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THE CONCORD TIMES.

John B. Sherrill, Editor and Owner. "BE JUST AND FEAR NOT." $1.00 a Year, in Advance.
VOLUME XX. CONCORD, N. C., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1902. NUMBER 16.

THE CONCORD WEEKLY TIMES
Leading Paper in This Section.
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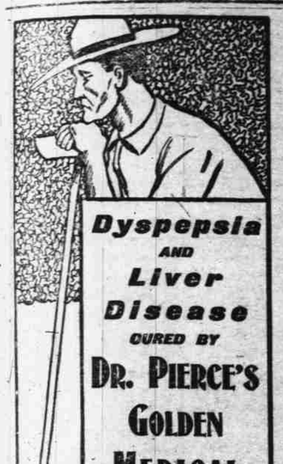

Dyspepsia AND Liver Disease CURED BY DR. PIERCE'S GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY.

"I was weak, nervous and dizzy, with a fainting sensation when walking," writes Jesse Childress, Esq., of Samuel, Sullivan Co., Tenn. "Could not walk any distance; always felt bad after eating; felt as though something was sticking in my throat, always uneasiness in stomach. Doctored with three physicians but they did not relieve me. I grew worse and used everything I could think of; was nearly ready to give up and then some one told me that Dr. Pierce's medicine was good, so I began taking his 'Golden Medical Discovery.' I have taken seven bottles of that now and am as stout as ever, and enjoying health as much as ever before. I worked all summer and this winter as much as any one. My case was liver disease and nervous dyspepsia of which your medicine has cured me. In September 1898 my weight was about 95 pounds, now it is 195. Please accept my sincere thanks."

AN OLD FAVORITE

HASTE NOT, REST NOT

By Schiller

JOHANN CHRISTOPHER FRIEDRICH von SCHILLER was born at Marbach, Germany, Nov. 10, 1759, and died at Weimar May 9, 1805. He is famous as poet, dramatist and historian. The following adaptation is by Christopher Christian Cox, a physician, born in Baltimore in 1816. He was a surgeon in the United States army and was lieutenant governor of Maryland in 1865.

WITHOUT haste, without rest;
Bind the motto to thy breast;
Bear it with thee as a spell,
Storm or sunshine, guard it well;
Heed not flowers that round thee bloom—
Bear it onward to the tomb.

Haste not, let no reckless deed
Mar for aye the spirit's speed;
Ponder well and know the right—
Forward then with all thy might!
Haste not; years cannot atone
For one reckless action done.

Rest not; time is sweeping by—
Do and dare before you die;
Something mighty and sublime
Leave behind to conquer time.
Glorious 'tis to live for aye
When these forms have passed away.

Haste not, rest not; calmly wait;
Meekly bear the storms of fate;
Duty be thy polar guide—
Do the right whate'er betide!
Haste not, rest not; conflicts past,
God shall crown thy work at last!

BILL ARP'S LETTER.

Atlanta Constitution.

Wanted—In 1881 General Henry R. Jackson, of Savannah, delivered in Atlanta the most notable, instructive and eloquent address that has been heard in Georgia since the civil war. The subject was "The Wanderer," a slave ship that landed on the Georgia coast in 1858. But the whole address was an historical recital of many political events that led to the civil war and of which the generation that has grown up since were profoundly ignorant and still are. It was delivered by request of the Young Men's Library Association, when Henry Grady was its chairman, and I supposed was published in pamphlet form and could be had on application. But I have sought in vain to find a copy. I have a newspaper copy, but it has been worn to the quick and is almost illegible. I wrote to Judge Pope Barrow, who is General Jackson's executor, and he can find none among the General's paper. Can any veteran furnish me a copy? I would also be pleased to obtain a copy of Daniel Webster's speech at Capon Springs, which was suppressed by his publishers and to which General Jackson makes no allusion. General Jackson was a great man. He won his military laurels in the war with Mexico. He was assistant attorney general under Buchanan when Jeremiah Black was the chief. He was the vigilant, determined, conscientious prosecutor of those who owned and equipped and officered the only slave ship that ever landed on the Georgia coast. He was a man of splendid culture and a poet of ability and reputation. Strange it is that this magnificent address has not been appended in the appendix of some southern history as a landmark for the present generation. It is sad and mortifying that our young and middle-aged men and our graduates from Southern colleges know so little of our antebellum history. The northern people are equally ignorant of the origin of slavery and the real causes that precipitated the civil war. Most of them have a vague idea that slavery was born and just grew up in the South—came up out of the ground like the 17-year-locusts—and was our sin and our curse. Not one in ten thousand will believe that the South never imported a slave from Africa, but got all we had by purchase from our northern brethren. I would wager a thousand dollars against ten that not a man under fifty nor a school boy who lives north of the line knows or believes that General Grant, their great military hero and idol, was a slave owner and lived off of their hire and their service while he was fighting us about ours. Lincoln's proclamation of freedom came in 1863, but General Grant paid no attention to it. He continued to use them as slaves until January, 1865. (See his biography by General James Grant Wilson in Appleton's Encyclopedia.) General Grant owned these slaves in St. Louis, Mo., where he lived. He was a bad manager, and just before the war began he moved to Galena and went to work for his brother in the tanyard. While there he caught the war fever and got a good position under Lincoln, but had he remained in St. Louis would have greatly preferred one on our side. So said Mrs. Grant a few years ago to a newspaper editor in St. Augustine.

How many of this generation, north or south, know or will believe that as late as November, 1861, Nathaniel Gordon, master of a New England slave ship called the Erie, was convicted in New York City of carrying on the slave trade. (See Appleton.) Just think of it and wonder. In 1861 our northern brethren made war upon us because we enslaved the negroes we had bought from them, but at the same time they kept on bringing more from Africa and begging us to buy them. How many know that England, our mother country, never emancipated our slaves until 1843, when twelve millions were set free in the East Indies and one hundred millions of dollars paid to their owners by act of Parliament? It is only within the last half century that the importation of slaves from Africa has generally ceased. Up to that time every civilized country bought them and enslaved them. English statesmen and clergymen said it was better to bring them away than to have them continue in their barbarism and canibalism. And it was better. I believe it was God's providence that they should be brought away and placed in slavery, but the way it was done was inhuman and brutal. The horrors of the middle passage, as the ocean voyage was called, is the most awful narrative I ever read and reminds me of Dante's "Inferno." About half the cargo survived and the dead and dying were tumbled into the sea. The owners said, we can afford to lose half and still have a thousand per cent. profit. Rev. John Newton, one of the sweetest poets who ever wrote a hymn, the author of "Amazing grace, how sweet the sound, that saved a wretch like me," "Savior, Visit Thy Plantation," "Safely Through Another Week," and many others, was for many years a deck hand on a slave ship and saw all its horrors. He became converted, but soon after became captain of a slaver and for four years pursued it diligently and mitigated its cruelty. Then he quit and went to preaching and says in his autobiography that it never occurred to him that there was anything wrong or immoral in the slave trade where it was humanely conducted. The Savior said, "Offenses must needs come, but woe unto them by whom they come."

In Appleton's long and exhaustive article on slavery it is said that slavery in some form has existed ever since human history began. And it appears to have been under the sanction of Providence as far back as the days of Noah and Abraham. The latter had a very great household and many servants whom he had bought with his money. The word slave appears but twice in the Bible. It is synonymous with servant and bondsman. There has been no time since the Christian era that the dominant nations have not owned slaves—sometimes the bondage was was hard, but as a general rule the master found it to his interest to be kind to his slaves. As Bob Toombs said in his Boston speech: "It is not to our interest to starve our slaves any more than it is to starve our horses and horned cattle." Shortly after the little cargo that the Wanderer brought were secretly scattered around I saw some of them at work in a large garden in Columbus, Ga., and was told that they were docile and quickly learned to dig and to hoe, but that it was hard to teach them to eat cooked meat. They wanted it raw and bloody. They were miserable little runts, "Guinea negroes," with thick lips and flat noses, but they grew up into better shape and made good servants and I know were far better off than in their native jungles, the prey of stronger tribes, and made food for canibals.

No, there was no sin in slavery as instituted in the south by our fathers and forefathers, and that is why I write this letter—perhaps the last I shall ever write on this subject. I wish to impress it upon our boys and girls so that they may be ready and willing to defend their southern ancestors from the baseless charge of suffering now for the sins of their fathers.

A northern friend writes: "Do please let up on the negro. We up here are tired of him. Give us more of your pleasant pictures of domestic life, etc., but let the negro go dead."

He does not know that the negro and what is to become of him is a question of tremendous moment with us and it must be written about. But I will refrain as long as it is prudent. Just now I would like to hire a man to cuss the black rascal who came into my back yard the other night and stole my grindstone. For five years I have let every darkey grind his axe who wanted to, and now I can't grind my own. The fact is, I have no axe to grind, for they stole that first.

BILL ARP.

PREACHERS, PUT PEPPER IN YOUR SERMONS, SAYS SAM P. JONES.

Atlanta Journal.

Having finished my tour of the Carolinas I am now circulating through South Georgia. I spent two hours in Savannah Tuesday. They have a large splendid new union depot or passenger station, as they call them up in Yankee Doodle. I thought of Atlanta when I looked on this splendid structure. I thought of Joe Hill Hall, Allen G. Spencer and Samuel Candler, of the coming session of the Georgia legislature, and I thought of Joe Hill Hall again, then of the long-suffering people of Atlanta. Atlanta is going through much tribulation, whether she is going up or not.

Out of the Carolinas into South Georgia, the transition is easy, and while the growing towns and industry of those two states charmed me, I declare they are not one whit ahead of Fitzgerald, Tifton, Cordele and Moultrie, Valdosta and Waycross, etc. These towns are growing in leaps and bounds, and South Georgia seems to have splendid crops, also.

The hotels of these towns are simply good, most of them new and elegant, and good hotels and nicely paved streets, electric lights and water works are the four aces that can't be beat.

Towns that have been dead for years have begun to build and equip themselves with these four essentials, and then everything else began to boom.

One marvels at the network of railroads in South Georgia. The towns I have named above are in the midst of a network of railroads, and all the roads are doing a land office business.

The Tifton, Thomasville and Gulf railroad is a little gem, only 56 miles in length, but it's a hummer. This is Harry Atkinson's and Hightower's road, and it's equipped for business, and it's getting the business, freight and passenger, and I pay three cents a mile for every mile I ride on it. So don't any old Pop., jump on me now about a free pass, etc. The Georgia Southern and Florida is a most splendid road and under fine management, and is most popular with its patrons.

When I walked down yesterday to the depot to take the train here for Moultrie, my old friend of bygone years, Bud Thrash, stepped up to me with overalls on, and said, "Bro. Jones, you have ridden with me often on the Western and Atlantic when I pulled the passenger trains with the U. S. Grant and Gov. James M. Smith. Now, come out on the engine with me and ride to Moultrie."

I was glad to see him and accepted his invitation, and spent an hour most pleasantly with him, as with his hand on the throttle he whirled down the track on schedule time.

Bud is an old Atlanta boy, and I am glad to know that he was his old self again, with a good job, and held in high esteem by his employers.

My attachment for railroad men deepens as I travel more and more with them. They have done me a thousand favors and have done me no "dirt."

The boys on the old reliable W. & A., Conductors Turner, Hargis, Wylie, Holcomb, Stallings, etc., and Engineers Welch, Bell, Nance and Harris, etc., why, we are all brothers. And the brakemen and baggagemen, I feel the same towards them. I hope to meet them all with thousands of other railroad men in heaven. That part I will leave for them, for I am going there myself, by God's grace.

Yesterday was election day, and with some poor candidates I suppose this is dejection day. I don't know the feeling of a fellow who got beat. I never ran for a an office, and was only a candidate, "limited," once.

Mayor Howell will make a good one. He ought to have been elected, for Atlanta never had a better friend. He has done more for Atlanta than he ever did for himself.

The supreme bench has a first-class associate justice in the person of Judge John Chandler. He is worthy and well qualified and I don't think he drinks. I am almost "show" he don't. Really I've got my doubts about the advisability of any judge drinking (too much), though it has been done, I am pained to say.

It would do your soul good to see how The Atlanta Journal is circulated in the Carolinas and South Georgia. No trouble to stumble upon an Atlanta Journal in the radius of two or three hundred miles of Alanta.

I suppose the preachers had better quit fighting the Sunday papers, for Loyless said the Sunday Journal jumped up three thousand last Sunday in its circulation. The Chattanooga Times jumped on me about my denunciation of the Sunday papers, and said the "Sunday papers had done more to lift up the people than all the sensational evangelists that ever shouted at so much a shout." Lift up, indeed. If The Chattanooga Times ever lifted up anything it was a dollar that was thrown onto its level to purchase its columns.

Then again, I never denounced the Sunday paper. I simply said to a reporter who asked me what I had to say of the Sunday paper, "that there was no more harm in a Sunday paper than there was in a Sunday dry goods store, Sunday baseball and Sunday concerts," etc.

The Ten Commandments settle the question one way or the other, and the publishers of Sunday newspapers will have to settle at last by that standard like the balance of us poor fellows.

I can say this, however, that there is no dirt in the Atlanta Sunday papers. They are clean compared with some of the New York Sunday papers. Some people will have them. It's the demand for them that puts them on the market, and so it goes.

I would say to the pastors, fight everything God condemns, and champion everything that's right, and make your sermons more interesting and more sought after than any Sunday paper can be, then you will have bigger crowds with you on Sunday morning and fewer of your population at home and on the streets reading the Sunday papers.

The preacher has the liveliest theme, the most sensational facts, the most interesting issues to present to the people of any man or set of men on earth. No Sunday paper was preferred to Spurgeon, Moody, Talmage or Beecher by the great crowds who thronged their churches.

Put more pepper in your sermons, gentlemen, and the world will go to sneezing for you.

Wall street on a rampage, "call money" 35 per cent., Secretary Shaw scotching for the boys. Wall street is the Mt. Pelee that's going to destroy this country commercially, some day. Trusts, combines, mergers are hatched out there and grow up amid the feverish surroundings of its conditions. Health, vigor and strength are impossible amid such miasma.

Yours truly,
SAM P. JONES.

P. S.—Nobody in Atlanta now thinks that the Elks is a nasty gang.

Hunt Will Sail The Air.

New York Herald.

E. J. Hunt, an inventor of No. 152 East Fortieth street, New York city, declares that he has at last completed a flying machine, or model of one, that, without the use of the balloons or nets, will be able to stay six weeks in the air without touching the ground the whole time.

Mr. Hunt asserts that his invention has M. Santos-Dumont's flying machine beaten a mile, as it is neither of the aeroplane or gas bag pattern, but will derive its power from the air, and thus be able to stay aloft indefinitely, moving about with the greatest ease at the beck and call of the steersman. Once afloat, he says, it will revolutionize all ideas of navigating the atmosphere.

In his house under careful guard, Mr. Hunt has a model of his airship, 20 inches long. This, he says, has flown about the room, carrying a five-pound weight.

The airship itself, he says, is to be built of aluminum, and is to weigh 68 pounds. In shape the model is very much like a boat or a body of a bird, and from the sides project a pair of light wings.

"I have solved the problem of aerial navigation," declared the inventor, when seen at his workshop yesterday. "The airship will fly like a bird. I have already demonstrated its practicability. I don't need and balloons to keep this flying machine afloat. It keeps itself afloat. I use no moters either. The secret of its construction I keep to myself. No; the flying machine is not patented. I have not trusted the secret to a patent as yet.

Both Sides Have Been Wrong.

Charlotte Observer.

As the great anthracite coal miners' strike nears its end it must be apparent to all who have followed its course that there has been a good deal of wrong on both sides. Without reference to the merits of the controversy in its beginning it is apparent that the operators have been too unbending in their attitude, too arbitrary in their refusal to arbitrate; while the operatives, who became dissatisfied with conditions and quit work were wrong, as strikers so often are, in resorting to intimidation and violence to prevent other men from taking their places. Laboring men in all departments of life should recognize the great principles of equity that the right to go to work and the right to quit work are inalienable. This will not be, perhaps, until the Golden Rule is universally adopted and lived up to, but this can never be shaken as an equitable proposition, because it is founded on a rock.

Children Kept From School.

Freeman Kyser, a religious enthusiast, is in jail at Warsaw, Ind., a martyr to his belief that the public school system in the United States is the handiwork of Satan.

Kaser was arrested by a truant officer for his violating the statute requiring him to send his children to school. He was warned, but defied the law by declaring that all the prisons in the country could not induce him to send his children to school. He says he did not wish to break the law so long as it did not conflict with the command of heaven, but in this case there was no reconciling the two. He said he would let his family starve and allow his property to go to ruin rather than surrender his right to keep his children at home.

Stockings Made of Paper.

Paper gloves and stockings are now being manufactured in Europe. As to the manner in which the former are made little is known, but the stockings have been carefully examined by experts, and they are loud in their praise of them. Let no one assume, they say, that these stockings, because they are made of paper, will only last a few days, for they will really last almost as long as ordinary stockings.

The reason, they point out, is because the paper of which they are made was during the process of manufacture transformed into a substance closely resembling wool, and was then woven and otherwise treated as ordinary wool. The price of these paper stockings is low, which is natural, since paper is much cheaper than cotton or wool.

Served Him Right.

New York Sun.

An Iowa clergyman of the good Latin name of Mecum and on sociology bent, determined to feel the charitable pulse of his flock. He grew a long beard during his vacation, and when he came back he put on his shabbiest clothes and most shocking hat. So accoutered, he called on some of his best friends and asked for something to eat. All he got was the cold shoulder. Served him right. His parishioners are under no obligations to feed wandering sons of leisure. He that will not work, neither shall he eat. And he is a rank imposter. His parishioners were right. He had no business to spy upon them; and this mania of the well-to do to play tramp is getting tiresome.

A red-headed woman may have the sweetest temper in the world, but it is not always wise to rub her fur the wrong way to see if she has.

SHYLOCK

Shylock was the man who wanted a pound of human flesh. There are many Shylocks now, the convalescent, the consumptive, the sickly child, the pale young woman, all want human flesh and they can get it—take Scott's Emulsion.

Scott's Emulsion is flesh and blood, bone and muscle. It feeds the nerves, strengthens the digestive organs and they feed the whole body.

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Corrects all disorders of the stomach, expels worms, etc. Palatable and positive in action. Bottle by mail, 25c.
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Wood's Fall Catalogue tells all about Vegetable and Farm Seeds for Fall Planting, Seed Wheat, Oats, Rye, Barley, Vetches, Grass and Clover Seeds, etc.

Write for Catalogue and prices of any Seeds desired.

T. W. WOOD & SONS.
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We make thorough examination of title to lands offered as security for loans.
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Opens with the Month of June,
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SOUTHERN RAILWAY
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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,"
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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.
W. A. TURK, Gen'l Pass. Agent.
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Washington, D. C.

AGENTS WANTED.
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. 25 CTS.

Political Unrest of the People.

Wilmington Messenger.

There seems to be a complete revolution in party affairs this year. Everything is turned topsy-turvy. Where Democrats should sweep the board independentism is rife. In this State, which is classed as an integral part of the solid South, there is danger of Democratic defeat or of only partial victory at least. We know there are Democrats who will scout this idea and say it is absurd; that North Carolina is as solidly Democratic to-day as she ever was. That may be their opinion, but they will find they are very much mistaken when the voting closes on November 4th. It will require an herculean effort to carry this State. The feeling of independentism is abroad in the land. It is not the feeling which gave temporary victory to the fusionists in 1894 and 1896. It is not a turning away from the principles of Democracy, but an assertion of freedom and liberation from what has heretofore been a close corporation of the party rulers in this State. The white men have been told by the leaders of the party that they were free; that the party lash would no longer be cracked over their heads and they are enjoying that freedom to the fullest extent—time will tell whether to their permanent good or to their great sorrow. Anyhow, they have determined to take an outing and for a while they will kick up their heels and race around in the play grounds of independence in politics, and after a while they will get tired of this play and sober down to business. God knows we hope they will find they have lost nothing by the relaxation and realignment of party lines which will follow. That there will be a great change in this alignment when the two parties contest in 1904 we have not the least doubt. Our prayer is that our people will not go into this matter blindly and that they will come out of the final contest without dishonor and without material loss.

Cuba Seems to Be Drifting Away.

The situation in Cuba is such as at present to give Washington officials great concern. It is feared that Cuba is drifting way and evidence is multiplying day by day to mark the growth of a spirit of indifference toward the cultivation of friendly commercial relations with the United States that almost borders on hostility.

The treaty which, by the terms of the Platt amendment, must be entered into between the two Governments is now awaiting the approval of the Cuban Government, which approval is withheld, not with intention, but through what is regarded here as the natural inertia of the Cubans in diplomatic matters.

This treaty includes provisions for a considerable measure of reciprocity between the United States and Cuba, and, while it is true that the Cubans believe that the United States have been rather niggardly in the arrangement of the reciprocity schedules, those objections are not regarded sufficient to account for the great delay in approving the treaty.

There is no intention, it is said, to resort to undue pressure on the Cubans.

Coca-Cola Case Argued.

Atlanta Constitution.

At the session of the United States circuit court of appeals yesterday the case of the Coca-Cola Company against the United States government was heard. This case was tried before Judge Newman in Februuary of the present year, and a verdict was rendered in favor of the Coca-Cola Company for $12,934.

The suit arose because of the fact that the government claimed that the drink known as Coca-Cola was taxable under the war revenue act of 1898, as a medical preparation, the claim of the government being that it had been advertised as a remedy for headache. The Coca-Cola Company, on the other hand, claimed that Coca-Cola was a soda-fountain drink merely, and in no sense a medical preparation.

Broke Into His House.

S. Le Quinn, of Cavendish, Vt., was robbed of his customary health by invasion of Chronic Constipation. When Dr. King's New Life Pills broke into his house, his trouble was arrested and now he's entirely cured. They're guaranteed to cure. 25c at Fetzer's Drug Store.

An Explanation of Why It Is.

Charlotte Observer.

Democratic County Chairman A. M. Scales, of Guilford, complains that he is not able to beat it into the heads of the people that there is an entirely new registration this year and that those who are not registered will not be allowed to vote. Probably every other county chairman has the same experience, and newspaper people have it about various matters—the experience of printing and printing a thing over and over again, and still failing to beat it into the heads of people. There is the matter of anonymous communications, for instance. They repeat, time and again, that they will print no communication not accompanied by the name of the writer—this paper keeps this announcement standing at the head of this page—but newspaper waste baskets continue to be overloaded with anonymous communications. Folks are about this announcement like the drunk man who went to the circus. Asked afterwards if he saw the show, he said that he looked at it but didn't see it. They read things but don't take them in. Many a man who reads—or at least looks at—the newspapers every day, will step up to the ballot box next month and when told that he hasn't got on the wedding garment will say, "Why, I voted at the last election; I have voted at this box all my life." There are some things that you can't make some people understand except by taking them by the lapels of their coats and explaining it to them. Registration is one of these things—it is a matter of laboring personally with the voter.

The Immensity of Siberia.

Philadelphia Record.

A traveller in Siberia says that few people realize the immensity of that country. To think of a single State stretching through 130 degrees of longitude and possessing one-ninth of all the land surface of the globe is staggering. The United States and all its possessions, and all Europe, except Russia, could be put into Siberia, with land enough left over to make thirty-five States like Connecticut. He had thought of it as a convict settlement only, as most persons do, no doubt. He found it a country of nearly 9,000,000 people, 97 per cent. of whom are either natives or voluntary immigrants, and all living better and enjoying more political and religious liberty than people in European Russia have. Where he travelled it was like Minnesota, where wheat, rye and vegetables and strawberries, raspberries and currants grow, and sheep and horses graze unsheltered the year round.

Here's A New Snake Story.

Farmer Brown, of Bridgewater, Pa., was successful in capturing a snake, or pair of snakes, hitched together like Siamese twins.

The twins have two heads and two tails, and the rest of their body is like that of a single snake, with the exception of a slight depression above and below, extending the entire length. The bodies join about six inches from the head. The tails are each almost a foot long. The length of the jointed body is two feet nine inches.

The twins were first seen last summer by a little son of Mr. Brown, who told his father about them and showed him the track across the road. He ran across them a few weeks ago and succeded in taking them captive.

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.

Baby Girl Left in a Basket.

An infant girl baby, just a few hours old, was found on the front steps at the home of Mr. Vashen Rose, at Goldsboro one morning last week. The child was neatly and comfortably tucked away in a basket, in which were an abundant supply of baby clothes made up of costly material and in good style.

Street Fairs and Carnivals.

St. Louis Republic.

The annual street fairs seem to have earned a place in this section of the country as satisfactory out-of-door amusement institutions. With the advent of autumn, pleasure-seekers in small cities look forward with unrestrained expectancy to the fun they will have during the fair. For weeks ahead engagements are made by young persons for the fall holiday week, and when the season arrives they get genuine entertainment from the freedom they are permitted to exercise in roaming among the booths and watching the performers on the stands.

The "Yahr-Market," or year-market, has been popular in Germany for very many years. It retains its favor to this day and probably will continue to be popular as long as conditions there remain unchanged. Whether the street fair will obtain a fast hold on the American public cannot be predicted. But that it is popular at present for autumnal festivities, in small cities, cannot be gainsaid.

At this time it is as thoroughly characteristic of some small cities and localities of the Middle States as the flower parade is of the cities in the South and West, notably in Texas, Tennessee, Californa and Colorado, or as the political campaigns are characteristic of the United States. On many people street fairs and political campaigns have the same effect, as both are engaging and exhilarating.

A Multiplication-Addition Table.

The following table was worked out by a Harvard professor. It is interesting to look at, but one is thankful that it is not included among the multiplication tables:

1 time 9 plus 2 equals 11.
12 times 9 plus 3 equals 111.
123 times 9 plus 4 equals 1111.
1234 times 9 plus 5 equals 11111.
12345 times 9 plus 6 equals 111111.
123456 times 9 plus 7 equals 1111111
1234567 times 9 plus 8 equals 11111-111.
12345678 times 9 plus 9 equals 111-111111.
1 time 8 plus 1 equals 9.
12 times 8 plus 2 equals 98.
123 times 8 plus 3 equals 987.
1234 times 8 plus 4 equals 9876.
12345 times 8 plus 5 equals 98765.
123456 times 8 plus 6 equals 987654.
1234567 times 8 plus 7 equals 9876-543.
12345678 times 8 plus 8 equals 98-765432.
123456789 times 8 plus 9 equals 987654321.

A New Engine That is a Wonder.

Cleveland Dispatch.

The newest locomotive is be exploited by C. W. French. Only one has been built and it possesses so many features different from ordinary kinds that it is being talked about. Besides the electric headlight there are incandescents around the cab and running boards so arranged that every part of the machine may be examined at night the same as in daytime.

The engine has four driving cranks, which give extraordinary balance. It is also a horizontal compound. The tender carries 7,000 gallons of water. It also has capacity for four tons of coal.

Mr. French says: "In case the tests continue to prove satisfactory this type of engines will be adopted and used on the Chicago Short Line and all its branches."

Recenty the engine hauled 1,200 tons of freight from Warwick to Hudson in such fast time that the records of the fastest passenger trains were broken.

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.

The Chattanooga Times observes that "Capt. D. C. Heyward, who will be elected Governor of South Carolina on November 4th, is a blue blood, comes of a family that ranked with the Pickenses, Rutledges, Hamptons, Legares, Thompsons, Austins and others of the period that closed in 1860. He is a refined gentleman; not a politician; the antithesis in every way of Tillman and his staff of henchmen."