

WEEKLY CITIZEN.

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THE Zeitung says that Prince Bismarck is afflicted with drowsiness and is losing his memory. Ah! that some fortunate man could find it.

COL. POLK'S organs act mightily sore if incorrect statements concerning him are not corrected at once. But when his Progressive Farmer ever retracted its allegations concerning Congressman Oates, founded on a bogus interview?

THE finding of the coroner's jury in the Statesville tragedy is rather a curious one. After putting the blame for the accident on a mislaid rail, the jury go on to censure the company for what, from the jury's point of view, had nothing whatever to do with the loss of the 22 lives—provided a rail was taken out as they say. It was, however, proper perhaps that there should have been some attention paid to the rotten ties.

If Gen. Dryenlurth (singular name in this connection) can bring rail in southern New Mexico in May or June he will convince thousands of the tremendous value of his explosives. The rainy season sets in about July 1st in New Mexico, and we doubt if there is any record of rain falling during the two preceding months on the Atlantic slope of the Rockies in the southern part of that territory.

THERE will be of course an entire suspension of judgment as to the blame for the tragedy near Statesville on the Western North Carolina railway until all doubt as to the cause is removed. The first assertion—that a rail had been removed—seems incredible, but such fiendishness has been perpetrated before, and in all probability, will be again. That the accident was caused by rotten ties is improbable, but the assertion will be investigated by competent authority and decided without prejudice.

THE State University management is sending to the newspapers from time to time bits of news calculated to keep the affairs of the University before the people. This is praiseworthy. But in a circular, part of which we print today, occurs this sentence: "The department is decidedly au fait." While that may be the fact, we venture to suggest that to convey information about the University for popular comprehension, the English language still remains the one medium for which the people have any use in their daily walk and conversation. Foreign words and phrases are out of place unless they convey shades of meaning that cannot be conveyed in any other way.

Thirty yards from the bridge one rail was taken up and spiked down so that one end fitted towards the direction from which the train was coming, and the other end was placed out about three inches from the end of the rail to which it was fastened before.—Concord Standard.

Where does the Standard get this remarkable piece of intelligence? It has been printed nowhere else.

DETROIT, Aug. 29.—George Hogan, an Ann Arbor, Mich., renegade, while making an accession here Saturday lost his grip on the bar when 1,000 feet up. He fell head downward striking on a sidewalk. The force was so great that two-inch planks were broken. Blood spurted 100 feet from the corpse. Every bone in his body was broken and his head smashed to a jelly.

Accidents like the above are of almost weekly occurrence, and yet we read that at the Southern exposition at Raleigh it is proposed to lead out an eronaut or two and butcher him to make a North Carolina holiday.

A North Carolinian This Time. Mr. Howard Burton Shaw, A. B., B. C. E., has been appointed Assistant in Civil Engineering and Mathematics in the State University. Mr. Shaw is a graduate of the University with the highest honors, a native of Edgecombe county, and a man of remarkably fine talent and character. He has taken a post-graduate course at the University, and is well equipped for work. The department is under the direction of Prof. Wm. Cain, an author, a scholar, and an engineer of national reputation. Both its teachers are North Carolinians.

Free Tuition at the University. THE CITIZEN is authorized by President Wighton to state that the benefits of an education at the University are to be placed, as far as possible, within reach of every deserving young man in the state. The following help is offered: Free tuition to the sons of ministers of all denominations. Free tuition to any young man preparing to be a minister. Free tuition to bona fide teachers of public schools. Long time indulgence on tuition to all really poor boys, to be repaid when able. Scholarships to the needy, upright and talented. Loans of money to the very needy and very talented and upright.

North Pole Theories. Lieutenant Peary with his wife and a party of other north pole enthusiasts left New York a few weeks ago to find the extreme north end of the Island of Greenland. Before leaving Lieutenant Peary outlined his plans, showing that it was impossible he should fail, and

that his was the best plan that had ever been presented. To find fault with his deductions would have required the experience of at least one trip towards the same points Lieutenant Peary was headed for, and we believe there was no criticism from any quarter of his theories.

But how unsafe are most north pole expeditions! Peary has been heard from in Melville Bay he broke his leg. On July 20 it looked as though the expedition must be abandoned, so hardly pressed was the Kite, Lieutenant Peary's vessel, in the ice. But July 23, an opening was found and the Kite escaped. Off Cape Peary the vessel was nearly lost in a terrific gale. A few days later she went ashore, but was floated again. A letter in the New York Herald from St. Johns, N. F., the Kite having returned, leaving Peary behind, tells of other incidents of the trip:

"All explorations south of Godhaven on return journey were prevented by heavy weather and scarcity of coal. So much coal was used up in fighting the ice that Peary will possibly be left with only seven tons for winter. This will be barely sufficient for cooking and heating."

"Professor Heilprin found the altitude of the ice cap near the camp twenty-four hundred feet, and the party must take sledges and supplies up the glacier to its height before beginning the trip. If the party is detained on the ice cap a few weeks there will be danger of starving, as no food can be secured after that."

What will be the end of Peary's trip? Probably the death of more than one of his party. The Herald says:

"If a relief expedition is not sent next year the outfit will be in a bad way."

In other words, more valuable lives must be risked to rescue Peary and his wife, all of his calculations having so far proven incorrect. He may yet return, it is true, covered with glory, but the chances appear plainly against that. Whether he deserves to or not may, in part, be judged by this from the Herald's letter:

"Dr. Keely, the ship's surgeon, tried to buy an Eskimo child at Cape York, but though the natives were destitute and sadly in need of wood and weapons, they could not be prevailed on to sell one of their children."

Americanisms.

The London Times in a highly appreciative and, in the main, sympathetic notice of James Russell Lowell, says:

"Mr. Lowell seemed to know everything and to have his knowledge always ready to hand; he was quick in repartee; he mixed anecdote with reflection in the happiest manner; he laughed at others' jests, and they laughed at his. Still, one had to be a little careful with him, for there were points on which he was extremely sensitive. Nobody, for example, must talk in his presence of "Americanisms," or hint that the standard of language and literature observed in America showed any deflection from the best standard of the race."

It may be in point to suggest that the reason why Mr. Lowell did not allow the charge the Times mentions to go unchallenged was because it was not altogether true. Language is a matter of constant growth, and Lowell was probably better equipped, by his own daily speech as a matter of example and by his complete knowledge of the speech of a large number of his cultivated countrymen, to combat the idea that the guardians of the English tongue were to be found wholly in England. Indeed, the Times itself says:

"With him there passes away one of the very few Americans who were the equals of any son of the old world—or any Frenchman or any Englishman—in that indefinable mixture of qualities which we sum up, for want of a better word, under the name of culture."

As to "Americanisms," the English critics of today are always getting themselves into hot water by citing what they frequently term American vulgarities of speech and writing. A large proportion of what the English reviews call "Americanisms" have been found, with like meanings, in the writings of some of the best English authors, forgotten, it is true, by the smart writers of the Saturday Review and the Spectator, but there nevertheless to plague our critics when recalled by students like Lowell and Richard Grant White.

A Question of Responsibility.

"The leaders of the old parties will be responsible for the third party if there is one."

No other sentence is so often in the mouths of the leaders of the Alliance. It has been reiterated from Texas to Minnesota. Nevertheless the statement is untrue, both on its face and as a matter of fact. The two old parties can be held responsible each for itself only. Neither will make a third party from choice. Neither will fail to hold its full voting strength if possible to do so. To charge that the democratic party is in any sense responsible for a third party—that is to say, is the cause for its existence, when it has any—is to say that the democratic party refuses to follow Col. Polk and his kind or be advised by him; that it is simply true to its traditions, modified only by experience and such demands of the times as modified conditions in the political, commercial and financial world suggest. The democratic party is a party of growth, but not one to be changed radically over night by men practically unknown in the party's council, tried in any political faith, the General Master Workmen Terrence V. Powderlys of today, the plain Messrs. Powderlys of tomorrow. There is not today, outside of the leaders, an Alliance man contemplating a third party who would not think the less of the democratic party of his father and his father's father had it accepted without question the demands

of the advocates of the sub-treasury bill. Down in his heart he distrusts the bill himself and admires the old party for calling a halt till this new candidate for consideration at the hands of the platform makers can show at least democratic credentials and some trace of democratic pedigree or education.

If there is a third party the democratic party will not be responsible for it, will not be the cause of it, will have given no excuse whatever for its existence. The men who make the third party will be responsible for it—they and they alone. That responsibility they cannot evade if they would. They may leave the democratic party. But they will never be driven from it; will never be refused the full expression of their opinion inside the party, with frequent opportunity to test the possible growth of sentiment in their direction. Can they fairly ask more?

Progress of a Dictator.

It appears from an apparently carefully written and well informed article in Harper's Weekly on the causes of the Chilean government that there should be general satisfaction in the United States over the success of the Congressional party.

Balmaceda, it appears, was a satisfactory and conservative president until towards the close of his administration when he began an open attempt to virtually continue in power by securing the election of a puppet whom he could control. "When," says Harper's Weekly, Balmaceda began electioneering openly for the intimate personal friend whom he wished to succeed him, in order that he might still control the government his conduct was so contrary to his cabinet's sense of propriety or dignity that the entire body resigned. This startled the country, but, after consulting with the leading men of the republic on October 23, a new cabinet was selected which was in harmony with public sentiment."

This cabinet Balmaceda dismissed and had chosen another one for his own purposes which, by this time, were believed to be those of a dictator.

"When Congress met in June it passed, by a large majority, a vote of censure on the ministers. But in defiance of the uniform rule, since the government had been established they refused to resign. The ordinary sitting of congress ends in ninety days. Important matters of municipal reform, such as giving the towns the right to elect their own officers, instead of receiving them from the president, had been promised by both houses. The president would not call congress in extra session to pass these bills, so such a law would take much of his power away from him. Maritime Balmaceda had issued orders regulating political meetings, which were virtually their suppression. January 1, 1891, saw the crowning act of dictatorship. Instead of calling congress in extra session, as was his duty, for the appropriations expired December 31, Balmaceda issued a proclamation declaring that he was unable to carry on the government according to the constitution, and therefore by virtue of his own will he would dispose of the public funds and run the army and navy without regard to the constitution, congress, or the laws of the land."

Congress, through its "conservative committee"—fourteen members who, in Chile, have the power of congress when it is adjourned—declared the office of president vacant and appealed to the people for aid. The navy went with the Congressional party and the whole world knows the result. The new government has but to be conservative to win universal support and command the respect and favor of all nations.

Dictators are, at all events, but of fashion.

The Gold Tide Will Come Rolling Back.

Chauncey M. Depew has traveled nearly all over Europe and is confident there is a huge deficiency in the old world's crops. Our own crop—meaning wheat and corn—he thinks is the largest for ten years. He also thinks:

"If this magnificent abundance is not interfered with by local speculators, locked up in 'corners,' America will this year get back all the gold that has come to Europe in consequence of the excess of exports. It will go back to America to pay for grain."

"But it all depends on whether the speculators let the crops alone. The last great 'corner' cost the United States \$300,000,000. We can recover it all if this year's prosperity is allowed to develop in a normal, natural way. Let speculation stand back and wealth will pour in upon us. The farmers will have plenty of money to improve their lands, build new barns and buy more supplies. This will give the manufacturers more to do, and the wage workers will share the general plenty. Railroads will reap a golden harvest, employing more men, and more side tracks will be built, increasing the work of the mines and iron mills. Wealth will spread itself through the whole people. Every man, woman and child in America should be richer this year, but if any 'corner' is attempted this prosperity will shrink up."

"When the great 'corner' existed the last time British capitalists were frightened. The price of labor and the price of food go hand in hand. The manufacturers said, 'If we allow ourselves to remain in the grasp of remorseless speculators, banded against us, they may make us pay \$2 a bushel for wheat, or even \$3.' Up to that time the deficiencies in British breadstuffs were always supplied by America. England, alarmed, turned her eyes in other directions. She found supplies in the Russian wheat crop; stimulated Egypt to build railways and cultivate breadstuffs; helped India develop her grain fields and provide transportation—in other words, the wheat corners forced England to organize competition and raised up powerful commercial adversaries."

This is fair warning to the Alliance farmer not to be too certain he is doing the best thing in holding back his wheat and corn to boom prices. Prices are al-

ready up and any attempt to force them much higher will have some effect akin to that which England created when alarmed once before by over high prices, as Mr. Depew points out.

The probabilities are, however, that there is much more to fear from the greedy speculator than from the farmer with little ready money and, in too many cases, already in debt.

Europe's Demands.

As to our wheat and corn crop there continues to be much speculation, all of it of interest. It seems to be generally conceded that we have one of the largest crops and that it will bring a high price. It should be remembered, however, that the effects of this situation on business in general will hardly be felt for some months yet. The New York World says:

"Taking things at the best, the wheat crop of Great Britain will hardly reach an average of 72,000,000 bushels. It is easy to find wheat operators who say that it will not yield more than 60,000,000 bushels this year, but this is probably under the estimate. Even when England produces 72,000,000 bushels, she must import 140,000,000 bushels more to feed her own population. Her principal sources of supply are America, Russia and India. Russia generally exports 100,000,000 bushels of wheat. This year she will not export more than 60,000,000."

Sidney Klein of the firm of William Klein & Sons, one of the wealthiest wheat firms in England, says:

"American farmers ought to realize that they have the whole world under their thumb. They are letting wheat out freely. Russia is 152,000,000 bushels short of rye for home consumption. Most of her rye used to go to Germany, where the whole army was fed on rye. Belgium, Holland and Germany are also very short of rye. This deficit must be made up by wheat from somewhere. Italy won't need more than 12,000,000 bushels for import this year, possibly less. France has fallen very short and will require about 90,000,000 bushels. England will need the usual import of 140,000,000 bushels."

W. E. Connor, one of Jay Gould's brokers, says:

"We have every indication of two years of great prosperity before us, based upon the immense crops of this year, which are estimated at an increase in value over last year from seven hundred to one thousand million dollars. This will enable the farmers to pay their mortgages, give them plenty of money and stop their demands for free silver. The prosperity which must result from our crops will be continued another year by the World's Fair at Chicago, as that will bring a large number of visitors to this country who will pay out at least \$500,000,000."

Henry Clews very properly sounds a note of warning:

"Our big crop of wheat will do us no particular good if we build up a Chinese wall around the country, which is what a prohibitory price means. If the surplus product can be shipped out of the country at remunerative prices, which the foreigners are willing to pay, but will not submit to extortion, it will make American producers affluent. But if, too high a price for our wheat is exacted then it will stay within our borders and have a reverse effect by making the farmers rich in wheat but poor in money."

"If we do not advance the price too high foreigners will take at least 150,000,000 bushels of our wheat. We can spare them that quantity and it will be our gain to let them have it. This will be the largest export on record in the annals of history in connection with any wheat-producing country."

Europe's demands for our wheat and corn are far more profitable reading than the "demands" of Alliance leaders, and the farmer will give the former the more attention.

It All Depended, Didn't It?

From the Chicago Daily Inter-Ocean "Now, I want to know how long it will be before I get an answer to this letter?" demanded a young lady, with a tell-tale blush, at the postoffice yesterday, as she handed one of Col. Sexton's young men a communication addressed to her lover.

"That depends," said the official, reflectively. "If he's in jail they only let 'em write once a week, and in some places only once a month, on Sunday. If he's dead broke he'll have to wait until he earns the price of a stamp, and I have no data on which to base an opinion of his earning capacities. If he's ill in bed he may feel delicate about dictating his real sentiments to a cold, disinterested third person, and if it's small pos they won't let him write at all. Then, again, if he's got a new girl—"

She didn't wait for the clerk to complete his catalogue of contingencies.

Patrolling a Great Railway.

From the New York Sun. After nightfall, along the 3,000 miles of the Canadian Pacific Railroad, no matter how bare the prairie nor how wild or desolate the mountain or lake shore, any one standing on the rear platform can see every few miles a lantern in the hands of a track walker, who, after the train passes, resumes his duty along the track. It is a rule on this road that after the passage of each train the roadway shall be carefully inspected, and particularly the bridges, for fear that some spark from the locomotive may have set fire to them.

Trying to Boom the Third Party.

From a Raleigh Letter. L. L. Polk, the Alliance president and J. C. Scarborough, labor commissioner, who have been reported as at Variance, had a long talk at the State Alliance headquarters at Raleigh. Scarborough declared in the most positive terms that he was first of all a democrat and an Alliance man afterwards, and that he would never go in the third party. Come what may, he asserted that he would have nothing whatever to do with it. It appears from the tenor of these assertions that the most strenuous efforts are being made to "boom" the third party.

Itch on human and horses and all animals cured in thirty minutes by Woolford's Sanitary Lotion. This never fails. Sold by Ransom & Sons, druggist, Asheville, N. C.

THE TATTLER.

Some Things He Sees and Hears Worth Talking About.

Reports seem to indicate that the article in this column on last Saturday regarding the Lyceum society has stirred up several of the good brethren of the organization. That is too bad. I certainly never intended to bring down such great swarms of reproof as have been poured upon me this week. And to make things more uncomfortable the Lyceum people have a chance of whacking me fore and aft throughout the week while I can mutter only on Saturdays. Of course, though, I am thankful for even that. And besides all this, I have been taken to task by "One of the founders of the Lyceum," who surely knows just exactly when and where and how and why the Lyceum was founded. That, I admit, I do not know. In my article last week I spoke only of what had come under my observation for a time past. "A Founder" begins his article by saying that "we are sorry that now and then a freak of intellect in these meetings annoys Mr. Tattler." Coming from a founder, that must be an honest confession. Freaks of intellect! Well! Freaks are usually to be found in side-shows. Then "A Founder" quotes what a lady told him on the night of the discussion in question, in reply to a query as to what she thought of the Lyceum—"It is a queer thing." That is what I thought and said last week.

And I am here this week to repeat and insist that what I said then goes as my opinion yet. I spoke for myself alone, but I am resting comfortably in the instinctive idea that the course I took was the right one, and in the belief that the bulk of the conscientious christian people look at the matter just as I have. I am charged with being oversensitive. Maybe. But does that disqualify me for venturing a criticism of anything I think is wrong? And I never even intimated that Rev. Mr. Adams needed the least bit of pity. He certainly had the best of the argument on the Tuesday night under consideration.

The biggest spurt in journalistic history in Asheville, I think, took place on Thursday and Friday. THE CITIZEN, of course, came out both days in extra editions, with full reports from the wreck, up to the time of going to press. This good old town was surprised at the idea of such a thing, but I notice that the extras went like hot cakes. The people will recognize enterprise and thrift in a very short while.

I see that new government building every day, and every time I see it I become more fully convinced that Uncle Sam's government might have, if it had taken the trouble, gone over the plans of the new city hall now building, and thus secured some ideas about public buildings that would have been of use in constructing that big, awkward \$70,000 pile down on Patton avenue. And that new city hall will be one of the prettiest, if not the prettiest building in North Carolina. It will be a thing of beauty and a joy forever, and the only regret about the whole thing is that the county court house looms up in all its ungainly proportions, hiding the pretty work on the city building. But the city hall will be handsomer by the contrast.

Didn't one of the Lyceum speakers make a slight mistake the other night when he referred to the "Macbeth" of John McCullough, and the "Lady Macbeth" of Mary Anderson?

All praise to the Asheville boys who worked so bravely night and day down at the Statesville wreck, in looking after their comrades who were either killed or injured! The Asheville people will not forget the work of Nix, Guischard, Faßg and Godlake. Peace to the ashes of the dead fire laddies!

SIMPSON'S DOCTRINE.

It Will Be Repudiated by North Carolina Farmers.

From the Charlotte News. They had a right lively alliance meeting at Huntersville Friday. Mr. R. B. Hunter lecturer for the 6th district, and Mr. Green Steele, county lecturer, were present and made speeches. Mr. Hunter hopped on the third party scheme with both feet, and Mr. Steele talked just about as good quality democracy as could have been desired. The sentiment was entirely against a third party. Mr. Hunter's argument that the Alliance and the democracy are linked together and that through the democratic party alone is the relief wanted by the people favorably. One man who thought that Dick was making too much of a democratic speech, essayed to interrupt him with a question or two. He wanted the speaker to tell how Jerry Simpson happened to be in North Carolina. Dick replied that it was through Col. Polk, and he (the speaker) had joined Col. Polk in the request to have Simpson sent here, for our people wanted to hear one of those western speakers. "It does not follow, though," said Mr. Hunter, "that because I joined in the invitation which brought Simpson here, that I must swallow his doctrine."

A Republican Steal.

From the New York Sun. Porter's census bids fair to cost twice as much as Gen. Walker's. Eight million dollars for a huge aggregation of pretended statistics which nobody accepts as true, a dishonestly contrived scheme of misrepresentation, a scandalous and worthless achievement of partisan unscrupulousness and personal malice!

And the Committee?

From the Tuckasee Democrat. Last Friday's ASHEVILLE CITIZEN presented quite a gory appearance. It is making a gallant fight against the doubling of the street car fare.

This Agitates Shelby.

From the Shelby Aurora. Why do the majority of the human race chew more on the left side of the mouth? If you feel all broke up and out of sorts agitate your liver with Simmons Liver Regulator.

A WOMAN'S RHYMES AND REASONS

There is one kind of folly in which men far surpass the more cautious sex. It is in the over indulgence of an inordinate capacity for work. There are hundreds of men in the United States today cutting from both ends of the loaf with ruthless prodigality; hundreds sleep in the graves they have made for themselves with pen brush or whatever they used to earn a living. Earn a living? Pitiably paradox! How often it is, instead, earn a burial. Men think they practice this particular folly for a score of praiseworthy purposes: "To lay by for a rainy day." What matters it if the rain falls, as a torrent, upon troubled graves? "To give added comforts to wife and children." What is comfort to loving ones who see clearly, but are unable to arrest, the rapid progress of husband and father toward invalidism or the cemetery? But why repeat these empty excuses? They are, after all, but the smooth sophisms of an uneasy conscience. Men overwork with this perverse shortsightedness for purely selfish motives. Why do women so seldom follow their examples? Are they too far seeing, too conscientious, or, perhaps, too indolent?

If a woman can't be satisfied with her own face, why doesn't she go and have it made over, as she would an old gown, by an expert and connoisseur, instead of touching it up with water-colors, charcoal and execrable taste, before her mirror placed, perhaps, in a bad light?

MADAME MAY KOEHLER.

FADED FACES RESTORED—ALTERATIONS IF DESIRED—EYEBROWS AND DIMPLES TO ORDER.

Would I had an authentic card of this description, to present to some of the animated chromos I sometimes meet! They flourish in the morning sunshine, under the gas light, and are not even afraid of electricity. I met a young woman recently on the Patton avenue car, whose face was a hopeless mass of freckles that peeped saucily through a coating of powder, screened by a black veil of dotted net; her hair, of Titian red that might have been lovely if left to its own shadows and lights, had been burnt and dried with hot irons to the color of boiled carrots; arched lines of burnt corking, with an unchanged reddish fringing were supposed to be her eyebrows, and a burnt match had been used to outline the eyelids beneath the light lashes. And the car didn't run off the track, and not one passenger fainted!

His tired horse, poor spavined steed, He beat with woe a cruel blow. A triend in word if not in deed, To the poor beast who wouldn't go: "O heartless man why do you so?" I said, "Your horse is faint and sore. Come, let him rest." Another blow, And still he cried: "A few feet more! Get up, get up!"

And, mounting on the creature's back, He plied the spurs to make him run, And drove him to the well-known track, Where once the golden prize was won. "Ghost of a racer, Vandal, Hun," I cried, "Stop, hold!" "You rave," he said, "I am a port, foolish one, And Pegasus must earn my bread— Get up, get up!"

If there is a particularly charming woman among your acquaintances who is not gilded with beauty or unusual intellectuality, it is safe to conclude that she possesses the charm of repose. How seldom, in these busy days, are we delighted with the unexplainable witchery of a reposeful manner. Every one is in a hurry, even Lady Leisure has a thousand plans for cultivating her mind or her body, a dozen clubs and committees to attend. Her thoughts are busy with one or another of these while she strives, with ill-concealed uneasiness to give her attention to the conversation of her guests. But occasionally one meets a woman, who, no matter how many and how varied her cares, takes but one thing at a time and takes it with a sweet whole-souledness of manner that is delightfully restful. These women, it is pleasant to note, thrive under our southern sun; and their easy-going gentleness more than compensates for occasional cobwebs in the corners and vagueness as to the dinner, bill-of-fare. Becky Sharp.

How to Deal With Monopolies.

From the Springfield (Mass.) Republican. They have a vigorous way of regulating gas monopoly in Cleveland. A committee of the city council made a thorough investigation and found that where \$1 a thousand feet was being charged, sixty cents would pay an ample return on all the money invested. Thereupon the council by a nearly unanimous vote, ordered the price reduced to sixty cents.

Always Pay heed to Your Wife.

From the Concord Standard. A simple request from his wife is all that kept Mr. M. J. Freeman, of this place, from being on the wrecked train. He intended to go to Asheville Wednesday night, but at the request of Mrs. Freeman he waited until Thursday morning.

A Liberal Proposition.

Who has not heard of that paragon of family papers, the enterprising and popular Weekly Detroit Free Press? For a generation its name has been a household word and has become a synonym for all that is excellent, pure and elevating in journalism. It is delightfully entertaining, without resort to cheap sentimentalism, instructive without being prosy or pedantic. Combining the literary qualities of the expensive magazine with the bright, breezy characteristics of the newspaper, it leaves nothing to be desired by the average reader. It is looked upon as a welcome visitor by every family who reads it, while thousands regard it as indispensable and would on no account go without it. An enormous circulation of 125,000 copies per week attests its wonderful popularity. Recognizing the fact that there are those who are unfamiliar with its surpassing merits as a home paper, the publishers offer to send the Free Press to them the balance of this year (over five months) for only 30 cents—a club of four for \$1 or a club of ten for \$2.00. All of our readers should subscribe at once. Sample copies free.