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THE CONCORD WEEKLY TIMES

Leading Paper in This Section.

LARGE AND ESTABLISHED CIRCULATION

ESTABLISHED IN 1870.

If you have anything to sell, let the people know it.

A Sudden Twinge

Of pain is generally the first warning of an attack of rheumatism. It feels as if the disease were in the bones or muscles, but the real cause of rheumatism is found in impure blood. In order to cure rheumatism the blood must be cleansed of the poisonous impurities which are the cause of the disease.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has been very successful in the cure of rheumatism, because it entirely cleanses the blood from the poisonous substances which are the cause of the disease. It not only purifies the blood but by increasing the activity of the blood-making glands, it increases the supply of pure, rich blood which adds to the vigor of every physical organ.

Mr. R. A. McKnight, of Cades, Williamsburg Co., S. C., writes: "I had been troubled with rheumatism for twelve years, so bad at times I could not leave my bed. I was badly crippled. Tried many doctors and two of them gave me up to die. None of them did me much good. The pains in my back, hips and legs (and at times in my head), would nearly kill me. My appetite was very bad. Everybody who saw me said I must die. I took five bottles of the 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and four vials of 'Pellets,' and to-day my health is good after suffering twelve years with rheumatism."

The sole motive for substitution is to permit the dealer to make the little more profit paid by the sale of less meritorious medicines. He gains; you lose. Therefore accept no substitute for "Golden Medical Discovery."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cleanse the bowels and stimulate the sluggish liver.

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DR. H. C. HERRING, DENTIST,

Is now on the ground floor of the Litaker Building.

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Surgeon Dentist,

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Is prepared to do all kinds of dental work in the most approved manner.
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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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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.
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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 HEN.

Alas! my child, where is the pen
That can do justice to the hen?
Like royalty she goes her way,
Laying foundations every day,
Though not for public buildings, yet
For custard, cake and omelette,
Or, if too cold for such a use,
They have their fling at some abuse,
As when to censure plays unfit
Upon the stage they make a hit;
Or at elections seal the fate
Of an obnoxious candidate.
No wonder, child, we prize the hen,
Whose egg is mightier than the pen.
—OLIVER HEREFORD in THE GUILDER.

BILL ARP'S LETTER.

Atlanta Constitution.

My wife reads the papers more or less every day and keeps up with the sensations. Most of the time she sits in her accustomed corner and plies her needle and thread, making little garments for her grand children, or new covers for the cushions or mending underclothes or darning stockings or something. When she gets tired she walks in the garden or goes down to see Jessie and the children. She went to town yesterday and bought some thread and some toilet soap and got weighed and asked the family all around to guess how much and one guessed it, exactly one hundred and fifty pounds. She asked me to guess, but I said no—she had had her way so often and so long that I couldn't come near it and she shook her fist at me. Good gracious! when I married her she didn't weigh a hundred and wore number two shoes and stepped like a deer. "Tempus fugit," next week will be the fifty-fourth anniversary of our wedding day, fifty-four—the talismanic number made up of nines or its multiple, as 3, 6, 9, 18, 27, 54,—3 and 6 are 9, 1 and 8 are 9, 2 and 7 are 9, 5 and 4 are 9. And soon our birthdays will come along again, the first and fifteenth of June, and time keeps rolling on.

My wife was reading the paper and suddenly stopped and spoke to me, saying: "Well, isn't it about time to quit writing about the negro?" "Why so?" said I. "Why, don't you see that the whole buiness of the race problem was settled in Atlanta last Sunday? The mayor and the preachers, black and white, all made speeches, and seemed to agree and everything is harmonious. So if I was you I would write about something else. Take up George Washington for a change and let Booker go dead."

Well, they did play on the harmonican right smart and I hope the problem will take a rest, for everybody is tired of it. Even Crumpacker is tired, and now says the negro must work out his own salvation. That's all right. When they call off the dogs, I'll quit. They are waking up to the true character of the negro. A Chicago man who has been visiting the prisons says there are about forty-six thousand negroes in that city, which is about two per cent. of the population and that the prison records as shown him by wardens, show the negroes to be thirty per cent. of all the criminals confined, and that the negro quarter of the city is the rendezvous and the refuge of nearly all the white burglars and thieves that infest the city.

But that's none of my business, as my wife says. Chicago needs them for municipal politics. But I have quit. Let the negro go along and evolute, as Crumpacker says. I had rather look out of my window and see two little girls coming up the walk hand in hand to see me than to write about anything. And the little boy is coming, too. His nurse is rolling him in his carriage and he will run to me as soon as he gets in the room, and will nestle on my knees and say his little words, and my greatest comfort is that all of them love me and won't go home without kissing me a sweet goodby. That nurse is a copper-colored girl about twelve years old, and she loves that baby and watches him as carefully as a mother. She is the daughter of our sexton, who is the janitor of the public school. He and his good wife are exceptions to all the frailties of the race, and so are their children. If there were many like them there would be no race problem. Those three little children come to see me every day and make me to forget myself and my long illness, and I find myself whispering, "Suffer little children to come unto me." "And a little child shall lead them." What a pity they have to grow up and lose their innocence and see grief and trouble. How sweetly sad are the memories of the youth.

One poet says:

Oh! would I were a boy again,
When life seemed formed of sunny years,
And all the heart then knew of pain
Was wept away in transient tears.

And another says:

I remember, I remember, the house where I was born,
The little window where the sun came peeping in at morn.
It never rose a wink too soon,
Nor brought too long a day,
But now I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away.

And so do I remember the little window and the long happy days, but I have never wished that I had died in childhood, nor do I wish to die now. I wish to live for the sake of these same grandchildren, for I know I can do something to guide and comfort them along the journey of life, and they would miss me. A child without a grandpa and grandma has not had its share of happiness.

What a beautiful verse is the last one of poor Tom Hood's poem:

"I remember, I remember, the fir trees, dark and high,
I used to think their slender tops were close against the sky,
It was a childless ignorance, and now 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from heaven than when I was a boy."

Last summer the little baby boy was sick. We feared he would die. As he lay upon a pillow in his mother's lap, the little 4-year-old girl went up close and whispered to her mother, "Mamma, if baby dies mayn't I keep him for a doll?" I never tire of their childish talk. It is always sincere, and that is truth, for sincere means without wax—unsealed, "sine cerum"—no secrets, open and read if you wish. It is an old adage that "children and fools never lie," and this reminds me of George Washington, who, tradition says, cut down a cherry tree, and when his father inquired who did it, replied, "Father, I cannot tell a lie. I did it with my little hatchet." I don't believe that. It must have been a mighty little tree that a little boy could cut down with a little hatchet. And if he was bad enough to do it and knew better he wouldn't have made such a saintly speech as "Father, I cannot tell a lie." My history says that many of these little stories came from the nursery. But that he did, when yet in his teens, undertake to mount and subdue an untrained blooded horse, and the horse reared and ran and plunged so furiously that he bursted a blood vessel and fell dead with George on top. His mother was greatly grieved, and scolded him severely. I never knew until recently that he took the smallpox on Barbados island, and was slightly marked all his life. George says in his letters that his negroes gave him much trouble and great concern, for he had to be away on public business most of the time and could not look after them. He inherited one hundred and forty and six hundreds acres of land and his wife one hundred and fifty more and seven hundred acres of land, and I reckon they did give him trouble. He never bought or sold any, and set them all free in his will.

Mrs. Robert E. Park, regent for the Georgia room of the Confederate museum at Richmond, wishes me to give notice that next month (April) the Confederate bazaar will be held there for the benefit of the museum and the Jefferson Davis memorial arch. Mrs. Park asks for special Georgia contributions for the Georgia room, and all the regents of the Southern states ask for help from every man, woman and child, so that the entire south may share in the honor. The circular is much too long to be appended to my letter, but I will inclose it to The Constitution.

And now please excuse my mention of a matter personal to an old soldier, W. F. Lee, a private of Company D in Hampton Legion. He has lost his horn, a large, long beautiful horn that while in camp below Richmond he dressed and polished and engraved with his name and a wreath. He took the horn from the head of a Texas steer at a butcher pen in the rear of Grant's army. He sent it home in the fall of 1864 by his brother, who stopped over night at Columbia at the Wayside Home and there lost it. He says, "Major, I am growing old, awaiting the blast of the last trump, but I would like to blow my own horn once more before I die."

Do please somebody send him that horn C. O. D. to Piedmont, S. C.

BILL ARP.

Montreat to Be Abandoned.

ASHEVILLE, March 6.—The announcement that Montreat is about to be abandoned as a religious assembly will be a matter of much regret not only to Asheville people but to hundreds of others who have spent a summer at this delightful little village, located in one of the most picturesque sections of western North Carolinn.

The Montreat Association has not been a paying investment and the property and land has now passed into that hands of John S. Huyler, the millionaire candy manufacturer who is the president and one of the founders of the association. What disposition Mr. Huyler may make of the property is not known but it is understood that he contemplates making of it a hunting preserve.

Tragedy Averted.

"Just in the nick of time our little boy was saved" writes Mrs. W. Watkins, of Pleasant City, Ohio. "Pneumonia had played sad havoc with him and a terrible cough set in besides. Doctors treated him, but he grew worse every day. At length we tried Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, and our darling was saved. He's now sound and well." Everybody ought to know, it's the only sure cure for Coughs, Colds and all Lung diseases. Guaranteed by P. B. Fetzer, Druggist. Price 50c and $1.00. Trial bottles free.

SAID HE KILLED LINCOLN.

Oklahoma Man Professed to Be Identical With Wilkes Booth.

Baltimore Sun.

Ever since President Lincoln was shot by John Wilkes Booth rumors have been cropping up periodically which aimed to discredit the fact that Booth was buried in Greenmount Cemetery and have been as regularly denied. Now comes a story, stranger than any which have preceded it, all the way from Guthrie, O. T. It is that Booth has not been dead all these years after all, was not shot by Boston Corbett, but has just died, it is believed, by his own hand. This was the claim of Daniel E. George, who had been a resident of Oklahoma for several years, and was somewhat of a mystery. He announced that he was the slayer of President Lincoln, had eluded the vigilance of the officers immediately after the tragedy and had been traveling about under an assumed name ever since.

George's first declaration that he was Booth was made to Mrs. Harper, wife of the pastor of the First Methodist Church of Enid, O. T. She states that from observing him she became satisfied that he was someone other than what he seemed. He was a man of eccentric nature. Although he claimed to be a house painter, he was a man of more than the average intelligence and told frequently of visits he had made to Jerusalem and of his travels through Europe, Asia and Africa. Generally he was gloomy, but occasionally he would sing stage songs and repeat passages from Shakespeare, with whose works he appeared thoroughly familiar.

Last spring, according to the story, George became ill and thought he was going to die. He sent for Mrs. Harper and said:

"I have something to tell you. I am going to die in a few minutes and I must tell someone. I believe you are a friend and would not do anything to injure me. Did it ever occur to you that I was anything but an ordinary painter? I killed the best who ever lived—Abraham Lincoln."

George said that he was rich and that he had written a book of his life which would be published after his death. He said that there were men high in official life who hated Lincoln and had promised him a great reward if he would kill Lincoln, Seward and others. He said that Mrs. Surratt was innocent and that he had been responsible for her death and that of several others.

George recovered and seemed worried over the fact that he had confided his secret to a second person. Not long ago he died from what are supposed to have been from the effects of poison self administered. It is that when some surgeons examined him they found that his leg had been broken in the same place and same manner as Booth's was when he jumped from the President's box in the theatre after the shooting.

There has never been any doubt that Booth was killed and proofs have been brought of his interment in Greenmount cemetery which have usually been regarded as perfectly satisfactory. In the cemetery records is the original permit, dated February 18, 1869, issued to J. H. Weaver, a local undertaker, to bury the body, and Messrs. Charles and John T. Ford witnessed the reinterment.

Mr. Joseph T. Lowry a photographer of this city, has declared that he was in the undertaking establishment of Mr. Weaver when the body of Booth was taken thither after having been brought to Baltimore from Washingington. He had seen him play 20 times at the Holliday Street Theatre and knew him well by sight, and he had no suspicion that the face which he looked at was not that of the actor whom he had seen so many times in life. The features were the same, he said, although considerably sunken. His dark hair, which was remarkably thick and curly, was very well preserved.

A Misfit.

The authorship of "Little Breeches," written by Secretary of State John Hay, was frequently attributed to the late Bret Harte. A young lady once said to him: "I am highly pleased to meet you, Mr. Harte. I have read all your poems, but I have enjoyed 'Little Breeches' the most.

"Pardon me, madam," replied Mr. Harte, "but you have put the 'Little Breeches' on the wrong man."

Colds are Dangerous.

How often you hear it remarked: "It's only a cold," and a few days later learn that the man is on his back with pneumonia. This is of such common occurrence that a cold, however slight, should not be disregarded. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy counteracts any tendency toward pneumonia. It always cures and is pleasant to take. Sold by M. L. Marsh.

It is said that Representative Augustus W. Graham, of Granville, is an aspirant for the next Democratic nomination for Governor. He has been very prominent at this session of the Legislature.

BRO. DICKEY'S PHILOSOPHY.

Atlanta Constitution.

I don't like steam heat in dis worl'. Hit takes a hot, open fire ter keep de dinner in min' er de hereafter.

I notice some folks cuts up mo' dan usual in de winter season, kaze hit's den de devil fools 'em inter de belief dat hell's froze over.

Hits all right fer Charity ter begin at home; but she orter git out ter de circus sometimes, ef only ter see de animals.

De man what climbs ter de hilltop fer Happiness, finds w'en he gits dar, dat Happiness is on a picnic wid de po' folks in de violets er de valleys.

I ain't after no front seat in Glory. I don't wan ter git whar de angels will be likely ter ax too many leadin' questions.

Dis worl' is a field er trouble, en I got ten acres, en can't sell out.

De rich man go ter heaven thoo' de eye er a needle, but de po' man got ter squeeze in thoo' any crack he kin find in de fence.

De end er de righteous is peace, but by de way he sen fer de doctor when he sick, 'pears lak he don't want ter tackle it.

Dis worl' wuz made ter go ter heaven in, but I hez come ter de conclusion dat it's done jumped the track.

No use fer mens ter talk 'bout darkness. De Truth is de Light.

Some folks complains 'bout de fire bein' out in dis worl'; but ef dey keeps on in de way dey gwine, it won't be out in de next.

Home is de bes' place on de top side er dis worl', but, strange ter say, its de las' place some folks wants ter go.

Heaven is so clost ter you dat all you got ter do is ter reach it. But some folks is got mighty short arms.

Notwithstandin' de good dies young, I ain't got any objections ter bein' gray-headed.

Hit's onpossible to love yo' neighbor ez yo'se'f, except on de days w'en he pays you back de $10 what he owe you.

One-half de people in dis worl' makes deyse'f puffickly miserable tryin' ter be happy.

Some folks looks on heaven ez bein' fur off, w'en all de time hit ain't half a mile fum home.

De rich man is mos' inginrully 'flicted wid de dyspepsia; en de po' man don't git enough ter eat ter have it.

De good book say de meek sh'll inherit de airth; en dey may inherit it, but Lawd knows dey don't git it!

Self-denial is a good thing fer de yuther feller ter practice. Adam wuz too fond er apples ter be a success in de fruit business.

Some er de big preachers is now sayin' dey'll be no risin' fer de body. Ef dat should be de case it'll be a big disappointment ter some folks what done made up dey min' dat dey'd yit raise sand.

Dey tells us dat de new comet is gwine 'way fum de worl' faster dan a race hoss on a plank road; en dat wus a wise decision, kaze de comet knowed dat de worl' would strike fire soon enough—ef it des keep on in de way it's gwine.

Bishop Goes to Prison.

Charlotte Observer, 5th.

Arthur L. Bishop, the slayer of Thos. J. Wilson, will leave Charlotte this morning for Raleigh, to enter on a term of five years in penitentiary. Bishop made the decision at 7 o'clock last night. He had the choice of an appeal for a new trial or accepting the judgement of the court, and the time for his decision was up last night. He took the full limit permitted him by law, and when at 7 o'clock Sheriff Wallace notified him that he must appeal or go to the penitentiary, he said that he would undergo his term in prison. Under his sentence he will be employed at hard labor. There is no job of clerkship or book-keeping, or such other soft snap open to him, serve, unless executive clemency is extended, he is likely to get all that is coming to him.

His Twenty-Second Bone-Break.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., March 5.—With a record of 22 bones broken in his body, Hiram Bartholomew, 6 years old, of North Cohocton, has the misfortune of being one of the most fragile pieces of humanity in existence.

The boy's latest accident occurred to-day when in a fit of coughing his right leg was fractured. The boy is now strapped to a couch to prevent his breaking more bones before the present fracture is reunited. He has suffered from fragile bones since he was 2 years old.

The Durham Herald observes: "Perhaps a lawyer cannot prosecute a lawyer on the supposition that a lawyer can do no wrong." Old man Frank Cornelius, of Iredell, failing in his efforts to get a lawyer to prosecute a lawyer, wagged his head and remarked, "Possum dog won't eat possum."—Charlotte Observer.

If it's a bilious attack, take Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets and a quick recovery is certain. For sale by M. L. Marsh.

A BURNING BRIDGE SAFELY CROSSED.

How Veteran Railroader Bested People of Small Town.

Raleigh Dispatch.

A veteran railway official was asked what was his most exciting experience and replied:

"That makes me tell you what I regard as a novel incident. Some years ago the town of Murfreesboro, in eastern North Carolina, built a road to connect itself with one of the big systems.

"The bonds were bought by a Baltimore man, the road was graded and ironed. Then the road found that it must call upon the big system for help. The big road furnished trains and crews, put in side tracks and other things, and operated the line.

"By and by and the townsfolk who had sold the bonds thought the big road was making a good thing out of the operation, and called upon it to turn over the road.

"This was done, and at the end of a year the townspeople found they had an army contract on their hands. They asked the big road to again operate the system, which it obligingly did for a while, when suddenly the town again took up the idea that it wanted big money out of its road.

"It made this demand upon the big line. The latter's answer was a sensational one. One night it ran a long train of flat cars all the way down to town, with 200 well-trained employees on board. The train at midnight crept with as little noise as possible to the station, where the employees loaded the safes, pipes and all sorts of other belongings which the big road placed there.

"An ex-judge in the town heard the noise, and, running out, discovered what was being done. Five miles up the road there was a bridge. The ex-judge sent out a trusty daredevil to burn the bridge and keep the train from getting back to the main line.

"The train people presently saw the bridge in flames. It was not a long bridge, and they rushed the train there. Finding that only the large beams on top had been burned they made other beams, laid them down, put rails upon them, and got the train over.

"Then they went to stripping the road as they went, taking up every side track and removing every particle of their property from the stations, taking it into Virginia. The anger of the ex-judge and the other townsfolk of Murfreesboro may be imagined. Their idea in burning the bridge was to hold the train until they could get an injunction, but the veteran railroad man in charge of the train outfit was onto their game.

"The little road owed another man a lot of money, and the very next day he appeared, had the property seized for debt, got about half the road and sold it to another road. Since then the town has been without any road, and people have to drive 10 miles to get there."

Wilkesboro Folks Will Heap Coals of Fire on Boyd's Head.

Greensboro Special to Charlotte Observer.

A citizen of Wilkesboro who was here to-day says the people of his town have determined to change Judge Boyd's opinion of the people of Wilkes. When Judge Boyd goes to Wilkesboro to hold court next July he will be met at the station by a committee of leading citizens and a magnificent equipage drawn by a span of the finest horses to be found in Western North Carolina, and will find that the proprietor of the hostelry has set aside sumptuously furnished apartments for his special benefit. It is stated that an order has already been placed for Brussels carpets, leather covered divans and couches and two suits of birdseye maple furniture, and that a plumber will be engaged to install a tile and porcelain bath outfit. Two coal black negroes, dressed in pure white, will be in waiting.

The report, referred to by our Raleigh correspondent yesterday that ex-Judge and Representative Augustus W. Graham, of Granville, is an aspirant for the nomination for Governor by the Democratic State contention is quite current in Raleigh. It is said there that he is Judge Clark's candidate With Judge Clark in the Senate and Judge Graham in the executive office at Raleigh, "the people" will have come to their own and every day will then be Sunday. The railroads will pay all the taxes and "the people" can knock off work and live off the plutocracy.—Charlotte Observer.

Well Again.

The many friends of John Blount will be pleased to learn that he has entirely recovered from his attack of rhuematism. Chamberlain's Pain Balm cured him after the best doctors in the town (Monon, Ind.) had failed to give relief. The prompt relief from pain which this liniment affords is alone worth many times its cost. For sale by M. L. Marsh.

Bishop Turner, of the African Methodist Church, in his letter to Senator Tillman, says that the negro is a fool for wanting office or enlisting in the army or navy or doing anything "to protect a flag that gives a white man all the stars and leaves nothing but the stripes to the negro."

THE SECOND DEGREE OF MURDER

Charlotte Observer.

The Salisbury Sun said in a recent issue:

"A Raleigh correspondent is informed by a Senator that he will introduce a bill abolishing the statute which divides murder into two degrees, leaving the law on this subject as it stood before a second degree was provided for. Such a bill, if passed, would go far towards aiding justice. To our mind this degree has never been needed and tends rather to defeat justice than assist it. Human life has of late years grown very cheap in North Carolina and it is well-nigh impossible to convict of murder in the first degree, unless the defendant chances to be friendless and penniless. The dividing line between the first and second degree is so fine that it matters not how deliberate or malicious a murder may have been the avenue of escape from the extreme penalty of the law is always open. The second degree is an obstacle in the way of the State in avenging murder and cannot be done away with too soon."

Our contemporary may be right but there are two sides to the question. Undoubtedly men who should be hanged are convicted of murder in the second degree, but if there were no second degree is there not great danger that many of these men would be acquitted? It is difficult to convict of murder in the first degree except in case of poison or assassination from ambush, and a jury is more apt to turn a criminal loose than to take his life if it can find a peg upon which to hang a doubt of his complete guilt. We are rather inclined to think that the second degree of murder should stand. It catches for punishment—inadequate punishment, it is true, but still punishment—criminals who, but for it, would not be punished at all.

Some Buddhistic Laws.

Philadelphia Record.

Professor Maxwell Sommerville was discussing the other day the Buddhist faith, for which he has a profound respect. Some of the striking tenents of Buddhism that he quoted were:

Use not perfume about thy person.
To cough or sneeze in order to win the notice of a group of girls is a sin.
Destroy no tree.
Kill no animal.
Drink no intoxicating beverage.
Care for the aged and infirm.
It is sinful to think one way and to speak another.
It is a sin to pass judgment on the acts of other men.
Give no flowers to women, and sing no gaw songs.
Keep neither silver nor gold.
When you eat make not a noise like a dog.
It is a sin to eat of the flesh of man, elephant, horse, crocodile, dog, cat, tiger or serpent.
A priest may not wash himself in the twilight or dark, lest he should unknowingly kill some insect or other living thing.
Lend nothing on interest.

Mills as Textile Schools.

Atlanta Journal.

The child labor question is one that has forced itself on people of all classes. Started by humanitarians and organized labor bodies, it has appealed to all thinking people, and various efforts are being put forward to find a proper solution for this vexed problem.

It is generally admitted, we think, that there is an evil involved in allowing (or compelling, as is more often the case) little tots, eight, ten and twelve years of age, to work in the cotton factories and other industrial plants, where neither the work nor atmosphere are conducive to their proper development.

But there is the ever present question, "What shall we do with them?" It is a question not to be underrated. The Charleston News and Courier presents this same question in a somewhat new phase when it makes the point that if the children of the South under 16 years of age are to be excluded from the mills, the only school open to them for manual and technical training, then the south should open schools to give them such manual training, otherwise they will have to go on hoeing and picking cotton.

Cattle Starving on the Prairies.

TOPEKA, March 6.—Reports of the loss of cattle from starvation come from the plains of western Kansas and eastern Colorado, where the ranchmen have not provided their herds with shelter and food. Whole herds perished from cold and lack of food.

Twenty inches of snow now covers the region where the only feed for many of the herd is buffalo grass. It is estimated that over ten thousand head of cattle perished in the recent storm.

It Saved His Leg.

P. A. Danforth, of LaGrange, Ga., suffered for six months with a frightful running sore on his leg; but writes that Bucklen's Arnica Salve wholly cured it in five days. For Ulcers, Wounds, Piles, it's the best salve in the world. Cure guaranteed. Only 25 cents. Sold by P. P. Fetzer, Druggist.

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Kidney trouble preys upon the mind, discourages and lessens ambition, beauty, vigor and cheerfulness soon disappear when the kidneys are out of order or diseased.

Kidney trouble has become so prevalent that it is not uncommon for a child to be born afflicted with weak kidneys. If the child urinates too often, if the urine scalds the flesh or if, when the child reaches an age when it should be able to control the passage, it is yet afflicted with bed-wetting, depend upon it, the cause of the difficulty is kidney trouble, and the first step should be towards the treatment of these important organs. This unpleasant trouble is due to a diseased condition of the kidneys and bladder and not to a habit as most people suppose.

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