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THE CONCORD TIMES.

JOHN B. SHERRILL, Editor. "BE JUST AND FEAR NOT." $1.00 a Year, in Advance.

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Our Job Printing Department with every necessary equipmentl is prepared to turn out every variety of Printing in first-class style. No botch-work turned out from this office. We duplicate the prices of any legitimate establishment.

Credit to Hood's
It Cured All My Afflictions.

Mrs. Joseph Ford
Ridge Church, Va.

"For ten years I have suffered terribly from general debility, and last winter was attacked so bad with kidney trouble, enlargement of spleen and heart disease, suffering great pain in my back, hips and legs. I read about Hood's Sarsaparilla, I bought one bottle and began taking it. After the first bottle I felt so much better that I decided to continue and have taken over six bottles. Today my health is better than it has been for more than a decade. I have no kidney, heart or spleen difficulty, and am in duty bound to give Hood's Sarsaparilla the credit of curing my afflictions." JOSEPH FORD, Ridge Church, Virginia.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Hood's Pills act harmoniously with Hood's Sarsaparilla and are gentle, mild and effective.

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THE GREAT LUTHERAN SCHOOL
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YOUNG LADIES
IN THE SOUTH.
Seminary Elegantly Furnished.
An Able Faculty of Nine Teachers.
A thoroughly reliable School is the ambition of the management.
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ORGANS
Was never more complete than it is now. We have many new styles in beautiful cases of all kinds of natural woods, and at prices more varied than the colors of woods. If you are interested in the purchase of an instrument of any kind, you cannot fail to be interested by a visit to our ware-rooms. If you want a piano we offer you your choice from numerous styles of the world-famous
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Of organs new and attractive styles of the celebrated Mason & Hamlin and Sterling. If you are looking for a bargain either as a piano or organ, get our latest bargain sheet and make your selection. (Stating whether you want piano or organ.) We have a complete stock of well-selected small musical instruments of all kinds. The latest sheet music and music folios. If you cannot come to see us, you can do just as well by writing to us. Special inducements to correspondence.
Ludden & Bates Southern Music House,
CHARLOTTE BRANCH,
W. M. Wheeler, Manager.

"Mothers' Friend" Cures Rising Breast.
I have been a midwife for many years, and in each case where "MOTHERS FRIEND" was used it accomplished wonders and shortened labor and lessened pain. It is the best remedy for RISING OF THE BREAST known, and worth the price for that alone.
Mrs. M. M. Brewster, Montgomery, Ala.
Sent by Express or mail, on receipt of price, $1.00 per bottle. Book "To Mothers" mailed free.
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Still outright, no rent, no royalty. Adapted to City, Village or Country. Needed in every house, shop, store and office. Greatest convenience and best seller on earth.
Agents make from $5 to $50 per day.
One in a residence means a sale to all the neighbors. Fine instruments, no toys, works anywhere, any distance. Complete, ready for use when shipped. Can be put up by any one. Never out of order, no repairing, lasts a lifetime. Warranted. A money maker. Write W. P. Harrison & Co., Clerk 10, Columbus, O.

Rhyme of the Ancient Populist.

It was an ancient Populist,
His beard was long and gray,
And punctuated by his fist
He had his little say:
"This is the age of gold," he said.
"'Tis gold for butter, gold for bread,
Gold for bonds and gold for fun,
Gold for all things 'neath the sun."
Then with a smile
He shook his head.
"Just wait awhile,"
He slyly said.
"When we get in and run the state,
We'll tackle gold; we'll legislate.
We'll pass an act
And make a fact
By which these goldbugs will be whacked
Till they're as cold
As is their gold.
We're going to make a statute law by which
'twill be decreed
That standards are abolished, for a standard favors greed.
This is the country of the free, and free this land shall be
As soon as we, the 'people,' have our opportunity,
And he who has to pay a bill
Can pay in what'er suits his will.
The tailor? Let him take his coats
And pay his notes,
Or if perchance
He's long on pants
Let trousers be
His £, s. d.
The baker? Let his landlord take
His rent in cake
Or anything the man can bake,
And if a plumber wants a crumb
He may unto the baker come
And plumb.
A joker needing hats or cloaks
Can go and pay for them with jokes,
And so on. What a fellow's got
Shall pay for things that he has not.
If beggars' rags were cash, you'd see
No longer any beggary.
In short, there'd be no poverty."
"A splendid scheme," quoth I.
"But stay!
What of the nation's credit, pray?"
"Ha, ha! Ho, ho!" he loudly roared.
"We'll leave that problem to the Lord.
And if he fails to keep us straight
Once more we'll have to legislate
And so create,
Confounding greed,
As much of credit as we need."
—John Kendrick Bangs in Harper's Weekly.

MUTINY IN THE SILVERITE ARMY.

The Several Factions Are Each Pulling In Different Directions.

It is amusing to watch the struggles of the silverites with their friends and allies, the Populists and other fiat money advocates. As the men who believe in making a dollar half silver and half fiat find their principal support among believers in dollars wholly fiat, they try to avoid offending the latter by opposing unlimited greenbacks and similar cheap money schemes. But an attempt to convert the Populist party to a platform of the single plank of free coinage at 16 to 1 has split that party in two wings, which are now getting ready to fight each other. The men who want government loans on land and farm products will not be satisfied with a currency scheme which will only benefit the silver mine owners. While the silverites fear to indorse the wild money notions of the Populists lest they drive away supporters who are not ready to swallow all the third party's nostrums, the Coxeyites are poking fun at them as men who have not the courage to follow their cheap dollar arguments to their logical end—Populism.

The result will be that the silverites will have to decide between such of their followers who really believe that free silver would give us sound money and those who want unlimited issues of cheap money based on nothing. If they decide for the latter, they will lose the support of all the believers in common honesty and property rights who have been deceived into favoring free coinage. If they go against fiat paper money, they will lose the aid of the Populists. In either case the cause of sound money will gain.

The Safe Basis For Silver Coinage.

A sign that the silverites are beginning to realize that free coinage at 16 to 1 is an impossibility is found in the demand by some silver organs for the coinage at that ratio of all silver produced in the United States. But this scheme is just as absurd as the proposal to open our mints to the world's stores of silver. No tariff would be able to keep foreign silver out of this country if it was valued here at a higher rate than its commercial value. Even though the importation of bullion was prohibited, it would be easy to bring in silver tableware, etc., which would be melted down. The idea of coining all United States silver will not stand examination. The only safe basis is to coin as much as can be maintained at a parity with gold. As soon as our supply of the latter metal increases to a proper amount we may venture to coin more silver. But not till then.

Want Silver Monometallism.

Some of the silverites are profuse in their protests that they only want bimetallism and do not wish to cease using gold as a standard of values or to drive it out of circulation. But it is only necessary to read the papers and speeches in which the free coinage doctrine is preached to see that, while pretending to favor using gold, they really want silver alone. The wholesale denunciation of gold as "money of the rich," as "a standard which robs debtors for the benefit of creditors," etc., shows that it is not merely love of silver, but hatred of gold, which inspires these attacks. Why not be honest, Messrs. Silverites, and admit that in advocating a policy which, on the confession of that eminent bimetallist, President E. B. Andrews, "would drive all our gold out of the country," you are working for the silver standard?

Did You Ever Think

That you cannot be well unless you have pure, rich blood? If you are weak, tired, languid and all run down, it is because your blood is impoverished and lacks vitality. These troubles may be overcome by Hood's Sarsaparilla, because Hood's Sarsaparilla makes pure, rich blood. It is, in truth, the great blood purifier.

Hood's Pills cure liver ills, constipation, billiousness, jaundice, sick headache, indigestion.

At Hartford, Conn., Friday morning, E. P. Carter was riding fast on a bicycle when he ran into a tree with such violence that the saddle spring broke and penetrated his abdomen. He was thrown off, got up and walked about 100 yards, and then fell unconscious. A doctor tied up the arteries, but Carter died in a half hour from loss of blood and the shock.

ARP ON BABIES.

He Is Right Glad That Women Love Them So Much.

That was a pretty Persian rhyme which said:

"A new-born child lay crying
While all around were smiling:
An aged man was dying,
And peacefully was smiling
While all around were crying."

Sir William Jones put it in better verse:

"On parent knees, a naked new-born child
Lay weeping, while all around it smiled.
So live that, sinking in thy last long sleep
Calm thou mayst smile while all around thee weep."

What is more wonderful or more beautiful than the material instinct—what an attraction does a birth in the family have for all the sex—the women and children, girl children I mean—the men and the boys show no great concern. The babes would have a hard and perilous time if entrusted to them. Babes are born every day, every hour, by the thousand. It is the most common and universal event that concerns our humanity. It is more common than death, for more come into the world than go out it every year, and yet the excitement of a birth goes on and is a big thing with matrons and with maids. For a few days past I have sat in my veranda and ruminated, for the women come and go and the neighbors send flowers and kind messages and the girl children come to see the baby, and the tiniest one wants to hold it in her arms. Verily, it looks like this was the first and the last one that ever was born. The three great events of our life, our birth and marriage and death, are ministered, too, by woman. What a sad affair would either be without her presence, her care and sympathy. The wonder is that she can go through the ordeal that providence has assigned her, and be so contented, so calm and serene. What mother ever harbors gloomy fears or forebodings about her infant child? How hopeful they look upon the future—how happy in the love of her offspring. The poet says:

"A mother is a mother still,
The holiest thing alive."

And she is. I wish that I was as good, as true and as loving as the average mother in this land. I wish that I was as sure of heaven. Most of them have a child up there, and they still treasure every smile, every dimple, every song, and in their waking dreams realize what the poet so beautifully said:

"Oh, when a mother meets on high
The babe she lost in infancy,
Hath she not then for pains and fears,
The day of woe, the wateful night,
For all her sorrows, all her tears
An overpayment of delight?"

The maternal instinct! The never fading love of children. My wife is serenely happy now, for there is another child to look after, and she moves around with her old alacrity. I used to help her with her own, but my time is out. As old man Calder said after the first battle of Manassas. "I have fit enough." I used to tote the little chap around the room sometimes half the night and sing my little song until I wore it out, and at times I felt like the tired parent who hugged his little boy to his bosom and said: "I wouldn't take a million dollars for you—no I wouldn't—but I would give a nickel for another." It is a weary business—nursing and caring for a little child. But it is a part of the bargain, and has to be done, and it has its rewards. The more the father helps with the children the better he loves them and the more they love him. The country people, as a rule, have no nurses for their children except the members of the family, and their devotion to the little helpless ones is beautiful. The baby in a country home is common property. All nurse it and the father does his share when he comes from the field. Go to a country church on Sunday and see how many fathers are not ashamed to "tote the child" and keep it while preaching is going on. Why shouldn't he? It shows his love to the child and his loyalty to his wife. The average farmer has not a very wide field for his ambition. He is not seeking fame or office or riches. He has no longings for going to New York or Washington or crossing the ocean. His hope and desire is limited to his family and his farm and he looks to God for rain and sunshine. There is nothing that weans him from his wife and children or that gets between him and them. Sometimes he takes the family to town in the big wagon, and somtimes the children go with him to the mill, and on Sundays all go to meeting, and so the weeks and months roll on—proving the truth of the poet's lines—

"Happy the man whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound."

It is given to but few men in this world to do any great thing, but all can be happy if they will be content with their humble lot. I used to envy the rich and great, but I do not now. As a general rule grief and sorrow are the perquisities of riches and of fame. Great men are rarely blessed with loving children. Not long ago one of our noblest men found himself face to face at Delmonico's with a drunken son. His mortification was intense and the lines of trouble still linger on his face. The pressure of public affairs and the constant struggle to keep up socially and politically consumed the time that should have been devoted to his children. In such cases the mother is their only safeguard. She may do all she can, but she cannot watch her boys when they get in their teens. She can love and pray and chide, but still they will stray away. It is pitiful to see the breaking of a mother's heart over a son who is on trial for his life. How closely does she cling to him when all the world is against him. I remember once a widow who sold her cow and her little furniture and then went from store to store begging for a little more money to take her to Arkansas to see her son who was in jail for murder. Her devotion saved his life, but not his liberty, and she was thankful for she found some work near by and could visit him in his prison and comfort him with her love and blessing. What an awful thing it must be to have no one to love you, and yet there are thousands of such in the prisons of the land. Nothing was so touching in Governor Atkinson's affliction than his respite of a man who was to be hung—his tender thought while on the brink of the grave of a poor wretch who was begging for his life.

BILL ARP.

BUNYAN ON SILVER.

Now, at the farther side of that plain was a little hill called Lucre, and in that hill a silver mine, which some of them that had formerly gone that way, because of the rarity of it, had turned aside to see; but, going too near the brink of the pit, the ground being deceitful under them broke, and they were slain. Some, also, had been maimed there and could not to their dying day be their own men again.

Then I saw in my dream that a little off the road, over against the silver mine, stood Demas, gentlemanlike, to call to passengers to come and see, who said to Christian and his fellow, "Ho, turn aside hither, and I will show you a thing."

Christian—What things so deserving as to turn us out of the way?

Demas—Here is a silver mine and some digging in it for treasure. If you will come, with a little pains you may provide richly for yourselves.

Then Christian called to Demas, saying: "Is not this place dangerous? Hath it not hindered many in their pilgrimage?"

Demas—Not very dangerous except to those that are careless.

But withal he blushed as he spoke.

Christian—What is thy name? Is it not it by the which I have called thee?

Demas—Yes, my name is Demas. I am the son of Abraham.

Christian—I know you. Gehazi was your great-grandfather and Judas your father, and you have trod their steps.

Sweden's "More Money" Experiment.

The theory that a decree of the government can give intrinsic value to money metals has been exploded in the past more than once. A signal illustration is afforded in the history of Sweden under the reign of Charles XII, known as the "mad king." Baron Gortz was the leading spirit, or rather the power behind the throne and minister of finance. War had impoverished Sweden, and the baron devised the brilliant scheme of making more money by attempting to give copper the same value as silver, so that a piece of copper money whose intrinsic value was only one-half penny should, when stamped with the king's mark, pass for 40 pence. Some of this coin was stamped with the figures of heathen gods, and later on the people in derision called the pieces the "gods of Baron Gortz."

At first this money was issued with discretion and reserve, but, as might have been foreseen, it was hard to draw the line and fix the quantity, and it soon got beyond the baron's control. All kinds of goods and provisions rose to inordinate prices, and the baron was forced to increase the value of his money to meet the demand and volume of trade, but the more it was increased the less was its value and purchasing power, and the people finally rose in their indignation and destroyed the financial plan of this early Napoleon of finance. Charles and others lost their heads, as a good many seem to be doing now on the money question.—T. L. Mathews in Fremont (Neb.) Tribune.

Changes All One Way.

Congressman George W. Cooper of Indiana, a sound money Democrat, said in a Washington interview the other day: "In Indiana I know hundreds of men who have been free silver men, but who have declared themselves for sound money. On the other hand, I cannot recall one instance in which a man has favored sound money and has then gone over to the free coinage of silver at a ratio of 16 to 1 without any restrictions as to an international agreement."

Helpful Hints for Bicyclists.

1. A good bicyclist is careful of his roads, therefore, when taking a header be careful not to hit the road too hard with your forehead. You might make a dent in the pavement.

2. In falling off your wheel do not fall on both sides at once. Failure to observe this rule will result in dividing you against yourself.

3. Always be courteous. If a trolley-car has the right of way over the track do not dispute with it. A boy in Massachusetts who did, broke his right arm and his cyclometer at the same time.

4. Keep your lamp lit when riding at night. The boy who thought he was safe because he had a parlor match in his pocket came home with a spoke in his wheel that didn't belong there.

5. Do not be rough with ice carts and furniture trucks. If you must run into one of them do it as gently and tenderly as if it were a baby carriage.

6. A merciful rider is merciful to his wheel, so do not force a bicycle beyond the point of its endurance, unless you want to walk back with your wheel on your shoulders.

7. Keep cool. If in the course of a ride you find yourself in a tight place, with a skittish horse to the left and a steep ravine to the right and a bulldog directly to the fore, take the ravine. You'll go into it, any how, and if you take it alone without dragging the dog or the horse after you your chances will be improved.

In your blood is the cause of that tired, languid feeling. Hood's Sarsaparilla makes rich, red blood and gives renewed vigor.

Good advice is harder to take than bad.

Josh Billings on Gongs.

Josh Billings related his first experience with the gong thusly:

I never can erradicate holi from mi memory the sound ov the first gong I eyer herd. I was settin' on the front steps ov a tavern in the sitty of Buffalo, pensively smokin.' The sun was goin' to bed, and the hevins for an hour was blushin' at the performance. The Ery knal, with its golden waters, was on its way to Albany, and I was persuin' the live botes a floatin' by, and thinkin' of Italy [where I used to live], and her gondolers and gallus wimmen. My entire sole wuz, as it were, in a swet. I wanted to klime, I felt grate, I actually grew.

There are things in this life tu big tu be trifled with; there are times when a man breaks luse from hisself, when he sees sperrets, when he can almost tuch the mune, and feel as tho' he kud fill both hands with the stars uv hevin, and almost sware he was a bank president. That's what ailed me.

But the korse ov true luv never did run smooth. [This is Shakespeare's opinion, too.] Just as I was duin my best—drummer, dummer, pat bang, beller, crash, roar, ram dummer, dummer, whang, rip, rare, rally, dummer, dummer, dum—with a tremenjus jump I struck the centre ov the sidewalk, with another I cleared the gutter, and with another I stood in the middle ov the street, snortin' like an Indian pony at a band of music.

I gazed in wild despair at the tavern stand, mi hart swelling up as big as a outdoor oven, my teeth was as luce as a string of bedes, I thot all the crockery in the tavern had fell down. I thot of fenomenons, I thot of Gabrel and his horn; I was jest on the point of thinkin' ov something else when the landlord kum out on the frunt stupe ov the tavern, holdin' by a string the bottom of a old brass kittle. He kauled me gently with his hand. I went slola and slola up to him, he kammed my fears, he said it was a gong; I saw the kussed thing; he said supper was ready, and axed me if I wud have black or green tee, and I sed I wud.

What Caused the Hard Times.

Conductor and Driver.

Judge Hubbard, of Iowa, says it is the existence of corporations.

George Gould says it is the hostility to corporations.

The farmer says it is the low price in wheat.

The silver men say it is the action of Wall street.

The Wall street men say it is the action of the silver men.

The manufacturer says it is the fear of free trade.

The consumer says it is the tariff.

The debtor says it is the creditor.

The creditor says it is the debtor.

The Democrats say it is the Republicans.

The Republicans say it is the Democrats.

The Populists say it is both.

The Prohibitionists say it is whiskey.

The preacher says it is the devil.

Now, what is your idea?

Free Pills.

Send your address to H. E. Bucklen & Co., Chicago, and get a free sample box of Dr. King's New Life Pills. A trial will convince you of their merits. These pills are easy in action and are particularly effective in the cure of Constipation and Sick Headache. For Malaria and Liver Troubles they have been prrved invaluable. They are guaranteed to be purely vegetable. They do not weaken by their action, but by giving tone to stomach and bowels greatly invigorate the system. Regular size 25c per box. Sold by P. B. Fetzer, Druggists.

If you want God to warm others, ask him to send fire from Heaven into your own heart.

POPULISM IN NORTH CAROLINA.

The Loss of Power by the Democratic Party the Logical Result of Pandering to the Populists.

Philadelphia Record.

While the conservative people throughout the country were rejoicing at the recent elections over the defeat of Populism in Kansas and Colorado news came over the wires that the sensible Old North State had gone over, body and soul, to the priests of free silver-fiat money and base political conditions. By a combination worse than that of Puritan and blackleg, North Carolina turned from the men and measures that had given dignity and distinction to her history for the past twenty years and took up with a crowd of masquerading reformers, political adventurers and thoroughly thriftless, shiftless, irresponsible leaders. The combination went through with a rush; and before the Democrats awoke from the complacency engendered by a series of long-sustained victories the new order of things had swept the State by 40,000 majority, elected its judicial ticket, carried the Legislature, and insured the presence of one Populist and one Republican in the United States Senate.

Since that time the Democrats have been looking around and wondering "what struck 'em." The trouble is not hard to find. It is another case of evil communications corrupting the very best of manners. For the past five years the Democratic party of North Carolina has played fast and loose with the great questions of the day. It has sought to keep down the Farmers Alliance-Populistic element by pandering to its interests, conciliating its leaders and conceding to its wishes until the backbone of the party has been all but shattered. The nomination in 1892 of a Farmers' Alliance free silver candidate for Governor marked the head water of all their woes. Since that frightful blunder the tide has been constantly rolling, bearing on its bosom the the wild heresies of the Populist faith, and sweeping before it the old landmarks of Democratic conservatism. Against this political folly some men throughout the State have stood courageously; but the bark had been launched, and, in spite of the voices along the shore warning the reckless crew of the rapids below them, the ill-fated craft has gone headlong over the political Niagara.

That North Carolina is to remain in the power of Populism or of fusion—for the present gang will smell as rank by one name as another—seems hardly probable when one considers what the State has to risk in the struggle. Few Southern communities have recovered so thoroughly from the blighting effects of the war or adapted themselves so practically to the new conditions as has the old North State. In the last quarter of a century the material development of the State has increased wonderfully. Agriculture has been given a great boom; the truck lands along the eastern shore have greatly enriched that section of the State; mining has taken practical and profitable shape; commerce has set in anew; the axe has rung through the heretofore almost untouched forests that skirt the coast, and manufacturing throughout the Piedmont and western sections has sprung up with surprising rapidity and permanence. Money and men have been attracted to the State in great amount and number, and the outlook for a mighty material if not social advancement has seemed assured. This condition of prosperity, while due largely to the physical advantages of the State, is attributable not a little to her reputation during the past twenty years for safe, sound, conservative opinion on all subjects, from finance to fads. The representative "Tar Heel" has been considered a sensible fellow by his brothers in the national family. He has been at par wherever he has gone; and his reputation, as we have already emphasized, has been due to nothing so much as to a constant clinging to the policy of his fathers. If now, however, the old moorings are to be abandoned and the State is to be given over to the unrestrained and irrational Populistic isms, there are reasons for believing that the people of North Carolina will profit little by the new regime.

Populism is a curse, a blight, a political paralysis worse almost than death, and every community, North or South, East or West, should shun it as they would leprosy. North Carolina, when aroused, as she doubtless will be, will shake off the monster, slay the Gorgon, and return to her former position of rational canservatism in the nation. To do this she must close her everlasting temporizing policy with the Farmers' Alliance, turn her back on the financial isms that have recently flourished on her soil, draw the line of honest party difference, and fight the enemy with the bayonet of common sense. The spirit that swept over the old North State in 1876 must again assert itself. A sound policy of finance must be the watchword, and fearless, courageous leadership the guiding influence. The next campaign must be earnest and intelligent. Every newspaper must be set to preaching; every court yard must be turned into a lyceum; every city, town and cross roads must be stirred and aroused to the importance and necessity of a new order of things. In a campaign of intelligence and aggressiveness such as we have suggested the decent, sensible people would be invincible; against their onslaughts the power of Populism would be as "chaff before the fire." The whole country is watching the issue.

All Free.

Those who have used Dr. King's Discovery know its value and those who have not, have now the opportunity to try it Free. Call on the advertised druggist and get a bottle Free. Send your name and address to H. E. Bucklen & Co., Chicago, and get a sample box of Dr. King's New Life Pills Free, as well as a copy of Guide to Health and Household Instructor, Free. All of which is guaranteed to do you good and cost you nothing. P. B. Fetzer's Drug Store.

The Pullman Palace Car Company has advanced the wages of their 4,000 employes 10 per cent. The advance is due to the bright business outlook.

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

HUMBUGS.

North Carolina Advocate.

It is a burning shame the way our people are imposed upon by venders of iron steel cooking ranges, lightning rods and calendar clocks. They get too poor, they say, to take the Advocate, almost too poor to pay their taxes, but just the same the range or rod man can take a note binding as a mortgage negotiable at the nearest bank. A preacher in our office last week said they had sold about $18,000 worth of ranges in one county, and had escaped without paying tax. In another county a gentleman too poor to take the Advocate, not satisfied with one range, bought one for a prospective daughter-in-law, paying only $68 for it. We do not sell stoves at all, but think we could safely take a contract to furnish one thousand at one-half that figure and supply a more durable and more satisfactory grade of goods. They will offer to put up lightning rods and assure the purchaser that $15 or $20 wil cover the cost, and then take a note at 47½ cents a foot for metal not worth over 1 or 2 cents a foot, and make the note binding as words will allow. Another man comes, puts up the rods, does the measuring, and renders a bill for $100, sometimes more.

The man who sells clocks asks the privilege of leaving one on your mantel piece, takes what he calls a memorandum, but which is a water-tight obligation to pay for said clock, which the poor man, who allowed the clock to be left, and who unwittingly signed the note, has the privilege of doing in a few weeks.

But there is no use exposing these swindlers in the columns of the Advocate; the men who sign these notes as a rule are too poor to take their church paper, and will never see this word of caution.

All we have said applies equally well to patent medicine humbugs, seen on nearly every court square two or three times a year. But people are so fond of impositions of this kind that they are restless until some other man has their cash. A few years ago it was the patent churn; in one county the people bought $25,000 worth. The seller said the people in that county had more money and less brains than any people he had previously met. So mote it be.

A revival is as much the result of obedience to certain laws and conditions, as the production of an electric light.

Religion pure and undefiled never makes a prayer for good of men that is not willing to take off its coat and help answer.

Two Assertions of the Silverites That Are Sadly Conflicting.

The two legs on which the free silver argument lamely limps are two assertions which flatly contradict each other. The first is the statement that with free coinage at 16 to 1 the commercial value of silver will advance until 16 ounces of silver will equal in value one ounce of gold. This claim is backed up by the oft repeated charge that it was the alleged demonetization of silver in 1873 which caused the value of that metal to fall, and it is urged that free coinage would at once restore its old value.

The second assertion of the silverites is their claim that free coinage would stop the fall in prices which they all insist is due to our financial policy. They have won the support of the farmers solely because they denounced our present currency system as one which makes money scarce and dear and have promised that free coinage will make money cheap and plentiful. In fact, their very strongest plea for unlimited silver is their claim that it would double the prices of farm products by measuring them in cheaper money. And if it would not do so it certainly could not help the farmer.

Here then are the plain statements of the silverites:

Free coinage will increase the value of silver so that it will be twice as dear as it is now. Putting the government's stamp "One Dollar" on 412½ grains of silver will make it equal in value to 25 4-5 grains of gold.

Free coinage will double the prices of all products by measuring them in the cheaper and more plentiful metal and will enable debtors to pay their debts with one-half of the goods they would have to give now.

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Sept. 20,'94.—1y.

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