

The Messenger and Intelligencer.

JAMES C. BOYLIN, Publisher.

The Wadesboro Messenger and Wadesboro Intelligencer Consolidated July, 1888.

PRICE, \$1.50 a Year.

NEW SERIES--VOL. VII.--NO. 52.

Wadesboro, N. C., Thursday, May 3, 1894.

WHOLE NUMBER 702



Impure Blood

Opens the Way for Malaria

Hood's Sarsaparilla Makes Pure Blood and Cures Malaria.
It is with pleasure that we call attention to the testimonial of Mr. A. M. Beck, who is well known in Florida, and to the travelling public, having for years been a railroad passenger conductor and later, ticket agent at Jacksonville.
"C. L. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass."
"Some three or four years ago I wrote to you in reference to the good my boy had derived from the use of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and now allow me to say that the same boy and his mother became."
Prostrated with Malaria
and Hood's Sarsaparilla has again been used with satisfactory results. I do not believe you can find a much better looking child for his age, eight years, than our boy. For this picture of health his mother and also myself attribute to the use of that most valuable remedy, Hood's Sarsaparilla. His trouble before taking the medicine was an affliction with both, and a general breaking out all over his body. Of course from such suffering the child became weak and thin."
Hood's Pills act easily, yet promptly and efficiently on the liver and bowels. 25c.

Fresh Millinery

Constantly arriving, and trimmed up with faultless taste by stylish

Northern Milliner.

Beautiful Lace Windsor Ties, Handkerchiefs, Kid Gloves,

Silk Gloves and Mitts

and numerous other things pretty and reasonable in price at

Miss Reddy's,

in National Hotel Building, Wadesboro, N. C.

W. F. GRAY, D. D. S.,

(Office in Smith & Dunlap Building)
Wadesboro, North Carolina.
ALL OPERATIONS WARRANTED.

W. A. ROSE,

GENERAL INSURANCE AGENT
Represents the Leading Fire Insurance Companies.
Office—Market Street, Wadesboro, N. C.

R. S. Cole, D. D. S.,

Offers his professional services to the people of Wadesboro, Anson and surrounding counties. Braces and Crown work a specialty. Nitrozin oxide administered for painless extraction of teeth.
Office over L. J. Huntley & Co's store.

Anson Institute,

WADESBORO, N. C.
D. A. MCGREGOR, A. B., PRINCIPAL.
THE SPRING TERM
BEGINNS MONDAY, JAN. 5TH, 1894.

TUTION IN LIBRARY DEPARTMENT—\$2,

\$3 and \$4 per month.
No reduction made for lost time.
Board in private families at \$8 per month.

Grand Your Own Home Sewing Machine

(Wilson's Pat.) Circular Free
Address
WILSON BROS., Easton, Pa.

WILSON BROS.,

WILSON, Pa., Feb. 15, 1891.
DEAR SIRS:—Like the mill very much I bought of you. I find all the cloth I need can be got in 15 to 20 minutes per day. It is an excellent mill for grinding flour, shells, etc. It does all you claim for it.

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THE MONOPOLISTS, THE COMMUNISTS AND THE DEMOCRACY.

Baltimore Sun.
A democratic majority in Congress struggling to pass a reform bill to equalize taxation in the face of a coalition of monopolistic interests, illustrates the dangerous tendency of concentrated wealth to corrupt and overawe the legislative power. Cozy's army, struggling over the mountains and through the valleys, begging free transportation by land or water, and in some cases taking it where it is not given, moving on to Washington to demand that Congress shall do as well by the masses as it has by the classes, and provide wages for poor laborers as well as profits for rich manufacturers, is the obverse side of the monopolistic metal.
The two spectacles are contrasts and yet companions. The republic is between these two perils—the manufacturing monopolies demanding to be favored by special legislation, and the mob demanding to be fed by the same means. The greed of an arrogant plutocracy is on the one side and the distress of a despairing proletariat on the other. Between them stands the government, for the time being in the hands of the democratic party. To that party belongs the double duty of setting bounds on the one hand to the aggressions of the capitalist combinations that have usurped the taxing power of the government for their own aggrandizement, and of firmly resisting, on the other hand, all those communistic schemes for making the government support the people of which Cozy's army is a fantastic product.

It is eminently a time to recall the ringing words of Hon. John G. Carlisle, uttered in the course of the debate on the Mills tariff bill in 1888: "No matter who may desert or who may falter, the great fight for reform will go on. This country does not belong to the monopolists or the communists, and the people will save it from both." In spite of all the laughter that Cozy's march to the sea has caused it is a serious symptom of the industrial and social conditions which thirty-three years ago, protectionism, paternalism, extravagance, corruption and class favoritism in legislation have produced among us. In all the seventy years prior to the war, during which democratic policies were newly all the time in the ascendancy, no such dismal condition as Cozy's army is making was known. Under these policies it would have been impossible to collect such a host of idle and aimless men, with no hope left but a wild rush to Congress with a petition to be employed, paid and supported at the national expense. Neither in all those seventy ante-bellum years, nor there ever seen a companion spectacle to that now presented in Congress itself, where one Senator after another is rising in his place to plead for 40, 60, 80 and in some cases 100 per cent. tariff taxes, to the end that the few monopolists may go on growing richer, while the consuming and toiling millions go on growing poorer.

Republican rule has given up McKinley's tariff and created Cozy's Communal Army. The millionaires and the trusts are evolutions of the same perilous policy of making the government a special partner in favored branches of business, and merclessly taxing all classes to make a few hundred men fabulously rich. Spreading broadcast the delusive doctrine that property can be made to order by Congress, that good times can be provided and hard times prohibited by special enactments, and that to give "work and wages" to everybody who needs them is the prime duty of the general government has been the inevitable result of the gospel of protection as expounded by McKinley, Reed and the other leading lights of latter-day republicanism.

Let us not laugh over loudly at the Communal Army. There is nothing in its demands that Congress shall find every idle man a job and loan money to every man who wants to borrow on bonds that shall bear no interest that are not clearly traceable to the vicious propaganda of protectionism. The logic of Cozy's program is clear enough, from the McKinley standpoint. The great manufacturing corporations shall have Congress make markets for their goods and fix prices and profits for them, while individual citizens have Congress shall make a market for their labor and fix its employment and wages for him. Is there any reason why 2,000,000 persons employed in factories shall be provided for by the government at the general expense and all the rest of our working people be left to shift for themselves? Have the coal and iron and lumber lords, already enormously rich, any better right to be taken care of by tariffs than Cozy's crowd of more modest merchants and tradesmen? "Hard up," have to be provided for by special appropriations for road building?

Cozy's procession of seedy and needy men is, it must be remembered, only the grotesque shadow of a vast army of unemployed labor, numbered three millions, who are staying solely at home; while all the time the McKinley tariff rates, under which they were told they could not fail to have steady work and high wages, are still being levied for their "protection" at every port. If high taxes could help them, why are all the workmen at work, and how did Cozy's uncanny host spring into existence? With an 84 per cent. tax on ready made clothing, why are those men in rags? Did not President Harrison tell them that McKinley's "policy was to make cheap men?" McKinley secured dear coats for them, and why are they not re-revealing in good clothes? With a 60 per cent. tax on carpets, why are there any bare floors in the land? With a 100 per cent. tax on blankets, why do not all these men sleep well covered? With a 150 per cent. tax on worsted knit goods, who does any working-man or his wife or his children go about shivering?

There is a last break somewhere between the rosy promises and the painful performance of protection. The farmer was to have a home market and high prices. Instead of that he has had, since 1880, to sell more abroad than ever and accept lower prices all the time. The factory operatives were to have more work and higher wages. Instead of that they have had less work, lower wages, more strikes and lockouts and harder times since 1860 than they ever knew before. Yet the republican leaders never infatuated with their own theories that they seem to believe themselves back into good times and secure prosperity by suffocation.

JUDGING KINDLY.

Neither do I condemn thee, go, and sin no more.—St. John, viii. 11.
This is one of the most dramatic and pathetic incidents in the career of Christ.
"There was no doubt that this woman had committed an offence for which, according to the Hebrew code, she merited death. The law was explicit and the punishment was relentlessly inflicted. It had been the habit of the people and the custom of the nation for twenty generations to hurl an immoral woman into eternity as one throws a stone from a sling.
The sneering scribes and haughty Pharisees thought to embarrass Christ in the presence of the multitude. They dragged the poor, trembling creature before Him, declared that she had been taken "in the very act," and then with curled lips waited for His verdict. It was a test case. Would He acknowledge the authority of precedent or would He have the audacity to repudiate the law which had received the sanction of Jehovah? In other words, would He surrender in the pinch, or proclaim Himself superior to the Voice that thundered from Sinai?

Army of the Untrained.

Probably there is no sadder feature of the prevailing misery among the thousands of men and women who are out of employment than their inability to make themselves useful in any field of labor except some single industry or drudgery in which they have been engaged. They are equipped with brains, eyes, ears, arms and fingers—all the paraphernalia of human movement and activity—but their faculties are untrained. They are not masters of themselves. They are like Shakespeare's tapster at the Boar's Head Tavern, who, although the son of a woman, had fewer words than a parrot, his vocabulary having been limited to the simple necessities of his occupation. It has been found impossible for the charitably disposed to set poor people at work who can only dig or drudge. The unemployed women cannot cook or sew or do any of the labors of careful house wifery. The men cannot turn their hands to any occupation of skill. This organized effort to set idleness at work has thus been baffled. It has been easy enough to find a man for the place, but hard to find a place fitted to the man.

This sad condition of affairs has served to strongly emphasize the value of manual training in the school. The boys should be educated in the physical use of their faculties, so that they may more readily turn their hands to whatever occupation may offer them opportunity. For the girls, there should be training in the whole round and reach of domestic economy. They should know how to do everything that may need to be done in the house. It is better to starve in the street than to know in what way to properly boil potatoes and make bread and do plain sewing. There is no adequate supply in the household service neither is there any demeriting quality in the work of the household. Our grandmothers, who did not live in the day of electric illumination and sewing machines, could not only care for their kitchens and bed chambers, but they spun and wove the clothes they wore—and could, when necessary, cut out a coat or a pair of trousers and make them with their own deft fingers. Their facility and diversity of capacity were probably necessities of today, but now and again we are reminded that the times will never come when all around ability will care of one's self and of others to be the best possible equipment with which to fight the battle of life.

Sam Jones' Prescription for Biliousness.

Galveston Daily News.
WACO, April 16.—After the tremendous meeting last night Brother Sam Jones was thoroughly exhausted, and he felt sick. Brother Jones is of a bilious temperament, and his sallow complexion tells plainly that while all is well between Brother Jones and his soul there is war between him and his liver. Brother Jones felt bad at bedtime, and Brother Owens told him: "Go to God with it, brother, he'll straighten you out."
"Take a dose of pills," suggested the reporter. And Brother Jones followed the advice of Owens and he got up this morning he was all right and much refreshed. He said:
"Prayer was the thing, but I must admit that the pills did much good, and from now on my prescription for biliousness will be one prayer and three pills before bedtime."

No other medicine has equalled Hood's Sarsaparilla in the relief it gives in severe cases of Dyspepsia, sick headache, etc.

"All women require a tonic and nerve at some period of their lives. Whether suffering from nervousness, dizziness, faintness, depression, catarrhal inflammation of the lining membrane, bearing-down sensations, or general debility, the 'Prescription' restores the origin of the trouble and corrects its effects."
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A SONG IN PROSE.

It is Appointed unto All Men Once to Die.
Anonymous.
And I must die! Tremendous thought. This frame so costly in its workmanship, and I doomed to break and fall in pieces like a common rock of perishable clay. Heaven's balmy light and all the smiling scenery of earth, the grand, the bright, the beautiful alike shall perish from these eyes. These limbs so active now and full of strength, must lie as withered branches by the fallen trunk on which they grew. And all the play of life shall stop in universal death. Then the grave will do its work remote from human eyes, by dissolution foul, breaking the unsightly mass, and turning all back into its own dust. And I must die! Oh! can that word be true, that the hour is coming, when the voice of death shall call for me? I have stood when others died, a sorrowful spectator, and watched as one by one life's trembling props gave way, until all were gone, and the fair fabric fell.

Gov. Vance a Prisoner—The Trip From Statesville to Salisbury.

Mr. S. Wittkowsky, of Charlotte, who accompanied Gov. Vance from Statesville to Salisbury when the latter was a prisoner in 1865, told the story of that journey at a memorial meeting in Charlotte on the 16th, and the Observer thus reports him:
"I was particularly fortunate in having his [Vance's] friendship, which commenced in Statesville under very peculiar circumstances, and dates back to the dark days of April, 1865.
"Statesville was then cut off from communication with the outside world. Her two railroads and the telegraph line were destroyed.
"One afternoon a troop of United States cavalry, about 300 strong, came dashing in with carbines in their hands, and surrounding Gov. Vance's house informed him that they had orders to take him a prisoner to Washington, but would wait until next morning. I was requested to drive the Governor in a buggy to Salisbury.
"We started in the following order: Four men on each side of the buggy, and the others half in front and half in the rear.
"Gov. Vance was overcome by the surroundings and shed tears, and I do not apologize for these tears—they were not the tears of fear—they were manly shed in love for his family and for North Carolina. Presently he turned to me, and, wiping the tears from his face, said: 'This will not do. I must be a man, but I am not so much concerned as to what may be in store for me, but my poor wife and little children [they were little then]—they have not a cent of money—and my poor State—what indignity may be in store for her! Many a man in my position, having ships continuously running the blockade, would have feathered his nest by shipping cotton to Europe, and in fact I have often been solicited to do so, but, thank God, I did not do it—my hands are clean—and I can face my fellow citizens and say that I have not made money out of my position.'
"We then rode on until we were about twelve miles from Salisbury, when we all sat down by a spring and had lunch, which we invited our captors to share with us. The Governor had by this time recovered his usual spirits and began to tell the guards several jokes and so gained among them that I heard them say among themselves: 'Why this rebel Governor is a nice, jolly good fellow—so different from what they had expected.'
"After lunch he was invited by the commander of the troops to ride with him on horseback when he got tired of riding in the buggy, which invitation was accepted. He thus rode six miles, when he again took his seat in the buggy, and we drove ahead without any guard at all until we came within two miles of Salisbury, when we waited for the column to come up.
"The Governor remarked to the commanding officer, 'Captain, you are giving me a good opportunity to run away,' to which the officer replied: 'Governor, I know my man.' Such was the great magnetism of Gov. Vance—starting out surrounded by a troop of cavalry, he in the few hours had gained their confidence and esteem to the extent that they were willing to trust him.
"The officer in command then said: 'Governor, if you will give me your word of honor to be at the depot tomorrow to meet me at the train, I will not subject you to the indignity of marching you to the indignity of the town, but will let you go in alone with but one officer, he to go some distance behind you so as not to give the appearance that you are his prisoner.' The Governor thanked him and we in this way drove into town to Col. Shober's house, and while the beautiful and charming Miss Shober entertained the officer, Gov. Vance went out among his friends to acquaint them of the condition of things, and to borrow a little money, as he had not a cent. In later years, when speaking of the trip, he told me that all he could raise in that town at that time was about \$65.
"The next day I went to the depot to bid him good by, where I found him in the cars surrounded by a number of officers, all as jolly as if the Governor was an old friend going on a pleasant trip, and not as their

THE EAGLE ON THE COINS.

Harper's Young People.
If you have a silver dollar of 1836, 1838 or 1839, or one of the first nickel cents coined in 1859, you will find upon it the true portrait of an American eagle, which was for many years a familiar sight in the streets of Philadelphia.
"Peter," one of the finest eagles ever captured alive, was the pet of the Philadelphia Mint, and was generally known as the 'Mint Bird.'
Not only did he have free access to every part of the Mint, going without hindrance into the treasury vaults where even the Treasurer of the United States would not go alone, but used his own pleasure in going about the city, flying over the houses, sometimes perching upon the lamp-posts in the streets.
Everybody knew him and admired him, and even the street boys treated him with respect. The Government provided him daily fare, and he was as much a part of the Mint establishment as the superintendent or chief coiner.
He was so kindly treated that he had no fear of anybody or anything, and he might be in the Mint yet if he had not set down to rest on one of the great fly wheels. The wheel started without warning, and Peter was caught in the machinery. One of his wings was broken, and he died a few days later.
The superintendent had his body beautifully mounted, with the wings spread to their fullest extent; and to this day Peter stands in a glass case in the Mint's cabinet, where you may see him whenever you go there. An exact portrait of him as he stands in the case was put upon the coins named.
A Question of Law.
Marion Record.
Some time ago a well-known colored lady of this place named Sina Greenlee, had a claim against a colored man named Jerry Garden. Sina told Jerry that she 'ort to have something to show for it,' and Jerry gave her his note, which reads as follows:
"This is to certify that I, the said JERRY, in and to the said Sina, the sum of five dollars to be paid by Sept. 1st, but on this consideration, that if I the said Jerry, fails to pay the said Sina the said five dollars on 8-1st, then the said Sina to pay me, the said Jerry, five dollars."
"Yours truly,
"JERRY GARDIN."
When the said Sina tried to collect the said note after the first of September, Jerry made the point that the amount of five dollars was due him, and the case will go to the Supreme Court, our local tribunals of justice being unable to settle it.

MAY WEATHER.

Prof. Hicks in Word and Works.
The month opens at the end of April's closing storm period, with storm disturbances disappearing in extreme eastern parts of the country and cooler weather prevailing in central and western sections. An equinox of Mercury is central on the 3rd, and will cause cloudiness and tendency to continued drizzle. In the extreme north sleet need not prove a surprise. By the 4th decided change to warmer will develop in the west, and during the 5th to 7th, and little children [they were little then]—they have not a cent of money—and my poor State—what indignity may be in store for her! Many a man in my position, having ships continuously running the blockade, would have feathered his nest by shipping cotton to Europe, and in fact I have often been solicited to do so, but, thank God, I did not do it—my hands are clean—and I can face my fellow citizens and say that I have not made money out of my position."
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The Spleen.

—not the ill humor you feel like venting upon some offender, but the spleen near the stomach, which supplies the proper amount of blood to the stomach, during digestion. But both are affected by a purgative. A torpid liver creates the spleen's ill humor, and a purgative restores the spleen's normal action.

ROYAL Baking Powder

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

LITTLE BOY BLUE.

A little toy dog, all covered with dust,
But sturdy and staunch he stands,
And a little toy soldier, all red with rust;
And his musket monies in his hands.
Time was when the little toy dog was new,
And the soldier resting fair,
And that was the time when our Little Boy Blue
Kissed them and put them there.
"Now, don't you go all I come," he said,
"And don't you make any noise."
So, toddling off to his trundle bed,
He dreamed of his pretty toys.
And the smile of a little face
Awakened our Little Boy Blue—
Oh, the years are many, and the years are long.
But the little toy friends are true.
Aye, faithful to Little Boy Blue they stand,
Each in the same old place,
Awaiting the touch of a little hand,
And they wonder, as waiting the long years through,
In the dust of the little chair,
What has become of our Little Boy Blue
Since he kissed them and put them there.
—Eugene Field.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by J. P. Parsons & Hardison.

Pizzi

—10—

Mason & Hamlin.

"MASON & HAMLIN:—DEAR SIRS:—The best proof I can give you of my admiration for your pianos is the fact that I have used one in my own house ever since coming to this country. I find the tone musical and sympathetic, and the piano stands in tune remarkably.
Yours truly,
EMILIO PIZZOLI."

Luden & Bates

Southern Music House
IS SOUTHERN AGENT FOR THE
MASON & HAMLIN PIANO.

CHARLOTTE BRANCH,
W. M. WHEELER,
MANAGER.

THINACURA

FOR THIN PEOPLE.
Are you Thin?
Fish made with Thinacura Tablets is a scientific process. They create perfect assimilation of every form of food, securing the valuable parts and discarding the waste. They make thin faces plump and round out the figure. They are the

STANDARD REMEDY
for leanness, producing 12 to 15 lbs. per month, containing no arsenic, and GUARANTEED ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS.
Price, prepaid, \$1 per box, 6 for \$5. Pamphlet, "HOW TO GET FAT," Free. The THINACURA CO., 50 Broadway, New York.

Notice

I have this day qualified as Executor of the late Shepherd Lee, deceased. Persons having claims against deceased must present them within ninety days after the date of my qualification, to-wit: April 27th, 1894.
Mrs. NANCY S. McRAN,
Administratrix of J. F. McRan.

Executor's Notice.

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