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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.

TIRED OUT.

There's many a farmer's wife sits on the porch in the growing shadows of a summer evening, knowing to the full what it is to feel tired out; as if there was not another ounce of effort left in her. But she knows how sound her slumber will be and how refreshed the morning will find her. That's the tiredness of a healthy woman. But it's another thing for the sick woman to feel tired out. Rest only seems to increase her suffering. Just as in profound silence a discord jars the ear more forcibly, so now that she has stopped moving about, this tired woman feels more acutely the aching back and throbbing nerves.

Sick women, hundreds of thousands of them, have been made well by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It establishes regularity, dries weakening drains, heals inflammation and ulceration and cures female weakness.

"Words cannot tell what I suffered for thirteen years with uterine trouble and dragging-down pains through my hips and back," writes Mrs. John Dickson, of Grenfell, Assiniboia Dist., N. W. Ter. "I can't describe the misery it was to be on my feet long at a time. I could not eat nor sleep. Often I wished to die. Then I saw Dr. Pierce's medicines advertised and thought I would try them. Had not taken one bottle till I was feeling well. After I had taken five bottles of 'Favorite Prescription' and one of 'Golden Medical Discovery' I was like a new woman. Could eat and sleep and do all my own work."

The Common Sense Medical Adviser, is sent *free* on receipt of stamps to pay expense of mailing *only*. Send 21 one-cent stamps for the book in paper covers, or 31 stamps for the volume bound in cloth. Address Dr. Pierce, Buffalo, N.Y.

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.
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CONCORD, NORTH CAROLINA.

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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.

BRICK! BRICK! BRICK!

A brick is a brick, yes, but what a difference in them. Good brick, good machinery, up-to-date methods, in fact, a thousand details, are a necessity to produce the best brick. We have our plant fully equipped for a capacity of 45,000,000—not only that, but have a body of the finest river clay ever located in this country. Our plant is on the Catawba river near Fort Mill, S. C., and shipping station, Grattan, S. C.

"A man is a man for a' that," but what a difference in 'em. You require the best lumber for your house; the best coal for your engine; the best flour for your table. One does not buy a common horse when he can get a much better one for near the same price. This is true about everything one needs.

In a building nothing is more essential than good material. It adds to the safety and wear, besides 'twill sell for more. Who would not pay more for a building put up out of first quality material than for one thrown together out of common ordinary brick.

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Prompt Service in Shipments

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OFFICE WITH

S. S. McNINCH & COMPANY,

CHARLOTTE, N. C.

Dec. 18—3m.

Machinery for Sale.

One pair Platform Scales.
One 20 horse power Boiler.
One 40 horse power boiler.
One Cotton Press.
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Two Cotton Gins.
One Saw Mill.
Lot of Shafting.
Apply to

MRS. M. L. GOODMAN,
or Z. A. MORRIS.

25 cts. PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 cts.

THE TONGUE.

"The boneless tongue, so small and weak,
Can crush and kill," declared the Greek.

"The tongue destroys a greater horde,"
The Turk asserts, "than does the sword."

The Persian proverb wisely saith,
"A lengthy tongue—an early death."

Or sometimes takes this form instead:
"Don't let your tongue cut off your head."

"The tongues can speak a word whose speed,"
Says the Chinese, "outstrips the steed."

While Arab sage doth this impart:
"The tongue's great storehouse is the heart."

From Hebrew wit the maxim sprang,
"Though feet should slip ne'er let the tongue."

The sacred writer crowns the whole,
"Who keeps his tongue doth keep his soul."
—REV. PHILIP BURROWS STRONG.

"STAY IN THE SOUTH."

A Message to the Men and Women of the Southland.

Andrew M. McConnell, editor of the Alkahest Magazine and head of the Alkahest Industrial Settlement near Atlanta, delived a notable address last week under the Auspices of the Woman's Club at the Grand, Atlanta. It was an able message to the Southland and is well worth reading. We quote the following:

A few years ago I had decided the first opportunity to go to New York or Boston, where one could get pay for his writing or lecturing. It was that prevalent idea that the South teaches, the only thing keeping our section in vassalage: If you have any special sense or gift, go North, where it will be appreciated and paid for. By cultivating this spirit of suicide to opportunities, we every year not only give away, but actually drive away our most talented men. Go to New York, or other Eastern cities, and nearly half of the brain and push is from Southern men who have gone there for a wider field. We send our best teachers, like Woodrow Wilson, our greatest scientists, like Joseph LaConte; we send our leading journalists, like Ochs, of Chattanooga, and our ablest editors, like Walter H. Page, of North Carolina; our best financiers flock to Wall street, and our best writers go to their market.

There is Mrs. Seridan, a perfect queen of Southern womanhood, a nightingale of song, a woman of such sweet power that her very presence is an inspiration, and Atlanta, without a protest or an effort, has let her go to Philadelphia, where in concerts she is paid $100 a night against our $50. And here will come a prima donna from New York, with a little soul, with a flippant character and an artificial influence, with an operatic voice and not half so sweet a song, and we will pay her $150. Right here let us digress far enough to cheer and cheer again those who have stayed and become, in discharging their duties to home, greater than those who left. There was Grady, who never left us only when invited away to interpret the soul of the South and her longing to clasp her alienated brother in a national spirit. There is Joel Chandler Harris, who has never been away from Atlanta, and "Uncle Remus" is loved in every civilized land where children live. There is Mary Johnston, of Birmingham, who has written the most popular novels of late years, and there is the growing band of faithful workers and builders, like Senator Morgan, Hoke Smith, Governor Aycock, John Temple Graves, and others too numerous to mention, in every state, in every city and town whose thought and energy are concentrated to awaken our people to their opportunities, who are making openings here far greater than overcrowded New York can afford, who are proving that the South is the one place in the Union for money, for enterprise, for brains and for a life of purpose.

We have waked up in the industrial lines, we no longer sell our cotton for five cents to England, and buy it back at 50 cents; we bale it and spin it in the cotton field, and keep all the money here, where by nature it belongs.

But will we never learn that the glory of our manhood and the flower of our womanhood are too vital and precious to be given away; while we pay men and women of the North, of less capacity and less adaptability to our needs big salaries to do what our own people can do better, if we would only train them and keep them at home.

While we are sending our best men away for better opportunities, the wisest Northern men of money and brains are coming here. They see what we do not: that the South some day will be the center of the Western World.

England, France, Spain and all of Western Europe are decaying; Russia and Japan and Eastern Asia are awakening. The Pacific is to be covered with a greater commerce than the Atlantic has ever known. The present supremacy of the Atlantic commerce is what has made New York what it is. The new canal will connect and open this vast new commerce of the Pacific with the Atlantic, and the gulf will be the Mediterranean of the western hemisphere, with Mexico growing into a progressive nation, with Cuba and the West Indies coming to the front, with all of South America in the pain throes of a modern growth, with the Mississippi system bringing the trade of the great Middle West through our doors; with the cotton supply of the world, with our varied products that fail no season, with a Pennsylvania supply of coal in Alabama and oil in Texas, with the winter home of the nation's wealthy in Florida, and their summer home in North Carolina, with all these, the South will some day be the center of the Western World. The alert from New England, New York and Ohio will then come here for their wider opportunities, just as we are now sending our abler men away.

Let us encourage these builders who see this, and let us put our shoulders to the wheel and help them hurry on the day when the New South will be worthier, more influential and more progressive that in the glory of other days. The brilliant Watson, in his history and in his lecture, is telling in a proud way of the great things our fathers did, how they acted well the larger part in building our great Union of Anglo-Saxon progress, and we little apes cheer and hurrah over what our fathers accomplished and never thing of doing anything ourselves, and thus being worthy of the blood and spirit of a noble ancestry.

We are like potato vines, spread out in assuming leaves, with the best part of us under ground. We have had enough of whittling goods boxes at country stores, and bragging over our ancestors, unless we expect to take the Chinaman by the arm, walk in his steps, and build a Chinese wall of prejudice around us. What will our children have to boast about? Where is the man we need, of Watson's brilliancy, with Lincoln's humanity and vision of a larger time, with Roosevelt's action and high-minded purpose, with the nobility and purity of our own great Lee, and with the sympathy and love note of our silver-voiced Grady to awaken us, from the blue-grass beauty of Kentucky to the orange-gold of Florida, to arouse our dormant energies into a healthy usefulness, to breathe into our hearts the spirit of these larger times, the world-wide spirit of progress, the Columbus spirit of sail on! and ever onward! on God's untried seas. Who will revive the beauty and the bloom of the Old South which we have thrown aside in our mad rush for industrial recognition, and will wed to it the common sense, the action and the moral force of our Puritan brother? We can but impatiently wait and work and pray for the coming of our David of Right and Truth—of his coming from our shepherd hills, where God's vital oxygen has given him force, and where a purer air has given him aspiration and nobility of character, and he shall lead us out of the dead past of our inherited prejudice into the vital life of these new times.

A Safety Match at Last.

The Germans have found a harmless substitute for phosphorous and the government has placed it at the disposal of all the match factories which are still using phosphorous. A measure has been introduced in the Reichstag absolutely prohibiting the use of phosphorous in making matches. France has a standing offer of $12,500 for the invention of a satisfactory substitute for phosphorous, but the prize has not yet been rewarded.

Alarming Decrease in Birth Rate.

George F. Shrady, of The New York Medical Record, declares that the decrease in the birth rate among American mothers is alarming and that a decreasing population will soon be the result, as in France today. The demands of society and our life in flats, "where a baby is more unwelcome than a dog," are given as reasons. Our Anglo-Saxon prudery, Dr. Shrady says, stands in the way of any general campaign of education on the subject.

Hypnotism Not Remedial.

The commission of mental disease experts appointed by the German ministry of education to investigate the healing power of hypnotism has reported that it is essentially worthless and that its use by laymen is dangerous. Its only virtue, they assert, is in rare instances where it can be used to remove symptoms through suggestion. They say its effects are greater on patients who regard it as marvelous and supernatural.

To See the Sea's Bottom.

Signor Pino, of Italy, whose hydroscope was recenty tested in the Mediterranean, says his invention allows a clear view over an area of several thousand yards at a depth of from 400 to 500 yards. It can be used on shipboard to guard against submerged objects and for the reclaiming of wrecks, etc. He has also invented a submarine boat fitted with screws and wheels to allow it to crawl on the bottom of the sea.

Mysterious Circumstance.

One was pale and sallow and the other fresh and rosy. Whence the difference? She who is blushing with health uses Dr. King's New Life Pills to maintain it. By gently arousing the lazy organs they compel good digestion and head off constipation. Try them. Only 25c, at Fetzer's Drug Store.

SAM JONES SAYS PROHIBITION WAVE IS SWEEPING OVER TEXAS.

Atlanta Journal.

As I said in last week's letter to The Journal, there is at this time the biggest wave of prohibition sentiment rolling over Texas that the oldest inhabitants ever saw. The towns and counties are going dry by tens and hundreds. At this time there is a call for a local option election in Dallas. Premature and unwise as it is on the part of the temperance people, for they have no money and no organization, and the election only about two weeks off, yet notwithstanding that, the whisky crowd are mad and scared. I advised the temperance people to let the election go by default, and a year hence, with money and organization, we would and could lick them bad; that if they made a fight now and lost, they would hurt the cause in the many towns now moving for local option elections. And so it will go in Dallas.

Scenes like that in Turner hall last Friday night is helping prohibition and hurting the saloon cause terrifically. For the people see that the people or the saloons one or the other must go down.

From Waco south I find that the problem in Texas among the farmers and merchants is the boll weevil, which has devastated the cotton crop for past two or three years. The farmer here is up against the biggest proposition of all his history.

Think of 5,000 acres of beautiful growing cotton and 200 bales the product and in some sections I hear that lands which have sold for $50 per acre, readily, have no such market value now. The farmer in this section has been idle for months; no land can be ploughed by reason of constant rains since last October. Plow stock in poor fix; no corn except that shipped in, and in many places the roads in such condition they cannot haul the corn from the railroad station to the farm. Of course this applies to only some sections. The rain still falling, but amid it all I find they have hope and faith that yet Texas will come out all right.

This is an heroic people, generous in prosperity and brave in adversity. If pluck and energy will conquer the difficulties, then the Texans will whip the fight. But a people cannot fight against the stars.

In spite of all her disasters, there has been wonderful growth in her towns, and her industries. The trains come into Texas loaded with immigrants and home seekers.

Texas is building new and extending her old lines of railroads in marvelous mileage. And if the storms and high water that devastate her rich bottoms and the boll weevil which destroys her cotton will cease, then Texas will go forward in leaps and bounds. Texas railroads and hotels in their wonderful improvements impresses one who has often been out here most favorably. I finish up my tour of present engagements in Texas February 1, when I have a week in Louisiana and Mississippi, thence back to old Georgia, where I love to be. Yours truly,

SAM P. JONES.

Peary's Own Predictions.

February McClure's.

Robert E. Peary'sarticle, "The Last Year of Arctic Work," which is printed in the February McClure's is splendidly optimistic over the outcome of the siege of the pole. The author not only predicts that the pole will be won, but states preciousely how. This is characteristic of Lieutenant Peary, and the same enthusiasm infuses every line of his article, which is a narrative of the expedition on which he discovered and founded the north cape of Greenland—with little doubt the northernmost land in the world. Here he lets himself out indeed, and his description of how it feels to set one's eyes on land no human being has ever seen before, is one that readers of Lieutenant Peary's story will not forget.

A young girl was recently picked up on a New York street who has been a puzzle to linguists. The policeman who found her took her to the steamship piers where there were men who speak seven and eight different languages aud some smattering of many more. Not an interpreter could understand a word she said. The girl was then taken to a block of houses the boast of which has been that it was so cosmopolitan that every language of the world was spoken by at least one resident. The word "bread" was spoken in a hundred tongues, but she did not appear to understand a word. She spoke in a strong, clear voice, but in a language nobody could understand.

The scratch of a pin may cause the loss of a limb or even death when blood poisoning results from the injury. All danger of this may be avoided, however, by promptly applying Chamberlain's Pain Balm. It is an antiseptic and quick healing liniment for cuts, bruises and burns. For sale by M. L. Marsh.

James J. Hill declares that labor unions will check the industrial advance of this country.

SHE FAINTED AT WRONG TIME.

Baltimore County Wooer Has Not Courage to Propose Again.

Baltimore Sun.

Did a proposal of marriage, after long years of courtship in which the wooer showed no signs of such temerity, cause a young woman in a certain part of Baltimore county to suffer an attack of heart failure which almost ended her life?

A physician in a certain suburb is authority for a statement that it was. For the benefit of those of a sympathetic turn of mind, it may be stated here that the young woman still lives, but it is whispered that the suitor, although still constant in his attentions, has not ventured to "talk business," for fear of precipitating a second attack. The young woman of course can but wait, and the wooing shows signs of remaining in its present unfinished state for some time to come.

"I was just about to retire," said the doctor who tells the story. "It was nearly midnight, and from the woods near came the soughing of the wind through the trees, which I thought would lull me to sleep, when a buggy covered with mud dashed up to my door. An excited young man threw the reins loosely upon his horse's back as he began a bombardment of my door. 'Doctor! doctor!' he called, 'for the love of heaven, hurry!'

"Once in his buggy he made the animal attached travel as I have seldom seen a horse go. We covered seven miles of the roughest kind of country road in half an hour.

"Again and again I endeavored to check him telling him what he should have known himself, for he was a farmer—that he would kill the horse. 'Let him die!' he would answer, in desperation. 'A more precious life than his is at stake.'

"At last we reached the farm—my nerves in good condition for work. I was glad when I saw my patient sitting up with a lot of smelling salts scattered about her and a host of relatives doing kind offices.

"Heart disease! Well, it was a pretty mild attack, if it was the heart. You see, I learned from relatives later that just as John was in the middle of a long and carefully prepared speech, the girl toppled over like a ninepin. John didn't wait to call in any of the family but, after trying frantically to revive his loved one, rushed through the house shouting that he was going for me. He nearly scared the rest of them to death. The girl was up three minutes after he'd gone, and she hasn't had an attack since, but it cost him dearly, for his horse died and it put an awful stumbling block in his way; he hasn't been able to say 'Will you?' to her since. When he wishes her to go anywhere with him he has to get around it some way."

Health Advantages in Favor of Working Convicts on the Public Roads.

"The jails of the state," says Dr. Bragg, "beggar description. They create disease. Prisoners are herded in them like sheep, with no ventilation no sanitation, no bathing facilities and no change of clothing, although they may be confined for months, reeking with filth, and covered with vermin, the food being "of the roughest." These are Dr. Bragg's own words, and he knows whereof he speaks.

"Prison reform, it is plain, should be extended to the jails and to the fee brigade. The whole problem of county convicts needs revision, and the present legislature cannot act too strongly or thoroughly."

The above is taken from an editorial in the "Age-Herald," Birmingham, Ala., and shows the evil of leaving prisoners to languish in jail instead of putting them on the roads where they will live in the fresh air and have the exercise that is essential to health, to say nothing of the saving to the county. They would be happier and healthier at work and it is best for all concerned—prisoners and county, to have them on the roads. This is the proper "prison reform."

A Most Fatal Gift,

Would be the power of foreseeing events. This would destroy hope. A knowledge of the future would unmake happiness. There are, of course, some things about the future we do know. If, for instance, a lack of energy, ambition and loss of appetite shows itself we know it will be followed by serious complaints if not checked. Often Liver and Kidney trouble follow quickly. In any event Electric Bitters will restore you to health. It strengthens, builds up and invigorates rundown systems. Only 50c Satisfaction guaranteed by Fetzer's Drug Store.

A young teacher in the New Rochelle (N. Y.) high school recently came into possession of a fortune of $350,000 from the estate of an uncle. When asked by the superintendent for plenty of time to chose her successor, the young lady seemed astonished and asked: "Why, can't I teach?" She later said she would not resign, as she liked her work and hoped to continue it indefinitely.

SUNSHINE VERSUS BLIZZARD.

Atlanta Journal.

It is estimated that 50,000 people from the eastern states and from Europe have moved to North Dakota during the past year. Real estate boomers have realized vast profits. Thousands of acres along the Sault St. Marie and the Great Northern lakes have been taken by permanent settlers.

Yet North Dakota is the home of blizzards and frost bites and unlimited snow. There are several months each year during which all farm work needs must be suspended. When we add to this the fact that much of the land is unavailable until irrigated, it becomes a mystery why there is such a rush of settlers to those regions.

Why is it that people are so anxious to take up their abode amid alternate frost and drouth, instead of coming to Georgia where the land needs no irrigation and the climate is equable but not enervating?

An able contemporary answers this question with a sermon on advertising. And this is an excellent answer. Our state does need more and better advertising; and the astonishing immigration which is peopling the Dakotas and other western states is to a large extent the result of skilful publicity.

But it must be admitted that something has already been done along this line—though not enough. Our great railroad systems have advertised the advantages of this state for many years in a diligent and to a certain extent a most effective manner. But the people have not done their share. The fact must be admitted that Georgia, in common with the other south Atlantic states, has failed to receive a share of immigration at all proportionate with that enjoyed by certain northwestern commonwealths.

Let us supplement the advertising already done by having a monster exhibit at the St. Louis exposition, and thereby make a tangible showing of our resources and advantages. The time is ripe for work like this. People will not continue to flock to the blizzard-swept Dakotas if they can be made to understand that Georgia offers them a greater amount of happiness and prosperity. Let's go to work in earnest to bring some of these people to Georgia next year.

Human Flesh Used by Woman to Cook Meals.

MONTICELLO, N. Y., February 10.—The 14-year-old daughter of Mrs. Kate Taylor, who is under arrest for the murder of her husband, Lafayette Taylor, at their home near Centreville, on the night of January 27, told a horrible story of her mother's crime at the woman's trial here.

The girl is the woman's daughter by a former husband. She testified that her stepfather came home drunk and that she retired while he and her mother were quarreling. A short time afterward she heard a shot, and running into the kitchen saw Taylor lying on the floor and saw her mother shoot him again.

Mrs. Taylor then seized an ax and cut off his head and right arm, both of which she placed in the stove. The remainder of the body was cut in four pieces and put in a sack in the pantry and during the two succeeding days parts of the body were burned until it was all consumed. The clothing was burned, and other evidences of the murder were cleared away.

During the time the body was being burned the usual meals were cooked by Mrs. Taylor.

During her daughter's recital of the story Mrs. Taylor showed no sign of nervousness.

New York Women's Hotel.

The Hotel Martha Washington, built exclusively for women by the Woman's Hotel Company at New York, is to be opened February 15. It is a twelve-story up-to-date hotel, containing accommodations for 500 permanent and 150 transient guests and employing female help as far as possible. Its tenants, who are already secured, are professional and other self-supporting women, many of whom are stockholders in the company. Rooms will be rented at from $3 to $17 a week.

A Mother's Recommendation.

I have used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy for a number of years and have no hesitancy in saying that it is the best remedy for coughs, colds and croup I have ever used in my family. I have not words to express my confidence in this remedy.—Mrs. J. A. Moore, North Star, Mich. For sale by M. L. Marsh.

The Peabody Trust Fund is to be closed and the principal fund distributed. The fund now amounts to $2,100,000. This large sum may be distributed among the Southern States for public education, or it may be concentrated in one State to establish a great Southern Teachers College. In the former case North Carolina would receive about $200,000. In the latter case nothing.

Mr. Carnegie says he has given 730 libraries within the last two years and that he has over 800 applications on hand.

THINKS SHE WAS BEWITCHED.

Dora Cooperstein Says a Woman Put a Blight Upon Her With a Blood Flower.

Trenton, N. J., Dispatch.

Dora Cooperstein, a daughter of a tailor living at 12 Market street, has barely passed her majority, but for ten years she has been a helpless cripple. She ascribes her transformation from a healthy young girl to a hopeless invalid to the machinations of a woman who is alleged to have put her under a spell. This is the story Miss Cooperstein told to-day:

"Ten years ago I was a pupil at the Market street school and as healthy and robust as any pupil there. A woman and her daughter, the latter about my age, boarded with our family. The woman was sullen and morose and when my father told her she would have to leave she turned sharply on him and said: 'You will live to repent this day, for I will put a blight on you. Yes, the curse will follow you.'

"My father laughed, but my mother worried over the words. The next night the woman's daughter awakened me at midnight and took me to her mother's room. 'Dora,' said the woman, 'I am sick. Pluck me the flower that smells so sweet in the next yard, it will make me better.' I brought up a flower, but she sent me back saying that she wanted the blood flower. When I brought this she said: 'Smell it Dora. Smell it long and hard.' I did so and grew faint and sick.

"Next day the woman left and about a week later I was taken ill at school and removed home. Dr. Gustav A. Schoenig prescribed for me while I was ill, the woman came again and induced my mother to give me some medicine which she brought and I grew worse. Then I was taken to a local hospital where I spent nine weeks, and then to the Pennsylvania Hospital in Philadelphia. The doctors said I had spinal trouble and that nothing but an operation could save me, but I know that I am still under the spell of the woman, and that if this were removed I should get well."

Dr. Schoenig confirmed the story to the extent of saying he had attended the girl years ago, and that she had some peculiar spinal trouble which baffled eminent surgeons. He could give no reason for her condition.

Train Sent Back 22 Miles by Mrs. Vanderbilt.

SAVANNAH, Ga., February 13.—The Southern Railroad's Palm Limited train to-day had to run back nearly 25 miles to pick up a passenger. The train is due to arrive in Savannah at 10:20 a. m. It was an hour or so late, and running at its best speed, when it passed Pineland, the station of the club by that name, 22 miles above Hardeeville, and one of the resorts of wealthy New Yorkers by whom it was organized.

As the train drew near the station three or four persons were seen on the platform. The engineer went by without stopping. In the party on the platform, however, was Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, who had decided to run down and spend the night at the country home of her brother, R. T. Wilson, Jr., near Bluffton.

The fact that the limited had gone by without stopping didn't worry her. She got Mr. Vanderbilt to telegraph to Hardeeville, the next regular stop for the train, and have it ordered back. It is not known what arguments were contained in the message, but they were potent, for when the train reached Hardeeville it was ordered back for the Vanderbilt party and not until they had been taken aboard was the trip resumed to Savannah.

Conundrums.

Where did George Washington go when he went out of his forty-ninth year? Into his fiftieth.

Why is the letter "k" like flour? You can't make cake without it.

What letter is the centre of gravity? The letter V.

What animal has the most brains? A hog, because he has a hogshead full of them.

What makes a coach dog spotted? His spots.

If you pull a dog's tail why is it like your tea caddy? Because you're teasing it (your tea is in it.)

Why is the letter "d" like a sailor? It follows the "c" (sea.)

Why is a stick of candy like a horse? The more you lick it the faster it goes.

A man is on top of a hill and yet is at the bottom. "Yet" is his dog.

What asks no questions, but requires an answer. A door bell.

Why are hens worth keeping? Because for every grain they give a peck.

Why should a cabman be brave? None but the brave deserve the fair (fare).

When does a man sneeze three times? When he cannot help it.

The best physic. "Once tried and you will always use Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets," says William A. Girard, Pease, Vt. These Tablets are the most prompt, most pleasant and most reliable cathartic in use. For sale by M. L. Marsh.

Over-Work Weakens Your Kidneys.

Unhealthy Kidneys Make Impure Blood.

All the blood in your body passes through your kidneys once every three minutes.

The kidneys are your blood purifiers, they filter out the waste or impurities in the blood. If they are sick or out of order, they fail to do their work.

Pains, aches and rheumatism come from excess of uric acid in the blood, due to neglected kidney trouble.

Kidney trouble causes quick or uneasy heart beats, and makes one feel as though they had heart trouble, because the heart is over-working in pumping thick, kidney-poisoned blood through veins and arteries.

It used to be considered that only urinary troubles were to be traced to the kidneys, but now modern science proves that nearly all constitutional diseases have their beginning in kidney trouble.

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