

ASKING THE OLD MAN.

The Marriage of Miss A. Florida Roy
Makes a Commotion—At last Furlough
on an Occasion for Some Delightful
Philosophy and Reconciliation.

There has been a commotion in these parts. An Florida Roy has crossed the Rubicon and got married. He found his bride last Winter near Sanford and being called professionally to visit her in valid father, took advantage of the old gentleman and tried his arts upon the daughter. It doesn't take a smart, good looking young man long to capture an unsuspecting maiden and so she surrendered at discretion. The mother generally falls into line with the choice of an obedient daughter, but there we encounter a parent so easily harmonized. "I'll think about it," I'll think about it," said he. "I don't know much about you," I'll have to inquire. I thought you were coming out here to see me, but it seems I was mistaken. Are you making enough to support a wife? Do you lay up anything or do you spend it all? What does Sara say about it, and her mother? This is a surprise to me, sir; a surprise, but I might have expected it. I will consider it, sir, and give you an answer before we return to Philadelphia. My recollection is that it is an awful solemn affair to ask the old gentleman for his daughter. I put it off from day to day. I dreaded it. I had no trouble with the daughter or the mother, but these old solid fathers can't be beguiled with good looks and honest words. I would like to see a book full of such interviews—what the young man said and how he said it and what the old man said in reply. I knew a young man in the long ago who put it off until he found the old man alone in his bed sitting on a log and he was so excited that he forgot himself and asked him to please to step this way for a minute. The old man smiled and said: "Go ahead, Jim, there is nobody behind this log."

In my young days there had to be a personal interview. Writing a letter to the old man would hardly have been tolerated, but now it is quite common, and so the modern youth avoids much embarrassment. Why, they cover the question in a letter and cover the whole paper with adoration and admiration and adulation and all other adjectives and some promises that are likely to be forgotten after the honeymoon is over. In our day the girls waited modestly to be courted, but now they are more aggressive and many of them set snares to catch their game. Dean Swift says that the reason there are so many unhappy marriages is that the young ladies spend more time in making nets than in making men. I don't like the cold, calculating, matrimonial alliances. The exaggerated, ecstatic, angelic questions of love should not be suppressed. Never was a bride more charmingly won than Coleridge's Genevieve. He had told a tender, touching story and it ended so sweetly that

But I started to tell about the commotion—the preparation for the infar. That is what it used to be called, and it is a proper word. It is in the dictionary and means the reception of the wedding party at the home of the groom's parents. You see, the bride was a stranger to us. Her home was in Philadelphia and our boy had to travel 1,000 miles to get her and liked to have his shipwrecked off Cape Hatteras on the way. The vessel lost two days in the storm. For a week before that my folks had been cleaning up the house and seeding raisins and stall-feeding turkey gobblers and they kept me or the man servant trotting to town for "sugar and spice and all that's nice" or something else a dozen times a day. And they talked and wondered what kind of a girl the boy was bringing into the family. I was greatly astonished how to behave, and my friends and kindred had been invited to a grand dining and some would stay overnight they said I might sleep on the sofa, as I had done before on such occasions. I am a very humble man and was thankful. I would have slept out doors on a plank if they had said so. I was instructed to go to Atlanta and meet the bride and groom and escort them to our unpretentious home, which I did with exceeding pleasure.

The Old Woman.

At the ripe age of eighty-two, honored by the whole country, beloved by all who knew him, Allen G. Thurman has gone to his rest.

He was in every sense a type of the best American manhood. In this latter day when we see so many small and tricky men perched in lofty stations it is a relief to remember that such men as Allen G. Thurman have illustrated our politics. His public life was an open book and he was a model citizen as well as an immaculate statesman. For many years he was a faithful, able and fearless leader of the Democratic party and neither the party nor the country had any honor of which he was not worthy. His name is held in affectionate reverence in the south because he, defying prejudice and danger, stood up for this section in the hour of its deepest need when it was voiceless in federal councils save in the utterances of men who misrepresented and disgraced it. He was among the foremost men in the United States senate when giants were as thick in that body as pigmies are now. His heroic efforts to bring the Pacific railroads to a performance of their obligations to the government, if he had done nothing else, would entitle him to the lasting gratitude of his honest fellow-citizens.

We have never had in public life a man whose career was cleaner or who represented in higher degree the glory of straightforward conduct and devotion to principle. In his old age he was held up by political friends and political opponents alike as an ideal of public virtue and American citizenship. God give us more men like him!

Two Lives Saved.

Mrs. Phoebe Thomas, of Junction City, Ill. was told by her doctor she had Consumption and that there was no hope for her, but two bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery completely cured her and she saves her life. Mr. Thos. Eggers, 139 Florida St. San Francisco, suffered from a dreadful cold, approaching Consumption, tried without result everything else, then bought one bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery and in two weeks was cured. He is naturally thankful. It is a noble result of which these are samples, that prove the wonderful efficacy of this medicine in Coughs and Colds. Free trial bottles at Curry & Kennedy's Drug Store. Regular size 50c. and \$1.00.

BEFORE THE WAR AND NOW.

The Week of the Calamity Now—The Markets of Fifty Years Ago Were Four as Compared With the Present—Extravagance and Calamity in the Cause.

"Observer," in Charlotte Democrat.

A great deal is being said in certain newspapers of the Populistic stripe about the deplorable condition of our agricultural population, and how the unjust and unequal laws, under which we have been groaning ever since silver was demonetized, has impoverished the farmer.

Now, I am not going to say much about our laws—a change in some respects would doubtless be beneficial and desirable—what I want to do is to draw a contrast between the present time and fifty years ago, and see if the assertions which are daily being made and spread broadcast are true.

Fifty years ago the Mecklenburg farmers' nearest markets for his cotton were nearest markets and Cheraw, and the price 4 to 5 cents; his surplus corn and wheat was about the same as now; his butter 10 cents, chickens 10 cents, eggs 8 to 9 cents, pork 10 to 12 cents, and so on.

He got no money for these things as a rule, but had to take pay in butter, with brown sugar 10 cents, yard wide shirting 10 cents, common calico 12 1/2 cents, nails 10 to 8 cents, spool thread 5 cents, paper needles 12, paper pins 10 cents, etc. In other words, he received about one half the price he gets now, and had to take his pay in goods at a price more than double what he pays now. Take an illustration: In 1845 a farmer came to town with 10 pounds butter, which he sold to a merchant for \$1.00 and received in payment 10 yards brown domestic. Today a farmer comes to town with 10 pounds butter, which he sells for 90 cents a pound cash, and with that \$9.00 he buys 40 yards brown domestic; in other words, he gets four times as much for his butter now as he did fifty years ago.

But notwithstanding this the farmer was a happier and better contented man then than he is now, and why? Well, there were not so many "calamity writers" in the land, not so many Populistic and little "Tray" newspapers to take up the cry, not so many disappointed office-seekers, not so many hungry for pay, and not so many willing to serve their constituents for a "consideration."

This howling clamor has howled and shouted disaster in the ears of the farmer so persistently, and so long, that they have actually persuaded many good men that their condition is deplorable, and thus exemplified the saying that a lie well stuck to is as good as the truth.

A great change has come over us since the war. I can remember when it was not expected of a young man to give half his salary or income for theater tickets, horse hire, bridal presents, etc., and when he could live decently on \$100.00 a year and board. I am sure of this, for I did so myself. So also, I can remember when \$100.00 was sufficient to supply a fashionable young fellow with the wearing apparel he wanted. How is it to-day? Let Peter families answer!

Fifty years ago it was a rare sight to see a carriage or a buggy on the street, and those who owned them were looked upon as belonging to the "upper crust." Why, I venture to say that there has been more money spent in Charlotte in the last two years for bicycles for children than was spent in Mecklenburg county (including Charlotte) for carriages and buggies from 1845 to 1885.

Fifty years ago when they came to town with their wives, brought them generally behind them on the same horse—sometimes on a separate one. If we lived as economical now as we did then, it would not be long before some of us would become "blasted bondholders" and Wall Street "Gold Bugs."

Fifty years ago a respectable funeral did not cost to exceed \$10.00 to \$15.00. A very neat walnut coffin could be had for \$5.00, a mahogany for \$10.00. There was generally no charge for either horse or carriage, as the pall bearers carried the remains from the place of the funeral to the grave yard, and the mourners walked. Metal caskets had not then come into use.

Now, anything like a respectable funeral costs \$75.00 to \$100.00, and if the price keeps on going up, many of us will have to live forever, for we cannot afford to die and be buried.

We are truly living in an extravagant age, and it ought not to be thought wonderful, if occasionally a farmer or a merchant goes to the wall, because he lived beyond his means.

ABOUT NEWSPAPER SUCCESS.

Be Proud of Your Home Paper's Success—It Talks for All and Works While Others are Resting.

The newspaper field is a source of constant temptation to those who know nothing about it. The inexperienced man has an idea that a town of 20,000 inhabitants will easily develop half that number of readers. But the experienced man knows that in southern towns of that size a large percentage must be wiped off for negroes, and that of the remainder one subscriber out of eight people is a good average. It is well to remember that some people do not read at all and that for every paper paid for there are several readers, the force of this statement will be appreciated.

Another idea which the inexperienced have is that a newspaper properly consists of a printing press, an outfit of type and a roll of white paper. That is their great mistake. A newspaper properly consists of its established patronage. Whenever that is sufficient to pay expenses, and leave a good margin of profit, the property is safe and valuable when that is not the case, it is worse than worthless—as some know to their cost.

Established patronage was never so dear, by which we mean to say that there never was a time when it cost so much to establish a newspaper, or to maintain one already established.

The people of a town should be just as enthusiastic over the success of their home paper as they are over any public enterprise. It is a good investment. It talks for a town and people while the people are resting.

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AN IMMORTALITY.

The Author of the "Sweet By-and-By" Lives in Illinois.

Louisville Post.

In Richmond, a little town of less than a thousand inhabitants, almost on the northern boundary line of Illinois, lives the author of "In the Sweet By-and-By." He is a practical physician, and under 60 years of age. The immortal hymn was written when he was only 31, and is the single song of his life as "America" is of Dr. E. F. Smith.

During the period of the Civil war a wave of moral elevation and intellectual activity passed over the country. In this grand awakening of the conscience there was a flood of music—martial, religious, domestic. George F. Root and Stephen J. Foster were both writing songs that lived and Sunday-school hymns passed out of the drifting period into one of elevated simplicity.

Just at this time Samuel Fillmore Bennett graduated from Ann Arbor, Mich., and began a newspaper career at Elkhorn, Wis., on the Independent. J. P. Webster, the musical composer, was living in the same town, and it was only a few months before the editor and the musician were collaborating. The war intervened, and Wisconsin Volunteers returned to Elkhorn to open a drug store, and resume his vocation writing. He and Mr. Webster began in 1867 to work on a Sunday-school songbook called "The Signet Ring," which was afterward published by Lyon & Healy.

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"Currency has been given to the shameful story that Mr. Webster was drunk when he wrote the music, and another account has it that we were both drunk. I am thankful to do justice to one of the noblest men that ever lived, a fine sensitive soul, with the true artistic feeling. Again it has been said that we were both infidels and the song the result just of a common affair, but the hope and longing of every immortal soul as expressed in that song was the faith of both of us. To both of us it was a sacred and a farce unless infinite love and immortality had overshadowed us and promised a life of bliss beyond the grave.

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"'What's up now, Webster?' I asked.

"'It's no matter. It will be all right by and by.'

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For the Father waits over the way,
To prepare us a dwelling place there.

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We'll meet on the beautiful shore—
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We shall sing that beautiful story,
The melodious song that we wrote,
And our spirits shall glow no more—
Till a death for the blessing of rest!

Chorus.

'O our joyful Father above,
We will offer our tribute of praise,
For the glorious gift of thy love,
And the blessings that follow our days.

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PRESIDENT OF ALL OUR PEOPLE.

How Important are They Who Once Moved and Now Seek to Gather Mr. Cleveland.

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It is amazing to see the ferocity with which Cleveland is assailed by Democrats who threw up their hats when he was nominated in 1888 and who threw them up again when he was elected. Yet Cleveland is the very same man that all the country has known him to be since 1894. In his there has been no variable or shadow of turning. A long list of public papers, letters, interviews and speeches all perfectly consistent in the denunciation of those public questions, except any one who would charge that he has deceived his party or the people, and the charge is not made. Yet former friends asperse him as they do no Republican, in blameworthy unreasonableness, apparently, in that in doing so they make themselves ridiculous, seeing that if anybody has changed it is not Cleveland but they.

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How to Fail.

Bohly Aurora.

A story is told of a Liverpool merchant who lately went to his head clerk and said: "John I owe about \$10,000, and all I possess is \$4,000, which is locked up in the safe. I have been thinking that this is the right time to make an assignment, but what plausible pretext I can give to my creditors I know not. You have plenty of brains; think the matter over and let me have your decision in the morning." The clerk promised to do so. On entering the office next morning he found the merchant had the safe open, the money gone, and in its place a letter, which read as follows: "I have taken the \$4,000 and gone to South America. It is the best excuse you can give your creditors." Later on the honest merchant might be able to join his faithful clerk.

Think the Negro Must Be Sent Away.

Greenville, S. C., News.

This is a white man's country. If present conditions continue it will be a mongrel country in the course of a few more years. The Negro will never have a fair chance here and will never while he remains give the white man a fair chance. He holds the laboring classes of whites down by his competition without lifting himself up. Soon or later he must be sent away in peace, with our blessings and thanks and good will for the good he has done and our protection and help to make his future prosperous. But he must be sent away. He disturbs us politically, commercially, socially, morally. He must be removed for our good and his.

Old People.

Old people who require medicine to regulate the bowels and kidneys will find the true remedy in Electric Bitters. This medicine does not stimulate and contains no whiskey nor other intoxicant, but acts as a tonic and is a relief. It acts mildly on the stomach and bowels, adding strength and giving tone to the organs, thereby aiding Nature in the performance of the functions. Electric Bitters is an excellent appetizer and aids digestion. Old People find it just exactly what they need. Price fifty cents per bottle at Curry & Kennedy's Drugstore.

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Think the Negro Must Be Sent Away.

Greenville, S. C., News.

This is a white man's country. If present conditions continue it will be a mongrel country in the course of a few more years. The Negro will never have a fair chance here and will never while he remains give the white man a fair chance. He holds the laboring classes of whites down by his competition without lifting himself up. Soon or later he must be sent away in peace, with our blessings and thanks and good will for the good he has done and our protection and help to make his future prosperous. But he must be sent away. He disturbs us politically, commercially, socially, morally. He must be removed for our good and his.

Old People.

Old people who require medicine to regulate the bowels and kidneys will find the true remedy in Electric Bitters. This medicine does not stimulate and contains no whiskey nor other intoxicant, but acts as a tonic and is a relief. It acts mildly on the stomach and bowels, adding strength and giving tone to the organs, thereby aiding Nature in the performance of the functions. Electric Bitters is an excellent appetizer and aids digestion. Old People find it just exactly what they need. Price fifty cents per bottle at Curry & Kennedy's Drugstore.

AWFUL END TO A MISAPPEARED LIFE.

The Decoliate Woman Helplessly Drunk, Burned to Death by an Outbreak Fire.

Charlotte Observer, 12th.

MORGANTON, Dec. 11.—The town was shocked this morning by hearing of the horrible death of two women, two miles east of here, last night. Yesterday afternoon Allie Wells and Jennie Whitehead, two women of ill repute, left for a still house two miles east of here, near the track of the Southern Railway. They had been to the still house, got their liquor and had started back to town, when Allie Wells became helplessly drunk and couldn't go any farther. They stopped on the side of the railroad and were seen there at 5 o'clock in the evening by Section Master Gibson. He says he told them they had better not stay there as it was time for the passenger train. They cursed him, and he went on and left them. He says they were drinking. It is reported that later in the evening, about dark, some men, who were passing, built the woman a fire, and left them. The next time the women were seen was this morning at 7 o'clock when Section Master Gibson was passing the same spot. He found the two women, both dead—burned to death. They had evidently laid down by the fire, during the night, fell asleep and the fire popped out on them and set their clothes on fire. The woman was evidently unable to move as her body was found in a position as if she had fallen in a bush. The other woman was found lying on the ground, her body was burnt entirely off the two bodies, leaving them perfectly nude. Large patches of skin were burnt off the bodies, leaving them raw and bloody. The limbs were drawn and the faces distorted with pain. Death came in his most terrible form to these two unfortunate women, and their last moments of consciousness must have been fraught with the horrors of the damned. Verily "the wages of sin is death." A more awful ending could not come to a mis-spent life.

AN IMMORTALITY.

The Author of the "Sweet By-and-By" Lives in Illinois.

Louisville Post.

In Richmond, a little town of less than a thousand inhabitants, almost on the northern boundary line of Illinois, lives the author of "In the Sweet By-and-By." He is a practical physician, and under 60 years of age. The immortal hymn was written when he was only 31, and is the single song of his life as "America" is of Dr. E. F. Smith.

During the period of the Civil war a wave of moral elevation and intellectual activity passed over the country. In this grand awakening of the conscience there was a flood of music—martial, religious, domestic. George F. Root and Stephen J. Foster were both writing songs that lived and Sunday-school hymns passed out of the drifting period into one of elevated simplicity.

Just at this time Samuel Fillmore Bennett graduated from Ann Arbor, Mich., and began a newspaper career at Elkhorn, Wis., on the Independent. J. P. Webster, the musical composer, was living in the same town, and it was only a few months before the editor and the musician were collaborating. The war intervened, and Wisconsin Volunteers returned to Elkhorn to open a drug store, and resume his vocation writing. He and Mr. Webster began in 1867 to work on a Sunday-school songbook called "The Signet Ring," which was afterward published by Lyon & Healy.

This period of his life is the most precious of all his experiences to Dr. Bennett. Not long ago he told the whole story to an interested group of students, his eyes filling with tears as he vindicated his friends from calumnies.

"Currency has been given to the shameful story that Mr. Webster was drunk when he wrote the music, and another account has it that we were both drunk. I am thankful to do justice to one of the noblest men that ever lived, a fine sensitive soul, with the true artistic feeling. Again it has been said that we were both infidels and the song the result just of a common affair, but the hope and longing of every immortal soul as expressed in that song was the faith of both of us. To both of us it was a sacred and a farce unless infinite love and immortality had overshadowed us and promised a life of bliss beyond the grave.

"Mr. Webster, like many musicians, was of an exceeding nervous and sensitive nature, and subject to fits of depression. I knew his peculiarities well, and when I found him given up to his despair I just gave him a cheerful song to rock on. One morning he came into the store and walked to the stove without speaking.

"'What's up now, Webster?' I asked.

"'It's no matter. It will be all right by and by.'

"The idea of the hymn came to me like a flash of sunshine. 'The Sweet By-and-By.' Everything will be all right then. Why wouldn't that make a good hymn?"

"'Maybe it would,' he replied gloomily. 'Turning to the desk I wrote as rapidly as I could. In less than half an hour, I think, the song as it stands to-day was written. Here it is:

'There's a land that is fairer than day,
And by faith we can see it afar,
For the Father waits over the way,
To prepare us a dwelling place there.

In the Sweet By-and-By,
We'll meet on the beautiful shore—
In the Sweet By-and-By,
We'll meet on that beautiful shore.

We shall sing that beautiful story,
The melodious song that we wrote,
And our spirits shall glow no more—
Till a death for the blessing of rest!

Chorus.

'O our joyful Father above,
We will offer our tribute of praise,
For the glorious gift of thy love,
And the blessings that follow our days.

Chorus.

"In the meantime two friends, H. E. Carwell and S. E. Bright, had come in. I handed the verses to Mr. Webster, little tremulous with emotion. As he read them his eyes kindled. Stepping to the desk he began to jot down the notes. He plucked up his violin and tried them. In 10 minutes we four gentlemen were singing that song. Mr. E. H. Crosby came in, and with tears in his eyes, said: 'Gentlemen, that hymn is immortal.' We were all wept, and the children of the town were singing it on the streets.

"In 1893 'The Signet Ring' was published, Lyon & Healy distributing circulars to advertise it, and on the sheets was 'The Sweet By-and-By.' On the strength of that one song nearly a quarter of a million of the books were sold. The song was afterward brought out in sheet music and it has been translated into a number of foreign tongues.

"Webster, Crosby, and Carwell are all dead. S. E. Bright of Fort Atkinson, Wis., and myself are the only living witnesses to the origin of the song."

PRESIDENT OF ALL OUR PEOPLE.

How Important are They Who Once Moved and Now Seek to Gather Mr. Cleveland.

Charlotte Observer.

It is a pleasure to read in the Standard Democrat the following in reply to the declaration of an unnamed newspaper that Uncle Sam is a despot and a lot of other horrid things:

"We merely wish to say in cordial friendship that in our opinion, President Cleveland is in no sense a despot, and that he would not be if he would. His recent trip to Atlanta, the cordial reception he met there and all along the route of his passage through the South show the esteem in which he is