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Strong, steady nerves
Are needed for success
Everywhere. Nerves
Depend simply, solely,
Upon the blood.
Pure, rich, nourishing
Blood feeds the nerves
And makes them strong.
The great nerve tonic is
Hood's Sarsaparilla,
Because it makes
The blood rich and
Pure, giving it power
To feed the nerves.
Hood's Sarsaparilla
Cures nervousness,
Dyspepsia, rheumatism,
Catarrh, scrofula,
And all forms of
Impure blood.

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And the Address of Ten Friends
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Cleanses and beautifies the hair.
Promotes a luxuriant growth.
Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color.
Cures scalp diseases & hair falling.
50c, and $1.00 at Druggists

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA.
ANSON COUNTY.
Superior Court—Office of Clerk.

The creditors of the estate of Daniel P Johnson, deceased, Are hereby notified that a special proceeding has been instituted in said court before the clerk thereof, by W. L. Little and others, in behalf of all the creditors of said estate against W. R. Johnson and J. S. Jones, the executors and the heirs at law and devisees of said decedent, for the purpose of ascertaining the debts outstanding against said estate and of making assets to pay the same. The creditors are hereby notified to file the evidence of their claims with the undersigned clerk of said court, at his office in the court house at Wadesboro, on or before the 7th day of April, 1898. February 8th, 1898.
JOHN C. McLAUCHLIN,
Clerk of Superior Court.

STORY OF THE BLOW-UP

AS TOLD BY A SURVIVOR.

Lieutenant Blanding's Description of the Explosion and the Subsequent Events—A Rain of Missiles and the Quarter Deck Was Almost Immediately Awash—Capt. Sigsbee Cool and Collected—Graphic Narrative by an Officer Who is also a Survivor of the Samoan Disaster.

KEY WEST, FLA., Feb. 17.—Lieutenant John Bladen, of Batimore, one of the Maine's survivors, who is at the Key West Hotel, gave the correspondant of the Associated Press, this evening, a succint account of the disaster, saying that not until now has he been able to recollect the sequence of events in the awful ten minutes following the explosion Tuesday evening. Lieut. Blandin was on the Trenton at the time of the terrible disaster off Samoa, in March, 1889, when American and German vessels lost 244 men all together. He says:

"I was on watch, and when the men had been piped below, I looked down the main hatches and over the side of the ship. Every thing was absolutely normal. I walked aft to the quarter deck behind the rear turret, as is allowed after 8 o'clock in the evening, and sat down on the port side, where I remained for a few minutes. Then for some reason I cannot explain to myself now I moved to starboard side and sat down there. I was feeling a bit glum, and, in fact, was so quiet that Lieut. J. Hood came up and asked laughingly if I was asleep. I said: 'No, I am on watch.'

"Scarcely had I spoken when there came a dull, sullen roar. Would to God I could blot out the sound and the scene that followed. Then came a sharp explosion, some say numerous detonations, I remember only one. It seemed to me that the sound came from the port side forward. Then came a perfect rain of missiles of all descriptions, from huge pieces of cement to blocks of wood, steel railings, fragments of gratings, and all debris that would be detachable in an explosion.

"I was struck on the head by a piece of cement and knocked down, but I was not hurt, and got to my feet in a moment. Lieut Hood had run to the poop and I followed. He was dazed by the shock and about to jump overboard. I hailed him and he answered that he had run to the poop to help lower the boats. When I got there, though scarce a minute could have elapsed, I had to wade in water to my knees, and almost instantly the quarter deck was awash. On the poop I found Captain Sigsbee, as cool as if at a ball, and soon all the officers except Jenkins and Merritt joined us. The poop was above water after the Maine had settled to the bottom. Captain Sigsbee ordered the launch and gig lowered, and the officers and men, who by this time had assembled, got the boats out and rescued a number who were in the water. Captain Sigsbee ordered Lieut. Commander Wainwright forward to see the extent of the damage, and if any thing could be done to rescue those forward or to extinguish the flames, which followed close upon the explosion and burned fiercely as long as there were any combustibles above the water to feed them. Lieut. Commander Wainwright, on his return, reported the awful character of the calamity, and Captain Sigsbee gave the last order, 'Abandon ship,' to men overwhelmed with grief, indeed, but calm and apparently unexcited. Meantime four boats from the Spanish cruiser Alfonso XIII arrived, to be followed soon by two from the Ward Line steamer City of Washington. Boats from the City of Washington were found to be riddled with flying debris from the Maine and unfit for use. Captain Sigsbee was the last man to leave her, and left in his own gig.

"I have no theories as to the cause of the explosion. I cannot form any. An examination by divers may tell something to a court of inquiry. I, with others, had heard that the Havanna harbor was full of torpedoes, but the officers whose duty it was to examine into that reported that they found no signs of any. Personally, I do not believe the Spanish had anything to do with the disaster, Time may tell. I hope so. We were in a delicate position on the Maine so far as taking any precautions were concerned. We were friends in a friendly, or alleged friendly port, and could not fire upon or challenge the approach of any boat unless convinced that her intentions were hostile. I wish to heaven I could forget it. I have been in two wrecks now and have had my share. But the reverberations of that sullen, yet resonant roar, as if the bottom of the sea were groaning with torture, will haunt me for many a day, and the reflection of that pillar of flame comes to me when I close my eyes."

AN INCENDIARY CIRCULAR.

Flaming Appeal to Spaniads Against the Yankee Hogs Who Sent, "One of the Ships of Their Rotten Squadron" to Havana—A Document That Was Found by An Officer of the Maine.

NEW YORK, Feb. 17.—Medical Director Wood, of the Naval Hospital, Brooklyn, is in possession of the copy of a circular, incendiary and outrageous, which was passed about the treets, on railways, cars and other places in Havana. A tran-lation of this circular was sent to Medical Director Wood by an officer of the Maine, who picked it up while on a train running from a bull fight. The circular is as follows: "Spanirds! Long life and honor! What are ye doing, that ye allow yourselves to be insulted in this way. Do you not see what they have done to us in withdrawing our brave and beloved Weyler, who at this very time would have finished with this unworthy rebellious rabble, who are tramping on our flag and our honor.

"Autonomy is imposed on us to set to one side and to give posts of honor and authority to those who ini iated this rebellion, these ill-born autonomists, ungrateful sons of our beloved country. And, finally these Yankee hogs who meddle in our affairs, humiliating us to the last degree and for still greater taunt order to us one of the ships of war of their rotten squadron, after insulting us in their news-papers and driving us from our homes. Spaniards! The moment of action has arrived! Sleep not! Let us show these vile traitors that we have not yet lost shame, and that we know how to protect with energy befitting a nation worthy and strong as our Spain is, and always will be.

"Death to Americans! Death to autonomy!

"Long live Spain! Long live Weyler!"

Mrs. Jungen, wife of Lieut. Carl W. Jungen, watch officer on the Maine, is at the home of her uncle, Medical Director Wood. In answer to questions as to whether any of her husband's letters indicated a feeling existing in Havana against the American officers, she said: "Oh, yes. In all the letters from my husband he has spoken of the bitter feeling against the Americans, which was everywhere apparent. This was among the lower classes of Spanish, I understand, Weyler's followers. In a letter dated as late as February 10, he used the significant expression. 'If we don't get away from here soon, there will be trouble.' "

MEILSTRUP'S LETTER.

A Gunner on the Maine Wrote of Being Surrounded by Torpedoes and His Expectation of Being Blown Up.

DETROIT, MICH., Feb. 17.—A special to the News from Bay City, Mich., says: A letter was received to-day from Elmer Meilstrup, a gunner on the battleship Maine, dated February 11th, addressed to his mother, in which Meilstrup wrote that he would not be surprised if they should be blown up any day; that the ship was surrounded with torpedoes and could not leave the harbor without consent and direction of the Spanish authorities. Meilstrup's letter says: "The Spaniards have a couple of gunboats and a cruiser, and there are two German gunboats. The guns of Morro Castle are pointed at us as I write. The whole bottom of the harbor is covered with torpedoes, so that if they did not want to let us out, we would not be able to go very well. We are lying between the Spanish and German men-of-war, and they have picket boats out all night watching us."

In a letter of January 15th Meilstrup tells of an incident aboard the cruiser Marblehead, when five men were injured by a shot. Commenting he says: "It is a wonder some of the Spaniards don't blow us up, they are so careless."

Old Time Southern Honesty.

The Sunny Somth.

In the "good old days" prior to the great war between the states there were men above all price, above all selfish considerations, above all low standards governing public officials. We recall an illustration or two, Judge Robert B. Gilliam, of Oxford, N. C., would not except the hospitalities of a gentleman, although a dark night was upon him, he was wearied and his horse was very tired from a long ride over the worst road in western Carolina, and he was then six miles from the courthouse. The reason was the hospitable gentleman had a case in the court Judge Gilliam was to hold that week.

Captain A. M. Noble told us of a similar act of delicacy and honor on the part of the late Judge Gilmer, of Greensboro. They had served in the war together, and Mr. Noble pressed the judge to visit him at his home, and on Monday he would take him to Smithfield, the county seat of Johnston, where court was to be held. Judge Gilmer asked: "Have you a case in court?" Answer, no. "Are you a witness or a juror?" Answer, no. "Then," said the conscientious judge, "it will afford me great pleasure to accept your kind hospitalities."

These were men, every inch of them.

Another case in the long ago. Mr, Badger was the great North Carolina lawyer and advocate, peerless and supreme, he was council in a very important suit pending in Warren. After being employed he entered the cabinet of President William Henry Harrison in 1841. as secretary of the navy. He retired from the case, as he held that no cabinet officer had a right to be practicing in the courts of his state. Times have changed, manners have changed, standards have changed, men have changed. Have they improved with the change?

Work Resumed.

"After repeated attacks of the grip I was so weak I could hardly drag myself about. I was so nervous, had palpitation of the heart and food did not agree with me. I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla and after taking four bottles I resumed my work and now enjoy the best of health."—Mrs. M. F. Murray, Stainback, N. C.

Hood's Pills are easy to take, easy to operate. Cure indigestion, headache.

Hood's Pills
Cure sick headache, bad taste in the mouth, coated tongue, gas in the stomach, distress and indigestion. Do not weaken, but have tonic effect. 25 cents. The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

HE LOOKS BACKWARD.

Arp Tells of the Old Know Nothing Party to which He Belonged—The Bartow Sage Recounts the Days of His First Political Experience.

Experience is a good schoolmaster. I was ruminating about the schemes and tricks of the politicians who hanker after office and my memory went back to the old know-nothing party during the 50's, and how the politicians pulled the wool over my eyes and inveigled me in. I was young then and easily fooled. But I was dreadfully in earnest, for I really feared that foreigners were about to take the country and that Roman Catholics would soon get in power through the Irish vote and the Spanish inquisition would be revived and the devil be turned loose for 1,000 years. And so I joined, and they made me an officer and gave me a long sword and I guarded the door and my insignia was white regalia with the motto: "Put none but Americans on guard tonight." I tell you I felt proud and I felt responsible for the preservation of political and religious liberty. I would have fought panthers and wildcats and gorillas. In fact, I wanted to fight something, for the know nothing pressand know-nothing orators and know-nothing preachers had got us aroused to desperation and I could hardly keep my hands off an Irishman when I met him in the street. Every preacher in town joined and Brother Caldwell and Brother Stillwell were made chaplains, and they prayed long and earnestly for our country and its hallowed institutions. Oh! it was solemn and serious. But one night it was proposed to choose delegates to go to a convention to nominate a candidate for congress and it leaked out that a man was to be nominated who had no moral standing in the community, but he was rich and had used his money freely and we began to smell a mice. About that time Alex Stephens took the field against our order and I never heard such a speech in my life. He everlastingly lambasted our leaders for trying to fool the people and he made us democrats feel as mean as a dog for ever having fallen into the trap. Before that I really thought I was doing God's service in helping good patriots to save the country. One dark night I told my wife a lie about having urgent business at my office and wouldent be back until late, very late, and I went out six miles in the country to an old millhouse on Silver creek. Half a dozen officers went along with me and we instituted a branch lodge up in the old mill and got covered all over with cobwebs and flour, and next morning my wife got up first and looked at my clothes. She ruminated for a minute and then remarked: "Had to go to mill last night I see. I didn't know that the flour was out." For sometime I had been a suspect with her about this office business at night, for every time a know-nothing meeting was called little three-cornered red papers were seen on the sidewalks about town, and it was norated around that the know-nothings were to meet that night. The next day our wives compared notes and found out that nearly all the men had business down town that night. Can't fool these women. They don't like secret socities no how. A good faithful wife doesen't like anything that gets in between her and her husband. She has no secrets from him and he ought not to have any from her. Not long after we were married I joined a secret society, and when she got to looking over my under garments to see if the buttons were all right, she discovered that the buckles were gone, and couldent explain it to her satisfaction. But she found out from some other woman, and whenever I got a new pair of drawers she asked me if I dident want the buckles cut off.

Well, the know-nothing party died early in these parts, for the people found out that it was a political scheme to get into office. Just so the politicians got into the Farmers' Alliance and took charge of it, and they got up the Ocala platform and a big subtreasury scheme whereby great warehouses were to be built by the government in every congressional district where the farmers could store their cotton and corn and oats and sorghum and potatoes and pumkins, and draw money on them and hold them in the warehouses until the prices went up. One of the leaders declared in a public speech at Macon that they were going to hold the cotton until it went to 15 cents, and he made the people believe it, and they rolled him into Congress by a tidal wave. The alliance looked upon lawyers as suspects and not fit to hold office nor fitten to get fitten, and so one lawyer sold his lawbooks and burned the bridge behind him and joined Gideon's band and swallowed the Ocala platform, subtreasury and all, and the confiding people rolled him into congress. But he sniffered a relapse in due time and bought more law books and now the last condition of that man is worse than the first. Another lawyer swallowed the platform bones and skin and ran for congress on it and got awfully beaten and has never been elected since to any office by the people, and to my opinion never will be. It is just as old Abe Lincoln said: "You may fool all the people some of the time, and you may fool some of the people all the time, but you can't fool all the people all the time."

Now, the common people, the farmers and mechanics and toilers, are generally unsuspecting and credulous, and when a smart, shrewed politician talks sweet and nice to them they are inclined to believe him, but what lawyer of any pretensions or respectability ever believed in the Ocala platform or the subtreasury scheme "or something better?" Of course, any statesman who was fit to hold office knew that it was utterly impracticable and would bankrupt the government to build warehouses and advance money on crops, but it was a hobby on which to ride into office and fooling the people was of no consequence. No, I wouldent trust any man who would do it or has done it. BILL ARP.

Children and adults tortured by burns, scalds, injuries, eczema or skin diseases may secure instant relief by using De Witt's Witch Hazel Salve. It is the great Pile remedy. James A. Hardison.

POPULIST ON THE SITUATION

Chief Clerk Sims Re-Affirms a Former Declaration in Favor of White Supremacy.

Raleigh News and Observer.

At the meeting of the Populist State executive committee held last August, Mr. John A. Sims, of Cabarrus, who is chief clerk in the State Auditor's, office threw a bomb in the camp by proposing a resolution in favor of white supremacy.

To day we print a communication from Mr. Sims, in which he embodies a letter written by him to the chairman of the Populist State executive committee last August. There are two or three points in the letter that ought to be widely known and emphasized. Senator Pritchard, and those so called Populists who sneeze when Pritchard takes snuff, say that co-operation ought to be continued to prevent the repeal of the election law. The following paragraph from Mr. Sims' letter effectually disposes of that pretense:

"In 1892, under the then election law, we polled for Governor, say 44,000 votes; in 1896, with one of the best men of the State for our candidate, we polled 32,000 votes all told; in 1892, we are told that we were cheated out of 16,000 votes, and yet in 1896, holding an election under a law of our own framing, we poll 50 per cent. less votes than in 1892. Now, at thist rate, how much longer can we exist as a party?"

There has been some faint denial that negroes control white schools, Mr. Sims says:

"I cannot get the consent of my mind to again even co-operate with any party whose views are in direct conflict with my own, and that of the party to which I belong, on that which we believe to be the leading issue, and more especially when the party with which we have heretofore co-operated in North Carolina, have abused the confidence that has been placed in them to some extent at least, especially when they place our public schools for whites under negro school commissioners."

Mr. Sims declares that "the Populist party is a white man's party;" that the "negro is a Republican and will ever be," and declares his purpose of rectifying the mistakes he has made, so far as he can do so. We are persuaded that there are many Populists who feel as Mr. Sims does about this matter, and will refuse this year to again be traded off to put certain leaders in office and disgrace the fair name of the State.

The door is wide open for all men who believe in "the whiteman and the white metal" to drive out the corrupt and incompetent gang that profanes the civic temple.

Horseflesh as Food.

New York Tribune.

In Europe prejudice against horseflesh as food diminishes year by year, and in France and other continental countries great attention is given to the fattening of wornout horses for market. European societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals are interesting themselves in the subject, and are offering inducements to farmers to utilize their spare horses for food. The substance is said to be as nourishing and palatable as beef, and in some repects authorities of the cuisine give it the preference. Every year there is more or less of a panic in regard to the short supply of beef, and in the countries which have become accustomed to its use, horseflesh comes in as a substitute. In France the price of beef is from 25 to 40 cents a pound, while horse meat may be had from 5 to 8 cents. The potau-feu, disused in thousands of French homes because of the high price of beef, has, through the cheapness of the latter meat assumed its former importance in the domestic economy of that people. In this era of mechanical propulsion an increasing number of horses are thrown out of business, and their utilization as food, if it cannot be said to open a new career to them, brings their existing one to a useful close. According to current statistics it will not be many years before the world's supply of beef will fall short of its requirements, and if relief is not found in utilizing the horses as substitute it is difficult to conjecture where it is to be looked for, short of a general adoption of the pratice of vegetarianism, which has always been the diet of the subject, and never, so far, of the ruling or progressive races.

Is There a Clean Radical Officeholder in the State?

Raleigh News and Observer.

Frank Carter, one of Winston's colored aldermen, and janitor at the colored graded school, has been suspended by the graded school commission for immoral conduct. Carter has been a local preacher, but his church took his license away from him a few days ago.

When You Have a Bad Cold

You want the best medicine that can be obtained, and that is Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. You want a remedy that will not only give quick relief but effect a permanent cure. You want a remedy that will counteract any tendency toward pneumonia. You want a remedy that is pleasant and safe to take. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is the only medicine in use that meets all of these requirements. This remedy is famous for the cure of bad colds throughout the United States and in many foreign countries. It has many rivals, but, for the speedy and permanent cure of bad colds, stands without a peer and its splendid qualities are everywhere admired and praised. For sale by James A. Hardison.

Co-Operation of the Anti-Gold Forces.

New York Journal.

The joint address to voters of the United States, issued by the chairman of the national committees of the democratic, populist and silver republican parties, urging unity of action upon all opponents of the single gold standard, all enemies of the policy of yielding control of the money of the nation to the national banks, is a document of convincing force and of stimulating eloquence.

Its purpose is commendable, for it presses upon the foes of the domination of our currency by British influences and local money monopolists that shrewd co-operation which we may be sure the enemy will adopt.

The issue is clearly enough raised now. It is the gold standard with all it implies—retirement of greenbacks, increase of the bonded indebtedness, national bank control of the volume of the currency, government guarantee of currency, from which the banks alone reap profit, that we have to fight.

In defence of this gold standard and its corollaries stands the republican party. Secretary Gage has forced it to that position, despite the timidity of the president. In opposition, in attack, is the democratic party first and most powerful.

The chairman of the democratic national committee invites all who oppose the republican party and its financial policy to join in its overthrow. The chairman of the populist and silver republican parties urge their party associates to accept the invitation, uniting for the defeat of the common enemy, but preserving their party identity as completely as Great Britian and Prussia retained their respective independence after the battle of Waterloo.

The summons is wisely worded. Every democrat should respond to it. Every populist and silver republican should see his duty clear. The maxim in each congressional district should be, "One anti-republican candidate, and one only." So shall there be a clear majority against McKinley, Hanna and Reed in the next house.

The Lord's Supper.

Atlanta Constitution.

Perhaps the most startling religious sensation yet sprung in this age of original departures is the strange heresy which emanates from Union Theological seminary, New York. Dr. McGiffert, one of leading professors in this time honored institution, makes the declaration that the holy sacrament of the Lord's supper is without special religious signifigance.

As Christians the world over have been taught to regard this sacrament with peculiar reverence on account of its divine institution, the heretical decaration of Dr. McGiffert is bound to stir up religious excitement in both hemispheres. Speaking of the last meeting between Christ and His disciples in "the little upper room" at Jerusalem, on which occasion the sacrament was first observed, Dr. McGiffert says: "To read subtile and abstruse doctrines into this simple and touching act, unpremeditated, yet summing up in itself the whole story of His life and sacrifice, is a great injustice; for it takes from the scene all its beautiful naturalness, which is so characteristic of Him and so perfectly in keeping with His direct and unaffected thought and speech." In other words, Dr. McGiffert contends that the institution of the Lord's supper was social in its character and wholly devoid of sacramental features. He furthermore contends that the disciples in afterwards observing the Lord's supper as a memorial feast did so purely in attestation of their grief for the Savior's departure.

On account of the fundamental religious teachings which this heresy calls into question, Dr. McGiffert is destined to become the central figure in one of the most interesting religious trials of the present generation.

We are anxious to do a little good in this world and can think of no pleasanter or better way to do it than by recommending One Minute Cough Cure as a preventive of pneumonia, consumption and other serious lung troubles that follow neglected colds. James A. Hardison.

The Record says Mr. Jas. E. Burke, of Chatham county, owns a goose that was hatched in 1860 and is, therefore, 38 years old. During this period this goose has hatched 225 goslings and is still in the business.

Wasting in Children
can be overcome in almost all cases by the use of Scott's Emulsion of Cod-Liver Oil and the Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda. While it is a scientific fact that cod-liver oil is the most digestible oil in existence, in
SCOTT'S EMULSION
it is not only palatable, but it is already digested and made ready for immediate absorption by the system. It is also combined with the hypophosphites, which supply a food not only for the tissues of the body, but for the bones and nerves, and will build up the child when its ordinary food does not supply proper nourishment.

Be sure you get SCOTT'S Emulsion. See that the man and fish are on the wrapper.
All druggists; 50c. and $1.00.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, New York.

CHILD DIES ON THE TRAIN.

A Baby Left on Captain Roseboro's Train—It Was Drugged—Death Came in Three Hours.

Charlotte Observer.

Greenville, S. C., has had three sensations lately: The smallpox, the marriage of Mr. D. M. Hodges, and now a sudden and mysterious death of a baby.

The facts of the latter became known here yesterday after the South Carolina papers were received. As learned from Captain Ed. Roseboro, who came in last evening on No. 12 they were these:

Captain Roseboro was conductor in charge of No 35 Thursday morning. A few miles from Greenville a passenger in the day coach heard a peculiar sound under one of the seats. An investigation was made, and to the astonishment of all on board, a basket was found containing an infant three days old. Captain Roseboro was informed of the fact. He was like the man in "Wang" with "the elephant on his hands." He did not know what to think or what to do. The child belonged to no one on board. Several of the passengers recalled having seen an old man board the train at Greenville, S. C., and shove the basket under the seat. They thought nothing of the matter until the little cry from the basket had told them that there was a human life in the basket. Every one became interested in the child. A physician was on board and Captain Roseboro asked him to look after the child. He had not long to watch o'er it however, for the little thing died before the train reached Atlanta. It seemed to have been drugged. After death it got perfectly black in the face. The doctor did all he could to save it, but the mischief had been done before the child was put on the train. The little body was taken to Atlanta and given in charge of the police. Telegrams were at once sent to Greenville, decribing the person who left the bundle on the train. Every effort will be made to ferret out the mystery and to mke the guilty party suffer.

Silver Men Together.

The Raleigh News and Observer.

Hon. Charles A. Towne, who was the most eloquent Republican who walked out of the St. Louis convention when the gold standard platform was adopted, is as well posted as to the attitude of his colleagues as any man in the country. In a recent interview, Mr. Towne said:

"For the present, the nation must look to the silver elements for relief. Only through them can any permanent relief be had. To the everlasting credit of the Democratic party, be it said, since they threw off the yoke of Cleveland, Carlisle and others of that type of master, that party organization has become a champion of the people, and I believe will remain so.

"The indications to day are that we will carry the next Congressional elections and also add to our strength in the Senate. I do not think that a single plank of the Democratic platform of 1896 will be repudiated in 1900. If anything, I believe the Democrats will go even further, and I believe that they will nominate Bryan and so cooperate with the other great silver elements that in 1900 will see our cause victorious and prosperity assured throughout our country."

This is in marked contrast to the utterances of the little North Carolina office seekers, who, anxious to keep their jobs, are prating that the Democrats are insincere in order to get some excuse for voting with the goldbugs again. These fellows have fooled the people for the last time. When men like Towne says the Democratic party "has become the champion of the people, and I believe will remain so," the specious pleas, made by office-holders to keep their jobs, will not fool silver men any more.

Had Heard of Flake's Appointment.

Maxton Blade, Republican.

Congressman C. A. Martin, who is at present drawing pay as Congressman from this district, got off his base one day this week in Washington and later on he turned up missing. He was seen in the lobby wildly gesticulating, sawing the air and delivering a terrible phillipic against some imaginary foe. He had probably heard the news that Brother Flake had been appointed postmaster at Polkton, which is the Congressman's home.

A thrill of terror is experinced when a brassy cough of croup sounds through the house at night. But the terror soon changes to relief after One Minute Cough Cure has been administered. Safe and harmless for children. James A. Hardison.

Don't annoy others by your coughing, and risk your life by neglecting a cold. One Minute Cough Cure cures coughs, colds, croup, grippe and all throat and lung troubles. James A. Hardison.

Royal makes the food pure, wholesome and delicious.
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Absolutely Pure
ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

"Little Brown Creek Heard From Again.

Well, this is a queer world we are living in. The other day, while in town, a gentleman remarked to us that I ought not to criticise too closely the acts of my friends, else the enemy might think that things were not as they should be in camp. I write only from conviction, after deliberation, and never from a policy standpoint. I think more principles and less policy on the part of those who rule over us, would be better for the masses. I am for the greatest good possible to the greatest number. I am a democrat from principle, and no ring or clique will ever be able to drive me from the principle as enunciated by Jefferson. We do not all see alike, neither do we think alike, and I am persuaded that this is best for all concerned. Two much sameness would naturally lead to indifference. I shall only council my friends when I think by so doing that the public service rendered by them will be in the interest of the great mass of our people. In other words those that we have in authority must not consider themselves as above honest criticism, and they ought to be able to give good reasons for their acts. I may be behind, but for the life of me I cannot see why the expenses of this county should not be lessened, on the lines heretofore mapped out. For instace, call in your outside pauper list and tell each one on that list, that you want to do for them all that the county is able to do, but in order that this may be the better accomplished you think they had better go to the county home. When you have, as commissioners, reaced this conclusion, not one-third on that list will go there. Their people can, and will, care for them rather than they should go to the "home." There is no more disgace for an honest individual to go to the "home" than to get on the outside list. There are exceptions to all rules—I am willing to be taxed more that such characters as James Brower should have more of the comforts of this life. Such characters deserve our sympathies and should receive our charities ungrudgingly.

We are nearly all in outside poor houses now. When we are all paupers who is to do the feeding on.

"LITTLE BROWN CREEK?"

Strange Fatalities in a Negro Family.

Elkin Correspondence Charlotte Observer.

A strange fatality seems to have overtaken, the family of Willis Hickerson, a negro living at Jonesville, Yadkin county. About six months ago his daughter, Jennie, sickened and died. A month ago another daughter, Ella, died in the same manner. A week afterward, Willis, the father, passed away, and on yesterday a grown son, Nathan, expired. They were all attacked in the same way. They seemed to waste and die. The well at their place was cleaned out last week and down in the bottom was found a rabbit's foot and three little white balls of something or other tied up in a cotton rag. The negroes in this section are greatly alarmed and think there is a witch or conjurer in their midst. There is certainly something very strange about the matter.

Wants to Change a County from Carlisle to William Jennings Bryan.

FRANKFORT, Ky., Feb. 11.—One of the new bills introduced in the House to day, was by Mr. Mount, Populist, proposing to change the name of Carlisle county to "William Jennings Bryan" county.

No Room for Doubt.

Proof, yes overwhelming proof can be furnished of the excellent curative qualities of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. "I caught a cold which led to a cough and pain in the chest. (pneumonia?) I bought Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, and after taking one bottle of it, the cough began to disappear; when I finished taking the second bottle I was cured. Gustav Thurmaster, 49 Hickory St., Cleveland, O." Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup costs but 25 cents. Take only Bull's.

The Record says that one night last week Mr. James H. Burns, of Oakland townshiy, Chatham county, was aroused by hearing a noise in the dining room, and on going in there, he found an opossum quietly seated on the table eating the good things that had been left there from supper.

When bilous or costive, eat a Cascaret candy cathartic, cure guaranteed, 10c, 25c.

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