

FROM ENGLAND TO ITALY.

Prof. Henry Louis Smith at the court house Thursday night.

The stereoscopic display at the court house Thursday night by Prof. Smith, of Davidson College, was exceedingly interesting, enjoyable and profitable to all, but in a special sense to those who have read much of European travels and who possess a cultured taste for architectural grandeur and natural sublimity. The lecturer, in easy, graceful and instructive style, led the audience to see objects of beauty and interest hidden in the elaborateness of artificial splendor.

The immensity of London, with her bridges as firm and indestructible as the massive rocks on the mountain side; the superabundance of the streets and monumental buildings of Paris, with the wonderful tower built by that prodigy of versatile deeds—the great Napoleon; the view of Venice as a lady gorgeously dressed but standing bedraggled on her watery base, bubbling with repulsive indications of unhealthiness; the charming Naples with its placid bay; Rome, historic Rome, with her spires piercing the sky and her awe-inspiring courts, and stately obelisks, her Tiber, more noted in song than real grandeur, being less grand than our Yaddon or Catabay; Milan, war-scarred and ravaged Milan, with her regained splendor, her facade of Carara marble with more than 100 pinnacles and over 4,000 statues; grand edifices that are bright, new and wondrous though erected five, six and seven centuries ago, with nothing to fear from as many more; deep and rugged mountain gorges with wild and dancing cataracts; the Alpine tunnel of Mount Ceniz nearly 8 miles long that stands unquarrelled among the crowning achievements of mathematical science, that enabled workmen from opposite sides to pierce that wall of mountain and meet precisely as desired, each by an upward grade, after pecking and tugging for about thirteen years; Vesuvius, burning, seething, rumbling, treacherous old Vesuvius, weird, bright, calm and boisterous by turns, whose grandeur invites the curious till within her power, when by a sudden caprice she pours down upon all around a deluge of consuming lava; Pompeii, the "Buried City Recovered," with her broken colonades and ruined edifices, suggestive of her once peaceful and progressive splendor, suddenly hidden from the eye of humanity and her place in the world obliterated by Vesuvius' greatest convulsion, to lie unknown for more than 1,600 years; these are but some of the things that that lecturer's display, elucidations, caused to flit through the mind and please the eye. But a small proportion was sufficient to fill the mind of the thoughtful and the whole display will prove an invaluable source of benefit to readers or tourists that may be fortunate enough to trace the paths over which we fancied ourselves flitting not so poetically but more charmingly than Childe Harold. This splendid literary treat should have been enjoyed by many more, though the audience was creditably large. Our town would do well to encourage more of the kind. "It is not all of life to live."

**Another Survey.**  
Efforts to secure another side track on the South Side of the Depot.  
Following the advice of Grover Cleveland that "a thing that is worth working for, is worth working for to a finish," and basing their convictions on this splendid utterance, citizens have renewed their efforts to induce the Southern railway to place a side track on the south side of town, and their persistence in the matter has been greatly encouraged. A survey has been made from the depot east to South Buffalo street, which runs through the Chapman property and crosses Buffalo creek 500 yards below the railroad bridge.

If the railroad will build the side track, that entire vacant part of the city will be built up at once with various enterprises, calculated to cause the investment of several hundred thousand dollars. The projectors are the moneyed men of the city, and when the railroad authorities are heard from THE STANDARD will inform its readers as to what will be done.

**W. D. Anthony gave us a call** Thursday. He is just in from Ebenezer church which he has painted preparatory to conference meeting on the last Sunday in this month. Mr. Anthony is in a habit of doing them up in the painting line in the Ebenezer community and can boast of many a good time among these excellent people. He has a kind of mania for arboraceous freaks and today he showed us a stem from the top of a pine that had two large and one small cluster of burs very compact and pretty. It contains 156 burs on the three clusters.

**Joe Marshall, once manager of the telegraph and express offices in this city, came in from Richmond Wednesday and spent the remainder of the day with his many friends here. Joe Marshall at this age doesn't resemble Joe Marshall of former years, but even though years have elapsed and changes of face and scenes have come about since he was one among us, his heart is still here and when passing he always stops. He is now manager of the Western Union office in Savannah, Ga., and left for that place Wednesday night.**

**While cleaning out the well behind Uncle Billy Cook's store this (Friday) morning, a tin shop was found at the bottom. Thirteen dippers, one cup, several oyster cans and other articles of tin ware were brought to the top.**

**A ticket seller in a theater once owned a parrot that was quick at learning to repeat the phrases he heard. Thus, among other things, he was soon able to exclaim: "One at a time, gentlemen! one at a time, please!" for this sentence was constantly in the mouth of his master. The ticket man went to the country for a summer vacation and took the educated parrot along with him. One day the bird got out of his cage and disappeared. His owner searched all about for him, and finally towards evening found him deploded of half his feathers sitting far out on the limb of a tree, while a dozen crows were pecking at him whenever they could get a chance. And all this time the poor parrot, with his back humped up, was edging away and constantly exclaiming: "One at a time, gentlemen! one at a time, please!"—Ex.**

**Mr. Fred Miller, of Irving, Ill., writes that he had a severe kidney trouble for many years, with severe pains in his back and also that his bladder was affected. He tried many so called kidney cures but without any good result. About a year ago he began use of Electric Bitters and found relief at once. Electric Bitters is especially adapted to cure all Kidney and Liver troubles and often gives almost instant relief. One trial will prove our statement. Price 50c and \$1.00 at Fetter's Drug Store.**

SHORT LOCALS.

St. Louis had a \$500,000 fire Monday morning.

The parochial Lutheran church on Corbin street, is being repainted.

Some one has said that an Englishman listens to music, a Frenchman hears it, a German analyzes it, but an Italian feels it.

Mr. Charles Little, of Biltmore, will be associated in business with Mr. C. E. Cornelius. The firm name will be Little & Cornelius.

That combination china closet and sideboard at Dry & Wadsworth's is the handsomest thing of the kind ever brought to this city.

There will be preaching at St. James' Catholic church on Sunday the 26th at 11 o'clock, a. m. and also a lecture at 3 p. m. All are invited.

On Friday next a picnic and baseball game will take place at Sossamon's Springs. The Rocky Ridge team will cross bats with the Sossamon boys.

The crosses that have been going through town for the past several days will be used on the Southern annex that is being put in to the Odell mill.

Mr. James Allen, a young man of Forest Hill, has secured a position at the Morganton hospital and has gone there to enter upon his duties in this new field of labor.

The Sunday school convention for No. 11 township will meet at Rocky Ridge church on Wednesday the 5th of August, at 11 o'clock. The schools of the township will please attend.

A mountain party has been organized and on or about the 11th of August fifteen young folks will go by private conveyance to the Brushies.

Mr. Ed. Frews, who was taken to his home in No. 3 township sick with fever some time ago, is so much improved that he is able to be out.

James K. Jones, who is chairman of the Democratic National Executive Committee, is Senator from Arkansas and was in the Southern army in the late war.

A very successful religious meeting has just closed at Old Bethpage (Methodist) church. Rev. J. R. Moore, pastor of Bay's Chapel, this city, assisted Rev. Robbins in the meeting.

The Propert store room that has been torn away takes from us one of the oldest landmarks. The building was once used as a dwelling house and was built there over a century ago.

Mr. Hood H. Cochrane, a native Cabarrusite and once a resident of this city, but now of Columbia, S. C., was in the county last week on a visit to his home and relatives. He is in the railroad business.

The members of the Platonic and Erosophian literary societies of Bain Academy, at Mt. Hill, will hold their fifth annual reunion on Saturday, August 1, when an interesting program will be rendered.

Mr. Gip Furr, of Sannyville, Rowan county, once clerk at the St. Cloud hotel in this city and who has been very sick with typhoid fever, is able to be out again. Including himself, four members of the family were down with fever at one time.

Free—64 page medical reference book to any person afflicted with any special, chronic or delicate disease peculiar to their sex. Address the leading physicians and surgeons of the United States, Dr. Hathaway & Co., 224 South Broad Street, Atlanta, Ga.

Just after going to press Thursday evening the roof and side walls of the Old Propert store room, which was being torn down, collapsed, making a terrible crash. Mr. Truman Chapman came near being caught underneath some heavy timbers, but fortunately escaped.

Marion Messenger, J. S. Elliott, our townsman, accidentally shot himself last week. He had, on a special to himself, a cartridge in his pants pocket. In carrying a plow through his yard it struck the cartridge, discharging it in his pocket. The powder burned and lacerated the surface of the flesh painfully, but he will soon recover.

A Vermont ignoramus was talking with a city boarder the other day and said, in reply to a query: "Well, I always been a democrat, but I ain't goin' to vote for no silver populist." I'm for you to vote for McKinley. Dugno much 'bout him, but his wife Hamner's a damn smart wome'n.—Exchange.

A reporter from No. 9 township tells us of a hunting party that came near losing their dog. He was rather diminutive of size and had the pluck to fester his teeth in a "jossam" that he found on the ground. Fortunately for the dog the hunters arrived just in time, for the jossam was on his journey's way with the dog hanging to him.

Mr. C. I. Sheaf died suddenly on the streets of Salisbury Tuesday night under very peculiar circumstances. She had been to see a sick relative and was on her way to inform others of her relative's critical condition, when a sudden sickness came upon her and falling to the ground she expired before assistance could reach her.

Wanted—Prompt and faithful gentleman or lady to travel for reliable established house in North Carolina. Salary \$750, payable \$15 weekly and expenses. Situation permanent. References. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. H. E. Hess, Pres., 356 Dearborn St., Chicago.

There are some people who never wear dark glasses and yet they never see anything bright; it's the people who are dyspeptic and sour. Everything is out of joint with such people. "I suffered many years with Dyspepsia and liver troubles but have been relieved since taking Simmons' Liver Regulator. I know others who have been greatly benefited by its use."—James Nowland, Carrollton, Mo.

Mr. John K. Patterson, secretary of St. James Lutheran congregation has called and shown us a letter from Rev. C. B. Miller, pastor-elect of St. James, in which Rev. Miller accepts the call. His services are to begin the 1st Sunday in September. This is very gratifying to the St. James people and we congratulate them upon the good fortune of securing a successor to their beloved but departing pastor.

I have berries, grapes and peaches, a year old, fresh as when picked. Use the California Cold process, do not heat or seal the fruit, just put it up cold. Keeps perfectly fresh, and costs almost nothing; can put up a bushel in ten minutes. Last week I sold directions to over 120 families; anyone will pay a dollar for directions, when they see the beautiful samples of fruit. As there are many people poor like myself, I consider it my duty to give my experience to such, and feel confident any one can make one or two hundred dollars round home in a few days. I will mail sample of fruit and complete directions, to any of your readers, for eighteen two-cent stamps, which is only the actual cost of samples, postage, etc., to me. FRANCIS CASEY, St. Louis, Mo.

Ernest Goodman, a sixteen year old negro of this city, who has been in the employ of Mr. W. J. Hill for some time, appropriated \$15 of Mr. Hill's money from the safe several mornings ago while sweeping in the office. The safe was standing open and the money drawer lay out \$10 and one \$5 bill. It was tempting for the lad not to molest. When the theft had been discovered suspicion pointed toward Goodman. He was made to confess that he had taken the money and all but about \$1.50 was recovered.

ALBEMARLE, July 16.—The town seems to be on quite a boom at present, judging from what the special to the Observer said on the 14th. We know that all small towns occasionally get on booms, but not so great. I don't know why the piece was written, but there is no foundation for any part of it, except the cotton factory and brass band. The party who wrote the piece must have dipped his pen in fabulous ink.—Charlotte Observer.

This is the way our joys are spouted. We are glad that our neighbor Albemarle is to have a cotton mill and a brass band, but we were rejoicing at her red letter day when eight of her citizens were to be made happy in the consummation of conjugal affection, one of whom we are proud to number among our special friends. Well, it may come true yet.

LONDON, July 15.—The British ship Curfew, from Durban, has been lost in the Red Sea with all on board.

The news received is very meagre, and it is not definitely known yet how many passengers were aboard the ill-fated vessel.

KILLING OF MISS TILLMAN.

How the Sad Accident Occurred—Miss Tillman Hit Twenty Years Old.

COLUMBIA, S. C., July 16.—Miss Addie Tillman, the eldest child of Senator Tillman, and her escort, the Rev. Robert A. Lee, pastor of the Episcopal church at Yorkville, this State, were killed by the same bolt of lightning at Brevard, N. C., yesterday afternoon. They were in a horseback party which had started off to ascend Rich mountain, six miles from Brevard. When nearly at the summit a thunder storm overtook the party. All except Miss Tillman, Mr. Lee and Mr. McNeely rode on to a house some distance ahead. These three stopped for Mr. McNeely to exchange horses with Miss Tillman on account of her nervous being afraid of thunder. The rain came up and they sought shelter under some bushes near which was a large oak tree. The tree was struck by lightning which instantly killed Miss Tillman, Mr. Lee and their horses. Mr. McNeely, though a short distance away, was unhurt.

Miss Tillman was twenty years old and would have made her debut in Washington society next winter. The news only reached here this morning, and no particulars could be obtained until tonight, when her body was brought from the mountain resort where the casualty occurred.

A man whose niece had coaxed him to buy her a parrot succeeded in getting a bird that was warranted a good talker. He brought it home and after putting it in a cage, stood before it and said, "Say Uncle, Polly." The bird did not respond, and after repeating the sentence a dozen or more times, with no better success, the uncle put his hand into the cage and grabbing the bird by the neck, shook him until his head wobbled around, all the time yelling to him, "Say Uncle, goll darn you, say Uncle." The bird looked dumb and helpless, and disgusted with his purchase, the old fellow took the parrot out into the yard where he had a coop of thirty chickens. Thrusting the half dead bird with the chickens, he exclaimed, "There, by goch; you'll say Uncle before you get out." Next morning the uncle went out to see how the parrot was getting on. Looking into the coop he counted twenty-nine dead chickens, and in the centre of the coop stood the parrot on one foot, holding the thirtieth chicken by the neck and shaking it till its head wobbled, and screaming, "Say, Uncle, goll darn you, say Uncle."

Mr. George Tucker, a native Cabarrus man, and a son of Timothy Tucker, of No. 8 township, who, for some time, has been living at Panther, West Virginia, arrived in the city Wednesday night on his way home. A letter was written to him last Saturday announcing the serious illness of his aged mother, who passed into a brighter and better world Sunday morning, July 13. He did not receive the letter until Tuesday when he started on his homeward journey and did not know that his fond mother was dead until he reached this city.

Mr. W. H. Barclay, of this city and Miss Lula Brooks, of Cheraw, S. C., were married Wednesday afternoon at 5 o'clock at the home of the bride, Rev. Mr. Stafford officiating. Mr. and Mrs. Barclay are now visiting relatives in this county. They will leave in a few days for a trip North.—Charlotte Observer.

Mr. Barclay is traveling agent for the Singer Sewing Machine Company and is well known in this city. Mrs. Barclay has many friends here, she having spent some time with Mrs. John W. Fink two summers ago.

Damaging reports come in from all directions, caused by the recent heavy rains. The loss falls very heavy on some farmers.

Monday was a very busy day in Eq. J. H. D. Walker's court. The negroes had a general melee Sunday night. The result is that Frank Hoover and Hattie Forist are bound on a \$50.00 bond each for their appearance at court.

Mr. Calvin Funderburk and family, of Fort Mills, S. C., are visiting his father, Mr. J. M. Funderburk, SILVER.

Two thousand second-hand Burlap Sacks wanted at the Fens Flour Mills. 19 104

WILL MEET JULY 27.

Railroad Men to Meet Here to Take in the Situation on the Seaboard Air Line Connection Project.

Nothing much has been said of late concerning the proposed extension of the Seaboard Air Line railroad to this place, but the interest is none the less manifest, however.

A prominent and influential citizen of this city is in direct communication with the railroad authorities and showed a STANDARD reporter quite an encouraging letter this morning, from which we learned that on Monday, July 27th, two of the Seaboard Air Line men will visit this city to get the sentiment of the people in regard to the extension and to take in the situation in general.

THE STANDARD feels assured that if the people of Cabarrus and the city of Concord betwixt themselves, we can get the road to this point.

The Judges Are to Blame.

In one of the courts of a Western city a judge recently censured the lawyers in a case before him for wasting time and imposing upon the patience of the court and jury by their dilatory tactics. The same censure might be justly applied in nearly every criminal court in the United States. It is a notorious and undeniable fact that criminal trials are allowed to consume weeks, where days should suffice. This is unquestionably due to interminable examination and cross-examinations; to protracted argument over some trivial point, or upon the admission or exclusion of some immaterial evidence. Hours have been consumed by some famous criminal lawyers in bulldozing witnesses, or trying to confuse them, and not infrequently the same tactics have been tried upon the court. Undoubtedly the lawyers are to blame in a very large measure for seeking to unduly delay the progress of a trial, but it strikes us that the judges are even more at fault.

Perhaps nothing is more natural than that a judge presiding over a trial is careful to avoid every appearance of partiality, but there must be a limit to this anxiety. He owes a duty to the public and to the very cause of justice even higher than that which he owes himself. He should not allow the perception of the jury of the salient, material, crucial points of a case to become befuddled and confused by trivialities and technicalities piled on by the lawyers. The judge must be something more than the president of a debating society. He must hold the scales of justice with a firm and steady hand so that the rights of the public no less than those of the prisoner at the bar may be conserved.

In permitting themselves to be overridden by the lawyers the judges become responsible in a large measure for the many miscarriages of justice, of which record has to be made, and no less for that disrespect of the law which finds vent in lynchings. Such outbreaks are utterly unjustifiable, of course, but very much less if justice were administered with more promptness and courts did not permit lawyers to drag a case along for weeks just in order to wear out the jury. The judges themselves appreciate the correctness of these strictures, but only now and then one has the courage to apply the remedy which he holds in his hand.—Washington Times.

Beautiful eyes grow dull and dim. As the swift years steal away. Dearest, without tears as a sign. Lose fairness with every day. But she still is queen and bath charms to spare. Who wears youth's coronal—beautiful hair.

Preserve Your Hair and you preserve your youth. "A woman is as old as she looks," says the world. No woman looks as old as she is if her hair has preserved its normal beauty. You can keep hair from falling out, restoring its normal color, or restore the normal color to gray or faded hair, by the use of

Ayer's Hair Vigor.

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

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

ARGUED WITH BLOWS.

A Gold Man and a Silver Man Emphasize Their Views of Politics.

"I'm a Democrat, I'm no Populist Mugwump."

"I say I'm as good a Democrat as you are, and I say free silver at sixteen to one is Democratic doctrine, you long-eared baboon, you."

This was the way it started. It was in the corridor of the Palmer House, of course, and it was just before the crowd started for the convention this morning. The first speaker was a short, fat man, who wore a high hat, and the second was a tall, thin man, with whiskers that came down almost to his waist. It was about a minute after this that the push began. Of course the moment the first man announced his Democracy the crowd gathered. In fact, it was already there when the announcement was made. It simply twisted around to see what was going on. There came the push.

"You call me a long-eared baboon, you whiskered idiot!" screamed the short man.

The whiskered man hauled off and brought a No. 19 fist down on the high hat of the short man. Down, down, down went the hat. There were shrieks from the interior, wild shouts by the crowd, and a swinging of hats and hands. Then the whiskered man's head came down with a jerk, and he bawled:

"Leggo, leggo, you're killing me! Oh, oh, oh, he!" Every word he screamed, his head bobbed up and down and the whiskers snapped. The little man had two hands full of them. Smash, bang, smash, came the whiskered man's fists down on the top of the hat, the brim of which just grazed the shoulders of the little man, who was yelling lustily, though the yell was necessarily muffled. Every blow brought a harder tug on the whiskers and the bawling of the big man was louder. The push had landed the pair over near the wall and they were bumping against it.

The police, thinking that murder was being done, dived into the crowd and trumped and punched their way to within sight of the pair. When they saw what was going on they grinned in a satisfied sort of way, and punched and pushed their way out again.

"Separate 'em," screamed a man. "Separate nothing," retorted the police. "They are only arguing the financial question, and our orders are not to interfere with arguments."

"Help! Murder!" howled the whiskered man. "He's killing me."

Slap, snap, went the beard, and down came the head. Thump went the fist on the hat, and it sounded like a drumstick beating the head of a drum.

"Murder!" was again the muffled cry from under the hat, and again snap, snap went the whiskers. The big man tried to kick, but the crowd was pushing so close that he couldn't do it. The little man had the advantage. He drove his head into the big man's abdomen, pulling the whiskers all the while. The crowd was pushing and howling with delight at the fun.

"Give it to him, sixteen to one," howled those on the outskirts. "Soak him, goldy," bawled others. "Snap, snap went the whiskers and smash again the fist. The cries of murder were renewed. They police came back. They untangled the hands of the little man from the whiskers and lifted the tall man out of the push by the back of the neck.

"Youse people," said one big politician, pushing the little man into the crowd, "makes too much noise with your arguing. Youse ought 'o hire a hall."

"He's a d-d Populist," snorted the little man, but he was swallowed up in the crowd in a moment. This was the first affair of the day.—Chicago letter to New York Sun.

Mrs. Norbert Kurt.

Mrs. James P. Cook received a message Thursday from Suffolk, Va., to the effect that her mother, Mrs. M. E. Norbert, fell and had the misfortune to break her hip. Mrs. Norbert is an elderly lady and has been an invalid for several years, being afflicted with rheumatism.

Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine.

Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine is a powerful medicine that will cure all nervous diseases, such as neuralgia, headache, dizziness, and all other ailments of the nervous system. It is a purely vegetable preparation, and is perfectly safe and reliable. It is sold by all druggists.

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