

THE CHADBOURN ROBBERY

Daring Act of Telegraph Operator D. S. Pittman in the Capture of a Desperado—Another Demonstration of the Variety of the Bicycle

Mr. K. C. Barrett, of Florence, route agent of the Southern Express Company, who came up to Chadbourne with the Atlantic Coast Line bloodhounds, on Thursday, to trace the robbers of the railroad warehouse and the express office, came up to the city yesterday. After the capture of the negro, George Wortham, near Brinkley, by Mr. D. S. Pittman, the railroad telegraph operator at Brinkley, the dogs were shipped back to Florence.

The capture of Wortham by Mr. Pittman was a daring thing. When Wortham jumped from Captain Earmon's train at Brinkley on Thursday morning Mr. Pittman tried to follow him, but he got away. Mr. Pittman went back home, changed his dress so that Wortham would not recognize him, and mounted his bicycle and went in pursuit. He rode across to Cronly and in returning to Brinkley saw Wortham on the railroad track. He rode along till he caught up with the robber and spoke to him. Mr. Pittman remarked that it was a mighty hot day to be walking the railroad and asked him if he did not want to buy his bicycle. He said no he did not have any money. When he turned his head Mr. Pittman whipped out his pistol and told him to consider himself under arrest. Wortham backed off and no doubt would have drawn his pistol, but he tripped on the railroad embankment and fell. Quick as a flash, Mr. Pittman collared him and told him if he didn't surrender he would blow his brains out. He held up his hands and Mr. Pittman took his pistol away from him. It was the one he had stolen from the express office at Chadbourne.

Mr. Pittman marched his prisoner over to Brinkley and he was sent from there to jail at Whiteville. Wortham will have a preliminary hearing at 10 o'clock this morning at Whiteville.

Mr. Pittman's feat was a daring thing, and the game he put up on the robber and his final success in capturing him, does him great credit as a man of pluck. Wortham was a larger man than his captor.

Don't nauseate your stomach with teas and bitter herbs, but regulate your bowels and rid your system of those famous little pills known as De Witt's Little Early Risers. R. R. Bellamy.

The Suicide Makes His Escape

Billy Ames, the young white man who tried to commit suicide on Friday by cutting his throat with a razor and slashing himself across the hand, arms and other parts of the body, made his escape from the city hospital yesterday morning between 2 and 3 o'clock. The surgeons dressed his wounds, and the nurses watched him closely. About midnight he had a fit, and after it had passed off he and his attendants dropped off to sleep. Between 2 and 3 o'clock the attendants woke up and found that Ames had made his escape. He had taken all his clothing off and torn the bandages from his wounds, and they were found lying on the floor.

Search was made for the unfortunate man, and he was trailed some distance by a stream of blood from his reopened wounds, but up to midnight he had not been found. It is feared that he went into the woods and is dead, or probably drowned himself in Smith's creek.

It heals everything except a broken heart, may be said of De Witt's Witch Hazel Salve. Piles and rectal diseases, cuts, burns, bruises, tetter, eczema, and all skin troubles may be cured by it quickly and permanently. R. R. Bellamy.

ATTEMPTED SUICIDE.

A Young Man Cuts His Throat and Horribly Slashes Himself With a Razor—He is No Doubt Insane.

Yesterday afternoon about 4:30 o'clock, Billy Ames, son of Mrs. A. Ames, who resides on North Third street between Bladen and Harnett streets, attempted to commit suicide in a most singular manner. He has been subject to epileptic fits and his mind is more or less affected when he has attacks. At one time he had to be sent to the asylum. He is about 30 years of age.

Yesterday he got mad with his mother about the cutting of some wood, and took a razor and locked himself up in a room, saying he intended to kill himself. His distressed mother gave the alarm and several neighbors and passers by ran in. Ames, however, refused to open the door and Mr. Mc. Bell and M. C. Wall, colored, went around to the window to try to get to him. When they looked in they discovered that Ames had stripped off his clothing and was as bloody as a hog, having cut his throat and slashed his body in about twenty-five places. When the two men appeared at the window he warned them not to come in and tried to cut Wall with the razor. Wall, however, disarmed him, and then he seized a pitcher off the washstand and was about to strike Mr. Bell. Mr. Bell coolly dived him to strike and that seemed to bring the man to his senses. They then seized him and he fought desperately but they succeeded finally in tying his hands and feet.

Dr. John Sconewald was called in and he found that Ames had cut a gash about an inch long in his throat, had laid open the back of his left hand, severing the blood vessels and tendons, and had slashed himself all over both arms and across the abdomen and thigh and other portions of the body and endeavored to sever the leaders at his heels. None of the wounds, however, were of a dangerous character. The gash in the throat and across the hand were sewed up, and Ames was sent to the city hospital, where his wounds were dressed. At last accounts he was doing well.

"I crave but One Minute," said the public speaker in a husky voice; and then he took a dose of One Minute Cough Cure, and proceeded with his oratory. One Minute Cough Cure is unequalled for throat and lung troubles. R. R. Bellamy.

AT GETTYSBURG.

Mr. J. B. Mercer Visits the Death Trap Where His Brother Fell and Iveson's Brigade was Blotted Out.

We noted in yesterday morning's Messenger that Mr. J. B. Mercer returned on Friday from a business trip to New York and that he visited the battlefield of Gettysburg on his return home. He left Baltimore on Monday and went to Gettysburg, by way of the Western Maryland railroad. The battlefield is only seventy-one miles from Baltimore, and is reached in a couple of hours. On his arrival at Gettysburg he met that gallant North Carolinian, Major William M. Robbins, of Statesville, who has been at Gettysburg for three years, as one of the commission of federal and confederate officers appointed to locate the positions of the troops of the two armies that contended in the great three days' battle, July 1st, 2nd and 3rd, 1863. Major Robbins, who was in the battle, had a warm welcome for Mr. Mercer, and told him that he was never so glad as when he met up with an old Tar Heel. On Tuesday Major Robbins accompanied Mr. Mercer over the battlefield, and it was a matter of peculiar and painful interest to Mr. Mercer, for he had a brother killed in the first day's battle just north of the town of Gettysburg. Mr. Mercer's object in visiting the battlefield was to locate as near as possible the spot where his brother gave up his life for his country. With Major Robbins' assistance and the slabs marking the position of the troops, Mr. Mercer is satisfied he tood within a few feet, if not on the very spot where his brother fell.

His brother was Captain Oliver Evans Mercer, son of the late Mr. John Mercer, of Lockwood's Folly, Brunswick county, N. C. He was captain of Company G, Twentieth North Carolina Regiment, of Iveson's brigade, which had advanced to the "death trap" in front of the impregnable position occupied by the One Hundred and Forty-seventh New York regiment, the Eighty-eighth Pennsylvania regiment and other federal troops. History records the fact that at that spot Iveson's brigade was annihilated, most of the regiment having been killed and the balance captured. The brigade never again appeared in the organization of the confederate army. It is history that the gallant regiments that were swept from the face of the earth had advanced to the deadly position in the completest order and that the dead on the field marked a line as if they had been shot down on dress parade. As closely as the relic hunters have stripped the battle field of every imaginable relic, Mr. Mercer while standing about where his brother fell picked up a federal bullet. It had been uncovered by a recent rain, and the finder considers himself so fortunate in having a relic he knows genuine, and at that from such a sacred spot to him, that he would not part with it for money. The Rev. A. D. Betts, of this state, who was a chaplain in a North Carolina regiment, rode over the battle field next day after Captain Evans was killed and found him cold in death and knelt by his body and prayed. Mr. Mercer showed us yesterday a photograph of his lamented brother, who was just past 21 years of age when he lost his life.

In going over the battlefield, Mr. Mercer had pointed out to him the position occupied by the battery of Major James Reilly, of this city. Major Robbins informed Mr. Mercer that, so far as is known, the remains of not a confederate soldier lie around Gettysburg, as they were all removed to Hollywood cemetery, at Richmond, Va.

The positions of the federal troops in the battle have been located, and beautiful monuments mark the spots. It is a melancholy fact that only one confederate monument has been erected and that by Maryland, where her troops stood. It is a singular coincidence that in this battle the Maryland regiments on the federal side and the Maryland regiments on the confederate side faced each other. It is well known that the government has and is still beautifying the battle field. Mr. Mercer says he saw hundreds of laborers at work making macadam roads, of which there are twenty-five miles, through the grounds. Mr. Mercer brought back with him several guide books of the battle field, and they will be seen with great interest by old confederates who were in the battle.

New North Carolina Postmasters.

Washington, August 28.—The following fourth-class postmasters were appointed for North Carolina: Alleghany, S. V. Shelton; Belmont, J. W. Armstrong; Boone, T. C. Blackburn; Bridgewater, T. A. Seale; Bushnell, R. M. Tomason; Cablen, W. J. Kennedy, Jr.; Cameron, F. A. McFadyen; Caroleen, C. W. Melton; Castalia, O. B. Cox; Catherine Lake, O. H. Lennon; Faust, J. A. English; Folsom, W. J. McKay; Forbush, J. W. Smithman; Glen Alpine, J. D. Pitts; Holly Springs, I. E. Condon; Hudson, W. D. Jonesboro, S. H. Buchanan; Grange, Albert Miller; Mebane, S. A. White; Mills River, J. B. Rhodes; Panits Gap, John Golden; Porter, J. C. Hammer; Rameur, G. M. Kirmye; Red Springs, J. G. Brown; Roaring Gap, Thomas Simmons; Robersonville, A. L. Winn; Shankle, Sallie Shankle; southern Pines, A. M. Clarke; Wake Forest, M. A. Timberlake; Walter, N. B. Talton.

The Wilmington Watching th: Dauntless.

Savannah, Ga., August 28.—The United States gunboat, the Wilmington, arrived at Tybee today to watch the movements of the tug Dauntless, which is suspected of filibustering. The Dauntless towed a vessel from sea to this port this morning and returned to the bar this afternoon.

CRUSOE'S ISLAND.

A Jolly Feast Al Fresco—Lighting and Draining the Town—Prominent Citizens Ill—Fayetteville Military Academy.

(Correspondence of The Messenger.) Fayetteville, N. C., August 28.

Surely "this is a people with a history." Your correspondent spent a pleasant day yesterday with Colonel C. W. Broadfoot and his family, at their country residence, Holly Springs, and, from the spacious front piazza, the eye could take in full many a spot hallowed by memory—the rustic abodes of worthies of past days, where in their sylvan life, free and untrammelled, dispensed a generous hospitality. Here where the Lombardy poplars still stand as sentinels over the sleeping past, dwelt John Huske; here lived John W. Sandford; under this roof-tree you found the hearty hand-clasps of W. J. Anderson; and where now stands the handsome residence of George W. Lawrence, lived John Crusoe, who, although never mentioned to the knowledge of his biographer, nevertheless owned half an island, the remainder being the property of his neighbor, Charles T. Haigh, a noble hearted, upright Englishman, a princely liver, and a power in the business affairs of Fayetteville. These two, like Dan Rise, "gin a treat," a banquet al fresco, each entertained a table set out on his half of the island; and there they and their friends ate of the fat of the land, and drank punch of rum, straight from the West Indies. Ah, this "mellow past!" "Heac olim remisse juvat."

The town authorities have very sensibly decided to own and operate the electric light plant under their own hands; it will probably be located in the one in the eastern suburbs, on ground once known as "Curtis' field," or in the northern suburbs, in what is called "Redbone."

We are not yet out of our sewerage troubles, and the mandamus was argued in chambers at Carthage before Judge McIver yesterday, with what result is not known. There is no doubt that, in the end, the only satisfactory system will be that which empties the city's refuse into the Cape Fear river, not Cross Creek.

Mr. John C. Thomson, one of the most venerable citizens, for nearly half a century prominent in business, is critically ill at his home on Haymont; it is to be feared that he will no more get in and out among us. Colonel T. S. Lutterloh, another leading citizen and business man, has been quite sick, but is improving.

The buildings of the Fayetteville Military academy are being stirred up from their repose of the summer under the busy hands of the sweeper, the washer and painter. The fall session opens next Wednesday faculty full and able; all degree men with fine reputation, training and experience.

Revs. I. W. Hughes, rector of St. John's, and A. J. McKelway, pastor of the Presbyterian church, will take their vacation during the coming month. The hearts of their people go out to Mr. and Mrs. McKelway, the sweetness of whose memory will be marred by their sorrow in the death of their little daughter Kate.

Rev. Dr. Carmichael has been visiting Fayetteville, where he has many friends and admirers; ex-Sheriff Frank Stedman is shaking hands with old friends in his native town, stopping with us a day or two on his way home from Blowing Rock, Rev. Thos. Atkinson, of the former rectory of St. John's church in this city, is here, a guest of Colonel J. B. Starr, on Haymont. Mr. Atkinson is much beloved by Fayetteville people of every denomination.

"They don't make much fuss about it." We are speaking of De Witt's Little Early Risers, for constipation, biliousness, and all stomach and liver troubles. They never tripe. R. R. Bellamy.

The Strike Situation Unchanged

Pittsburg, August 28.—Hereafter the deputies will not interfere with the strikers if they march after 6 o'clock in the morning and keep off the property of the coal companies, but all marches will be stopped before that hour.

About thirty women made a demonstration at Newtown this morning before day light. They carried miniature flags, which they waved enthusiastically as they marched up and down the road. Every now and then the women cheered and they walked quickly to keep warm. The deputies kept away from the women, and the paraders, after marching up and down for an hour, got tired and went home. The women, who were out looking for victims had to go home without finding any. Not a digger showed himself, and the marching was over. The few who went to work took a round about route to the pit.

The camps at Turtle and Plum creeks have the best building material about, weeks and the situation today is but little different from that during the first few days of marching. The men still at work, of the transient nature, what course the courts will take. In case the men are released, the morning marches to the mines will be resumed and the De Armitts will have their men at work. If the courts hold the defendants in contempt, the result is problematical. To stay in camps without making demonstrations is a bad thing, and some of the strikers say they will march in spite of courts and deputies. The peaceful spirit which has made the strike the most remarkable on record is being slowly worn away by vexations and disappointments which have been showered upon the strikers.

To Expedite Transient Mails

Washington, August 28.—First Assistant General Health has issued special instructions to postmasters throughout the country providing for the expeditious handling of transient mails in cities, the instructions being intended specially to benefit commercial travelers and theatrical companies.

Postmasters are instructed to make special efforts to deliver mail addressed to transients. Letters addressed to traveling men and to members of theatrical companies and show troupes which are known to have departed for a particular place should be immediately forwarded to such place by the postmaster, endorsed, "Address corrected by postmaster at \_\_\_\_\_" although no order to forward be on file.

The World's Wheat King

The wheat king of the world belongs to Argentina. He is an Italian emigrant named Guazone, and his broad acres are situated in the south of the province of Buenos Ayres. His crop occupies an area of 68,270 acres. He numbers his workmen by the thousand, and each of the Southern States has a share of the profits. When his season's work is harvested he fills over 3,000 railway trucks with one grain.

A Difference in Wives

"Strange how things go in this world," said an old gentleman to another with whom he had grown up, according to The Detroit Free Press. "You and I went through school together, John. I was always a little smarter at my books than you were, I had more money left me, and I've always worked hard. You're rich now and I am still dependent on what I can carry. How do you account for it?"

"I'll tell you, Henry, of quite a little lift I got once and have never said much about it. You remember the old clover farm? I bought that, payin' a little down and gettin' easy terms for the balance. The city grew out that way pretty lively, so I laid out a lot of town lots. My wife's pretty shrew, and she figured out that if I'd give the city a park it would draw people out that way and we'd make money by it. So I laid out a fine park on that level stretch between the two hills, where there was a grove, making gravel roads, flower beds, foot paths and lakes. In excavating for a lake I had to remove that big tulip poplar, and under it I found a box of gold."

"Hold on, John, hold on. Did you find a big iron pot full of money, a little south of the trunk of the poplar, and on a line with the big sandstone rock where we used to chisel our names? And was there about \$12,000 in Spanish and English coins?"

"Just how did you know about it?"

"Just my luck. There was an old counterfeiter shot out in Kansas, and I did what I should for him the few days he lived. He told me he had buried a lot of gold there when the officers were crowding him pretty close one time, and said I could have it. I was for coming back east and looking the thing over, but he had been such a tough citizen that my wife laughed at his story as a fairy tale and wouldn't hear to my spending any more money following it up. The long and short of it is that your wife had you find that wealth when she knew nothing about it and mine kept me from gettin' it when I was told right where to dig for it. I always said that you could never tell what a woman was going to do."

John Griffin, of Zanesville, O., says: "I never lived a day for thirty years without suffering agony, until a box of De Witt's Witch Hazel Salve cured my piles." For piles and rectal troubles, cuts, bruises, sprains, eczema, and all skin troubles De Witt's Witch Hazel Salve is unequalled. R. R. Bellamy.

Statement by Mr McAllister

He takes Exception at Alleged Charges of the Tenth Eastern Tariff Association.

To the Editor:

During the last thirty days, various complaints have come to the Southern Stock Mutual Insurance Company of charges made by agents of the Southeastern Tariff Association that the policy holders of the above named company are liable for assessment. It will be patent to any one who will take the pains to review the evidence, that the charge is utterly false and based upon no fact, a foundation upon which no course of action could have helped to circulate the slander. The truth of the case would have been plain and unmistakable to any one who would take the pains to know it.

It has just been brought to our attention that the charge is based upon a South Carolina supreme court decision which was published in your columns and in the Southern Stock Mutual Insurance Company of charges made by agents of the Southeastern Tariff Association that the policy holders of the above named company are liable for assessment. It will be patent to any one who will take the pains to review the evidence, that the charge is utterly false and based upon no fact, a foundation upon which no course of action could have helped to circulate the slander. The truth of the case would have been plain and unmistakable to any one who would take the pains to know it.

A glance at the decision referred to will convince any one that it has not the most remote application to the Southern Stock-Mutual. The decision passes upon the liability of policy-holders of the Farmers' Mutual Insurance Company and no other, and is based upon a section of the act of incorporation: "That every member of said corporation shall be, and is hereby bound to pay his, her or their portion of all losses and expenses accruing to said corporation." The company whose policy was in litigation had no other way of raising money except by assessment upon its members. This was essentially its plan provided for in the charter and in the contract of insurance.

It will be seen how unjustly this decision has been used to the prejudice of the Southern Stock Mutual, when it is considered that our contract of insurance is the standard policy, the same as that issued by all the stock companies; that notice is given in bold letters on the policy that the policy-holders are non-assessable; that the policy-holders of the Southern Stock Mutual are specifically exempted by legislative enactment in its charter from all liability to assessment; and that this assessment feature is as utterly foreign to the plan of the Stock Mutual as it is essentially a part of the plan of the company named in the South Carolina decision. Some of the best lawyers of the state have passed upon this matter, and it is a question about which there is no uncertainty whatever.

This is a fair specimen of the kind of misrepresentation we have met with continually at the hands of certain competitors, and we would prefer to ignore it, as we have done on previous occasions; but there are several thousand property holders in North Carolina who are directly interested in the profits of the Southern Stock Mutual Insurance Company and we are unwilling that a baseless slander should rob us of their support and good will.

Yours very truly,  
A. W. McALLISTER.  
Greensboro, N. C., Aug. 7th.

Two Fighting Parsons

(Chicago Times-Herald.)

"I can tell you a good story about Myron W. Reed, the brilliant but erratic Denver dominie, who is just now much in evidence in connection with Eugene V. Leeb's colonization or socialistic scheme," said a Wisconsin man who has been acquainted with Reed for thirty years.

"Myron Reed went into the army a private, but was a captain within two years, and in 1864 was offered a commission as colonel of an East Tennessee regiment. He was a dare-devil, as fearless in battle as he is brilliant in the pulpit—the sort of officer certain to be called upon when there was important work to be done. Captain Reed did a great deal in that line during his service in Tennessee.

"Before daylight one October morning in 1864 an order was received directing Reed to select twenty of the most trusty men in the regiment for scout duty, and report at division headquarters with the least possible delay.

"Captain Reed," said the general, "you seemed to seek hazardous undertakings. I have work of that character for you."

"You have mistaken my meaning sir. I do not court danger. I am simply ready at all times to run risks if the service demands it."

"Very well, have it as you will. It is reported on what I regard as good authority that a large confederate force is coming into this part of Tennessee from Arkansas. I want you to take these men and push in their reported direction as rapidly as your animals can carry you. When you meet the enemy return without delay and report, and, if possible, without allowing him to discover you."

"The captain and his twenty followers, all of whom resembled their commander in one respect—every one of them being a dare-devil—rode through the Union picket line soon after sunrise. Soon after sunset, when the shades of night appeared and the Tennessee mountains whose base they were nearing looked gloomy and forbidding, they heard something that greatly added to their gloom, fearless though they were. It was the one word: "Halt!"

"The speaker was on the side of the mountain, out of sight, and not more than a quarter of a mile away. It had been a perfect day and was a perfect evening. The voice rang out as clear as a bell. Reed satisfied himself quickly that the command had not been intended for his force. His opinion was confirmed when the same voice was heard giving these directions: "Lieutenant, tell Colonel Jones, of the Tenth Arkansas, to go into camp on that side of the road. Have Colonel Bailey take his regiment just beyond the 10th. Let the other three regiments of the brigade camp on this side of the road."

The union scouts, upon hearing the general's directions for the disposal of the brigade for the night, moved a few rods from the road, dismounted, fed their horses and tried to get a little rest before starting on the thirty mile ride to the union lines.

"An hour later," they heard the same voice, a little further up the mountains, as follows: "First Arkansas Brigade, if you will give me your attention I will comply with the very general request of the command to sing."

"Then for half an hour, in a voice that was clear and sweet as that of October atmosphere, he sang hymn after hymn, old-fashioned ones, such as the Yankee boys had often heard in their Northern homes. When the singing ceased the vocalists brigade commander told his men to go to sleep and get a good rest, as they would be called upon on the morrow to make a forced march of many miles, and possibly end it with a hard battle.

"Not long after that, Captain Reed's scouting party started back to camp, reaching there about 10 o'clock the next day. His report of the discovery of an Arkansas brigade led to active preparations for a coming battle, but it did not occur. The first Arkansas Brigade did not keep its engagement.

"The following winter Captain Reed found himself in charge of a large number of confederate prisoners. Among them was one who was much given to singing hymns. Reed thought he had heard the voice. Approaching the singer he engaged him in conversation with the following result: "Have we met before?"

"Not that I know of, sah."

"Your voice has a familiar sound."

"Then he thought of the hymns he had heard on the side of that Tennessee mountain.

"Do you belong to an Arkansas brigade?" asked Reed.

"No sah; I am a Tennessee soldier."

"Were you with an Arkansas brigade when it went into camp on a Tennessee mountain last October?"

"I was on the mountain you speak of, but not with an Arkansas brigade."

"Did you sing hymns and then tell the men of your brigade to sleep and rest, for the next day they would have a long hard march and mayhap a fight?"

"I sang that night, sah, and made the remark, but not to brigade, sah."

"A regiment?"

"No, sah, to six men who were with me on a scout. We saw a force of twenty-five or thirty horsemen nearing our position, and not caring to leave just then, and knowing that we could not fight so large a party, we resorted to that harmless trick to halt the Yankees and give us a change for a short rest, after which we rode back to camp faster than we left it."

"What is your name please?"

"Berry, Captain Berry, of the Tennessee cavalry, sah."

"Captain, Berry, I'm glad to meet you. I had command of the party you mentioned. Your ruse worked. I marched right to fight a large body of Arkansas troops. You were getting away from me with as much zeal as I was displaying away from your command."

"Guess you and I had not better say much about our experiences on that October scout. I've got something as good as the commissary keeps in this canteen. Try it."

"Thank you sah, I never drink."

"A Tennessee soldier and don't drink?"

"I am also a minister of the gospel, sah."

"The two captains became warm friends."

After the war Captain Reed went to Wisconsin, where he taught school for a time and then became a Congregational minister. About a quarter of a century ago he was installed as pastor of Olivet church, Milwaukee. His originality, wit, liberality and brilliancy drew large audiences, but soon led to faultfinding on the part of the stricter members of the church. That nettled the military minister, and he established an independent church, holding meetings in a theatre. Things went along vimmingly until a consid-

erable debt was created by the new society, over which there were sharp disputes, when Reed left his barling. His next regular church was in Indianapolis, where he built up and kept together a large congregation, remaining for some years. One of his own personal friends while at Indianapolis was General Harrison. From there he went to the leading Congregational church in Denver. Things made fine progress until he went into politics, first as a candidate for congress, then as a populist leader, with a sad mixture of socialism and a few streaks of anarchism in his composition. That led to his leaving his prosperous church and another independent movement, in which he is Debs' right-hand man in a colonization scheme that does not look as promising as the average flying machine. Since going to Denver Reed has been chaplain-in-chief of the Grand Army and department commander for Colorado and Wyoming.

Advertising and News

The Charleston News and Courier of a recent date had the following timely article on advertising and news, which will apply to this state as well as to South Carolina:

About a month ago The News and Courier received a highly gratifying communication from a number of gentlemen in this city who are interested in educational work, thanking it for its generous manner in which you manifest your interest in the general education of the youth of the state. Yesterday we received a letter from the president of one of the most flourishing colleges in the state enclosing an advertisement of the college and a check for three dollars to pay for it. The advertisement was long and the check short. In addition to the publication of the advertisement, as many times as we could afford for the money, a request was made for such a notice in the reading columns of the paper as we could prepare. It is only fair to say that the president expressed regret that the appropriation for advertising was so small that he could not expend more than the proposed. But we should like to know why the appropriation for advertising the colleges and schools is always so small? The newspapers in South Carolina are remarkably generous in their treatment of the colleges and schools. In no other state in the union, we dare say, do the newspapers fill so much of their space with free advertising for schools. In no other state, we dare say again, do the colleges and schools spend less for newspaper advertising. As to the college which we now have in mind, the newspapers have within the last few years, or since its establishment, given it thousands of dollars worth of advertising, and given it gladly, and from a sense of public duty, and without the hope or expectation of reward. We doubt that it could have succeeded without their assistance—certainly it would not have made its way to the public heart so quickly without the approving words of the press. But when it comes to "business," the college is singularly contracted in its view as to the value of advertising. It has been willing to accept all that could be had in the news columns of the papers, but it cuts the appropriation for advertising to the bone when it comes to doing business in a business way. And as long as the newspapers accept what it chooses to offer for their services they will never get better paid. The president of the college in view doubtless proceeds upon the theory that the bird in the hand is worth two in the bush," and that a check, however small in amount, will often pay for work really worth from two to three times as much as the amount offered. This is trading, however, and not business.

While we are on this subject we should like to suggest to our Columbia contemporaries and to other newspapers in the state, that there is a great deal of what is called "official advertising" that should be paid for, but is done for nothing. Possibly there is some "news" in almost every official statement, but the "news" could be covered in a few lines while the full statement would fill half a column or perhaps several columns. This waste space on proclamations and declarations and statements of a public nature that are worth so much to the newspapers as "news," but would be worth a great deal more as advertising. The present experiment in campaign reporting has given so general satisfaction to the newspapers and the public that we have thought it might be extended in the direction we've indicated. The Baltimore Sun is a very rich newspaper, and it has made a pile of money out of the politicians who have statements to make. We have been told that in active campaign years the income of The Sun from this source amounts to as much or more than \$25,000. A little condensation in the "news" reports would doubtless have a good effect on the advertising business. An associated press gathering is a good thing—an associated press for business purposes might not be a bad thing.

\$100 Reward \$100

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medicine fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have no faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Practical Temperance Reform

It has been estimated by an expert after careful examination of the internal revenue statistics, that last year the American people drank 600,000,000 fewer 10-cent drinks of whiskey than they drank the year before—a saving of \$60,000,000. What is even more reassuring, the same expert figures out that there was a saving in beer consumption amounting to 1,500,000 barrels, or not less than 300,000,000 5-cent glasses. Here we have in one year a total gain for economy and temperance directly amounting in cash value to \$75,000,000, or \$1 per capita; and probably representing an indirect economy of as much more in the form of lawlessness averted, fines saved and general wear and tear avoided.—Scranton Tribune.

Great Money Maker

Pennibs—If you could own any copyright you wished, which would you choose—the most successful play or the most successful novel?

Spacer—Neither. I'd choose the mother-in-law joke.—Brooklyn Life.

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