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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, NOVEMBER 27, 1902. NUMBER 24.

THE CONCORD WEEKLY TIMES
Leading Paper in This Section.
LARGE AND ESTABLISHED CIRCULATION
ESTABLISHED IN 1878.
If you have anything to sell, let the people know it.

"Shut your eyes, open your mouth and see what luck will bring you."

The mother smiles at the childish game, and doesn't realize that it is a game she as a woman has perhaps played for a great many years. Many a woman is weak and sick, nervous and discouraged. She suffers from headache, backache and other ills. She wants to be well, but all she does is to shut her eyes and open her mouth for medicine and trust to luck for results. She "doctors" month after month, often year after year, in this same blind, hap-hazard fashion, and receives no permanent benefit.

Women take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription with their eyes open to the fact that it cures womanly ills. It cures irregularity. It dries debilitating drains. It heals inflammation and ulceration and cures female weakness. There is no trusting to luck by those who use "Favorite Prescription."

"My disease was displacement and ulceration of the uterus, and I was in a terrible condition with pain and weakness and had given up all hopes of ever being well again," writes Mrs. [illegible] Brown, of Orono, Penobscot Co., Me. "I suffered with four different doctors without any benefit. I was worse at the end of three months, and instead of getting better I was growing weaker all the time. I decided to try Dr. Pierce's 'Favorite Prescription,' 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pleasant Pellets,' as I had heard of the many cures resulting from their use. I bought five bottles and felt so much better after taking them that I kept on until I am now well. I never spent money in my life, and to Dr. Pierce all the praise is due. I cannot say enough in favor of your medicines. Before I began taking your medicines I only weighed one hundred and forty pounds. I now weigh one hundred and sixty pounds. I gained forty pounds in six months. I shall doctor no more with home doctors, as it is only waste of money. I am now in perfect health, thanks to Dr. Pierce."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets clear the muddy complexion.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

DR. H. C. HERRING, DENTIST,
is now on the ground floor of the Litaker Building
CONCORD, N. C.

DR. W. C. HOUSTON
Surgeon Dentist,
CONCORD, N. C.
is prepared to do all kinds of dental work in the most approved manner.
Office over Johnson's Drug Store.
Residence 'Phone 11. Office 'Phone 42.

L. T. HARTSELL,
Attorney-at-Law,
CONCORD, NORTH CAROLINA.
Prompt attention given to all business. Office in Morris building, opposite the court house.

Drs. Lilly & Walker,
offer their professional services to the citizens of Concord and surrounding country. Calls promptly attended day or night.

W. J. MONTGOMERY. J. LEE CROWELL
MONTGOMERY & CROWELL,
Attorneys and Counselors-at-Law,
CONCORD, N. C.
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
GREATLY IMPROVED FACILITIES
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, Pass. Traffic Mgr. S. H. HARDWICK, Gen'l Pass. Agent.
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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.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION

SAM JONES ON THE DISPENSARY.

Atlanta Journal.

I see by the election returns the Republicans have saved the country again. Won't the time ever come when the Democrats can save it again? The Democrats have only saved it twice since the war between the States, and I know they are as eager and anxious to save it now as they have been in any time of their history, but even after the turmoils and struggles of November 4th the sun rises in the east and sets in the west, and will continue to do so to the end of time. I enjoy Loyless' paragraphs day after day more than the average politician enjoys running for office and being elected. My eyes run down the editorial column and I laugh and laugh as he hits Allen D., Joe Hill, Grim Jiggs, Rainey, James K., Ben Tillman, etc. Go it, brother Loyless, we all enjoy it as much as you do, but it is death on the frogs. I neither shout when the Republicans win nor cry when the Democrats lose. I keep telling you I don't belong to either gang. I heard a good Democrat say to-day that he was a good Democrat, but he didn't want the Democrats to have a majority in Congress. He was willing to be a Democrat and let the Republicans run the government, and there are a whole lot of Democrats just that way. In Georgia politics he is a true and tried Democrat, nationally he he is a Democrat in name and a Republican from a business standpoint.

By the way, I spent last Sunday in Rome, dedicating a country church out from town and preaching Sunday night in Rome at the First Methodist church, and they were from Capadocia, Asia, Pontius, Pamphylia and the regions round about. They were expecting something and they were not disappointed. I walked up the streets of Rome on Saturday night and it was a quiet town. The dispensary is doing business in Rome, but not a land-office business by any means. I understand they have only paid a thousand dollars into the treasury of the town and county since it was inaugurated. I told them in preaching to them that they had had the choice between thirteen saloons and one dispensary; that they deliberately and intelligently chose the dispensary, and having chosen the dispensary that question was settled for the present, and now the only question up was, what will you do with your dispensary? It is your kid, I said to them. If it behaves well, all's well, if it misbehaves, spank your kid and make it behave.

The dispensary in Rome, as evil as it is, is a thousand time lesser evil than 13 saloons running in full blast, but the dispensary in Rome, unless right sentiment shall be built up and maintained about it, will soon descend to the level of the Athens dispensary, or deeper still, to the depths of the South Carolina dispensary. I can see how good men can vote for a dispensary in preference to 13 saloons. As I said to them in Rome, one vicious dog tied inside of a building is a thousand times better than thirteen hungry tigers turned loose on the streets. The dog chained in the room during the day time and locked up in a dungeon after sundown. Now I said, gentlemen, instead of advertising your liquor and publishing your liquor, advertise the fact that you have got a vicious dog chained in your dispensary and that he will bite, and you advise nobody to go in there, but say to them, if you will go in you will be bit just like thousands of others have been bit by that vicious animal. I am in favor of a dispensary rather than the open saloon, but we don't want any dispensary in dry counties and dry towns. There are as many blind tigers hovering around the dispensary as ever set up in dry towns. The blind tiger in the dispensary town does business at night after the dispensary closes.

There will be blind tigers any and everywhere that dirty scoundrels live to sell whiskey and dirty vagabonds live to buy it. I am proud to say that the Rome dispensary, so far, has been well managed, and so long as it is well managed it can never do a land office business. The management of a dispensary has got to hold it up or it will drag them down. Human philosophy tells us, take the lessser of two evils; divine philosophy tells us, take neither. I have always contended that a saloon run decently, by a respectable man, was a more dangerous place for our boys than a bum saloon run by an old bum. It is a question in my mind how far Christianity can go in its control and management of the sale of liquor, of bawdy houses, or gambling hells, without being particeps criminis to the devilment done by them. Suppose Christianity takes charge of every gambling hell in America and guarantees a fair deal and advertise to the boys, "Come in, you shan't be swindled in this game; you shall lose your money in a decent way."

The Baptists turn their members out for gearing up with the dispensary, as a rule. Methodists sneak and skulk from under by saying, there is no law in the church to handle them for the offence. No church has all the good in the world in it. As a Methodist, I say the Methodists head the procession on doctrine, but I am sorry to say some other churches seem to be ahead of us on discipline, and I believe the Methodist church is the only church that publishes and circulates a discipline. The dispensary sells the same kind of liquor the saloon does, and when a man is tanked up on dispensary or saloon liquor he is ready for anything the devil wants done.

Do you know, Mr. Editor, that there is some serious talk about bringing on an issue in Atlanta, supplanting the saloons there with a dispensary. There's a lot of folks in Atlanta and all over this state that want to dethrone the liquor power in Georgia, and when you cut the head off of the saloons you cut the tail off the liquor power, and that puts them in the woods in fly time. But if the liquor power were dethroned in Georgia what would the Democrats do for campaign money in a tight race against Seat Wright, or Hines, or Guerry?

And the Georgia legislature is to visit Valdosta again this week. Boys, let the memories of the former visit weigh heavily upon you. Don't get drunk nor cut nor shoot. It is no credit to you, gentlemen, to get drunk on a trip. It reflects upon your decency if it doesn't upon your intelligence, but if you do get drunk and misbehave, you have this consolation, you have precedent for such conduct.

Yours truly,
SAM P. JONES.

Cartersville, Ga., Nov. 6, 1902.

P. S.—What is Jack Slaton giving so many barbecues and entertainments for? Who makes up the committees of the house? Houston is mad. He delivered the goods too early in the game. S. P. J.

Died From Bite of Fly.

Herman Kaufman, the 3-year-old son of James Kaufman, a tobacco dealer of New York, has died in agony from the effects of a fly bite inflicted last Wednesday.

On that day the child complained to his mother of pain in his left cheek, and an examination revealed a slight eruption near the nose. Before night one eye was closed and the infection had spread to the right cheek. The head, neck and arms soon expanded to twice their normal size and the child died.

Coroner's Physician Riegelman learned that on Wednesday afternoon a blue-bottle fly struck little Herman on the face.

Poison carried by the fly must have infected the child and caused his death, said Dr. Riegelman. It was his opinion that the fly which bit the child had a short time before bit some one who was suffering with erysipelas and that the disease in malignant form was thus transmitted.

Perrygoric.

Jay Cooke, the financier, was from his boyhood an enthusiastic angler. The waters of Put-in-Bay, not far from Sandusky, O., have often been the scene of his exploits from his earliest to his latest years. Concerning this harbor and its associations with a notable event in our naval history this little tale is a favorite of Mr. Cooke's:

An old countryman entered a drug store in Sandusky, holding up a handkerchief with a knot in it.

"Well, uncle, what is it?" asked the clerk.

"I'll get around to it pretty quick. Now, what place is it down here on the lake?"

"Do you mean Put-in-Bay?"

"Yes, that's it. Now, who was it that put in there?"

"Perhaps you mean Commodore Perry?"

"The very man. And I want a bottle of Perrygoric."

No Laundries in China.

"It's the funniest thing to me," said an old sea captain, who for many years was in the China trade, as he settled himself comfortably back in his chair and blew a few rings of smoke into the air, "that 9 out of every 10 Chinamen who come to this country open laundries and engage in business which does not exist in their native land.

"As everyone knows, the Chinese at home wear soft cotton and woolen garments, according to the season, and there is not a pound of starch in all China. Stiffly starched clothes are unknown, and the Chinese men do not do the washing as they do in this country. Neither is there any regular laundry in the Flowery Kingdom. Therefore it is more than passing strange that Chinamen should all come to America and engage in a trade so foreign to their home industries."

A Favorite of Providence.

"Well, suh, de longer I lives de mo' I believes in de providin' or Providence," said the old darky. "What you reckon come ter me wid de fust fall er fros'?"

"You tell it."

"Marse Tom gimme a long-tail coat."

"My, my!"

"Marse Jim gimme a lopsided beaver."

"I hears you!"

"En Marse William gimme a gol'-headed walkin'-stick, a high-standin' collar, en a pair er britches!"

"En what you gwine do now?"

"I ain't gwine do nuttin' but go out in dat ol' fiel', in de dark er de moon, en git down on dese yer knees, en ax de Lawd ter sen' me a call ter preach fo' Chris'must sets in!"

The Woes of Cupid.

"Men is sho' fickle," said Miss Miami Brown. "Dey goes back on you on de slightes' provocation."

"What's been happenin'?" asked Miss Olina Jefferson Tompkins.

"Mr. Rastus Pinkley come aroun' trying to kiss me, an' so as not to seem too willin' an' audacious, I smashed 'im wif a flatiron, an' jest foh dat he jilted me!"

Turned Out to be a Scoundrel.

"What have you ever done about that mining stock you once owned?"

"I got cheated out of it."

"How? I thought it was worthless and jumped at a chance to unload it on a greenhorn. It turned out to be immensely valuable, and the scoundrel who bought it from me knew it all the time."

A New Yell.

"How did that new college yell happen to be invented?"

"Well, I've heard that a member of the class was in an elevator that dropped four stories, and that a Chinaman, a Sioux, an Irish woman, a negro preacher and an auctioneer were also in the elevator. He remembered the combination of sounds and taught it to the class."

Doesn't Respect Old Age.

It's shameful when youth fails to show proper respect for old age, but just the contrary in the case of Dr. King's New Life Pills. They cut off maladies no matter how severe and irrespective of old age. Dyspepsia, Jaundice, Fever, Constipation all yeild to this perfect pill. 25c. at Fetzer's drug store.

With women the longest way around is her hips.

BILL ARP'S LETTER.

Atlanta Constitution.

I am very much perplexed to know what to do for the country boys and girls. Of course they can get a little schooling under the present system, but that will be only in textbooks of reading, writing and arithmetic. What they need is books of reference that will answer their many questions. Every mail brings me letters wanting to know things that they cannot learn in their country schools. Their teachers cannot tell them nor their neighbors. Of course not more than half of them care about knowing anything outside of their school books, but the other half do, and on that half depends the culture and progress of our country. Why should these boys and girls have to ask me and Joel Chandler Harris and John Temple Graves and others so many questions? When they inclose a stamp I answer all I can, but these young people need books that they can refer to. If Mr. Carnegie would place in every country school a standard cyclopedia, such as Appleton's sixteen volumes of universal knowledge or Dodd, Meade & Co.'s International of sixteen volumes, the young people would have a library that would answer all their questions. Add to this Appleton's seven volumes of American biography and a country youth can get an education without anything else. A young farmer in Alabama asks me what books he must buy to improve his mind and store up knowledge by reading and studying at night. Well, it will take near $100 to buy the above named books and he had better skip over all the modern trash that does nothing but entertain and amuse and strain his farm and his cattle and everything to get that hundred dollars. I think he could get them from Wannamaker for $75.

Now, of course a boy or a girl not yet in their teens would prefer books to suit their age, and they ought to have them. I still treasure with delight my enjoyment of such books as "Robinson Crusoe," "Arabian Nights" and Jules Verne's works, "Swiss Family Robinson" and some of Scott's novels, like "Rob Roy" and "Kenilworth." Children must have entertainment. As they grow up they must have knowledge, for as Lord Bacon said knowledge is power and Lord Brougham said, "I had rather trust the schoolmaster to perpetuate this government than all the armies of England."

Now, here is a youth who writes to me to know who invented the alphabet. Well, that is going afar back, but it is a question that should be answered, for the alphabet is the very beginning of knowledge. The alphabet goes away back a thousand years before Moses was born. The Phoenecians made the first one that we know of. They lived in a narrow region that lies between Palestine and Syria, a country about 200 miles long and 20 miles wide, and yet they dominated the civilized world for a thousand years for they had control of commerce and manufactures and the gold of Ophir and the silver of Tarshish and the brass and copper of other lands were all theirs, and it was a fact that as Isaiah wrote, "Silver has heaped up as dust in the streets and was more plentiful than iron." Hiram, the king, was the friend of Solomon, but a thousand years before their time these Phoenecians had made an alphabet and used it in writing and engraving. But that alphabet has passed away. In course of time the Grecians conquered Phoenecia and the Greek language prevailed. Their alphabet is the origin of ours, the very word being compound of the first two letters, alpha and beta. Just as the Phoenecian language was lost and went into disuse just so has the Greek and Latin language been abandoned and our English will no doubt be the language of the civilized world before this century ends.

Nearly a hundred years ago an Englishman by the name of James Smithson bequeathed to the United States something over a million dollars to be used to promote the diffusion of knowledge among men. The sum has been increased by our government from year to year until now the Smithsonian institute is one of the wonders of the world. But you cannot see it unless you go to it, and only the rich and members of congress can do that. The common people are still in the woods, and that is why I wish Carnegie or some other philanthropist would do something for our country schools. The spirit of progress is doing well in the towns and cities. Right here in Cartersville our good women have organized a public library as an attachment to their club work. The corner stone will be laid next Saturday and I have been honored with an invitation to upheave the first shovel full of earth, which I shall certainly do it if I am strong enough to lift the shovel. I feel a deep interest in this educational work and hope to live long enough to see it in successful operation. Not long ago a lady asked me who designed the Confederate flag and who first suggested our Memorial day. When our library is well supplied they will not have to ask these questions, but will go there and find out.

But I must stop now for fear I will not only overtax my bodily strength, but will strain my mind besides.

BILL ARP.

The Golden Rule in Politics.

Biblical Recorder.

A certain citizen of North Carolina was not long ago promised the office o postmaster at a certain place. He was poor; had a large family and no means of support save his daily labor. Delighted with the prospect, he went to the place. When he got there he found that the man who had the office and whom he should supersede was a poor man with a large family. Seeing this, he sent word to those who had offered him the office that he would not take it. "The present incumbent," he said, "is a poor man and a good one. I will not take his place from him. It would condemn me before God." And he went to work.

This is the best example of the Golden Rule that we have found in North Carolina public life.

SHE KNEW JOSH.

London Tid-Bits.

"Now, madam," said the counsel for the defendant to a little, wiry, black-eyed, fidgety woman, who had been summoned in a case, "you will please give your evidence in as few words as possible. You know the defendant?"

"Know who?"

"The defendant—Mr. Joshua Bagg?"

"Josh Bagg? I do know him, and I knowed his father before him, and I don't know nothin' to the credit of either of 'em, and I don't think—"

"We don't want to know what you think, madam. Please say yes or no to my questions."

"What questions?"

"Do you know Mr. Joshua Bagg?"

"Don't I know him, though. You ask Josh Bagg if he knows me. Ask him if he knows anything about trying to cheat a pore widder like me out of $25. Ask—"

"Madam, I—"

"Ask him whose orchard he robbed last, and why he did it in the night. Ask his wife, Betsy Bagg, if she knows anything about slippin' into a neighbor's field and milkin' three cows on the sly. Ask—"

"Look here, madam—"

"Ask Josh Bagg about that uncle of his that died in prison. Ask him about lettin' his pore old mother die in the workhouse. Ask him about putting a big brick into a lot of butter she sold last spring—"

"Madam, I tell you—"

"See if Josh Bagg knows anything about feeding ten head of cattle on all the salt they could eat, and then letting them swill down all the water they could hold just 'fore he driv them into town and sold 'em. See what he's got to say to that."

"That has nothing to do with the case. I want you to—"

"Then there was old Azrael Bagg, own uncle to Josh, got kicked out of his native town, and Betsy Bagg's own brother got ketched in a neighbor's hen house at midnight. Ask Josh—"

"Madam, what do you know about this case?"

"I don't know a livin' thing 'bout it, but I'm sure Josh Bagg is guilty, whatever it is. The fact is, I've owed them Baggses a grudge for the last fifteen years, and I got myself called up on purpose to get even with 'em, and I feel I've done it."

On Kissers.

The Knocker, A Journal for Cranks.

Kissing is not an unhealthy pastime if proper sanitary measures are used before and after taking. But it is a rank crime to bring girls up without proper instruction as regards kissing.

The Pastor in the Push has seen a good many things in his time.

A gay young imbecile of the he-flirt type was standing on the piazza of a human hostry not many months ago—he was about to depart from his lady acquaintances of a week. It was a cloudless evening in June and the scarlet West gleamed dimly—not so dimly as to hide the scene—as six young ladies passed along in line and pressed their Rose of Sharon lips to the great slit in the face of the brainless, soulless and characteristic trifler. By the eternal gods, what a scene!

A girl who willfully permits herself to be pawed over by Tom, Dick and the Devil, who joins in such public kissing bees, has so debauched her body and so debased herself in mind that she is forever unfitted for noble wifehood, and no man of refinement would marry her.

She is damaged goods the moment she submits to the kisses of a man who does not make her mistress of his heart.

Kissing ain't a josh.

Kissing means business.

When a man finds a girl that has submitted to such job-lot osculation, he should paste a crossbone label over her slobber trap and go on.

It Was a Poor Crop Year.

The ingenuity of some Southern negroes in evading an obligati n and the absurdities into which their anxiety to escape the payment of a debt will lead them, was illustrated by a story told by a gentleman who formerly owned a farm in North Carolina.

He rented a small portion of the farm to a colored tenant, the consideration to be one-third of the crop. When the time came for the division of the produce the landlord waited in vain for the appearance of the old darkey. Finally he called upon his tenant, and the following conversation ensued:

"Well, Sam, I have been waiting for you to come up with the rent for the land. Why haven' you been around?"

"Well, to tell de truf, Marse John, the craps wuz so pore dis year dat I haint been able to git de rent togedder."

"But, Sam, you know I was to have one-third of the crop. What did you do with my portion?"

"Well, I'll tell you jes 'zactly how it wuz. De season was so pore dat I didn't make a third, Marse John."

An Unlucky Citizen.

"Yes, sir," said the story teller, "he wuz the onluckiest feller that ever drawed the breath o' life an' a week's wages!"

"You don't say?"

"Fact. Clumb a pine tree once when he seen the sheriff comin' to levy on him; harricane come along, blowed the tree down, an' landed him in the only vacant seat in the sheriff's buggy; sheriff started to jail with him; met by lynchin' party, who mistook him fer 'nuther man, an' strung him up, an' he'd almost quit kickin' when some un cut him down an' hauled him home jest as his mother-in-law had finished writin' his obituary and wuz standing before the glass to see how well she looked in mournin'!"

A Runaway Bicycle,

Terminated with an ugly cut on the leg of J. B. Orner, Franlin Grove, Ill. It developed a stubborn ulcer unyielding to doctors and remedies for four years. Then Bucklen's Arnica Salve cured. It's just as good for Burns, Scalds, Skin Eruptions and Piles. 25c. at Fetzer's drug store.

DANGER FROM PETS.

Youth's Companion.

In families where household pets of various kinds are allowed to be the daily companions of small children, parents should take the greatest care to see that these pets are in perfect health and kept clean.

We know now that many of the small animals and birds most frequently chosen as pets are very likely to fall victims to various diseases, especially tuberculosis and diptheria. It is natural for birds and animals to live in the open air, and confinement is probably the cause of their great proneness to consumption. It is certain that very few city dogs get nearly enough exercise, and therefore it is not surprising that they are generally troubled with indigestion and foul breath.

Cats, even oft-ner than dogs, are victims of tuberculosis. This disease is extremely vague in its earlier symptoms, and often slow. It does not require much thought to see how dangerous it must be for young children to romp with and caress a consumptive pet. The sight of a tiny child seated on the floor and playing with a constantly sneezing kitten of doubtful physique is a shocking sight, but one which may be witnessed only too often.

It is now generally conceded that canaries and parrots are a great source of danger in this regard. They are birds used to the free air in a warm climate, and it is little to be wondered at that they should develop disease when they are caged in steam-heated rooms in a northern climate.

Parasites also constitute a great danger, especially from cats. It is believed by physicians that many cases of ringworm in children may be traced to the cat. Although dog fleas seldom leave their habitations for human beings, as they are fortunately a distinct species, still, this is by no means an invariable rule.

Where the pet habit is ingrained and cannot be overcome—indeed, it is not wise wholly to deny children their pets—very careful watch should be kept by the elders of the family for the first slight symptoms of indisposition, and when these occur the pet should be placed in the care of an animal or bird-doctor for treatment.

How a City is Ruined by Closing the Saloons.

Evangelical Messenger.

Santa Monica, California, nearly a year ago decreed the closing of the saloon. To do so it was predicted would ruin the city. How the city has been ruined, read what the California Voice says:

First, very notable increase in the number and character of the population and visitors to the beach.

Second, business men say that since closing the saloons in May there is a decided improvement in business, some going as far as to say that their business has almost doubled. The merchants say that they are now getting more cash in hand for goods than ever before, and what formerly went to the saloons now goes into the legitimate channels of trade. An example or two will show the trend of business under prohibition.

The bank deposits in the Santa Monica bank for the three months of June, July and August, 1900, under prohibition, were $46,000 more than they were for the corresponding months of 1899 with open saloons. Moody's delicacy store for the months of June, July and August, 1900, under prohibition, took in actual cash, for June, $232.50; for July $584.83; for August, $427.23, in excess for the cash receipts for the three corresponding months of 1899, when they had saloons.

In May, 1899, there were fourteen arrests for drunkenness; in May, 1900, only four, and all other cases traceable to saloons have fallen off correspondingly. So that summing it all up Santa Monica can very well afford to do without saloons, and the good people of Santa Monica say that they can never again afford to have another saloon in their little city by the sea.

Thirty Minutes of Laughter.

Cleveland Plain Dealer.

That popular pastor, Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis, says we should all devote a half hour each day to laughter. He doesn't claim that it should be condensed into a single cackling bunch of enjoyment, but no doubt would permit it to be scattered along through the day, a giggle here, a gucaw there, with a wild chuckle in between.

Of course man can't laugh as the hyenas laugh. If he is a well-balanced person he requires a little artificial aid as an encourager. About the only human being who can make a stager at a fixed smile is the ballet dancer, and everybody knows it's simply a part of her make-up.

Mr. Hillis is all right. His advice is good. The world would turn better to the music of laughter. But it must be healthy laughter, the kind that shakes you up, and sets your pulses to throbbing and stretches your facial muscles.

And now bring on your laughter encouragers, the rare sort that makes mirth infectious, and whose own laughter is a quick contagion.

Will Investigate.

A remarkable case comes to light at Elizabeth, W. Va. An old man there by the name of G. W. Roberts had long suffered with incurable cancer. Everybody believed his case hopeless until he used Electric Bitters and applied Bucklen's Arnica Salve. The treatment cured him completely. Now every body who knows of it is investigating Electric Bitters. It exerts a mighty power to expel billiousness, Kidney and Liver troubles and it's a wonderful tonic for rundown systems. Don't fail to try it. Only 50c. Satisfaction guaranteed by P. B. Fetzer, druggist.

The Durham Herald says that "the election has passed and Democratic papers are again beginning to say what they think."

Far-sighted maidens begin to flirt with infants, so as to have them available, in case of necessity, a generation later.

GEN. LEE'S KINDNESS OF HEART

Chicago Inter-Ocean.

A kinsman of mine, who fought on the losing side in the late war, gave me these pleasant anecdotes of Robert E. Lee, says a man in the St. Louis Post Dispatch:

"I was adjutant of a cavalry regiment which took part in the West Virginia campaign of Lee in 1861. One day my colonel invited me to accompany him to headquarters, which I was very glad to do, hoping to hear something of my family in Richmond, whom the general—recently in that city—knew well. We found him sitting at the door of his tent, which was pitched at the top of a rather steep hill. He gave us a cordial welcome and to me the home news I desired. While the conversation was in progress an orderly came galloping up the hill, and dismounting, handed the general a dispatch. He held it in his hand without breaking the seal, and said to the soldier: 'You have ridden your horse hard and he is very much distressed. unbuckle the girths and let him breathe."

Another and more striking illustration of this tenderness of heart in the great commander occurred at Petersburg during the closing weeks of the seige. General Lee's headquarters was in a private house beyond the reach, it was thought, of the Federal artillery. One morning he was standing, with several members of his staff, under a large tree, when a heavy shell landed not a far distant. "Gentlemen," he said, "the enemy have evidently got in range, and we had better retire." Of course, nobody would retire until the chief set the example. The next morning another shell crashed through the top of a tree above their heads, and all followed his advice—except himself. He stopped—and for what, do you suppose? The shells had knocked down a nest full of young birds and when the retreating officers looked back they saw General Lee pick up the nest and place it carefully on one of the lower branches of the tree.

Unwise Marriages.

Bishop Duncan, of South Carolina, at the meeting of the Virginia Conference of the Southern Methodist Church, in Richmond, November 12th, advised young preachers, in effect, to jilt their sweethearts unless they were Methodist girls. His address was exceptionally interesting and his chief theme was unwise unions.

The Bishop declared that many ministers made the mistake of their lives by unwise marriages. A case in point was that of a young minister in California, who wanted to leave and go to another State to marry a young girl with whom he was in love. The Bishop said:

"Many a preacher makes the mistake of his life by unwise marrying. I do not feel one year older than I did forty years ago, when I sat out there to get my assignment. To the young preachers I will tell them of what I have observed in those forty years. I have one case in mind. A young preacher in the far West declared that he would have to give up his charge and go East. There was a girl he liked very much. He wanted to marry her. I asked if there were not plenty of beautiful and good women where he had his charge. This one out East was a Campbellite. He went and married her. He thought he could find no other who could take care of him as well as this one. He would have been more fortunate. I think, if she had been a Presbyterian, for then she would have felt that she was elected to be the minister's wife.

"I believe he has laid the foundations for untold trouble and vexation.

"Again I know of cases where the leaders in worldliness are the daughters of preachers. They lead the euchre parties, the wine parties.

"There is where the preacher has a bitter fight on his hands, and he cannot hope to make it a good fight if he has at home what he should not have—worldliness.

"Having nothing, the preacher can give untold riches to others. He can make many rich by using the grace of God. How can a minister complain about poverty? It should be a blessing."

Ingalls' Formality Jarred.

Philadelphia Public Ledger.

M. E. Ingalls, prominent in railroad affairs in the Middle West has a rule that callers must send in their names from an outer office and wait his summons if he desires to admit them. It is told of him that not a great while ago the rule was ignored by a stranger, who swung wide the door, let it close with a bang and jerkily asked:

"Ingalls in?"

"I am Mr. Ingalls," replied the railroad man, his choler rising.

"So?" queried the stranger. "Letter for you."

And he handed over an envelope. When Mr. Ingalls read the contents he appeared surprised and asked:

"Do you know what this says?"

"Yep," replied the stranger. "Station agent in our own town said you'd give me a job if I brought that to you."

"Indeed!" commented Ingalls, ironically. "Well, do you not think your chances would be better if you at least knocked before entering, removed your hat when you entered and asked for 'Mr.' Ingalls instead of merely 'Ingalls?'"

The stranger looked discomfited, reached for the letter and slowly left. Before Ingalls recovered from his surprise there was a knock on the door, and, responding to his "Come in!" the stranger re-entered softly, removed his hat and gently inquired:

"Is Mr. Ingalls in, sir?"

The magnate, deeply impressed with the fact that his little lecture had produced quick results, said cheerily:

"Yes, my friend—I am he. What can I do for you?"

"Do for me?" came the answer. Then louder: "Do for me! You can go to the devil for me, you baldheaded little duffer! That's what you can do!"

And he departed, slamm i g the door.

The Socialist vote in the United States increased from 126,445 in 1900 to more than 400,000 in the recent election.

RUTS.

The walking sick, what a crowd of them there are: Persons who are thin and weak but not sick enough to go to bed.

"Chronic cases" that's what the doctors call them, which in common English means—long sickness.

To stop the continued loss of flesh they need Scott's Emulsion. For the feeling of weakness they need Scott's Emulsion.

It makes new flesh and gives new life to the weak system.

Scott's Emulsion gets thin and weak persons out of the rut. It makes new, rich blood, strengthens the nerves and gives appetite for ordinary food.

Scott's Emulsion can be taken as long as sickness lasts and do good all the time.

There's new strength and flesh in every dose.

We will be glad to send you a few doses free.

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