Webster's Dollar Weekly

A Journal devoted to the interest of the Piedmont and Dan River Section—Democratic in politics, and a Newspaper for the People.

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Webster's Dollar Weekly.

"The Wealth of the Mind is the only true Wealth."

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THE FLOWERS COLLECTION

Webster's Dollar Weekly

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positively restores the hearing, and is the only absolute cure for Deafness known.

This oil is abstracted from peculiar species of small white sharks, caught in the Yellow Sea, known as Carcharodon Rondeleth. Every Chinese fisherman knows it. Its virtues as a restorative of hearing were discovered by a Buddhist Priest about the year 1110. Its cures were so numerous and many so seemingly miraculous, that the remedy was officially proclaimed over the entire empire. Its use become so universal that for over 300 years no deafness has existed among the Chinese people.—Sent, charges prepaid, to any address at $1,00 per bottle.

HEAR WHAT THE DEAF SAY!

It has performed a mirade in my case. have no unearthly no ise in my head and hear much better. I have been greatly benefited. My deafness helped a great deal—think another bottle will cure me.

"Its virtues are unquestionable and its curative character absolute, as the writer can personally testify, both from experience and observation. Write at once to HAYLOCK & JENNEY, 7 Dey Street, New York enclosing $1,00, and you will receive by return a remedy that will enable you to hear like anybody else, and whose curative effects will be permanent. You will never regret doing so."—Editor of Mercantile REVIEW.

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A gentleman who suffered for years from Nervous Debility, Premature Decay, and all the effects of youthful indiscretion will for the sake of suffering humanity, send free to all who need it, the recipe and direction for making the simple remedy by which he was cured. Sufferers wishing to profit by the advertiser's experience can do so by addressing in perfect confidence,

JOHN. B. OGDEN, 42 Cedar St., New York. m30-12m

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Parties wishing the Prescription, will please address, Rev E. A. WILSON; 194 Penn St, Williamsburg, N. Y. m30-12m

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A victim of youthful imprudence causing Premature Decay, Nervous Debility, Lost Manhood, etc., having tried in vain every known remedy, has discovered a simple self cure, which he will send FREE to his fellow-sufferers, address J. H. REEVES, 43 Chatham St., N. Y.

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THESE PLOWS have genuine chilled mould boards which are harder than steel.

Having the sloping landside, and reversible slip points, they are the best running and most economical, to the farmer, of any Plow made.

CHAMPION GRAIN DRILL.

This Drill has force feed distributors for both wheat and grass seed, and has the only Fertilizer attachment that will sow sticky phosphate. It is the simplest, lightest running and best Drill made.

BRITISH MIXTURE.

This celebrated Fertilizer has gained its great popularity not only on account of the price, but because its effects are uniformly good, and it has been found to give more *Fertilizer* for each dollar paid than can be procured *from any other source.*

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This elegant dressing is preferred by those who have used it, to any similar article, on account of its superior cleanliness and purity. It contains materials only that are beneficial to the scalp and hair and always

Restores the Youthful Color to Grey or Faded Hair

Parker's Hair Balsam is finely perfumed and is warranted to prevent falling of the hair and to remove dandruff and itching. HISCOX & Co., N.Y.

50c. and $1 sizes, at dealers in drugs and medicines.

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A Superlative Health and Strength Restorer.

If you are a mechanic or farmer, worn out with overwork, or a mother run down by family or household duties try PARKER'S GINGER TONIC.

If you are a lawyer, minister or business man exhausted by mental strain or anxious cares, do not take intoxicating stimulants, but use Parker's Ginger Tonic

If you have Consumption, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Kidney Complaints, or any disorder of the lungs, stomach, bowels, blood or nerves, PARKER'S GINGER TONIC will cure you. It is the Greatest Blood Purifier

And the Best and Surest Cough Cure Ever Used.

If you are wasting away from age, dissipation or any disease or weakness and require a stimulant take GINGER TONIC at once; it will invigorate and build you up from the first dose but will never intoxicate. It has saved hundreds of lives; it may save yours.

CAUTION!—Refuse all substitutes. Parker's Ginger Tonic is composed of the best remedial agents in the world, and is entirely different from preparations of ginger alone. Send for circular to Hiscox & Co., N. Y. 50c. & $1 sizes, at dealers in drugs.

GREAT SAVING BUYING DOLLAR SIZE.

FLORESTON

Its rich and lasting fragrance has made this delightful perfume exceedingly popular. There is nothing like it. Insist upon having FLORESTON COLOGNE and look for signature of

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on every bottle. Any druggist or dealer in perfumery can supply you. 25 and 75 cent sizes.

LARGE SAVING BUYING 75c. SIZE.

COLOGNE.

PROF. HARRIS' RADICAL CURE FOR NERVOUS DEBILITY AND ORGANIC WEAKNESS OF YOUNG MIDDLE-AGED MEN.

Prepared and Sold ONLY by

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MARKET AND 8TH STS., ST. LOUIS, MO.

$2 Watches. Item winders $2.50. White metal Hunting Case $3. Imitation gold $6. Solid gold $12. Cheapest and best for your own use or sporting or presents. Valuable catalogue free. THOMPSON & CO., 132 Nassau St. New York.

THE TREE.

JONES VERY.

I love thee when thy swelling buds appear
And one by one their tender leaves unfold,
As if they knew that warmer suns were near,
Nor longer sought to hide from winter's cold
And when with darker growth thy leaves are seen,
To veil from view the early robin's nest,
I love to lie beneath thy waving screen
With limbs by summer's heat and toil oppressed;
And when the autumn winds have stripped thee bare,
And round thee lies the smooth, untrodden snow,
When naught is thine that made thee once so fair,
I love to watch thy shadowy form below.
And through thy leafless arms to look above
On stars that brighter beam, when most we need their love.

BESS.

Mr. John Bayberry strode into the house, and stamped along the hall, and through all the rooms below stairs, dashing open every door he came to and leaving it so, until he reached the kitchen rooms; for even black Aunt Peg had forsaken it, and was out in the back yard hanging out the Monday wash.

'Has *everybody* evaporated? demanded Mr. Bayberry, grimly addressing space.

Receiving no reply, he banged open yet another door, which swung back against a precarious and shaky shelf, thus upsetting the equilibrium of a brass candlestick, a flat-iron and three tin cans, and they all went bumping down on the floor together.

Bess was in the pantry, washing off the shelves with hot soapsuds; for Bess was a busy little body, and insisted on performing a certain part of the household duties every day.

She was standing on a cheese box during the present performance—for Bess was so short she could not reach the second shelf—and she had a big table-cloth pinned over her dress, and her silky hair twitted tight upon the top of her head and pinned with three great hair pins, that bristled up and looked like three pair of building horns.

She heard the rapid footsteps outside, and smiled.

'That's Uncle John,' said she, 'and he wants somebody likely. But I can't go just yet. Men always want something or somebody.'

And she went on calmly removing a row of glasses, every one dark and rich with its luscious contents. Then she was startled by the thumping.

'Dear me! said Bess, dropping the wing with which she had been brushing if some one don't go, he won't scruple to tumble the house over; and where Aunt Jule is, the man in the moon couldn't tell.'

She jumped off the cheese-box, carefully holding up the table-cloth to avoid stepping on it, and opened the pantry door. Aunt Jule had also appeared, in a loose, green wrapper, from which a piece of torn ruffling, two yards in length, was dragging on the floor, with an old magazine, minus its covers, in her hand.

'Dear me, John—'began Aunt Jule, looking injured.

'And dear *me!*' interrupted Mr. Bayberry, 'if this house had legs, it might run away twenty times over and no one to prevent. Come out of there. Bess and both of you of you listen! I've got some abominable news. Jule, your late lamented cousin, that tall, electioneering widow, wants to come down here and board all summer, with her daughter, 'dear Leonie,' who modestly wishes to give her 'numerous lovers' the slip, and rusticate at 'dear Meadowlands.' There's no end of 'dears' in her letter, and a string of compliments that are all in her eye, I'll wager my biggest squash!'

Mr. Bayberry's sister sat down, looking helpless and mournful; but black-eyed Bess, whose ideas and opinions one could never foresee, favored the cause of her kinswoman, though they had made a point of ignoring her completely.

'Do let them come, Uncle John!' said she. 'I always did want to see my stylish cousins awfully!'

'Oh,' answered Mr. Bayberry, shrugging his broad shoulders, 'if you want to cook, and iron, and slave for two fine city relations that don't take the trouble to remember your existence, go ahead! Write to 'em to come, by all means; but don't expect me to 'end to 'em and hold their yarn and turn their music while they squeal sentimental songs into my ears—'

'Goodness, Uncle John!' interrupted Bess, no one would suppose how warmly you praised Dr. Dare's last sermon on charity, to hear you take on!'

'Hold your tongue, Miss Impertinence!' answered Mr. Bayberry, as he stalked away.

But there was a flush on his cheek and perhaps his conscience echoed Bess' reproof. For Mr. Bayberry's words and manners occasionally expressed more harshness than was in his heart, and, owing to his rather irascible temper, few dared to take the liberty to lecture him.

Bess, who was not his niece at all, but only the niece of his late brother's in-law, was one of the few; and though she sometimes stood half in awe of him herself, there was a conscientious straightforwardness about her which led her to speak her mind whenever she considered it her duty to do so.

Perhaps she might, advantageously to herself, have cultivated a rather less abrupt manner, and so have found more favor in more eyes. But, nevertheless, it so happened that Mr. John Bayberry, who was rather peculiar himself, never took real offense at her words and occasionally profited by them. And this perhaps was at least partly because she had a way of popping out her little sermons in a concise, epigrammatic manner, and never 'happed' on the subject.

A week later found the large parlor at Meadowlands graced by the presence of two stylish-arrayed ladies, just from the city, and indulging in a series of rapturous exclamations over the charms of rural scenes, to the astonishment of Aunt Jule, who saw nothing to rush about in fields and vines, and was secretly wondering if the grease spot in the side-breadth of her over-skirt was very noticeable.

'And here's Bess, your little country cousin,' said Mr. Bayberry, drawing her forward from the shadow of the window curtains, from which she had been admiring Miss Leonie.

'Dear me!' drawled the elegant Mrs. Horton, as she gazed down an immeasurable distance at the girl, for Mrs. Horton was very tall, and of a stiffly carriage withal, 'this is Bess, is it? We didn't dream of finding you here.'

'Why should we? queried Miss Leonie, languidly settling back again in the rich-colored sofa cushions. 'She isn't any relation of yours, is she Mr. Bayberry?'

'Not at all,' returned Mr. Bayberry, a trifle stiffly; 'but she is quite as welcome to Meadowlands as if she were: especially as her blood relations choose to ignore her existence.'

Mrs. Horton flushed a little; Miss Leonie bit her lip; and Bess shook her curly head at Uncle on the sly.

That same evening, Bess was sitting on the back-door step, peeling velvety, crimson, rare-ripe peaches for supper, when Ashley Gray came along the clover-edged path leading from the stile down in the orchard, which as a very intimate friend of the family, whose home adjoined Meadowlands, found it convenient now and then to make use of.

'Go round to the parlor and see the ladies,' said Bess, as she laid the last peach, glowing and pink-hearted in the high cut glass dish.

'I don't want to see city folks,' said the young man.

'But you must go this time,' answered Bess, 'for I must go in. I promised to set the table for Aunt Peg.

So she went, and it somehow happened that the next night he went without urging, and the next night. Ah, Bess, little, ruffled white pillow soaked up two or three, pearly tears!

The long summer days were waning at last. It was late August, sultry but sweet, softening with the vague premonitions of the coming autumn, odorous with the spicy scent of herbs, and bright with dashes of intense color here and there. Mist crowned the hills, and languid loveliness was everywhere.

Bess stood, in the pinkish gray of the gloaming, upon the broad balcony, her head resting against a square white pillar, the sprays of the Madeira-vines above just sweeping her dusk brown curls.

And Mr John Bayberry stood and watched her with his black eyebrows drawn together in a line and a set grimness about his mouth scarcely visible beneath his shaggy mustache.

'Bess,' he said, at last, 'you have seen all this flirtation and tomfoolery going on between young Gray and your cousin Leonie?'

'Yes,' answered Bess.

'And—do you care? Excuse me Bess, but I want to know.'

'No, Uncle John, I don't care a snap,' replied Bess, lifting her head and smiling straight in his eyes. 'I cared a little at first, but I don't now not a bit!'

Mr. Bayberry came a little nearer her.

'Bess—Bess,' he said, lingering a little over the name, 'I have found cause lately to rejoice that you are really no relation of mine. Can you guess why, Bess? Are you glad, too?'

She dropped her head again, answering nothing.

'Tell me,' he said. 'You can surely guess my meaning?'

'I—what right have I—?'

'Never mind about the right. Just tell me if you are glad. You shall not regret it.'

'Yes, then,' she murmured, radiantly blushing; 'I am glad.'

Meanwhile Mrs. Horton and her daughter were holding a private conversation in their own room.

'Mr. Gray proposed last night. Leonie?'

Mrs. Horton spoke carelessly, yet she glanced half uneasily at the young lady rocking idly by the window.

'He did.'

'I hope—I suppose you refused him?'

'Of course, returned Miss Leonie, carelessly. 'That was only a neat flirtation. Bess is welcome to him too. I presume she will be consoled, if he is a cast off glove.'

'Meadowlands is a splendid place, Leonie, and valuable.'

'And Mr. Bayberry is a very handsome man.'

The two ladies smiled and understood each other perfectly.

Later Miss Leonie sauntered down to the balcony.

'Bess was still standing in the shade of the Madeira-vine.

Leonie sat down upon the step and yawned.

Bess was nobody, that she should trouble herself to be ceremonious.

'Don't you find your position here very trying?' asked Leonie, in her most languid, indifferent tone.

'Why?' queried Bess.

'O, it must be very unpleasantly to be dependent on a man who is in no way related to you.'

'I don't mind it a bit,' said Bess, indulging in a little laugh all to herself in the Madeira shadow.

'You see, Miss Leonie,' said John Bayberry, directly behind her. 'Bess is soon to have the best right in the world to be dependent on me. You have often observed that we are not related, but we shall be, for Bess will be Mrs Bayberry before the autumn wanes.

If you can't "Bear" a cough, "Bull" it, with Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

Word passes along the line that the Liberals are weakening; that the line of battle is breaking before the solid shot of a united and harmonious Democracy. Let us just say one word.

This weakening, if it means anything means just this: The tail of the State ticket will receive only a partial support from the Republican party, while the head of the ticket, Col. Dockery, will receive a hearty, cheerful and unanimous support of the Republicans, aided by whatever strength the Liberal party can muster. Folk and Darby and Edwards and Churchill may be thankful for whatever support they can get, but Dockery, Guthrie, Pool and Moore will receive the solid vote of the Republican party. Gov. Vance's appointment to speak at Watt's store yesterday had been thoroughly advertised throughout the country and at an early hour in the forenoon, the people began to gather at the appointed place, by the time the Governor arrived the woods were full. Hardly had Governor Vance alighted from the carriage before the impatient multitude called his name and in response to the call the Governor came to the front of the stand and launched out into what proved to be one of the very speeches he ever made.—*Charlotte Observer.*

Greenbacker Indeed.

Col. J. R. Winston has been perambulating over the State pretending to make Greenback speeches when it was apparent to the unprejudiced mind that he was laboring in the interest of the Radical party. Of this there can now be no further doubt since the Radical convention in Greensboro last Wednesday nominated him as their candidate for Congress.

What did the gentlemen who claim to belong to the Greenback party do now? Will they go with the Radicals or will they stand with the Democracy. Durham county has one Greenbacker and he is an aspirant for office and says his party is anxious to run him for the Legislature. We would be glad to know who constitute his party in Durham county. Echo answers, who.—*Tobacco Plant.*

Too much Powder for Outside Officers.

Another reason why the Democratic party demands the abolition of the entire Internal Revenue system is that all officers, with all their vast powers over life, liberty and property, with license to roam in armed at their own sweet will, and in utter defiance of the entire State of North Carolina and of every man in it not one is elected by the people of North Carolina. And what is more, not a single one could be so elected.

Think for a moment if Young, and Cooper, and Mott, and the rest of them, with their judicial allies and counterparts, Bond, and Seymour, and Dick, were thrown into a campaign before the people of North Carolina, even with their 105,000 negro voters, how little chance they would have to rule over North Carolinians! Could a single one of them be elected to be constable?

In a State in which there is any pretence whatever of home rule, in which there is any claim whatever that the people govern ought there to be so many officers clothed with such vast power, power over life, power over liberty and power over property, who are not elected by the people? What are the paltry powers of the Magistrates and County Commissioners compared to those of the Revenue officers?

And well the Radicals may be in favor of the continuance of the system, for if there was no Internal Revenue system in the State to-day there would be no Radical party in the State.

Everybody knows that it is upon the pay and patronage of the Internal Revenue system that the Radical party in North Carolina lives and fattens; that is to say, the bulk of the 10,000 white voters it has. Take out of the Radical rank the Collectors and Deputies the spies, detectives, the special agents, the Store-keepers, the gaugers and the instructors in gauging, the raiders and their commands, by whatever name called, and how many white men would be left. Why scarcely a corporal's guard.

No wonder, then, that Collector I. J. Young, Collector Sparrow, ex Collector Mott and all the rest of the well feathered tribe of officials, most earnestly desire the continuance of the Internals Revenue system. Nor, do we for a moment doubt that they would be most cheerful givers of the tax on whisky, or on anything else to educational purposes, or to any other purposes, that is to say, *after* they had gotten their pickings in the course of collecting.

The best cure for diseases of the nerves, brain and muscles, is Brown's Iron Bitters.

Impudence and Hypocrisy.

Dr. J. J. Mott, late collector of internal revenue in the sixth district, and now the chairman of the State Republican committee and "boss manager" of the coalition formed by the Radical Revenue office holders and the Liberal office seekers, is said to be a man of good personal character, but a shrewd and unscrupulous political trickster and wire worker. While collector of the sixth district, instead of discharging his duties as required by law and his oath of office, he was as he himself says on oath taking an active part in the political campaign, and left the affairs of the office (meaning the collector's office) principally in the hands of Mr. Clark." This man Clark, was his chief clerk and forged vouchers and did many other wicked things for which Dr. Mott ought to be held legally and morally responsible. Instead of discharging the duties of his office, for which he was paid $3,000 a year by the government, he was neglecting those duties and attending to the interests of his party. This was malfeasance in office for which he ought to have been punished, but he was allowed to hold this office for ten years, and is now said to be very rich. But it is not our purpose now to comment up on these iniquities, and frauds and villainies which were perpetrated in the sixth collection district of North Carolina, while the clever personal gentleman, but unscrupulous politician, was using all the power and influence of the collector's office in the interest of the Radical party. We wish simply to call attention to the "impudence" and "hypocrisy," of this gentleman of excellent personal character. First as to his "impudence." As chairman of the State Republican committee and boss manager of the coalition, he sent Thomas R. Purnell (Mr. Purnell ought to have been ashamed of his mission) from Raleigh to the Republican meeting which met in this place on the 2nd day of September, with a ticket, made in Raleigh, to be nominated for the Republican and Liberal party. We understand that he sent Logan Harris to Halifax on a similar errand. Now if Dr. Mott had known the people of Franklin, we think that even his "impudence" would hardly have been equal to the task of sending out instructions, from Raleigh directing even the Republicans and Liberals as to the candidates to be voted for by them. It is to the credit of the Republicans of the good county of Franklin, that they treated his "impudence" as it deserved and refused to be dictated to by him.

Second, as to his "hypocrisy:" Dr. Mott, as chief manager of the coalition, endeavors to make capital out of the prohibition question. Now Dr. Mott was not only, at one time, a prohibitionist himself, but we venture to say that no other man in the State of North of North Carolina has ever carried prohibition to the extent that Dr. Mott has. According to the evidence of Tyre Glenn, one of his own Republican friends, this same Dr. Mott, while collector of the sixth district, issued an "order," prohibiting any subordinate officer under him from drinking at all. Glenn says 'that he (Mott) would discharge any officer that he knew had taken a drink of liquor." (See the evidence of the Senate investigation of the sixth district, page 127.) There was no law for this and Dr. Mott had no right to issue such an order. No one knows better than he does, that the charge that the Democratic party is the prohibition party is false. No one knows better than he does, that in North Carolina it is no party question. No one knows better than he does that in many of the States of the North and Northwest, the Republican party is the prohibition party.

The above is from the Franklin *Times* and it is a fair index to the campaign now being conducted in North Carolina by the Radical party. The idea of sending messengers to the conventions of the people to instruct them as to whom they should select for their officers! And this too by the party that prates of personal liberty and the free will of the people. Was there ever such brazen impudence and unblushing hypocrisy? Never until the incoming of the Radical party run by these guilded files of corruption belonging to the revenue ring.

But Dr. Mott will find that there are other constitutencies in North Carolina like those of Franklin who are not yet dead to all the attributes of manhood and who know their rights and will dare maintain them. We tell him he is under-estimating the intelligence and character of men blinded by party zeal even as the negroes are if he imagines he can win this campaign by such petty tyranny and bossism.

What will sensible colored men think and say of all this talk by Radical speakers about Democrats depriving them of their rights to vote for county officers, when the Radical boss sits at head-quarters and despatches messages to the conventions of the people saying to them in substance. "You haven't got sense enough to select the proper men—vote for the men whose names I send upon this paper." Does Dr. Mott send messages to conventions of the white men in the West with such orders? We rather suspect in the face of his pretensions this wily manœuverer has two codes—one for the white men and another for the negroes—*Oxford Torchlight.*

Radical Desperation.

The Radical army of plunderers has been driven back, step by step, until it now stands in the last ditch, expecting, with desperation, the fierce onslaught about to be made upon it. But it by no means intends to give it up without a struggle. The horde of office holders have enjoyed too long the spoils of government to give them up willingly; they will rather resort to every possible device to avert the doom impending over them. But it matters not with how much zeal, or with how much ability, or with how much desperation they may fight, their fate is fixed and inevitable; defeat awaits them in November next, if the Democracy will only make a proper use of the vantage ground they now occupy.

There may be a few new faces, smiling under the colors of "Liberals," "Independents," "Anti-Prohibition-Negro-rights" &c., but it is the same old crew. The corruption of their seniors in crime has been fully inoculated into their veins, it has permeated their systems, and created an unnatural thirst for plunder, and, in the agonies of death, they are striving to thrust their arms to the bottom of the public purse.