

A SURGICAL OPERATION



If there is any one thing that a woman dreads more than another it is a surgical operation.

We can state without fear of a contradiction that there are hundreds, yes, thousands, of operations performed upon women in our hospitals which are entirely unnecessary and many have been avoided by **LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND**

For proof of this statement read the following letters.

Mrs. Barbara Base, of Kingman, Kansas, writes to Mrs. Pinkham: "For eight years I suffered from the most severe form of female troubles and was told that an operation was my only hope of recovery. I wrote Mrs. Pinkham for advice, and took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and it has saved my life and made me a well woman."

Mrs. Arthur R. House, of Church Road, Moorestown, N. J., writes: "I feel it is my duty to let people know what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me. I suffered from female troubles, and last March my physician decided that an operation was necessary. My husband objected, and urged me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and to-day I am well and strong."

FACTS FOR SICK WOMEN.
For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has positively cured thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, and backache.

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health. Address, Lynn, Mass.

Takes Three Straight From Charlotte.

The Hickory Base Ball team continued their winning streak by taking three interesting games from the strong Charlotte locals. The first game played Thursday resulted in a score of 4 to 3. The second game was a walk over for Hickory by the score of 9 and the last game was called Saturday on account of rain when the score stood 2 to 0 in Hickory's favor.

Wanted to Sell.

The furniture and all hotel fixtures of the Central Hotel. Located fifty yards from passenger depot. Must sell on account of bad health. Terms on application.

Central Hotel.

Mrs. J. A. Edmisten, Prop.

CASTORIA.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

The waltz in an occupation necessitating motor works in the feet more than the head.

THE CHILDREN LIKE IT KENNEDY'S LAXATIVE COUGH SYRUP

Solomon said, in his haste, that all men were liars and on reflection added "women too"

FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR

Cures Colds; Prevents Pneumonia

Where there's a will there's a way.

Statesville will celebrate her "Home-coming" and "Everybody's Day" all of the week of Aug. 24-29. A balloon ascension daily, Joany Jones Ten Big Exhibition Shows "Fun-Making" centests and various races for prizes. There will be plenty of good bond music. This in an annual even os interest and thousands of people from counties around go there for it. A larger crowd than usual is expected this year.

FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE
Makes Kidneys and Bladder Right
Subscribe for the Democrat.

General News.

Auckland, Australia. The American fleet of sixteen battle-ships reached here Sunday.

Omaha. William Hayward has been appointed Secretary of the Republican committee in place of Mr. Dover.

Dubuque, Iowa. Senator Allison was buried Saturday. The ceremonies were simple.

Chicago. In the Primary Saturday Adlai E. Stevenson was nominated for Governor on the Democratic ticket. Stevenson was Vice-President under Cleveland.

Birmingham. A train bearing non-union miners was fired into by striking miners and three killed and eleven wounded.

Boston. The American Confederation of Catholic societies opened their convention Sunday with high mass.

St. Louis. In the Missouri primaries last week Cowberd, Democrat, and Hadley, Republican were nominated for Governor. Hadley has been Attorney General under Folk.

Washington. The Baldwin dirigible airship has been accepted by the U. S. Government for use in the signal service.

Topeka. In the Kansas Primaries Joseph L. Bristow has defeated Senator Long for the Republican Senatorial nomination. Bristow is noted for his recent postoffice disclosures.

Championship Game.

Fayetteville, Aug. 8.—Yesterday upon reading the challenge of the manager of Hickory's baseball team, to Fayetteville, to play them for the amateur championship of North Carolina in Charlotte, or any other good baseball town, Mr. J. F. L. Armfield telegraphed his acceptance of the challenge, naming Wilmington as the scene of conflict. To-day he received a telegram from the Hickory manager, stating his willingness to play three games in Hickory and three in Fayetteville, actual expenses being guaranteed to each. To this Mr. Armfield answered this afternoon repeating his agreement to play in Wilmington, 60 per cents to go to the winner and 40 per cent to the loser. In a letter which followed his telegram Mr. Armfield gave his reasons why proposition should prevail as follows: That is the first place, as Hickory challenged Fayetteville the latter should by all preceidents have the choosing of the battleground. In the second place, Hickory in its challenge stated that it was willing to play in Charlotte or any other good town. Lastly, because Wilmington is the best baseball town in the State.

CASTORIA.

The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*
Clubbing offer.

The Uncle Remus magazine and the Democrat one year for \$1.50 Uncle Remus is the best magazine of the South and has a circulation of 250,000 Regular price for these two publications is \$2.00

FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR

for children; safe, sure. No opiate

The only difference between an idiot and a dude is that the idiot knows it.

CHRONIC DIARRHOEA RELIEVED
Edward E. Henry, with the United States Express Co., Chicago writes, "Our General Superintendent, Mr. Quick handed me a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy some time ago to check an attack of the old chronic diarrhoea. I have used it since that time and cured many of our trains who have been sick. I am an old soldier who served with Rutherford B. Hayes and William McKinley four years in the 23rd Ohio Regiment, and have no ailment except chronic diarrhoea which this remedy stops at once." For sale by W. S. Martin & Co.

She Conquered the Germans.

In the Franco-German war the French hospital at Vendome was in charge of Mme. Coralie Cahen, one of the most noted nurses of the time. There, aided by two nurses and seven Christian Sisters of Mercy, she received thousands of French and German soldiers. When the Prussians occupied Vendome they wished to hold the hospital and plant on it the German flag. But, warned of the enemy's intentions, Mme. Cahen early one January morning visited the Prussian general, who, surrounded by his staff, was about to seize the building.

"Sir," she exclaimed, "we have received your wounded and nursed them as though they were our own. We will continue to do so, but we will remain in a French hospital. We will not have it converted into a German hospital."

"Madame," was the reply, "we are masters."

"In the town it may be; here, no," was the answer. "We are protected by the Red Cross and the French flag. You have no right to touch either the one or the other."

She conquered, and from that day the utmost admiration was openly evinced for her by the Germans.

His Good Eye.

It is a curious fact that the loss of any one of the five senses is atoned for to a considerable extent by a pronounced increase in the efficiency of the other senses. The result is sometimes astonishing.

A man who had lost the sight of both eyes trained his hearing until he could tell by the sound of his footsteps on the sidewalks as he made his way about town whether he was in the middle of the walk or at one side, whether he was walking past a brick or a frame house or a fence or open ground.

He knew in what part of the town he was not only by his memory or sense of general direction, but by the difference in the "tones" of his footsteps, and he walked about freely, seldom running into anything or anybody.

Some one in his presence once called in question his total blindness. "Which eye do you think I can see with?" he asked the skeptic. "The left one, of course," was the reply. "I can see that the right one is blind."

In reply the blind man merely opened his penknife and tapped the left eye with the little blade. It was a glass eye.

How His Place Was Filled.

A well known divine whose theological discourses draw crowded houses in all the principal cities accepted an invitation to lecture in a small provincial town, but discovered afterward that he had a prior engagement on the same date. He accordingly apologized and offered to make good any loss the society might incur through his delinquency.

A few days later he received a letter from the secretary assuring him that no harm was done and inclosing a handbill which the divine is never tired of reading to his amused friends.

"As the Rev. Mr. — is unable to give his advertised lecture on 'Conscience,'" announced the bill, "four members of the B— minstrel troupe have kindly volunteered to perform instead a screamingly laughable farce entitled —. Any person who has bought a ticket for the other entertainment may have it transferred to this on payment of sixpence extra."—London Tatler.

When Explosives Explode.

A popular notion that explosives will "go off" by any simple method is wrong. Many of the most powerful explosives imaginable may be kicked about, may be set on fire or may be shot out of a gun, and unless the proper agency for exploding them is employed they will not "go off" and will do no damage. The reason for this may be explained by an illustration. Consider a grateful of coal. There is there enough of what we may call explosive energy to throw a 1,000 pound weight through a foot of solid steel if only it could be liberated. But there can be no explosion without oxygen, and the coal in the grate will not burn faster than the supply of oxygen in the air which reaches it will permit. If the coal could be furnished all at once with enough air to cause its complete burning, it would explode with as great violence as if it were so much dynamite.—St. Nicholas.

The Sun of the Blind.

I have not touched the outline of a star nor the glory of the moon, but I believe that God has set two lights in my mind, the greater to rule by day and the lesser by night, and by them I know that I am able to navigate my life bark, as certain of reaching the haven as he who steers by the North star. Perhaps my sun shines not as yours. The colors that glorify my world, the blue of the sky, the green of the fields, may not correspond exactly with those you delight in, but they are none the less color to me. The sun does not shine for my physical eyes, nor does the lightning flash, nor do the trees turn green in the spring. But they have not therefore ceased to exist any more than the landscape is annihilated when you turn your back on it.—Helen Keller in Century.

Harmless Joke.

Place a spool of cotton in the inside pocket of your coat and, having threaded a needle with the beginning of the cotton, pass the needle through the front of the coat, unthread the needle and leave about two inches of the cotton hanging as if it were only a stray piece. The first person you meet will be sure to pick it off you, and his astonishment, when he finds there is no end to it will give plenty of innocent fun.

A GHOST STORY.

The Spectral Horseman That Visits Wycoliar Hall.

This ghost story is contributed by a correspondent of an English magazine: "Wycoliar Hall, near Colne, was long the seat of the Cunliffes of Billington. They were noted persons in their time. They were noted persons in their time, but evil days came, and their ancestral estates passed out of their hands. In the days of the commonwealth their loyalty cost them dear, and ultimately they retired to Wycoliar with a remnant only of their once extensive property. About 1819 the last of the family passed away, and the hall is now a mass of ruins. Little but the antique fireplace remains entire, and even the room alluded to in the following legend cannot now be identified. Tradition says that once every year a spectral horseman visits Wycoliar Hall. He is attired in the costume of the early Stuart period, and the trappings of his horse are of a most uncouth description.

"On the evening of his visit the weather is always wild and tempestuous. There is no moon to light the lonely roads, and the residents of the district do not venture out of their cottages. When the wind howls loudest the horseman can be heard dashing up the road at full speed, and, after crossing the narrow bridge, he suddenly stops at the door of the hall. The rider then dismounts and makes his way up the broad oak stairs into one of the rooms of the house. Dreadful screams, as from a woman, are then heard, which soon subside into groans. The horseman then makes his appearance at the door, at once mounts his steed and gallops off.

"His body can be seen through by those who may chance to be present; his horse appears to be wild with rage, and its nostrils stream with fire. The tradition is that one of the Cunliffes murdered his wife in that room and that the spectral horseman is the ghost of the murderer, who is doomed to pay an annual visit to the home of his victim. She is said to have predicted the extinction of the family, which, according to the story, has been literally fulfilled."

THE CRITICS.

These Observers Were Wholly Personal in Their Judgments.

"The critical faculty is rare," said an editor and critic at a Philadelphia art club. "It must be impersonal. But most of us incline to be wholly personal in our criticism. The fact was brought home to me at one of the exhibitions at the Academy of Fine Arts.

"Passing from picture to picture, I overheard many criticisms. Thus a lady in a rich gown said: "What a superb portrait of a young girl! It should certainly win the Carnegie prize. It is easy to see that the gown was made by Paquin."

"A fat, red nosed man in a fur lined overcoat halted before a picture entitled 'The Luncheon.'

"This still life," he exclaimed, "is the most admirable I have ever seen. Terrapin, canvassack, champagne, lobster, even Perigord pie—ah, what a genius!"

"In this historical painting," I heard an antiquary say, "the costumes are accurate in every detail. The painter is a second Raphael."

"That horse there," said a young polo player, "is exactly like my Podasokus. It's the best picture in the exhibition!"

"An athlete uttered a cry of delight before a daub called 'The Gladiator.' "What shoulders! What arms!" he said. "I bet anything the jury gives this painting the highest award."

"And half the throng, departing, said: "The picture in the last room is the best. No, we didn't see it—couldn't get to it, in fact—but it draws far and away the biggest crowd."

Mole Superstitions.

According to tradition, if you have a mole on your chin you may expect to be wealthy, while if you have it under your arm it promises you wealth and honor as well. A mole on the ankle indicates courage. On the left temple a mole indicates that you will find friends among the great ones of the earth, but if it be placed on the right temple it warns you of coming distress. A mole on a man's knee means that he may expect to marry a rich woman. A mole on the neck promises wealth. If you have a mole on your nose you are going to be a great traveler. A mole on the throat indicates health and wealth.

What She Was Working For.

Mrs. Jenkins had missed Mrs. Brady from her accustomed haunts and, hearing several startling rumors concerning her, went in search of her old friend.

"They tell me you're workin' 'ard 'nigh an' day, Sarah Ann?" she queried.

"Yes," returned Mrs. Brady, "I'm under bonds to keep the peace for pullin' the whiskers out of that old scoundrel of a husband' of mine, and the magistrate said that if I come afore 'im ag'in or laid me 'ands on the old man he'd fine me 40 shillin'!"

"And so you're workin' 'ard to keep out of mischief?"

"I'm what! Not much! I'm workin' 'ard to save up the fine!"

FOR SORE FEET.

"I have found Buckled's Arnica Salve to be the proper thing to use for sore feet as well as for healing burns, sores, cuts and all manner of abrasions," writes W. Stone of East Paland Maine. Try it! Sold under guarantee at W. S. Martin, C. M. Shuford and Menzies drug stores, 25c.

Subscribe for the Democrat; only \$1.00 a year.

Why He Was Anxious.

Buloz, the editor of the Revue des Deux Mondes, once had at his country house in Savoy a numerous company of literary people, one of whom was Victor Cherbuliez. Cherbuliez contributed regularly every other year a novel to the columns of the Revue, and a story of his was at that time running in the periodical. The guests had been out for a walk and had amused themselves with gathering mushrooms, which were cooked for dinner. As the company were sitting down, it occurred to one of the party that undoubtedly some of the people who had taken part in gathering the mushrooms knew nothing about them and that there might be poisonous fungi in the collection.

This reflection so affected the company that all the people present, with the exception of Cherbuliez, declined to partake of the dish. He alone attacked it with gusto.

Thereupon Buloz showed sudden and intense alarm.

"Cherbuliez! Cherbuliez! What are you about?" he exclaimed. "Remember that you haven't finished your story in the Revue!"

Greatly to his relief, the mushrooms turned out to be innocuous, and the story was finished.

It was a New "Team" to Him.

Heinrich Couriel told the following story once when chatting of his experience as an operative director: "It happened in Chicago," said he. "I went there to superintend our first season in Chicago. I got there early in the afternoon. As I was registering at the Auditorium a young, a very young, newspaper man came up and talked to me. He begged for an interview. I told him I had arranged to see the press at 5. That did not satisfy him. He was on an afternoon paper it would be a feather in his cap if he could scoop the town. 'Very well,' said I to him, 'I shall give you an interview, but it will have to be while I am taking my bath.' He seemed an intelligent and earnest young man, and I was willing to do that much for him. "I turned on the water and divested myself of my coat, and the interview proceeded.

"What do you open with?" said he. "I open with 'Tristan und Isolde,' I answered.

"Have they ever been here before?" he queried.

Iron Eaters.

"The first time I ever swallowed a tack," said a carpet layer, "I jumped to my feet and tremulously asked the way to the hospital."

"What's the matter?" my mate, an old hand, asked.

"I've swallowed a tack," said I. "Good gracious, what will become of me?"

"The old hand sat back on the carpet he was laying and laughed.

"Why, kid," said he, "it's nothing to swallow a tack. Every professional carpet layer swallows half a dozen or so daily. It's a thing that causes no inconvenience. If it did, I'd know it. I bet I've swallowed a hundredweight of tacks in my life."

"And I'm sure," the carpet layer concluded, "my mate was telling the truth, for since then I've swallowed half a hundredweight myself." He gulped. "Hang it," he said, "there goes one now!"—New York Press.

Aroused His Wrath.
"Were you ever done in oil?" ventured the wandering portrait painter. The old farmer almost leaped out of his boots.

"Was I ever done in oil?" he roared. "Well, I should say so! A long legged, fox eared individual that looked something like you came past here last week and sold me a bottle of what was supposed to be genuine olive oil to eat on lettuce. When I poured it on the lettuce it turned out to be sewing machine oil, and, by heck, if I thought that you!"

But the wandering artist was gone—gone in a cloud of dust.—Chicago News.

Haiti's Legion of Honor.
It is not generally known that the famous order of the Legion of Honor was adopted at Haiti in 1849. When Souleouque became emperor under the name of Faustin I., he instituted an order in imitation of that which had been established by Napoleon in 1802. Statutes, ribbons and insignia were precisely identical, and since the sovereign of Haiti distributed his honors to all and sundry with lavish hand the French government was considerably embarrassed. The death of Souleouque ended the difficulty.—Paris Gaulois.

A Poor Remedy.
Speaking of a certain measure under discussion in the senate, a well known congressman said: "It does not meet the situation at all and will not remedy conditions. It reminds me of the wife of a young blacksmith of Washington. "Did you sew that button on my coat?" This blacksmith asked his wife one morning. "No, dear," the wife answered. "I couldn't find the button, but I sewed up the buttonhole, so it's all right."

An Exception.
Little Ethel—Mr. Rich, we're not all made of dust, are we? Mr. Rich (benignly)—Yes, my dear. Little Ethel (triumphantly)—Oh, well, you aren't, 'cos papa says you sprung from nothing.—Punch.

Does your back ache? Do you have sharp pains in the side and the small of the back? This is due, usually, to kidney trouble. Take DeWitt's kidney and Bladder Pills. They will promptly relieve weak back, backache rheumatic pains and all Kidney and Bladder disorders. Sold and recommended by C. M. Shuford and W. S. Martin.

900 DROPS

CASTORIA

A Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomach and Bowels of

INFANTS & CHILDREN

Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC.

Prescribed by

Chas. H. Fletcher

A Perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP.

Fac Simile Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher

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35 DROPS—35 CENTS

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CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

In Use For Over Thirty Years

CASTORIA
THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

Special Sale

--OF--

HARNESSES

We have bought a lot of Harness at a sacrifice price, and are now going to sell them very cheap.

We have Double Wagon Harness, Single Wagon Harness, Double Buggy Harness, Single Buggy Harness, and we also have a lot of Bridles and some Saddles. We offer these at a very low price.

Come and see these harness before buying.

Henkel Live Stock Company,

Hickory, N. C.

HOME-COMING WEEK

Statesville, N. C., Aug. 24 to 29

A Whole Week of Pleasure Fun and Entertainment.

Free Bloon Ascension Each Day of Week

Johnny Jones' Ten Big Exhibition Shows

14-Piece Italian Band, the Finest in the South

Prizes will be Awarded in all Contests.

Everybody's Days

Friday and Saturday, 28th and 29th

Don't Forget It, s All Week
Friday and Saturday the Biggest

2 Balloon Ascensions 2

FRIDAY and SATURDAY

Each Day 2 Ascensions with 3 Parachute Leaps, Most Marvelous Balloonist in the World—A Woman—TINIE

10,000 People to be in Statesville