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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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In combination, proportion and success Hood's Sarsaparilla is peculiar to itself, and unequalled in true merit. No other medicine ever possessed so much curative power, or reached such enormous sales, or made such wonderful cures, as Hood's Sarsaparilla. It is undoubtedly the best medicine ever made to purify, vitalize and enrich the blood.

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When my son was 7 years of age, he had rheumatic fever and acute rheumatism, which settled in his left hip. He was so sick that no one thought there was any help for him. Five sores broke out on his thigh, which the doctor said were

Scrofula

sores. We had three different doctors. Pieces of bone came out of the sores. The last doctor said the leg would have to be cut open and the bone scraped, before he could get well. Howard became so low that he would eat nothing, and one doctor said there was no chance for him.

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Cured

half. He hadn't taken it a week before I saw that his appetite began to improve, and then he gained rapidly. I gave him five bottles, when the sores were all healed and they never broke out again. The crutches he had used for four years were laid aside, as he had no further use for them. I give all the credit to Hood's Sarsaparilla." MRS. ADA L. MOODY, Fay Street, Lynn, Mass.

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CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. 25 CTS.

McKINLEY NOMINATED.

NOMINATED ON FIRST BALLOT.—HIS RUNNING MATE IS MR. HOBART.

The High Priest of Protection From Ohio Was Nominated on the First Ballot By an Overwhelming Majority.—The Silver Men Walk Out of the Convention Amid Jeers and Hisses.

Wm. McKinley, of Ohio, was on last Thursday evening at 6 o'clock nominated at St. Louis by the Republicans as their candidate for President. He was nominated in the first ballot, and before the call of States was half done.

The chairman directed the call of States for nominations for President.

The first State called was Iowa, when Mr. Baldwin, of Council Bluffs, came to the platform and nominated Senator Allison.

Senator Lodge, of Massachusetts, nominated Thomas B Reed, the nomination being loudly applauded. Depew performed a like service in behalf of Gov. Morton, of New York.

Senator-elect Foraker put McKinley's name in nomination. After some bitter abuse of the Democratic party, he got to McKinley's name, and the convention went wild.

The convention gave itself up to unrestrained yelling, cheering, horn-blowing, whistling and cat-calling. Then a portrait of McKinley was hoisted on line with the United States flag from the gallery facing the platform and the cheering began over again, to which the band responded by playing "Rally Round the Flag," the convention joining in the chorus. After at least twelve minutes of this kind of proceedings the chair began to rap for a restoration of order, but without avail. Foraker stood during all this wild scene, smiling his approval. After twenty-five minutes of incessant turmoil Mr. Foraker was allowed to resume his speech. He said from what had occurred, it was evident the convention had heard of his candidate before. He closed an eloquent peroration by submitting in the name of 46 delegates, Wm. McKinley's name for the consideration of the convention.

Governor Hastings, of Pennsylvania, nominated Senator Quay, and J. M. Vance, a negro from Louisiana, seconded McKinley's nomination.

The roll call of States was then begun. Alabama led off with one for Morton and 19 for McKinley. Arkansas and California cast solid votes for McKinley. Connecticut cast five for Reed and seven for McKinley; Delaware a solid vote for McKinley; Florida eight for McKinley; Georgia two for Reed, two for Quay and 22 for McKinley. One of the colored delegates from Florida, amid angry protests, insisted on challenging the vote, and Senator Thurston, who had resumed the chair, decided that the right to challenge should be given every delegate. The delegation being polled it was found that Morton had two votes in Florida and McKinley only six instead of eight as announced by the chairman of the delegation.

Illinois announced 36 for McKinley, was challenged and poll showed no change. Indiana cast its 30 votes for McKinley. Iowa cast its 26 votes for Allison; Kansas, for McKinley, 20; Kentucky 26 for McKinley. Louisiana cast a curious vote, half a vote for Allison, half a vote for Quay, four for Reed and 11 for McKinley, and so the voting went on until Massachusetts gave one vote for McKinley and the rest for Reed. The McKinley column steadily increased. When Mississippi's 18 votes were cast for McKinley another of the colored delegates demanded a poll, which showed one vote for Quay and 17 for McKinley. Montana cast one vote for McKinley, one for Don Cameron, of Pennsylvania, one blank and one absentee. There was a decided sensation when the vote of New York was challenged by Warner Miller. It had been announced as 54 for Morton and 17 for McKinley. The delegation voted solidly for Morton until half of the votes were received, when the vote was divided between McKinley and Morton. Then came quite a number of breaks for McKinley and three absentees were noted in the twenty-ninth district. The vote was Morton 54, McKinley 17. When Ohio was reached the requisite number of votes were given to name McKinley and the convention, recognizing the fact without announcement, broke into cheers. Texas delayed the final announcement a little by a challenge by one of the dissatisfied colored brethren. Another colored delegate challenged the vote of Virginia and again delayed the call. Virginia's vote on a poll stood Reed 1; McKinley 23. All the rest of the roll of States went solid for McKinley. New Mexico cast one vote for Allison and also McKinley. Alaska cast its newly conferred four votes for McKinley. All the States having been called, the president announced that Wm. McKinley had received 661½ votes, and the scene of an hour before was repeated. Delegates and spectators arose and cheers and huzzas rent the air.

Thomas B. Reed, the chairman said, had received 84½ votes; Quay, 61½; Levi P. Morton, 58; Allison, 35½, and Don Cameron, 1.

Lodge, Hastings, Platt and Henderson, of Iowa, all pledged their States' support to McKinley, the former moving to make the nomination unanimous and the others seconding the motion. Mack Hanna was called for and responded. There was no respone to calls for "Quay."

Mr. Morgan G. Bulkeley, of Hartford, Conn.; Garrett Hobart, of New Jersey; Charles Warran Lippett, of Rhode Island; Henry Clay Evans, of Kentucky, and Gen. James A. Walker, of Virginia, were put in nomination for Vice President. Hobart was nominated on the first ballot.

The result of the ballot for Vice President was announced as follows: Hobart, 533½; Evans, 277½; Bulkeley, 39; Lippitt, 8; Walker, 24; Reed, 3; Thurston, 2; Frederick Grant, 2; Depew, 3. Morton, 1; absent 23.

The convention adjourned sine die at 7.55 p. m.

Drive out the impurities from your blood with Hood's Sarsaparilla and thus avoid that tired, languid feeling and even serious illness.

"HITCH YO' HOSS OUTSIDE."

There was once an old before-the-war negro from Petersburg, Mahone's home, named Alexander Macedonian Tailaferro, called for short, Rastus Toliver. The old man was a strong believer in Marse Abe Lincum and swore by Marse Billy Mahone, though he had never received his "forty acres and a mule." The old man died and was buried, but the day after he came back to earth and went to his old master to borrow a mule. Astonished, the master asked the old fellow, "Why, Rastus, what are you doing here? What's the matter with you that you want a mule?"

This is the old darkeys story:

"Well, Marse George, I'll tell you de truf, kase I'se sho you'll understan' Rastus as you has alwayse; it is dis yer way: I got daid, an' I walked up the steep road to the great big gates of heaben, and attah I rung the bell-knob I sat down, kase I was mighty tiahed. Big voice from inside said: 'Whose dat out dyah?' says I: 'Marse Peter, please sah, hit's me.'

"'Whose me?'

"'Doan you know me, Marse Peter?

"'I'se Uncle Rastus Toliver, and I hopes you is well and all the angels, an' I wants to get in for to see the place whar my ole mistus, tole me if I was good when I died I'd be made same like she, white as the driving snow, and hab wings like an angel. I'se come mighty far and hopes I has been good nuff; so, please Mars Peter let de old nigeer in.

"'Whar'se you from?' says he.

"'Petersburg' says I.

"'Den you mus' know Billy Mahone,' says he.

"I dose; he's a great frien' of the colored people,' says I.

"'Well he died this morning an' I suppose he'll be along soon. P'rhaps he'll help you to git in.'

"'Ob cose he will,' says I.

"'Is you mounted, Rastus?' says he.

"'Mounted?'

"'Yes did you ride up on your mule?'

"'No, sah, kase I havn't got any mule.'

"'Well,' says he, 'I guess you can't come in less you'se mounted, so good-day, Rastus.'

"I was powerful sorry an I picked up my hickry an' stahted down de road, for I was feelin uncommon sad an down-in-de-mouf, when all of a sudden I comes right up against Marse Billy Mahone, walking wid he haid high up same like he use to do in wah time, wid his bran spankin new uniform of sodgers close an' a solid gole sword at his side.

"'Hello, Rastus,' says he, 'wha'se you gwine?'

"'Mornin' Marse Billy, I'se bin to heaben and Marse Peter wouldn't lemme in 'dout I was mounted, so I'se gwine back to borry a mule from Marse George but mebbe you kan help me. You'se always bin the niggers frend, you better tu'n back yo' self and get one of dem fine hosses you use to ride roun' Petersburg an' you can tek me in as your sarbent.'

"He kinder look thoughtful an' I know'd he was projectin,' 'kase Marse Billy has de recognishun of bein' awful cute. Den he smiled an' said: 'I tell you what, Rastus, we'll fool ole Sent Peter; you git down on you knees an' I'll ride you hoss fashun right in, an' onct we'se in we can't be put out. See?

"Well, I tho't that was most cunnin' an' I downse on my hunckers, and Marse Billy got rite on an' says: 'Gi' up, ole hoss!' I tell you, my ole marrow bones did crack! But we went rite up to the golden gate, an' my heart was going de-flunckery flunctу against my ole ribs, kase I was sho' Marse Billy an' me was goin' rite in.

"Rap! rap! rap! on the gate.

"'Whose dar?'

"'General William Mahone, of Furginia.'

"'Is you mounted, gin'ril?

"'Yes,'

"'Well, jes' hitch yo' hoss outside an' come right in.'

"He jes' walked rite in and nevah said a word. I mite a knowd dey wouldn't have no hanimals in heaben, an,' now I comes to think of it, I spec Marse Billy knowed dat, too. So, Marse George, you'l len' de ole nigger a mule, and you kin sen' one of de boys up after him when I hitch him outside, an' when I get in I'll tell all de niggers wot I knows, an' dey won't vote for de 'Publican ticket no mo'."

Carlisle and the Bond Issues.

Baltimore Sun.

The bond investigation authorized by Congress shortly before adjournment began yesterday with Secretary Carlisle as a ready witness, and a voluntary one, it may be added, in behalf of the administration. Mr. Carlisle explained the contracts with the syndicate in a business-like way, showing that when bonds were issued it was imperatively necessary that there should be no delay. The fact was, he said, that the treasury had reached the point when there were gold certificates outstanding but no gold coin with which to redeem them. The Secretary said he had never stated this fact before and it is well that the dire distress of the treasury was not known, as the result might have been disastrous. Mr. Carlisle frankly declared, in reply to a question from Senator Vest, that he had not contemplated the use of silver, as the policy of paying in gold had been followed so long that he did not consider it expedient to depart from it in time of emergency. If the bond investigators were hunting for a "sensation" they must have been deeply impressed by Secretary Carlisle's testimony.

Are You Tired

All the time? This condition is a sure indication that your blood is not rich and nourishing as it ought to be and as it may be if you will take a few bottles of the great blood purifier, Hood's Sarsaparilla. Thousands write that Hood's Sarsaparilla has cured them of that tired feeling by giving them rich, red blood.

Hood's Pills act easily and promptly on the liver and bowels. Cure sick headache.

HE KNEW WASHINGTON.

A Negro Who Claims to be 135 Years Old.

WAYCROSS, Ga., June 11.—George Washington, an old negro living four miles from Waycross, boasts of being 135 years old on his last birthday. He came here several years since from middle Georgia, he said, and in the days of the American revolution belonged to the illustrious General George Washington, "the father of his country," after whom he was named. In historical knowledge Uncle George in untutored and deficient, a peculiar characteristic of his race, and of any illiterate element of any race, for that matter. Bet this particular darky invites criticism by posing as the whilom "trusty" slave of General George Washington. The Constitution correspondent has had much conversation with him, and will in this story endeavor to reproduce as nearly as practicable what was said by Uncle George in one of these interviews.

The old man came hobbling along with a crutch around the corner at the Wilson block. He was smoking an unsightly and strongly scented cob pipe. His bent form and white wool head attracted some attention, but when he drew near, and after stopping and resting his head against the wall and his arm on the crutch, his face, with its innumerable wrinkles and aged appearrnce was uplifted, receiving a burning shower of rays from the noon sun. Any person with ordinary sense of humanity would have felt a curiosity in this ebony hued individual and inquired something in respect to his history. The newspaper fiend, ever on the alert for an item, approached the old man with a kind "Good morning, uncle."

"Gu' mawain', massa," said Uncle George.

"Well, uncle, I see you are still alive and able to be around town."

"Yessuh, boss, an' I ain't on my las' legs yit. 'Pears like I iz good ter live ter be az ole as Methusaler, it do. I ain't mush fer braggin', but my next birthday'll make me 136 yeahs ole, mos' twicst as ole as my ole Marse George wuz when he up an' died atter fightin' meny er good fight agin the Britishmen. How ole marser useter fight! It 'ud make de war in Cuba hide in de shade de way Marse George sent de cannon balls an' minnie balls whizzin' froo de ranks and files ob de Britishmens. I was dar, an' knows whut I be tellin' 'bout it. Ole Marse George traded fer me 'bout four yeahs fo' de war fus' up an' 'riginated. He jes made me lay 'round' and do dis, dat an' tudder fer oim, kaze I wuz er leetle boy an' wuzzen bigger nuff ter do eny strainin' an' rail splittin' on de farm. Marse George wuz a big farmer, he wuz. He owned a big plantation down at Moun' Vernon an' two er free mo' down on de river. In de war he wuz allus lookin' out fer news of his craps at hoom. If a freshet 'd come an' ruin all out his corn, de u peat res less like, an' go inter his tent an' sarter up and pray off his trouble. He wuz de bes' and mos' religious man dat ebber pulled a trigger or dat ebber up an' kilt a enmy, he wuz, an' if he ain't in hebbin, it wuzen no fault ob his'n."

The old man choked down a few sobs and continued his narrative:

"Ole marser had mighty leetle ob money, but when he wuz thinkin' hard 'bout enything, his fingers wuz in his pockets a jinglin' and a tinglin' of de leetle silver dar wuz in 'em. I axed him one day why he allus shaked his money in his pockets when he be studyin' 'bout de way ter lay out de Britishmen. He sed, an' he sorter lafted, dat silver made better music fer him wid its jingle an' tingle dan de laffin waters of de brook or de waves of de sea, he did. If ole Marser George wuz heah now, I iz sho' he'd be tearin' up his froat a makin' of speeches for mo' silver, he would. He wuz allus atter whut wuz right an' whut wuz fer de po' people an' de country, he wuz, an' ebry body loved him fer bein' dat way, an' dey did. I clean fergot all I ebber knowed 'bout de battles ole marser wuz in, but it's been so long er go no wonder. My rheumatiz hurts me so sometimes I ain't got much rikerleckshun lef' me when I ups an' git better wid it."

The old man talked a while longer and then continued his walk.

Not the First Veto of the Kind.

Mr. Cleveland is not the first President to veto the River and Harbor bills. All conscientious Chief Executives have had difficulty in approving of such legislation. Madison, Monroe, Jackson, Tyler, and Polk used their veto power, on the ground that the measures were unconstitutional. Buchanan vetoed two measures, one for the improvement of St. Clair flats and the other for removing obstructions at the mouth of the Mississippi River, for the same reason; but since the war certain public works have grown to be recognized by Democrats as well as Republicans as a function of the General Government, and objection has arisen mainly because of the excessive appropriations and the misappropriations contained in such bills. In 1876 President Grant signed the Rivers and Harbors bill, but he added his protest, which points out the same objectionable features to which President Cleveland now calls attention.

Condensed Testimony.

Chas R. Hood, Broker and Manufacturer's Agent, Columbus, Ohio, certifies that Dr. King's New Discovery has no equal as a Cough remeey. J. D. Brown, Prop. St. James Hotel, Ft. Wayne, Ind., testifies that he was cured of a cough of two year's standing, caused by La Grippe, by Dr. King's New Discovery. B. F. Merrill, Baldwinsville, Mass., says that he has used and recommended it and never knew it to fail, and and would rather have it than any doctor, because it always cures. Mrs. Hemming, 212, E. 25th St., Chicago, always keeps it at hand and has no fear of croup, because it instantly relieves. Free trial bottles at P. B. Fetzer's Drug Store.

Counting the clerk hire, mileage and incidentals, a number of Congress now receives from the treasury of the government a total of about $12,650 for his two years' service. During the days of Calhoun, Clay Webster and Benton a Congressman, for the same period, received only $3,328, 000.

HOW DEATH FEELS.

Some Observations Made at Death Beds by a Doctor.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

"I was reading an article this morning on how it feels to die," said Dr. W. H. Epworth. "No living man can tell how death feels, or whether the actual act of dissolution is accompanied by sensation or not. A man who, through disease or casualty, has lost consciousness—has become to all appearances dead—and is then resuscitated, can really tell us nothing about it, for he did not die. The machinery did not come to a complete standstill—the life force did not leave the body. I may be that the poet has dipped deeper than the physican into the awful mystery of death. It may be that he has described terrors not visible to the eyes of the medical man, who interests himself only in the condition of the animal mechanism.

"I have stood by the deathbed of men who told me they were going to hell, and saw them pass peacefully to their long sleep. I have looked at their dead faces a few minutes later and saw thereon a look of fear, of horror, that was not visible when the heart gave its last faint throb and then stood still. I have had others tell me almost with their last breath that they were going to heaven. They passed away with wan, weary faces that were pitiful to contemplate, but before they became rigid a smile as sweet as an angel's dream overspread the pallid features. The deep lines of suffering faded out and the aged looked almost youthful, the weary and worn became radiant. What causes this change, which every physican has noticed? When does death occur? We say when the animal machinery stops, when the breath and pulse cease.

"That is what the doctor calls death, but it may not really be death after all. The spirit may not leave the body, may not take its departure from earth with its last breath, the last faint heart beat. It may cling for some moments to its shattered tenement before it takes its flight, before it faces those terrors or enters into those transcendent glories which the poet has painted. The death of the body, with which doctors only deal, may be but the prelude to a more important act, the departure of the spirit. Science has gone far, but it has not yet lifted the veil of mystery which the Almighty has hung over the couch of death.

Is Cussing Ever Necessary?

News and Observer.

There are not a few men, otherwise very good, who believe with uncle Toby that swearing is sometimes not only the excusable but necessary, and that while Recording Angel cannot officially excuse the lapse, he will drop a tear to blot it from the record.

Not a great while ago in the Superior Court of a certain county in North Carolina, a Quaker had given certain evidence and the lawyer whose client was injured by the Quaker's testimony was trying to break down the Quaker's character in order to destroy the effect of his evidence. Here were the questions asked by the lawyer and answered by the Qaker:

"Do you belong to the church of the Quakers?"

"Yes."

"Isn't it against the laws of that church to swear?"

"Yes."

"Are you not a very profance man? Don't you swear on all occasions?"

"No sir, I hevan't cussed none now for seven years, except one time last fall on the tenth of the eleventh month. PererX—up here at High Point said I had put a white man between two negroes to dinner at my threshing, and I gave him the damn lie."

Then turning to the jury the Quaker said, "I said damn lie twice, gentlemen of the jury."

Turning to the Judge, with an earnest and honest air, the old Quaker said: "Judge, it does appear like a little swearing at times is absolutely necessary."

An Aggressive Fight.

The sound-money men of Atlanta, Ga., have set an excellent example in determing to make an aggressive fight. Ten days ago the Young Men's Democratic Sound-Money Club was organized in that city, and up to Saturday last more than one thousand voters of Fulton county had joined the organization. This large membership is the result of a very partial canvass and represents only a small part of the sound-money strength in Fulton county. The Atlanta Journal says this league is backed by an overwhelming majority of the Democratic voters of the county and its membership will grow far beyond its present proportions. Ex-Governor Boynton, one of the ablest men in Georgia, has consented to run for the Legislature on a sound-money platform.

Did You Ever

Try Electric Bitters as a remedy for your troubles? If not, get a bottle now and get relief. This medicine has been found to be peculiarly adapted to the relief and cure of all Female Complaints, exerting, a wonderful direct influence in giving strength and tone to the organs. If you Loas of Appetite, Constipation, Headache, Fainting Spells, or are Nervous, Sleepless, Excitable, Melancholy or troubled with Dizzy spells, Electric Bitters is the medicine you need. Health and strength are guaranteed by its use. Large bottles only fifty cents at P. B. Fetzer's Drug Store.

The Asheville Register, Republican, observes that "so far as the State ticket in North Carolina is concerned this year, national issues pale into insignificance." This is a great truth, and we agree with the Register that national issues are as nothing compared with the issue of keeping North Carolina out of the hands of the Republican party. Therefore every Democrat who loves his State should look first to the State's welfare, and that welfare is bound up in the Democratic party. Democratic success in county and State will help to make Democratic success in the nation. But if we would preach the gospel to all the world we must begin first at Jerusalem; and if we would keep the streets clean every man must sweep before his own door.—Statesville Landmark.

SAM JONES' LETTER.

Atlanta Journal.

"We have downed the gang," or "We are going to down the gang." We frequently hear such expressions. I suppose it is true that we have national gangs, society gangs, municipal gangs, and neck of woods gangs; political gangs; social gangs and religious gangs. The common acceptation of the term gang means a crowd who are or have been running the shebang. In society they are called "top of the pot;" in the political world they are known as the "ins;" in the church world they are known as those having authority and exercising it without the fear of God before their eyes. In most of our towns and cities we have the gangs. Some of them have been in for years and have grown rich, either by bribery on the one hand or having the "pull" on the other. The gangs in every place of life have much brains and very little conscience. Every shebang, like every set of track hands along the railroad, has its boss or sachem. Tammany hall is the best organized gang, perhaps, in the United States. They were once in position to dictate who we should have for president and who should be governor of New York, but Dr. Parkhust and the Lexow committee have paralyzed that gang in New York to where they can hardly dictate who shall be bailiff.

I have been in some towns and cities lately where "the gang" has been overthrown. I believe it has been demonstrated in most places that whenever and wherever the good people of the town try to down the gang they will succeed. Right must have a champion. Then it has a victory. The good element in a community is generally timid, but when aroused is as courageous as a lion. The bad element in a city consider themselves brave, but when they see that the good people are thoroughly aroused they are as cowardly as a mob of 10,000 men after one poor little helpless prisoner.

The "gangs" in every department of life have two objects in view. The first is personal gain, and the second is to take care of their friends and punish their enemies. When we come into the realm of the church we can see as plainly there as anywhere that the gang runs the machinery. It is as true in one church as another.

It is true from the general conference of the M. E. church down to a little crossroads convention of a little Baptist church in the country. As the darkey says, every church has its most leadinist members as well as its bench members.

I suppose there never was a gang who didn't start in at the beginning to reform things and run them right. But they soon find out that it pays better to run things wrong. In other words, that honest money is not so easily made as dishonest money. Wealth is not accumulated, merits do not insure promotion, but illegitimate opportunities to make money rapidly present themselves the average white man is where some negroes find themselves when standing in another man's henhouse after dark. They find themselves tempted above that which they are able to bear, and there seems no way provided for their escape.

As a rule the gangs in politics are in thorough sympathy with the saloon element. Whisky seems to pickle the gang and preserve them in good shape. With whisky all in a fellow and all around him he feels like a snake put up in alcohol—that all the influences that could harm him are shut out effectually. Of course, the gang in the political world is the most corrupt and infernal of all the gangs. In the church world hypocrisy, cant and false pretensions are the predominant qualifications. In the social world the gangs have for their leading characteristics good clothes and fine entertainments, with their dry goods and grocery merchants left in a hole. They run a good deal on occultism, theosophy and the like fads—for fads they are.

It is getting now where it is fashionable to be a fool, and fools head the procession on most lines. I saw where some jackass said recently that in a few years churches would be things of the past, and so on. The Christian world is building about ten churches a day the year round I am one of those who are silly enough to believe that the church of Christ has no intention of going out of business in the next 10,000 years. Really, if you look at the latter day church edifices going up in the cities it does seem like the church has come to stay; and the church will live on, broadening in its influences and elevating by its power the human race long after the fools and fads have perished from the earth. While the church may develop its cliques and rings, yet the rank and file of the church of Jesus Christ is as pure and good today as ever in its history, and is marching on to the conquest of the world, retarded frequently and only by the "gangs."

In the social world every community has its leaders, which are called the "gang." They have very little respect for one another, and they and they have forfeited largely the respect of all who do not move within their circle. Decollette dresses for the women and high collars for the men. I have often thought that both men and women ought to placard themselves "Post No Bills" where the collar ought to be on the women, and where it is on the men. I have no respect for the woman who buttons the collar of her dress around her waist.

It is a good thing that men differ, and I thank God sometimes for the difference. I would hate for all men to be like some men. The world would be wrecked in a year if all women were like some women. The gangs themselves are in a hopeless minority in every department of life; and but for manipulation, close organization, fireless work and unscrupulous methods the political gangs would be buried out of sight on every election. But for the gewgaw and finery and false pretensions of the gang in society they would soon be relegated to the rear. But for the authority of place or displace in the church world and a few fawning sycophants, the gang in the church would amount to nothing.

Independence is the most priceless boon given by heaven to man. It is the greatest legacy that ever befell a human being. A man who is not forced by circumstance and surroundings to do anything that is not right is the man who can be most trusted, for not only has he got the God endowed sense of right and wrong, but he stands above environments unpurchasable and unredeemable. Conscious independencce and conscious rectitude make a man invincible, no matter in what circles of life he is seen or in what departments of life he speaks or acts; he is a man, he stands for something, he is an expression of something. Like John the Bapist crying out in the wilderness, he has a voice and a conscience—a voice that will be heard and a conscience like the north star guiding him unerringly.

The reign of right is forever. The reign of gang is for only a short while. All from Boss Tweed down to a little displaced bailiff in a country district are illustrations of the fact that the best thing a man can do is to do right and the worst possible thing he can do is to do wrong. The incorruptible men in the political world like George Washington, old Hickory Jackson and Abraham Lincoln will stand forever as monuments of the immortality of principle. So on the other hand in the realm of trickery and rascality and false pretensions the shores of that river are lined from source to mouth with wrecks and wretches. At the feast of Belshazzar the handwriting on the wall was but the prophecy of his speedy downfall. The hand that wrote on the walls of Belshazzar's palace is writing today upon the walls in every phase of life either: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant!" or "Mene, mene, tekel, upharzin!"

SAM JONES.

How Butler Was Scared.

News and Observer, 17th.

"I will let you into a secret if you will not use my name," said an Eastern Republican a day or two ago. "The Republicans who are trying to secure fusion have worked the best scheme on Butler that ever was attempted, and it has worked beautifully. I had begun to think he wouldn't swallow the bait, but the last week's Caucasian showed that he swallowed it hook and all. The Populists all over the State, I mean those who are not looking for office, have been talking to their Democratic neighbors about getting together for white men and white metal, and the Caucasian and Progressive Farmer have been abusing the Republicans worse than the Democrats ever did. It looked like they were going to unite. What must be done? That is the question we asked ourselves. Finally, after a conference with Russell's close friends, a scheme was hit upon that has worked admirably. It was determined to scare the Populist leaders into re-fusion by making them think their foles were demanding it, and men were appointed to go to nail the counties, and they were given these instructions: "Get at least twenty-five men who call themselves Populists to write to Butler saying the people hate the Democrats and will have nothing to do with them, and think it best to get together with the Republicans again. Let no two letters be alike. First go to a leading Republican and get his co-operation. If you can't get Populists to write these letters, get Republicans to write them, but always have them to say in the letter that they are Populists.' Armed with these instructions, the agents did their perfect work, and Butler has been deluged with letters indicating a sentiment that has been manufactured to order. Butler is shrewd, but the Republicans are shrewder. Having made him take a position, we are now quiet. He can't retrace his steps. His denunciation of Democrats has been copied and approved by Populist supporters, and it is becoming every day more certain that the Populists have got to come into the Republican party or co-operate with us."

Is the Populist Party About to Bust?

Progressive Farmer.

Editor Kestler says in his Concord Vestibule: "A party without the offices won't be a party very long; it will 'bust.' It is just like an engine without water." Yes, but a party that throws honest principles to the four winds and gets the offices, will "bust," too.

Why is one woman attractive and another not? It isn't entirely a question of age or features or intellect. The most admirable and attractive thing about an attractive woman is her womanliness. Everybody admires a womanly woman. Everybody doesn't realise just what it is that makes her womanly. She must have health, of course, because without it she would lose the brightness of her eyes, the fullness of her cheeks and her vivacity. Health brings all these things but health means more than most people think of. Real health must mean that a woman is really a woman. That she is strong and perfect in a sexual way, as well as in every other. That she is capable of performing perfectly the duties of maternity. Upon her strength in this way depends to a large extent her general health, her good looks and her attractiveness. Some women are born stronger than others. Some are born with what is called "constitutional weakness." It is easier for some women to retain health and strength than it is for others. Some seem able to do anything they like, whenever they like, without serious results. Still, there is no reason why women should not enjoy perfect health. Those who do not, need only take the proper precautions and the proper remedy to become perfectly well and strong. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription will cure any derangement of the distinctly feminine organism. It is absolutely certain. There are some who have neglected themselves so long that a complete cure is next to impossible, but even these will find comfort and improved health in the use of the "Favorite Prescription." It has cured hundreds of women who have received no relief whatever from years of treatment with good physicians. It is absolutely unique in the history of medicine. Such a remedy can be discovered only once. There is nothing in the world like it, nor has there ever been. Hundreds of things that every woman ought to know, are contained in Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser, which will be sent *absolutely free* on receipt of 21 one-cent stamps to cover cost of mailing *only*. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

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Dec. 26—6m.

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