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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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Our Job Printing Department, with every necessary equipment, is prepared to turn out every variety of Printing in first-class style. No botch-work turned out from this office. We duplicate the prices of any legitimate establishment.

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It Cured All My Afflictions.

Mrs. Joseph Ford
Mill Church, Va.

"For fifteen years I have suffered terribly from scrofula, and last winter was attacked with kidney trouble, enlargement of the heart and heart disease, suffering intensely with pain in my back, hips and legs. I took Hood's Sarsaparilla. I bought one bottle and began taking it.

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After taking the first bottle I felt so much better that I decided to continue the use of it. I have taken over six bottles. My health is better than it has been for many years. I have no kidney, heart or liver difficulty, and am in duty bound to say Hood's Sarsaparilla has cured me of all my afflictions." JOSEPH FORD, Mill Church, Virginia.

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MRS GALLUP'S TRIBULATIONS.

BY M. QUAD.

The clock had just struck midnight when Mrs. Gallup opened her eyes, raised up on her elbow, and a few seconds later gave Mr. Gallup a hearty "dig" and hoarsely whispered: "Samuel Gallup, git up'n light the lamp and call in the nayburs, fur I haven't over half an hour to live!" Mr. Gallup was lying on the broad of his back, with hands clasped on the back of his neck, and his sleep was heavy and dreamless. The "dig" and the whisper aroused him and he slowly assumed a sitting position. "Yes, Samuel, the grim destroyer is close at hand!" continued Mrs. Gallup, "and you may light both lamps and a taller candle to boot and then git Mrs. Watkins and Mrs. Johnson to cum in and see me die. I was talkin' with both of j'em only yisterday about bein' with me at the last, and they said they'd consider it a privilege." Mr. Gallup was sufficiently aroused to realize that Mrs. Gallup was speaking; also, that she had prepared to die about once every two weeks for the past fifteen years. Realizing all this, he dropped back on the pillow and five seconds later was sound asleep again. "Yes, Samuel, I shall soon flutter my wings with the other angels," continued Mrs. Gallup as her head also fell back and a lump rose in her throat. "I know I've said so before, and 'nuthin' cum of it, but this time I'm bound to go. I've had the same warnin' that Mrs. Hastings had before the shadder of death fell upon her. You remember that she dreamed of lookin' down the well and seein' her own face in the water. It wasen't two days after that when she fell over the cat, pitched down-stairs. I've had that very same dream, Samuel, and by next Thursday night you'll be snoring' here all alone and I'll be restin' up in the grave-yard." Mr. Gallup didn't hear her. She knew he didn't, but having got started she fell to continue. The idea that he could sleep and snore while his only wife was dying touched her heart, and before speaking again she reached over and got his part of the sheet and wiped her weeping eyes and nose on it. By and by she said: "Yes, I saw my face down the well, and as I started back I herd a voice from behind the smoke-house sayin': 'Mrs. Gallup, git ready to flutter your wings and play on the golden harp, fur your trials and tribulashuns in this wicked world are over!' That's what the voice said, Samuel, and I woke up with sich a start that the bed almost tell down. I never had no wings and never played on anythin' but a jewsharp, but I' spose I'll make out to git along with the rest. Hain't you goin' to git up'n light the lights and call in the nayburs and make a fuss abot my dyin'?" This was a direct question to Mr. Gallup and it was accompanied by a number of vigorous "digs" which rolled him over on his side, but a sound between a sigh and a grunt was the only response. Mrs. Gallup sobbed and pulled her nose awhile before going on: "Very well, Samuel—very well! If it be any pertickler trubble fur you to get up' and see me die, don't do it! I never made you no trubble, and I don't want to begin now. Some wives would insist on makin'a fuss over dyin', but I'm not one of that sort. I don't say that I wasn't taken with palpitashun of the heart the day after we was married, and that I've had asthma, plumbago, dizziness, earache, liver complaint, chills, sore heel, lame back and several other things, but I wan't to blame about it. Nobody never herd me complain. I just shet my teeth and bore it, and many a night when you thought I was asleep and dreamin' of angels I've bin at the pint of death and made no sign. I don't want no praise fur these things, Samuel; you needn't ever say you appreciate' em if you don't want to.

Mr. Gallup might have wanted to if he had been awake, but his slumbers were so deep that nothing short of the report of a pistol at his ear would have aroused him. Mrs. Gallup sobbed and gasped and worked away at her nose and eyes with all the sheet she could get hold of, and after a time broke out anew.

"I know I've bin a good wife to you, Samuel Gallup, and everybody knows I've did my full duty, but I hain't goin' to seek any praise fur it. I'll leave you to think of it when you and your wife cum to visit my grave. You'll take a second wife, of course, and it won't be nothin' more'n good manners fur both of yo' to cum up once in awhile and gaze on my last restin-place. As you gaze you'll remember how I used to patch and darn and dye and cut over and save fur you. Mebbe you'll even remember how I plugged up the hole in the bottom of the coffee-pot with a stick and made it last a year longer, and how keerful I have allus bin in dealin' with tinpeddlers to put old shoes in the rag-bag to make extra weight in our favor. Yes, Samuel, you'll remember lots of things when I'm gone and you've got a second wife slam-bangin' around and declarin' she'll buy three hull pounds of sugar to once or git a divorce. You'll remember, but it'll be too late! Samuel, don't you want to wake up and hold my hands while the specrit is leavin' this mortal clay?"

She didn't expect a reply to the question. She was so busy looking for more bed-clothes to use for a handkerchief that she might not have heard Mr. Gallup had he answered. She hadn't had a "good cry" for as much as a week, and she gave herself up to grief for five long minutes before her elbow struck Mr. Gallup in the ribs, and she said:

"I've been thinkin' it over, Samuel, and you needn't get up and go to any trubble. I'll turn my face to the wall and perish as gently as I kin, and I won't do no more kickin' around than I kin help. You'll find me dead in the mornin' but don't rush around and lame your back. Rushin' around won't bring me back to life. I have had the cheers fur the funeral all arranged fur the last six months. Mrs. Watkins has promised to lend you six, Mrs. Johnson four, Mrs. Williams seven, an' if Mrs. Taylor hasn't got a quiltin' bee on hand and none of her daughters are going to have a birthday party she'll furnish eight or nine, though some of 'em hev broken backs. You kin scrape together ten of our own, and people who can't sit down will hev to stand up. I used to think I'd like to have you weep at my funeral, but I have changed my mind. That is, if its any pertickler trouble to weep, don't do it. If you could sqeeze a tear outer each eye witoout strainin' your back it might be well enough, but don't exert yourself and git all tuckered out. You'll want all your strength to look after a second wife. I've known dyin' wives to say they'd cum back and bust the doors in if their husbands married ag'in, but I shan't do it. I allus said I'd die in a decent fashion, and I'm goin' to stick to it. I will now turn over and die. Good-bye Samuel. Don't forgit to feed the hogs and milk the cow in the morning', and when you strain milk look out for that pail with a hole in the bottom!"

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Hot Springs, Ark., has been selected as the place and October 31 as the date of the Corbett-Fitzsimmons mill. But the State of Arkansas will undertake to see that the fight isn't pulled off within her borders.

Amelia Rives Chandler, the authoress, has been granted a divorce from her husband on the ground of incompatibility. We are not surprised that the author of "The Quick and the Dead" should be divorced.

Prof. Smith having declined the chair of English in Davidson College, the trustees Tuesday elected Prof. Thos. P. Harrison, Ph.D., to the position. Harrison has for two years been connected with Clemson College, S. C. He has accepted.

Rev. W. H. Bryant, colored, who last week discovered a changed switch on the railroad at Salisbury and reported it to the road authorities just in time to prevent an accident, has been given for his services a free pass over the Southern system for five years.

Secretary Carlisle is still in doubt as to whether he will again speak in Kentucky during the State campaign, with the chances against his doing so, but he has accepted an invitation to deliver a financial speech before the Boston Reform Club at its annual banquet to be given on Saturday next.

The higher price of cotton may not continue; it may go down; perhaps will, nobody knows. But we feel sorry for our free silver friends while it lasts. It has already knocked the spots out of their argument and they must be very miserable. They would brighten up smartly if a decline should set in and be at their wits' ends if the advance should be maintained. These bright autumn days of bounding blood and bounding prices are the winter of the calamity howler's discontent. He is entitled to the sympathy of his friends and the prayers of the church.—Charlotte Observer.

The approaching reappearance of Fayes comet, with M. Flammarion's suggestion that it may possibly this time graze the earth, if not actually smash it, has been recently a matter of some concern to persons unprepared for a sudden transition to another mode of existence. The intense and almost unprecedented heat of the past month in this country and in Europe has been connected in some minds with the comet's advent. First discovered in 1842, it has since been observed regularly every seven and a half years, and hitherto at a safe distance; but this time there is danger, according to the susceptible persons referred to, of our getting mixed up with its fiery tail, if we escape the impact of its rapidly advancing head.

It is reported that Secretary Carlisle has about made up his mind to recommend in his annual report to Congress that $1 a barrel be added to the tax on beer, which, it is estimated, would add $32,000,000 a year to the receipts of the government. Whether the Republicans would accept this recommendation if it be made will depend upon whether the high-tariff-or-bust Republicans control the House. If that faction gets on top the country will be in for another tariff agitation. Mr. Reed, who will rule the House with a rod of iron, only bending when he thinks he can improve his chances for the presidential nomination, is credited with not wishing to touch the tariff the coming session of Congress.

What the Negro Can Do.

The Jacksonville Times Union says: "A great deal has been said about the opportunities of the negro in the South. Yesterday the Times-Union announced the death of Benjamin Riley at St. Augustine, and the fact that he left property to his heirs valued at $100,000. This money was made, not inherited. It represented the savings of one of the negro race—born in the South and living in the South till the time of his death. Does not the fact that this man succeeded so well show that the negro is not hindered in the South in the accumulation of property?"

They Were Printers.

Whitelaw Reid once set type.

Horace Greely for many years worked at the case.

Amos S. Cummings, who succeeded Sunset Cox in Congress, began life as a printer.

Joel Chandler Harris, the most popular Southern author, was at one time a journeyman printer.

W. D. Howells, one of the leading novelists of the day, was a printer in his father's country office when a boy.

Cure For Headache.

As a remedy for all forms of Headache Electric Bitters has proved to be the very best. It effects a permanent cure and the most dreaded habitual sick headaches yield to its influence. We urge all who are afflicted to procure a bottle, and give this remedy a fair trial. In cases of habitual constipation Electric Bitters cures by giving the needed tone to the bowels, and few cases long resist the use of this medicine. Try it once. Large bottles only Fifty cents at P. B. Fetzer's Drug Store.

Now see that your blood is pure. Good health follows the use of Hood's Sarsaparilla which is the one great blood purifier.

BOLTON ON FUSION.

The Republican State Chairman Defines His Position.

The Charlotte Observer contains a letter from A. E. Holton to Hon. Richmond Pearson, relative to fusion between the Republican and Populist parties. Mr. Holton is chairman of the Republican State Executive Committee, and his position is interesting on that account. It appears below:

YADKINVILLE, N. C., Oct. 3. 1895.

Hon. Richmond Pearson, Asheville, N.C:

My Dear Sir:—Yours of the 28th ult, received, asking my views as to the best line of campaign for next year. In reply: If my memory serves me correctly I defined my position to you last winter and have had no occasion to change, but concede you the right to doubt where you would find me in these days when expediency seems to govern the action of so many. I stand now where I did during the last campaign, believing that co-operation, as we then called it, was absolutely necessary to work out needed reforms in our State politics and that neither the Republicans or Populists were sacrificing their party principles by uniting to over throw a system of fraudulent elections, and restore to the people local self-goverment. In order to hold this I think the Republicans of the state are willing and anxious to co-operate next year with those who agree with us on State issues.

I favored, as you know, the Legislature submitting to the people at our next election an amendment to the constitution; such a one as would have guaranteed an honest election and thus formed a nucleus for co-operation on State politics next year, and as the culmination of fusion; thereby engrafting in our constitution a permanent safeguard to the ballot. I believe our Populist friends are in accord with us on the issue we won last year, and are anxious to hold what we gained. If they so desire, the great majority of the Republicans in the State are willing to divide the State offices and co-operate on the local tickets as we did in the last election. I cannot agree with you that it is good policy to undertake to mix the electoral ticket. In fact, I do not believe the Populists would consent to it, if the resolutions adopted at the silver convention on the 25th of September embodied the policy to be pursued by the Populists, who were in control of that convention. Under these resolutions neither Reed, McKinley nor Allison could hope to get their support, for even five electors, and it would be folly for us to talk about voting for Populist electors when they declare they will not support our part of the ticket, for no one expects the National Bepublican platform to declare for the free and unlimited coinage of silver independent of international agreement, or to nominate a free silver candidate for the Presidency. The party will declare for bi-metalism and mean what it says, and when restored to power, as it certainly will be next year, enact legislation favorable to silver, and at the same time keep the two metals equal in purchasing power; then with renewed prosperity all classes will be satisfied. I have too much confidence in the political convictions of the rank and file of both the Republicans and Populists of this State to think they would tolerate a fusion on the electorial ticket, thereby subjecting themselves to the severest criticism of sacrificing their principles and self-respect.

We cannot afford to condemn the policy of the National Republican party solely to effect fusion, nor can a Republican advocate the Populist doctrine and hope to retain the confidence of his party. He will either have to abandon his position or fall in line with the populists. The sooner our people realize this the better for themselves and the party.

Nor do I believe our Populist friends will demand that we cut loose from our national organization as a condition for co-operation on State issues. If they should, we have but one course to pursue.

Trnsting that you will give the subject due consideration and agree with me, I am, Yours truly,

A. E. HOLTON.

Mr. Lacy to Resign.

Raleigh Press Visitor.

Mr. B. R. Lacy has prepared for publication an interesting card concerning his trip to and impressions of the National Convention of statisticians, held recently in Minneapolis. At the end of the card he states that he will not be Commissioner of Labor Statistics after the expiration of his term.

The term does not expire until January a year from now, but a reporter learns on excellent authority that Mr. Lacy will resign his position after the first of next January. The people of the State will be sorry to hear of this fact. Mr. Lacy has made an excellent official and has brought the Bureau to the front as an agency for the advancement of North Carolina's manufacturing and labor interests.

He will leave the office with the good will of all men and all parties.

A Cigar Cost Him a Bride.

KINGSTON, N. Y., Oct. 1.—Frank Parks, of Oconta, is an inveterate smoker, and when he proposed marriage to Jennie Titus of that place she accepted him on condition that he would give up the use of tobacco. While on their way to a clergyman's on Sunday for the purpose of being married Miss Titus discovered a cigar in Parks' pocket. She promptly dismissed him and returned home alone, saying that she wished nothing to do with a man who was unable to keep his word.

The Discovery Saved His Life.

Mr. G. Cailouette, Druggist, Beaversville, Ill., says: "To Dr. King's New Discovery I owe my life. Was taken with La Gripps and tried all the physicians for miles about, but of no avail and was given up and told I could not live. Having Dr. King's New Discovery in my store I sent for a bottle and began its use and from the first dose began to get better, and after using three bottles was up and about again. It is worth its weight in gold. We won't keep store or house without it." Get a free trial at Fetzer's Drug Store.

LINCOLN'S HESITANCY TO MARRY.

Letters from Lincoln to his closest friend, Joshua Fry Speed, subsequent to the latter's marriage, betray an anxious and impatient desire to learn if marriage is a pathway of flowers and sunlight, and not of darkness and pain the two had morbidly feared it to be. John Gilmer Speed presents these hitherto unpublished letters bearing upon "Lincoln's Hesitancy to Marry," in the October Ladies' Home Journal. In one Lincoln says:

"It cannot be told how it now thrills me with joy to hear you say you are 'far happier than you ever expected to be.' That much I know is enough. I know you too well to suppose your expectations were not, at least sometimes, extravagant, and if the reality exceeds them all, I say, enough, dear Lord. I am not going beyond the truth when I tell you that the short space it took me to read your last letter gave me more pleasure than the sum total of all I have enjoyed since the fatal first of January, 1841. Since then, it seems to me, I should have been entirely happy but for the never-absent idea that there is one (referring to Miss Mary Todd) who is still unhappy, whom I have contributed to make so. That still kills my soul. I cannot but reproach myself for even wishing to be happy while she is otherwise. She accompanied a large party in the railroad cars to Jacksonville last Monday, and on her return spoke so that I heard of it, of having enjoyed the trip exceedingly. God be praised for that. One thing I can tell you which I know you will be glad to hear, and that is that I have seen Mary and scrutinized her feelings as well as I could, and am fully convinced she is far happier now than she has been for the last fifteen months past."

Eight months after Speed had married Mr. Lincoln wrote him:

"But I want to ask a close question: 'Are you now in feeling as well as judgment glad that you are married as you are?' From anybody but me this would be an impudent question not to be tolerated, but I know you will pardon it in me. Please answer it quickly, as I am impatient to know."

Mr. Lincoln's object in asking this "close question" is manifest. Mr. Speed gave the answer quickly and satisfactorily, and on the fourth of November (1842), one month exactly after the question had been submitted, Mr. Lincoln was married.

The Cotton Crop.

The Memphis Scimitar says: "The cotton crop of 1884-'05, was, in round figures, 16,000,000 bales, worth $25 per bale of 500 pounds, or $250,000,000 in the aggregate. The crop of 1895-'96 promises to be about 7,000,000 bales, worth at present over $40 per bale of 500 pounds, or something in excess of $280,000,000. The aggregate value will probably be at least $300,000,000, even if prices go no higher. Putting the cost of picking, baling, ginning, etc., at $10 per bale, the crop of last season would net the producers about $150,000,000, and the present crop $300,000,000. This would give a clear gain of $80,000,000 over last year, and as the advance in the markets comes before the shipping season is fairly opened, these additional millions would go into the pockets of the people who made the cotton. Besides, it should be remembered that this crop was made cheaper than any other on record. Consequently the figures do not represent all the difference in the profits of production in favor of the present as compared with the past. And when one takes into account the bountiful crops of corn, peas, potatoes and forage crops and the large increase in the amount of home-made meat in sight, it becomes apparent that the Lord has been good to the South this year."

Mr. Randall, who was Mr. Harrison's Marshal for the District of Columbia, and who is his close personal and political friend, says Mr. Harrison would accept another nomination if it were tendered him. Mr. Randal says paradoxically of one of the most popular Democrats in Indiana: "The Democratic friends of Governor Matthews are not backward in putting him to the front as a presidential candidate. There is no doubt that State pride would help him wonderfully in Indiana were he to get the nomination, but there is not much likelihood of that. Everybody concedes that he is an estimable gentleman about whom only good can be spoken. He has scarcely enough of national reputation, however, to lead his party in 1896." If the friends of Gov. Matthews can get all the Indiana Republicans to talk that way about him when they are outside their State he will soon be enjoying the biggest sort of a boom. The lack of national reputation counts for little. How much national reputation did Grover Cleveland have in 1884, when he beat the widest known man of that day—James G. Blaine?

In the election of last November Maj. J. C. C. Black, Democrat, defeated Tom Watson, the noted Populist, for Congress in the Augusta, Ga., district. The Populists howled "fraud!" and in a weak effort to satisfy them Maj. Black consented to have the election over. It was held Wednesday and, as our dispatches of Thursday announced, Black was elected again. It turns out that his majority is 1,664. Watson's vote fell off over 100 in his own county. Black and the other Democrats, after the worry and expense of this second election, are just where they were after the first, and Watson and the Populists have come out at the same hole they went in and are no better contented. The second election was a silly attempt to please them, but if, as the Atlanta Journal says, the result of the election is "a death-blow to Populism in the district which has been its Georgia stronghold," it was not, after all, held in vain.—Charlotte Observer.

Big Tom Wilson, the famous hunter, tells the Asheville Citizen that despite protests that have been made, desecration of the monument to Prof. Elisha Mitchell goes on unrestrained. The work of the vandals is done mostly he says, by those going up on the north side of the mountain.

GEN. WILLIAM MAHONE.

Whenever a man who is or has been prominent becomes ill or dies the country is at once flooded with misstatements concerning his life. The case of ex-Senator Mahone, of Virginia, is the latest striking instance. From the time he was stricken down with paralysis the misstatement mill has been steadily grinding. One prominent newspaper writer stated over his own signature that General Mahone and his family were blue-blooded, F. F.-V. aristocrats, and so long as he remained in the Democratic party he was rich and prosperous in business, idolized for his war record, and his family the pets of the highest society, but that after he became a Republican he and his family were socially ostracised, and his business discriminated against until he was gradually driven to bankruptcy. About the only true thing in the whole article is what is said of his war record. The people of Southampton county, Virginia, where Gen. Mahone was born, and where he has relatives now living, would smile at his being called an aristocrat, and old citizens of Petersburg where he has lived since the war would do likewise upon being told that the Mahones ever were social pets. Mahone was plebian born. He was a civil engineer and helped to build the Norfolk and Petersburg railroad, which was a part of the A. M. O. system, of which he became president after the war, at a salary of $25,000 a year. He came out of the war poor, as he entered it, but his war record made him a railroad president, and the boss of the Democratic party of Virginia, which position he maintained until forbearance ceased to be a virtue. About the time his control of the Democratic party was broken he also lost his railroad job. Then his organization of the readjuster party, his flop to the Republicans and his term in the Senate. He was accredited with being a rich man and was a lavish liver and a daring speculator, but since he left the Senate he has been known simply as a lobbyist. His bankruptcy was the result of bad investments, some of which were shared by Democrats, instead of their driving him to bankruptcy. In Petersburg the social status of the Mahones is as good as it ever was. Gen. Mahone was a great soldier and a brainy man, but when that much is said it is best to stop.

Evil Effects of Ignoring Principle.

The silver democrats of North Carolina who were betrayed into going into a convention with populists and republicans will long regret their folly. At the last moment ex-Senator Jarvis, Mr. S. A. Ashe and other leaders refused to be drawn into the trap, and it is well that they did, for they could not have escaped the fate of their brethren who were less prudent and who were consequently absorbed by Senator Marion Butler and the other representatives of the populist party. The democratic party of North Carolina is in a badly demoralided condition, and it has been going from bad to worse ever since its defeat last November by the allied populist and republicans. Reason may resume its sway some day, and with new leaders and steady adherence to the principles of true democracy the party may recover lost ground and re-establish itself in the confidence of the people. But as long as it tries to oatdo the populists in advocating financial legislation utterly opposed to democratic theory and practice its restoration to power will be a matter of little concern to those democrats in other States who believe in strict adherence to principle even at the cost of defeat.

Fifteen Dollars a Bale Extra.

The Savannah News says: "With regard to the cotton crop, a portion of an interview with an average farmer will serve to illustrate how that has been made. 'I began work last spring,' said he, 'and made my crop with the view to selling my cotton at 4½ cents on the farm. That is all I expected, and aud all of my arrangements were made to that end. As things look now I shall sell it for 8½ cents, and maybe more. That means I will get about $20 a bale more for it than I calculated upon. My crop will turn out about ninety bales You will see, therefore, that I will get some $1,800 more than I had any idea of while the crop was being planted and cultvated.' The best part of it is that the $1,800 extra which the farmer will get will be all his own money. He is not in debt. There is no incumbrance on those ninety bales of cotton. He made them them at hard-pan prices, and upon his own resources. It would probably be not amiss to say that nine-tenths of the number of Georgia farmers have made this season s crop upon the very basis that the farmer quoted made his crop."

Local Option Principle Sound.

LONDON, Oct. 4.—Mr. Gladstone has written a letter to the temperance congress, in which he says: "While profoundly sensible of the immense importance of the liquor question, I cannot pretend that I have mastered its difficulties. I see it clearly in certain of its aspects, but as a whole it baffles me. I have no doubt that the local option principle is sound, but they must be of very sanguine temperament who believe that it is sufficient to dispose of the entire question. The method of the sale of liquor for public account, which exists in parts of Scandinavia, presents great advantages, and if adopted here ought to be adopted in its best form. The plan of free trade, with strict police supervisision and adequate taxation, was unfortunately refused a fair trial in Great Britain. Of the scheme of mere limitation by reducing the number of licenses, I have a poor opinion."

Hood's Completely Cured.

ROXOBEL, V. C., Sept. 22, 1865. My little boy six years old was a great sufferer with catarrh. Medicines he took from physicians did not help him, and he began using Hood's Sarsaparilla. We have given him three bottles of this medicine and it has effected a complete cure and we are very grateful for this blessing. MRS. R. L. TEASTER.

The faculty and students of Davidson College have decided to attend the Atlanta Exposition in a body.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder
ABSOLUTELY PURE

A DEADLY WEAPON.

Agamemnon Montgomer was sixteen—sixteen summers, the novelist would say, had rolled above his sunny head. But there were late falls and some winters. Now the final crushing blow had come. Beatrice Argonaut had trampled the affections of a true man under foot. Hah! Her cruel note gleamed at him even now from its location upon the back doorstep, where he had laid it!

She had painted a black veil across the sky of his young ambitions manhood; she had blotted out the great light which led his yearning soul outward and upward and onward to the realms of ineffable delight; she had—aye, Beatrice Argomaunt, had snapped the silken cord which bound a soaring ambition to the realms of finite possibility. His heart, his name, his all spurned!

Frantically snatching a leaf from an old passbook, he scrawled upon it these tragic words:

"Woman! The die is casted! The axe has failed! The dark cloud of relentless fate has clouded the cloudy cloudiness of my mental sky still cloudier! Sorrer comes apace! Hope dies! Oh, death, where is thy stinger! Good-by forever. Don't look for my body, for you will never know where I sleep. Good-by, good-by.

"Agamemnon."

The note was found by the frantic mother of the sorrow-stricken man as she was going out of the back door to empty a bucket of ashes he had promised to empty day before yesterday. Oh, the agony of the hours that ensued! The creek was dragged, the well sounded, the haymow searched and the church bells rung. When human hands and brains seemed powerless to devise further means of advancing the search there was a wild cry from the top of the woodshed. Wildly the friends and neighbors rushed thither, and there, pale, cold, stark and seemingly stiff, lay all that remained of the man whose life had been rendered al a blank.

In his erstwhile strong right hand was clutched the fatal weapon, while burnt matches and other surroundings told how the weapon had got in its work.

Beatrice was called in to face the result of her heartless work. She viewed the still form unmoved. There were signs of returning animation, but she was firm.

"This is your work, base, heartless creature!" cried the frantic mother.

"Mine?" retorted she, coldly. "Why did the poor fool attempt to smoke half a dozen of them without stopping?"

Poor Agamemnon recovered, but he began his seventeenth year in the blankness of utter despair.—Cleveland Plaindealer.

Mr. Cawker's Find.

"There is no ingenuity I admire so much as that of the men who get up cyclopaedias," said Mr. Cawker to his his wife.

"Why?"

"Because it is the most ingeniously ingenious ingenity extant, that's why I'll illustrate. I wanted a little information on the planet Jupiter. I went downstairs to the library, and in my simplicity took out the book which, according to the inscriptions on the back, contained the "J's. 'J' is the first letter in the word 'Jupiter,' you understand."

Mrs. Cawker nodded.

"Well, I carried the book upstairs and settled myself to absorb useful information about Jupiter. Opening the book, I tracked along alphabetically until I came to where Jupiter ought to be—and what do you suppose I found?"

"I can't imagine."

"Just this—'Jupiter, see Planetary System.' There comes in the ingenuity of the cyclopaedia men. First, they never put the information you want under the head you would naturally look for it to be under, and then they carefully put the article to which they refer you in another volume entirely. To do this unerringly requires a great mind, madam."

And Mr. Cawker stalked off downstairs to pursue his hunt for information about Jupiter.—Harper's Magazine.

The Lexington Dispatch says Davidson county commissioners Tuesday allowed all the claims of the State witnesses in the Shemwell-Payne case, but did not allow any of the claims of the defendant's witnesses.

Are you taking SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR, the "KING OF LIVER MEDICINES?" That is what our readers want, and nothing but that. It is the same old friend to which the old folks pinned their faith and were never disappointed. But another good recommendation for it is, that it is BETTER THAN PILLS, never gripes, never weakens, but works in such an easy and natural way, just like nature itself, that relief comes quick and sure, and one feels new all over. It never fails. Everybody needs take a liver remedy, and everyone should take only Simmons Liver Regulator.

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Sept. 20.'94.—1y.

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