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THE CONCORD TIMES.

JOHN B. SHERRILL, Editor. "BE JUST AND FEAR NOT." $1.00 a Year, in Advance.

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It
Makes Pure Blood

Scrofula Thoroughly Eradicated.
C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.:
"It is with pleasure that I give you the details of our little May's sickness and her return to health by the use of Hood's Sarsaparilla. She was taken down with
Fever and a Bad Cough.
Following this a sore came on her right side between the two lower ribs. In a short time another broke on the left side. She would take spells of sore mouth and when we had succeeded in overcoming this she would suffer with attacks of high fever and expel bloody looking matter. Her head was affected and matter came from her ears. After each attack she became worse and all treatment failed to give her relief until we began to use Hood's Sarsaparilla. After she had taken one-half bottle we could see that she was better. We continued until she had taken three bottles. Now she looks like
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Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Hood's Pills act easily, yet promptly and efficiently, on the liver and bowels. 25c.

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SEMINARY,
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is destined to be
THE GREAT LUTHERAN SCHOOL
—FOR—
YOUNG -:- LADIES
IN THE SOUTH.
Seminary Elegantly Furnished,
An Able Faculty
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A thoroughly reliable School is the ambition of the management.
Next Session Opens September 6.
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C. I. T. FISHER, Principal,

GROVES

TASTELESS
CHILL
TONIC
IS JUST AS GOOD FOR ADULTS.
WARRANTED. PRICE 50 cts.
GALATIA, ILLS., Nov. 16, 1893.
Parks Medicine Co., St. Louis, Mo.
Gentlemen:—We sold last year, 600 bottles of GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC and have bought three gross already this year. In all our experience of 14 years, in the drug business, have never sold an article that gave such universal satisfaction as your Tonic. Yours truly,
ABNEY, CARR & CO.
For sale by J. P. Gibson.

North Carolina College,
MT. PLEASANT, N. C.
J. D. SHIREY, A. M., PRESIDENT.
Academic, Commercial, and Collegiate Courses. Opens September 4, 1894. Offers Superior advantages to young men. Instruction thorough and practical. Good brick buildings, elegant Society Halls, beautiful and healthful location, no malaria, good board, wholesome discipline. Expenses per session, $100 to $145.

"Mothers' Friend"
Makes CHILD BIRTH Easy.
COLVIN, LA., Dec. 2, 1886.—My wife used "MOTHERS' FRIEND" before her third confinement, and says she would not be without it for hundreds of dollars.—DOCK MILLS.
Sent by express or mail, on receipt of price, $1.50 per bottle. Book "To Mothers" mailed free. Sold by all Druggists.
BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., Atlanta, Ga.

The Chord of Love.

It sings in all. The magic strain,
Unbidden, comes to me again.
As if an artist's subtle skill
Had touched the lute, my pulses thrill
With heartfelt joy—I do not feign.
It calls through all the hill and plain;
It murmurs in the falling rain;
Its music e'en the flowers distill—
It breathes in all.

Its harmonies through nature reign
In symphonies that will not wane;
It lisps in ripples of the rill;
It sings when all things else are still,
This rapturous chord of love's refrain—
It lives in all.

—Buffalo News.

When we are gone,
The generation that comes after us
Will have far other thoughts than ours. Our ruins
Will serve to build their palaces or tombs.
They will possess the world that we think ours
And fashion it far otherwise.

—Longfellow.

The Soreheads Contributed Aid.

Atlanta Journal.

An important factor in the result was the persistent attack upon the administration by a crowd of Philistines in the Democratic party who placed pelf above principles, and offices above party. This horde of disappointed office seekers and ex-protectionists, fought those in power with more violence than they did the Republicans. Their hands were always on their daggers and like the conspirators of ancient Rome, they were determined to stab Caesar to death though the Republic fell.

All these things have played their part, and the Democracy has learned its lesson.

If it would regain its prestige with the people, it must shake off the trappings of populism, be true to its principles and and its chosen leaders.

The traitors in the senate who cried the Gorman bill down the throat of the house against the noble protest of Mr. Cleveland and all true friends of tariff reform, discouraged and disheartened those who had hoped for the legitimate fruits of Democratic victory.

Much of the blame for the result is due those who spread dissension in the ranks with which they pretend to be marching abreast. They are the Democratic soreheads, the Democratic calumniators of a Democratic President, men who called him the tool of Wall street and charged him with being responsible for five cent cotton. Thir diatribes were gleefully echoed by the enemy who feared no fatal shot from guns carried by those who cursed their commander.

What the Pops Will Give Us.

Morganton Herald.

Of course, the good times are coming.

There will be a demand for an unlimited quantify of cord-wood at two dollars a cord, corn will bring two dollars the year round,—money will grow on white oak trees and laborers will only have to name their price to get it.

Yes, good times are coming.

The Fusionists will give the country:
Free silver.
A gold standard.
High tariff.
Low tariff.
Free trade.
Free sugar,
A sugar bounty.
Lower goods for the people.
Greater profit to the manufacturer.
Higher wages

And if they don't give all of these things right away, their names will be mud.

For the Fusionists everything must be done today, or the party that don't do it will be anathema maranatha.

The good times are coming.

If they don't arrive on schedule time, Mary Ann will be at the bottom of it.

For the indications are that Mary Ann, she is the State.

A New Party Discovered.

It is found upon a careful examination that of the fusionists in the legislature the Populists have the majority. It is thought that this fact may have considerable influence in several ways. The Republicans will contend that they did most of the voting and really carried fusion through. The telegrams told of a new movement fer a new party in Texas. W. F. Stroud, fusionist elected to congress in the Raleigh district, said there was a similiar movement in North Carolina. Some Democrats claim that the election fusionists has already depressed North Carolina securities and will still further depress them and municipal securities. Other Democrats take a more optimistic view.

They Will be Taken Back.

Richmond Times.

The average sense of the country is the very best of sense, and the average sense of the Populists is the perfection of nonsense. There is irreconcilable war between these two, and Tuesday's election ought to, and brobably will, convince the Populists that their wild, perpetual motion ideas have no chance in a war of that sort, so that they will probably abandon their absurd efforts now to hold themselves out of third-story windows by their own coat-tails, or to make money out of moonshine, and return to their places in the Democratic party. Their old associates and friends have no resentment against them for their foolish attempts to upset the general peace, because those attempts have always been set down by those associates to folly and not malignity, and they will be taken back into the Democratic fold, where they will be treated as erring brothers who are forgiven, rather than as deserters who quit when the battle was on.

Senator Sherman, who was as deep in Republican campaign secrets and expectations as any man, does not hesitate to express his surprise at the results of the election. He says that the most expected was that the Republicans would succeed in electing a small majority of the House. If the winners were surprised it is easy to imagine that the losers were more so.

Mecklenburg county is not only substantially and reliably Democratic, but it is coming to the front rapidly in increasing its population, as will be seen by the following from the Charlotte News: "Mrs. Green Steele presented her husband with a quartette this week. Within the past few days three pairs of twins have come to light in Charlotte."

Luck is the encouragement of pluck.

WHO'S THE IDEAL FARMER.

Sam Jones Undertakes to Answer the Question.

I propose now to take up the model farmer and have something to say of him in this life.

To whomsoever the old adage: "All things come to him who waits," may apply, surely the farmer can claim this adage as a part of his heritage. It is working and not waiting, it is industry and not indolence, which makes the model farmer; therefore we say the first essential element in the model farmer is constant, everlasting, never-let-up industry. The model farmer is as busy in January as he is in June, as hard at it in March as he is in October. To run a farm wisely it is an all-the-year-round job, plowing and planting, cultivating and harvesting are but four things to be done by the model farmer.

Everything, including land, horses, mules, cattle, hogs, sheep, chickens, ducks, geese, claim a part of his time and some of his labor and he must take care of his land, then his land will take care of him.

The everlasting taking from and putting nothing back again has bankrupted many a farmer and ruined many a farm. To look after all these things it takes an industrious man, and gives him from ten to fifteen hours' work a day, twenty-six days in the month and twelve months in the year. It gives him very little time to attend political meetings and less time to give to politics and politicians.

No farmer ever made anything to help him on his farm by his connection with politics or his association with politicians.

I know some good farmers who are bankrupted today because they became interested in politics. Politics will bankrupt a farmer, a lawyer, a merchant, a preacher or the devil himself.

Again, the model farmer studies the character of his soil, the fertilizers adapted to it, and by this means he is able to procure the best results and the most lucrative harvest.

The average farmer of this country knows no more of the component parts of the soil he cultivates than the mule that walks in the furrow ahead of him.

I believe a fellow can succeed as a farmer better than in any other profession, for a man must know something in most any other calling or profession to get along at all but I have seen first class fools make pretty fair crops.

Again, the model farmer is a frugal man; he makes every edge cut. He never buys a grain of corn, a pound of meat, or a bushel of wheat; he lives at home and lives well. We may talk about Delmonico's in New York, but the model farmer sets the best table to which I ever sat down. The best bread the best butter and milk, the best vegetables. Really, it makes me hungry to write about them. He sells his surplus in everything, and has a surplus of everything to sell that grows upon the farm.

Again, the model farmer lives within his means. He will do it, if no other way, like Pat said he got rich—by doing without the things he was obliged to have. Woe be to the farmer the day he gives his consent to go into debt, and the farmer who is not in debt is an exception, world without end, to the rule. He must raise cotton, and there are farmers producing and selling it on the market today, as cheap as it is, and taking the money he gets for his produce and buying as much with it as the same produce would ever buy; really a dollar will buy more today than any day in the history of our country, but the dollar today don't pay any more debts than in did in any other day in times of prosperity.

He who makes the crop of this year to pay on debts of last year, and the accumulated debts of this year is left now.

One of the finest farmers in Gergia today gave this as his experience. He said he ran along in debt for several years after the war, until finaily the mortgage took his place, the merchant took his mule, and the devil was about to take him; he had no credit and no friends; finally he said to his wife and children: "We have corn enough to feed our mules and bread for us, and our cow will give us plenty of milk and butter; on this rented farm we will make our crop on bread and butter and milk." He said all through the year he sat down to his table, morning, noon and night, not a piece of meat nor a cup of coffee, nor any delicacies of luxuries went on his table through the year.

At the end of the year his part of the crop came to him all in cash; he settled up his debts and had one hundred dollars left; the next year he made the one hundred dollars run him, and today he is one of our largest and most prosperous farmers, and says he has not seen a day for fifteen years that he wouldn't knock a man down who would offer to credit him. He says that the two years that he lived closely, on bread and butter most of the time, were the two years that gave him the lessons of oconomy and frugality which made him today almost a millionaire farmer.

If our farmers could learn a lesson like this, quit looking to the merchant for credit and congress for aid, but with frugality, wisdom and industry mix their muscle with their soil, their common sense with the management of their business, the farmer of today would be the most independent man in the world. No model farmer will go into debt. The day he goes into debt, whatever else he may be or may not be, he ceases to be a model farmer.

The model farmer is a hospitable man. Some of the most magnificent hospitality I have ever witnessed or shared has been at the good old farmer's home. His genial disposition, his healthy common sense, good wife, his manly boys and womanly girls, charm us with their association, and the table bids us feast and live.

The model farmer is a man of general information, well posted along the lines of history, political economy and agriculture; in other words, he is a pleasant companion, talking sensibly upon all subjects and foolishly upon none.

The model farmer has a genius for producing the longest ear of corn, the biggest potatoes, the finest hogs, the best wheat, and then he keeps on hand he fattest mules the finest milch cows, his crib full of corn, his barn full of fodder, his pocketbook with some cash always in it. The model farmer is scrupulously honest. No stones in the middle of his bales of cotton, no cheat in anything he offers for sale.

When he carries a load of potatoes to town the biggest potatoes are not always on top and the little ones on the bottom. The same is true of everything he offers for sale.

The model farmer divides fairly with his wife. The butter and chickens and the eggs and all the little things with whatever they bring upon the market are scrupulously turned over to wife as her pin money, not to buy sugar and coffee with for the family, but it is hers to do as she pleases with, and she takes a greater interest in these things because they are hers.

The model farmer will make his own boys work, for woe be to him when he and his boys sit up in the shade the year round and boss a poor old crippled negro and a stiff-eared mule make a a crop.

The model farmer is a true Christian man who recognizes the fact that his farm belongs to God and he is but a tenant in possession.

He totes fair with God, knowing that the sunshine and the rain with the seed time and harvest which they bring is but the gift of the kind Father above. The farmer, above all men, ought to be the purest and best man, constantly in contact with sunshine and showers, with fields and forest, with fruits and flowers, with the bright world all day and the stars and quiet at night.

As a rule our farmers are best in character and purest in life. May the good Father above us multiply the model farmer all over our land, for it will be giving to them a perpetuity of our purest morals and they will be the mainstay of our government and institutions, both the church and state leaning on their strong arms and noble hearts.

Yours truly,
SAM P. JONES.

Applying the Rule the Other Way.

A Chinaman, says the Clistian Advocate, applied for the position of cook in a family in one of our Western cities. The lady of the house and most of the family were members of a fashionable church, and they were determined to look well after the character of the servant. So when John Chinaman appeared at the door he was asked:

"Do you drink whiskey?"

"No," said he, "I Clistian man."

"Do you play cards?"

"No, I Clistian man."

He was employed and gave great satisfaction. He did his work well, was honest, upright, correct and respectful. After some weeks the lady gave a "progressive euchre" party and had wines at the table. John Chinaman was called upon to serve the party and did so with grace and acceptability. But next morning he waited on the lady and said he wished to quit work.

"Why, what is the matter? she inquired.

John answered:

"Clistian man; I told you so before; no heathen; no workee for Melican heathen.".

Liberal Christians.

When the late Professor Swing withdrew from the Presbyterian church after having been acquitted on a trial for heresy, a large number of his admirers purchased the Central Music Hall in Chicago and for years before his death Professor Swing preached there to great congregations. When he died his church was sorely troubled to find some one to take his place, for few men can preach as did Professor Swing. A few days ago the congregation petitioned Dr. Gunsaulus, the most eminent Mothodist preacher in Chicago, to give up his denominational connection and become their pastor. They are nearly all Presbyterians, or rather they were before they seceded with Professor Swing, but in asking Dr. Gunsaulus to preach for them, they say that they do not case so much for doctrine as for the application of the scriptures to everyday life. They ask for broad preaching instead of the controversial style. Dr. Gunsaulus has not yet given his answer to this very complimentary request but the Chicago papers predict that he will accept.

President Cleveland is now working upon his annual message to Congress, which is expected to be quite long this year. While not caring to make the postive statement, I have excellent reasons for the belief that the message will deal very vigorously with tariff reform and will make it perfectly plain that the President believes the defeat of the Democratic party was not for what was done in that direction by Congress, but for what was not done, and will urge in no uncertain language that the omissions of the last session be partially made up at the coming session, by the passing of the free raw material bill by the Senate which were passed by the House at the last session. It is not believed that anything that the President can say will cause the Senate to pass those bills, because the Democratic Senators who struck the free raw material features, with the exception of wool, out of the original Wilson bill will not vote for them, but the President can at least put himself on record as still believing in common with most Democrats, that the pledges upon which the party was put into power two years ago ought to be kept before the party loses control of Congress, and I believe he will do it.—Washington Correspondent.

A Household Treasure.

D. W. Fuller, of Canajoharie, N. Y., says that he always keeps Dr. King's New Discovery in the house and his family has always found the very best results follow its use; that he would not be without it, if procurable. G. A. Dykeman, Druggist, Catskill, N. Y., says that Dr. King's New Discovery is undoubtedly the best Cough remedy; that he has used it in his family for eight years, and it has never failed to do all that is claimed for it. Why not try a remedy so long tried and tested. Trial bottles free at P. B. Fetzers drugstore. Regular size 50c. and $1.00.

Much mischief has been done by making virtue seem a nuisance.

COTTON CROP ESTIMATES.

Report That Yield Would Reach Ten Million Bales Denied.

CHARLESTON, S. C., Nov. 12—With a view of finding out just how much credit was to be given to the recently published statement of the present cotton crop of 10,000,000 bales; and to put before its readers a trustworthy and intelligent statement of the cotton situation at the present time, the News and Courier applied to Mr. Alfred B. Shepperson, of New York, the wellknown cotton statistician, and has received the following very lucid and satisfactory reply;

New York, Nov. 8, 1894.

Cotton has declined again to-day, chiefly, I understand, upon the crop estimate just issued by Mr. Neill, of New Orleans, that the crop will be over 10,000,000 of bales. The crop is undoubtedly a large one, but I confess that I am unable to see any basis for such a large estimate. The largest crop ever grown in this country was that which was planted in 1890. The yield of that crop was probably 9,200,000. The commercial crop of that season was 8,674,000, and the difference between this and the quantity I have giyen as the probable yield was marketed in the following season.

There is no evidence whatever to prove that the acreage of the crop now being marketed was any larger than that of the crop of 1890–91, nor is there any evidence, to my mind, at least; that the weather conditions have been more favorable this year than in 1890. I am at a loss, therefore, to understand to what cause or causes is to be reasonably attributed a yield so much in excess of the monster crop in 1890.

The acreage in 1890 was about 20,500,000 acres, and I do not think any one has claimed or will claim that it was any more this year. The Department of agriculture has been making since Februrary 1st, a careful investigation of the question of the cotton acreage, and has employed a special agent for the purpose, who has travelled through the South, and has investigated the matter, as I am told, in the most thorough manner possible. The acting Secretary of Agriculture wrote me on October 25th, that the result of the investigation was that the acreage in 1893 was 19,525,000 acres. There has been but a small increase in acreage this year over 1893, the Department of Agriculture calling the increase less than 1 per cent., so that the acreage of the crop coming in, according to the Department estimate, is about 19,650,000 acres. Let us assume that the Department has under-estimated it somewhat, and that the acreage is as much as 20,000,000 acres. This, as you will see, is 500,000 acres less than in 1890, and yet we are asked to believe that upon an acreage of 500,000 acres less than in 1890 a crop of a million bales more has been grown. I am not prepared to accept such a conclusion, because it is utterly repugnant to reason and common sense.

At these low prices, or anything like them, the tendency wil be to largely increase consumption of cotton everywhere, and there will evidently be upon the part of spinners a general disposition to buy cotton greatly in excess of their wants for the season, because at these prices they can well afford to carry in the mill warehouses a large supply of cotton into the next season.

There can be no question that unless the price advances very greatly by the time for planting the next crop, that the acreage devoted to cotton will be reduced to an extent that it never has been curtailed before from one year to another. So great a reduction in acreage would cause, beyond doubt, an advance as great and rapid as the decline has been.

When preparations were made for planting this crop middling cotton was worth eight cents in New York, and should there be a great reduction of acreage this spring, it will be very likely to go to eight cents again soon after the next crop is planted, and the world has recognized the fact beyond dispute that the acreage has been, and consequently the supply of cotton will be greatly reduced.

I sympathize deeply with the Southern people because of the great depression which has overtaken their staple crop, and from the manner in which cotton is being pushed to market, it looks to me as if, when the advance in cotton comes, it will not benefit the planters, because they will have sold all of their crop, and that the spinners, and speculators alone will reap the benefit of the tardy advance.

Yours very truly,
(Signed) ALF. B. SHEPPERSON.

The Very Man.

A company of soldiers is unfortunate if it does not contain a few wags to enliven the tiresome march and the uncomfortable bivouac.

A Georgia man of enormous girth stood at his gate watching the passage of General Johnson's army. All at once three or four men left the ranks and came running toward the gate, exclaiming, "We've found him! We've found him!"

The fat man was astonished and perhaps a little frightened, and the captain of the company demanded:

"What is it? Whom have you found?"

"Why, captain," answered the men, still dancing about the bewildered citizen, "don't you see, We've found the man that swallowed our base drum!"

Specimen Cases.

S. H. Clifford, New Cassel, Wis., was troubled with Neauralgia 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, Ill., had a running sore on his leg of eight years' standing. Used three bottles of Electric Bitters and seven boxes of Bucklen'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 Bucklen's Arnica Salve cured him entirely. Sold by P. B. Fetzer, Drugist.

The honest man puts the smallest apples at the top of the barrel.

Japanese children are taught to write with both hands.

HOUSEHOLD RECEIPTS.

VEGETABLE SOUP.

Crack a good shin, and let it simmer four hours in one gallon of water; add one Irish potato and one sweet potato; peel and cut fine one quart of tomatoes, one gill of rice, two tablespoonfuls of salt, one of black pepper; cook two hours longer before taking off the fire; add two spoonfuls of sauce or tomato catsup and the same quantity of sugar.

A GOOD BREAKFAST DISH.

One cup chopped cold meat, half cup milk, one raw tomato, one tablespoonful butter, one medium-sized onion, half bunch chopped herbs, two eggs; put the butter in a pan, fry the onion and herbs brown, and the tomato; when quite hot put in the meat, milk, pepper and salt; cook fifteen minutes, then stir in the eggs. If herds are not at hand, use any seasoning preferred. A little sage is very nice.

STUFFED EGGS.

Boil the eggs very hard about fifteen minutes, cut in half, leaving the whites to form cups; chop the yolks fine, and mix with ham or tongue finely minced, a bit of parsley, a little melted butter and cream, till they form a thick paste; add salt to taste; fill the cups with this paste, cutting a piece from the round end to make them stand.

COOKING HAM.

In cooking the ham you should observe the following formula in reaching perfection: Soak in cold water the night before cooking; then scrape or wipe the ham clean, placing it in a boiler of cold water, suffciently full to cover it; set it upon the fire, and let it simmer until done, boiling one hour to every pound of ham. In baking, (after boiling) sprinkle thickly with cracker dust and let it stand in the oven until it becomes thoroughly brown, and the cook pronounces it done.

TOMATO CATSUP.

Take dry tomatoes, put them on, stirring and mashing them till they boil, then press them through a wire sieve. To one gallon of the juice add the following spices (ground:) Tablespoonful of black pepper, one of allspice, one of mace, one of cloves, four of salt, one pound of sugar, one pint of onions finely chopped; boil it done to one-fourth, then add one quart of good vinegar; boil a few minutes; when cold bottle and seal, and keep in a cool place.

POTATO SALAD.

Slice cold boiled potatoes so very thin that the knife-blade can be seen through each slice; put a layer in bottom of dish, sprinkle with finely-chopped parsley and onion, peper and salt; then pour over vinegar and olive oil; then another layer of potatoes, &c., &c., till dish is full; garnish with curled parsley and pickled beets.

The Changing Fortunes in Politics.

Charlotte Observer.

There are those who say that the Democratic party will never rally again, and there are those who say it is certain to carry the next presidential election. Nobody knows anything about it; the people do all sorts of odd ways. In 1872, for instance, the Democratic party appeared to be swamped hopelessly and yet in 1874 in carried the House and in 1876 elected its candidate for President, though they did not get the seat. Things ran along so, the fortunes of the two parties varying and nearly all elections being close, until 1884, when Cleveland was elected President. "Ah! ha!" said the Democrats, "we have them now. We need only to get into power once and they never will get back." But they got back in 1888, just the same, and then the Republicans said: "There can be no future for a party, which after a banishment of twenty-five years gets back and then can't retain power for but one term, we will not be bothered by these Democrats hereafter." And yet these Democrats carried the very next election and installed Cleveland as President.

In the light of these facts it must appear to any one that speculation at present upon the result of the election of two years hence is perfectly idle. The Democratic party may get back in power then or the Republicans may hold the government for a long period, as they did from 1868 to 1884. As a practical matter the present probabilities are not worth while talking about, and the only point we make is that there is nothing in the result of Tuesday's voting to occasion undue elation on the one side or undue depression on the other. The thing for Democrats to do is to lay aside bickerings and get together, prepared to try conclusions with the enemy in 1896 and to "do their best endeavors."

Bicycle Riding Healthful.

Biffers—Do you think bicycle riding conductive to health?

Whiffers—Most assuredly. My health has improved wonderfully.

"But you don't ride a bicycle."

"Who said I did?"

"But you said bicycle riding improved your health."

"Yes; get so much exercise, you know."

"Exercise? How?"

"Dodging the bicycles."

Looks of the Literary Man.

Some surprise has been manifested because Conan Doyle does not look like a literary man. But to-day a literary man looks like any other man. He no longer advertises himself to the world by long hair and a hungry look He is seldom "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought." The less a man looks like a literary man the better literary man he usually is.

The Art of Complimenting.

How few persons know how to compliment happily! Henry IV. of France was wont humorously to ascribe his early gray hairs to the effect of numberless wretched compliments which were paid him by a bombastic orator of his times. It was probably a decendant of that orator, who, announcing at the close of the forenoon session of a ministerial conference that Elder H. would read in the afternoon a paper on "The Devil," added: "Brother H. has a carefully prepared paper and is full of his subject."

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report
Royal Baking Powder
ABSOLUTELY PURE

AN ESTIMATE OF SENATOR HILL.

"Independent'," in the November Forum.

Mr. Hill is a man of great intelligence, whose character depends upon circumstances. A clever newspaper writer once compared Mr. Hill with Jay Gould saying: "Gould's purpose is the accumulation of wealth. Hill's is the obtaining of political power. And for twenty-five years there has been no thought or action of his life which has not been centered in his purpose."

As for Senator Hill himself, he has reached the zenith of his spectacular and artificial political career. He has no moral resources. A product of machine politics, his career may at any time be closed by the same artificial forces that have made it; nothing is less secure than a machine built success.

Least of all can the party afford to follow the one man in its ranks who has in the most spectacular way repudiated its pledges to tariff-reform, whereupon it won its only victories within the lifetime of a generation. The tariff-reform time was the last tide in national politics. The next will be a tide of municipal reform. As Senator Hill is the only Democratic Senator who voted against the party's great principle, so he is the most conspicuous and successful product of corruption in municipal politics. If the cities of the State of New York had not been governed corruptly as they have been, no such career as Mr. Hill's would have been possible. A small municipal boss himself, it has been by the help of the municipal bosses whom he has served that he has prospered.

Every thoughtful man knows that the three subjects of political vitality now before us are the tariff, the currency, and municipal government. It is very unfortunate for the Democratic party that its most conspicuous personality is a man without convictions on any of these subjects, and who has done violence to right thinking and right conduct regarding all three of them.

Too Much Style.

The coming of the "Yankee schoolmistress" into some of the Western States occurred soon after the general establishment of the free school system. The influence of the new-comers was particularly manifest in a broadening of human sympathies. People were led to look beyond the narrow horizon that had hitherto limited their vision. James Baldwin, in Scribner's Magazine, says that the Yankee schoolmistress was a seven weeks' wonder to many of her Hoosier patrons.

If she knew how to adapt herself to their modes of life, however, and could gradually and without ostentation introduce what she believed to be better methods, she was not long in gaining their confidence. If, on the other hand, she failed to appreciate the prejudices and deprivations of those among whom she had come, her career of usefulness was not likely to be a long one.

"They didn't like the Yankee schoolmissus they hired over to the Grassy Ridge deestrict," I overheard one farmer say to another.

"Why so? Wasn't she a good teacher?"

"Well, I reckon she did know a thing or two, and she could manage the young fellers admirable. But she couldn't rest content with book-teachin', and wanted to change everybody's manner of livin' right off. The Grassy folks just naturally couldn't put up with her way of learnin' the children compliments, anyhow."

"Compliments? What's them?"

"Why, bein' polite, you know. She tried to learn 'em to say, 'If you please, mum,' and 'Thank ye, sir,' and I beg your pardon,' and all that kind of stuff. And she was so blamed finicky that she didn't like for the girls to come to school barefooted, and she wanted the boys to yank off their hats at her whenever they met her on the road. It was too much style for the Grassy folks, I reckon."

A RETIRED BUSINESS WOMAN.
A Page From Her History.
The important experiences of others are interesting. The following is no exception: "I had been troubled with heart disease 25 years, much of that time very seriously. For five years I was treated by one physician continuously. I was in business, but obliged to retire on account of my health. A physician told my friends that I could not live a month. My feet and limbs were badly swollen, and I was indeed in a serious condition when a gentleman directed my attention to Dr. Miles' New Heart Cure, and said that his sister, who had been afflicted with heart disease, had been cured by the remedy, and was again a strong, healthy woman. I purchased a bottle of the Heart Cure, and in less than an hour after taking the first dose I could feel a decided improvement in the circulation of my blood. When I had taken three doses I could move my ankles, something I had not done for months, and my limbs had been swollen so long and they seemed almost putrified. Before I had taken one bottle of the New Heart Cure the swelling had all gone down, and I was so much better that I did my own work. On my recommendation six others are taking this valuable remedy."—Mrs. Morgan, 52 W. Harrison St., Chicago, Ill.
Dr. Miles' New Heart Cure, a discovery of an eminent specialist in heart disease, is sold by all druggists on a positive guarantee, or sent by the Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind., on receipt of price, $1 per bottle, six bottles for $5, express prepaid. It is positively free from all opiates or dangerous drugs.
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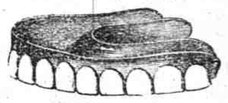
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Sept. 20,'94.—1y.

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Having qualified as the administrator of Mary Blackwelder deceased, all persons owing said estate are hereby notified that they must make immediate payment, or suit will be brought. And all persons having claims against said estate must present them to the undersigned, duly authenticated, on or before the 1st day of November, 1895, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. A. A. BLACKWELDER, Administrator.

By W. M. Smith, Attorney.
Oct. 27, 1894.

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