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WHAT IS SCROFULA

It is that impurity in the blood, which, accumulating in the glands of the neck, produces unsightly lumps or swellings, which cause painful eruptions on the arms, legs, or feet; which develop ulcers in the eyes, ears, or nose, often causing blindness or deafness; which is the origin of pimples, cancerous growths, or the many other manifestations usually ascribed to "humors;" which, remaining upon the lungs, causes consumption and death. Being the most ancient, it is the most general of all diseases or affections, for very few persons are entirely free from it.

How Can SCROFULA Be CURED

By taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, which, by the remarkable effects it has accomplished, often when other medicines have failed, has proven itself to be a potent and peculiar medicine for this disease. Some of these cures are really wonderful. If you suffer from scrofula, be sure to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. "My daughter Mary was afflicted with scrofula; she had a lump on her neck, and in one month she became a running sore over three years. We gave her Hood's Sarsaparilla, and in two months all indications of scrofula entirely disappeared, and now she seems to be a healthy child." J. S. CARLISLE, Narragansett, N. J.

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The Spring term of this school will begin on MONDAY THE 17th DAY OF JANUARY, 1891. Tuition from \$7.50 to \$10.00 for English branches; Latin, Greek and French, each, \$5.00. Having secured services of Prof. J. C. Hines, a teacher of over thirty years experience in the school room, we hope to give entire satisfaction to all.

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My Barber Shop is now furnished with the FINEST and most COMFORTABLE Chairs of any town in this section, and all who wish a nice, bloodless shave will find me always at my post, with a steady hand and a desire to please. Hair cut or trimmed in all the latest styles, and we guarantee to please the most fastidious.

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WAXWORKS GOING HOME

SELECTIONS FROM THE WRITINGS OF ARTEMUS WARD.

The Showman Makes the Acquaintance of a Pretty Girl, a Fence-a-Rail and Delegations of Excited Citizens—A Fourth of July Speech in Connecticut.

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XIII. THRILLING SCENES IN DIXIE.



HAD a narrer escape from the sunny South. "The swains and arrows of our sajus forin," I said to my Hamlock, "warn't nothin' in comparison warn't nothin' to my troubles. I come a pesky near swearing some profane oaths more'n onct, but I hope I didn't do it, for I've promised she whose name shall be nameless (except that her initials are Betsy J.) that I'll jine the Measin' House at Baldysville, together as soon as I can scrape money enuff together so I can 'ford to be pius in good stile, like my welthy nabers. But if I'm confiscated again I'm fraid I shall continue on in my present benighted state for some time.

I figured conspicuously in many thrilin scenes in my tower from Montgomery to my humsted, and on several occasions I thought "the grate komick paper" wouldn't be enriched no more with my lubrications. Arter hidin' addo to Jefferson D. I started for the depot, and saw a nigger sittin on a fonce n-playin on a banjo. "My Afrikan Brother," said I, coming from a Track I onct red, "you belong to a very interestin race. Your masters is goin to war excloosively on your account."

"Yes, boss," he replied, "an I wish ven honourable graves," and he went on playin the banjo, larfin all over and openin his mouth wide enuff to drive in an old fashioned 3 wheeled chair. The train of cars in which was to test my wallerlike life was the scialst, ricketyest lookin lot of consarns that I ever saw on wheels afora. "What time does this string of second hand coffins leave?" I inquired of the depot master. He sed directly, and I went in & sot down. He sed more fairly square afore a dark lookin man with a swinster expression onto his countenance entered the cars, and looking very sharp at me, he asked what my principles was.

"Scosch!" I answered. "I'm a Disunioner, I'm in favor of Jeff Davis, Bowed guard, Pickens, Capt. Kidd, Bloodbeard, Munro Edards, the devil, Mrs. Cunningham and all the rest of 'em."

"You're in favor of the war?"

"Certainly," he replied. "I'm in favor of this war and also of the next war for over sixteen years!"

"I've bin in favor of the next war, 'War to the knife!' sed the man. 'Blud, Edgars, Blud!' sed I, the them words ish't orriginal with me.

We got under way at larex an' proceeded on our jerney at about the rate of speed which is girally observed by properly conducted funeral processions. A hansom yung gal, with a red muskerker bar on the back side of her head, drove in from the depot, and her fere, fere, sot in the seat with me. She wear a little Seseah flin pin'd on her hat, and she was a gine for to see her true love, who had jined the Southern army, all so bold and gay. So she told me she was chilly, and I offered her my blanket.

"Father livin'!" I axed.

"Yes sir."

"Got any Uncles?"

AFTER THE CONVENTION.

IS IT A MOVEMENT THAT WILL OVERCOME THE OLD PARTIES?

The Organization of the People's Party, and Some Reflection About the Future of Politics.

Mr. W. G. Cooper, a favorite correspondent of the Atlanta Constitution, attended the Convention at Cincinnati that organized the People's Party, and wired daily letters to the Constitution which were full of interest. The following letter writ by him on the train after the Convention will prove interesting.

FOURTH OF JULY ORATION.

(Delivered on the Fourth of July at Westfield, Conn., 1891.)

I delivered the oration two years ago, to a large and excited audience. I was 93 and passed a give pint. I have revised the oration, and added sum things which makes it more pertinent to the times than it otherwise would be. I have also corrected the grammars and punctuation. I do my own punctuation now say the Editor—'I have not done with a cent.

"FELLER CITIZENS: I've bin honored with an invite to orate before you today; and when I say that I skurely feel ekeal to the task, I don't knowed me at onct. 'These arent' times!' They ought to be! That strie of othin things! 'Is he!' she cried, and rushed into my arms. It was too much for her & she fell into a swoon. I cum very near swoundin myself.

Seeing this, the sullen, dissatisfied laboring men seized their opportunity. At St. Louis two years ago they formed a confederation with the farmers. We have thought that this upheaval was only a manifestation of the restlessness of one class; that it was the country against the town simply, and that by the operation of those laws of mutual dependence on which society is organized the movement would soon wear itself out. This is not the true diagnosis. Discontent reines in town and country. The masses, urban and rural, are in motion; we hear hoarse mutterings as when deep calleth unto deep. Astute politicians have scented it from afar and seek to take the lead, as vultures fly upon a high and stormy gale.

The cry is no longer that of the country against the town, that was of necessity a shallow and short lived issue; it is a deeper and more ominous sound that we now hear, "the plain people against the aristocracy." The fact that aristocracy is now interpreted as the plutocracy, makes the situation all the more serious. The old feeling against the aristocracy pure and simple, was not so strong, yet it produced the French revolution. There is something respectable in an aristocracy founded on a heritage of great deeds and public service, and this, so long as it holds patriotism, the masses will suffer, but when aristocracy is based on wealth, too often ill-gotten, and on the vulgar show of great establishments, the masses are first sickened and then enraged. This is the condition of affairs today, not only in America, but all over the civilized world.

The greatest statesmen see it, and are trying to rule the storm. Mr. Gladstone, in the new platform which he puts forth this year, advances far in socialism. The Emperor of Germany is trying to steal the thunder of the socialists as Bismarck did before him. Australia is progressing rapidly in the same direction, and wherever you see public men of great capacity, they are trying to appease the masses with measures which would have been scouted a few years ago. It is so in our own country. The Democratic congress, which will assemble next winter, will force measures which the Republicans will hardly dare to defeat. On the silver question some, who do not favor free coinage, will vote for it, as Senator Cullie professes to do, not because he favors it, but because he believes it to be "a political necessity." "We have got to take it," said he, "and the sooner the better. The bill will be passed before the holidays, and the senate it will not even be referred to the finance committee. The best thing we can do is to try it, and if the results prove as bad as some think, everybody will see the propriety of repealing the law."

REPUBLICANS SEE DANGER.

At Cincinnati the Republicans sought every opportunity to sow seeds of disension among the third party men. Their principal point was that the southern alliance was encouraging their western brethren to split off from the republicans, but for themselves they remained good Democrats. To this a shrewd Kansan made this significant reply: "Let the southern alliance call themselves Democrats, if they want to," said he, "it's all the same with us; they have captured the Democratic party and

THEY ARE GOOD ALLIANCE MEN STILL.

It is a fact, which the southern people do not seem to realize, that the alliance has practically reconstituted the Democratic party in the south. The masses who control the party give their first allegiance to the Ocala platform.

In the coming presidential campaign the spectacle will be presented of vast masses in the south and in the west, holding the same political faith, yet supporting parties whose platforms are radically different. Yet this is not so surprising when we remember that the race question dominates everything in the south. But right here comes a pertinent question: Will this issue continue to dominate when the negroes have transferred their votes to the people's party? There are strong indications that they will do this.

For years it has been admitted that the south would divide on economic issues if the negro vote was not regularly given to the party which desires to oppress us, with such measures as the force bill. What then would happen if the negro should give his vote to the new party, which however strange and revolutionary its platform, has the merit of setting its face against sectionalism?

It may be suggested with reason that parties do not always live up to their platforms, and that when the white vote of the South is once divided, the negro will not care enough for the new party to resist the dazzling opportunity to wield the balance of power between the two factions of his white neighbors.

Cheap Money.

Young people whose memory does not go back to 'endurin' of the war find it hard to appreciate the fact that money sometimes becomes worthless. A Southern correspondent writes:

"An old gentleman of my acquaintance says that during the war he had occasion to sell to a Confederate officer a barrel of flour, a commodity which was more or less rare in certain parts at that time.

"Some days afterward the officer asked for his bill. I amounted to six hundred dollars. The officer took out two five-hundred-dollar bills. 'I haven't change for that,' said the old gentleman.

"Oh, well, that doesn't matter," replied the officer, 'take it all.'

"At another time my friend rode an ordinarily good horse past an officer's quarters.

"Hold on there! What will you take for that horse?" asked the officer.

"A thousand dollars, came back the answer.

Hypnotism Dangerous.

That most of the marvellous phenomena exhibited by hypnotism are real there can be no doubt. Under its influence teeth can be extracted without the slightest consciousness of pain. Equally painless are the most difficult surgical operations, though lasting for an hour or more.

It is now seen, however, that the practice of hypnotism is not free from danger. In France legislation has already been invoked to confine it to medical use. In the Times and Register, Norman Kerr, M. D., F. L. S., questions whether it should have a recognized place even in ordinary medical practice. As to the genuineness of the phenomena he has no doubt. The following are his suggestions in brief:

1. Only a limited number of patients, especially of the Anglo-Saxon race, are capable of being hypnotized.
2. In many persons hypnotism disturbs the nervous equilibrium, and this disturbance, if frequently repeated, may lead to deterioration of brain and nerve functions—to physical degeneration, intellectual decadence and moral perversion.
3. The hypnotized condition is itself an unhealthy one, a disorder of nervous function akin to hysteria.
4. Even if a cure is accomplished, it is only by an exchange of malady, a graver disease state being substituted for a less serious one.
5. Though pain and distress are relieved, it is doubtful if the disease is really cured. The greatest success claimed for hypnotism has been in nervous affections, and Doctor Kerr's observation is that in this class of ailments an apparent temporary improvement is commonly followed by an aggravation of the disease.
6. The dangers involved are very great. In many cases the seizures have to be repeated for a long time. At each sitting the patient comes more and more under the control of the operator, and at length is brought into a state of mental serfdom, infinitely worse than days and nights of pain.
7. The practice may give rise to a subtle affinity between the subject and the operator, dangerous to both.
8. The operator may take a criminal advantage of the lethargic state of the subject. Such cases have occurred.

A Born Lawyer.

A lawyer advertised for a clerk. The next morning his office was crowded with applicants—all bright, and many suitable. He bade them wait until all should arrive, and then arranged them in a row and said he would tell them a story, note their comments, and judge from that whom he would choose.

"A certain farmer," began the lawyer, "was troubled with a red squirrel that got in through a hole in his barn and stole his seed corn. He resolved to kill the squirrel at the first opportunity. Seeing him go in at the hole one noon, he took his shotgun and fired away; the first shot set the barn on fire."

"Did the barn burn?" said one of the boys.

"The lawyer without answer, continued: 'And seeing the barn on fire, the farmer seized a pail of water and ran to put it out.'

"Did he put it out?" said another.

"As he passed inside, the door, the door shut to and the barn was soon in flames. When the hired girl rushed out with more water—"

"Did they all burn up?" said another boy.

Before and After.

Full of it I recall the time when she and I were wooing, Like turtle doves, our joy sublime. A-billing and a-cooing.

But now alas! I'm forced to say, To do 'em more than I will; In fact, I'd soo the livin' day God'd I but stop the billing.

The vocal organs are strengthened by the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Clergymen, lawyers, singers, actors, and public speakers find this preparation the most effective remedy for irritation and weakness of the throat and lungs, and for all affections of the vocal organs.

Needed an Inspiration.

A merchant had a clerical friend, between whom and himself there existed a warm intimacy. Every Saturday night, as the merchant was balancing his cash, there would come a note from the minister requesting the loan of a \$5 bill. The money was always restored punctually on Monday morning. But what puzzled the lender was the identical bill was always returned.

On Saturday night he sent a \$5 gold piece instead of the usual bill, and marked it. Still the very same coin was returned on Monday. The merchant became nervous about this strange fact. He was becoming concerned with curiosity, when a note came from the reverend borrower on Christmas Eve asking for a loan of \$10. He resolved to call and inquire into the mystery, when he was shown into his friend's study he found him plunged in melancholy.

"Mr. Bowersox," said the merchant, "if you will answer me one question I will let you have that \$10. How does it happen that you always pay me the money you borrow on Saturday night in the very same coin or note on Monday?"

The person raised his head, and after a struggle said:

"My friend, you are a gentleman, a Christian, and a New Yorker—I know that I can rely on your inviolable secrecy. You know that I am poor, and when on Saturday night I have bought my Sunday dinner I seldom have a red cent left in my pocket. Now I maintain that no man can preach the Gospel properly without having something in his pocket to inspire him with confidence.

I have, therefore, borrowed \$5 of you every Saturday night that I might feel occasionally as I preached on Sunday. You know how independent I do preach—how I make the rich quake in their shoes! Well, it is owing to my knowledge that I have a five-dollar bill in my pocket. Not having to use it for any other purpose, it is not changed, but returned to you next Monday. But tomorrow I want to make a special impression on my congregation, and I thought I would see what the effect of a ten-dollar sermon on them would be.

Artificial Grief. Within the memory of the oldest inhabitant it was considered an essential part of the etiquette of fashionable funerals to appear to weep. Each "mourner" was expected to carry in the hand a white pocket-handkerchief and to apply it to the eyes more or less frequently—the interval between the dabs being regulated by the degree of relationship or of friendship which had existed between the inconsolable and the deceased. This bit of hypocrisy has happily been dispensed with by the mourning fashionists. It is no longer deemed indispensable to indicate to the world that what Hamlet calls "fruitful river of the eye," is in a state of freshet by boasting the white flag of affliction at a burial.

Nothing can be more fallacious than the outward symbols of grief. Neither "inky snits nor clouds of crane nor an overflow of salt water nor "the dejected havior of the visage" are to be trusted as signs of unconsolability, especially if the departed has been thoughtful enough to leave a handsome legacy to the sable-clad and lachrymose mourner. In such a case, a Niobe might, without injustice, be suspected of dissimulation. It is common to weep without much suffering, and equally common to suffer keenly without shedding tears. There are human crocodiles who could pour forth eye-water enough to swim in without experiencing a single pang.

The Meanest Man on Record. Nandalis (H) Gazette. The meanest man on record lives in Union county. He sold his son-in-law one-half of a cow, and then refused to divide the milk, maintaining that he sold only the front half.

It is reported that the observers at Mount Hamilton have lately kept sharp eyes turned upon the shadow of one of the moons of Jupiter. The shadow seemed double, indicating that the tiny moon which is also double. Since the first discovery many other moons have been made through the glass, all tending to confirm the original impression, this particularly so in the case of planets, suggesting the possibility of a revolving satellite.

The aptly named "Double Moon" is not at all a new discovery. It has been observed in various parts of the world, and is a well-known phenomenon.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder ABSOLUTELY PURE

The Third Party Drives Up. Exchange. I am the Third Party! Gilt on my style Will you? And my trimmin's? By gravity. I don't wear no socks, And my gaiters is Fastened with a litchpin, But I'm cuttin' A wide swath Right down the middle, And they can't head Me off, Now! Mebbe I am a sort of A Farmer's Alliance Citizens'- Alliance-Knights-of-Labor-National-Industrial-Anti-Monopoly-Single-Tax-Prohibition-Woman-Suffrage-Greenback-Free-Silver-Potato-Currency-Socialistic-Grand-Old-People's-Party. But what if I am? What are they goin' To do about it! That's what! By zooks, I have come To stay. And no razor-back Democrat, Nor slab-sided Republican, Nor ring-necked Mugwump Kin root me out! I'm a forty-acre field, That you kin raise anything on From a mortgage To a bale of hay, With a wagon load Of drossin' thrown in, And I don't give a darn Who knows it! I kin grab up a stump, In two shakes of a lamb's tail, And the old political Stumps has got to come. If I bust a britchin' Doin' of it! You hear me! Mebbe my clo's don't fit, And my cow-leather brogans Han't got no shine, On to 'em, But that won't stop Theer kickin'! And brains ain't In that send Neither! All the American Eagle Has got to do in this business Is to get quiet on the fence And watch my Thrashin' machine go. When it cut mule Gits done scratchin' Han't back up agin the fence! Hand me that whip! Gimme them lines! Now! Now-haw! Jewhilkinks. Gosh—all-bemlock.

Ten Million Dimes Locked Up. Philadelphia Record. A Treasury official, speaking of the embarrassments the dime pocket savings banks are causing the Treasury Department, is quoted as saying that it is estimated that there are \$1,000,000 in dimes hidden away in these pocket banks to-day, and there appears to be no way to draw upon this reserve until the bank is glutted to its full capacity. It is getting to be a craze.

"I was coming down the other day on a horse car," he said "and an old lady pulled one of these toy depositories out of her black silk handbag and cautiously slipped two dimes into its mouth, the exact change she had received from the conductor. Ordinarily this ancient female would have paid her fare in tickets, but she had the craze and wanted the change. Why, every other woman in the building has a bank, and lots of them too. There are a thousand dime banks in active operation in the department alone, and thousands in the other departments, and ten thousand more in the hands of Washington children, and every one of them has a wide-open mouth yawning to devour the fractional coin."

It is estimated that 75 per cent. of the dimes that were in circulation three months ago in the city have been banked in these little tubular depositories, and the cry is for more. The craze has affected the cities, too. Baltimore, New York, Philadelphia, and other commercial towns are sorely put to for change of this unit of value. This demand is giving the bank cashiers and Sub Treasurers a great deal of worry, for it requires three expert clerks a whole day to count \$10,000 in this sort of money.

Choosing the Loser Evil. Texas Siftings. Mrs. Houlihan: Sure, Toddy, it's costin' yure soul more to shave yure self than it would cost yure pocket to pay for a barber.

Mr. Houlihan (slashing himself again): Begobs, if it war a barber that were cuttin' me this way, it's lucky O'd be to get off wid a life sentence!

Goes to the Spot. He—Dobson is trying something that cures his craving for drink. She—What is it? Hypnotism! He—No, Whiskey!

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