

MESSENGER - INTELLIGENCER. WADESBORO, N. C., JAN. 10TH, 1888.

A BOOM IN JERUSALEM

The Old City Has Entered Upon an Era of Great Prosperity. New York Journal.

The city of Jerusalem is growing in size and population at a remarkable rate. Its growth is all the more surprising, because neither its situation nor its trade is favorable to a rapid increase.

Nevertheless, new buildings are rising daily; churches, gardens and institutes of various kinds are filling up the formerly desolate neighborhood to the distance of half an hour's walk beyond the limits of the city.

The Jews are to the front as builders. Their houses spring out of the ground like mushrooms—uniform, ugly, one-storied, plentifully supplied with windows, but with no manner of adornment.

The Rothschilds have completed a new hospital. Close beside it there is a new Abyssinian church.

The Russians are also great builders; they have erected a new church, consulate, lodging house for pilgrims of the orthodox national churches, and a hospital.

Near to the Russian group stands the "German House" for German Roman Catholics, from whose top the German and the Papal flags float side by side. The Russians have also built a high tower upon the Mount of Olives, from whose summit the Mediterranean and the Dead sea can both be seen.

An Entertaining Crow.

Farmer Crowder had finished planting his corn, but his heart was heavy. He knew the crows were whetting their bills to pull up the corn as soon as it appeared above the surface.

"I tell you how to get away with the crows," said neighbor Stokes. "How?"

"Get you a gallon of mean whiskey and soak some corn in it till it gets full of the stuff, and then scatter it broadcast in the field. The black rascals will eat it and get drunk, and then you can catch 'em and pull their heads off. That beats pizen or shooting."

"Well, how's craps?" queried Stokes. "Found 'em drunk, eh?"

"Found 'em drunk. I hear a devil of a fuss down what the branch, and went to see what it was; there was a dabbled old crow what had gathered up all the whiskey corn an' had it out to the others, givin' 'em one grain of that sort fur three grains of my planted corn; and dinged if they ha in't clawed up that field by sections."

Gen. Daniel E. Sickles on the War of the Rebellion.

Treasure Trove. "The War of the Rebellion," said Gen. Daniel E. Sickles the other evening, "was really a whiskey war. Yes, whiskey caused the rebellion! I was in the Congress preceding the war. It was whiskey in the morning. Then whiskey all day; whiskey and gambling all night. Drinks before Congress opened its morning session, drinks before it adjourned. Scarcely a committee room without its demijohn of whiskey and the clink of the glasses could be heard in the Capitol corridors. The fights—the angry speeches—were whiskey. The atmosphere was redolent with whiskey—nervous excitement seeking relief in whiskey, and whiskey adding to nervous excitement. Yes, the rebellion was launched in whiskey. If the French Assembly were to drink one half the whiskey consumed in any one day by that Congress, Franco would declare war against Germany."

Walking on the Water.

Scientific American. C. W. Oldreive lately accomplished the task of walking on the water of the Hudson River from Albany to New York. Distances about 150 miles, waker \$500. His average progress was twenty-four miles a day. He always went with the tide.

The shoes he wore are made of cedar, lined with brass. They are five feet long and a foot wide. Each is air tight, with a space in the center for the foot. On the bottom are three fins arranged that when the shoe moves forward they are pressed up against the bottom, and when the shoe is at rest they hang downward, like paddle wheel buckets.

Terrible.

Two-thirds of all deaths in New York City are from consumption or pneumonia. The same proportion holds for most other cities. Delays are dangerous. Dr. Acker's English Remedy for Consumption will always cure, and may save your life. Sold by R. A. Covington & Co.

The Unbidden Guest.

It is in youth that we choose the companions of our age. No new friends, be they ever so kindly, can fill the place which belongs to those who have known us all our lives.

But there is one guest who will come to us, unbidden, in the twilight hours of life; one guest against whom we cannot bar the door, who will sit with us at our lonely firesides, and recall to us dead days and bygone hopes; and the name of this persistent guest is Memory.

A man who had not lived, to outward observation, a worse life than most others was begging his friend to come and see him.

"Come often and stay late," he said; and then he repeated, in a tone as sad as a sob, "Above all, stay late. I have had company in the midnight."

The next week his friend went to visit him, and the two men sat on together late into the night. They had talked cheerfully enough at first, but at length they fell into a long silence, suddenly the visitor broke:

"You said you had had company in the midnight."

"Yes," the other answered. "All the memories of my past life come back to me, and they are bad company. It might have been otherwise. I might have lived for the highest things, and been glad to have old days in my memory. I might, but I did not."

"I did not rob, nor steal, nor lie—at least, not much. I was over sharp in business sometimes, and I said some things I did not quite mean; but the harm wasn't in the special acts of my life so much as in the whole principle and spirit of it."

"I did not try to see how much money I could do, but how much money I could scrape up, and how I could push myself on; and now it's all over, and the things I worked so hard for seem less than nothing, and I find my memories very bad company."

"But there are books. It's the one compensation, I take it, for living a good deal alone that a man has time enough to read such things as he's wanted to read all his life."

"Ah, but there it is again, I haven't wanted to read, and I don't want to, now. Books are among the friends a fellow has to make in his youth, if ever. If I had formed a habit of reading, I should like it now; and I should have furnished my memory with something to do beside hold all my mistakes up before me as if they were written on parchment."

"No; there's no getting away from the consequences of the life we chose for ourselves. I chose mine—and the cup my youth brewed is a bitter draught for me to drink. If only youth would, or age could,—didn't somebody write a verse about that?"

"Ah yes, if youth would! If the experience of age could serve as youth's warning! Memory is the Unbidden Guest to whom none of us can say 'Not at home!' How terrible a thing it is if we arm this guest against us if memories that come to us in solitude make our hearts sick with fear or shame."

Did you ever notice how women hug themselves in cloaks and shawls?

I first realized that feminine peculiarity last evening at a fashionable concert. The lobby was crowded by the arriving ladies and gentlemen, the former mostly in new opera wraps. I noticed that nearly all were hugging themselves unconsciously but fondly. I found that I was doing it myself. The wraps were generally drawn forward until they were tense and comforting around the waist and shoulders, and then the hands of the wearers were carefully held on their own opposite forearms, or were in some way instinctively fondling the owner. All through the performance I investigated my new discovery. On every side were occurrences of woman's born desire to be lovingly petted. They were holding their own arms, squeezing themselves with their own elbows, pressing their hearts with their own soft breasts, and in all these unconscious indulgences they were demonstrating that woman was made to hug.—Clara Belle.

Blighted Ambition.

Billy—"Hello, Jimmy! Why don't you come out an' play wid de fellows?" Jimmy—"I darsent." "What for?" "You know that book we were readin' out in de barn? Well, I ran away and was going to be de 'Scout' of de Plains, but before I got to de 'Sout' Side pop ketched me." "Aw, come on out." "I darsent. Pop took my pants and hid 'em."—America.

SOME FACTS ABOUT CORN.

A bushel of corn makes four gallons of whiskey. It sells for \$16 at retail. The Government gets \$3 50, the farmer 40 cents, the railroad \$1, the manufacturer \$4, the vendor \$7, and the drinkers all that is left—delirium tremens.—Warner Miller.

Do Not Suffer Any Longer.

Knowing that a cough can be checked in a day, and the first stages of consumption broken in a week, we hereby guarantee Dr. Acker's English Remedy for Consumption, which imparts to the system the necessary strength, and does not injure the stomach or throat. R. A. Covington & Co.

An Incident of the War.

We had the fortune to fight Hancock's Division on several occasions," said an old Tarheel, "and I can tell you we got tired of Hancock. To our great relief we were ordered to another point in Virginia, and after reaching it we congratulated ourselves that we were to have no more hard fighting. We soon had a battle, however, and found that the Federals stood their ground, and we had to give back. We made a second charge and were repulsed. We got reinforcements and went in again. An officer told us we must drive them back even though they fought like Hancock's men. After one of the hardest fights I ever saw the enemy began to give away, and we finally drove them off of the field. Among a lot of prisoners who were passing to the rear, I saw a big Dutchman, without a hat and well spattered with mud. To what command do you belong? I asked. "Hancock's, by God," was the reply. We then knew for the first time whom we were fighting. I can tell you Hancock's men were hard to drive, and don't you forget it."

Railroaded.

Philadelphia Record. Patrick (a railroad switchman) "An' plat fur did yez lave that noice place, biddy?"

Bridget (a French cook) "O! wuz discharged for mispleacin' a switch, Patrick."

"Be away wid yez!"

"It's thrue, Patrick. O! dropped me false hair in the soup."

A Woman's Discovery.

"Another wonderful discovery has been made and that too by a lady in this county. Disease fastened its clutches upon her and for seven years she withstood its severest tests, but her vital organs were undermined and death seemed imminent. For three months she coughed incessantly and could not sleep. She bought of us a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption and was so much relieved on taking first dose that she slept all night and with one bottle has been miraculously cured. Her name is Mrs. Luther Lutz. Thus write W. C. Hamrick & Co., of Shelby, N. C.—Get a free trial bottle at McLendon & Parsons Drug Store.

The Verdict Unanimous.

W. D. Salt, Druggist, Bippus, Ind., testifies: "I can recommend Electric Bitters as the very best remedy. Every bottle sold has given relief in every case. One man took six bottles, and was cured of Rheumatism of 10 years' standing. Abraham Hart, druggist, Berlin, Ohio, affirms: "The best selling medicine I have ever handled in my 20 years' experience, is Electric Bitters." Thousands of others have added their testimony so that the verdict is unanimous that Electric Bitters do cure all diseases of the Liver, Kidneys or Blood. Only a half dollar a bottle at McLendon & Parsons Drug Store.

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The best Salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay unless required. It is guaranteed to give satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by McLendon & Parsons.

Why Women Fade.

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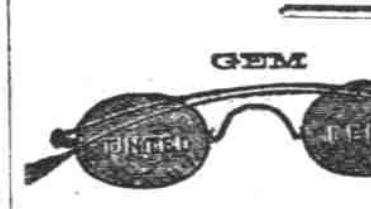
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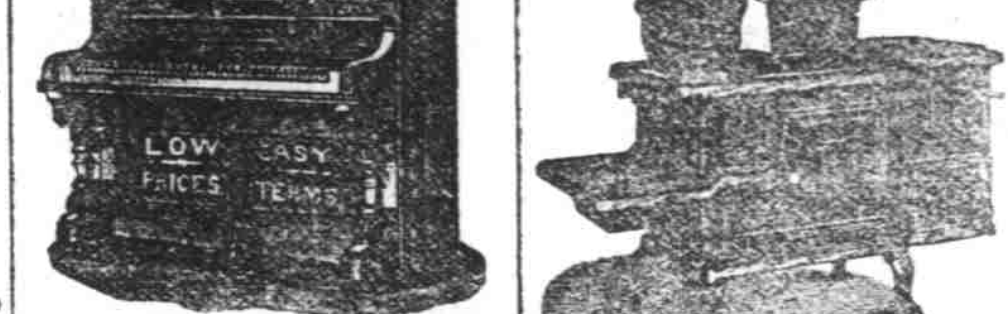
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Notice by Executors.

THE UNDERSIGNED have qualified before the Clerk of Anson Superior Court as the Executors of the estate of the late Robert C. Huntley, dec'd. Persons having claims against the dec'dent must present the same within a year and a day from the date hereof or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. Persons owing the estate must pay up at once. This, December 7th, 1887. W. F. CRUMF, U. B. STATION, Executors of Urish Station.

Judicial Sale of Land by Commissioner.

BY VIRTUE of a decree of the Superior Court for Anson County, made by the Clerk December 5th, 1887, in a special proceeding to make sale of the undersigned Commissioner will sell at public auction, for cash, at the court house door in Wadesboro, on Wednesday, the 10th day of January, 1888, a tract of land estimated to contain One Thousand acres, being the lands of the estate of the late Thomas J. Gaddy, deceased, the same is situated in Anson county and adjacent to the lands of Martin V. Horne, Thomas Phillips, John A. Gaddy, James Hart, E. T. Gaddy, Hancock lands, the Wyatt Leak estate, and of the late James Hubbard. Price of the same will be shown to persons desiring to see such. This, December 5th, 1887. EDWARD D. GADDY, Commissioner and adur. D. B. N. C. J. A. Gaddy, dec'd.