

R. MEANS DAVIS, Editor, JNO. S. REYNOLDS, Associate Editor.

MORTON HAS started for Washington, but it is not known whether the old slimmer will ever reach that destination.

A St. Louis artesian well has reached the depth of thirty eight hundred feet. She is bound to have water if she has to go to China for it.

KIMPTON THINKS the meaning of all this "hubbub" in South Carolina is to get Patterson out of the Senate; while a large number of people here think it is to get Kimpton into the penitentiary.

MAJOR JNO. W. POLK, the new doorkeeper of the House at Washington, is a cousin of President Polk and of Bishop Leonidas Polk. His hardest task will be to keep the horde of hungry lobbyists from invading the floor during the sessions; for which he is said to possess the requisite nerve.

NILES G. PARKER has been brought back to Columbia, and is in his old cell in jail. He was escorted to the boat, in which he left Jersey City, by the pastor of the church in which he has been such a shining light since his sojourn there. State Constable Butler is in New York on the look out for Kimpton.

The Disputed Senatorships.

The Radical majority in the United States Senate has not signified yet what will be its course in reference to the admission of Senators Eustis and Spofford, of Louisiana, and Butler, of South Carolina, and the whole question is a matter of considerable speculation. It is presumed that the anti-Administration Senators will endeavor either to bring the matter in the committee room, or will force a protracted and bitter debate in which an attempt will be made to open the old sores, and revive the old spirit of sectional hate. The Democrats are not anxious to have any prolonged discussion at present. They feel that the leaven of the Ohio election is working so well in New York, Pennsylvania, and even Massachusetts, that the introduction of any new sensation before the November elections may do harm to their party. If, however, they can secure the votes of any Republicans they will press for the immediate admission of the Democratic contestants from the two disputed States. If the Administration Republican Senators have any backbone, they will certainly favor an immediate solution of the problem; for with their votes, added to those of the Democrats, the President's Southern policy will thus win a decisive victory over the Blaine-Conkling combination. Such a course on the part of the Administration is necessary for its prolongation of power; for other matters, such as confirmation of its appointments, will soon come up; and, without the aid of the Democrats the nominations will be rejected; while the Democrats will not interfere in a Republican quarrel, unless they have previously received aid from the Administration Senators in the contested election cases.

No shadow of law exists for the seating of Kollogg and Corbin. Both were elected by mobs; the pretended quorum, even, which the latter claimed in the Mackey House, having been composed of illegally seated contestants from Aiken and Barnwell. No more can be done than to refuse both contestants, in which case Butler would be immediately re-elected. The Louisiana case is similar. Eustis was elected by the Wheeler compromise Legislature to fill the vacancy caused by the rejection of Pinchback; while Spofford was elected last winter by the consoli-

dated Democratic and Republican Legislatures.

The Radicals might as well yield gracefully to the inevitable. We hope that the Administration Republicans will at once co-operate with the Democrats in doing justice to Louisiana and our own State.

TENNESSEE ADVENTURERS.

A Match for the Story of Crawford Pasha.

From the Louisville Courier-Journal.

The strange but plausible story touching the identity of Osman Pasha, published in yesterday's issue of the Courier Journal, will be established or contradicted presently. Whether it be true or false there is enough of romantic interest in the career of Clay Crawford, apart from any association, real or supposed, with the Turkish hero, to make his life a text for serious contemplation. Nothing could be more whimsical, and yet as we know out of the curious experiences of every-day life nothing is less ideal, than just such experiences of actual vicissitudes and adventure. The history of our country abounds in odd examples, which transferred to fiction, would be regarded as exaggerations. Did not Andrew Johnson himself come from this same East Tennessee, and was he not a poor tailor's apprentice, whose wife taught him to read, and who, after a long career of an interrupted success rose to be President of the United States? A man of morbid imaginative nature, he perfectly understood and enjoyed each of the stages in his journey through life. Clay Crawford was not at all like him. He is, or was, a type of the Grant species. If he be indeed the victor of Plevna, it will not, after all, prove a greater marvel than Grant's rise from the gutter to splendors, very much more substantial, if not more Oriental, than were those which can attend or await Osman Pasha.

East Tennessee is a weird region, and no part of it is wilder than Hawkins county. This Clay Crawford business is not its only contribution to American legend. It is nearly a hundred years now since it sent forth an adventurer who achieved a great career, passed through a world of stirring events, and lived a long life.

About the year 1801, Elias P. Bean, a lad of 17, started with a party of raftsmen bound from the Holston to the Mississippi. They floated down from Bean's Station, trading by the way, lost their raft upon the Muscle Shoals, and, having purchased a drove of horses, continued their journey overland toward Natchez. Here young Bean met the famous frontiersman, Captain Nolan, who was about starting an expedition into Arkansas. He joined this party, stealing away from his brothers—whom he left to return home without him—overnight. After many ups and downs the detachment of Nolan's command, embracing our hero, was captured by the Indians somewhere close upon the Texas border. Bean and a companion escaped from the Indians only to be recaptured by the Spaniards, who took them prisoners to the old town of San Antonio. Here, after a while, they were released on parole, and, having a turn for taking things easy, and a genius for work, the younger of the two Americans set himself to learning the trade of a hatter. He succeeded so well that in three years he became the fashion, began to make money, fell in love with a native beauty, and was making strides toward fortune, when, in an unguarded moment, an opportunity to escape presenting itself, he yielded to a sudden fit of home sickness, abandoned his business, deserted his sweetheart and fled. He was pursued, overtaken, brought back, and, as a penalty, sent across the Rio Grande and over the Mexique Mountains to the Pacific seas. In other words, they took him to Acapulco, where he was thrown into prison. He occupied a dungeon in the old fortress for six years, his only comrade a scorpion, which he tamed and took into his affections.

In 1812 the first Mexican insurrection against the Spanish power broke out. It was led by Padre Morelos, a dissolute priest, but a patriot, a soldier and a statesman. Reaching the sad old sea-port, where Bean was confined, it released him, a prisoner of half a dozen years, but a man of undiminished strength and ardor, a little into his thirties, and perhaps all the better for his long confinement. He sought the insurgent camp and leader. Morelos seeing before him an American who spoke two languages like a native, a stalwart, soldierly fellow, just out of prison and eager for active employment, gave him first his confidence and then his love. He became chief of staff, next general of brigade, next

general of division, and smote the Spaniard hip and thigh. At length the contest growing imminent, a more delicate, if not more dangerous, business presented itself. Morelos had loved, seduced and ejected from her home a noble Spanish damsel, whom, for many years, he had concealed in the mountains. She had borne a single child, a son. In the midst of the struggle, and at the critical point she died. The son was too young to go into the field. He could not be left anywhere to take care of himself. There was really no safe place in all Mexico. So Morelos sent for Bean to counsel what should be done. Bean represented that arms and munitions of war were wanted; believed he could negotiate for these in the States, and proposed that he should kill the two birds with one stone—carry the lad out of harm's way, and bring back the needed military supplies. Morelos was delighted, and Bean was dispatched on the double mission. He succeeded admirably; but, when he got back, Morelos had been captured and shot, and, for the time being, the revolution was at an end. The son of the priest, President, as the Mexicans delight to call the great Padre Morelos, grew up to be the famous General Almonte, his guardian and friend to be a Field Marshal, and the richest man in Mexico; where, at Jalapa, in 1858, our victorious army found him a hale old man, retired from active life and living in vast splendor, surrounded by an extensive progeny. Of his children but one rose to distinction—the black sheep of the family—a fellow by the name of Cortenas, not unknown to fame, particularly along that stream which Clay Crawford made to resound with certain buccaneering exploits of his.

Curious episodes, indeed; but fit outgrowth of the rock-ribbed ledges dark "with the silent horror of death."

A Perambulating Printing Office.

The Virginia (Nev.) Enterprise says: "Some printers of this city are contemplating the fitting up of a small printing office which can be moved from place to place on wheels, as are the traveling photograph galleries. They intend making their start in California, and will travel through the small towns where there are no papers published and no printing offices. Once they are anchored in a town they will send their 'devil' flying about the place with all the latest news of the neighborhood and the advertisements of the business men. They will print cards, bill-heads, circulars, and all else required, and when they have supplied the wants of a town in the printing line they will give some ranchman or livery stable keeper a big puff and an acoustic on the name of his favorite daughter to hitch to their office and to haul them to the next town, where the devil will again be set flying about and where the 'bugle blast of freedom' will again be heard. Thus they will go from town to town, remaining from a week to a month or two in a place, making money and friends wherever they go, and having a jolly good time at all the balls, parties, weddings, and funerals. They may even work their way up to Oregon, or down to Arizona, but what they now think of doing is to establish a circuit of good towns for their business and visit them several times in the course of a year. The boys concerned in the enterprise are confident that they will be able to make it a success as all three are good printers and writers, and their contemplated 'devil' is not only a fair type-setter, but also a gem in other respects—in flying around, for instance. Their little paper will be called the Post-Card."

PHOTOGRAPHY OF THE HEART.—One of the most remarkable applications of photography is that by which it is now made to register, and in the most accurate manner, the mechanical motion of the heart. The device by which this result is attained is, indeed, a triumph of inventive skill. It consists of a thin india rubber bag, to which a short glass tube is attached, sufficient mercury is poured into the apparatus to fill the bag and a portion of the tube, and the instrument is then placed over the heart of the person to be examined. Arranged in this manner, every pulsation of the heart is indicated by a corresponding movement of the mercury in the tube, and, by suitable photographic apparatus, provided with a moving sensitive slip of paper, a perfect registration of the extent and rate of the pulsations is obtained. The interesting fact is made known by this process, that the fall of the pulse sometimes takes place in successive horizontal lines, and sometimes in ascending lines, the column reascending two or three times before falling altogether.

IMPARTIALITY OF AMERICAN BULLETS.—The cartridge manufactory at Bridgeport, Connecticut, is supplying material for both the Russian and Turkish armies, and American bullets are hurled promiscuously from both sides. The Bridgeport company manufactures from six to seven hundred thousand cartridges per day. They have supplied forty millions to Russia, seventy millions to Turkey, and have just received an order of eighty millions from the Italian government. Two tons of powder are used each day, and other materials in like proportion. An inspecting officer for Russia and Turkey were recently alike engaged side by side in superintending the production of the cartridges for their respective governments.

This is how the fee system worked with the college youths who acted as waiters at the summer resorts. One of them writes: "Our wages are only \$12 a month, besides board and washing, and so we can regularly earn but \$28 a season. On the other hand, if we receive perquisites, we make in all from \$50 to \$100, or even \$150. My own daily record of fees shows that I receive \$13 between July 5 and August 13, in amounts varying between twenty-five cents and \$2 a day. Some guests who have remained a month leave their water from \$10 to \$15; or, if they have become interested in his history, perhaps they leave as much as \$40 as a souvenir."

KEPT HIS OWN COUNSEL.—"Are you counsel in this case?" asked a New York judge, of a gentleman in court. "No, sir," he answered; "I am petitioner in this case. My family has lost \$250,000 by counsel already, and I want no more counsel. I don't think there is an honest counsel at the bar." The judge smiled benignly.

"It is a standing rule in my church," said one clergyman to another, "for the sexton to wake up any man that he sees asleep." "I think," replied the other, "that it would be better for the sexton when ever a man goes to sleep under your preaching, to wake you up!"

IT TAKES the Russian provost-marshal four minutes to convict and shoot a spy, and the czar loudly complains of lost time.

Belocca, the Russian prima donna, has given \$5,000 for the relief of the sick and wounded Russian soldiers.

GRAND INTERNATIONAL Exposition!

We could find no other appropriate heading to indicate the large Stock of DRY GOODS, SHOES, HATS, &c. &c., that we are now daily receiving. We thought of Headquarters, Emporium and Bazaar. All too tame.

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LADD BROS.

Executors Notice. All persons indebted to the estate of David H. Ruff, deceased, are requested to make immediate payment to the undersigned, and those holding claims against said estate are hereby notified to present the same properly attested. A. F. RUFF, Executor. oct 13-3

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Will You Believe It?

WOMAN'S BEST FRIEND.—To relieve the aching heart of woman and bring joy where sorrow reigned supreme, is a mission before which the smiles of kings twinkle into utter insignificance. To do this is the peculiar province of Dr. J. Woodfield's Female Regulator; which from the numberless cures it has accomplished, is appropriately styled Woman's Best Friend. The distressing complaint known as the "whites," and the various irregularities of the womb, to which woman is subject disappear like magic before a single bottle of this wonderful compound. It is prepared by J. Woodfield, Atlanta, Ga., and sold at \$1.50 per bottle by Dr. W. E. Aiken. Physicians prescribe it. Its action is prompt, sure and decisive.

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FINE Pale Sherry Wine, fine N. C. Scuppernon Wine, fine old Porto Port Wine, fine imported Claret Wine, For table use.

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Fine article dry Scuppernon Wine, Oard's & Co. genuine Cognac Brandy, pure N. C. Apple Brandy, Ice Stone Mountain (Georgia) Corn Whiskey, pure N. C. Sweet Mash Corn Whiskey, My Cabinet Rye—the best whiskey in town, and a full stock of all other good Liquors. Also, the celebrated Indian Pale Ale, fresh Lager and Sweet Sparkling Cider on draught. The largest and best selected stock of Havana Cigars and Cigarettes in town. Blackwell's genuine Smoking Tobacco, Messina Oranges and Lemons for sale low for cash by June 12 F. W. HABENICHT.

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