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THE CONCORD TIMES.

JOHN B. SHERRILL, Editor. "BE JUST AND FEAR NOT." $1.00 a Year, in Advance
Volume XV. CONCORD, N. C., THURSDAY, APRIL 14, 1898. Number 41.

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BILL ARP'S LETTER.

Mr. Folsom gave an interesting sketch of Mr. McGee, the old slave trader of the Wanderer, who, he says, celebrated his seventieth birthday recently in Columbus, Ga., where he lives. As one of the invited guests, he could hardly do less than to write pleasant things about the old man, and as a graphic writer of light literature, he felt constrained to make the old man a hero if possible. The pressure of the press for something new and startling is very great, and sometimes these bohemian galley slaves have to ignore facts and deal in fancies.

Mr. Folsom says that this old veteran has been an important factor in Georgia's progress; that among other notable acts deeds he took an active part in our war with the Creek Indians and in removing them to the Indian territory, and that he was a promoter in the building of the old Monroe railroad (now the Macon and Western). Well, now, this old man must have been a very lively youth and unusually precocious, for those Indians fought their last fight in 1835 and surrendered and were at once sent to the territory. Mr. McGee was then just nine years old. The Monroe railroad from Macon to Forsyth was built in 1843, when this young man was fifteen years old. Probably he toted water for the boys or perhaps he forgot, and it was his father who did these big things. But all this amounts to nothing. The important perversion of state history is his declaration that a large and influential portion of the good citizens of Georgia gave countenance to and encouraged the venture of the "Wanderer" in bringing slaves here from Africa. He can't prove this by any respectable citizen now living. That slave trade was under the ban of all good people. Georgia was the first state that prohibited it. This was done in 1798, which was ten years before congress abolished it, and from then until the late war no respectable citizen ever thought of trying to evade the law. Georgia was and still is proud of her record on this subject, and would be prouder still if the "Wanderer" had never landed a cargo on our coast. Mr. McGee seems quite boastful of his success in reaping a harvest of blood money out of this horrible business. Seven hundred human creatures thrust in the hold of the vessel, packed in like hogs and dying by scores of heat, suffocation, filth and homesickness on the long voyage and their carcasses thrown overboad to the fishes. All this Mr. McGee tells—and that they made a second voyage with similar horrors and similar results, and how he pocketed $10,000 from each cargo. Conscience does not seem concerned as yet. John Newton, the composer of the sweetest hymn ever sang, was once a slave trader, but repented under John Wesley's preaching and never ceased to repent, and expressed his gratitude when he wrote:

"Amazing grace—How sweet the sound—
That saved a wretch like me!"

And when old and infirm, his friends begged him to quit preaching and rest. He said, "No, no! Shall the old slave-trader stop preaching as long as he can walk or talk? No!" Even in Savannah, where Charley Lamar lived, who was the leader and part owner of the Wanderer, General Henry R. Jackson, as United States attorney, pursued the captain and crew and owners with unrelenting diligence for two years, but the free use of this blood money in some way defeated his purposes. Ask him if this slave trade was ever favored or winked at by the good people of Georgia. So far from it, there were at that time and previous many good men who with Chief Justice Lumpkin at their head, were trying to formulate a scheme of gradual emancipation on Henry Clay's plan. Another fact remains that all the ante-bellum citizens know to be true. The dealing in slaves as a trade or profession in Georgia was under the ban of public opinion. They were not altogether socially ostracised, but they lost their place, if they ever had any. "Who is that man that is strutting around town?" "Why, he is a nigger trader," and that answer settled his status. His society was not wanted by good people. No doubt some of them were clever men and honest, but the presumption was that they were hard-hearted and of an easy conscience. General Forrest was a negro trader, it is said, and no doubt was respectable and reputable, but nobody ever accused him of having high moral sentiments or emotions. His war record is splendid and there was no discount on his ability or his patriotism.

Now this transfer of negro savages from the jungles of Africa to a civilized country was no doubt a blessing to them, but it was against the laws of Georgia and the United States and the agreement of all the great powers across the seas, and the mode and methods of it were horrible. Mr. McGee says that many of them died from grief at being torn from their home and country. I well remember seeing some of them at work in Colonel Mott's garden in Columbus, and my heart bled for them then, for they looked forlorn and miserable. They could not speak no understand our language and had to work by signs. Of course they became weaned in time and took wives and reared children, and occasionally we find some of these and their children here and there in our state—and they rejoice that they were brought from Africa.

Now the historians and newspaper men of this generation cannot write intelligently or correctly of the events of ante-bellum days, and it keeps the old men busy in defending the state and her people from misrepresentation. Even our own children have to be told over and over again how we used to live and what was the true relation of southern masters to their slaves. I remember when it was the strongest incentive to good behavior for a master to tell his slave "if you don't behave better and do better I will turn you over to a nigger trader and he will take you off and sell you."

Mr. McGee told Mr. Folsom that the negroes cost them a dollar or two apiece in Congo—paid for in trinkets—and they sold them for $600 or $700 apiece when they got them here. That was a good profit if there is no blood money to be counted in heaven—no discount for murder by slow and horrible degrees. There were some features of our own slavery system that were bad enough and gave deep concern to all good citizens, but there was nothing to be compared to this importation from Congo and our pride has been that only New England barbarians engaged in it. The eminent Judge Story once charged the grand jury in Boston that it was notorious that Boston people were deeply engaged in this slave trade and were amassing fortunes out of this blood money and it was a disgrace to their civilization and must be stopped. Next morning the newspapers of Boston lampooned him for that charge and intimated that it was none of his business. Boston and New Bedford continued it until 1848 and when they could sell no more to the south they sold them to Brazil and other countries. These are the facts that have been kept behind the scenes while Harriet Beecher Stowe and Wendell Phillips were engaged in denouncing the south for defending slavery as a system. General Grant owned slaves up to the very date of their freedom and they build a million dollar monument to him and sing his praises but continue to abuse the south. What a curious people they are.

All of Lincoln's wife's people were slave-owners and her brothers were in the confederate army and Lincoln said: "If I can save the union without freeing the negroes I will do it," and yet these same fanatics built a monument to him for proclaiming them free, though he said that he did it only as a war measure. The fact remains and will remain, that neither Grant nor Lincoln cared anything for the negro and the fact remains that the manner of their freedom has been their greatest curse. Of course we cannot expect the north to do us justice, but we cannot let the utterances of Mr. McGee or any other southern man pass without a protest.

BILL ARP.

A Colored Mrs. Parington.

A colored Mrs. Parington lives in Georgia, and she talks interestingly. She is about seventy years old, and makes a great show of reading the Bible—though it is well known that she cannot read a line. The other morning she was seated on her front porch with a large family Bible open on her lap. Some one was passing and saluted her.

"Good morning, Aunt Caroline."

"Mawnin', suh—mawnin'! It's right previous weather ,suh."

"Yes, rather previous."

"De clouds hang so low, hit look like dey 'bout ter have a collegience wid de airth."

"Yes it looks so."

"Well, de Lawd'll take keer on us. De Bible say He distempers de wind ter de born lambs."

"Is that the Bible you're reading?"

"Oh, yes, suh!"

"Why—it's upside down."

"Look heah, minister" said the old woman indignantly, "don't you 'spose I knowed it? Whot difference do it make? De Bible is so plain, you kin des read it any way?"

Had Confidence in Him.

A rural character whose reputation for veracity was notoriously bad, was summoned as a witness in a case where a friend's interest were involved. When he took the stand the judge said:

"Mind, now, sir; you are sworn to tell the truth, and if you don't, the penitentiary will be your portion."

He took the oath, and then whispered to his friend:

"John, I'm afeard it's all up with you. The jedge says I've got ter tell the truth!"

"That's all right, Jim," said his friend, with great confidence, "I ain't a-worryin' 'bout that kase you can't do it!"

How the Hog was Killed.

Aunt Cherry Mallory was recently put on the witness stand to tell what she knew about the annihilation of a hog by a Louisville and Nashville passenger locomotive. After being sworn, she was asked by the lawyer if she saw the train kill this hog. Yes," she said, "I seed it."

"Well," said the lawyer, "tell the court in as few words as possible all you know about it."

"I kin do dat in a mighty few words," said Aunt Cherry, clearing her throat, and, with one eye on the Judge and one on the lawyer, she said: "Hit jus' tooted and tuck 'im."

On Safe Ground.

A North Carolina man has settled the war question in a novel manner. "Whether they have war, or not," he is quoted as saying, "it has made a good man of me already."

"How can that be?" he was asked.

"Well," he went on in dead earnest, "they tell me that if there is to be war the government will call out the regular army first; then the militia is to be called, and after this the Baptists, because they can fight on water and Methodists can't. I went right straight and jined the Methodists!"

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An Old Maxim Revised

First Tot—"My mamma says: 'If the shoe fits, put it on.' "

Second Tot—"My mamma says: 'If the shoe fits, take it off—it's too big.' "

The Rev. W. H. Weaver, pastor of the U. B. Church, Dillsburg, Pa., recognizes the value of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, and does not hesitate to tell others about it. "I have used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy," he says, "and find an excellent medicine for colds, coughs and hoarseness." So does everyone who gives it a trial. Sold by M. L. Marsh & Co.

The telephone line from Charlotte to Statesville will be in operation by the middle of next month.

Getting men to use tobacco and whisky is one way the devil has of taking up a collection.

CUBA.

Atlanta Journal.

Although Cuba is only ninety miles from our coast and has been the subject of more discussion among our people during the last three years than any other country, it is remarkable how much ignorance concerning Cuba there is in the United States. In the first place, the island is much larger than is generally supposed. It is of irregular crescent shape, is 730 miles long and has an average width of 80 miles and an area of 43,319 square miles, without including its adjacent islands, which add over 2,000 square miles more. Although mountainous in the interior, much of the coast line is low and flat and difficult of approach on account of the numerous reefs and small islands, Notwithstanding this feature of the coast, it is said that no other island in the world has as many excellent harbors in proportion to its size. Of these, Havana, Matanzas, Bahia Honda, Mariel, Nuevitas, Nipe and Cardenas, on the north side, and Santiago de Cuba, Trinidad, Guantanamo and Clenfuegos, on the south side, are the principal and best known.

Cuba is divided into six provinces, Havana being the most thickly populated and Puerto Principe the least. The total population of the island before the present insurrection was more than 1,600,000, but it is believed that fully 400,000 people have since died from disease and starvation. A large part of the island is in a high state of cultivation, but there are no less than 20,000,000 acres of almost impenetrable forest, fully 13,000,000 of which have never been disturbed by man. But the soil which has been cultivated is marvelously rich and productive. To what extent this is so is shown by the fact that, notwithstanding the discouragements to industrial enterprises through the misrule of Spain, the exports in 1893 were valued at over 89,000,000 Spanish dollars.

The idea that Cuba is entirely unhealthy is a great mistake. The fact is that the greater part of the island, under normal conditions, is a very healthy region, and the sickly district could be made healthy by proper drainage.

The climate is not as disagreeable as most persons think. The highest temperature is rarely over 82 degrees, and the average the year round is about 77 degrees.

The chief agricultural products are sugar, coffee and tobacco, of which the United States takes the greater part. In 1893, for example, there were 815,894 tons of sugar produced, of which 718,204 tons were exported, the United States taking 680,642 tons. Of 227,000 bales of tobacco exported two-thirds came to this country, together with more than half the 147,365,000 cigars made. But while the exports footed up to a total of 89,000,000 Spanish dollars, and the imports 56,000,000, the taxation on the people reached nearly 25,000,000 Spanish dollars.

Of this sum, which is more than one-sixth the combined value of the imports and exports, less than one-half came from customs and one-fourth of the whole goes directly to Spain.

Another popular misconception concerning Cuba is that its native population is composed almost entirely of negroes. The fact is that of the 1,600,000 people at the last census more than 1,000,000 were whites and less than 500,000 negroes. There were 50,000 Chinese in the island. Cuba is not only one of the most fertile regions of the world, but is also exceedingly rich in minerals. Its iron ores are unsurpassed, it has an abundance of coal, an enormous quantity of hard woods and rich deposits of gold. The island has been so little developed that possibilities cannot be estimated. We shall probably see a wonderful agricultural and industrial advance in Cuba in the next ten years.

A Slight Mistake.

A Canadian river steamer was the scene of an amusing blunder, which a Wisconsin paper describes follows;

A lady passenger was taken ill in the night; a doctor's assistance was required. but the steamer did not carry a member of the profession. The list of passengers was read through, in order to discover if there was a medical man among them, and happily there was the name, James Thompson, M. D.

The steward quickly ran to Doctor Thompson's berth aroused the occupant by vigorous blows on the door.

"What's the matter? Is the boat sinking?" came from within, in a startled tone.

"There's a passenger ill, and we want your assistance, doctor," replied the steward.

"What are you playing at?" growled the voice. "I aint no doctor."

"Why, you have got 'M. D.' after your name."

"Well, I can put them letters after it if I like, can't I?" said the M. D. "That's my trade. I'm a mule-driver."

The Deacon's Determination.

"No," said the old deacon, "I ain't gwine in de war—not ef I knows it! I got a duty ter perform right heah. Dat duty is ter de Lawd; en de Lawd mus' be sarved fust. It ain't gwine ter be sich a easy war ez you think fer, en it's gwine ter take a heap er stiddy prayin' ter make de Americans win right off; en ez prayin' is my business, I gwine at it, en I'll keep it up twell de war come ter a eend."

"But," suggested a brother deacon, "s'pose dey ketch you a-prayin,'en try ter rush you ter de front?"

"De man whut does dat," said the deacon, with emphasis, will git his head chopped off—dats whut!"

Two years ago R. J. Warren, a druggist at Pleasant Brook, N. Y., bought a small supply of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. He sums up the result as follows: "At that time the goods were unknown in this section; to-day Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is a household word." It is the same in hundreds of communities. Wherever the good qualities of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy become known the people will have nothing else. For sale by M. L. Marsh & Co.

ONE OF HAM JONES' ANECDOTES.

The following from Harper's Magazine was published in the Carolina Watchman September, 1859, and is sent us by Mr. W. W. Harris, of Rock, Rowan county:

Judge Compton, of the North Carolina bench, is a bright ornament of his profession, but his solemnity of phiz and stately dignity are the subject often of merriment to the youngsters of the bar.

Your old friend, Ham Jones, and he were the best of friends, but the latter was wont to take occasion frequently to discompose his Honor's gravity in the trial of causes by throwing in some witticism or droll remark that sometimes would prove irresistible.

Ham was the solicitor of the sixth judicial circuit for many years, and in that capacity indicted a man by the name of McCaleb for stealing bacon. The cause was tried at Cabarrus court, and Mr. Ellis (now Governor of North Carolina) defended him. The proof was that the meat had lately been taken out of pickle and hung up. It was barely discolored with smoke, and not near being cured. The prisoner's counsel took the ground that the proof did not sustain the charge in the bill of indictment, for it appeared that his client had taken pork and not bacon.

The solicitor replied. He insisted the article was properly denominated, for that it was not necessary that meat should be thoroughly cured before it become bacon; that these two words pork and bacon served rather to indicate the condition in which it was while undergoing the process of curing; that while it was in the salt, in bulk, it was called pork, but immediately on being hung up it was properly bacon; "and to show," says he, "that I am right, I will relate to your Honor an anecdote."

The brow of the Judge assumed rather a stormy aspect, but this did not intimidate the incorrigible wit.

"Your Honor need not be afraid for the decorum of the court, for my illustration is strictly legal and historical. Sir Nicholas Bacon once presided at the trial of a man by the name of Hogg for some hanging matter, and upon his conviction asked him what he had to say why sentence of death should not be pronounced upon him. The culprit, who was an impudent fellow, said he didn't think his Honor ought to sentence him, for that they were akin.

'How do you make that out?' asked the judge.

'Because your name is Bacon and my name is Hogg, and these two should belong to the same family,' said the prisoner.

'I beg your pardon,' says the judge; 'hog has to be hung before it becomes bacon.'

"E converso," argued the solicitor, "when a hog is hung it becomes bacon, and the charge in the indictment is correct.

The judge stuffed his handerchief in his mouth, and after awhile commanded his countenance long enough to give poor McCaleb the benefit of the clerg, which in this instance means thirty-nine lashes, and adjourned the court for dinner.

On the occasion of settling some little preliminaries between the dinner bell and the gong, the judge said in a very grave way that that was the only joke he ever heard that was worth anything, but it was good for it convinced him of the correctness of a legal opinion.

How War Begins.

Charlotte Observer.

Touching a subject which has been much discussed of late, the Richmond Dispatch says:

The power to declare war is vested by the constitution in Congress, but a declaration of war would be subject to the provision of the organic law applying to "every order, resolution, and vote to which the concurrence of the Senate and House of Representatives may be necessary." That is to say, the President would have the right to veto, and in order then to give the declaration force and effect, the resolutions or what not would have to be passed over his veto, by a two-thirds vote of each branch of Congress.

Wars, ordinarily, do not, however, we think, begin with formal declarations. Nations are, in this regard, a good deal like individuals when they clash on the streets—they do not announce their purpose to fight but one strikes a blow, and hostilities are then on. There was no formal declaration of war between the United States and the Confederacy in 1861, but the signal was given in the firing on Fort Sumter. And so it may be in this case. If an American and a Spanish vessel should get within range of each other about now, it is not unlikely that there would be an exchange of shots, and if so that would be war. The first overt act on the part of either power at this juncture would eliminate the necessity for any congressional or presidential action. The overt act may come in one form or in another, but come it almost surely will if action at Washington is much longer delayed.

A Notable Precedent.

Atlanta Constitution.

On June 19th, 1822, the first official representative from South America was recognized by the government of the United States.

From that time forward the rule of Spain in the lower portion of the Western hemisphere began to wane until the last rebellious colony threw off her yoke and completed the sisterhood of South American republics.

While there was bitter opposition in certain portions of this country to the policy of taking any part whatever in South American affairs, still President Monroe paid little heed to this chatter and boldly inaugurated the decisive precedent which sounded the death knell of Spain's supremacy in South America.

In consequence of the inauguration this precedent the United States was not called upon to shed one single drop of blood.

If there existed any good reasons on our part for recognizing the independence of the South American republics there exists to-day equally good reasons for recognizing the indepence of Cuba, and why fear the consequences?

A scientific boxer may be either a pugilist or an undertaker.

LITERARY NOTES FROM BILLVILLE.

Atlanta Constitution.

The literary supper for the benefit of the Town Hall doorsteps was a great success One act of a play called "Mamlet" was given, and while the hero was waiting for the appearance of a ghost, who was related to his family, he put on the gloves and sparred six rounds with a fellow named Horatio.

We see from a literary exchange that "several of our leading authors are confined in Europe." This is only another way of saying that the walking to America is not good.

A strange thing occurred at the literary grab-bag entertainment the other night: The preacher put his hand in and drew out a pair of brass knucks; then the mayor, who was present, fined the preacher $10 for carrying the knucks and then set in and had a high old time on the money.

We regret to announce that the serial story we have been publishing will be discontinued, owing to an accident to to the author, who had his head blown off at a country dance.

A leading author from Boston was robbed at the Billville hotel recently. Authors who wear shirts and shoes should be careful to bolt their doors when stopping away from home.

The Literary Guards, of Billville, are ready to enlist for the war, and they have advertised for a private for the fifteen colonels, composing the company, to boss.

Some of our authors, who have been wintering abroad, are now walking home from Europe.

The literary and beef markets did a good business last week. Pork, however, closed somewhat higher than poetry. In fact, it was completely out of the latter's reach.

Our leading novelist was nearly suffocated while digging a fifty-foot well last week. The well caved in on him, and after we dug him out he was too weak to proceed with his literary work.

An illiterate hunter stole about ten pounds of manuscript from one of our literary men and used the same for gun-wadding. He killed sixteen squirrels with a story entitled: "True Love Wins," but he made amends by giving the author eight squirrels and a racoon.

Billville needs a publishing house, and will rent a room in the town hall building where authors can "set-up" their own manuscript on reasonable terms.

The literary market is full; but it is thinking strongly of joining a temperance society.

Two of our leading novelists have taken the lecture platform and eveything else in their reach.

Patriotic poetry closed two points lower than pork last week, and wasn't half as filling.

The Billville Magazine is a new venture. The editor will accept subscriptions in literary wood and potatoes.

The Billville Directory and Census shows that during the past year thirty-nine colonels, fifteen majors and seven captains were born in this town.

The Literary Diversion Society caught a barrel of fish and too moonshine distilleries recently.

All gifts to the New Literary Alliance will be thankfully received. The mayor has already given it $10 and costs.

Fifteen candidates for the office of town librarian are going to night school so that they may be able to read the titles of books.

A Great Monstrosity.

Mooresville Record.

Mr. F. S. Smith living below Coddle Creek brought to town this morning a queer looking animal. Early yesterday morning he went out to feed his hogs and espied a strange bird setting upon the fence. It did not seem to notice him so he started towards it. It made an attempt to fly but it seemed as if it had only one wing and Mr. Smith had no trouble in capturing it. No one seems to know what it is. Part of the body has feathers upon it, like a chicken while one side there appears coarse red hair. The neck is only about three inches long and is covered with scales. The legs are short and while one is large the other is small and appear without joints. It makes a peculiar noise somewhat like a child crying. Mr. Smith will have it upon exhibition at Goodman's drug store until noon to-day when he will take it to Salisbury to be exhibited. He has already refused quite a sum of money for it.

Youv'e Got Us on This.

Charlotte Observer.

We were amused last Thursday morning, when, anxious to get the war news, we opened the Charlotte Observer, and on the first page, saw in triple headlines, "In Charlotte This Morning." "The Maine Report in an Iron Safe." We thought, of course, Lieutenant Marix had stopped over in Charlotte with the report and had read it to an immense, patriotic crowd in Independence Square, the birthplace of American independence, but, to our surprise, we noted that he did not stop, and passed Charlotte just like he did Harrisburg, Concord and China Grove.—Concord Times.

Well, anyhow, there haven't been as many of your folks vaccinated as there have been of Charlotte people, and you haven't had a case of smallpox at all.

The Lee Claim.

The house of representatives had before it a very interesting case last week. It was the claim of the heirs of Mrs. Robert E. Lee for $217,236, the sum which the court of claims has decided was the value of the wood and other supplies taken by the Federal authorities during the war for military purposes from the estate in Fairfax county, then occupied by Mrs. Fitzhugh, sister of Mrs. Lee. Mrs. Fitzhugh died in 1872, leaving Mrs. Lee her residuary legatee. Mrs. Fitzhugh was loyal to the Union during the war and if her claim was good the heirs of Mrs. Lee are entitled to the sum which the court of claims has fixed. The house of representatives by a vote of 132 to 91 refused to pay the claim.

The directors of the Presbyterian orphanage at Barium Springs have decided to erect a building for boys. It will be modern in design and equipment.

DANGERS OF MORMONISM.

Philadelphia Times.

General John Eaton, of Washington, D. C., delivered a lecture at Association Hall, under the auspices of the Evangelical Alliance, He took for his subject, "The Mormons and the Way to Suppress Them." He said: The subject which I have chosen to-day may seem an unnecesary one, but the dangers it threatens makes its consideration most important. The spread of the Mormon religion is wonderful. According to the official accounts from the Mormon Propaganda it lately received 65,000 converts each year—a number almost incredible. It has beside its nominal members 300,000 regular communicants.

"The Mormons, though essentially the same as formerly, do not carry out the old plan of conversion. They now visit the houses of persons in pairs, and are very similar in their methods to the followers of Moody. They present a card on gaining admittance and which, as they are written, do not seem so extravagant. They are careful not to give offense, and having won favor can obtain a satisfactory hearing. Their hearers, finding no objection to their mild religious statements, become less horrified, and by degrees are influenced disastrously, oftentimes becoming members of the Mormon Church in spite of its atrocities.

"The Mormon faith in itself is to be dreaded, but the probability of its unhealthful influence is still worse. The State of Utah, though admitted into the Union by promising to abandon polygamy, is now governed by the followers of Smith, and as their religion is universally adopted the State will make no laws to destroy it. But the danger does not cease here. The State of Utah has the right to send two Senators to Washington. Two Mormons are therefore living at the capital with their wives and admitted into our most respectable American society. The danger of this is obvious. More than once social intercourse has resulted in the ultimate conversion of Christians to Mormonism. Many who have settled or visited Utah began to worship in these pagan churches, because it was stylish to be Mormons in that country, and their ruination soon followed.

"Another danger resulting in the power of Mormonism in Utah is its political strength. Even now nothing could be done in the Senate against it without being strongly opposed by the two Senators just mentioned. In the State itself no one but a Mormon will be received favorably. They have recently established two headquarters in Mississippi, one in Athens, Alabama; one in Tennessee, and several in New York, New Jersey and other localities near by. Even our own State contains many Mormon converts. They are now erecting schools, academies and even universities to spread their infamous doctrine."

Lee Advises Ex-Confederates to Fight for Glory of the United States.

A dispatch from Greensboro, Ind., to the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, says: Prof. John H. Bobbitt, ex-county superintendent, and a teacher in the city schools, has received a letter from Consul-General Lee, in which he speaks plainly of the duty of the Southern soldier in case of a conflict between the United States and Spain. Prof. Bobbitt was an orderly on General Lee's staff. Prof. Bobbitt is a strong Cuban sympathizer, and believes that this country should go to war with Spain Recently he addressed the following to General Lee:

"What should a Confederate soldier do in case of war with Spain?"

General Lee promptly replied in the following letter:

"My Dear Sir: Replying to your letter of the 15th inst., I answer the question contained therein by saying that it is your duty and the duty of every Confederate soldier, the same as every Federal soldier, in case of war between the United States and Spain or any other foreign power, to be loyal to the government of the United States, and do whatever you can to maintain the glory of her flag. FITZHUGH LEE."

Professor Bobbitt says General Lee had the love and admiration of all under him, and had the reputation among his men as a brave and cool-headed officer and fighter.

A scientific boxer may be either a pugilist or an undertaker.

Love that Alters.

"Love is not love that alters when it alteration finds."

That is one of the sublimest lines in all literature. It is the final definition of love by the world's greatest reader of the human mind,—Shakespeare. Nearly all women who truly love, love in this sublime way. Men seldom do.

Woman's most glorious endowment is the power to awaken and hold the pure and honest love of a worthy man. When she loses it and still loves on, no one in the wide world can know the heart agony she endures. The woman who suffers from weakness and derangement of her special womanly organism soon loses the power to sway the heart of a man. Her general health suffers and she loses her good looks, her attractiveness, her amiability and her power and prestige as a woman. Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N.Y., with the assistance of his staff of able physicians, has prescribed for many thousands of women. He has devised a perfect and scientific remedy for women's ailments. It is known as Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It is a positive specific for all weaknesses, diseases, disorders, displacements, irregularities, and debilitating drains peculiar to women. It purifies, regulates, strengthens and heals. Medicine dealers sell it, and no honest dealer will advise you to accept a substitute that he may make a little larger profit.

"I was afflicted with kidney trouble and I have always had a torpid liver," writes Mrs. E. Crosswhite, of Duffau, Erath Co., Texas. "When I commenced your medicine I was not able to stand on my feet. I used one bottle of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and five vials of his 'Pleasant Pellets.' I am now well. I had not walked in four months when I commenced the treatment; but in ten days I was able to walk everywhere."

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