

THE NEWTON ENTERPRISE.

State Library

VOL XIII NO. 1.

NEWTON, N. C., FRIDAY JULY 10 1891.

PRICE: \$1.00 PER YEAR.

Children Cry FOR PITCHER'S Castoria

Castoria promotes Digestion, and cures Colic, Flatulency, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhea, and Feverishness. Thus the child is rendered healthy and its sleep natural. Castoria contains no Morphine or other narcotic property.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."
H. A. Acheson, M. D.,
82 Portland Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"I use Castoria in my practice, and find it specially adapted to affections of children."
Alex. Rosecrans, M. D.,
107 3d Ave., New York.

THE CENTAUR CO., 77 Murray St., N. Y.

THE GOSPEL IN REVERSE

How She Lost Her Lover
"I was a younger man when he left me here. A summer of smiles with never a tear. Till I said to him with a sob, 'My dear! Goodbye, my lover, goodbye!'"

How He Found Her
"I loved him, oh, as the stars love light. And my cheeks for him flushed red and white. When he first called me his heart's delight. Goodbye, my lover, goodbye!"

The Touch of His Hand
"The touch of his hand was a thing divine. As he sat with me in the soft moonshine. And drank of my love as men drink wine. Goodbye, my lover, goodbye!"

And Never a Night as I Knew in Prayer
"In a gown as white as our own souls were. But in taces he came and kissed me there. Goodbye, my lover, goodbye!"

But now, O God! what an empty place
"My whole heart is left in the old embrace. And the kiss I loved, there is not a trace. Goodbye, my lover, goodbye!"

"He sailed not over the stormy sea. As he went not down in the waves, not he. But oh, he is lost, for he married me. Goodbye, my lover, goodbye!"
—James Whitcomb Riley.

The River
"Oh, rugged river! restless river! River of years! River of tears—
Thou river of life!
River of sorrow! Yet o'er thy bosom Joy, as a bird, flutters its gaudy wing.
And drinks its draught of ecstasy from out thy crystal spring.
Oh, small river! shadowy river!
River of gladness—river of sadness—
Thou river of life!
River of gladness! Yet o'er the blue of the beautiful sky floats a cloud
Out of whose fathomless bosom the Loom of God is weaving a shroud.
Oh, beautiful river! while the star of youth is
From the river sprinkled;
Rises of life! when health's exir flows
From the river, the waters are full of peace.
And the calm of the song the river sings
And the quiet joy the lullaby brings
The feel will never cease.
And while the waters glow and glisten,
And how seldom do we listen
To the turning of the ponderous wheel of
Time.
Over whose granite sides are rushing
The waves of the river in a symphony sub-
lime.
But when the waters are black and bleeding,
Dyed with great Disease's breath,
And we tread the rocky landing,
To the fatness of the sea of death,
Till, ah! then, in our agony of soul
We cry, 'Oh, sweet of Time, one moment stay!'
Turn back, the river and cease to roll,
For the sweet life is passing away."
But the miller, and the wheel is turning,
Though grief's toll from our hearts are burning,
And the river's song—is only a moan,
And the grinding wheel—sounds a groan.

But from our midnight gloom
Rise up, O God! thy light
See the life love as it comes in bloom
In infinite radiance and rest!
He waters have mingled with the crystal stream
Flowing in the river of life.
And the waves have caught the golden gleam
And the river in heaven in its crystal calm
Found its way through the golden bars,
Flowing upward, beyond the garden of stars,
To the feet of God and his Lamb.
Oh, river of radiant river!
River of light—river of life!
Thou river of God!
—Mary E. Hill.

Where She Lies Dead
"The sun comes up and mocks me with its light,
The clouds lean white to tempt to the sleeping sea.
I hear the lark's call, tremulous with delight,
See the sweet dove, white as the new grassed
lea.
The road blue leads before the sun have set,
The whole dear world is glad—though she lies dead.
Out in her well loved garden spot the flowers
Lift dreaming heads and half unfold their
leaves.
All wet and sweet with dew the hours
Go slowly, as if playing him who grieves.
Here one who rose from slender throat and
head
Against the window sill—where she lies dead.
About the pond her frogs are all astir,
Their mellow, clamorous voices fill the air—
Their tender voices so beloved of her!
And that with mellow notes in her hair
When on my happy breast she lay her head,
To hear her murmuring—now, she lies dead.
The loveliest blossoms sit, like dim, pale stars,
On purple air shot through and through with
gold.
Like dust blown off the wine flushed grapes,
and bars
Or warm lie on the grass beneath—but
cold
And still as the whose heart, they always said,
Was strong and warm as fire—she lies dead.
Oh, level level level it is too great to bear!
That this glad world should still pulse strong
with life,
And that with mellow song, and all the air
With joy of bird and flower love be rife—
While from thy breast thought, love and life
have fled.
My God! my God! help me while she lies dead.
—Overland Monthly.

Life from Death
"Life evermore is fed by death.
In earth and sea and sky,
And that a rose may breathe its breath
Something must die.
The falcon preys upon the fawn,
The hawk upon the dove,
And naught will loose the hummer pinch
But death's wild ray."
—Dr. J. G. Holland.

A Farewell
"TO C. E. G.
My fairest child, I have no song to give you,
No lark nor dove in skies so full and gray.
Yet if you will, my quiet hilt I'll leave you
For every day.
I'll tell you how to sing a clearer cheer,
Than lark who halts the dawn or broods
down.
To earn yourself a purer poet's laurels
Than Shakespeare's crown.
Be good, good, kind, and let who can be clever;
Do joyful things, not dream them, all day
long.
And so mate life and death, and that forever,
One grand sweet song."
—Charles Kingsley.

Death of the Richest Man
"He owned today a large and gleaming share
Of this earth's narrow rind,
A sigh—a groan—a gesture of despair—
The earth owned him.
The richest one of any time or land
The old time lesson taught,
A human mind of gold! God raised his hand,
And he had naught."
—Will Carleton.

Action
"Inaction, we know not what we would,
We would not what we know!
The best of life
Is action, not the dream of action—thought."
—William Cato.

To Mount Shasta
"I stood where thunderbolts were wont
To smite thy Titan fashioned front;
I heard thy mountains rook and roll;
I saw the lightning's gleaming red
Reach forth and write on heaven's scroll
The awful autograph of God!"
—Joachim Miller.

Veni, Vidi, Vici! This is true of Hall's
Hair Renewer, for it is the great conquer-
or of gray or faded hair, making look the
same even color of youth

THE LAKE IN THE DESERT.

Exploring Parties afloat on the Island Sea at Salton.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 2.—The Southern Pacific Company sent out today from Yuma an engineering party to investigate the appearance of the large body of water in Dry Lake, to the southwest of Salton.

The latest information from Yuma is that the waters have not only flowed a long the old channel into what is called the sink, but have broken out a little to the north of the point where they usually over-
flow—that is, nearer to Yuma.

Every year there is a flow of water into the sink, which travels along the old channel and then gradually evaporates and subsides as the year progresses and the waters of the Colorado river fall.

The old San Diego and Yuma stage line has a bridge over the old channel and ten months in the year no one would know why such a bridge had ever been built. There is also a ferry there which has been used during the annual flood.

To the north of the sink and to the southwest of Salton there is in the maps of the State a long, bean-shaped track marked "Old Dry Lake." Between it and the sink there is, however, a high ridge of clay.

In old Dry Lake there is now water covering an area of 30 miles in length and 12 miles wide. It is only 21 inches deep, however, and the ground, when dry, is 13½ feet below the level of the tracks.

The theory of the Southern Pacific engineers is that the water from the sink has percolated the ground under the clay ridges and so filled up the old Dry Lake.

There is no fear whatever, the officials say, of water ever reaching the tracks, because the evaporation is very great, especially under the intense heat now existing in the desert.

The stream running into old Dry Lake pours in at the rate of about four and a half miles an hour, and it is to determine the source of this stream that the engineering party started on a trip of discovery today.

On the east side of the sink the company's trucks have the additional natural protection of one of the highest sand mountains in the United States.

This promises to be a year of wonders in California. First came the Colorado desert drylake transformed in a few days into an inland sea, and now it is learned that the settlers on the shore of Tulare Lake in the heart of the great San Joaquin Valley have been driven from their homes by a sudden and unprecedented rise of water. Tulare is the largest fresh water lake in California, and is noted for its shallowness and for its enormous supply of fish.

Its shores are fringed with tules of strong reeds on which hang mil-
lions of fresh water mussels, thrifty ranchers turn their hogs into these tule fields and their swine grow fat on mussels. The bacon is a trifle rank, but it probably costs less than any bacon produced in the country.

Tulare Lake is now about 25 miles long and 20 miles wide. Within 15 years it has shrunk more than half and the dry bed exposed has been converted into some of the richest farms in the State.

Settlers have followed the receding waters closely, although the Indians have always warned them that a flood would come some day and sweep them away. It is a curious fact that none of these ranchers along the lake shore could get any Indian to work on his land.

The Indians have a tradition that many years ago the big lake shrank so that very little water remained. The Indians built huts along the shore and caught many fish. Suddenly, without warning, came the flood which wiped out the village and drowned many women and children. The survivors escaped to the foothills, and no member of the tribe has ever returned to the land that proved so treacherous to their forefathers.

The Indians cannot fix the date of this flood, but they have predicted that it would be repeated, and their prophecy is now fulfilled.

Within a few weeks both Kern and Tulare rivers, which empty into the lake, have been running bank full, as well as all the other streams. They are fed by snow from the Sierra Nevadas, where the snowfall last winter was the heaviest ever known. As the ground in the valley was soaked after excessive rains late in the spring, Tulare lake received the benefit. It is estimated that within a fortnight the waters have risen ten feet, while the lake

has spread at least ten miles in area. This has brought it far beyond the boundaries of ten years ago, and has played havoc with the new ranchers on the shores. Several ranch houses at the mouth of the Tulare River have been carried away and many narrow escapes of farmers are recorded.

It is estimated that enough water has come down into the Tulare Lake to have irrigated the whole San Joaquin Valley if it could have been saved.

YOU TAKE NO RISK

In buying Hood's Sarsaparilla, for it is everywhere recognized as the standard building-up medicine and blood purifier. It has won its way to the front by its own intrinsic merit, and has the largest sale of any preparation of its kind. Any honest druggist will confirm this statement. If you decide to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, do not be induced to buy anything else instead. Be sure to get Hood's.

SUB-TREASURY

TO BE DISCUSSED BY GOVERNOR TILLMAN AND COL. BEN TERRELL

The Charleston News & Courier prints the following interview with Gov. Tillman, the Alliance Governor of South Carolina.

"What about the Spartanburg meeting at which you are to meet Col. Terrell in debate? Will the speeches be heard by members of the Alliance only?"

"All that I can say about that is that when I accepted Col. Terrell's challenge to meet him at Spartanburg I expected the discussion to be in public and for the benefit and enlightenment of all classes of voters. In his tour over the State Col. Terrell's advocacy of the measure was in public, and I cannot suppose that it is intended to restrict my reply to Alliance members only, and to a few at that. Besides, it is too hot to speak in any house this time of year; and there is no place in Spartanburg large enough to hold the audience that will be likely to attend except the Grange encampment building. As I understand it this is a friendly discussion between the distinguished lecturer of the National Alliance and myself upon a question affecting the interest of all classes: Alliance men, farmers who do not belong to the Alliance, and citizens who cannot join that organization. I cannot see any reason, therefore, why the debate should not be held in public."

"When will the discussion take place?"

"I don't know, but I presume, on the second day of the session of the State Alliance, which will be about the 22d of July."

"Have you heard from Col. Terrell since he left the State?"

"Only through the newspapers, but when I was at Cedar Springs last week I mentioned the matter to some of the leading Alliance men in Spartanburg, and they said there would be a large crowd present and they wanted the discussion to be in public."

"What arrangements have been made for the meeting?"

"None that I know of, but I presume that President Stokes and the Spartanburg Alliance will take the necessary steps to prepare for it."

"Have you any idea of the result of this discussion?"

"Of course not; except that the discussion is to take place, in public, and that the State Alliance will take a vote on it in secret as they do on all matters affecting our Order. I hope to show that the Alliance in South Carolina cannot afford to press the sub-treasury scheme, but as the measure has been endorsed by the Omaha meeting and by one State Alliance I may, and probably will fail."

AN OLD VIRGINIA ESTATE.

Century.

Westover House, with its broad facade of red brick, its steep roof, and its glorious row of overshadowing trees stands amid close shaven lawns and wide encompassing fields of wheat and clover, close to the river's edge. These fields are today the pride not only of their owner but of the State. One does not readily get a drive over grassy roads behind fleet Virginia horses, skirting on one side of the fence enclosing 140 acres of growing wheat, a vast sea of living green rippled by winds of May, but showing neither dimple nor ridge in the soil below, on the other, clover as rich, wherein stand Jersey cattle knee deep in purple blossom amid the boom of inebriated bees. The mansion and estate, more fortunate than many others is being admirably kept up, convey to modern guests some of the same impressions carried away by Chastellux, the airy marquis, who, as he journeyed through Virginia at the close of the Revolutionary war, threw kisses from his finger tips to kindly entertainers. At Westover the Frenchman broke into peans over the great extent of rich acres, the sport slaves, the elegances indoors, the happy, the sturgeons, and the wall of honeysuckle covered with humming birds. Seen through the hall, always open in summer weather upon outer flights of quaint tiled steps of stone, the great gates, surmounted by the marlet crest, display their iron tracery against a background of wheatfields girded in by woods. To the right and the left of the door upon the river front the avenues from the boat landing are cut off for vehicles by smaller gates of delicate design, wrought in England 200 years ago, their hinges moving stiffly in the embrace of the roses and the wistaria of yesterday. The line of trees whose tops caress the former windows of the roof has grown up since the foundation of the house. Some of them have survived war, fire, and lightning stroke. Looking out through their branches by moonlight from the bedroom windows at the wide reach of shining river beyond a lawn washed in silver brightness, one may, if he listens keenly, hear them whisper the secrets they have been hoarding this century or so.—Mrs. Burton Harrison.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

DEMOCRATIC CLUB ORGANIZATION

MARRIED A DYING GIRL!

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—U. S. Gov't Report, Aug. 17, 1889.

By Telegraph to the News and Observer.

WASHINGTON, July 1st.—Cavlin S. Brice, chairman of the National Democratic Committee, has written the following letter to the State Committees:

NAT. DEMOCRATIC COMMITTEE, NEW YORK, July 1, 1891.

Dear Sir: The importance of immediate preparation for the Presidential campaign of next year must be obvious to every Democrat. The energetic conduct of our opponents would be warning enough if there were no other reasons for it. It is evident that they expect decisive results from their extensive and well organized system of Republican clubs. It will be sustained by money, without stint, drawn from the pockets of the beneficiaries of the monopoly system maintained by that party. It can be met only by equally extensive and well-organized system of Democratic societies. The latter is more appropriate to our purpose, since it is the first organization of the Democratic party in the United States and was the instrument of agitation and defense employed by the fathers of the Democratic party in the first great struggle in resistance to federalism and for the restitution of constitutional government. It is earnestly recommended that every official in the regular organization of the Democratic party will see that everything possible within his jurisdiction shall be done to aid and encourage it.

I desire to call your attention to the work now in course of successful accomplishment by the executive committee of the national Association of Democratic Clubs, and to say that their plan has been submitted to and meets the approval of the National Committee.

The selection of correspondents under this plan is of the greatest importance, and under this date I have written to the members of the National Committee from your State asking him to communicate with you at once so that a proper selection may be made.

The plan cannot in any way interfere with the state organization, but, on the contrary, proposes an intimate co-operation with the State committees as well as with the National Committee. It has met with unprecedented success in other States.

Trusting that you will give this matter favorable and prompt attention. Yours respectfully,
CALVIN S. BRICE,
Chm. Nat. Dem. Com.

GRASSES.

Manufactures' Record.

The United States Department of Agriculture has been testing various forage grasses in the hope of finding some variety that flourish on the arid regions of the West, and eventually cover those sage-brush wastes with a verdure pleasing to the eye, and convert them into broad pastures. It is reported that from experiments made at the Garden City Experiment Station in Kansas the desired grass has been discovered. This is the "brome" (*Bromus Inermis*), which has been successfully cultivated in Austria, Hungary and the arid regions of Southern Europe. Last season 12 varieties of grasses were sown at the experiment station, but two of which survived the unusual drouth, while the "brome" grew luxuriantly, and enough seed was saved to enable the department to sow a much more extensive area this season. There are many localities in the South where such a forage plant as the "brome" is thought to be greatly needed. Should later experiments confirm present expectations, it is probable that by another season the Agricultural Department will be ready to distribute seed of this hardy forage grass to Southern as well as Western farmers.

NO MORE FAILURE OF CROPS!

CANTON, Ohio, June 30, 1891.

H. B. BATTLE, Esq.

Foreign Trade.

Attention is called to the fact that during the four months ending May 1st we sent abroad 95,000,000 yards of cotton goods, against 36,000,000 yards in the same time last year—the increase being almost exclusively in our shipments to China.

If our cotton manufacturers are wise they will press their sales in foreign parts now without loss of opportunity. At this moment they have a very great advantage over their chief competitor, Great Britain, and if they avail themselves of the opportunity they can now obtain a satisfactory foothold in markets where Great Britain has heretofore had the trade.

Take Brazil for instance, where Great Britain in these four months sent 68,000,000 yards and we only 1,400,000, being an increase for her and a large decrease for us. The present advantage to which we allude is this: In the fall months, when cotton was nearly two cents higher than now, Great Britain and the Continent took all the cotton. Nearly all the staple coming to market in these markets went abroad, and their factories are loaded up with cotton at those early prices. With us, the factories have been buying only as they needed a supply, and they have now the benefit of the decline in the staple. Their cloth can therefore be sold much lower than British goods.

A WORD TO THE PUBLIC

THE NEWTON BARBER SHOP.

We are prepared to do all kinds of work in our first class style. Sobriety and cleanliness strictly observed.

Will do our utmost to make our shop a pleasant place for our customers. Careful attention given to Ladies and Children at residence or shop.

Ernest L. Moore, Prop.

L. G. HAY AND CO.

The largest and best both Foreign and American Companies represented. Also some Toronto and Cyclone policies at very low rates.

We make INSURANCE one sole business, and give our entire attention to the interest of our patrons. L. G. HAY will be found at Col. W. H. Williams' office at Newton, every Thursday of each week, and any business left with Col. Williams for us will be promptly attended to.

Address: L. G. HAY & CO.,
Newton, or Hickory, N. C.

DEAFNESS AND HEAD NOISES CURED BY EPPS'S GRATEFUL-COMFORTING COCOA

BOILING WATER OR MILK

Labelled 1-2 LB. TINS ONLY.

PARKER'S HAIR BALM

For itching scalp, dandruff, and all other troubles of the hair.

PPP CURES SCROFULA PPP CURES BLOOD POISON PPP CURES RHEUMATISM PPP CURES MALARIA PPP CURES DYSPEPSIA PPP CURES SYRPHILIS

For sale by T. R. ABERNETHY & CO.

GOVERNORS AND PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES.

New Bern Journal.

Governors have become the popular Presidential candidates. Time was when the Governorship was considered a stepping stone to the United States Senate, and the floor of Congress was the arena from which statements rose to the Presidential chair. Now it is an unusual thing for a Congressman to be spoken of as a candidate for the Presidency. It is the Governors—Hill, Campbell, Boies—whose names are on the lips of the people. It is true that Mr. Cleveland, the most prominently spoke of the Democratic nominee, is not now a governor, but he was elected President while holding the gubernatorial office of the State of New York.

The change to which we have alluded is not a subject for congratulations, all be it it brings forward as candidates for Governor a higher class of Statesmen. It is a painful indication that machine politics has become superior to the *vox populi*.

Why are Governors, or Ex-Governors, universally nominated? Not on account of their supposed knowledge of Federal affairs, but chiefly, because they control the party organizations. Hill is vigorously pressed for the first place in the nation because it is believed that by the skillful management of the patronage on his hands the State of New York can be made safely Democratic in 1892.

The latest report from the Empire State is to the effect that Alfred C. Chapin, the popular mayor of Brooklyn, will be presented to the Democratic State Convention for nomination to the office of Governor of New York. Here we see the same controlling influence. As a mayor of the city of Brooklyn Mr. Chapin can name the delegates of the Kings county Democracy, and it is asserted that "as Kings county goes so goes the State of New York."

The friends of Mayor Chapin say that the probabilities are that he will win. They affirm that he has given unmistakable evidence of his fitness to Governor, of his ability to sustain the full dignity of that office according to the Democratic standard; of his right to be ranked with the most enlightened public men of our generation. It is said that the nomination of Mayor Chapin will be opposed by Governor Hill and approved by the friends of Ex-President Cleveland. But, this is only conjecture, as the mayor has not been pronounced in his advocacy of the nomination of either Mr. Cleveland or Governor Hill.

Our chief object in this editorial is to draw attention to the fact that political power in this country is passing from the hands of the people, and is being centred in organizations controlled by personal preferences.

It will be a bad omen for the Republic when machine politics gains the mastery.

SPECIMEN CASES.

S. H. Clifford New Cassel, Wis., was troubled with Neuralgia and Rheumatism, his Stomach was disordered, his Liver was affected to an alarming degree, appetite fell away, and he was terribly reduced in flesh and strength. Three bottles of Electric Bitters cured him.

Edward Shepherd, Harrisburg Pa. had a running sore on his leg of eight years' standing. Used three bottles of Electric Bitters and seven boxes of Buckle's Arnica Salve, and his leg is sound and well. John Speaker, Catawba, O., had five large Fever Sores on his leg, doctors said he was incurable. One bottle Electric Bitters and one box Buckle's Arnica Salve cured him entirely. Sold by T. R. ABERNETHY & CO.

Wanamaker's Plight.

New York World.

Every day during which Mr. Wanamaker delays his exculpation deepens the suspicion against him and embarrasses President Harrison. If Wanamaker persists in his refusal to stand trial the President must summarily dismiss him or accept his share of the odium.

The case against Wanamaker does not rest on mere charges, nor on the testimony of human witnesses who may be swayed by prejudice or enmity or whose memory may be defective. It rests on record testimony which flatly contradicts Wanamaker's own written statement.

"I never owned a share of the stock," said Wanamaker. The bank books show that eleven certificates of stock were issued in his name. More than this, 1,625 shares were endorsed by John Wanamaker.

He swore that he received 2,516 shares from Lucas. The books show that only 200 of the shares stood in the name of Lucas, while 445 shares were in the name of Wanamaker's secretary, and 441 in the name of Irwin, supposed to be Wanamaker's clerk. Moreover, all but four of the certificates were issued in 1889 and 1890, after the death of Lucas, which occurred in 1888. Of this stock, 1,450 shares were issued in the name of Wanamaker's clerks, some of whom have testified, and they swear that the stock really belonged to Wanamaker.

So Wanamaker received the fraudulent stock, used it constantly as collateral for borrowed money, was the only man in Philadelphia to whom the fugitive President Marsh could appeal for help, and saved his money by his knowledge of the bank's condition at the expense of innocent depositors.

The evidence is so strong that in the case of an ordinary man police surveillance, perhaps arrest on suspicion, would be inevitable. No one appears to know who had the money that Bardsley stole. Does Wanamaker?

Every tissue of the body, every nerve, bone and muscle is made stronger and more healthy by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla.

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Every tissue of the body, every nerve, bone and muscle is made stronger and more healthy by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla.