HO FOR WESTERN North Carolina

The Garden Spot of the World.

-IN-

Variety of Products

Surpasses all other Sections.

Owing to its wonderful natural resources it was possible to establish here the most extensive Herbarium on the Globe, and with it side by side has grown up the

Largest Wholesale Establishment

IN NORTH CABOLINA.

Strangers wonder at its magnitude and are at a loss to understand how it has been accomplished; the explanation is easy:

Fair Dealing, Economical Management, Minimum Profits

-AND A-

LARGE VOLUME OF BUSINESS.

Has been our aim and policy and has contributed chiefly, we believe, to the success we have thus far attained.

It has become a well known fact and is said to the credit of our people that merchandise of every description is sold cheaper in Western North Carolina than anywhere in the South. New Yorkers frequently say to us: "Why you folks sell goods cheaper than we do here." This we are pleased to admit and it is not a revelation to many of our best merchants. Experienced bus iness men are slive to the fact that the Retail Merchant can buy to better advantage in Baltimore than in New York, in Richmond than in Baltimore and in Statesville better still than in Richmond.

By Making Large Purchases

We are enabled to secure the lowst quantity price, while our

Expenses are Insignificant As compared with houses in the large cities.

Our object, however, in this advertisement was more particularly to call attention to a

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BOUGHT

Especially for the Dried Fruit Season. Our Counters are Loaded with Seasonable goods and there are

Bargains in Every Department. Stock is complete and there will ce no delay in making shipments.

> Very Respectfully, Wallace Bros.

THE LOVELIEST WOMEN ON EARTH. America and the Americans as He saw

New York Herald

Max O'Rell wrote a book on America a year or two ago, but it did not contain half he had to say, for he has just written a new and larger one which is part diary, part reflec-tion and all readable. The title is "A Freuchman in America." It opens with a description of the ocean voyage, which the author found unspeakably dismal.

It is an interval in one's existence, a week more or less lost, decidedly more than less.

One grows gelatinous from head to foot, especially in the upper part of one's anatomy. In order to see to what an extent

the brain softens you only need look at the pastimes the poor passengers go in for. A state of demoralization prevails throughout.

The nearest approach to a gay note is struck by some humorous and good tempered American. He will come and ask you the most impossible questions with an ease and impudence perfectly inimitable. These catechisings are all the more droll because they are done with a naivette which completely disarms you. The phrase is short, without verb, reduced to its most concise expression. The intonation alone marks the interrogation. Here is a

specimen :-We have on board the Celtic an American who is not a very shrewd person, for it has actually taken him | savor of the serving man about him, five days to discover that English is | no whiskers and shaven upper lip not my native tongue. This morning (December 30) he found it out, and being seated near me in the smoke room, has just had the following bit of conversation with me:

"Foreigner?" said he. "Foreigner," said I, replying in

merican. "German, I guess." "Guess again."

"French?" "Pure blood." "Married ?"

"Married." "Going to America?" "Yes-evidently." "Pleasure trip?"

"No."

"On business?" "On businéss, yes." "What's your line?" "H'm-French goods."

"Ah! what class of goods?" "L'Article de Paris." "The what?"

"The ar-ti-cle de Pa-ris." "Oh! yes, the arnticle of Pahr-

"Exactly so. Excuse my pronun-

This floored him. "Rather impertinent, your smoke room neighbor," you will say. Undeceive yourself at once upon that point. It is not impertinence,

still less an intention to offend you, that urges him to put these incongruous questions to you. It is the interest he takes in you. The American is a good follow; good fellowship is one of his chief characteristic traits. Of that I became perfectly convinced during my last visit to the United States.

THE INTERVIEWER. Scarcely is he ashore than he falls into the hands of the newspaper reporters, but he has met them before

and is not afraid. What nonsense Europeans have written on the subject of interviewing in America, to be sure! To hear them speak you would believe that it is the greatest nuisance in the world.

A Frenchman writes in the Figaro :- "I will go to America if my life can be insured against that terrific nuisance, interviewing." An Englishman writes to an Eng-

lish paper, on returning from America :- "When the reporters called on me I invariably refused to see them." Trash ! Cant ! Hypocrisy ! With

the exception of a king or the prime minister of one of the great Powers, a man is only too glad to be interviewed. Don't talk to me about the nuisance, tell the truth; it is always such a treat to hear it. I consider that interviewing is a compliment, a great compliment paid to the interviewed. In asking a man to give you his views, so as to enlighten the public on such and such a subject, you acknowledge that he is an important man, which is flattering to him; or you take him for one, which is more flattering still.

I maintain that American interviewers are extremely courteous and obliging, and, as a rule, very faithful reporters of what you say to

Let me say that I have a lurking doubt in my mind whether those who have so much to say against interviewing in America have ever been asked to be interviewed at all, or have even ever run such a danger.

OUR HOTELS. American hotels are all alike. Some are worse. Describe one and you have de-

scribed them all. On the ground floor a large en-trance hall strewed with cuspidores

for the men and a side entrance provided with a triumphal arch for the ladies. On this floor the sexes are separated as at the public baths.

No privacy. No coffee room, no smoking room. No place where you can go and quietly sip a cup of coffee or drink a glass of beer with a cigar. You can have a drink at the bar, and then go and sit down in the hall among the crowd.

Life in an American hotel is an alternation of the cellular system during the night and of the gregarious system during the day, an alternation of the penitentiary systems carried out at Phildelphia and at Auburn.

It is not in the bedroom, either, that you must seek anything to cheer you. The bed is good, but only for the night. The room is perfectly nude. Not even "Napoleon's Farewell to His Soldiers at Fontainebleau" as in France, or "Strafford Walking to the Scaffold" as in England. Not that these pictures are particularly cheerful; still they break the monotony of the wall paper. Here the only cases in the brown or gray desert are cautions.

The guests feel struck with awe in that dining room and solemnly bolt their food as quickly as they can. You hear less noise in an American hotel dining room containing five hundred people than you do at a French table d'hote, accommodating fifty people, at a Gorman one containing a dozen guests, or at a table where two Italians are dining tete-a-tete.

The head waiter at large Northern and Western hotels is a white man. In the Southern ones he is a mulatto or a black, but white or black, he is always a magnificent specimen of his race. There is not a ghost of a reminding you of the waiters of the Old World, but always a fine mustache, the twirling of which helps to give an air of nonchalant superiority to its wearer. The mulatto head waiters in the South really look like dusky princes Many of them are so handsome and carry themselves so superbly that you find them very impressive at first and would fain apologize to them. You feel as if you wanted to thank them for kindly condescending to concern themselves about anything so commonplace as your seat at table.

THE LECTURE PLATFORM. The author came here to lecture and found the business highly profitable. It also was by turns amusing and distressing. The ways of the manager sometimes seemed as start-

ling as those of audiences. A good impresario is constantly on the lookout for anything that may draw the attention of the public to his entertainment. Nothing is sacred for him. His eyes and ears are always open, all his senses on the

alert. One afternoon I was walking with my impresario over the beautiful Clifton suspension bridge. I was to lecture at the Victoria Hall, Bristol, in the evening. We leaned on the railings, and grew pensive as we looked at the scenery and the abyss under us.

My impresario sighed. "What are you thinking about?"

said to him. "Last year," he replied, "a girl tried to commit suicide and jumped over this bridge; but the wind got under her skirt, made a parachute of it, and she descended to the bot-

tom of the valley perfectly unhurt."
And he sighed again.
"Well," said I, "why do you "Ah! my dear fellow, if you could do the same this afternoon, there would be 'standing room only

in the Victoria Hall tonight." I left that bridge in no time. Some audiences applauded, some were silent and occasionally an individual expressed his feeling. Here

is an example :-Before leaving the hotel at Pitts burg I was approached by a young man who, after giving me his card, thanked me most earnestly for my lecture of last night. In fact, he nearly embraced me.

"I never enjoyed myself so much in my life," he said. I grasped his hand.

"I am glad," I replied, "that my humble effort pleased you so much. Nothing is more gratifying to a lecturer than to know he has afforded pleasure to his audience."

"Yes," he said, "it gave me immense pleasure. You see, I am engaged to be married to a girl in town. All her family went to your show, and I had the girl at home all to myself. Oh! I had such a good time! Thank you so much! Do lecture here again soon."

LOVELY WOMAN. Like a true Frenchman and a sensible man he says numberless complimentary things about American women, although his statement that the gentler sex here hold men in contempt is an announcement of the most startling discovery ever made since the days of Columbus.

The more I see of the American women the more confirmed I become in my impression that they are typical; more so than the men. They are like no other women I know. The brilliancy of their conversation, the animation of their features, the absence of affectation in their manners, make them unique. There | way trains, from the windows of | may work with renewed vigor. We | past seven years.

are no women to compare to them in a drawing room. There are none with whom I feel so much at ease. Their beauty, physically speaking, is great; but you are still more struck by their intellectual beauty, the frankness of their eyes and the

naturalness of their bearing. In many respects I have often been struck with the resemblance which exists between French and American women. When I took my first walk on Broadway, New York, on a fine afternoon some two years and a half ago, I can well remember how I exclaimed: "Why, this is Paris, and all these ladies are Parisiennes!" It struck me as being the same type of face, the same animation of features, the same brightness of the eyes, the same self-assurance, the same attractive plumpness in women over thirty. To my mind, I was having a walk on my own Boulevards (every Parisian owns that place.) The more I became acquainted with American ladies the more forcibly this resemblance struck me. This was not a mere first impression. It has been and is still a deep conviction, so much so that whenever I returned to New York from a journey of some weeks in the heart of the country I felt as

if I was returning home. After a short time a still closer resemblance between the women of the two countries will strike a Frenchman most forcibly. It is the same finesse, the same suppleness of mind, the same wonderful adaptability. Place a little French milliner in a good drawing room for an hour and at the end of that time she will behave, talk and walk like any lady in the room. Suppose an American, married below his status in society, is elected President of the United States. I believe, at the end of a | the same, all the menus are the honors of the White House with the ease and grace of a high born lady.

In England it is just the contrary. They say in France that Paris is the paradise of women. If so, there is a more blissful place than Paradise; there is another word to invent to give an idea of the social position enjoyed by American ladies.

If I had to be born again and might choose my sox and my birthplace I would shout at the top of my voice :-"Oh, make me an American wo-

man !"

OUR NEWSPAPERS.

Second only to women in attract. iveness were the newspapers of the metropolis. After spending an entire Sunday in reading them the author wrote :-

Have been spending the whole day in reading the Sunday papers.

I am never tired of reading and studying the American newspapers. The whole character of the nation is there-spirit of enterprise, liveliness, childishness, inquisitiveness, deep interest in everything that is human, fun and humor, indiscretion, love of gossip, brightness. Speak of electric light, of phono-

graphs and graphophones if you like; speak of those thousand and one inventions which have come out of the American brain; but if you wish to mention the greatest and most wonderful achievement of American activity do not hesitate a moment to give the palm to American journalism; it is simply the ne

plus ultra. You will find some people even in America who condemn its loud tone; others who object to its meddling with private life; others, again, who have something to say of its contempt for statements which are not in perfect accordance with strict truth. I even believe that a French writer, whom I do not wish to name, once said that very few statements to be found in an American paper were to be relied upon-beyond the date. People may say this and may say that about American journalism. I confess that I like it, simply because it will supply you with twelve -Sundays with thirty-pages that are readable from the first line to the last. Yes, from the first line to the last, including the advertise-

The American journalist may be a man of letters, but, above all, he must possess a bright and graphic pen, and his services are not wanted if he cannot write a racy article or paragraph out of the most trifling incident. He must relate facts, it he, can, but if he cannot, so much the worse for the facts; he must be entertaining and turn out something

I cannot do better than compare an American paper to a large store, where the goods, the articles, are labelled so as to immediately strike

the customer. Speaking of American journalism, no man need use apologetic lan-

Not when the proprietor of an American paper will not hesitate to spend thousands of dollars to provide his readers with the minutest details about some great European event.

Not when an American paper will, at its own expense, send Henry M. Stanley to Africa in search of Livingstone.

A LAND OF MAGNIFICENT DISTANCES. The lecturer speedily learned that if he was to keep all his appointments he would be obliged to spend most of his daylight hours on railwhich there seldom was anything interesting to look at.

To be in a railroad car for ten or twelve hours day after day can hardly be called luxury or even comfort. To have one's poor brain matter thus shaken in the cranium is terrible, especially when the cranium is not quite full. Constant travelling softens the brain, liquefies it, churns it, evaporates it, and it runs out of you through all the cracks of your head. I own that travelling is comfortable in America, even luxurious; but the best fare becomes monotonous and unpalatable when the dose is repeated every day.

To-morrow night I lecture in Minneapolis. The next night I am in Detroit. Distanc about seven hundred miles.

"Can I manage it ?" said I to my impresario when he showed me my "Why, certainly," he replied

"if you catch a train after your lecture I guess you will arrive in time for your lecture in Detroit the next These remarks, in America, are

made without a smile. What strikes a European most in his rambles through America is the absence of the picturesque. The country is monotonous and eternally the same. Burned up fields, stumps of trees, forests, wooden houses all built on the same pattern. All the stations you pass are alike. All the towns are alike. To say that an American town is ten times larger than another simply means that it has ten times more blocks of houses. All the streets are alike, with the same telegraph poles, the same "Indian" as a sign for tobacconists, the same red, white and blue pole as a sign for barbers. All the hotels are week, this wife of his would do the | same, all the plates and dishes the the same. All the people are dressed in the same way. When you meet an American with all his beard you want to shake his hands and thank him for not shaving it, as ninety-nine out of every hundred

> Americans do. WHERE ONE MAN IS AS GOOD AS ANOTHER.

I he lack of a servile class became apparent to the author as quickly as to many other intelligent foreigners who have had to do for themselves some services which abroad are done by menials.

We Europeans are used to a form of obedience, or at least deference, from our paid servants, and the arrogant attitude of the American wage earner first amazes and then enrages us-when we have not enough humor, or good humor, to get some amusement out of it. It is so novel to be tyrannized over by people whom you pay to attend to your comfort! The American keeps his temper under the process, for he is the best humored fellow in the world. Besides, a small squabble is no more in his line than a small anything else. It is not worth his while. The Westerner may pull out a pistol and shoot you if you annoy him, but neither he nor the Eastern man will wrangle for mas-

If such was not the case, do you believe for a moment that the Americans would submit to the rule of the "rings," the "leaders" and the

The Americans are the most docile people in the world. They are the slaves of their servants, whether these are high officials or the "reduced duchesses" of domestic service. They are so submitted to their lot that they seem to find it quite

The Americans are lions governed by bulldogs and asses. They have given themselves

hundred thousand masters, these folks who laugh at monarchies, for example, and scorn the rule of a king, as if it were better to be bullied by a crowd than by an individ-

In America the man who pays does not command the paid. I have already said it; I will maintain the truth of the statement that, in America, the paid servant rules. Tyranny from above is bad; tyranny from below is worse.

Of my many first impressions that have deepened into convictions this is one of the firmest.

A UNIQUE PRAYER. The story which has the strongest suspicion of "yarn" about it is one which the author insists is true. It will astonish most Americans quite as much as it startled Max O'Rell.

Here it is, introduction and all :-Here I pause. I want to collect my thoughts. Does my memory serve me? Am I dreaming, or worse still, am I on the point of inventing? No, I could not invent such a story; it is beyond my power.

I was once lecturing to the stu-dents of a religious college in America. Before I began a professor stepped forward and offered a prayer, in which he asked the Lord to allow the audience to see my points. Now, I duly feel the weight of responsibility attaching to such a statement, and in justice to myself I can do no less than give the reader the petition just as it fell on my as-

tonished ears:-"Lord, Thou knowest that we work hard for Thee, and that recreation is necessary in order that we

have tonight with us a gentleman from France (excuse my recording a compliment too flattering) whose criticisms are witty and refined, but subtle, and we pray Thee to so prepare our minds that we may thooughly understand and enjoy them." "But subtle."

I am still wondering whether my lectures are so subtle as to need praying over, or whether that audience was so dull that they needed praying for.

Whichever it was the prayer was heard, for the audience proved warm, keen and thoroughly appreciative.

Quite as good as the author's own work, and sometimes better, are the illustrations, of which there are one hundred and thirty, all by Kemble. The book is to be published this week simultaneously in New York, London and Paris, under the conditions of the new copyright law. The American edition is from the press of the Cassell Publishing Company, New York.

For Democratic Farmers.

A newspaper having the good of the whole country sincerely at heart, and as an unmixed advocate of Democratic principles, the Citizen feels called upon to say a few calm, deliberate, unvarnished words to the thoughtful, honest Democratic farmers of Buncombe and Western North Carolina.

In the outset the Citizen acknowledges freely and frankly, that the farming class now have, and have had, during the past twenty-five years, the most unjust and iniquitous burdens heaped upon them. They have been presistently and unfeelingly robbed by the government, whose duty it was to give them an equal chance with every other class, and they have been decieved by the politicians who sought and received their votes. As a consequence, the condition of the farmer, as a class, is most deplorable. The grievances are numerous and sore. They have a right to demand relief, and in all honesty and fairness, their demands should be gran-

But who has controlled the government and made the laws, by which the farmer has been robbed and crushed down by these burdens too grievous to be borne?

This is a most serious question. The farmer has been wronged, deeply wronged, and by somebody? Who is that somebody? It is that aggregation of individuals composing the political party which has had control of the government and enacted the laws during the generation just behind us. What party is

Can any intelligent farmer in Western North Carolina have ar doubt as to what political party is responsible for these laws?

As a matter of fact, the Democratic party has not been responsible for a single law placed upon the statute books of the United States since the war, except by the consent of the Republican party. It is also a fact that the Demo-

cratic party today stands squarely upon record as favoring every demand the farmers are making for relief, save and except the sub-Treasury, which would have the government loan the farmer money at two per cent. per annum, when the government itself cannot borrow money at such a rate of interest, And the government has not a dollar of money, and cannot get a dollar of money, unless it borrows it or taxes the people—the farmers included-to raise it.

The Democratic state platform in North Carolina last year included every demand of the farmers except the sub-Treasury scheme. Is there an intelligent farmer in Western North Carolina who thinks that scheme is practical? Is there an intelligent farmer in Western North Carolina who thinks that the federal government was ever intended to be converted into a great loan broberage establishment? Is there an intelligent farmer who wants the government to do any more for him than to relieve him of the weights that have borne him down, and give him a fair chance with every other man and every other class in the race of life? The Citizen thinks not.

And now this serious question is propounded to every farmer. Do you want to destroy the Democratic party, which has fought to save you from the wrongs which the Republican party has been heaping upon you for the past twenty-five years, and create a third party, simply because the Democratic party will not say it endorses the sub-Treasury scheme? It favors every other de-

Will the farmers think seriously and honestly about these things If so, the Citizen is certain that their conclusion will be right.

"Tom," she asked, "what is this ring worth ?" "Well," he answered, "I paid \$75 for it, actual worth probably \$30 and I might raise about \$12 on it at my uncle's."

Rosalie-Do you keep a diary? Grace-Y-e-s. I've kept one for the first week in January for the

T. H. DEAL. M. DRAL. Lenoir, N. C. Cedar Valley, N. C.

Lenoir, N. C.

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75c, 1 00, 1 25, 2 00 and up to 5 00 each, suits that are worth 5 00, we knock down to 3 35, we have suits worth 6 50, 8 00, 10 00, 16 00, 20 00, when you want clothing don,t forget that we will sell them to you for least money you ever bought. Calicoes 4c, 5c, 6c, 7c, per yd. Worsted 10c, to 12 1-3c, cashmers 20c, 25c. Flannel dress goods 25c, to 35c, per yd. Jeans 12 1-2c, 18c, 20c, 25c, 30c, 35c, 40c, per yd. This is a complete line of cotton and woolen goodsbuy 'em. Shoes, we have just what you want, ladies fine shoes 1 00, 1 25, 1 50, 2 00, 2 50, 350, pair, heavy shoes 1 00, pair, mens shoes congress or lace 1 25, 1 50, 2 00, 3 00, hand sewed shoes 4 00, pair, brogans 1 00, 1 25, 1 50, buy em. Hats for everybody 25c, up to 300, don t think of going bearheaed when you can buy hats so cheap.

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