

# Charlotte Democrat

HIS PAPER IS 43 YEARS OLD

CHARLOTTE, N. C., FRIDAY, JANUARY 10, 1896.

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**THE CHARLOTTE DEMOCRAT**  
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**DRS. MCCOMBS & GIBBON,**  
DESIRE TO INFORM THE PUBLIC.  
That they have this day entered into a copartnership for the  
**PRACTICE OF MEDICINE,**  
AND  
**SURGERY.**

**JOHN FARRIOR,**  
WATCHMAKER AND JEWELER.  
DEALER IN  
Diamonds, Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silver and Silver Plated Ware.

Special attention given to Fine Watch Repairing.  
Jan 25, 1895.

**BURWELL, WALKER & CANSLER,**  
Attorneys-At-Law,  
ROOMS NOS 5, 6, AND 13, LAW BUILDING,  
CHARLOTTE, N. C.

**DR. E. P. KEERANS,**  
DENTIST,  
CHARLOTTE, N. C.  
OFFICE—7 West Trade Street

**HUGH W. HARRIS,**  
Attorney and Counselor at Law,  
Office, Nos. 14 and 16 Law Building,  
CHARLOTTE, N. C.

**OSBORNE, MAXWELL & KEERANS,**  
Attorneys at Law,  
CHARLOTTE, N. C.

**DRS. M. A. & C. A. BJAND,**  
Dentists,  
CHARLOTTE, N. C.

**CLARKSON & DULS,**  
Attorneys at Law,  
CHARLOTTE, N. C.

**H. N. PHARR,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
Office No. 14. Law Building.

**THE ACKNOWLEDGED**  
—Leading Seeds Are—  
**BUISTS! — BUISTS!**

We open ours today, fresh from the grower. Plant only "Buists" Prize Medal Seeds, and you are sure of a crop.  
**R. H. JORDAN & CO.,**  
Retail Druggists

**GO TO ALEXANDER'S**  
**DRUG STORE,**  
NO. 216, NORTH TRYON STREET.

Keeps a well assorted stock of all articles usually kept in a Drug House  
**J. B. ALEXANDER.**  
The Poor prescribed for free.  
April 8, 1895.

**FINEST LOT**  
Ever brought to Charlotte. This is no idle boast. We have the finest lot of PERFUMES in the city. Rick-socker's best FANCY Bottles, Cases, Flasks, etc., in GOOD shape for an ELIGANT PRESENT. IT RECOMMENDS ITSELF. IT WILL PAY YOU TO SEE IT.

**R. H. JORDAN & CO., DRUGGISTS**  
Dec. 28, 1895

**E. NYE HUTCHISON,**  
FIRE INSURANCE.  
Offices—16 East Trade Street; 4 North Tryon Street, up stairs.  
Feb. 19, 1895.

**QUEEN CITY HOTEL.**  
In visiting Charlotte.  
Don't fail to stop at the Queen City Hotel,  
Corner East Fifth and College Sts.  
Everything first-class.  
RATES, \$1.00 PER DAY.  
July 6, 1895. W. J. MOORE, Prop'r.

**Surgical Instruments.**  
A full line of Surgical Instruments at Manufacturer's prices. Call and examine them.  
Mail orders will be promptly attended to.  
**R. H. JORDAN & CO.**  
Sept. 20, 1895

**A GROWN-UP PRAYER.**—Willie never objected to repeating "Now I lay me" until he was put into pants. But that night he resolutely shook his head when asked to say his prayers. "I want a grown-up prayer not mamma," he urged. "I ain't a baby no more."

**Execution Sale.**  
By virtue of an execution directed to me from the Superior Court of Mecklenburg County in case of Staff & Company against H. D. Smith, I will sell for cash, at public auction, at the Court House door, in the city of Charlotte, at 12 o'clock, M. on Monday, the 20th. day of January, 1896, that tract of land in Steel Creek Township, bounded as follows: Beginning at a Post Oak stump on the corner of the corner of Perry Road, and runs thence N. 65 West 108 1/2 poles to a Hickory; thence N. I-W. 20 poles to a stone in Samuel Thomas land; thence with his line S. 80 3/4 E. 190 poles to stake; thence S. 56 W. 77 poles to the b-ginning, containing 32 3/4 acres, being the same tract conveyed by J. R. Garrison to H. D. Smith, on the 16th day of March, 1895.  
This 20th day of December 1895.  
Z. T. SMITH, Sheriff.  
Dec. 27th, 1895.

**Sale of Land.**  
By virtue of a power vested in me, by an order of the Superior Court of Mecklenburg County, made in a Special Proceeding pending in said court, entitled R. W. Logan & wife, vs. J. B. Logan, J. B. Eaves and wife, A. J. Eaves, and others, *et parte*, I will sell at public auction, at the Court House door, in the city of Charlotte, on Monday, the 20th day of January, 1896, at 12 o'clock M., a valuable tract of farming land, situated in Long Creek Township, in Mecklenburg County, N. C., adjoining the lands of E. A. McElroy, Mrs. S. A. Walker and others, and known as the "Wharton Place," containing 235 acres.  
The property will be sold for division.  
Terms: One third cash, one third cash, one third payable in one year and balance payable in two years. This the 20th of December, 1895.  
W. C. MAXWELL, Commissioner.  
Dec. 20, 1895

**EXECUTION SALE.**  
By virtue of an execution in my hands issued from the Superior Court of Mecklenburg County, made in a Special Proceeding pending in said court, entitled Daniel Miller & Co., vs. J. W. & W. E. Younts, I will on Monday, January 20th, 1896, at 12 o'clock M., at the Court House door in the city of Charlotte, N. C., sell for cash, at public auction, the following land, to-wit: One tract of land in the County of Mecklenburg, known as the Oscar J. Orr tract, containing 40 acres and adjoining the lands of W. J. Hoagland, Jas. M. Culp and others, and being the same tract which was conveyed by Oscar J. Orr to J. W. & W. E. Younts, and is listed February 21st, 1881, and recorded in Office Register of Deeds for Mecklenburg County, North Carolina, Book 46, Page 369—reference to which is hereby made.  
SECOND PIECE—Known as the W. J. Hoagland tract, containing 41 acres and adjoining the lands of J. D. Culp, W. J. Hoagland and others, and being the same tract which was conveyed by W. J. Hoagland to J. W. & W. E. Younts, and is listed December 21st, 1878, and recorded in said Register's Office, in Book 46, Page 367—reference to which is hereby made.  
THIRD PIECE—Known as the "Good Tract," containing one acre, adjoining the lands of Pine-Cotton Mill, and others, and being conveyed by W. C. Good to Samuel and J. A. Younts, Deed dated August 4th, 1887, and recorded in said Register's Office, in Book 57, Page 41—reference to which is hereby made.  
FOURTH PIECE—Known as the "Smith or James Davis tract," containing about 60 acres, adjoining the lands of Joe Weeks, John A. Alexander and others, and being the same which was conveyed by James Davis and wife to Samuel and J. A. Younts, by Deed dated December 15th, 1888, and recorded in said Register's Office, in Book 49, Page 578—reference to which is hereby made.  
FIFTH PIECE—Known as the "D. W. Hennigan tract," containing 81 acres, adjoining the lands of James A. J. and others, and being the same conveyed by D. W. Hennigan to S. Younts and Son, by Deed dated April 17th, 1877, and recorded in said Register's Office, in Book 46, Page 372—reference to which is hereby made—subject to Mortgage to A. Rhyne.  
SIXTH PIECE—Known as "A. J. Stevenson tract," containing 27 and 1/2 acres, adjoining the lands of J. W. Hoagland and others, and being the same conveyed by the said A. J. Stevenson to Samuel Younts and J. A. Younts, by Deed dated the 14th day of October, 1887, and recorded in said Register's Office, in Book 57, Page 573—reference to which is hereby made—subject to Mortgage to A. Rhyne.  
SEVENTH PIECE—Known as the "Cunningham tract," containing 10 acres, adjoining the lands of W. J. Hoagland and others, and being the same conveyed by J. W. Cunningham to Samuel Younts and J. A. Younts, by Deed dated September 21st, 1888, and recorded in said Register's Office, in Book 71, Page 256—reference to which is hereby made—subject to Mortgage to A. Rhyne.  
EIGHTH PIECE—Known as the "R. G. Kendrick tract," containing 174 acres, adjoining the lands of C. P. Knox, T. T. Youngblood and others, and being the same tract which was conveyed by R. G. Kendrick to R. G. Kendrick, by Deed dated May 18th, 1889, and recorded in said Register's Office, in Book 64, Page 637—reference to which is hereby made.  
NINTH PIECE—One Lot in the Town of Pineville, bounded on the North by the lands of J. W. Morrow, on the East by the lands of S. W. Smith, on the west by the lands of G. W. Howie and on the south by Main Street.

**ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.**  
Having qualified as administrator of Mrs. Minnie A. Alexander, deceased, late of Mecklenburg County, N. C., this is to notify all persons having claims against the estate of the said deceased to exhibit them to the undersigned on or before the 28th day of December 1895, at which time will be held in bar for their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment.  
This, the 19th day of December, 1895.  
J. B. ALEXANDER,  
Dec. 26, 1895. 6w Administrator.

**Two Kinds of People.**  
There are two kinds of people on earth today. Just two kinds of people, no more I say. Not the sinner and saint, for 'tis well understood The good are half bad and the bad are half good.  
Not the rich and the poor, for to count a man's wealth,  
You first must know the state of his conscience and health.  
Not the humble and proud, for in life's little span  
Who puts on airs, is not counted a swain.  
Not the happy and sad, for the swift flying years  
Bring each man his laughter and each man his tears.  
No; the two kinds of people on earth I mean  
Are the people who lift and the people who lean.  
Wherever you go you will find the world's masses  
Are always divided in just these two classes:  
And oddly enough you will find, too, I ween,  
There is only one lifter to twenty who lean.  
In which class are you? Are you easing the load  
Of overtaxed lifters who toil down the road?  
Or are you a leaner who lets others bear  
Your portion of labor and worry and care?  
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox

**The Throne of England is Made Of.**  
The throne of England, so splendid in its trappings of silk, velvet and gold wire lace and tassels, is simply an old fashioned, high-backed chair. It has been in use for more than 600 years, but the early history of the old oak stool and the name of its maker are both unknown. The wood which composes this "throne" is very hard and solid, as may be imagined when it is known that the chair has been "kept in the dry" and well covered with rich cloths of various kinds since the days of Edward I. The back and sides of the chair were formerly painted in various colors. The seat is made of a rough sandstone. This stone, which is believed to possess talismanic powers, is twenty six inches in length, seventeen inches in breadth and nineteen and a half inches in thickness. Numberless legends are told in connection with this wonderful stone, but the truth probably is that it was originally used in Scotland as a "coronation stone" upon which the Scottish kings were seated while undergoing the ceremonies connected with being crowned "King of the Realm of Scotland." When and how the stone was removed to England is so interwoven with tradition that the truth cannot be learned.—Exchange.

**A Christmas Dinner!**  
\$8 50 8 50 \$8 50  
\$8 50!  
Would not be bad on a table, especially when you can get \$10.50 Table for only \$8.50. That is just what you get at E. M. ANDREWS'.  
The grandest display of  
**Holiday -- Furniture**  
ever shown in our history. The prices, notwithstanding the advance in many lines, are lower than ever before in our history.  
Buying in such large quantities enables us to get  
**THE -- BEST -- PRICE!**  
We do not buy just one of a kind, but 10, 20, 30, 40, 50 and 1,000, if the firm has  
**MADE AN IMPROVEMENT!**  
**CHRISTMAS --CO-- PRESENTS**  
For the little folks. Useful, Ornamental, Appropriate! The display is ready. See them! Doll Carriages, Doll Sais, Doll Bedsteads, Velocipedes, Express Wagons, Children's Desks, Rockers, Chairs, Music Racks and an endless variety that you cannot see.  
**OUR LEADER IS COUCHES**  
10, 12, 22, 25, 15, 18, 22, 25, 25 and \$50 They are  
**WHAT YOU WANT!**  
**E. M. ANDREWS,**  
Largest Furniture Dealer in the  
**STATE.**  
**Warm Over Shoes.**  
Men's High Buckle overshoes, wool lined, best in the world.  
—PRICE, \$1.50—  
Ladies of same make  
\$1.25.  
These are good, and will last longer than three pairs of any other make sold in Charlotte. We will stake our reputation on this. We know what we are talking about.  
Dec. 20, 1895. GILREATH & CO.

**TOILET ARTICLES.**  
I have a nice line of Toilet Articles, Consisting of  
Tooth Brushes, Hair Brushes and Combs, Perfumes, Soaps, &c. Prescriptions given the best attention at  
**DR. J. B. ALEXANDER'S,**  
216 North Tryon St.  
Poor prescribed for free.  
August 19, 1895

**CROWELL & HENDERSON,**  
327 East Trade Street

**Staple and Fancy Groceries, Vegetables, fruits, etc.,**  
AT  
**BOTTOM PRICES**  
May 1, 1895.  
**Men's Satin Calf Shoes.**  
Lace and Congress, wide and narrow toes,  
PRICE: \$1.50  
The largest stock and best goods in the place at this popular price. All strictly reliable, neat and stylish. No other house can do so well for you on this class of shoes, as we have them all made, and we know what we are giving you every time. Be sure to examine  
GILREATH & CO.  
Nov. 8, 1895.

**The Value of Keeping Accounts.**  
There is no question but that keeping accounts teaches the value of money as nothing else will. When the figures stare one in the face, they make one realize that this or that luxury cost, and what an important place the sum holds in the total amount of money spent. When one adds up those long columns of figures that represent household or personal expenses, one is confronted by the fact that there are only one hundred cents in a dollar. Of course one knew that before, but it was a vague, intangible fact. Ten dollars seemed a large sum, full of infinite possibilities. Alas! now it is spent, and one is rudely awaked to the fact that it is only ten times one dollar, and that it has vanished in fifty cents here, a quarter there, two or three dollars on one side, and repeated dimes and nickels on the other. No, nothing so convincingly teaches the great total that small outlays make accounts.

In household as well as in personal affairs, when the totals of the expenses are reviewed, one is often surprised to find a deficit results, there is no wiser counsellor, no more tactful monitor, than the account-book. There they stand figures put down by one's own hand, and they cannot be gainsaid. In modest homes where expenditure of money must be carefully adjusted, so that the food money must not encroach on the fuel-money, or the clothes-money borrow from the rent-money, the account book is a most helpful ally. It keeps one from the various parts of living, as the phrase is, and to show the small leaks. It is these that are so disastrous to family finances. The large outlays are considered and planned for, but the little ones are not thought of, and they creep in by singles, couples, and groups, until the family financier cries in alarm, "Where has the money gone?" It is the tiny figure that, unheeded, scuttles the budget ship. In large establishments, where there are many servants, large outlays, and bills paid once a month, or once in three months, strict accounts are a necessity to keep expenses within bounds and to prevent heedless waste and dishonesty, for no household is so rich as to bear two sources of leak continually.

But where a woman has kept accounts for years, her method of spending money has become in a certain sense a routine. She knows about what she can allow for this and that, and how much she can indulge her family and not get into debt. When such a sense of ability is reached, it is a distinct waste of nervous energy to try to keep accounts. What difference can it make to such a woman whether twenty-five cent went for salt or coffee, providing the family has been well fed? If a piece of meat is particularly expensive, she knows enough to buy something cheaper to offset it without the prompting of figures. She knows how long food materials ought to last. Why tax her memory and her time to set down each item of money spent.  
When a woman turns bread winner, she often earns more money than she could save by keeping accounts. Why should a woman worry, when there is a fixed weekly sum for household and personal expenses, or the exact detailed account for every cent? "I am just tired out," exclaimed a bright woman, "with my accounts. I could not find nine cents this week, and my columns wouldn't balance, though I hunted for them two hours." This woman was earning forty dollars a week in intellectual work, and yet she wasted two hours of precious sleep for nine cents. Account keeping is carried too far, and they become an illustration of the old adage, "A penny wise and a pound foolish."

**Warning to Young Men.**  
How many young men bankrupt their constitutions, squander their vitality and waste their health by pernicious practices generally contracted through ignorance. Nervous exhaustion, debility, dullness of mental faculties, impaired memory, low spirits, morose or irritable temper, fear of impending calamity, and a thousand and one are the derangements of mind and body which result from such indiscretions. Epilepsy, paralysis, softening of the brain and dread insanity are not infrequently the result of unnatural habits contracted in youth through ignorance of their destructive character, and persisted in until the constitution is wrecked. Such unfortunates are surely entitled to the tender sympathy, the noblest efforts and the best skill of the medical profession. To reach, re-claim and restore such unfortunate to health and happiness, is the aim of an association of medical gentlemen, who, having had a vast experience in the cure of the classes mentioned herein, have prepared a comprehensive, scientific treatise, written in plain but chaste language on the nature, symptoms and curability, by home treatment, of such diseases. The World's Dispensary Medical Association, of 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y., will on receipt of this notice enclosed with ten cents (for postage), mail, secure from observation, in plain, sealed envelope, a copy of this useful work, which should be read by not only every young man in the land, but also by every parent, guardian and teacher having care of the young.

**They All Help.**  
Have you ever seen a little boy sailing boats on a small pond? There is no wind, the boats are half way over, and lie there idly. There seems but little chance that the voyage will be completed. Here is where the ingenuity of the boy's mind comes in. He throws a stone into the water near the little sailor. The stone makes a little wave and floats nearer to the shore. Another and another stone is thrown, and gradually the distance between the boat and the bank lessens, and finally the boat is ashore. The boy did not ask which of the stones he threw influenced most the progress of his boat. He knows that all of them together accomplished the desired result. Good aids are the effective missiles that bring the bark of business to your shore. Each aid makes a little wave, each wave helps to effect the desired result.—*Shoe and Leather Journal.*

**WELL SAID.**  
Many people have an idea that the columns of a newspaper are public property, to be devoted gratuitously to whoever chooses to occupy them. The publisher of a newspaper has one thing to rent; and an exchange asks why he should be expected to give away either the one or the other. He can do so if he chooses, and he does, as a matter of fact, furnish a great deal of space rent free. But it does not follow that he ought to be expected to do so. It should be recognized as a contribution, as would be the giving away of sugar or coffee by the grocerman. But to strangle to say, it is not looked upon in that light at all; every body knows that the existence of a newspaper depends as much upon the rent of its space and on the sale of the paper as a merchant's success depends on selling his good instead of giving them away.—*Louisville Times.*

**Old People.**  
Old people who require medicine to regulate the bowels and kidneys will find the true remedy in Electric Bitter. This medicine does not stimulate and contains no whiskey nor other intoxicant, but acts as a tonic and alterative. It acts mildly on the stomach and bowels, adding strength and giving tone to the organs, thereby aiding Nature in the performance of the functions of the bowels. It is an excellent appetizer and aids digestion. Old people find it just exactly what they need. Price fifty cents per bottle, at Burwell & Dunn, wholesale and retail, drug store.

**COLLEGE OF MUSIC**  
AND ART.  
18 SOUTH TRYON STREET,  
THE LEADING  
SCHOOL FOR MUSICAL TRAINING  
In the Southern States.  
THE MOST IMPROVED EUROPEAN METHODS.  
Many free advantages.  
Modern Languages taught only by native teachers.

**ENGLISH LANGUAGE**  
AND  
**LITERATURE.**  
SPECIAL—KINDERGARTEN,  
GERMAN METHOD  
BOARDING  
Accommodations for Non-resident lady students  
Every modern convenience.  
Special course in  
PAINTING, DRAWING, and ELOCUTION  
(Catalogues sent on application.)  
TERMS MODERATE.  
Call or address,  
CARL S. GAERTNER,  
Sept. 20, 1895. DIRECTOR

**Built By Invisible Hand.**  
A Queer Legend About the Erection of Solomon's Temple  
"So that there was neither hammer nor ax nor any other tool of iron heard in the house while it was building." I Kings, vi., 7. The above is a Scripture. I quote, to be found at the citation given, and is concerning the building of Solomon's Temple. The reason therein assigned for the perfect quietude which existed in and about the great building while it was being erected is that the stones and timbers were all made ready before being brought to the site of the great building. Heber beautifully alludes to this in the little couplet, in which he says:  
No hammer fell, no ponderous axes rung;  
Like some tall palm, the mystic fabric sprung.  
The Jews have a legend to the effect that Solomon did not employ men in building the "House of the Lord," but that he was aided in the gigantic undertaking by the genii. Having a premonition that he would not live to see the building finished, Solomon prayed to God that his death might be concealed from genii until the structure was finished. Immediately after he made a staff from a sprout of the Tree of Life, which grew in his garden, and, leaning upon this he died, standing bolt upright in the unfinished temple.

Those who saw him thought that he was absorbed in prayer and they did not disturb him for upwards of a whole year. Still the genii worked day and night, thinking that they were being constantly watched by him whose eyes had been closed in death many weeks.  
All this time, so the legend says, little white mice (one account says rats) were kneeling at the staff, and when the temple was finally finished, the staff gave way and the body of the dead Solomon fell prone upon the floor. Mohamet alludes to this queer legend in the Koran, (see Sura xxxiv.) where he says: "When He (God) had decreed that Solomon should die, nothing discovered his death unto them (the genii) except the creeping things of the earth."  
Warning to Young Men.

How many young men bankrupt their constitutions, squander their vitality and waste their health by pernicious practices generally contracted through ignorance. Nervous exhaustion, debility, dullness of mental faculties, impaired memory, low spirits, morose or irritable temper, fear of impending calamity, and a thousand and one are the derangements of mind and body which result from such indiscretions. Epilepsy, paralysis, softening of the brain and dread insanity are not infrequently the result of unnatural habits contracted in youth through ignorance of their destructive character, and persisted in until the constitution is wrecked. Such unfortunates are surely entitled to the tender sympathy, the noblest efforts and the best skill of the medical profession. To reach, re-claim and restore such unfortunate to health and happiness, is the aim of an association of medical gentlemen, who, having had a vast experience in the cure of the classes mentioned herein, have prepared a comprehensive, scientific treatise, written in plain but chaste language on the nature, symptoms and curability, by home treatment, of such diseases. The World's Dispensary Medical Association, of 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y., will on receipt of this notice enclosed with ten cents (for postage), mail, secure from observation, in plain, sealed envelope, a copy of this useful work, which should be read by not only every young man in the land, but also by every parent, guardian and teacher having care of the young.

**THE BIGGEST YET.**  
The Herald is told by a gentleman who saw a party from Montgomery county this morning at the depot that a nugget of gold, weighing 31 pounds and 7 ounces, was last week found near Elberton, in the Upperville river district. If this report is true the nugget is the largest ever found in North Carolina or in any other State east of the Rocky mountains. No particulars were learned, but our informant says there is no "fake" about it.  
Thirty-one pounds, avoirdupois, and it must have been weighed by that as there is no tray scales around that would weigh that much, would be equal to over 41 pounds troy and would be worth over \$9,000.  
An 8, 10 and 31 pounds nugget in six months is a pretty good record for large pieces in one district.—*Saturday Herald.*

**They All Help.**  
Have you ever seen a little boy sailing boats on a small pond? There is no wind, the boats are half way over, and lie there idly. There seems but little chance that the voyage will be completed. Here is where the ingenuity of the boy's mind comes in. He throws a stone into the water near the little sailor. The stone makes a little wave and floats nearer to the shore. Another and another stone is thrown, and gradually the distance between the boat and the bank lessens, and finally the boat is ashore. The boy did not ask which of the stones he threw influenced most the progress of his boat. He knows that all of them together accomplished the desired result. Good aids are the effective missiles that bring the bark of business to your shore. Each aid makes a little wave, each wave helps to effect the desired result.—*Shoe and Leather Journal.*

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**Old People.**  
Old people who require medicine to regulate the bowels and kidneys will find the true remedy in Electric Bitter. This medicine does not stimulate and contains no whiskey nor other intoxicant, but acts as a tonic and alterative. It acts mildly on the stomach and bowels, adding strength and giving tone to the organs, thereby aiding Nature in the performance of the functions of the bowels. It is an excellent appetizer and aids digestion. Old people find it just exactly what they need. Price fifty cents per bottle, at Burwell & Dunn, wholesale and retail, drug store.

**Two Lives Saved.**  
Mrs. Phoebe Thomas of Junction City, Ill. was told by her doctors she had Consumption and she was to die. But two bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery completely cured her and she is saved her life. Mr. Thos. Eggers, 189 Florida St. San Francisco, suffered from a dreadful cold, approaching Consumption, tried without result everything else then bought one bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery and in two weeks was cured. He is naturally thankful. It is such results, of which these are samples, that prove the wonderful efficacy of this medicine in Coughs and Colds. Free trial bottles at Burwell & Dunn, Wholesale and Retail, Drug Store, Charlotte, N. C., and all over the world. Price 50c. and \$1.00.

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

**Krismas 'No De Wah.**  
Polk Miller Writes About the Celebration in His Boyhood Days.  
HOW THE DARKIES ENJOYED IT.  
Talk about your Christmas in town, they "ain't nothin'" to the good times we boys use to have in the country in the good old ante-bellum days. For weeks before the teams were kept busy hauling wood and piling it up in front of the negro cabins, and the plantation hands had no work of any kind to do from Christmas-Eve to the 2nd of January. Cake-baking on the part of the house-women took up the time of the ladies of the household who superintended the work for ten days before the holidays, while the music of the wood choppers could be heard for miles on a still morning. The negroes who waited in the "great house" did not look forward to the coming of Xmas with the same degree of pleasure that the farm hands did, for a greater number of fires were needed, and the danger greatly increased.

**"OLE MISTIE' KRISMUS CAKE."**  
The plantation hands had but to sit by the fire, eat cold possum and oven bread, smoke their corn-cob pipes, and enjoy themselves. "Every dog has his day," and here's where the field hands had the best of the waiting-maid and dining-room servants. The outlanders on a farm were like the players on a base ball nine. They did not have the same amount of notice "looked on" as those who were nearest the "diamonds" and were not so badly spoiled, but when Christmas came the dining-room and hall ways were blocked with them, from the old gray-haired cart-driver, with his clothes patched with every variety of cloth, and sewed with thread a dozen different colors, down to the watermelon peddler of ten years, who kept his "gram mammy" busy watching him, to see that he ate no dirt, their voices might be heard calling Krismas gif, ole marse, Krismas gif, ole miss! Then would begin the handing-out of presents suited to the ages of the different recipients of "Ole Marster's kind" memembrance of ole nigger at Krismas. Their wants were few, but their gratitude (always temporary with the negro) found expression in the hearty cry of "Thanky, thanky sub, and thanky marm." They had no use for money, but a piece of "ole mistie' Krismas cake" to the women and a glass of eggnog to the men brought more real happiness than a five-dollar bill or gold-piece would to the average negro of today.

The pleasure we derive from seeing our little ones creep gently into the parlor on a Christmas morning where the goodies are stored, and to watch their excited faces as one after another they are unfolded to view, and see them try to munch a piece of candy, blow a horn, and hold the reins of a hobby-horse, all at one time, lasts but a moment. They soon grow to be men and women, and "put away childish things," and we as parents, realize before we know it that we are looked upon as "old folks now," and it fills us with regret that we cannot do as we once did, enjoy the return of the happiest of all other days to parents Christmas morning.

Not so with the old southern slave-owner, for he could look forward year after year to the welcome visits of those dear old friends who from our infancy to manhood we had been taught to respect and always to treat kindly, because they had been the constant playmates and companions of our mothers and fathers. The house-women did not share with their owners in the pleasure which these visits brought. With a contemptuous curl of the lip they'd say: "I does wish to God dat Krismas wouldn't never come no mo' so I could keep dese 'ere plantation niggers out'er dis house. Dey gits in dey way 'em dey does bring tracks wid deir muddy feet dat it ticks me a mont to clean up."  
This is not said in a whisper, but boldly, in the hearing of them all, and a perfect chorus of voices is heard from the visitors in reply. "Jes! list'n to dat stuck-up nigger wench! We's got jes' as much right to be in dis house as she are! Jes! kase she stay in de house wid white folks all de time she think she sump'n extry! Wid all dat she ain't nothin' but a nigger arter all, an' de sass' one on dis place, too. Some big, black nigger woman who can plow as well as a man, and who can keep her end with a hoe in a corn or tobacco field with the best man on the farm, gives her a side-swiping look such as no other but a mad nigger can wear, and remarks, to the delight of the crowd. "Ef dat nigger doan' mine out I'll ketch her outside 'er dis 'ere yard some 'o dese days, an' I'll broke 'er in half." Talk about your "bontons" society people who put on airs as they parade the streets in their gaudy attire, and then become suddenly blind as they see an old acquaintance whose heart has never changed, but whose daddy got poor on the same investment that made hers rich, they are not a "patschin" to the "frills" which the "ladies" waiting maid put on as she met with those whose labor kept up the appearance which enabled her to scorn so loftily.

Reader, did you ever eat a pig tail broiled on hot coals from a hickory-wood-fire? If you have not, then your toothy was a failure. I have tasted of the delicious cooking of Spiro Zetelle, and on one of two occasions in my life I have dined at Delmonico's (on invitations, of course); but nothing in the line of the culinary art has ever given me such satisfaction as the pig-tails I've stolen from a long line of hogs that were hung up to dry and freeze when a boy "down on the farm."

And the old hare-hunts we'd have! The Deep Run follows are chasing nothing but shadows? If they could but once witness the exciting scenes of an old-fashioned Christmas "hyar hunt," with a mixture of hounds of the finest strain—mongrel, curs, bench legged floe, free niggers and slaves—all in pursuit of "Old Molly Cotton Tail" on a cold, frosty morning in Christmas, they would sell out their outfit of dogs and horses and try fishing in a wash-tub in the backyard for sport—less expensive, and as exciting. The fellows raised up in town think they are mighty smart, and they are—about pool, poker, and yachting; and they are right "in it" when you come to "dancin' and flirtin'" with the girls—but when you come to comparing him with the country boy in his knowledge of those things which make life worth living, and bring peace and comfort to old age, when the mind feeds on the things of the past, the country boy has forgotten more than he will ever know.

Our "M. H." (master of hunt) was Uncle Jack the tanner. The next command was Josh Motley, the celebrated fiddler. These negroes were allowed to do about as they pleased; and in owning them a man would feel rich; for what they brought home each year for their services would buy almost any other negro. The name of Josh Motley was well known to the habitue of the White Sulphur and the Rockbridge Alum Springs along in the 50's, and doubtless many who will read this will recall the happy hours they've spent in dancing the old-fashioned cotillions, mazurkas, and waltzes which Josh ground out of his fiddle. Theodore Thomas might turn up his nose at his music, and call him that nigger fiddler, but the waltz would be happier to-day if we had more of that kind of music. If old Josh was living to-day 'twould set him crazy to see our young people, locked in each other's embraces, and sailing around the ball-room floor, out of time, thinking more about the bugging than they are of the music. He would say, "Little mistie, if you don't dance wid de music, it puts me out!" But I am digressing. I am too old now to enjoy the modern dances, and I am considered an enemy to the "new woman" or envious of my juniors, I will drop the subject of the dance and come back to the hare hunt.  
Uncle Jack bossed all the actors, the whites as well as the blacks on Christmas occasions, and when the old fellow would speak every one obeyed him to the letter. "Now," said he, "de fess one dat jumps a year, I'll give 'im a pack 'o poppacokers!" That was just impossible to tell where to go, for every body was a waltzer. The poor little hare, was doomed to die when once started. There was so many negroes and so many dogs, if she went out of sight of one she was in full view of another, while the air was literally filled with rocks and sticks which were buried at her without any sort of consideration for the safety of the huntsmen. We had a cross-eyed negro, who saw a hare in the bed about two feet from the corner of the room, and he called out "see the hare and I couldn't I handed him the gun and told him to shoot it. When the smoke cleared away I had a dead dog, but the hare was gone.  
We had a negro who stammered. When he went to tell you anything you could walk forty feet and come back in time to hear what he had to say. This same negro was never at a loss for a word when a hare was started. He called the dogs with as much vim as any one. "Have she! here she go! Ketch her, Ginger!" He was known as the best man on the place to make music on a tinpan and call out the figures of a negro "break-down."  
Appomattox was not only the end of the Confederacy, but it brought to an end those happy days of the old southern plantation-negro, as well as to his old master. The northern people, in their ignorance, clamored for the abolition of the negro, laboring under one impression that we whipped 'em for the fun of the thing, and at night rounded 'em up like a lot of cattle; but as long as there is left in the South an honest, truthful old time "howdy, Marster," negro of the good old days gone-by he'll tell you that the accomplishment of the freedom of the negro for which Horace Greeley and Wendell Phillips labored so hard and so long, took out of his life those rays of sunshine which made him no only the happiest creature on earth, but the subject of story and song which delight the people of the South who knew him, loved him, and whose like the world will never, never see again. Will the young negro of to-day ever have a book written about him?  
—*Richmond Dispatch.*