

THE NEWTON ENTERPRISE.

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"For us, Principle is Principle—Right is Right—Yesterday, To-day, To-morrow Forever"

VOL X

NEWTON, CATAWBA COUNTY, N. C., THURSDAY, MAY 17.

NO. 14

COUNTY DIRECTORY.

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ARRIVAL OF MAILS.

EASTERN MAIL—Arrives at 1:07 P.
WESTERN MAIL—Arrives at 5:21 P.
SOUTHERN MAIL—Arrives at 9:22 P.
LEXINGTON MAIL—Arrives at 10:12 A. M.

LEXINGTON EXPRESS—Semi-weekly
Arrives Tuesdays and Thursdays at 5 P.
M. Leaves Wednesdays and Fridays at 7 A. M.

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DENTIST.
A Graduate of Baltimore Dental College, with several years experience.
Does everything pertaining to DENTISTRY in the best MANNER, at REASONABLE PRICES.
Aching Teeth made easy, treated and filled so that they will never ache again.
Extracting done without pain by using gas.
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Well furnished rooms; polite and attentive service; table supplied with the best the market affords.

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Having located at Newton offers his professional services to the people of Newton and surrounding country. Prompt attention given to calls. Will be found at his office when not absent on professional business.
Jan. 26, '88.—6 mos.

J. E. THORNTON,
Keeps constantly on hand all sizes of Wood Coffins and different quality coffins, as fine as can be bought anywhere for the same money.
Strangers sending for Coffins must send good security.
Shop One Mile North of Court House, NEWTON N. C.

FOR SALE.
A Threshing Machine, 64 horse power Engine and Cotton Gin. All in good condition, been in use three years. Or the threshing machine and engine will be sold separately. This is a rare chance for a bargain. Apply to ESTABLISH OFFICE.

INGERSOLL'S ELOQUENT EULOGY OF CONKLING.

In the presence of death the Good man judges as he would be judged. He knows that men are only fragments, that the greatest walk in the shadow, and that faults and failures mingle with the lives of all. In the grave should be buried the prejudices and passions born of conflict. Character should hold the scales in which are weighed the deeds of men. Peculiarities, traits, borne of locality and surroundings. These are but the dust of the race; these are accidents, drapery, clothes, fashions that have nothing to do with the man except to hide his character. They are the clouds that cling to mountains. Time gives us clever vision. That which was merely local fades away. The words of envy are forgotten, and all there is of sterling worth remains. He who was called a partisan is a patriot. The revolutionists and the outlaw are the founders of a nation, and he who was regarded as eschewing, selfish politician, becomes a statesman, a philosopher whose words and deeds shed light.

Fortunate is that nation great enough to know the great. When a great man dies, one who has nobly fought the battle of life, who has been faithful to every trust, and has uttered his highest, noblest thought; one who has stood proudly by the right in spite of fear and taunt, neither stopped by foe nor swerved by friend—in honoring him, in speaking words of praise and love above his dust, we pay a tribute to ourselves. How poor this world would be without its graves, without the memories of its mighty dead. Only the voiceless speak forever. Intelligence, integrity and courage are the great pillars that support the State. Above all, the citizens of a free nation should honor the brave and independent man, the man of stainless integrity, of will and intellectual force. Such men are the Atlases on whose mighty shoulders rest the great fabric of the republic. Fraterfreners, crafters, crawlers, time servers, are the dangerous citizens of a Democracy. They who gain applause and power by pandering to the mistakes, the prejudices, and passions of the multitude, are the enemies of liberty. When the intelligent submit to the clamor of the many, anarchy begins and the republic reaches the edge of the chaos. Mediocrity touched with ambition flatters the base, and culminates the great, while the true patriot, who will be neither, is often sacrificed. In a government of the people a leader should be a teacher—he should carry the torch of truth. Most people are the slaves of habit—followers of custom, believers in the wisdom of the past—and were it not for brave and splendid souls the dust of antique time would be too highly heaped for truth to overpeer. Custom is a prison locked and barred by those who long ago were dead, the keys of which are in the keeping of the dead.

Nothing is grander than when a strong intellectual man breaks chains, levels wadd, and bravest the hydra headed mob like some great cliff that meets and mocks the innumerable billows of the sea. The politician hastens to agree with the majority, insists that their prejudice is patriotism, not that he loves them, but because he loves himself. The statesman, the real reformer, points out the mistakes of the multitude, attacks the prejudices of his countrymen, laughs at their follies, denounces their cruelties, enlightens and enlarges their minds and educates the conscience, not because he loves himself, but because he loves and serves the right, and wishes to make his country great and free. With him defeat is but a spur to further effort. He who refuses to stoop; who cannot be bribed by the promise of success or the fear of failure; who walks the highway of the right, and in disaster stands erect, is the only victor. Nothing is more despicable than to reach fame by crying. When real history shall be written by the truthful and wise, these kneelers at the shrines of chance and fraud, these brazen idols worshipped once as gold, will be the fool of scorn while those who bore the burden of defeat; who earned and kept their self respect; who would not bow to man or men for place or power, will feel upon their brows the laurel mingled with the oak. Roseoe Conkling was a man of superb courage. He not only acted without fear, but he had that fortitude of soul that bears the consequences of the course pursued with-

out complaint. He was charged with being proud. The charge was true, he was proud. His knaves were as inflexible as the "unwedgeable and gnarled oak," but he was not vain. Vanity is a vine that turns a willow that bends with every breeze; pride is the oak that defies the storm. One is cloud, the other rock. One is weakness, the other strength. This imperious man entered public life in the dawn of the reformation. At a time when the country needed men of pride, of principle and courage.

THE LIME KILN CLUB.

When the meeting had opened in due and ancient form Brother Gardner looked up and down the aisles and said: "Dar' an' my strange things about dis yer thing called human natur'. Pay a barber double price for a shave to-day an' fo' weeks hence he will have to check to ask for a cash loan. 'If I lend Pickles Smith a dollar an' he kin conveniently pay it back he ar' grateful. If he wants to use dat dollar for snuffin' else he looks upon me as an oppressor. 'Chip in an' feed an' clothe a poor family outer charity an' dey at one jump to de conclusion dat de world owes 'em a libin'. 'A citizen wid a thousand dollars in his pocket won't walk two squares widout bavin' his boots blacked. A citizen wid a \$10,000 house will keep an old picket fence standin' in front of it yer arter year as an ornament. 'You'll find de chap who wants snuffin' to keep off de cold in January callin' for snuffin' to ward off de heat in July, an' de curus part of it an dat he calls for de same sort of whisky. 'When a man has slandered or lied about you, you kin an' do forgive him. When you hev slandered or lied about somebody else, you wouldn't forgive 'em if dey cum to yer on bented knees. 'We argy dat it makes no difference to our pocket what our naybur aims, but if we 'arn at his salary ar' greater dan ours, de least we kin wish him ar' three months' sickness. 'De howlin' of my dog nobber disturbs me in de slightest, but let my naybur's cat utter one 'yeow' an' I'm right on end in bed an' fightin' mad. 'Takin' us from top to bottom, an' from side to side, an' we ar' a poo', mean, onery lot, an' de wonder is dat de Lawd didn't git disgusted an' shet down on us long ago. Dat's one of de reasons Bob Ingersoll might hev justly urged agin de existence of a Supreme bein'.—Detroit Free Press.

This Beats it. The teleautograph is a new invention by Prof. Edison Gray, which promises to supplant the telephone. "I have already tested it," says Prof. Gray. "To my own satisfaction over and over again. By my invention you can sit down in your office in Chicago, take a pencil in your hand, write a message to me, and as your pencil moves a pencil here in my laboratory moves simultaneously, and forms the same letters and words in the same way. What you write in Chicago is instantly reproduced here in facsimile. You may write in any language, use a code or cipher, no matter, a facsimile is produced here. If you wish to draw a picture, it is the same, the picture is reproduced here. The artist of your newspaper can by this device, telegraph his pictures of a railway wreck or other occurrence just as a reporter telegraphs his descriptions in words. The two pencils move synchronously, and there is no reason why a circuit of five hundred miles cannot be worked as easily as one of ten miles.

THE MIND CURE. The theory of the mind cure may do for some hysterical cases, but for chronic bowel troubles, cramp, ecie, diarrhoea, dysentery, Dr. Biggers' Buckleberry Cordial is the surest and best cure. Keep it.

Recently at a woman's rights meeting in London there was a particular, vigorous speaker who waved her long arms like the sails of a windmill and said: "If the women of the country were to rise up in their thousands and march to the polls, I should like to know what there is on earth that could stop them!" And in the momentous silence which followed this peroration a small voice remarked, "A mouse!"

MOCK AGONY. What wine is mock agony? Champagne (sham pain). If it was a real pain in the lungs or chest, Taylor's Cherokee Remedy Sweet of Gum and Mullein will cure it.

A REMARKABLE DUEL.

TWO MEN IN BALDWIN WHO WERE NOT AFRAID TO FACE DEATH. From the Milledgeville, Ga., Union. On the 12th. day of June, 1863, I witnessed a duel between Capt. Jones, commanding a Federal scout, and Capt. Fry, commanding a Confederate scout, in Green county, East Tennessee. These two men had been fighting each other for six months, with the fortunes of battle in favor of one and then the other. Their commands were camped on either side of Lick creek, a large and sluggish stream, too deep to ford, and too shallow for a ferry boat; but there a bridge spanned the stream for the convenience of the traveling public. Each of them guarded this bridge that communication should go neither North nor South, as the railroad track had been broken up months before. After fighting each other several months and contesting the points as to which should hold the bridge, they agreed to fight a duel, the conqueror to hold the bridge undisputed for the time being. Jones gave the challenge, and Fry accepted. The terms were that they should fight with pistols at twenty yards apart, deliberately walking toward each other, and firing until the last chamber of their pistols were discharged, unless one or the other fell before all the discharges were made. They chose their seconds, and agreed upon a Confed erate surgeon (as he was the only one in either command) to attend them in case of danger.

Jones was certainly a fine looking fellow, with light hair and blue eyes, five feet ten inches in height, looking every inch the military chieftain. He was a man the soldiers would admire, and ladies regard with admiration. I never saw a man more cool, determined and heroic under such circumstances. I have read of the deeds of chivalry and knight errantry in the middle ages, and brave men embued in modern poetry; but when I saw Jones come to the duellists' scratch, fighting, not for real or supposed wrongs to himself, but as he honestly thought, for his country and the glory of the flag, I could not help admiring the man, notwithstanding he fought for the freedom of the negro, which I was opposed to.

Fry was a man full six feet high, slender, with long, wavy, curly hair, jet black eyes, wearing a slouched hat and grey suit, and looked rather the demagogue than the man. There was nothing ferocious about him; but he had that self-sufficient nonchalance that said, "I will kill you." Without a doubt he was brave, cool and collected, and although suffering from a terrible flu's wound in his left arm, received a week before, he manifested no symptoms of distress, but seemed ready for the fight.

The ground was stepped off by the seconds, pistols loaded and exchanged, and the principals brought face to face. I never shall forget that meeting. Jones, in his military boyish mood, as they shook hands remarked that— "A soldier braves death for a fanciful wreath When in glory's romantic career. Fry caught up the rest of the sentence and answered by saying: "Yes he braves over the foe when in battle laid low And bathes every wound with a tear. They turned around and walked back to the point designated. Jones second had the word "fire," and as he slowly said, One—two—three—fire!" they simultaneously turned at the word "One," and instantly fired. Neither was hurt. They cocked their pistols, and deliberately walked toward each other, firing as they went. At the fifth shot, Jones threw up his right hand, and firing his pistol in the air, sank down. Fry was in the act of firing his last shot; but, seeing Jones fall, silently lowered his pistol, dropped it on the ground, and sprang to Jones' side, taking his head in his lap as he sat down, and asking him if he was hurt.

I discovered that Jones was shot through the region of the stomach, the bullet glanced around the organ, and coming out to the left of the spinal column; besides he had received three other frightful flesh wounds in other portions of the body. I dressed his wounds and gave him such stimulants as I had. He afterward got well. Fry received three wounds—one breaking his right arm, one in the left, and the other in the right side. After months of suffering he got well, and fought the war out to the bitter end, and to-day they are partners in a wholesale grocery business, and verifying the sentiment of Byron, that "A soldier braves death," etc. Trusting that the above truthful

TROUBLES OF A CHARLOTTE BOY.

Mr. Louis V. Williams, who left this city some years ago for Texas, and who recently killed a ruffian near San Antonio, for a gross insult to his wife, has been tried upon the charge of murder. He was convicted of manslaughter and sentenced to two years in the Texas penitentiary. Mr. Williams has written us a letter which he desires us to publish for the benefit of his friends here. The letter is written from San Antonio, under date of April 30th., and says: "For the benefit of my many friends who will no doubt be pleased to hear how my case has terminated, I request you to publish the following article: After a long and tedious confinement of two years, I was tried this morning, the jury rendering a verdict of manslaughter, and recommending me to executive clemency. My sentence was two years, the lowest penalty a petition in my behalf is under way, which the Judge, District Attorney and jury have signed. My attorneys and friends are confident I will be pardoned, ere I leave the jail here for the penitentiary. The cause of this unfortunate affair was an insult to my wife while I was away from home by a most vile and worthless character on a ranch near this city, where I was in charge. I was defended by the ablest criminal attorneys in this State, Messrs. Teel and Halton, also Judge A. J. Evans and Col. J. D. Morrison. The trial would have resulted in my acquittal long ago, but for the enmity existing between my former employer, C. Goulson, a so-called Christian and frontier minister, as public opinion was all in my favor. I have resided in San Antonio for the past five years. But I can truthfully say any living man is very foolish to leave North Carolina for Texas to better his condition, although San Antonio is a progressive and live business place and is a great resort for those suffering with lung troubles. In conclusion I will say kindly publish this and oblige me."

SOME BIBLICAL DATA.

Verses in the Old Testament, 23, 241.
Verses in the New Testament, 7, 859.
The books of the Old Testament, 39.
The books of the New Testament, 27.
Words in the Old Testament, 592, 430.
Letters in the New Testament, 338, 820.
Words in the New Testament, 181, 253.
Chapters in the Old Testament, 929.
Letters in the Old Testament, 2,728, 100.
Chapters in the New Testament, 260.
The word "Jehova" occurs 6,865 times.
The middle book of the Old Testament is Proverbs.
The middle chapter of the Old Testament is Job xxxv.
The middle verse of the New Testament is Acts xxii, 17.
The shortest verse in the New Testament is John, xi, 35.
The longest verse in the Old Testament is Esther, viii, 9.
The middle book of the New Testament is Second Thessalonians.
The middle chapter and shortest in the Bible is Psalm cxvii.—(Chambers Journal.

PERSONAL.

Mr. N. H. Frohlichstein, Mt. Mobile, Ala writes: I take great pleasure in recommending Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, having used it so a severe attack of Phthisis and Catarrh. It gave me instant relief and entirely cured me and I have not been afflicted since. I also beg to state that I had tried other remedies with no good result. Having also used Electric Bitters and Dr. King's New Life Pills, both of which I can recommend.

Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, is sold on a positive guarantee. Trial bottles free at Abernethy & Williams Drug Store.

One of the unwritten laws of the United States Senate is that when a Senator marries while in office each brother Senator shall contribute \$10 toward a wedding present. Mrs. Senator Hawley therefore may expect a \$750 present.

A POOR HEATHEN AT A FASHIONABLE CHURCH.

"This," said the returned missionary to the Poor Heathen whom he had brought over, "is a church." And the Poor Heathen greatly admired the church. By and by he asked: "Who is the fat man with the big watch seal, who looks at the church as though he thought some of putting on a \$50 bay window and raising the rent \$500 a year?" "That is a trustee," said the returned missionary.

"He does most of the praying, I suppose?" said the Poor Heathen, who, in his blindness, knows very little about the way we do these things. "No," said the returned missionary, "he doesn't believe in praying; he is a Bob Ingersoll man and believes that nobody doesn't know nothing and that they know what he knows they don't. He is not a member of the Church, but he is a good, clear-headed business man, good, manager, strong on real estate deals and so he's a trustee. Doesn't like very much of a Christian to be a trustee, except in the country. In town a church only wants a good business man and trustee."

"And who is the man who stands in the door and glares at the people as they pass in and tries to keep them out?" asked the Poor Heathen. "That is the sexton," replied the missionary. "He doesn't believe in opening the church for religious service at all. He says the church was built to have a swell wedding in, and that for preaching and pay-ment and other side shows of that nature the trustee should hire a hall."

"Who is the very young man who pushes people out of the way that he may have room to pass in and stoops very low as he enters the twenty foot door, and sits directly under the steeple lest he should strike his head when it stands up?" "That," said the returned missionary, "is the new superintendent of the Sunday school. They are all that way at first. By and by, when he has forgotten every line of his beautiful speech, when there are distinguished strangers present, when he has started the wrong tune to an entirely strange hymn, and corrected himself by striking the right tune on a key so high that the chimes of Norway couldn't sing second bass to it; when he has flunked, fair, square and out right, on the first ten questions in his question, box, he will know less by about nine questions, and be good, useful, earnest, and humble superintendent. He's only young and new, like an August persimmon."

"Here comes the owner of the church," the Poor Heathen said. "He looks as though he had decided to make penmanic of the sexton and trustee, and not hold any service to-day." "No, that is not exactly the owner of the church," the returned missionary said; "that is the leader of the choir." "Who is that meek timid little man who is trying to creep in without letting the sexton see him and who has just taken off his hat to the leader of the choir?" "Oh, that is only the pastor of the church," the returned missionary replied. "Will you go inside?"

And the Poor Heathen said he would, because he rather guessed, from their looks, the sexton and leader of the choir had made up their minds to settle that morning which of the two should take the church and run it. ROBERT J. BUDDETTE.

FREE READING FOR MOTHERS.

We will send to any mother giving us her address, a valuable book that tells how to keep the babies fat and healthy. It also contains many letters from mothers whose babies owe their lives to our Lactated Food, Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt. The Chinese have been barred out of the United States and are being mobbed out of Australia, and are unwelcome in South and Central America. Yet the overflowing millions of China must find some thinly populated country in which to toil, and they are looking for it all over the world. It is evident from the reports of recent explorers in various parts of the Africa that they should turn their almost eyes toward the Dark Continent, where they will not be overpowered by race prejudices, where they will find a tolerable climate and productive soil, where they can introduce many of the customs and crafts that belong to Chinese civilization, and where their peaceful and industrious disposition will be of the highest value.

THE DEATH RATE OF THE TWO RACES.

Wilmington Star. It has been ascertained that the following was the death rate of the two races in four Southern towns for the month of the January last:

White.	Colored.	Total.
Nashville....11.18	25.63	16.39
Memphis....23.57	35.14	27.72
Chattanooga...11.00	25.84	15.21
Knoxville....13.86	50.47	21.38

These figures are not exceptional. Perhaps every Southern town and city would show such results. We have heretofore given the figures of mortality in many Southern towns and cities and in every instance the negro mortality was in great excess over the white mortality. It has been so and will continue to be so for generations to come. It is not difficult to account for this. Southern people understand it. The causes are close at hand. The habits of the town negroes are not favorable to health. Insufficient sleep, uncleanliness, bad food, huddling together in houses, insufficient clothing, fuel, &c. all make up a catalogue of misfortune and create sources of disease that are ample to account for the great preponderance of death among the blacks over the whites.

The negro loves to idle but he is capable of severe toil if he so minds. In towns he likes to sit up at night and the consequence is the strain upon him is great. The increase of the negroes is very remarkable in view of the great mortality. But this is owing to the fecundity of that race. But there is no good reason for believing that the negroes have since 1870 increased in as great a ratio as the whites. Northern writers have tried to make the reverse of this appear, but the known facts do not sustain the view. There must be a difference of six or eight per cent. in the increase and in favor of the whites. It is a favorite idea with certain infatuated niggerphobists in the North that the negro race is growing so rapidly that in a half century or so it will be largely superior numerically in the South and will, therefore, dominate. We have no such conviction. We believe that by A. D. 1925, the whites in the South will double the blacks. But in no event could the blacks ever gain control. The Caucasian race always leads, bosses wherever it goes.

WONDERFUL CURES.

W. D. Hoyt & Co., Wholesale and Retail Druggists of Rome Ga., say: We have been selling Dr. King's New Discovery, Electric Bitters and Bucklen's Arnica Salve for four years. Have never handled remedies that sell as well, or give such universal satisfaction. There have been some wonderful cures effected by these medicines in this city. Several cases of pronounced Consumption have been entirely cured by use of a few bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery, taken in connection with Electric Bitters. We guarantee them always. Sold by Abernethy & Williams.

RIGHT HERE IN NORTH CAROLINA.

What Rover Friends and Neighbors Say on a Matter of Vital Importance. Below will be found a sample of the multitude of letters of encouragement. Messrs. H. H. Warner & Co., of Rochester, N. Y., daily receive, subjoined unsolicited testimonials from your friends and neighbors, ladies and gentlemen you know and esteem for their honor and straightforwardness, and who would scorn to any deception. What has been done for others can be done for you, and it is folly, nay suicidal, to longer suffer when the means of recovery lie at your very door. Young's Cross Roads, N. C., Aug. 29, 1887.—For years I have been greatly troubled with kidney complaint, my urine at times being thick with sediment. My system was greatly debilitated. "Warner's Safe Cure" acts like a charm, seems to restore my kidneys to their normal action, making my urine clear and free from sediment.

NEWTON, N. C., Jan. 3, 1888.—My mother had typhoid malarial fever last September, and when the fever left her she did not convalesce. She was sick three months before her physician discovered her disease—Bright's disease. He said she could not live two weeks longer. Reading of "Warner's Safe Cure" recommended in the Family Doctor and the New York Sun, she commenced to use it about one month ago and has improved ever so much since. She has also taken some of "Warner's Safe Cure" and "Warner's Safe Cure" the best medicine on record.

Miss Belle Blinn
Green Valley, N. C., Jan. 24, 1888.—I had kidney disease and was confined to my bed for two weeks. Having taken bottles of "Warner's Safe Cure" my nearly well. It will get there every time.

J. H. Deal

TOO MANY DOCTORS.

N. Y. Sun. There are too many Doctors of Medicine in the United States. This is not what we say, but what the American Medical Association evidently thinks, if we may judge from the manifestations at the opening session of that body at Cincinnati on Tuesday last.

The President in his annual address proposed the formation of a standing committee for each State and Territory in the Union to "attend their respective Legislatures and use all honorable means looking to the reduction of the number of medical schools in the United States, and a consequent diminution in the annual number of medical graduates." "This suggestion," says the report, "was received with storms of applause," thus indicating that the members of the American Medical Association are of the opinion that there are too many doctors in the country.

If legislation to limit the number of physicians is expedient in the United States, it would seem to be still more necessary in Great Britain. The law there requires medical students to be registered, and the registration list for twenty years show that while the annual average number of students of medicine was only 1,287 from the year 1868 to the year 1877, the average rose to 1,927 in the last decade. British medical statistics further show that at the present time three new physicians come into practice for every doctor dies.

But if medical men are to be protected by legislation restricting the number of admissions into the profession, why should not like protection be vouchsafed to persons engaged in other pursuits? A competent brewer would doubtless make more money, support his family in better style, and find life generally more worth living, if there were not so many other brewers. A good blacksmith would have more horses to shoe, and could employ a larger number of journeymen to help shoe them, if fewer persons were permitted to pursue that many vocation. Even the old lady who keeps an apple stand on Broadway under the sanction of the Common Council, or the Italian who sells gum drops in Printing House square, would probably like to have competition limited by law. The subject brought to the attention of the public by the American Medical Association is one full of suggestions.

It occurs to the lay mind, however, that the medical men assembled at Cincinnati would confer a greater benefit on mankind by devising methods to diminish disease, rather than methods to diminish doctors.

EAT AND BE MERRY.

But there are thousands of poor sufferers who cannot do this. They are dyspeptic, let them use Paine's Celery Compound. It restores perfect digestion, so that the dyspeptic can "eat and be merry" like other folks. Wives! Mothers! Daughters! BE YOUR OWN PHYSICIAN! A lady who for years suffered from distressing female complaints, weaknesses, etc., common to her sex, and had despaired of a cure, finally found remedies which completely cured her. Any sufferer can use them and thus cure herself, without the aid of a physician. From feelings of gratitude she will send two prescriptions—which cured her—and an illustrated pamphlet entitled "THE STEPPING-STONE TO HEALTH," full instructions, sealed. Address (with 2 cent stamp), Mrs. W. C. HOLMES, 656 Broadway N. Y. (Name this paper) Oct. 13-87-1 yr.

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This powder varies. A marvel of purity strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kind, and cannot be sold at compensation with the multitude of lowest short weight aluminas or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 15 Wall, N. Y.