

By road of Mississippi—Abstract of Proceedings.

FIRST DAY.

From the Clergy.

NEW ORLEANS, Dec. 8, 1899. The Synod of Mississippi met this day at 7 o'clock, p. m., in the Pyramida street church, and was opened with a sermon by Rev. C. M. Atkinson, last Moderator, from 1st Corinthians, 18:32.

The roll being called by Stated Clerk, the following delegates answered to their names: Mississippi Presbytery—Ministers—B. Chase, D. J. McCallum, T. H. Cleland, G. S. Roubush, O. Newton, W. Burgess. Elders—J. M. Newton, D. G. Hale, J. E. McCallum, A. F. Hardie.

Central Mississippi—Ministers—R. McInnis, R. E. Sherrill, C. M. Atkinson, J. H. Alexander, J. M. Caldwell, John Hunter, D. D. W. T. Hall, A. H. Mecklin, I. J. Daniel, J. McCampbell, J. W. Kerr, J. M. Geary. Elders—J. S. Colmar, J. T. McBeck, G. P. Theobald, A. J. Allworth, D. Askew, A. J. Liddell, H. C. McLaurin, D. McLaurin, W. H. Simpson, J. A. McMurray, J. M. Watson, M. B. Kellogg, A. Dod, M. D. Graham, J. Jeff Cooper, J. B. Sherrard, E. R. McLean, D. V. Cully, G. W. Grafton, J. L. Power, W. Hairston, J. A. Avert.

Louisiana—Ministers—J. E. Doremus, D. D. C. S. Dod, J. Stratton, A. Z. Young. Elders—A. L. Caston, F. W. Stratton.

Tombigbee—Ministers—J. A. Lyon, D. D. J. N. Carothers, S. R. Frieron, A. P. Smith, S. J. Bingham, A. H. Barkley. Elders—R. B. McCaskey, J. A. Minniece, D. D. Dozier.

Red River—Rev. J. T. Davidson, Elder T. H. Morris.

New Orleans—Ministers—B. M. Palmer, D. D., H. M. Smith, D. T. R. Markham, W. Flinn, R. Q. Mallard, B. Wayne, R. S. McCallister, J. C. Graham, W. W. C. Kelly, Marc Rowx, M. McNair, L. B. Gaston. Elders—H. T. Bartlett, J. A. Maybin, H. M. Hays, D. Hadden, J. D. Falford, W. C. Raymond, J. Murray.

Rev. John Hunter, D. D., was elected Moderator; R. A. Barkley, Temporary Clerk; S. L. Power, Engrossing Clerk.

It was moved and adopted that the sessions of Synod be from 9 o'clock, a. m. to 3 o'clock, p. m.

SECOND DAY.

THURSDAY, Dec. 9, 1899.

Present as on yesterday, with addition of Rev. R. Price, of the Presbytery of Mississippi.

Minutes of last meeting Synod read and approved.

The Moderator announced the appointments of Standing Committees.

Rev. E. J. Harp, of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, was invited to a seat as corresponding member.

Rev. R. McInnis offered the following resolutions, which were adopted:

Resolved, 1st. That we, as a Synod, disapprove of the publication of the Confession of Faith without a Scripture text.

Resolved, 2d. That in the view of this synod, the Committee of Publications had no authority to publish such a copy of the Confession of Faith.

Rev. D. O. N. Davies, of the Synod of Nashville, and Rev. J. C. Phelps, of Cincinnati, were invited to seats as corresponding members.

The following brethren gave reasons for tardiness, which were sustained:

Rev. D. A. Campbell, Presbytery, Central Mississippi.

Rev. S. S. Brown, Presbytery Central Mississippi.

Rev. M. W. Trawick, Presbytery of Mississippi.

Rev. B. Chase, Presbytery of Mississippi.

Rev. E. R. Graves, Louisiana Presbytery.

Rev. W. J. Gillespie, Louisiana Presbytery.

Adjourned until 9 o'clock tomorrow.

Meeting of Mississippi Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

THIRD DAY.

FRIDAY, Dec. 10, 1899.

The regular examination of character proceeded with.

Good reports are made of the labors of most of the Preachers. An unusual number of converts are reported during the year.

The Finances of the Conference are in the best condition they have been since the war.

When the name of the venerable Thomas Nixon was called, he arose, and with great emotion spoke to the Conference of his having been one of the Nine ministers who in 1816, on Pine Ridge, near Natchez, composed the first session of the Mississippi Annual Conference.

The other eight have gone to their reward; he remains in usefulness and honor in his seventy-sixth year.

MISSIONARY ANNIVERSARY TO-NIGHT, DECEMBER 11TH.

Religious Exercises, by Rev. W. T. J. Sullivan.

Secretary's Report, by Rev. W. P. Barton.

Treasurer's Report, by Rev. W. H. Watkins.

Address, by Bishop H. N. M. Tyler.

Rev. Dr. Harrison will take the collection assisted by Thos. Reed, R. A. Anderson, J. E. Jagers and Stephen Johnson.

EDITORIAL BRIEFINGS.

A man's head and a baby's head were picked up in the streets of New York, last week.

It is told for a fact that Connecticut prayer meetings wind up with oyster suppers.

Hiring out first class dress coats is a thriving London industry.

The Parepa troupe made \$36,000 in three weeks in Chicago.

An idiotic Englishman paid thirty francs for the cushions on which Eugene leaned in her gondola ride in Venice.

The Government has loaned its credit to railroads to the extent of nearly seventy millions of dollars, and has granted 185,799,794 acres of public lands, or 290,454 square miles, equal to the combined area of Great Britain and France.

Robert Bonner claims that he pays more money for advertising than any man in the world.

Wisconsin has a boy possessed of a devil that speaks Latin—a language of which the patient is ignorant.

From all parts of Palo Pinto county, Texas, come reports of losses by Indians. The settlers in the county are more discouraged than ever, and if something is not done soon for their protection the population will rapidly recede.

There were recently in Fredericksburg, Va., more land-buyers from the North than could be conveniently accommodated at the hotels.

A pretty Boston girl is about to open a barber shop in that city with a corps of appropriate assistants. Only old men are expected to patronize the place.

The Richmond Whig says fifty more negroes went South by the Virginia and Tennessee road last Friday week. This seems to be about the daily quota over that line. These negroes are going into the more profitable cotton districts.

A darkey in Petersburg stole a doll and put it in his bosom. While pressing it down to keep it from showing, the doll squeaked, and the frightened thief speedily surrendered his prize.

Cheyenne legislation is looking decidedly toward the adoption of female suffrage. A bill of that character has passed one branch and is now before the other. There is scarcely any of the sex in the territory, and this is a bid to induce immigration.

Mr. Richardson, of the New York Tribune, lately killed by McFarland, made no will before his death. He simply left a memorandum of his wishes as to the disposition of his property with one of his friends. He was worth in the neighborhood of \$75,000. His interest in the Tribune is estimated at \$40,000.

The National Board of Trade is in session at Richmond, Virginia. The Whig describes its composition thus:

"The National Board of Trade now sitting in our ancient and weather-beaten capitol, is composed of first class business men, prominent in their several communities, and many of them prominent before the country for their usefulness, influence, ability, enterprise, talent and opulence.

Their manner of conducting business is according to strict business principles. Florida rhetoric and mawkish sentimentalism find no favor with them. Their investigations of the subjects they take cognizance of are quietly and thoroughly made, and the remarks offered are concise and pointed.

The appearance of this body is in accord with its character. It has an air of refined and thoughtful gravity—that aspect marking those whose habit it is to investigate facts, figures, and great business problems. There are some striking faces, and imposing forms among the delegates.

HENRY WARD BEECHER has created a new sensation by taking ground in favor of excluding the Bible from the public schools. In his Thanksgiving sermon he contended that the reading of the Bible was no part of the duty of our common school teachers; no part of the proper line to be pursued in an aggregation of children whose parents are of all creeds, all nationalities, all prejudices, all sorts and conditions of men.

The Protestant, he says, has no right to compel the child of a Catholic to listen to instruction which the Catholic disapproves; the Christian has no right to force the Jew to listen to the teachings of the New Testament; nor should the children of atheists, skeptics, and disbelievers be made to listen to either the Old or the New Testaments.

BUILDING ASSOCIATIONS.

Some time ago we published an article in which we endeavored to show the distress that was occasioned by the exorbitant price of living in Vicksburg, and more especially the exorbitant rents for tenements, both combined having the effect to preclude many of our own people from making themselves respectable homes, and preventing that influx of population which is absolutely essential to our growth and prosperity. The evils we allude to are so glaring that no sensible and fair minded person but is aware of their existence, and none who love this city or who desire its prosperity, but heartily deplore the fact of their existence.

We have talked to several who visible token that man had invaded this dreary waste; for, aside from them, nothing met the eye save a sinuous, curving road, garaged cliffs, and stretches of barren land, broken here and there with patches of guant, leafless trees.

Those dwellings were the only visible token that man had invaded this dreary waste; for, aside from them, nothing met the eye save a sinuous, curving road, garaged cliffs, and stretches of barren land, broken here and there with patches of guant, leafless trees.

A light glowed in the latticed window of the fisherman's dwelling; it looked cheerful.

Before a fire which burned on the hearth of the capacious fireplace within, a young girl sat, listening to the soaring, moaning anthem of the winds. It was a beautiful face that, at times, bent meditatively toward the fire or gazed out the window. A pale, yet sweet face, with bright, carmine cheeks and lips, large, luminous grey eyes, and an abundance of soft, dark hair; the face of a young girl scarce past her seventeenth year.

This was Lila Wynde, the only child of an old fisherman, who had dwelt in this cottage on the beach, as far back as she could remember. There was something remarkable about the young girl; looking at her one would probably call her lovely, but add—weak and timid. She was weak, truly, as far as physical strength was concerned; but beneath her timidity lurked a firmness of purpose which waited only the proper moment to bring it into life and action.

There were two doors leading from the room in which she sat; one to a sort of closet used as a receptacle for books and various miscellaneous articles; the other into a larger room, which was occupied now by her father and a man in whose hand she had entrusted her happiness.

Carl Conner was a sailor, a firm, true friend of old Casper Wynde; and although Lila felt only an ordinary regard for him, she had, when he asked her to be his wife, obeyed the often-expressed desire of her father, and accepted him. More than once darkly regarding Casper's early life came to her, for she had known him but a short time; but these she refused to believe, or, at least, affected incredulity.

They had been engaged at the time we write upward of a year. If they had been married then, the current of her life might have flowed on as smoothly and evenly as ever, without even a ripple marring its placidity. But destiny had decreed it otherwise.

We will not enter into details as to the manner in which Rhoderick Orvis became acquainted with Lila Wynde. Suffice to say, he resided together with his sister Alice, a beautiful girl about Lila's age, in the spacious mansion on the hill. They lived in almost rigid seclusion; but Lila, somehow, became an honored and welcome guest beneath their roof, and in this way an intimacy sprang up between her and the young man which daily ripened into deeper feelings, ay, into deep, pure, enduring love.

But Rhoderick hesitated to breathe his passion; and Lila did not know how deep her feelings were enlisted, in his favor, until Carl, who had kept a strict surveillance on their actions, broke forth in a storm of passionate jealousy. Then Lila knew she loved Rhoderick Orvis, although her faith was pledged to another.

Her position was pitiful. To appeal to Carl's better nature, to tell him that marriage-vows to him were life to kill her soul, to ask him to release her, was, as instinctively felt, futile. Instead, therefore, of denying his accusations, she burst into a wild fit of weeping, which fully confirmed his suspicions, while it added fuel to the flames of jealous smoldering in his heart. But he was schooled in dissimulation. He was a nature of once crafty, evil, and cunning. So he pretended contrition, asked pardon for doubting her love, professing to believe it was wholly his, and changed the conversation.

His plans were already laid. What they were remains to be seen. All this, and more, passed through Lila Wynde's mind as she sat there and had grown weary of listening to the clamor of the wind. The fire died out; the old-fashioned clock in the corner struck twelve. Lila rose, walked to the window and pushed aside the curtain. The sea shone like molten silver in the dim moonlight, girdled by the weird-looking beach which stretched away into the gray shadows of night, along which the incoming tide was breaking with no little tumult. Lila smiled, she was thinking of Rhoderick Orvis. Then a cloud passed over her face as some unpleasant thought came into her mind, and dropping the curtain, she turned away hastily. A bright fire burned in the other room where her father and Carl sat; but now there was a lull in their conversation, and the silence of death reigned everywhere.

It must have been instinct that prompted Lila to walk to the closet, take a book, matches, and a small lamp from a shelf near the door; as she came out, a few words Carl addressed her father fell upon her ears and transfixed her to the spot. She listened breathlessly.

"I tell you he has the money—will bring it from the city tonight," Carl said, eagerly. "Forty thousand dollars are not to be picked up every day."

[From the New York Mercury.] THE WARNING.

BY SIGNEE ORVIS.

Night had settled down over the dreary coast, and over the throbbing, restless sea. The wind lifted itself with a swelling sound, and roved about a lonely looking fisherman's cottage that stood on the beach, shaking the doors and windows, ever and anon sinking into low murrers. Shapeless clouds drifted across the dim, blue firmament. The moon shone at intervals; but its flimsy light lent no charm to the dismal scene. There was only one other habitation in sight, and it was a large, old-fashioned mansion standing far back in the country, yet whose massive frame stood out boldly against the steely blue.

Those dwellings were the only visible token that man had invaded this dreary waste; for, aside from them, nothing met the eye save a sinuous, curving road, garaged cliffs, and stretches of barren land, broken here and there with patches of guant, leafless trees.

A light glowed in the latticed window of the fisherman's dwelling; it looked cheerful.

Before a fire which burned on the hearth of the capacious fireplace within, a young girl sat, listening to the soaring, moaning anthem of the winds. It was a beautiful face that, at times, bent meditatively toward the fire or gazed out the window. A pale, yet sweet face, with bright, carmine cheeks and lips, large, luminous grey eyes, and an abundance of soft, dark hair; the face of a young girl scarce past her seventeenth year.

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"I tell you he has the money—will bring it from the city tonight," Carl said, eagerly. "Forty thousand dollars are not to be picked up every day."

"No!" her father answered, there was a strange hesitation in his voice, she thought. "And we must have it." "He may make a desperate resistance. Are you prepared for it?" For answer, Carl drew out a six-shooter, and laid it on the table beside him; his eyes flashed defiantly and his face was aglow with very wickedness.

"No, no! not that!" the old fisherman said hoarsely. "And why not?" Carl responded, savagely. "Why not? When the money will enable us to live like men! This is my plan: We will get the money—we must not let a life stand in the way. Once in our possession, we will fly the country, Lila and all! It will be too hot to hold us, I guess," he added, with a bitter, reckless, ringing laugh.

Her father made some reply which Lila failed to overhear; but she caught these words, after the lapse of some minutes: "In half an hour, 'Twill be after midnight then; and the dark, lonely glen is just the place. No prying eyes there."

All this Lila heard distinctly—heard as one hears in a dream. Long before they ceased speaking the truth had dawned upon her. The man whom they meant to rob and, perhaps, murder, was no other than Rhoderick Orvis!

He had lately purchased an extensive tract of land adjoining his own, and the money was to pay the person from whom he bought.

It was an awful moment for the young girl! For an instant she seemed about to lose her senses; the next she grew calm, and her heart rose up proud, defiant, courageous.

She would save him! But she must act quickly; not a minute was to be lost. Carl and her father were making ready to start.

To snatch a heavy cloak from the opposite wall, wrap it about her shoulders, and move swiftly across the room to the door, was for Lila the work of scarcely more than a second. She unfastened the door, closed it noiselessly, and found herself in the little yard outside. It was some distance from the house to the glen; but the journey was one of rapid execution. And hardly had she gained the top of the narrow gorge, when the sound of wheels coming swiftly over the rough and stony road fell upon her ears, and presently a buggy containing Rhoderick and Alice Orvis came in sight.

With a fervent prayer on her white lips, the young girl glided forward as they drew near the spot where she was tremblingly stationed, and the buggy halted when the occupants observed the dark-robed figure standing in the centre of the road, effectually barring further progress. Lila addressed them at once:

"Back! back!" she cried, in sharp, excited tones. "If you value your lives, turn back. Death lurks in the path you are pursuing!"

A thrill of superstitious awe ran through her listeners. Alice uttered a cry of mingled terror and alarm; but Rhoderick rose up, saying, as he did so:

"Who are you?" "A friend! Do as I bid you and all will be well," was answered. "Remember, you are warned," floated back to them on the still night-air, and Lila was gone.

There was no mistaking the sincerity of her words. Rhoderick felt this, and, acting on the impulse of the moment, he sprang from the buggy, assisted her to alight, and securing the horse to a tree near by, turned into a path that led across the fields to their house. It was his intention to return as soon as he had conducted his sister home take charge of the horse, and, if possible, learn more respecting the night's adventure. Neither recognized the person who gave them the timely warning; and Rhoderick, had not the faintest idea that it was gentle Lila Wynde who had saved his life.

Their retreating footsteps had not died away before old Casper Wynde entered the glen, gazing about him at every step, as though he feared their prey had escaped. What his conjectures were on finding the horse and buggy there, we cannot say; but a glimmering of the truth must have come to him there, for, after a moment's hesitation, he sprang into the buggy, seized the reins, and drove rapidly down the glen to the spot where Carl was lying in concealment. At the bottom of the vehicle was a large fur cloak which Rhoderick had worn and forgotten in his hasty departure, and almost unconsciously the old man drew this closely about his shoulders. Attired thus, a casual observer would have easily mistaken him for Rhoderick Orvis. The height was almost similar, and their figures were certainly much the same.

By this time he had gained the end of the glen and passed out. A moment after; the report of a pistol rang out; and a bullet whistled along the beach. That shot was a fatal one.

Lila, hurrying breathlessly homeward, heard it and snudered. She had meant to avoid the spot where she guessed her father and Carl laid in wait for their victim; but now, impelled by a stronger curiosity than she could resist, she ran thither.

It was an open space at the end of the glen, covered almost with huge boulders, around which the road wound like a great white serpent; and when she reached the place, a strange sight met her eyes.

Carl Conner was standing beside the prostrate form of her father; far down the road she saw a horse and buggy going at a fearful speed, certes running away. Lila grew pale as the dead. She took a step nearer Carl, and this was but to confirm the fear that suddenly smote her—her father was dead! Yes, dead! and the moonlight streaming about him, showed a fatal wound in his breast, from which the blood was oozing in a crimson stream.

When she saw Rhoderick's cloak lying near him—when she recognized it—her mind grasped the

truth. Carl had mistaken her for Rhoderick Orvis and shot her dead. And it was possible the fisherman rode straight to the doom.

Slowly the horrified girl turned to Carl. His face looked, in the weirdly-glimmering moonlight, the color of death itself; a fatal convulsion shook his front; and he seemed paralyzed with horror.

"Go!" she said, slowly, solemnly, sternly. "Go, and never let me look upon your face again. Go, and may the orphan's curse forever follow you!"

Without a word, without daring to cast a glance at the rigid form of his miserable victim, the guilty, terrified villain slunk away, never to return.

Then Lila Wynde's senses recoiled, and pale and ghastly, she sank to the earth beside the dead body of her father.

And thus Rhoderick Orvis found her a few moments later.

It was years before Lila recovered from the effect of the dreadful shock she received that night, or ceased to think of her father's terrible fate. And when she became Rhoderick's wife, even the limited love he lavished upon her did not suffice to banish it entirely from her mind.

She spreads the Truth from West to East—Head 1.

MR. JEFFERSON: Having fully tested your invaluable tonic, I send you with pleasure my certificate. About six months since, I was taken with the chills and fever, almost reduced to a skeleton, and after the failure of all other remedies I almost became discouraged and gave up taking anything more, when I read from the Standard Republican, Pryor's cure for the chills. I at once ordered from you one dozen of your great tonic. I am happy now to tell you that Pryor's tonic with the will of an all-wise Providence has definitely restored me to perfect health, entirely free of chills or fever. I give you this for two reasons, first, I know you are entitled to it, and secondly, I trust others as afflicted as I was may see this and profit thereby as I will try all afflicted with chills not to fail in trying Pryor's invaluable tonic. Writing you great thanks in life.

Wm. E. McInnis, Atlanta, Ga.

An active Immigration Society has been organized at West Point, which includes among its members all of the enterprising men in that vicinity.

A Washington dispatch says: Commissioner Wells has expressed the opinion that the revenue may be reduced \$139,000,000, and to this end the Committee on Ways and Means propose to cut down the tariff \$25,000,000, and the internal revenue \$500,000,000. On the vote to take off the duty on coal, salt and copper, the Committee are 4-3.

A MAN named Westmoreland in Atlanta, Georgia, a few days since while drunk, went into the drug store of Dr. Redevine, of that city, and acted in a disorderly and disgraceful manner, for which he was thrust out into the street. The next day he armed himself with a shot gun and creeping himself behind the "street corner," waited until Dr. Redevine passed and then shot him in the back.

The New York World says that the Cubans have another expedition on hand which will surpass all previous efforts. The Junta is now paying out over six hundred dollars per day for the board of men in that city, who are waiting for the word to sail. Contracts have been made with several merchants for a large number of Winchester's repeating rifles and Praday's breech-loaders, with suitable ammunition, and in one case the contract has already been fulfilled.

"Mark Twain" since he became associated with the Buffalo Express is called a Buffalo.

SEWALKS.—A short time ago we noticed a paragraph in the Times calling attention to the sidewalks—their bad condition—and asking that they be repaired, etc.

Now, we deemed that a great piece of impertinence on the part of our neighbor. The idea of dictating their duty to the Mayor and Council!

It was impertinent to the last degree.

We have always studiously refrained from advertising to the wretched condition of the sidewalks because we did not wish to wound the feelings of our friends of the Council, and did not wish them to think us obstructive.

We would not bring the matter forward now, but the obnoxious of that Conservative Republican paper over the way actually compels us to administer to it a fitting rebuke.

The sidewalks are within the province of the city authorities, and it is their business to see to them, and not Mr. Times'. When the City Fathers think proper of course they will have the walks repaired. If the Times' people have corns or sore feet can't walk on these pavements (!) comfortably they needn't be raising a row with the M. & C. We hope, in future, that "obnoxious" newspapers will follow our example and not interfere with what is the peculiar affair of the regularly (!) constituted authorities. Ruford.

Two hundred Swiss laborers passed through Richmond last week, on their way to Mississippi.