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THE CONCORD TIMES.

John B. Sherrill, Editor and Owner. "BE JUST AND FEAR NOT." $1.00 a Year, in Advance.
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THE CONCORD WEEKLY TIMES
Leading Paper in This Section.
LARGE AND ESTABLISHED CIRCULATION
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EYES SPEAK

Volumes, at times, of woman's happiness or misery. The dull, sunken eye, with its dark circles almost surely speaks of womanly ill-health, and its attendant suffering. With the dull eye goes usually the sallow, sunken cheek, the drawn mouth, the shrunken form—the whole glory of woman's beauty marred by the effects of disease.

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Sick women are invited to consult Dr. Pierce by letter *free*, and so obtain the advice of a specialist upon their disease. All correspondence is strictly private and sacredly confidential. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

"With pleasure I send a few lines to let you know that I feel much better than for eight years before taking your medicine," writes Mrs. Pierce Geise, of 822 West Phila. Street, York, Pa. "Will recommend Dr. Pierce's medicine to every person who may inquire as to what it has done for me. I was troubled with female weakness, and began to think I would never be well. If I had continued the treatment prescribed by my doctor I don't know what would have become of me. When your treatment was commenced my weight was 108 pounds, at present it is 130. Have healthy color and my friends say I look well. My best thanks to you and my best wishes, too, for what you have done for me."

"Favorite Prescription" makes weak women strong, sick women well. Accept no substitute for the medicine which works wonders for weak women.

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PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

DR. H. C. HERRING, DENTIST,
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As partners, will practice law in Cabarrus, Stanly and adjoining counties, in the Superior and Supreme Courts of the State and in the Federal Courts. Office in court house.
Parties desiring to lend money can leave it with us or place it in Concord National Bank for us, and we will lend it on good real estate security free of charge to the depositor.
We make thorough examination of title to lands offered as security for loans.
Mortgages foreclosed without expense to owners of same.

The Tourist Season
Opens with the Month of June,
AND THE
SOUTHERN RAILWAY
announces the sale of
Low Rate
Summer Excursion Tickets
From All Southern Points
To the delightful Resorts located on and reached via its lines.
These tickets bear final limit October 31, 1902.
That section of North Carolina known as the
"THE LAND OF THE SKY,"
AND THE
"SAPPHIRE COUNTRY,"
is particularly attractive to those in search of mountain resorts, where the air is ever cool and invigorating, and where accommodations can be had either at the comfortable and well-kept boarding houses or the more expensive and up-to-date hotels.
ADDITIONAL SLEEPING CARS.
Placed in Service from Various Points to Principal Resorts, thus affording
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For reaching those Points.
Particular attention is directed to the elegant Dining Car Service on principal through trains
Southern Railway has just issued its handsome Resort Folder, descriptive of the many delightful resorts along the line of its road. This folder also gives the names of proprietors of hotels and boarding houses and number of guests they can accommodate. Copy can be had upon application to any Southern Railway Agent.
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LIFE OF T. DEWITT TALMAGE, by his son, Rev. Frank DeWitt Talmage and associate editors of Christian Herald. Only book endorsed by Talmage family. Enormous profit for agents who act quickly. Outfit ten cents. Write immediately Clark & Co., 222 S. 4th St., Philadelphia, Pa. Mention this paper.

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

AN OLD FAVORITE

ODE ON SOLITUDE

By Alexander Pope

POPE was born in London in 1688. He had no school education, as he was always sickly, but he learned Latin and Greek from several friends. By the time he was seventeen he was an acknowledged wit and critic. He died at Twickenham in 1744.

HAPPY the man whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air
In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
Whose flocks supply him with attire;
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
In winter fire.

Blest, who can unconcern'dly find
Hours, days, and years slide soft away;
In health of body, peace of mind,
Quiet by day.

Sound sleep by night, study and ease,
Together mixt, sweet recreation;
And innocence, which most does please,
With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown;
Thus, unlamented, let me die,
Steal from the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lie.

The Independent in Politics.

Charity and Children, Thomasville.

This gentleman must be reckoned with in the future. It is very evident that the party fealty we have known for 40 years is largely a thing of the past. There is always an element in every party restive and discontented. They have heretofore remained sullenly silent in the face of things against which they are now loudly protesting. The conditions have all changed within the past two years in North Carolina. The adoption of the amendment has released a large number who were held within party lines, not because they believed in the principles of the party but for various and sundry reasons which need not be mentioned here. The rank and file in both parties will remain steadfast in their allegiance, because they are Democrats or Republicans from principle, and would be such if there were no negroes in the State, but there is a considerable element in each of the parties upon whom party ties set loosely and who are ready to tumble either way according to their whims. Then there is another element who really believe in the principles of the opposite party, but who have been restrained from espousing them on account of the conditions before mentioned. Now, however, the case is changed and the result is a general mixture. We are expressing no opinion one way or the other, but we repeat that the independent is here, and he is going to make himself felt.

Great Rush For Oil Stoves.

New York Sun.

There has been such a demand for oil stoves for cooking and heating within the last few days that the manufacturers are unable to fill the orders that have come to them. Many of these orders are from out of town, but the city manufacturers of oil stoves are giving the preference to their city patrons, so that the out-of-town dealers find it difficult to place an order at any price. None of the manufacturers was prepared for the demand, so it is safe to say that they will not be able to fill half of the orders they have received. Very few are now accepting new orders.

Any kind of oil stove is acceptabe, whether it is up to date or the kind used at the time oil stoves were first invented; and in a majority of cases those who are buying them are paying 30 per cent. more to the manufacturer than they paid last year, when there was no coal strike.

The Odor Remained With Him.

Monroe Enquirer.

A man living not a thousand miles from Monroe was boasting that he had not touched a drop of liquor in twenty years. "But when I did drink," said he, "I drank good liquor and none of this stuff which would burn out a copper kettle and blow the top of a fellow's head off passed my lips. I took good whiskey, first class, expensive stuff or none." "Dat's so boss," said an old darkey, who was listening to the spell of the boasting reformed drinker, "you did drink good liker, sho nuff, fer I ken smell dat licker on your breff til yit."

The Usual Campaign Stuff.

Charity and Children.

It will be observed that the effective speeches the candidates are making are again creating a profound impression. The different orators are tearing each other into shreds, the people are tumbling over each other to grasp the hand of the spellbinder, and scores and hundreds of the opposite party are making haste to say that they see things in a different light, and will give their enthusiastic support to the man they once hated. All these things are going on now, but in November the same old citizens will line up right up at the usual time and place when the voting begins.

Confessions of a Priest.

Rev. Jno. S. Cox, of Wake, Ark., writes, "For 12 years I suffered from Yellow Jaundice, I consulted a number of physicians and tried all sorts of medicines, but got no relief. Then I began the use of Electric Bitters and feel that I am now cured of a disease that had me in its grasp for twelve years." If you want a reliable medicine for Liver and Kidney trouble, stomach disorder or general debility, get Electric Bitters. It's guaranteed by Fetzer's drug store. Only 50c.

Negroes Demand Rights.

A convention of negroes, "who are Republicans under all circumstaces when their rights and interests are protected," and who "have ever striven to uphold the National Republican party," will be held in Raleigh to-day to protest against the organization of the party in the State on "Lily white" lines and to nominate a ticket in opposition to that of the Republican party.

The call for the convention is signed by a number of well-known negroes, including former Congressmen Cheatham and O'Hara. The complain that "our most substantial colored citizens were denied a voice in a Republican convention to which the had been duly elected, and were ordered from the floor even as spectators."

Senator Pritchard is denounced as an "ingrate to use the negroes as a stepping stone to prominence, and then by a shameful surrender accepted as final an unjust qualification to suffrage of the men that made him."

The manhood of colored Republicans has been insulted, they say, and they conclude with an appeal to negroes to stand for the dignity of the race, saying:

"Senator Pritchard has told the President of the United States that their are 40,000 white Republicans in North Carolin. We believe, with the Populists added, it will not reach this figure, but it can readily be seen that he was too shrewd to nominate one white Republican on the State ticket, knowing the negroes would not support it, and thereby explode this falsity of 40,000 white Republicans in North Corolina.

Only Four Ballot Boxes.

Chatham Record.

At the next election there will be four ballot boxes at every precinct or voting place and every voter will be entitled to deposit four ballots, as follows:

1. On one ballot will be the names of the candidates for Corporation Commissioner, Superintendent of Public Instruction, Justices of the Supreme Court, and Judges of the Superior Court.

2. On another ballot will be the name of the candidate for member of Congress.

3. On another ballot will be the names of the candidates for Solicitor, members of the General Assembly, and all the county officers.

4. And on another ballot will be the names of the candidates for township offices, such as magistrates and constables.

It will be noticed that the names of the caedidates for the Legislature and for the county officers will be on the same ballot, and not on separate ballots as at last election.

The ballots must be on white paper, without any device, or partly written and partly printed, so that the voter may scratch any name and write another in its place, if he wishes to do so.

A Moonshine Still Under a Cornfield.

Murphy Corresponence Charlotte Observer.

Your correspondent was recently told of a moonshine still that deserves first prize for ingenuity. It was not in Cherokee county, but not very far away. It was in a hole under a cornfield and up above the natural produce was waving in the breeze and ripening preparatory to being transformed into the fluid extract. The door was between two rows and was kept covered with turf. Down below was a comfortable room and a plant with a capacity of twenty gallons a day. The smoke was carried three quarters of a mile through pipes and there mingled with the boughs of a mighty oak so to not mar the beauty of the landscape. Water was secured by merely pulling a stopper from a pipe that connected with the pure and sparkling water of a spring half a mile up the mountain side.

A Love Letter

Would not interest you if you're looking for a guaranteed Salve for Sores, Burns or Piles. Otto Dodd, of Ponder, Mo., writes: "I suffered with an ugly sore for a year, but a box of Bucklen's Arnica Salve cured me. It's the best Salve on earth. 25c at Fetzer's drug store.

No white man will lose his vote because he was born out of wedlock. It is no man's fault and the amendment does not punish him for it. He can register just as if born in lawful wedlock. The registrars are all so instructed.

BILL ARP'S LETTER.

Atlanta Constitution.

Goldsmith, in a short and pretty preface to the "Vicar of Wakefield," says: "There are a hundred faults in this thing and a hundred things might be said to prove them beauties. A book may be amusing with many errors or it may be dull without a single absurdity. The hero in this story unites in himself the three greatest characters on earth—the priest, the husbandman and the father of a family."

Strange that the author could write such a charming story about the very three characters he knew least about, for he had no fitness for nor experience in either. It is not recorded that he was ever in love or sought the company of virtuous young ladies, yet his ballad of the Hermit in the "Vicar of Wakefield" is admitted to be the tenderest and most perfect love poem ever written. My father made me commit it to memory when I was young and there are at least a dozen verses in it that I can cry over now and it does me good. It is comfort to weep over these sad, sweet things. Langhorn wrote a verse about a poor woman with a babe at her breast hunting over the battle field of Minden for the body of her husband, and when she found him she knelt by his side and wept and the big tears fell upon the face of her child and mingled with the milk he drew. "A child of misery baptizing in tears." A painting was made of it, and Walter Scott says the only time he ever saw Burns he was looking at that panting and crying like a child. To read the lines and imagine the panting is enough for me. But if I had been Goldsmith I would have set down the mother of a family as greater than the father. Evan Howell said he would not vote for a curfew, for his observation was that if the father would stay at home at night the boys would and that song of "Where is My wandering boy to-night?" would not have been written. But the fathers can't all stay at home at night. They are wanted at the store, the office, the counting room, for on them depends the support of the family. But many a tired mother can sing "Where is my wandering husband to-night?" Alas, too many can be found at the club, at the pool room or the hotel, while the mother is straining her mind to untangle that hard sum, "If A and B can build a house in thirty days and B can build it in forty-five days, how long will it take A to build it?"

Take it all in alll, it is the mothers who are the hope of the world—the saviours of the children. They certainly save the girls, for nobody has yet sung, "Where is my wandering girl tonight?" If the fathers would do their half and save the boys it would be all right. Oh, but for the mothers, wives and sisters, what would become of us without them? Since I have been sick sometimes away in the silent watches of the night, when, as Job says, "Deep sleep falleth upon a man," it does not fall upon a woman, for I feel her gentle touch arranging the cover and feeling whether I am breathing or not. Since I have been sick I have never caught her fast asleep and the other night she got hurt with me because I slipped out in the hall and called the girls down to make a fire and heat some water, for I was sick and suffering, and there was no hot water in the boiler. It is just as Scott wrote:

"When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou."

And as Coleridge wrote:

"A mother is a mother still;
The holiest thing alive."

I may have written it before, but will write it again, that one night I agreed to stay with two dear little girls while their father and mother went out to tea at a neighbor's. This pleased me, for I am always happy in their company, and they in mine. When bed time came I undressed them and they knelt by my knees and said their prayers; one of them was soon asleep, but the other lingered and said, "Gran'pa, when papa comes home please tell him I love him." "Yes, I will," said I. "What must I tell your mama?" She closed her eyes and said, "Nothing—she knows I love her." That expresses it. That child's father loves those little girls dearly, but he keeps a drug store, and is the prescription partner. He goes to the store before his children get up. He has but an hour with them at noon, and has to return to the store soon after supper. No wonder these little girls want him to know that they love him. Boys are very different, and when they get up in their teens mothers lose their influence. Some say it is bad associates. Of course that has something to do with it, but Cain didn't have any that we know of, and yet he killed his brother. Environment is a big word, but it covers everything that a boy inherits or that he gets from association. One day a friend of mine, a Hebrew, said to me, "Major, I believe you vould die for your shildurn." "Wouldn't you die for yours?" said I. He pondered a while. "Yes, I believe I vould; dat is, for all—except Frank." Frank was his bad boy, and gave him trouble; but Frank turned out to be a good boy, and is one of the best citizens of Atlanta.

One of my best old-time friends was a Norwegian, and was killed during the war. He had some good, amiable daughters, and had two sons, who were bad, very bad, and, as I was mayor of the town, they gave me trouble. Their father was a member of the council, an elder in my church, and I had favored his boys as much as possible; but one night, just before Christmas, they broke into a hardware store and stole a keg of powder and hid it in their stable loft. They had planned to blow up the calaboose. The city marshal (old Sam Stewart) found it and arrested the boys and brought them before me for trial. I put it off until next morning. That night I went to see the father and mother. She cried, of course, and he choked up as he talked. "Mine good friend—I has been prayin' about mine boys and it seem to de goot Lord say mine boys is gooin' to queet. Dey take it all from me. I has been in de calaboose in Stockholm a hundred times, but von day I queet. I shost queet right off all a sudden, and I pelieve if you will try my poys one more time dey will queet." And sure enough they did quit, and grew up to a good manhood. One of them is the cashier of the largest bank in Memphis, and the other the head of a hardware house in Louisville, Ky. Sometime I think that it is the halo of a mother's prayers that reclaims many a wayward boy. If the young man would only stop and think—think of the watches of the night when he was a teething infant tugging at an empty breast for milk while the poor, tired mother changed him from side to side and longed for the morning. I have wondered how they survived it, and why they would go through the ordeal again. A man wouldn't, and not all of them will help and comfort the poor mother when she feels for the first time her first born's breath. But we must not give up the boys. May be they will, like the prodigal son, come to them selves and "queet."

BILL ARP.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF CONTENT.

By Opie P. Read.

Old Jeff Howerson, up in Lake county, always said that things might be worse. While a young fellow he was engaged to a beautiful girl, but she married another man, and Jeff sat down on the bank of the creek, gazing at the water and the dark shadows that seemed to float down the stream. A friend came to sympathize with him thinking that his spirit was broken, but Jeff looked up and said:

"Oh, it could be worse."

It was a philosophy that no one wished to argue against; it always has been and doubtless will be until the end of human disappointment, which means until the end of time.

Well, Jeff went about his business—what little he had—and after a time married a girl who turned out to be a scold—worst scold that anybody had ever seen. One day she scolded because there wasn't anything in the house fit to eat. Jeff went to the crossroads grocery and returned with a market basket full of provisions. He put the basket on the floor and, turning to her with a philosophical smile, began with:

"My dear—" but there he halted, for she flew at him.

"Oh, how dare you make a slave of me!" she cried. "Oh, you heartless thing, loading me down with all that stuff to cook," and she heaved the basket out into the road.

Jeff scratched his head, and a neighbor who had seen the performance halted and began to sympathize with him, but Jeff smiled and remarked:

"Oh, it might have been worse."

The creek arose and washed his crop away, and because he dropped off to sleep as usual that night his wife railed at him.

"Oh, you haven't a particle of sense," she fumed. "Everything gone, and here you are asleep."

"Well, I can bring everything back being asleep about as well as being awake. Gone you know."

"And I suppose it could have been worse."

"Yes, we might have had more to lose."

"I do think you've got less sense than any man I ever saw."

"Well," he drawled, "might have been worse."

"I don't see how. Wish you'd tell me."

"I might have had a twin brother—might be two of us instead of one, you know."

The next season there came a cyclone and everything on the farm but the mortgage was swept away, and Jeff 'lowed that it might have been worse. His wife snapped at him. "Well, I can't see how."

"Why, it might have blown the well away. As it is, you see, we've got plenty of good water, and if there should come a water famine throughout the country our supply would be worth thousands of dollars."

About the time the philosopher got back into shape a couple of fellows came along and sold him a gold brick for the price of his wheat crop. His wife had been delighted at the deal, but when the truth fell cold upon her she flew at him with a spurt of reproaches. He pointed to the fact that hog cholera was raging in the neighborhood.

"But what difference does that make?" she snorted, and he replied:

"Good deal. Makes it all the better for us."

"I don't see how."

"Why, we haven't any hogs to lose." To the neighborhood he was a great comfort. Discontent stopped at his gate to receive encouragement, and once when an old man had been made to believe that down the road there was for him a better day lying bright in the sun, the wife came out and scolded him away, but Jeff caught up with him, climbed up in his buggy and said:

"Old friend, it might have been worse; she might have kept you from stopping."

"Ah," the old man replied, "you help me, but where is your encouragement?"

"Mine? Oh, I have it. I might have married my wife sooner."

One day while the wife was walking in the woods a tree fell and knocked her senseless. Some one went after Jeff, found him talking to some gloomy neighbors, and when he arrived at home the doctor was getting ready to leave, having given his patient up. The woman called Jeff to the bedside and with the last gleam of reason said to him:

"Now, you see what has happened. I am dying. Can you say it could have been worse?"

Jeff scratched his head

"Yes, Jane, it could have been worse?"

"But I don't see how," she feebly replied.

"Why, dear, the tree fell this week, did it? Well, it might not have fallen till week after next—and, besides, it might have fallen on me." And the neighbors all said it could have been worse.

God made the earth and rested; then He made man and rested; finally made woman, and neither God, man nor the devil has had any rest since.

The above is a cut made from an actual photograph of a hog weighing 717 pounds, raised by Mr. Chas. Reade, of Person county, N. C.

SAM JONES TELLS OF A TRIP THROUGH THE CAROLINAS.

Atlanta Journal.

I left Atlanta midnight last Sunday night, and am making a tour of lecture engagements in the Carolinas. I note with pleasure the splendid crops of the Old North State. The best cotton, corn, potatoes and tobacco of any of the southern states will be harvested in North Carolina this fall. Some sections of South Carolina also have fine crops.

The towns over here are growing apace, and the farmers are prosperous. The numerous cotton mills are becoming more numerous and more prosperous. Charlotte leads, easy, in growth and push. Then Greensboro, then Raleigh, Winston-Salem, Durham, etc. Wilmington holds her own, and that's hard for her to do with the prosperous inland towns drawing away from her. I find Wilmington no longer troubled with her "Leopard Spots." She has quite a large colored population, but that element is no longer in it. Negro rule and mongrel domination no longer has a place in North Carolina politics. They are after Senator Pritchard's scalp now, and with his retirement the state will be "redeemed," so-called. But with the passing of the negro from the body politic of North Carolina there still remains something worse than negroes, and that's whiskey. Democratic domination means perpetuation of the liquor traffic.

Democrats do love whiskey. They were born with that love, and never go back on their first love.

Politicians may prate, and statesmen may howl, but I stick to it that with the passing of the saloon there will be a passing away of most all of our other evils.

I dare the Democrats of Georgia to eliminate the negro vote from the ballot box of Georgia. If they will, then Atlanta, Savannah, Augusta, Macon, etc., will go dry as soon as an election can decide it. Saloons are being driven out of the towns of North Carolina at an alarming rate.

Politics are warm over here now on the senatorial issue. The joint debates of Pritchard and Craig are stirring up the animals. Senator Pritchard is a strong man and has the nerve to say his say. Craig is an orator of no mean ability. When he and Pritchard lock horns the fur flies.

There are several candidates for the honors which Pritchard wears. But Craig has the start on the boys and will doubtles win the crown. I would love to see Jule Carr, of Durham, elected to the United States senate. But Providence seems to protect Jule by getting him beat in every race he has made, "For whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth."

The average fellow will have a hard time getting to heaven from the every day walks of life, but the average politician stands no chance at all. Ask Lon.

That tariff and trust business ought not to be discussed except by the Democrats, and to save my life I can't see how the discussion will avail them anything, for without a leader an "issue" don't count.

The Democrats remind me of the fellow who lost ten thousand dollars on pork because he didn't have the hogs to kill. Issues, but no available candidate. I expect Gov. Altgeld is glad he has escaped the evils which were to come.

When the oceans are deserts and the devil shuts up shop, then we can look for harmony between Watterson, Bryan, Tillman, J. K. Jones, Cleveland and Hill. As long as the Democrats fuss with and fight each other, the Republicans will revel and rot in office.

They call us Prohibitionists fools, but a fellow that can beat the Democrats acting the fool, then he ought to be locked up as a protection to the public.

If the Prohibitionist is a fool, then the Democrat is fool and rascal both, and that makes the most incurable ailment the doctors ever tackled.

I had rather be a plain fool and go on my way rejoicing than a fool and rascal both bewailing my fate.

I lectured on Tuesday night at Mullins, S. C., one of the most prosperous little towns of the state. They seated a warehouse and a great crowd was at the lecture. The land around Mullins, had become too poor to raise cotton, they told me, and for the past few years they have raised tobacco and now the little town of Mullins is handling eight million pounds of tobacco, and it brings from 10 cents a pound to 40 cents, and the farmers are jumping up and down. I stick to my proposition that no section of this country is tied down to one commodity, even Florida has two—fish and Yankees.

The south has never known a tithe of her wealth. Tobacco and taters, potatoes and peanuts, cotton and corn, all fruits and vegetables, our immense pine forests, our phosphates, marble, minerals and manufacturing, etc., etc. We ought to be the richest people on earth.

How sad that some men must die, or depart from us, but the journey must end with us all. The most healthy of us will sicken and die. The brightest minds will soon fade in death. The greatest orators will soon be silent. The greatest benefactors of the race will soon cease to give and do for man. It is better that some men had never lived; it is better for the world that some men should never die.

But whether good or bad, when we die our deeds will follow us, bring their fruits here and give us happiness or misery in the world to come.

Yours truly,
SAM P. JONES.

BRIGHT PARAGRAPHS FROM THE DURHAM HERALD.

It is hard to reform a man who has once contracted the office habit.

Your vote might not defeat Clark but it would help in a worthy cause.

Of course the candidate who is not sure of winning would be a fool to say so.

Of course Mr. Craig is getting the best of Mr. Pritchard. Is he not a Democrat?

An independent does not care who runs the county government, just so it is run right.

The man who wants the senatorship four years from now should just lay for the chairmanship.

This thing of dodging the towns that have candidates is not giving Mr. Pritchard a fair show.

In other words some of the state papers do not want their reporters to write editorial opinions.

Some of those who thought a nomination meant an election are about to change their minds about it.

The gentleman who think they have a cinch upon the presidency are just now saying very little about it.

Wonder will Mr. Craig set up the claim that the horse that pulls the plow is deserving the fodder.

If a town can get no pleasure out of a circus why a prohibitory tax is a good thing to keep them away.

Keep on your shirt. While the secretary may be relieving the situation he is not giving anybody anything.

If Butler can scare us as many populist votes as he claims he can, probably he could command his price.

Asheville's dog-tax law is not adding materially to the city's funds but it is in a fair way to have fewer dogs.

The man who accepts the nomination for a small office is just as anxious to get there as the big fellows.

As the president makes light of his condition it must be that he was wanting an excuse for abandoning his trip.

If the Winston fellows will come down here to see the circus we will make it as pleasant for them as possible.

If the democratic party would put up the best men available it should have nothing to fear from the independents.

Even the poor man does not want the sympathy of a polical party. If it will treat him fairly it is all that he can expect.

It the reporters should count noses at some of the Democratic gatherings we more than suspect that there would also be howl.

The south is favored in many ways and one in particular is that she is not yet suffering from the effects of the coal strike.

The man who is under no obligations to the party can see no reason why he should stifle his convictions for the good of the party.

The republicans of this state would appreciate Mr. Hanna's help in the present campaign if he would furnish the kind of assistance that is wanted.

After all it does not matter what the papers may say about the senatorial debate. People who know the papers know how to take what is said for what it is worth.

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