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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 21, 1898. Number 42.

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BILL ARP'S LETTER.

War is a big thing—an awful thing—but our people do not seem to be very much concerned. They have more curiosity than apprehension. The great excitement is at Washington, and even there it is based not upon fear or blood or suffering, but upon the struggle between the two great political parties—which one shall get ahead and what move is the best one to get ahead and stay there. Whatever McKinley does or proposes to do the democrats must fight it and vice versa. The success of the party is bigger thing than war. We have never seen congress so bewildered. Some are for intervention, some for recognition, some for annexation and all for revenge. Wall street sees nothing but the money that is in it. Some preachers are for peace at any price and some are howling for war. Of course the army and navy want a fight, for that is their professional business and gives a chance for promotion. Then there are the editors and publishers who must appear to be at fever heat whether they feel so or not, for it is a harvest time for news and the people want the news and will buy the papers. The farmers, too, are affected and are studying what to plant for profit, and the speculators in grain and meat are bulling and bearing, according to their faith.

But the great masses of the American people, the toilers and consumers, who have nothing to gain and nothing to lose by a war, are lookers on with unconcern. They have no axe to grind, nor even a hatchet, but still have a feeble hope of more work and better wages. Down here at the south there is no great interest except in the cities, for our people never get any contracts or government jobs, and don't expect any gain from a war with Spain. If we get a custom house here and there the material must come from over the line, notwithstanding the marble and the granite are at our doors. Northern contractors clean out our rivers and harbors and all the profit goes away from home.

Our mischievous people tell the negroes they have got to go and do all the fighting, for it is McKinley's war and they all voted for him. The boys read to them paragraphs from the northern papers which say that northern soldiers would die of fever in Cuba in a week and that only southern negroes can stand the climate. Lots of them around here are fixing to hide out and have done picked out their canebrake. Clarence, the drayman, is a leader, a heeler in elections, and he says: "I never vote for any war. I ain't gwine to fight. I ain't done nothin' to nobody and nobody ain't done-nothin' to me. I ain't mad wid nobody and how can a man fight widout he's mad.—Mr. Akerman and Mr. Crawford got me into dis scrape and dey must git me out. I wonder if dey is gwine to do war."

Last Sunday I saw a gang of negroes standing around a preacher and he was reading the big headlines of The Constitution to them. There is a large pictorial recruiting poster in the postoffice and they stand off and look at it with serious alarm. But they are not going from these parts, neither are the white people going right now. Old man Ingram was a good fighter in the last war and seemed to like the business and he says he wouldn't mind going if they will let him fight under General Lee and wear gray clothes. My friend, Captain Dobbs, says he will go along with Dr. Calhoun and will skirmish around awhile and get sick and get the doctor to give him a discharge at the end of three months and then he will come home and draw a pension all the rest of his life.

Well, if it has to be a war Mr. McKinley had better turn it over to General Lee to fight it.

Big things are piling in on us just now. The state canvass for state officials is now going on and getting red hot and it takes nearly all our time to keep up with that and the war too. Maybe we will need another war governor and if we do Colonel Candler has had more experience in that line than some other folks.

Colonel Renfroe could take care of the negro convicts and march them to the front just like old Joe Brown did the 200 convicts in the penitentiary when Sherman came along. Governor Brown went down there with a wagon load of gray clothes and made them take off their stripes and he gave them all guns and had them to elect their officers and then made them a speech and said:

"Gentlemen, Fellow Citizens, Soldiers: It doesn't follow that because you are convicts you are not patriots. Now is the great opportunity of your lives to redeem yourselves and wipe off the disgrace from yourselves and your kindred. The enemy is at your doors and you must fight him—yes!

"Fight till the last armed foe expires
Fight for your altars and your fires,
God and your native land."

And they hailed their freedom with a shout and they marched forth like new men, and they did fight. Just so, Colonel Renfroe could mark the 2,000 negro convicts forth and under his lead they, too, will fight.

Then here is the cold wintry blast that has come over our country and killed our fruit and vegetables and paralyzed our hopes. Our most forward peaches are not killed, but our potatoes are utterly prostrated. They will come out again and I think will make us a good crop. Two years ago mine were killed down to the ground but they came out again and I never had a better crop. This leads me to think that maybe they had better be cut down early and then they would make more fruit and less vines. My wife threw all sorts of old clothes over her Hareschal Neal rose rose vine that was full of buds. My neighbors covered up their beans and beets, and some of them spread newspapers over their potatoes and saved them. I was away down in Greensboro the coldest night and it was not cold enough there to kill anything. A few degrees of latitude makes a great difference. Mr. Marbury, the weather man, foretold us of this coming freeze and I have great faith in him. When the weather bureau was first established we thought it was a humbug, but long observation has convinced the world that the winds and the waves and the weather are not the mystery they use to be. Science has revealed their courses and their changes and the telegraph tells it truly many hours beforehand. The scripture says, 'The wind bloweth where it listeth and ye hear the sound thereof, but ye cannot tell whence it cometh nor whither it goeth.''

But we can tell now and can fortify against disasters on land and perils on the deep. Verily, there is something new under the sun.

I was ruminating about the classic town of Greensboro, one of the oldest towns in the state. What a beautiful country surrounds it! What pretty roads and streets. What attractive homes and pretty mansions. What wealth of lovely flowers. I saw wisterias there growing wild bowering upon old dead trees. Many of these stately antebellum mansions still have the tail fluted columns and the parapet roofs that were so common in the olden time. I saw the old Cone mansion and the house where William C. Dawson lived. I went to college with the Dawson boys, but they are dead and left no sign. I heard their father make a speech in 1845. He was the first whig who ever represented that district in congress. He was United States senator in 1847. He was universally popular—kind, courteous and gentle, he worked his own way from humble life up to many eminent positions and never lost a friend. Dawson county was named for him, but none was named for Toombs or Stephens. They were greater statemen, but they made enemies while Dawson, by his exceeding courtesy and gentle manners, made friends. Young men, if you aspire to political honors, you had better remember. When Stephen Girard was asked the secret of his success he replied, "Civility."

BILL ARP.

Right to Exclude Intoxicated Passengers.

Railway World.

A judgment for $880 awarded to James Freedon, in the supreme court in Oswego county, New York, in his suit against the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad Company, to recover damages for a personal injury alleged to have been caused by the wrongful assault committed by defendant's conductor, while plaintiff was attempting to enter a passenger coach, has been reversed by the fourth appellate division. The plaintiff claimed that as he was entering a passenger coach the conductor asked him if he had a ticket, and that when he replied that he had money with which to pay his fare, the conductor ordered him off the train and put his hand against his breast, to that he fell and sustained serious injuries. The plaintiff admitted that he had been drinking whisky and was drunk. The court held, by Justice Follett, that a railroad company has a right to refuse to allow a person who is not in possession of a ticket, and who is so far intoxicated as to be helpless and almost unconscious, to enter its passenger cars.

Edison Won't Talk Into a Phonograph.

"Mr. Edison has persistently refused to register his voice upon a phonograph cylinder for repetition," according to an anecdotal biography of Inventor Edison, in the April Ladies' Home Journal. "To some friends who urged him to talk into one of these machines he gave his reason: 'It would make me sick with disgust to see placarded on phonographs everywhere I turn: "Drop a nickel in the slot and hear Edison talk!" No, no; none of that for me.' The tone of voice in which he stated his objection made it clearly apparent that he could neither be coaxed nor dragged into granting the request, even though he has had an offer of $10,000 for a five-minutes' talk. In perfecting the phonograph he has, of course, been obliged to talk into the machine frequently, but the cylinder is always scraped so that his voice cannot be reproduced. To one close friend, however, he reluctantly gave a cylinder recording a few of his words, and to a young man who particularly interested him he gave another on which is recorded his favorite story. These are the only two in existence."

"Dat Wife Hanna."

Charlotte Observer.

Friday night a group of negroes, eager to hear the war news, surrounded the Observer bulletin, and one in the party lined it out, as it were. After the import of the telegrams had been taken in, the crowd moved to one side and began discussing McKinley and the delay of the message. Mr. H. C. Eccles stepped up to the board about that time, and his ear became at once even more interested than his eye. This is the discussion he heard:

"What you think o' Mr. McKinley?" said one.

"He's all right," said another. "He knows what he is doing. Dis here delay, it gwine to be all right."

"Yes; Mr. McKinley, he's all right," said a third, "but dat wife Hanna of his—she de very devil."

Called the Speaker to Time.

A colored evangelist who was soliciting subscriptions for "de po' heathen sinners what live 'crost de ocean," said in the course of his remarks:

"Des think er dem, dear brotherin'—dem po', benighted people—goin' eroun stark naked, in a climate dat's ez hot ez de place whar lots er you is gwine ter! Not a stitch er cloze ter dey backs!"

But just here an old deacon rose and said:

"May I ax de brudder one question?"

"Yes, sub; en two, ef you likes."

"Well," exclaimed the deacon, bringing his fist down on the pew railing, "What I wants ter know is dis: What does dem naked heathen want wid cloze in a climate ez hot as dat? In my opinion, what dey raly needs mos' is umbrellas!"

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.

ACCUMULATING MONEY.

The first and most infallible method toward the attaining of this end is thrift. All men are not equally qualified for getting money, but it is in the power of every one alike to practice this virtue, and we believe there are very few persons who, if they please to reflect on their past lives, will not find that, had they saved all those little sums which they have spent unnecessarily, they might at present be masters of a competent fortune. Diligence justly claims the next place to thrift; we find both these excellently well recommended to common use in the three following Italian proverbs:

Never do that by proxy which you can do yourself.

Never defer that till to-morrow which you can do to-day.

Never neglect small matters and expenses.

A third instrument of growing rich is method in business, which, as well as the two former, is also attainable by persons of the meanest capacities.

The famous De Witt, one of the greatest statesmen of the age in which he lived, being asked by a friend how he was able to dispatch that multitude of affairs in which he was engaged, replied that his whole art consisted in doing one thing at once. "If," says he, "I have any necessary dispatches to make, I think of nothing else until those are finished; if any domestic affairs require my attention, I give myself up wholly to them until they are set in order."

In short, we often see men of dull and phlegmatic tempers accumulating great estates by making a regular and orderly disposition of their business.

From what has been said, we think it may be laid down as a maxim that every man of good common sense may, if he please, in his particular station of life, become comfortably well off in money matters. The reason why we sometimes see that men of the greatest capacities are not so, is either because they do not care as much for wealth as they do for something else; they are not content to be getting an estate, they may do it in their own way, and at the same time enjoy all the pleasures and gratifications of life.

Efficacious Prescription.

A lady who had suffered tortures from a corn upon one of her toes called on a professional chiropodist. He soon relieved her of the hardened little offender, and besides paying him his fee, she thanked him heartily.

"Please tell me, doctor," she said, "how I can prevent another one coming in its place."

"Well, madam," he replied, after a moment's reflection, "I am doctor enough, perhaps, to give you a prescription that will always prevent a corn from coming."

He tore a leaf out of a note-book, wrote a few words upon it, and handed it to her.

It read: "Looshoo. Apply once a day."

"You can get it at almost any place," he explained. "There is no charge. You are welcome."

After inquiring in vain at several drug stores for "looshoo," she showed the prescription to a friend, who studied it a moment and said:

"Why, that is plain enough. It means 'loose shoe!"

The prescription was tried, and proved effective.

The Bull Didn't Know.

From Tit-Bits.

A story is told of a great English personage who thought everybody knew or ought to know him. One day he was walking through a field when a bull addressed him in an undertone and made for him with his head down, and his horns in position to raise him.

He was a minister, a man of dignity and political power, and of natural philosophy. But he ran. He ran surprisingly well. He ran better than ever he did for office, and he got over the fence first. He clambered over, out of breath and dignity, and found the owner of the bull contemplating the operation.

"What do you mean, sir, "asked the irate statesman, "by having an infuriated animal like that roaming over the field?"

"Well, I suppose the bull has some right in the field," said the farmer.

"Right? Do you know who I am, sir?" gasped the baronet.

The farmer shook his head.

"I am the Right Honorable sir—"

"Then why on earth didn't you tell the bull?" said the farmer.

Were Sorry for the Calf.

The lesson was from the prodigal son and the teacher was dwelling on the character of the elder brother.

"But amid all the rejoicing," he said, "there was one to whom the preparation of the feast brought no joy, to whom the prodigal's return brought no pleasure, but only bitterness; one who did not approve of the feast being held, and who had no wish to attend it. Now, can any of you tell me who this was?"

There was a breathless silence, followed by a vigorous cracking of thumbs, and then from a dozen sympathetic little geniuses came the chorus:

"Please, sir, it was the fatted calf!"

Laid out His Benefit.

A Kansas lad of 12 years was industriously at work upon a pile of wood in his mother's back yard when he was approached by a playmate.

"Hallo, Ben!" said this youngster, "do you get anything for cuttting the wood?"

"Well, I should think I do," replied Ben. "Mother gives me two cent a day for doing it."

"My! What yer goin' to do with yer money?"

"O, she's saving it for me, and when I get enough she's going to get me a new ax."

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 DOOR IS OPEN.

Populists Will be Cordially Welcome Back Into the Democratic Fold.

Cleveland Star.

There is no longer any excuse for a discussion as to the causes that led many good, honest men to leave the Democratic party a few years ago and ally themselves with the Populist. Granting, for the sake of argument, that they were fully justified in their action, there is no longer any excuse for them to remain outside of the party of their early and splendid manhood, and the party of their fathers.

The Democratic party, by the declaration of the national convention, the Supreme Court of the party, boldly advocates every great principle espoused by Jefferson, the peerless Democratic leader. No man who has ever been a Democrat can demand more. Nobody but a fool expects the Democratic party to go back upon the platform adopted at Chicago, for it is the embodiment of truly Democratic principles and represents everything that is best and purest in our national life, and is the only formidable opponent to the monopoly ridden, gold standard Republican party, therefore it is the part of wisdom and patriotism for the few to return to the many and both combined will form an invincible army to battle for the rights of the common people.

In this campaign State issues will be overshadowing in prominence, because this election will have little bearing upon other than State matters. It is exceedingly important that the white men of the State should get together, and the only way that this union of forces can be arranged is under the name of the Democratic party. The Democrats have over four times as many voters as the Populists in this State, and isn't it natural and reasonable that the smaller army should join forces with the greater, rather than expect the greater to become a part of the lesser. The talk about two separate organizations fusing or co-operating and keeping intact their party organizations, is impracticable and absurd, as things are constituted at present.

The Democratic party has drawn the line and opened wide the door of admission into its ranks and begs all men who favor good government and white supremacy to join in the great fight. There will be no blacklisting, no policy of proscription, no questions asked as to how any man voted in the past, if you are in favor of good government in the State and will support the nominees of the party, you are thirice welcome to participate in the Democratic primaries and conventions and assist in shaping the policy of the party. Of course all Populists will not come back; some of them have Republican leanings, but the great majority are honest and brave men, and as patriots, they will see their duty and not be slow to perform it.

Out of the Mouths of Babes.

Freddie, aged 4, came downstairs one morning with a very bad cold in his head, and, running to his mamma, he exclaimed: "Oh, mamma, bofe of my eyes is leakin' an' one of my noses is frozen up!"

Little 3-year-old Mabel went out for a walk with her father one morning, and as they started to return her father asked: "Shall we walk back, Mabel, or take a street car?" "I'd razzer walk" she replied, "if 'ou will tarry me."

Little Jennie did not want to go to Sunday-school and her mamma said: "Why, Jennie, don't you want to hear about heaven and the beautiful golden streets?" "No, I dess not," replied the little miss, "I fink I'd razzer wait 'till I get there an' be s'prised."

Bobby, aged 4, was out playing in the yard when his father called him to come to dinner. He did not respond at once, however, and when he came in later his father asked: "Bobby, didn't you hear me when I called you awhile ago?" "Yeth, sir," answered the little fellow, "but I touldn't hear you very dood."

Bessie's grandma was reading a newspaper and happened to say something about the funny anecdotes it contained. Later when she laid the paper aside Bessie picked it up and after looking it over she exclaimed: "Gwan'ma, I tan't find 'em!" "Can't find what, dear?" asked grandma. "Zem funny-goats," was the reply.

The Deacon's Lecture on Job.

I dunno what dey call Job a patient man fer, kase of all de growlers I ever hearn tell on he wuz de growlinest! But he sho' did have enough ter make him growl—dat he did! De devil say: "Look heah, Job, you's in my power now, en I gwine ter 'flict you wid a few biles, so git ready!" En Job say: "All right; I kin stan' it ef you kin;" but brudderin', de biles commence ter break out so thick en fas' dat Job say: "Look heah, man, dese ain't no biles; dis de smallpox, sho's you bo'n!" En he eetch en eetch so dat he had ter scratch hisself wid a goat's head. Den de devil git in high wind en blow down Job's house; en dat wuz too much! So Job lif' up his voice en say: "Look heah: I bargain fer biles, but I didn't want no harricane t'rowed in fer good measure!" En he growl en growl 'twell his fr'ens couldn't stan' it no longer, en hit de grit!

A Long Way Round.

Necessity is the mother of invention, and the hungry Frenchman, told about in a biography recently published in England, illustrates the old adage anew.

He was in an English restaurant, and wanted eggs for breakfast, but he had forgotten the Englishword. So he got around the difficulty in the following way.

"Vaiterre, vat is dat valking in de yard?"

"A cock sir."

"Ah! And vat you call de cock's vife?"

"The hen, sir."

"And vat you call de shildrens of de cock and his vife?"

"Chickens, sir."

"But vat you call de shicken before dey be shicken?"

"Eggs, sir."

"Bring me two."

Push your work if you wish to avoid being pushed by it.

THE LATEST PILL CIRCULAR.

J. A. Hall in Atlanta Journal.

There are certain symptoms by which nature marks the progress of dread disease which are so plain that anybody—even though you may not know enough to pick up a quarter when you find it in the street—can easily recognize and thereby diagnose your own malady.

If you have that tired feeling just after carrying the cooking stove upstairs and trying for four hours to fit on the pipe, it shows beyond all shadow of a doubt that you are already a hopeless consumptive, dyspeptic and liable at any moment to become a duplex maniac. If, after walking nine miles, you feel languid and want to sit down, it shows that the root of your mouth needs a new coat of metallic paint and coal tar. Unless these warnings of nature are heeded and the proper repairs to the human machine attended to the bottom is liable to drop out of your prospects and your life become one prolonged melancholy fake.

If your heart beats with a regular sledge hammer stroke you should immediately be scared out of your socks, for your ribs are in danger of being broken. If the beats are slow and weak, you should be scared still more, because there is no earthly telling what is the matter with you.

If your eyelids become heavy about midnight and you feel a burning desire not to do anything but tumble in the bed, only to become instantly unconscious, you are truly treading upon quicksand. That is, if you do any treading at all.

Well people should stay up all night and make no complaint. If you occasionally feel a certain goneness in the pit of the stomach—a feeling which causes you to look upon an elaborate and juicy beefsteak as one of the most beautiful and entrancing sights in the world (which is a horrible illusion of the optic nerve) you should instantly consult an undertaker and let the making of your will to the lowest bidder.

But all of these horrible conditions can be easily and instantly avoided by a one-cent package of our known-all-over-the-world-and-never-failed-a-single time liver pills. The reason we do not charge any more for the pills is that we know you will have to pay a doctor's bill of about $19 every time you take one, and we don't want to be the least bit hard on you.

A Kentucky Testimonial.

An amusing little incident occurred in the City Court one morning this week. The lawyer for a prisoner who never was arrested before wished to prove the previous good character of his client, and tendered the Judge a letter which, he said, would show the standing and honorable character of the culprit. The Judge took the letter, and as he read it a broad smile stole over his face.

"Did I understand you to say," he asked of the lawyer, "that this letter was a certificate of character?"

"You did, your honor," replied the lawyer.

"Well," remarked the Judge, "I don't know but what it is, but I hardly think it is the letter you thought it was—read it."

He handed it back and the lawyer glanced over it. It was a letter from a firm of distillers, stating that they had just shipped so many gallons of whisky to a member of his family, and they were confident he would find the liquor excellent.

He Wants To Come Home.

A Georgia man who went to the Klondike has been heard from. His brother, who lives near Atlanta, received the following letter from him recently:

"Dear Jim: Stay where you air. I'm sorry I ever come here. At this writin' my hat is froze to my head, an' if I wuz to go to church I couldn't pull it off. My boots is likewise. Two weeks ago I lost the big toe what I chopped with a ax when I wuz a boy. Please send me one good wooden leg, (left leg.) as I expect to have a leg sawed of next weeeek. Jim, sell my mules an' the oxen, an' send me money enough to get home on. I'm tired!"

Used Her Baby as a Club.

RALEIGH, N. C., April 12.—William Scott, of Wilmington, while at home with his family yesterday talked about the prospect of war between the United States and Spain. Nettie Scott, Williams' sister, who belongs to the "sanctified band," declared that war meant the world would end right away. Scott's wife and Nettie quarrelled about this matter and the former told her to leave or she would knock her down with her baby, which she had in her arms. The woman caught her baby by the legs, swung it around and dealt her sister-in-law a terrific blown on the side of the head. Her husband tried to take the baby from her, but had to beat her before he could do so. The baby has concussion of the brain and will die.

The democratic primaries which have so far been held in over one-fourth of the counties in Tennessee indicate the nomination of Congressman Benton McMillin for governor. Out of 481 instructed delegates, Mr. McMillin has a majority of more than fifty over his three competitors combined. In East and Middle Tennessee he had a big lead on his opponents, and in West Tennessee is developing unexpected strength.

The Chicago Tribune does not like the peace sermons and recalls with evident approval the story of the army chaplain in the civil war who was preaching one day on the blessedness of turning the other cheek. Suddenly a lieutenant galloped up and yelled: "The enemy are in sight boys; give 'em h—l." And the benediction the chaplain offered came quick: "Boys, obey your commander."

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People who are too fresh are apt to get in a pickle.

The greatness of many a man is merely the possession of a clever wife.

LOSS OF LIFE IN WAR.

Figures Showing the Number That Have Lost Their Lives for Their Country.

Chicago Inter-Ocean.

The civil war cost 363,000 lives. Of this number 98,089 were slain in battle. The vast army which succumbed to disease was no less than 184,331, while the remaining 20,000 or so died of wounds received.

At the battle of Waterloo 51,000 men were killed or disabled. There were 145,000 soldiers in that great struggle, and it is estimated that one man was either killed or disabled for every 400 shots fired, counting both the artillery and rifle shots.

In the Crimean war 95,615 lives were sacrificed, and at Borodino, when the French and Russians fought, 78,000 men were left dead on the battlefield. There were 250,000 troops in combat in that engagement.

Of the 95,615 men who perished in the Crimean 80,000 were Turks and Russians. In 1881 a great uproar was caused because Englishmen took up all the skeletons they could find, brought them to England and converted the bones into fertilizers. It is said that nearly the entire 80,000 skeletons of the Turks and Russians were thus made into money.

Since the birth of Christ 4,000,000,000 men have been slain in battle. Before the beginning of the Christian era the losses cannot be estimated, owing to the very indistinct and inaccurate accounts that have been handed down. It is generally conceded, however, that the numbers said to have participated in the battles of the Greeks and other warring nations of the ancient world have been greatly exaggerated.

At Canea, where the Romans suffered the worst defeat in their history, it is said that 52,000 of their soldiers were slain. The Roman army in this battle consisted of 146,000 men—the picked brawn and sinew of the empire.

In the Franco-Prussian war 77,000 Frenchmen were killed. The Germans fired 30,000,000 rifle shots to attain this result. During the same war Germans fired 363,000 artillery charges.

But When it Touched her Interests Patriotism Took a Turn.

Cleveland Leader.

"Of course we want war," exclaimed Mrs. Danbury. "The idea of letting such an outrage go unpunished! I don't care whether the Spaniards did it or not. They deserve to be whipped any way. If they hadn't oppressed those poor Cubans, our boat wouldn't have been ordered to go down there, and the terrible thing would probably not have appened.

"People who want to wait until the facts can be learned are cowards. They have no right to live in a free country. They should go back to Europe where they or their ancestors came from, and be serfs. If liberty isn't worth fighting for it isn't worth having.

"I just wish I were a man! I can tell you I would show some of these cowards how to act at such a time as this!"

"Bravo! Bravo!" exclaimed her husband. "Spoken like a regular little patriot! Your sentiments are mine, exactly. I'm glad you take such a noble view of it, for now I shall not have to hesitate any longer. There is something I have wanted to tell you for two days, but I have hesitated for fear it might distress you. I am going to join a military company so as to be ready to go to the front at first call to serve my country, I am so glad you——."

"John!" exclaimed Mrs. Danbury, "are you crazy? Do you mean to say that you would go away to war and leave me here alone? You will join no military company! You will stay right here, no matter what happens! This country has never done anything for you! Let others do its fighting if it gets into trouble. Here, take a cup of tea, It'll be good for your head!"

Shakespeare make a man on a storm-smitten ship exclaim, "Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground!" Modernized and amended, this cry may take the form of the exclamation, "Now would I give a thousand square miles of Alaska for the rockiest acre on a New England farm!" Many a disappointed Klondiker would compromise on a half-acre.

Walking the Floor.

When a business man gets to the point where he cannot sleep at night, where he is so shattered of nerve that it is torture to even remain in his bed, and, he has to get up and pace the floor—it is time for that man to bring himself up with a round turn. If he does not, it means nervous prostration and mental, if not physical, death.

For a man who gets into this condition there is a remedy that will brace him up, put him on his feet and make a man of him again. It is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It goes to the bottom of things. It searches out the first cause. When a man is in this condition you can put your finger on one of two spots and hit that first cause—the stomach or the liver or both. This great medicine acts directly on these spots. It promptly transforms a weak stomach into a healthy one. It facilitates the flow of digestive juices and makes digestion and assimilation perfect. It gives a man an appetite like a boy's. It invigorates the liver. It fills the blood with the life-giving elements of the food, and makes it pure, rich, red and plentiful. The blood is the life current, and when it is filled with the elements that build new and healthy tissues, it does not take long to make a man well and strong. It builds firm, muscular flesh tissues and strong and steady nerve fibers. It puts new life, vigor and vitality into every atom and organ of the body. It cures nervous exhaustion and prostration. Nothing "just as good" can be found at medicine stores.

"I had suffered about eleven years with a pain in the back of my head and back," writes Mr. Robert Hubbard, of Varner, Lincoln Co., Ark. "I suffered for eleven years and spent a great deal of money for doctors and medicine, but did not get relief. Then I tried four bottles of the 'Golden Medical Discovery' and improved greatly. I sent for five more and now am glad to tell everyone that I am in good health."

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