Belles and Beaux of the Future

TED CARTER, JR.

Aged, 2 Years, 4 Months, Son of Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Carter, Formerly of Greensboro, Now of Bluefields, W. Va.

THE FARM LABOR PROBLEM

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON'S VIEW.

Poor Dwelling Houses, Failure to Receive Earnings Agreed Upon, Poor Schooling, and Fear of Lynchings and Bad Treatment Generally in the Absence of Police Protection, Some of the Colored People's Complaints—Abusive Speeches May Cost a Community Many Bales of Cotton—Plea for Co-operation and Mutual Understanding.

To the Editor of The Observer:

Recent industrial changes bring into prominence two facts, first, that the South is likely for all time to be the cotton center of the world, and, second, that the continued increase in the use of cotton goods among all nations will give to every acre of land in the South a value that it has not heretofore possessed. With these facts in mind, a natural inquiry is, what can the negro do to help forward the interests of the South, and what can the white man do to help the negro and himself?

I shall hope to suggest an answer to both these questions. A few days ago I spent a day in one of the rural counties of Georgia and heard a great deal of discussion about the scarcity of efficient farm labor. After spending the day in the county, I returned to Atlanta for the night. Between 10 and 11 o'clock I made a tour through Decatur street and several streets in that vicinity. I think I do not exaggerate when I say that I found in and near Decatur street enough people who were not regularly employed to operate successfully fifty of the largest plantations in the State of Georgia. This single example would mean little, except that it represents a condition more or less prevalent in practically all of our larger cities and in all of our Southern States.

As an economic problem, we have on the one hand a surplus of idle labor in the cities, and on the other much vacant land, unpicked cotton and a scarcity of farm labor; it is a tremendously difficult situation. The problem of changing these conditions confronts not only the South, and it is not by any means confined to my race, but for the present I desire to deal with it mainly as it affects my race and the land-owner of the South, be the land-owner white or black.

In order that what I may say on this subject be of any value to the white man or to my race, I shall have to ask the privilege of perfect frankness. The many subjects affecting the interests of both races require perfect frankness on both sides. Your readers will agree with me, I think, when I say that it is possible for a negro to know more of the feelings and motives of colored people than a white man can possibly know.

In my recent visit to Atlanta I did that which I have often done in large cities of the South wherever I have found a floating class of colored people. I made individual inquiry as to why they preferred an uncertain existence in a city to a life of comparative prosperity upon a farm, either as owners, as renters or laborers. While I shall not attempt to use their exact words, I sum up the reasons they gave me in a few sentences. Just now the South is in the midst of the season when land-owners are making plans for another year's crop. Some of the matters that were brought out I shall try to discuss a little fully and, maybe, with profit to land-owners.

In the south, as elsewhere, there are two classes, those whom labor seeks and those who have to seek labor. The first group is comparatively small, but such a class exists; it can and ought to be increased. There are, in my opinion, two classes of faults as between white farmers and black labor, one, on the part of the white people, the other on the part of the black people. To find and state faults, however, is easy. To suggest a remedy, one that shall promote the prosperity and happiness of both races, is the aim of this article. To return to the main complaints of the colored people as they have stated them to me time and time again. These people who have talked may be right; they may be wrong; they may state facts, or they may state untruths; but this I know, they represent the attitude of a large class of colored people, who give the following as chief reasons for leaving the farms: Poor dwelling houses, loss of earnings each year because of unscrupulous employers, high-priced provisions, poor school houses, short school terms, poor school teachers, bad treatment generally, lynchings and whitecapping, fear of the practice of peonage, a general lack of police protection and want of encouragement. Let us assume that these conditions do exist in some sections, and with certain individual planters. As a mere matter of dollars and cents, if for no higher reason, I believe that it will pay every owner of a plantation throughout the South to see to it that the houses of the tenants are not only made comfortable, but attractive in a degree. The land-owner who thinks that he can secure the best class of colored people, when he provides only a broken-down, one-room cabin for them to live in, will find himself mistaken. The chances are, the planter who provides a comfortable house for his tenants will keep them much longer, and will have a more reliable service. The matter of being cheated out of his earnings at the end of the year is, of course, a complaint that is very hard to discuss, and I know is likely to involve much exaggeration, and the more ignorant the aggrieved person is, the more given is he to such complaint and exaggeration, but I must not conceal the fact that such feeling is deep and widespread, and I ought to make the same statement regarding the high prices charged during the year for provisions, etc., supplied. Some of the colored people who have migrated into the cities give as their reason for leaving the country the poor school facilities in rural communities. In practically every large city in the South the colored man is enabled by public, missionary and private schools, to keep his child in school eight or nine months in the year. Not only is this true, but the school houses are comfortable, and the teachers are efficient. In many of the rural communities, the location of the school house is far from the home of the child, the building is uncomfortable, the term lasts but four or five months, and the teacher's salary is so small that it generally invites a most inefficient class of teachers. I know one community that has had great trouble this year in getting cotton pickers, and other laborers, and inquiry reveals the fact that the negro children in that community were in school last year only four months, and the teacher received from the public fund but $11 per month for his services. Under such conditions, who can blame a large number of colored people for leaving the plantations of the country districts?

Purely as an economic proposition, I believe that it not only pay the land-owner of the South, either as individuals, or by united effort, to see that good school houses are provided on or near their plantations, that the school is kept open six or eight months in a year, and that there is a good teacher regularly employed; where the school fund is not large enough to supply a good school house, they should extend the school term and provide a first class, moral teacher. Further, it will pay to lead the way in seeing that reasonable facilities are otherwise provided.

This, I repeat, will lead to a demand for land and increase of efficiency in the labor force. Financially, there will soon be a great difference in the price of land when there are tenants bidding for opportunities instead of going to cities as now. Wherever it is practicable, I would urge that at least a primary course in agriculture be given in every country school. This would lead to a love of farm work and of country life. Again, many are not on the farms, as they say, because they have not been treated fairly. To illustrate: I recall that some years ago a certain white farmer asked me to secure for him a young colored man to work about the house and to work in the field. The young man was secured, a bargain was entered into to the effect that he was to be paid a certain sum monthly and his board and lodging furnished as well. At the end of the colored boy's first day on the farm he returned. I asked the reason, and he said that after working all the afternoon he was handed a buttered biscuit for his supper and no place was provided for him to sleep.

At night he was told he could find a place to sleep in the fodder loft. This white farmer, whom I know well, is not a cruel man and seeks generally to do the right thing, but in this case he simply overlooked the fact that it would have paid him in dollars and cents to give some thought and attention to the comfort of his helper.

This case is more or less typical. Had this boy been well cared for he would have so advertised the place that others would have sought work there.

The readers of your paper know too well that in a few counties of several of our Southern States there has been such a reign of lawlessness led by white-cappers and lynchers that many of the best colored people have been driven from their homes and have sought in large cities safety and police protection. In too many cases the colored people who have been molested have been those, why by their thrift and diligence have secured homes and other property. These colored people have been oppressed in most instances not by the property-holding, intelligent white people, but by the worst and most shiftless element of whites. Have the higher class of whites escaped responsibility for letting their affairs be controlled by the worst element? The practice of peonage in a few counties of the South has also caused a fear among an element of the colored people that prevents their going into, or remaining in, the country districts, that they may be forced to labor involuntarily and without proper remuneration. I have said that such lawless conditions exist in only a "few" counties in the South, and I use the word advisedly. In the majority of the counties in the South life and property are just as safe as anywhere in the United States, but the harm comes because of the widespread notoriety that a few lawless communities and counties have given the South, and this serves to spread the idea pretty generally among the colored people that if they want police protection when they are charged with crime or under suspicion they must hastily seek the confines of a city. I repeat that fear has stripped some counties of its most valuable colored labor and left the dregs of that population. In the matter of law and order, my constant appeal is that there be hearty co-operation between the best whites and the best blacks.

Nothing is clearer than that crime is rarely committed by the colored man who has education and owns property. I have not failed either to say to the colored people on more than one occasion, "We should see to it that crime in all its phases is condemned by the race, and a public sentiment kept alive that will make it impossible for a criminal to be shielded or protected by any member of the race, at any time, or in any place."

Few white people realize how far a little encouragement goes in helping to make better and more useful citizens of the colored people. Some months ago I recall that I listened for an hour to a white man in the South who was making a political speech. He was in a State where a revised constitution had disfranchised nineteen-twentieths of the colored voters 15 years ago and there was not the slightest chance of any political "uprising," or even opposition on the part of the colored people, yet two-thirds of this man's address was devoted to ridicule and abuse of the colored people. The sad feature of such an address lay in the fact that in many parts of the country such a speech is taken seriously. To most of those who heard it and to those who knew the man in that community it did no especial harm, for the people knew that his talk did not tally with his actions, but he had become so accustomed to making that kind of speech that he repeated by force of habit. This man had drawn his first life's sustenance from the breast of a colored woman, had been reared by one, and at that moment he had dozens of the best colored people in that section on his plantation, any one of whom would have laid down their lives for him, and the man himself would have fought to the death in defense of these colored servants of his.

Every year these same laborers were making him richer and richer by their patient, faithful labor, and he would trust them with all that he possessed. In this community the negroes have never made an unavailing appeal to this man for aid in building churches or school houses, or in supporting a school. Few white men anywhere in the world in their actual daily practice had done more to help the black man. Yet such a speech read in the newspapers at a distance would give the impression to thousands of colored laborers that the county in which the speaker lived was for them absolutely unsafe. Such a speech was not calculated to gain a single vote, but it was calculated, in my opinion, to lose to the community a good many bales of cotton. I repeat that few understand how much good could be accomplished in the way of helping the colored people to lead law-abiding and useful lives if more white people would take occasion both in private and in public to praise their good qualities instead of reviling and ridiculing them.

In regard to the duties and obligations of my own people, I would say that unless they realize fully the opportunities that are before them in the South and seize every chance to improve their methods of labor, the time will come when Italians and other foreigners will attempt to displace them in the labor work of the South, just as the Chinese are displacing the negro in South Africa.

One charge frequently brought against us is that we cannot be depended upon for constant and uninterrupted labor; that an excursion or other excitement will take laborers from the very places where their services are most needed. The complaint is frequently made that if paid on Saturday night the laborers will probably not return to work until all the cash received has been expended, and that on the plantation the colored tenant takes little interest in caring for the property of the landlord. These things our people should change.

I hope I may be pardoned for speaking so plainly and in so much detail and at such length, but I believe that the South is on the eve of a season of prosperity, such as it has never before experienced, and that by mutual understanding and sympathetic co-operation each of these two races of the South can help forward the interests of the other, and thus cement a friendship between them that shall be an object lesson for all the world.

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON.
Tuskegee, Ala., November 21, 1904.

[For The Observer.

GETTYSBURG.

All ye who love the thrilling story,
That forever gilds with glory
Thermopylae;
All you who love to dwell upon
Liberty-loving Marathon,
Listen to me.

I sing not of two thousand years,
My story, modern—it appears
Naked and bare
Of adventitious ornament,
Like some vast column, earthquake rent,
Yet standing there.

As tho' it bade defiance even
To all the angry blasts of heaven
That on it play;
The winds, the fiercely driven rain
May blow and beat on it in vain;
It came to stay.

Nor Wagram, Jena, Austerlitz,
Where an immortal warrior sits
Enthroned for aye;
Nor Cæsar on Pharsalian Plain
A world to lose a world to gain,
I sing to-day.

'Tis Gettysburg! Ah, thrilling word!
Whose mighty echo has zeen heard
Around the world;
Where brightest hopes that ever gave
A dauntless courage to the brave,
In chaos hurled.

Gettysburg! A nation smitten,
Whose story never can be written
By friend or foe;
No Waterloo, no wild retreat,
(Lee's army never knew defeat)
He blundered through.

Third of July, momentous day!
Aye, one which clearly sweeps away
The world's best score
In point of valor, puts to shame
The daring deeds which poets claim
On foreign shore.

See yonder, standing, that gray line,
Immovable, without a sign,
With bated breath.
Altho' unmoved as there they stand
They wait to rush at Lee's command
Right into death.

"And who are they without a sign?"
Pickett's, Pettigrew's fierce gray line
On dress parade,
"On dress parade! You do but jest,"
And yet they do not seem distrest
By cannonade.

The flames of bottle burst on high,
The genius of destruction nigh
All sounds attest.
See Longstreet's guns incessant pour
Their leaden hail into and o'er
That awful crest.

The vales, the hills are thunder-riven,
Shakes not only earth but heaven
With uproar dire
Breasts of iron, hearts of steel,
It would seem would terror feel
Nor dare that fire.

They knew most all upon that line,
Now standing there without a sign,
Of coward fear;
Both Pettigrew and Pickett shine
Twin-battle stars above that line
And both are here.

What thinks that line at such an hour
With subtle and mysterious power
So hold it there.
Is't thirst for power, sense of shame,
Hope of plunder, love of fame,
That makes it dare?

No! 'Tis something grander, higher,
Something the nations must admire
Not one but all,
As there they stand with bated breath
They hear on that dread post of death
Their country's call.

There rides in front a gallant knight,
With saber drawn, a glorious sight,
So calm, so true,
A veritable son of Mars,
A genius who had won his stars,
'Tis Pettigrew.

The bravest of the brave, like Ney,
In council wise, yet fierce in fray,
Always in place,
Mind and commanding genius shine
In every look, in every line
Of that strong face.

"What means that pause, that sweet surcease?
Why are Longstreet's guns at peace
What means it all?
'Tis but the awful calm before
The storm begins, the lion's roar
Is hushed, that's all.

Hark! What was that—the signal gun!
Look! Look! the line is moving on
Toward the foe;
Beneath that awful cannonade
They march as if on dress parade,
Can this be so?

Indeed, beneath the guns that blaze,
Inspired by Southern Marseillaise
They face that fire,
The furious storm of shot and shell
Which on them from that crest now fell
With carnage dire.

Ye gods and men behold the sight!
See how these Southern heroes fight
Not one but all,
Look at Pickett and Pettigrew
Do all that leaders dare to do,
Aye, win or fall.

"Halting their lines?" 'Tis death alone
Can halt it as it changes on
That stubborn crest.
E'en Balaklava, Lodi's bridge
Tame, tame are both to this death ridge
They seek to wrest,

Behold the smoke of battle rise,
In column dense ascend the skies,
Fit funeral pall
As if the pitying eye of day
His brilliant glance would veil away,
Nor see them fall.

They fly! They fly! You need not tell—
I know the meaning of that yell,
The crest is won.
"Won! did you say?" Aye, won and lost,
Won at such a fearful cost,
To hold it none.

Overwhelmed by mere brute force alone
The greatest charge the world has known
Was at an end,
The beaten foe again returned
To hold the crest that valor earned,
But to defend

And not pursue, the name of Lee
Meade's mighty army held at bay,
Nor would he dare
Attack that wasted, shattered line
Which stood there still without a sign
Of coward fear.

Ah, pitying heaven, why not shield?
The heroes of this gory field;
In heaps they lie,
By grape-shot torn, by shot and shell
The cannon's hom their funeral knell,
Should such men die?

They will not die while valor stirs
The hearts of freedom's worshippers,
In every age;
Aye, will their glorious deeds be told
In words that never can grow cold
On history's page.

Mourn Carolina, mourn the most
For many a priceless hero lost,
Lives thrown away,
Heroes who fought at Gaines' Mill,
Heroes who charged at Malvern Hill,
Were slain to-day.

Thy Twenty-sixth, eight hundred strong,
Surely the poet's loftiest song
For this should swell,
Eight Hundred when the charge begun,
But Eighty when the charge was done,
Seven hundred fell.

Eight hundred lives no more than one
To them who duty must be done,
Ah, tell not me,
That men who broke the highest score
Of loss and valor, say no more,
Could traitors be.

'Tis out of such heroic dust
The tree of freedom springs, and must
Do so forever,
"Traitors!" Perish such a thought,
Such men could not be treason taught
Oh! Never! Never!

Oh! Carolina! cherish them
As stars that deck thy diadem
Throughout all time,
That children's children all may read
With swelling hearts ancestral deed—
This charge sublime.

Oh! that the grand Homeric muse,
Were rampant now it would transfuse
Into song sublime
This daring deed and send it down,
Growing in glory and renown
To the end of time.

DUVAL PORTER.

Does This Suit You?

R. H. Jordan & Co., the enterprising druggists of this city, are having such a large run on "HINDIPO," the new Kidney Cure and Nerve Tonic, and hear it so highly praised, that they now offer to guarantee it in every case to cure all forms of Kidney Troubles and Nervous Disorders.

They pay for it if it does not give you entire satisfaction.

If you use it, it is their risk not yours. A 50 cent box sent by mail under positive guarantee

CUT FLOWERS

Wedding Flowers
Funeral Designs.

Write, telegraph, telephone. We will do the rest and do it quick and right.

J. Van Lindley Nursery Co
POMONA, N. C.
Send Telegrams to Greensboro.

IS THERE A LIMIT TO THIS MAN'S HEALING POWER?

PANOPATHIC PROFESSOR WORKS WONDERS

Restores Health to Invalids Pronounced Hopelessly Incurable by Physicians, Healing in the Face of Apparent Impossibilities.

DOES AWAY WITH USELESS DRUGS

And Condemns Brutal Operations by Surgeon's Deadly Knife. No Disease He May Not Cure by Some

STRANGE, INTANGIBLE, UNSEEN FORCE OF MIGHTY POTENCY

That Cures When Doctors and Medicines Fail and Hope is Gone.

HAS HE THE POWER DIVINE?

Ministers of the Gospel Say He is Gifted of God, and Praise Him for His Help to Suffering Humanity--He Gives Service and Home Treatment Free to the Sick and Afflicted.

New York, Nov. 25.—(Special Correspondence.) Seeing is believing, and witnessing the seeming miracles performed by Prof. Wm. Wallace Hadley makes one exclaim: "Is there a known limit to this man's healing power? Is there a single disease he cannot cure? Is there any case so hopeless that he cannot restore health?"

Probably no other physician in the world treats as many patients as this famous professor of panopathy and physiatrics. They come to him by scores and hundreds. The sick and suffering, the lame and halt, the consumptive and paralytic, the drug fiend and the drunkard, invalids from almost every known disease form an endless procession seeking health at his hands. And this wonderful man, this wizard of science, this great-hearted physician receives them—treats them—cures them. Heals them of diseases pronounced incurable by the medical profession, cures them after they have been doomed to death by doctors, revives health and strength in the face of seeming impossibilities.

Not in a spirit of boasting or vanity, but in a quiet, calm statement of fact he says there is no disease he may not cure; says it, and what is more, proves it. During a recent talk with this man who has revolutionized the theory and practice of medicine, he said: "Thousands of precious human lives are needlessly sacrificed every year by useless medicines and brutal surgery that kill oftener than they cure. All upright members of the medical profession know this whether they will admit it or not, and it is time that the general public was made aware of the facts.

"Cases have come to me that have baffled some of the best physicians in the country; where one doctor has said the trouble was with the stomach, another said heart, still another diagnosed kidney disease or something else. But in each case I was able to see the real cause and by removing it I restored the patient to perfect health. I have known stomach trouble to be diagnosed as heart disease, and heart disease as rheumatism, and countless similar instances. When these mistakes are made, and the patient is treated for the wrong disease, how can the sufferer hope to get well? It is as if you tried to cure deafness by wearing eyeglasses. One is just about as sensible as the other. But I make a careful diagnosis of each case that comes to me and treat the real cause.

"I have discarded the useless drugs and medicines commonly prescribed by physicians and use a system of treatment 1904 is as much superior to modern medical practice as the sun is to a candle. Now that I have perfected it after long years of practice and experiment, I find that I have the power to cure my patients without their coming to me or my going to them. For instance, read this letter from the Rev. Samuel Sutton, an eminent divine of Williamsburg, Ky. You see he says 'I feel thankful to God that I was directed to you for relief from my bodily pains and ills. I feel sure that our Heavenly Father has helped and directed you in working out the secret of power over disease. Your efforts must be accompanied by the Holy Spirit to accomplish such miraculous cures. I know and believe that there is nothing to equal your treatment for the release of suffering ones from pain, weakness and disease. I wish all suffering ones knew its power to heal as I do since it cured me of heart and kidney disease, catarrh of the bladder and hemorrhoids. Dear doctor, I cannot find words to express my thanks to you for your kindness to me in ridding me of all my physical sufferings. My prayers are that others may do as I have done, write to you and get relief, and that you may be joyful in abundance on this earth and in the world to come for your faithful search and your success in finding such a wonderful power that when your treatment comes in contact with disease, illness must give way to health.'

"My experience has proved that there is no disease I may not cure. I do not care how severe the case may be, how chronic, how long standing, what other men have said or failed to do, or whether the patient has been pronounced incurable or not. I am just as ready to cure consumption, cancer, paralysis, Bright's disease, organic weakness, deafness, any of the drug or liquor habits, and other so-called incurable diseases as I am to cure stomach and bowel troubles, rheumatism, nervous prostration, blood disorders, catarrh or any of the other ills that human flesh is heir to. I have done so many times over. Without intending to boast, I may safely say that I treat more patients in a year than the average physician does in a lifetime, and among them are numbered many of the worst cases in the country. And I cure because I have at my command a power over disease so great that its extent can hardly be realized. Recently I received this letter from Mrs. C. M. Weston, of Harnegat, N. J., which will give you an idea of how many patients regard my power to cure.

"'I am so glad to be able to tell you that I am well. I can hardly realize that I am cured. I had been told so many times by doctors that my case was incurable and that I could never get well that I was almost hopeless. Still, I always felt that if I could find a doctor who knew how, he could cure me, and I found him in you. Most doctors do not know how. I think they know a little about common diseases, but when it comes to the serious and difficult ones, such as mine were, they say they are incurable, and never learn anything about them. My restoration to health has surprised all who know me. No one thought I was really being cured when I told them I was, but they see it now and cannot account for it. One of the doctors who attended me last Winter was the most surprised of all, as he thought my heart trouble, complicated by bronchitis, asthma, and catarrh of the stomach, would surely kill me before this. So you see how near death I was, and that you literally saved me from the grave. I also want to thank you for your personal interest and care of my case. Your kind words of encouragement did me a world of good when I was so weak. I am writing to all my friends who are ill, urging them to put themselves under your care, for I know you can cure them.'

"Another clergyman, the Rev. T. Horris, D. D., of Harwood, Texas, whom I cured of a complication of diseases, writes to me, saying: "I am much stronger and more active than I have been for years. I shall always thank God and you as His servant for the great benefits you have conferred upon me, and shall take great pleasure in recommending you as one of the most courteous, efficient, Christian gentlemen whom I have ever known. I shall always hold myself ready to serve you as a beneficiary of your wonderful skill. Command me whenever I can serve you in anything. May God, our common Father, preserve you long in the land of the living.' Even doctors are compelled to admit that my power is greater than their own medicines. Dr. J. C. Feather, M. D., of Sheakleyville, Pa., was afflicted with that terrible disease locomotor-ataxia. He finally put himself under my care, and now writes me that he is cured and can walk without the crutches he carried for so long. I could go on indefinitely telling you of case after case similar to these, but these are sufficient to prove to anyone that I have been able to restore health in the face of what seemed certain death."

"But how about those who cannot afford to come to New York to have you treat them?"

"It does not make the slightest difference. I cure them in their own homes just as easily and just as surely as if I went to them or they came to me. Distance cannot weaken the healing power I have. All that anyone who is ill in any way, from any cause, has to do is to write me a letter, addressing Wm. Wallace Hadley, M. D., office 967 L, 708 Madison Ave., New York, telling me the disease they suffer from most or their principal symptoms, age, and sex, and I will send them a course of home treatment absolutely free of charge."

"Surely you do not mean that you give services and treatment free to anyone merely for the asking?"

"Yes, I mean just that. I believe that as a Christian it is my duty to God and man to help all who are in need. When I have been given the power to cure, I do not believe that I have the right to make anyone waste his money on useless drugs when I can heal him without them. We all owe a duty to our fellow-men. We must all serve in one way or another. Where a rich man gives money, I give health. I am not a millionaire, but I am able to afford to do my share toward relieving the sufferings of mankind. And I am happy to give freely of my services wherever they are needed. And I am especially anxious to cure any poor mortal who has been told that his or her case is incurable, that there is no hope left on earth. Or anyone who has grown weary spending money on drugs and doctors in a vain search for health. If they will write to me and accept my offer, there is not only hope, but an almost absolute certainty that they need be such no longer. And it is a blessing that my power makes a letter do just as much good as a personal visit."

Presbyterian COLLEGE
For Women
Charlotte, N. C.

A high-grade College for Women. Equipped with every modern improvement, Fine Building, rooms limited to two, perfect sewerage, electric lights, fire escapes. Standard high. Work thorough.

REV. J. R. BRIDGES, D. D., President.

IF WE ONLY KNEW

Stomach Trouble Could be Cured

Four years ago my general health gave way. I was afflicted with a distressing stomach trouble, and could not touch solid food of any kind. For one year I would vomit everything I would swallow, even down to medicine, and water. My stomach would not retain a thing. No one can know what I suffered from weakness, dizziness, shortness of breath and nervousness. I often felt like it would be so much better could I die and get out of my suffering. Off and on I was under doctor's treatment for three years, and I can only say that doctors' medicine did me no good.

Then some good fate put one of Mrs. Joe Person's pamphlets in my hands, and I read where so many had been cured that were as bad off as I was. I got a bottle of the Remedy, and from the very first dose I took I knew I had struck the right thing. It was the first medicine I ever took that the first dose did me good. For the first time in a long time, I was not nauseated after taking it.

I continued it and continued to improve until I took thirteen bottles, and it made a perfect cure of me. It has been a year since I was cured, and I know I am well. I recommend it to every one who has stomach trouble, and to all who have rheumatism, as it cured my brother of rheumatism. He tried to get me to take the Remedy long before I did, but I thought because it cured rheumatism was no reason it would cure stomach trouble, and I had no faith in anything. It was as a last resort I tried it.

How much suffering it would have saved me had I tried it three years before!

(MISS) REBECCA TROLLINGER,
Newton, N. C., Nov. 11, 1904.

SOME NEW PATTERNS.

We have just been making some new patterns for head shaft, hangers and head shaft pillow blocks. These patterns are of a design so far superior to anything that we have heretofore been able to get from other makers that we are not only satisfied but pleased with the results of our efforts. All our hangers are of very superior design. They are entirely new and we have put in them the best features of what was already on the market, and have put in them also some features which our long experience has brought to our knowledge. We find that in designing new patterns our contract with the erection of machinery puts us in position to introduce many new features. It is just as easy to make the hanger so that shafting may be easily put up and taken down as it is to so design them as to make them difficult. We make all our bearings self-oiling. This is a valuable feature. Who could deny that it is better to put sufficient oil in a hollow base of a bearing to last six months and then not be bothered about it again, than to have the old way of squirting oil on it every two or three hours and besides the trouble, generally having a mess also? By careful oiling of our bearings once in three to six months, according to the work, we get the very best results and we never have a sloppy mess of oil on the floor or on the machinery or on the cloth or whatever else we are making.

THE D. A. TOMPKINS CO.
Pattern Makers, Moulders and Machinists,
CHARLOTTE, N. C.

Commissioner Sale

—OF—

VALUABLE LAND

Factory Sites, Truck Farms, Granite Quarry.

UNDER AND BY VIRTUE OF A decree of Mecklenburg Superior Court, I will at noon, on

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 28 1904

Expose to sale to the highest bidder, at public aution, at the county court house door in Charlotte, five certain tracts of land lying four miles south of Charlotte, on the Charlotte, Columbia and Augusta Railroad and the Camden and Nation Ford macadamized roads, and described as follows:

Tract No. 1 fronts on the Charlotte, Columbia and Augusta Railroad and the Camden macademized road about 1,427 feet, includes a good orchard and contains thirty-nine and three-fourths (39¾) acres.

Tract No. 2 fronts on said railroad and macadamized road about 1,064 feet, runs back on both sides of a large branch, includes the residence and buildings and contains forty-two (42) acres.

Tract No. 3 fronts on said railroad and macadamized road 772 feet and contains forty-five and four-fifths (45 4-5) acres.

Tract No. 4 lies on both sides of King's branch, fronts on the Nation Ford macadamized road about 1,450 feet and contains forty-eight (48) acres.

Tract No. 5 lies on both sides of said branch, fronts about 1,500 feet on said road, has on it a good granite quarry and contains sixty and three-fourth (60¾) acres.

These tracts embrace the western part of the Benjamin Smith land, and are to be sold for re-investment.

After offering each tract separately, Tracts 1, 2 and 3 will be offered as a whole for a bid higher than the sum of bids in separate tracts.

Tracts 1, 2 and 5 front on the west side of the Charlotte, Columbia and Augusta Railroad and the Camden macadamized, and are valuable for mill sites, and tracts 4 and 5, on the east side of the Nation Ford macadamized road, would make good truck farms.

The electric lines of Catawba Power Company run through all said tracts—making it very convenient to obtain power and light from that company.

Terms of Sale: One-half of the purchase money in cash, the balance by note with approved security, payable after six months bearing legal interest from date of sale, the title being retained until full payment of the purchase money, with leave to purchasers to anticipate payment.

This the 27th day of October, 1904.

HUGH W. HARRIS,
Commissioner.
15 Piedmont Insurance Building.

CHICHESTER'S PILLS

Original and Only Genuine. A Standard Remedy, and to be relied upon. 16,000 Testimonials. Ladies, ask your Druggist for CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH RED and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with Blue Ribbon. Take no other. Refuse Substitutions and Imitations. Buy of your Druggist or send 4c in stamps for particulars, Testimonials and "Relief for Ladies," in letter by return Mail. 10,000 Testimonials. Name Paper. Sold by Druggists everywhere. Chichester Chemical Co. Madison Square, Phila., Pa.