

BULDY JONES' DUEL.

We could always look for fine fighting at Julian's of a Monday morning, because at that time the model was posed for the week, and we picked out the places from which to work. Of course the first ten of the esquisse men had first choice. So, no matter how early you got up, and how resolutely you held to your first row taboret, chaps like Roubault, or Mariotte, or the little Russian, whom we nicknamed Choubersky, or Haushauder, or the big American—"This animal of Budy Jones"—all strong esquisse men, could always chuck you out when they came, which they did about 10 o'clock, when everything had quieted down. When two particularly big, quick-tempered, obstinate and combative men try to occupy a space twice in chess square simultaneously, it gives rise to complications. We used to watch and wait for these fights (after we had been chucked out ourselves), and make things worse, and hasten the crisis by getting upon the outskirts of the crowd that thronged about the disputants and showing with all our might. Then one of the disputants would be jostled rudely against the other, who would hit him in the face, and then there would be a wild hurra and a clatter of overturned easels and the flashing of whitened knuckles and glimpses of two fierce red faces over the shoulders of the crowd, and everything would be pleasant. Then perhaps you would see an allusion in the Paris edition of the next morning's "Herald" to the "brutal and lawless students."

Would give him great pleasure to try to kill the gentleman in question at a certain time and place. Then there would be a lot of palaver, somehow the duel would never come off, and Camme's reputation as a duellist would go up another peg, and the rest of us—beastly little rapins that we were—would hold him in increased fear and intense horror, just as if he were a rattler in coil.



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"All ready, gentlemen!" said Roubault, coming up. Camme had removed coat, vest and cravat. "This animal of a Budy Jones" stripped to a sleeveless undershirt. He spat on his hands and rubbed a little more dirt on the ball. "Play ball!" he remarked. We set them back to back. On the word they paced from each other and paused. "This animal of a Budy Jones" shifted the ball to his right hand, and, holding it between his fingers delicately raised both his arms high above his head and a little over one shoulder. With his toe he made a little depression in the soil, while he slowly turned the ball between his fingers. "Fire!" cried Roubault. On the word "This animal of a Budy Jones" turned abruptly about on one foot, one leg came high off the ground till the knee nearly touched the chest. He threw the ball over his shoulder and position well—the uncanny contortions of a pitcher about to deliver. Camme threw his ball overhand—bowed it as is done in cricket, and it went wide over our man's shoulder. Down came Budy Jones' foot, and his arm shot forward with a tremendous force. Not till the last moment did he glance at his adversary or measure the distance. "It is an in-curve!" exclaimed "Horse" Wilson in my ear. We could hear the ball whirr as it left a gray blurred streak in the air. Camme made as if to dodge it with a short toss of the head and neck—it was all he had time for—and the ball, faithful to the last twist of the pitcher's fingers, swerved sharply inward at the same moment and in the same direction. When we got to Camme and gathered him up, I verily believed that the fellow had been done for. For he lay as he had fallen, straight as a ramrod and quite as stiff, and his eyes were winking like the shutter of a kinetoscope. But "This animal of a Budy Jones," who had seen prize-fighters knocked out by a single blow, said it would be all right. An hour later Camme woke up and began to mumble. He had through his clenched teeth, for the ball hitting him on the point of the chin, had dislocated his jaw. The heart breaking part of the affair came afterward when "This animal of a Budy Jones" kept us groping in the wet grass and underbrush until long after dark, looking for his confederate baseball which had caromed off Camme's chin, and gone—Heaven knows where. We never found it.—Frank Norris in The San Francisco Wave.

Savannah, Ga., April 26, 1896. Having used three bottles of P. P. P. for impure blood and general weakness, and having derived great benefit from the same, having gained 11 pounds in weight in four weeks, I take great pleasure in recommending it to all unfortunate like Yours truly, JOHN MORRIS. Office of J. N. McElroy, Druggist, Orlando, Fla., April 20, 1891. Messrs. Lippman Bros., Savannah, Ga. Dear Sirs:—I sold three bottles of P. P. P. large size yesterday, and one bottle small size today. The P. P. P. cured my wife of rheumatism winter before last. She came back on her past winter and a half bottle, \$1 size, relieved her again, and she has not had a symptom since. I sold a bottle of P. P. P. to a friend of mine, one of the turkeys, a small one, took sick and his wife gave it a teaspoonful, that was the ev'ning, and the little fell tur over his head, and next morning he was well. Yours respectfully, J. McELROY. Savannah, Ga., March 17, 1891. Messrs. Lippman Bros., Savannah, Ga. Dear Sirs:—I have suffered from rheumatism for a long time and do not find a cure until I found P. P. P., which completely cured me. Yours truly, ELIZA F. JONES, 16 Orange St., Savannah, Ga.

STATE PRESS. The Wilmington Messenger says: "Mr. Hester gives the number of cotton mills in the south at 492—an increase of 7 over last year. Will not North Carolina alone show that many. We think his figures are probably short." A year ago there were some 186 cotton mills in operation in this state. But the state labor commissioner, R. Y. Hester, has just completed his round of the mills, and he reports that there are 210 mills in the state. If Mr. Hester's figures are correct, North Carolina has nearly half the mills in the south. But it is probable that he has underestimated the number.—Charlotte News. The selling of a portion of the court house square for building purposes is very strongly opposed by our citizens, and men of all parties throughout the county unhesitatingly speak their opposition to the sale that has been made. The Record regrets the sale as much as any one. But did you know that this sale would have been almost impossible under democratic rule and law? Up to the fusion legislature of 1895 the county commissioners could not sell any public property without the consent of a majority of the board of magistrates, thus, of necessity, making the matter a public one, discussed by representative men from all sections of the county; but the legislature of 1895 changed this wise provision and left the matter of the sale of public property entirely in the hands of the commissioners. Then, again, you see we have to thank the fusion legislature for such a legislature should, at least, keep quiet. Let us have no more such legislatures, gentlemen.—Warrenton Record.

All Quiet in the Coal Regions. Pittsburg, Pa., September 14.—The strike still remains unsettled, the companies refusing still the compromise agreed by the men. The companies' answer was that the men are not and never have been obliged to buy exclusively at the company stores; that the advance would not be granted because the company was paying the average rate of the region; third, the company refused without assigning any reason, to discharge any one who participated in the shooting; fourth, that men suspended on idle days have the privilege of taking somebody else's place, thus making good the difference in rate between rock and coal work; and fifth, that no man shall be discharged for acting on the grievance committee. Superintendent Blake made a short speech to the men, urging them to return to work and arguing that they could gain nothing by remaining idle. "What do you say?" he asked. "Will you come back?" There was a moment's buzz and then a chorus of "No" went up. The superintendent tried no further persuasion and the men dispersed. The mountain journey of the cavalry to Eckley, although agreeably disappointing of its purpose, had a salutary effect in that it deeply impressed miners with the extent of the military power. There were no additional deaths today. Four or five men who have been hovering between life and death ever since the shooting were unchanged, but all the others were doing well and many have been discharged. The funeral of Jacob Tomashonts, the lad who was shot through the head and lingered until Sunday, occurred today at McAdoo. It was attended by one of the largest gatherings seen since the outbreak of the trouble. There was no demonstration and the services passed off quietly. After the funeral the men gathered in groups throughout the town and discussed the situation and soon afterwards dispersed to their homes. Guards are still being placed around the houses of several of the mine superintendents and during the day a sheriff's deputy was seen about the streets guarded by two soldiers. Former State Senator King's tipple near Eckley closed down today at the request of the Eckley miners. The tipple employed only a few men. At a late hour tonight everything is quiet about headquarters.

John Griffin, of Zanesville, O., says: "I never lived a day, for thirty years, without suffering agony, until a box of Dr. Witt's Witch Hazel Salve cured my piles." For piles and rectal troubles, cuts, bruises, sprains, eczema, and all skin troubles Dr. Witt's Witch Hazel Salve is unequalled. R. R. Bellamy. Yellow Fever in New Orleans. New Orleans, September 13.—The announcement of the ninth case of yellow fever in New Orleans, including the Gelpi death, was officially made by the board of health late this afternoon. It is probably that later tonight another case will be added to the list, exhausting the serious of suspicious cases now under investigation. The ninth case is Edward McGinty, a young man living immediately opposite a residence up town where a child died from the fever that has been prevailing at Ocean Springs. McGinty had been a visitor to the family during their residence on the Mississippi coast, and since their return to the city he has been a constant visitor. It is therefore believed that McGinty contracted the disease from the sick child. Members of the board of health have been in close attendance on the case and completed their diagnosis this afternoon. As soon as they had done so, the board of health took charge of the premises, quarantined the inmates made liberal applications of disinfectants in the neighborhood and took all necessary steps to prevent a spread of the disease. THE FEVER AT MOBILE. Washington, September 13.—Dr. Goode, the president of the Alabama state board of health, has wired Dr. Wyman that all measures have been taken to prevent the spread of the disease which has manifested itself at Mobile. The inmates of the hospital where the disease appeared were quarantined. There was no report of suspected cases. Dr. John Gutierrez has been ordered to remain in Mobile for the present as his services are needed for further investigation. He will make a daily report to the surgeon general.

Burning, itching skin diseases instantly relieved by Dr. Witt's Witch Hazel Salve, unequalled for cuts, bruises, burns, it heals without leaving a scar. R. R. Bellamy. The Celebrated Smithfield Ham. The best ham is not always the one produced in the big packing houses. There are lots of people in the trade to-day, for instance, who have the idea that the much abused and ridiculed razorback hog cuts no figure in the bacon-producing business, yet one of the very best and most popular brands of hams produced in this country comes from the razorback hog. We refer to the celebrated "Smithfield" ham, an ham of a subsequent issue, to give our readers some close details of a historical and technical character concerning it. This ham, as many of our readers are aware, takes its name from the little town of Smithfield, which is about 30 miles from Norfolk, Va. Of course, considerable attention is given to the matter of its cure, but its primary virtue comes from the hog and the routine which it is put through in the matter of feed, etc., before slaughter. The ham has peculiar qualities, each one of which commends it to the palate of the consumer. The demand for them has grown to such an extent that those who prepare them, unable to fill orders at times from the domestic supply of hogs, have been tempted to try their curing process on hams shipped to them from other sections, but without being able to come anywhere near the quality peculiar to the hams made from the local razorback. Cross breeding has also been tried, but with the same unsatisfactory result. It seems strange that among less than a dozen small packers in a Virginia town the total output of such a favorable brand should be only about 20,000 in a year.—National Provisioner.

As is well known, the republican party could not possibly dispose of all the money which the trust pours into, a strong box last fall. About a million and a half dollars was left over, and of this sum Mark Hanna is the custodian. He proposed to use it in such a manner as to best promote the interests of the republican party.—Manchester Union.

Superior Court in Session.—The Shoo Fly Wrecking Case—Crops Damaged by Drought—The Tobacco Market—Block ade Still Captured. (Correspondence of The Messenger.) Goldsboro, N. C., September 14. Superior court convened in this city yesterday morning with Judge W. S. O'B. Robinson presiding and Solicitor Pou representing the state. As is usual, there is a good crowd of country people in attendance. It is estimated that the cotton crop of this section has been reduced by about one-fourth during the extremely dry weather that has prevailed since the 1st of August. Unless we have rain soon the shortage in the crop will be greater than this. The export business has been great from this section this year. Every week an opportunity has been offered to make a cheap trip to different places of interest, and Wilmington has been one of the most popular. The season will wind up with an excursion to Richmond next Tuesday, which will return on Friday on an excursion week. The tobacco market in this city is attracting the attention of planters from quite a distance, and its patrons are growing in number every day. The high prices paid are said to be in advance of any market in the eastern part of the state, and the large shipments that formerly went to Richmond and other larger markets are now sold on the floor of our warehouses. Mr. E. J. Hill, of Warsaw, has accepted a position as salesman with the Einstein Clothing Company, of this city. It is said that the Goldsboro Undertaking and Repair Company intend to add a large factory to their already extensive business. This is an industry that our city has needed for some time and its materialization should not be long deferred. The famous "Shoo Fly" wrecking case came up for consideration this morning in the superior court, but was put off until Friday on account of the absence of important witnesses. Captain D. L. Fillyaw and Engineer W. J. Horn are attending court this week as witnesses in the "Shoo Fly" wrecking case. Mr. J. A. Crews, the hustling representative of The Messenger, is among the large crowd in town this week. The fixtures of an illicit distillery were brought to this city today by Deputy Collector R. C. Hill. They were captured on a plantation near Eureka, in this county, and gave evidence, of recent use. No information as to the owner could be obtained, and pending an investigation, the fixtures will be destroyed. The capture was made without molestation.

A HOUSEHOLD REMEDY. And it never fails to cure Rheumatism, Catarrh, Pimples, Blisters, and all disorders arising from impure blood, is Botanic Blood Balm, (B. B. B.) Thousands endorse it as the best remedy ever offered to mankind. The thousands of cures performed by this remedy are almost innumerable. Try it, only \$1.00 per large bottle.

A PHYSICIANS EVIDENCE—AN HONEST DOCTOR. Although a practitioner of near twenty years, my mother influenced me to procure Botanic Blood Balm, B. B. B., for her. She had been confined to her bed several months with Rheumatism, and had at length resorted to the usual remedies. Within twenty-four hours after commencing B. B. B., I observed marked relief. She has just commenced her third bottle, and is nearly as active as ever, and has been in the front yard with "rake in hand," cleaning up. Her improvement is truly wonderful and immensely gratifying. C. H. MONTGOMERY, M. D., Jacksonville, Ala. For sale by Druggists.

Wonderful Recovery From a Stroke of Lightning. (Correspondence of The Messenger.) Weldon, N. C., September 14. During a heavy thunder storm Sunday morning little Leslie Parker, 3-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Parker, was struck by lightning, and yet, strange to relate, the child is alive and well today. The little boy went on the front porch during the storm to catch some water in a tin cup. There was a blinding flash, followed by a terrific report as soon as he reached the edge of the porch, and the child fell as if dead. The father ran out, caught the limp figure in his arms and carried it across the street to Dr. Green's office. It was fully ten minutes before the child showed the least signs of life and two hours before the doctor found the least movement of the pulse. The lightning appeared to have struck the metal roof and passed down and forked. One portion split a post and the other passed into a pantry, shivering the window. Leslie Parker was struck on the head. The fluid burned the hair and then passed down behind his ears to the neck, where it tore a gold chain that was around the boy's neck into fragments and melted several of the links. A black burned streak ran all around the child's neck, and there is a blue streak on its breast which passes down and can be seen on other portions of its body, looking for all the world as if some one had taken a hot iron and burned it. The escape from death is the most remarkable one ever before known. New Bern Journal: Thine Free Will Baptist church at New Bern, has called Rev. W. H. Slaughter as their pastor for the ensuing year.

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Exaggerated Southern Crimes. It is a great pity that the south has so many sensational correspondents within her borders, who, for the sake of the small pittance that the metropolitan dailies of the north and east pay for "specials," will send out stuff that permits, by a little twisting and rearrangement to be worked up into stories of the most blood-curdling character, and becomes susceptible of adornment with "scare heads" that are well calculated to startle the readers of those sheets. Every little difficulty that occurs in the south between a negro and a white man is telegraphed abroad as an incipient race war, and when the report leaves the hand of the telegraph editor, and finds its way into the columns of the paper to which it is sent, it shows that there has been either a genuine race riot, or the pendency of one that threatens to cause the spilling of great quantities of both white and colored blood. Nine-tenths of the "specials" of this character that are sent out from southern points are base fabrications that have not a particle of foundation in truth, further, perhaps than the killing of a negro or a white man, either in self-defense or otherwise, may be in a cold-blooded or wanton manner. Possibly the particular homicide may attract no attention in the community where it occurs more than any other affair of its kind, but this fact doesn't prevent the sensational correspondent from preparing a most lurid story of it, and firing it off to the big city dailies, who pay him a trivial price per word for it, or so much for the space it fills up in their sensational columns, —Natchez Democrat.

A Notorious Adventurer. It is some years since Victoria Woodhull and Theodore Tilton walked in the celebrated procession of New York socialists, in honor of the French communists executed for the murder of a Catholic bishop and other persons whom the commune found troublesome during its brief period of power in Paris. If anybody had attempted to cast the horoscope of the elder of the Clafin sisters in those days, it would have required supernatural insight to guess that at the end of a quarter of a century there should be found in England an interesting widow of a reputable banker, bearing the name of Mrs. Victoria Clafin Woodhull Martin, to whom her devoted husband had left a nice little competency of \$700,000.

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