple murder followed the unintentional killing of the boy, for resisting the assaults on the girls. The arrest would have been made before, but for the excited state of public feeling here on the subject. The suspected parties hold very respectable places.

Church Burned.

The Baptist Church at Graniteville was burned to the ground on Sunday at 12 o'clock, during the morning service. The house was filled to its utmost capacity and the sermon just concluded. Then a conference was being held to decide on the appointment of the Rev. Mr. Patterson, the pastor for the year when it was discovered that the whole of the front of the church was on fire, and the wildest confusion prevailed; a great many jumped from the windows, but the greater mass of the people passed through the burning door with the ashes dropping on them, but fortunately no one was seriously hurt. It originated possibly from a careless cigar laid on the wood work outside. It is a terrible calamity on the Baptist congregation. All the dwelling houses in the immediate vicinity caught fire, also the gate house over the canal, but the hose came in to put these fires out with but slight damage done.

To Be Rejected.

The New York Sun says the republican senators have a list of twenty of the president's nominees whose confirmation will be refused and that Collector Bradley is one of the doomed.

A Six Year Old Girl Kills Her Father.

CHATTANOOGA, March 19.—A six year old child of Joseph Taylor, in Clay county, Tennessee, accidentally killed her father while handling a pistol in his presence to-day.

"KILLED" BY MASKED MEN.

THE WORK OF A MOB OF STRIKERS IN THE DENISON YARDS.

They Overpower the Watchmen at the Round-House and then Proceed to 'Kill' all the Engines.

DENISON, TEXAS, March 22.—At 2 o'clock yesterday morning the watchmen at the round-house were surprised by the appearance of one hundred and fifty masked men, who commanded them to keep quiet. The watchmen, ten in number, were taken up and carried to the shop office, where a guard was put over them. They were told to remain where they were quietly, as the masked men had come determined to do their duty, be the consequences what they might, and that they would not be injured; so the watchmen sat in the office awaiting the result of the affair. Of the mob of one hundred and fifty men not one spoke a word, except the leader, who, after placing the watchmen under guard, went to the middle table, where all could see and hear him, and said: "Men,—you know your duty. Do it." At that every man broke in some deprecation without the least bit of noise. In about five minutes the speaker returned to the office and addressed the watchmen, saying: "Gentlemen, we are much obliged to you for your conduct and wish to return our thanks, you are all at liberty to go about your business. Good morning." The watchmen stepped out of the office and not a man was in sight or could be heard. They then made an investigation as to what had been done. The passenger engine that was to leave for Fort Worth this morning at 4 o'clock was found with the steam cock open. The hose was cut, the fire dumped out, and "killed" entirely. They failed to open the water gauge so that the engine had enough water to carry her to Whitesboro', and while the hands were heating and bringing her to life again, new hose was put in and in about an hour she steamed up in the depot and took out the passenger train that had been there all night. In the shops the men found that the large stationary engine had been removed from its place, the water let out of the tanks, the hose cut, pins removed, the engines "killed," so that it will take days to bring them to life again. The damage done to the machinery was very great, and it will take some time to repair it. Every masquerader carried a large piece of iron, a brick bat, or something similar, so as to be prepared for combat if the watchmen resisted. The watchmen, seeing the size of the mob, knew it was useless to resist, and so allowed them to do what they would. The colony and quiet with which the work was done showed that the men had been well trained and instructed. The watchmen have no idea who they were, and those that wore no masks were strangers to them. So there is no way of finding out the guilty parties.

Two Brothers Murdered.

RICHMOND, Va., March 19.—A special from Salem, Roanoke county, Virginia, says: A horrible double murder was committed on Back creek, this county, Wednesday night. A man named Griffey, who has a wife living on Back creek, had just returned from Texas, where, it is alleged, he served a term in the penitentiary. His wife refused to recognize him, and learning that John and Pickett Metz, sons of William Metz, had been visiting his wife in his absence, Griffey went to their home, called one of the young men out and shot him through the heart. He then entered the house and shot the other young man through the right breast. The murdered young men are aged respectively about seventeen and eighteen years. Griffey is at large.

Hung Himself.

On last Monday at the Spartanburg Court Ike Montgomery, colored, was sentenced to the Penitentiary for two years, for resisting an officer. When he was carried back to jail he was placed alone in a cell. He proceeded to hang himself to the cross bars in his cell window, using a blanket for a rope. The deputy went to the jail about an hour afterwards and found him hanging there dead. He sent word to his family a few days ago to make his coffin and dig his grave. When arrested in January last, he threw himself into the fire while tied, saying that he might as well go one way as another.

Sam Jones.

CHICAGO March 20.—Efforts are being made to continue the revival in Chicago by Sam Jones and Sam Small two weeks longer than originally intended. The idea is to have the services held in the Exposition building, the scene of several national conventions. Should a sufficient sum be pledged to defray expenses, the interior of the building on the Lake front will be converted into a temple of worship. Mr. Jones, it is said on good authority, has cancelled his Springfield, Ill., engagement and has, at the earnest solicitation of the ministers of this city, consented to remain here for a much longer period than had been anticipated.

Died Alone.

Representative Hahn, who died in Washington on Monday, was the only republican sent to congress from Louisiana. He was a native of Bavaria and the first governor Louisiana had after the war. He was found dead on the floor of his room in Willard's hotel in a pool of blood which had flowed from his mouth. He died of a hemorrhage from the lungs.

Bad News.

The distressing news comes from Kentucky that the State treasury is empty, railroad passes are not good at hotel bars and boarding house tables, and the adjournment of the legislature looms up as a thing of the immediate future.