

Your friends may smile
But that tired feeling
Means danger. It
Indicates impoverished
And impure blood.
This condition may
Lead to serious illness.
It should be promptly
Overcome by taking
Hood's Sarsaparilla,
Which purifies and
Enriches the blood,
Strengthens the nerves,
Tones the stomach,
Creates an appetite,
And builds up.
Energizes and vitalizes
The whole system.
Be sure to get
Only Hood's.

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Attorneys-at-Law,
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Will practice in all the courts of the State.
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and investigation of Titles to Real Estate,
drawing Deeds and other instruments, Col-
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for Guardians, Administrators and Execu-
tors, and the Foreclosure of Mortgages.
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Prompt attention given to all business in-
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ATTORNEYS - AT - LAW,
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nation and investigation of titles to Real
Estate, the drafting of deeds, mortgages,
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of claims, and management of estates for
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are subject to
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right remedy for
croup, whooping cough,
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Frey's Vermifuge
has cured children for 50 years. Send
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Extract of Beef
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Prevents the hair from falling out.
Keeps it soft and healthy.
Gives it a natural color.
And makes it grow rapidly.
It is the best hair dressing
ever used.

ASLEEP NEATH THE SHADES OF HOLLYWOOD.

Beloved Daughter of Confeder- acy Laid to Rest.

Richmond, Va., September 28.—The funeral of Miss Winnie Davis took place an 8:30 o'clock. The organ played the "Jefferson Davis funeral march" as the procession entered the church. First came the veterans of Lee Camp; then the Sons of Veterans. These passed up the main aisle and were seated to the left. The Veterans of Pickett Camp came next, going over to the left aisle and taking seats at the front on the right. The ministers of the various churches of the city and previously entered the church and occupied seats to the right of the chancel.

Following the Pickett Camp veterans were the veterans representing camps in other States and behind them and immediately in front of the casket came the honorary pall-bearers; following them came the guard of honor which had charge of the casket during the day, and next came the casket, borne by the actual pall-bearers.

Mrs. Davis followed close behind the casket, leaning on the arm of Colonel Archer Anderson. She walked with bowed head and very feebly, leaning heavily on her cane. Mrs. Hayes and other relatives and near friends followed and immediately behind came about 3000 veterans. The flower and flag-covered casket was placed on the pedestals in front of the chancel and Mrs. Davis and her party took seats.

Soon the body of the church and galleries were filled. The galleries were the only portion of the church thrown open to the public. Rev. Dr. Carmichael announced the first hymn, "How Firm a Foundation," which was a favorite of General Robert E. Lee. After the hymn had been sung Rev. Dr. M. D. Hoge read the Psalms for the day, and "Nearer My God To Thee" was sung. Dr. Carmichael read the lesson, "Art Thou Weary?" was then sung and at its close the veterans moved out with the casket.

Mrs. Davis was prostrated and could not at once take her place, but her daughter, Mrs. Hayes, whispered words of comfort and besought her to be brave. It was several minutes before the grief-stricken mother could rise. The scene was deeply affecting and those who witnessed it were greatly moved. Many an old soldier, dressed in the grey that means so much to him, wept freely as he witnessed the grief of the aged lady.

The crowd about the church when the casket was taken out and placed in the hearse was of immense proportions. As far as the eye could reach up Franklin street that thoroughfare was crowded and Ninth street was jammed for a block above and below the church. Perfect order was maintained, however, the marshals and the police handling the crowd with little friction.

The procession was nearly a mile in length, though the carriages were driven two abreast. Along the drive in the cemetery leading to the grave, a distance of half a mile, and all about the grave itself were hundreds and thousands of people of all classes and conditions.

The sun was just sinking behind the hills when the head of the procession came in sight along the road that winds in and out among the trees by the river's bank. The military formed at the foot of the terrace overlooking the Davis circle, which in turn overlooks the river and commands a view of the city. The services at the grave were simple, but deeply impressive. After the casket had been placed on the supports the face section was removed for a moment and Mrs. Davis and her daughter, Mrs. Hayes, kissed the deceased. Mrs. Davis sat in an arm chair near the grave during the service and Mrs. Hayes knelt by her side. The Centenary Methodist church choir sang "Sleep Thy Last Sleep," the communal prayers were read by Dr. Carmichael and then the vast and sorrowing crowd dispersed.

Worn Out?

Do you come to the close of
the day thoroughly exhausted?
Does this continue day after
day, possibly week after week?
Perhaps you are even too ex-
hausted to sleep. Then some-
thing is wrong. All these
things indicate that you are
suffering from nervous ex-
haustion. Your nerves need
feeding and your blood en-
riching.

Scott's Emulsion

of Cod-liver Oil, with Hypo-
phosphites of Lime and Soda,
contains just the remedies to
meet these wants. The cod-
liver oil gives the needed
strength, enriches the blood,
feeds the nerves, and the hy-
po-phosphites give them tone
and vigor. Be sure you get
SCOTT'S Emulsion.

All druggists; 50c. and \$1.00.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, New York.

HONESTLY CONVINCED.

What a Franklin Populist Says of the Drift of His Party—Ap- peals to His Fellows.

To the Voters of Franklin County:
Six years ago I left the Democratic party and became a member of the newly organized Populist party. My purpose in doing this was pure and patriotic. I believed that it represented the best of principles and had the best platform which any political party had promulgated. I believed that in it was the hope of deliverance from the domination of Wall street and organized capital. I believed that the Democratic party, under Cleveland's administration, was unsafe, and that it was fostering the brood of trusts and combines that had grown up under Republican regime. I saw that slowly and surely the single gold standard was being fastened upon the country, and that Democracy, under Cleveland, was permitting this work of ruin and robbery to proceed. To my mind Populism was a protest against the iniquity and ring rule of both the dominant old parties.

I have no apologies to make for having been a Populist. When I joined the party it was, in my judgement, full time to call a halt in our national affairs, and to change in our ever increasing tendency towards the despotism of a heartless plutocracy.

I was born and bred as Democrat, and inherited a hostility for and a repugnance to Republicanism. For the teaching and tenets of that party I have neither sympathy nor toleration. Its trend toward centralization, and its record of corrup-
tion in State and Nation, have deepened my enmity toward it, till there is not one hold within it the only possibility of relief from the disgraceful conditions that now make the name of our State a reproach and by-word. To those who followed me out of the party in 1892, and voted for me, I have only a sense of deep gratitude, and for their sakes I now appeal to them to follow me back into the party that we left. It promises most for our country, it promises all for our manhood!

The Meanest Man.
Wilmington Messenger.
We have often read in the newspapers of the "Meanest Man." Editors have been so moved upon by some poor wretch who had outraged decency and humanity, that they have applied to him the oil of vitriol and put a brand upon him. There have appeared many of these characters from time to time, and with decided individuality of meanness and degradation. But the "meanest man" is clearly none of these. It remained for this end of the fertile nineteenth century, and in this part of the American Union, for that monster of the human race to appear, evil and low and grovelling and malignant and hateful. The "Meanest Man" of the south is the fellow who is more selfish than honorable, who loves leaves and fishes better than country; who would rather ride into office upon the crested wave of victory won by self-degradation than to command the respect of the best men who live about him; who regards lineage and name and kindred and the good-will of his fellow-beings so little, that he seeks the company of the degraded and the superstitious and ignorant and unscrupulous; who think so little of the white race—the greatest race of the Aryan of antiquity—and made more commanding and glorious in the ages by the mingled strains in the Anglo-Saxon, that he hesitates not to lose all that he may secure, a temporary gain, and descend to the grade and fellowship of the descendants of savages something bettered perhaps by the contact with the very race he despises. That is the "meanest man" in the nineteenth century.

It really looks as if "the woods were full of 'em." But whatever the number the words of Shakespeare are forever true:
"That, Sir, which serves and seeks for gain
And follows but for form,
Will pack, when it begins to rain,
And leave thee in the storm."

You invite disappointment when you experiment. DeWitt's Little Early Risers are pleasant, easy, thorough little pills. They cure constipation and sick headache just as you take them. J. A. Hardison.

I saw the Populist party taken by its leaders and delivered, like a flock of sheep in the open market, to the Republican organization; its voters relied on to elect to office the same crowd of venal and carpet-baggers that had looted the State in 1869, and an infamous and corrupt trade dignified by the name of "co-operation."

I saw the beginning of a reign of despotism that did not spare even the poor insane in the State asylum. I saw the Populist party that had begged for a lease of power in North Carolina, so they might demonstrate the excellence of economy, lavish the State's money in wild extravagance, and create new offices by the score in order to feed them at the public table.

I saw the sincerity of the Populist party tested time and time again, and whenever the fight came between principle and pie, the latter triumphed. I saw the Democratic party "purge itself" of Cleveland, and plank by plank, adopt as their own almost every demand of the Populist party in its first great charter, until the Populist leaders

boldly charged that the Democrats had stolen their platform, and then I saw the Populist party deliberately walk off that platform and coolly put on the Republican uniform.

The rank and file of the Populist party are not in the organization for the sake of office, and they can hardly realize that they have been so bitterly deceived and betrayed by their leaders. This fall another election will be held, making four in which the Populist party has participated since birth. Again we are called upon to violate and belie every solemn declaration of our platform, and to fuse with and vote for gold-bug Republicans and incompetent negroes. This will make three elections out of four in which we have been sold out, traded away and trafficked for like chattels, in which we have been asked to vote for men whose lives and political principles are a flat contradiction to every line of our platform.

I know not how it may be with the other voters in Franklin county, but as for me I have made up my mind that no man with an atom of self-respect, no man who is honest with himself and who votes from principle and patriotism, can follow those treacherous leaders any longer.

I have left the Populist party, exactly as I joined it, for the sake of principle. I solemnly say to all good, honest white men; to all the men who love their home and their country, and to whom their wives and sisters are dear; to all who desire to rebuke traitors and political adventurers, to abandon it as I did. For a Southern white man who has Democratic sympathies, the only party now. It holds within it the only possibility of relief from the disgraceful conditions that now make the name of our State a reproach and by-word. To those who followed me out of the party in 1892, and voted for me, I have only a sense of deep gratitude, and for their sakes I now appeal to them to follow me back into the party that we left. It promises most for our country, it promises all for our manhood!

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THE EXCELLENCE OF SYRUP OF FIGS is due not only to the originality and simplicity of the combination, but also to the care and skill with which it is manufactured by scientific processes. The genuine SYRUP OF FIGS is given to millions of families, making the name of the Company a guaranty of the excellence of its remedy. It is far in advance of all other laxatives, as it acts on the kidneys, liver and bowels without irritating or weakening them, and it does not grip or nauseate. In order to get its beneficial effects, please remember the name of the Company—
CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N. Y.

"Gamma" Talks About the Boy.

Correspondence of the M. & I.

The boy is the greatest institution on top of the earth. I have great love for boys—full of life, rude, mischievous, fight, yes, the boy that won't fight when imposed upon, or whether imposed upon or not, can't make a man. I know it's wrong to fight, but to see two boys clinch and pepper each other with their fists is irresistibly attractive. Flora McIvor said to Rose Brodwardine that she believed it was inherent in all male animals to fight. It don't look nice in a girl. Theirs is the realm of peace, revealing in smiles and flowers and affection. As for the matter of that a boy can show more genuine love in a minute than a girl can in an hour. I've seen him up to the eyes in mischief and mama call him down over all his wrong doing. He rises with a look of innocence and fearless of the storm-cloud on mama's brow he approaches, throws his arm round her neck and kisses her lingeringly. He notes well till the storm cloud vanishes and he's off, in ten minutes leaving up Jack again.

Intuitively he hates girls and dolls and pictures, and wants to ride, play ball and base and marbles and have sling shots. There is only one thing he loves with all his soul that a girl loves, and that's sugar. I never yet saw a boy have his fill of sugar. Brown sugar is preferred by his boyship—granulated don't taste well. He can't stay on the ground if there be any trees to climb, and he can spy a bird's nest in the tallest oak and go for it.

"Come here, Bobbie. Tell mama how come your hair so wet, my son." "Oh, I just wet it." "Tell mama the truth." "I've been in swimming. Mama I can swim." Regardless of consequences he always speaks the truth. He's sure to have a stone bruise on his heel and two or three toes tied up. He can do more errands in a short time than anybody else, and for a rickel will carry messages or deliver packages, always conscientious. One day wife and boy and myself were driving up to town. "Son, this is the first time you ever went to Wadesboro, isn't it?" "No, mama, I went with papa one day, and he gave me a dram." "Where did you get it, son; tell mama?" "In a barroom." "You little storyteller," says I. "You did, papa, and the man's name was John." "Yes," says mama, "I know of him." He was only seven, and it had been two years prior. They never forget a wrong deed. That little episode has never been mentioned in his presence since, yet I'll bet he can tell all about it 40 years from now. Don't you know I have wished many a time I had taken my boy that day, for the little chap had an inward consciousness he was telling tales out of school, but I preferred he should tell it straight, and he did. A bright, intelligent boy can see as far through a millstone as the man that picks it, and a boy now at 10 years old knows more than I did at 14. More of the world more of human nature. He just absorbs as he goes along like a sponge.

One boy can make more racket in a house or at the table than four girls. At the table he will keep up a racket, no matter who is there, till he gets the chicken gizzard. He loves his sisters, and will fight for them and take their part, but thinks it mean to cuff them a little himself. The manly boy, if properly raised, with his stone bruise, tied up toes, cut fingers, has inborn politeness that wins our hearts. He can doff his hat with more grace than a king. He can shake hands with you smilingly, trustingly, and a polite boy, it don't matter how mischievous he may be, wins your heart. He's a mean, low down boy that will call a man "old Smith" or "old Jones." Say Mister Smith and Mister Jones. Don't you recollect, boys, one day when Eliza was passing the road some rude boys ran out and said, "Go up, old bald head," and some bears came out and at them up! Watch out, boys, or the bears will get you.

How manly and fearless and springy a boy can walk. He walks like a king. He is a king. Look at him. Fearlessly, innocently he looks you in the face. He knows no malice. If he has shattered your windows, or killed your chicken, or crippled your pig with a rock it's all the same—it wasn't malice, but through pure love of mischief. Conscience hasn't begun to lash him.

Except for the seven-sleepers are sleepy to the boy who has run, jumped, climbed trees, been in swimming, robed birds nests, did half dozen errands, travelled forty miles during the day—never tired. He smiles and talks and answers questions and tells the news of the day, and as he talks puts his arms around mama's neck, climbs into papa's lap and asks when papa is going to get him a bicycle. Soon he is asleep on the floor; blessed sleep. Off till morning, when the clatter of his tongue begins. A home without a boy to stir it up, shake it inside out, borrow your knife, litter the floor, shoot marbles, stir up jack generally, is no home at all. If it wasn't for the boy you wouldn't hardly know any one lived there, the girls are so quiet, so gentle, so decorous. Blessed boy! The merciful father has given me only one, and I wouldn't be without him for the world. My heart clings to him and I pray every day for wisdom and ability to raise him right. Some day to take father's place, to be a better, stronger, abler man than father; to be what father ought to have been. What a responsibility to raise an immortal boy and launch him in the road of life; educate him, help him to choose a profession or occupation, reprove at the proper time and in a proper manner. Yes, the wise man said, "Spare the rod and spoil the child," but it properly trained very little of the rod is necessary. As the old cock crows the young one learns. He knows papa's sincerity; he knows papa's shortcomings. He is a sunbeam or firebrand, according to his training. God help us to make men of our boys!

There was a boy boarding at my house

once, and it became necessary to whip him. He was a manly boy, and I just had to hit him. Never mind his name; he is an honorable, high-toned, married gentleman now. I cried and he cried. God knows it hurt me a sight more than him. It fairly bore asunder my heart-strings, and I had rather to-day stick my hand in the fire than to whip my boy. It grieves papa that his boy would do a thing requiring a whipping, and then to inflict pain on one he loves so well shocks his nerves. I don't think anything on earth more noble than a boy in his teens taking his dead father's place, striving to support mother and sisters—brotherhood all gone and the stern, hard duties of manhood facing him. Aye, mother, train that boy of yours well, you may have to lean heavy on that slender arm yet. Sisters, be loving to little brother, make his home attractive by some sacrifice if necessary, he may be a father to you yet, or if not there is no care like a kind, loving, lightened gentlemanly brother, of whom you are proud to say, "He is my brother." GAMMA.


HOW MEN FEEL NEAR DEATH
General Greeley Tells of the Sensation With Men Dropping Dead Each Day.

"The new year of 1884 was only nineteen days old when death came for the first time," writes General A. W. Greeley in the October Ladies' Home Journal, telling for the first time the awful experiences of his Arctic exploring party at Cape Sabine. "For ninety days we had all lived and kept together. But death was inevitable. The coming was sure in some, if not to all; our only wonder was it had not come sooner. Only the day before was our comrade at work. We said little. One man so far forgot that he was a soldier as to make the faintest sign. But the nearness of the end touched us all. Speech became lower, actions gentler, determined faces grew softer, and conciliation was the spirit of the hour. Who would go next? was the question written on each face. Not a man ventured to say to his fellow, 'This is the end.' How that eternal question, always so unanswerable, seemed to be even more of a mystery to us! The Eastern sun had hardly set before the second fell before Death. A day after, and the third succumbed. Then the fourth. One by one they were dropping at our side. The fifth followed quickly to solve the problem of futurity. Then the sixth comrade passed. And now we felt that we were all awaiting the summons, one by one. We scarcely looked at each other. Doubt and wretchedness were allied against us. But the fortunes of war sometimes chance at the most critical moment. Strive and do, do and strive until death, were the mottoes of our hunters, and one day nearly five hundred pounds of bear and seal meat came, just as all food had almost failed. Oh, the joy which that meat brought to us. Who can tell but those hearts in that 'Something to eat—something to live for!'"

Babb on Fusion.
Raleigh News-Observer.
Rev. T. W. Babb who is the independent Populist candidate for the Senate from the First Senatorial district, said in a recent speech:
"When the man in the moon passes over North Carolina, he has to hold his nose, and if the Blue Ridge Mountains were converted into Ipecac, and poured into the mouth of hell, it could not possibly vomit forth such a lot of low-down damnable soundrels as are now in the capitol."

A Strong Nation
Consists of strong men and healthy women, and health and strength depend upon pure, rich blood which is given by Hood's Sarsaparilla. A nation which takes millions of bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla every year is laying the foundation for health, the wisdom of which will surely show itself in years to come.
Hood's Pills are prompt, efficient, always reliable, easy to take, easy to operate. 25c.

Gov. MacCorkle's Endorsement.



Hon. W. A. MacCorkle, Ex-Gov. of West Virginia, adds his name to the long list of Statesmen benefited by Pe-ru-na. He heartily recommends Pe-ru-na as a cathartic remedy and tonic.

The Minister Scored.
Anglo-American.
Down the postoffice steps the Rev. Dr. Fything carefully picked his way, and then his feet suddenly shot out, and he went down right in the midst a group of stock-brokers.
"Ah, good morning, Doctor!" laughed the stock-brokers, recognizing the minister. "You remind us of the wicked man whose foot slipped."
"Nay," retorted the good minister, "but rather do I seem like the man who went down to Jericho."
"How is that?" chorused the brokers.
"Because he fell among thieves," murmured the Doctor as he got up and moved decorously away.

More than twenty million free samples of DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve have been distributed by the manufacturers. What better proof of their confidence in its merits do you want? It cures Piles, burns scalds, sores, in the shortest space of time. J. A. Hardison.
One Minute Cough Cure surprises people by its quick cures and children may take it in large quantities without the least danger. It has won for itself the best reputation of any preparation used to-day for colds, croup, tickling in the throat or obstinate coughs. J. A. Hardison.

THOMPSON AND WALLACE.

Curses, Like Chickens, Come Home to Roost.

Charlotte Observer.
It was the irony of fate that when Dr. Cyrus Thompson, Secretary of State, returned from Concord, where he had held up the sobriety of the present administration in contrast with the drunkenness of Democratic administrations past—gibbering Hal Ayer as the only member of the present administration who drinks liquor—he should have found that during his absence his own chief clerk, A. D. K. Wallace, had been discovered helplessly drunk behind the water cooler in his office. This was retribution as to Dr. Thompson. As to Mr. Wallace, no case could be more pathetic than his. For many years he has not been a drinker. Lately a cloud has come over his wife's mind, and after committing her to the insane asylum at Raleigh and going home to his little children he felt the burden greater than he could bear and he succumbed, resorted to drink. These things he has said in a published card, which is calculated to touch a heart of stone.

It is painful to allude to the incident, Mr. Wallace is entitled to the tenderest sympathy, and we would not trust for the man who, for political or other reasons, would seek to make capital of his fall. He may be forgiven, but upon Dr. Thompson the occurrence reacts twice. He gloated over the infirmities of other men, and almost before the words were out of his mouth they came back to him. Boasting like a Pharisee, of his own righteousness and of that of his conferees, he turns to find in his own office the sin for which he had so freely condemned others. But that is not all, nor the worst so far as he is concerned. He summarily discharges his unfortunate clerk and parades to the world the reason why. It was Wallace's first offense. Instead of throwing the mantle of charity and the arm of sympathy about him; instead of setting him on his feet and giving him another chance, he throws him off, for one offence of which many a better man has been guilty, and tramples his infirmity to the world; meanwhile seeking to make a virtue of his own meanness and hard-heartedness.

It is no pleasure to discuss such a case as this; men's personal habits are largely their own concern, and even in the case of public men they become subjects of legitimate comment only when they interfere with the discharge of public duties. But Dr. Thompson has forced the issue, and while it is impossible to resist the temptation to remind him that curses, like chickens, come home to roost it is fair to say that in his treatment of this unfortunate man, he has shown himself deficient in that Christian charity which would much adorn a man of his high position.

THE BACKBONE OF OUR NATION.

The Brain Power of the Country Comes From the Farms.

"It is from the farm and the districts that the great brain power of the country has come, is coming today, and must come in the future," writes Edward Bok in the October Ladies' Home Journal. "Instead of deprecating country life, and saying that 'to live in the country means to live out of the world,' intelligent people know that the free untrammelled life of the country unquestionably gives broader views. The human mind always grows to suit its outward surroundings. Originality and a development for great things has naught to check its growth where one can look with earnest eyes from Nature up to Nature's God. To speak of the ignorance of the rural regions is to stamp one's self as an ignoramus; not the country people. There is a soundness of sense and an intelligence in the back-country of this nation of ours that people who live in cities and think themselves wiser never suspect. We can talk all we like of 'social revolutions' and kindred epistles that are supposed to threaten our institutions; the danger-signal will not come from the back country. Such thoughts are born and fed amid the foul stompers of the cities. In the clear country air of the farm nothing threatens this country, and when anything in the shape of a socialist, anarchistic revolution does menace this land the true voice which will stamp it out will come from the country. The backbone of this land rests in the country and on the farm."

One Populist Cured.
Wilmington Messenger.
We learn that a Duplin populist came to the city a few days ago while here got a little too much "tea" aboard. While taking in the town a negro policeman arrested him and he was disposed to resist arrest by the black officer. The policeman threatened him with his club. Now there is one populist less in Duplin county. This one says he will vote with the white folks this time.

"A man sits down by the fireside and calmly discusses the issues of the day with his own people," says the Aberdeen Telegram, "and comes to the conclusion that the trend of his party is toward another party that is opposed to all that he believes to be the best interest of himself and the people, and then deliberately fuses with that party for the sake of office, is a dangerous man to elect." This is a parable.



Royal makes the food pure, wholesome and delicious.

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Absolutely Pure

OVER PRODUCTION CAUSES LOW PRICE.

The New York Tribune's History of Cotton for the Past Four Years—Reduction Is Only Remedy—The Markets of the World to Not Warrant Such a Large Consumption in Manufacture of Cotton Goods.
New York, Sept. 23.—The Tribune today publishes a review of the history of cotton for the past four years, and says:
"A price for cotton nearly a cent lower than ever before during September appears to threaten a lower range than has yet been reached, at least until prospects for the next year are so defined that a sharp reduction in yield can be expected. It was recently shown that there was actual consumption of over 10,000,000 bales of American cotton for the first time during the last year it has only been by so exceeding the demand for goods that important works in this country have already stopped in considerable number."
"The market for goods, all countries considered, has not yet warranted such a consumption in the manufacture, although it has expanded with really remarkable speed. The consuming population of the world increases slowly, if at all, and yet it is not twenty years since as much as 6,000,000 bales of all kinds of cotton had not been consumed in manufacture in any year. An increase from 5,800,000 to 10,800,000 bales in twenty years, over 86 per cent, vastly outruns any possible increase in the consuming population, and since ten years ago, when 8,135,000 bales of all kinds of cotton were consumed, then the greatest quantity ever known, the consumption has advanced 2,749,000 bales, or 34 per cent. Even this country, the most rapidly growing in population of all large nations, has not known as great an increase in population, nor is there evidence that the condition of the consuming population of the world as a whole has so improved as to encourage materially large purchases of clothing."

"Yet it is true that the actual distribution of goods by sales to consumers has increased, if not as rapidly as the consuming population. The surplus of goods carried by manufacturers and dealers has evidently increased, but the consumption has increased also and no one can say with safety predict that it may not increase yet more. No doubt the cheapness of goods, helped both by the reduction in cost of manufacture and by the low price of cotton, in part due to cheap transportation, has made a difference in the quantity consumed, and with another year of cheap material and constant improvement in machinery and methods of work, further increase in consumption is not improbable. The main difficulty at this time is that the accumulated stocks of goods on hand and also the stock of cotton yet unmanufactured are unusually large, with a crop which threatens to exceed the world's consuming capacity, not merely of American, but of all cotton."

Negatively Benefited.
Washington Star.
"I am always grateful to my parents for the musical education they gave me," said Willie Washington.
"But you never sing."
"No, thanks to my thoughtful parents, I know enough about music not to try."

One Populist Cured.
Wilmington Messenger.
We learn that a Duplin populist came to the city a few days ago while here got a little too much "tea" aboard. While taking in the town a negro policeman arrested him and he was disposed to resist arrest by the black officer. The policeman threatened him with his club. Now there is one populist less in Duplin county. This one says he will vote with the white folks this time.

Hood's Pills

Are giving favor rapidly. Business men and travelers carry them in their pockets, and they are in evidence everywhere. Friends recommend them to friends. 25c.