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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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SAM JONES ON SMALL MEN.

Is this a day of small men? is a question frequently asked, and sometimes the question is put in the declarative. It is said that distance lends enchantment to the view. George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, Calhoun, Clay, Webster, etc., may look larger to us and greater to us than they did to the eyes of men who were cotemporary with them. The great writers, the great poets, the great philosophers seem to have passed away. This is an age of materialism. There were never greater financiers in the history of the world than we have at the present time; there were never greater discoverers and authors in mechanics than we have with us this day.

Unto whatever an age lends its energies and expends its genius upon that age shows itself in the energies and forces thus displayed. Epicurianism—eat, drink and be merry—was the ideal of life in one age. War, martial array, heroism, generalship, was the fad in more than one age. Peter the Great, Napoleon Bonaparte and others were the climaxes of their ages. Another age produces its athletics. I reckon Samson would have headed that procession. Another age produced its orators, Cicero, Demosthenes, Pitt, Fox, Erskine, Clay, Calhoun, Webster, Prentiss, Marshall, Beecher. Other ages have produced their authors, the men who did their work with their pen.

When we look about us to-day humanity seems mixed, addled and largely aimless, except to keep up with the procession: This is an age of politicians. To-day the politicians seem to head the procession. Statesmanship has been at a premium, but politicians hold sway now. Gladstone is in his dotage; Bismarck played out; Disraeli is dead and buried. Who is the statesman of Europe to-day? They have none in the east.

Li Hung Chang, the brightest man in all China, talked and acted like a 10-months old boy in America. If he made while over here a philosophical statement or observation I have not heard of it. He was inquisitive. He asked our women how old they were and how many children they had, and why they did not have more children, or words to that effect; and if he had not been worth $600,000,000 and America had not been looking for some of it to fall this way, he would have been treated like any other pig-tail in America. This is a day of politicians, not of statesmen.

The greatest living statesman to-day in the United States is the most despised and most discounted man in America. He has once been the most popular. Ten years ago he was the idol of America. Four years ago he was the most popular man in America. He now holds the same views, advocates the same principles and maintains the same integrity and heroism that he always has as president, and yet he has lost with his own party until the reaction is so great that he himself will not affiliate with or approve the principles or the candidates of his own party.

David B. Hill, perhaps the most astute politicians in the United States, said: "I am a Democrat." I see the newspapers are now calling him a "Dumocrat." Tom Reed, perhaps the strongest man in the Republican party, was passed by and his own party took a smaller man because they thought he would run better. We are not hunting our biggiest and brainiest men to-day. We are hunting our most popular men. In other words, each party wants a candidate that will get there, and they take his measure after they get him elected.

If there is a towering man to-day the governor of any State of this Union, I do not recall him at this moment. The Supreme Court of the United States does not rank as it once did. When we measure the Supreme Court of the United States of to-day by the Supreme Court of the United States of 50 years ago, the comparison seems odious. The supreme courts of our several states no not measure up as they once did. Great lawyers are not as plentiful now, it seems.

This is an age not only of push and pull for political office, but it is a push and pull for wealth and a push and drive for health. Hence we have the most colossal fortunes in the world's history; hence we have more broken down nervous systems than any age has ever produced; and one profession perhaps holds its own with the march of any age, and that is the profession of medicine. We have as great or greater doctors to-day than the world ever had. The practice of medicine and the science of surgery have almost reached their acme in the last few decades. The past has never excelled Koch. America may boast of the finest surgeons in the world. I have been told that one of the finest surgeons in Europe said to a patient who came to him for a critical operation: "Why do you come to me when Dr. Kelly, of Baltimore, is a better surgeon than I am."

We have a dearth in my profession. Great preachers are not thick today as the stars of the heavens are at night. Georgia has not a Bishop Pierce. New York has not a Beecher; Boston has not a Phillips Brooks; England has not a Whitfield; Scotland has not a John Knox. We have many more in quantity, but we lack in quality. In my peripirinations over this country I find an almost constant inquiry by some of the leading churches "Where can we get a man, towering and strong, for our pulpit?" Preachers may be as big today as they were 50 or 100 years ago, but they don't seem so large. If the peer of St. Paul, of Wesley, of Whitfield or Charles G. Finney lives today, I have not met him. I see some very small preachers filling some very large pulpits. It seems to be a very small doughnut in a very large box. Usually where this is the case, the church is not much fuller than the pulpit. A man must fill the pulpit or the people won't fill the church.

If we had more preachers of power we would certainly have more people in the church every Sunday morning and night.

But we develop in the lines we pursue. Greed for gold has developed us into the shrewdest traders, the most monumental manipulators the world ever saw. And this push for the dollar has created a demand for skill in the manipulation of the nerves, skill in the use of the knife, skill in the use of pills, and to make over again the man who has unmade himself in his race for success. We have great lawyers when men love their profession better than they love the income derived from their profession. We have great statesmen when men love their country better than they love political office. We have great preachers when men love God and the kingdom of Christ above place and position. We have great orators when head and heart are both full of thought and emotion sublime. We have great riches when we put gold above God, and great men when we put manhood above Mammon.

The correlated and aggregated energies of a man will make him great in whichever direction he may go—upward or downward. When this world shall see that goodness is greatness and greatness is goodness, and he that would be greatest of all must first be the servant of all; that it is more blessed to give than receive; that we are made perfect through suffering; that there is no crown where there is no cross; that the richest man in the world is the man who has done most for his fellow-man; rich in good works; and that the poorest man in the world is the man who was a millionaire on earth, but who has not money enough in hell to buy a drop of water; but the richest man in eternity is the man who sacrifices most here and gains more in the world of eternal light.

SAM JONES.

Hard Facts.

From Hardware.

Appearances may be deceitful.

The surface of beauty may be of tissue paper thinness.

Intrinsic value sets the price of everything.

Quality and permanency are founded upon the rock of reality.

The real in the strength of its reality, more than the appearance of it, controls the standard of value.

Theoretically, scientifically, and physically that which a thing is, makes that thing.

Commercially, that which a thing seems to be, as well as that which a thing is, sells that thing.

The surface decoration of the outside of the wall paper gives increased value to a cheap material.

The veneer on the piano makes the piano salable, but does not sweeten or multiply the interior vibrations.

The seams are on the inside of the overcoat.

The polish is on the outside of the furniture.

Part of art, beauty, harmony, and those things which make this life brighter is dependent upon the appearance as much as upon the substance.

Our Late Allies.

Charlotte Observer.

Senator Butler's paper says in its issue of this week:

"Speaking now for the People's party of North Carolina, and we believe for the nation, we take the liberty of serving notice on Mr. Bryan that if he desires to head the reform forces of the People's party in the next fight, he must do so under some other name than that of Democrat. The name has become a reproach and a stench among the people, and it will not be supported any more now nor hereafter."

And again:

"In the campaign just closed the People's party joined their forces with the Democrats, and the Democrats again played the people false—grossly and brutally false. We are done with them now and forever, and also with any man who seeks to lead the people hereafter under anything that may bear the name or have the smirch of the word Democrat on."

These are the ducks with whom the Democrats have recently had a fusion. Don't appear to have a very high opinion of us, do they?

Stands at the Head.

Aug. J. Bogel, the leading druggist of Shreveport, La., says: "Dr. King's New Discovery is the only thing that cures my cough, and it is the best seller I have." J. F. Cambell, merchant of Safford, Ariz., writes: "Dr. King's New Discovery is all that claimed for it; it never fails, and is a sure cure for its merits." Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds is not an experiment. It has been tried for a quarter of a century, and to-day stands at the head. It never disappoints. Free trial bottles at Fetzer's Drug Store.

A Void Election.

MOREHEAD CITY, N. C., Nov. 11.—It has just been learned that at Piney Point precinct, Carteret county, on November 3rd, just before the polls were closed, one of the judges, in lighting his pipe, accidentally dropped the head of a match in the county box, and when the accident was discovered by them before the box could be opened, most of the tickets had been burned. The judges, four Republican and two Democrats, decided to guess at the number of votes for each candidate, and replace the burned ballots by news ones.

Affidavits have been secured from each of the six poll holders and judges setting forth the above facts, and stating that the replacing of the burned tickets was very uncertain, owing to the great number of scratches.

The Republicans of the precinct are very angry with the party who brought this matter before the public as it was considered an affair of their own. The question is, will this throw out the box? If so, it elects the Democratic member of the Legislature, register of deeds and surveyor, which completes the Democratic county ticket.

Electric Bitters.

Electric Bitters is a medicine suited for any season, but perhaps more generally needed when the languid, exhausted feeding prevails, when the liver is torpid and sluggish and the need of a tonic and alterative is felt. A prompt use of this medicine has often averted long and perhaps fatal billious fevers. No medicine will act more surely in counteracting and freeing the system from the malarial poison. Headache, Indigestion, Constipation, Dizziness yield to Electric Bitters. 50c. and $1.00 per bottle at Fetzer's Drug Store.

SHE SEES THE FUTURE.

Five-Year-Old Girl's Remarkable Gift of Prophecy.

Little Mabel Miller, five years of age, living on Houston avenue, near Nineteenth street, South Chicago, is a prophetess, a natural one, who does not deem it necessary to go into a trance when she wants to foretell events. She simply tells what is to happen, in the most matter of fact way, and thinks no more about it.

She delivered her first prophecies when but two years of age, when she began to learn to talk, and at first they excited no particular comment, as her mother is a plain, unimaginative woman who possesses no knowledge of occult matters, and therefore gave no heed to the chatter of the infant phenomenon. Mabel's father is a German, but her mother's father is a Frenchman, M. Sovine. German is the language spoken in the house altogether, and, although Mabel has never heard anything else, she is able to speak English quite as fluently.

Illness in the family she invariably predicts, and there has not as yet been an instance where she was in error. When asked how it is she can tell when a member of the household is about to be ill she invariably says: "I sees 'em in the bed." As a rule her prophecies are without solicitation, as she usually makes no reply when asked concerning future events, and if she does not feel like talking nothing can induce her to say a word.

Mabel's home is a modest two-story frame house, like hundreds of others in the vicinity, and the family are in modest circumstances, the father being a workman in a neighboring factory. All the members of the family are attendants upon the Lutheran church, know nothing of spiritualism, never heard of such a thing, and would not know what it meant if told. The little girl has never been brought into contact with anything of the sort, and does not realize that she is doing anything remarkable in thus peering into the future. In fact, she is but a baby, is childish in everything she does, and has no conception of anything beyond her own little childish pleasures.

It is true she does not predict wars, revolutions, changes in government and the overthrow of dynasties, for they are beyond her comprehension, but as she grows older she may be engagable, through the exercise of her peculiar powers, to foretell all sorts of happenings. At present she confines herself to predicting sickness in the family and the families of relatives, the arrival of visitors at the house, and things that are to happen to her little playmates.

Her mother does not pretend to understand the child. As for the father, he says nothing. The grandfather, Jorvine, thinks she is of the supernatural, and the neighbors agree with the grandfather.

One day when her grandfather was visiting at the house she asked him for some pennies. He replied, in jest: "I have none; I am poor, and can't give pennies to little girls."

She quickly answered: "You've got some money in your pocket, and pretty soon when you sell the house, you will have a lot of money the man will give you."

The grandfather at the same time was negotiating the sale of a house, and a few days afterwards the deal was consummated, but the old man had not said a word to any member of the family on the subject.

As early as three years ago Mabel could read the future in regard to events that were of interest to her. One day she told her mother: "Aunt Anna is coming this afternoon, mama; so you had better hurry through with your work."

Another day she said: "Grandma is coming to-morrow, and I am going home with her."

In each case the relative came, as prophesied, and Mabel went home with her grandmother, as she said she would.

At another time, when playing with some other children, she said to one of them: "Elsie, you are going to the circus; your uncle is going to take you." Sure enough, Elsie went to the circus with her uncle, although she had not known the treat was in store for her.

Mabel is also an adept at telling the nationality of those with whom she is brought into contact, a peculiarity her parents cannot understand. She can tell at a glance whether a person is French, English, American or German, but how she does it none of the family knows. From what source her inspiration comes no one can tell. She is a natural musician and can sing any song she has ever heard, although she has had no sort of musical training, and is also a natural actress and a lover of the beautiful in everything.

Tom Watson's Delayed Letter.

ATLANTA, GA., Nov. 11.—The letter written by Thomas E. Watson accepting the populist nomination for Vice-President was to day made public for the first time.

Seven columns of Mr. Watson's paper are devoted to it. The letter is supplemented by four columns of advice to populists to "sit steady in the boat and hold their party together."

Mr. Watson says the failure of the populists to support Bryan in the close states brought about M'Kinley's election. He goes into a review of the circumstance leading to his nomination at St. Louis and accepts the vice-presidential nomination "Because I said I would." He declares that if the St. Louis populist convention had nominated a straight populist ticket, it would have been elected. It would, he says, have driven the Hills and Gormans where they belong, in the republican ranks, and the Bryans and Blands would have joined with the populists. He complains bitterly of the treatment he received at the hands of the populist leaders and addresses himself particularly to Senator Butler.

Second Growth of Cotton.

A Vicksburg (Miss.) dispatch say there is a pretty good second growth of cotton in the Mississippi Valley, and that the bolls are well on the way to maturity. The dispatch adds that it is expected that the bolls will come to development in the ratio of about one to sixteen; that is, of every sixteen bolls one will be harvested.

BILL ARP ON ELECTIONS.

It is a good time to write some more "meditations among the tombs," or "an ode to melancholy," or a few verses like "This world is all a fleeting show." The election is over and the bad news keeps coming and the heavens are weeping and everything is going wrong. Very early this morning I was sweetly dreaming, when there was a gentle rap at the door and I thought that possibly some friend or nabor had come to tell me that Bryan was elected, but the voice spake and: "Mammy say she can't come dis morning—she sick."

Oh, my poor, bleeding country. No cook, the rain just pouring down. Mrs. Arp made no sign, so I slipped out of bed and dressed and tiptoed out to the culinary department. I fired up the stove and put on the hominy and the coffee and fed the cow and brought in some more wood and got everything ready for feminine hands before I awaked them. In course of time they came and made the biscuit and fried the sausage scrambled some eggs and we had a No. 1 breakfast and I felt better. Sorrow endureth for a night, but joy cometh in the morning about breakfast time. I felt calm and serene and did like Obadiah Oldbuck always did when bad luck overtook him. I put on a clean shirt and went down town to rejoice with those who were rejoicing and to weep with those who wept. Several days ago I had prepared my mind for a defeat. I had hedged so that the disappointing shock would not be so shocking when it came, but still I secretly indulged a hope that there might be a landslide, an avalanche, an interposition of providence in Bryan's favor. A man may think he is prepared for the worst, but he can't himself out of his wishes. My comfort now is in sympathizing with our hero, in admiring the grandeur of the man who can now, like Paul, exclaim, "I have fought a good fight; I have kept the faith." The coming historian will do him justice and he will rank with the great men of the nation.

One thing I rejoice at, and that is the election of a republican congress to cooperate with McKinley. Let there be no excuse for the winning side and if they do not revive the industries and prosperity of the country within the next four years then they must step down and out or they will be hurled from power as Jupiter hurled Vulcan from the Olympian heights. Vulcan was nine days falling and broke his leg and is lame yet.

Now let us have peace and rest. I sincerely wish that McKinley could stay in office for a term of ten years and then have to retire for good. The presidential term is too short. It takes all of one year to grease the machinery and get it in running order; then two years for work; then two years for work, and the last year is devoted to mending fences and fixing up for another election. It is the same way with our governor's election. The term is too short; and it looks like some folks want to make it shorter still. The people are tired of elections—we get excited and get mad with one another, and by the time we get over it here comes another election, and we get mad again. We men folks could stand it fairly well, but our women folks get excited too, and make some remarks that become a circulating medium and cause unhealthy agitation of the female mind.

BILL ARP.

Fictitious Prosperity.

Charlotte Observer.

We account it fortunate that the standard of value in this country is not to be changed for the present. The threat that it might be has greatly depressed business in all lines, and the guarantee now that it is not must necessarily result in improved business conditions. But the reports with which the press is teeming of a tremendous boom already inaugurated in consequence of the election of McKinley make us tired. We are in a position to know that these reports are being systematically worked up and that they are very much exaggerated. Much is being made now of the starting of a saw-mill, which would not have been heard of a month ago outside of the neighborhood. We were in favor of the repeal of the purchase clause of the Sherman act and think yet that it was properly repealed; but we cannot help recalling that immediately after that legislation was effected a business boom was inaugurated and continued about a week. It was an imaginary affair altogether and hence nobody derived any benefit from it. The present hurrah is very suggestive of that of three years ago.

Unprevaricated Proverbs.

Boston Home Journal

Nothing is so disagreeable as trying to kill time in a town so small that any one taking a walk must return by the same road he went.

Before marriage the man thinks a great deal about the girl meeter. After marriage it's the gas meter that occupies his attention.

The man who wants a wife while he is married to a woman is about the poorest man alive.

Lots of men like their music to be like the hush which falls upon the house when the baby goes to sleep.

We are commanded to forgive our enemies, but not to make friends of them.

The man who runs after two hares often comes home feeling as if he had been snatched baldheaded.

Died From Laughing.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Nov. 11.—James Thornton, a voodoo doctor, died today from laughing. His laugh was infectious. With him "laugh and the world laughs with you" was literally true. Sometimes he would start to laugh and it was only with great difficulty that he could stop. These spells weakened him.

Yesterday he had a severe attack of laughter. When he reached home he went to bed, where he had another laugh. Then he fell asleep. Today he was found dead. He was 70 years old, and was formerly a street car driver. When the trolley supplanted the horse Thornton quit and took to healing.

Winston is to have saloons again, the license fee being $1,000.

SIX MEN DROWNED.

Drunken Captian Sacrifices Five Sailors and Himself.

MUSKEGON, Mich., November 8.—The schooner Waukesha was wrecked off this port early this morning and six lives were lost. But one man, of a crew of seven, commanded by a drunken captain, reached shore. Two bodies have been recovered. It was about 1:30 o'clock this morning when the beach patrolman on the south shore of the harbor reported the wreckage coming ashore. This report, to the mind of Captain Wood, brought up the question of the safety of a big three-masted schooner which arrived off the point 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon. She flew a tug fly as she came in sight and the station sent word up town for the Carrie Dyerson, which came down, but would not venture out in the face of the big sea which was running.

The schooner was apparently all right during the evening, and at 9 o'clock the lookout man saw her lights. After that they disappeared, and it was thought she had slipped her cables and run out to get room. But the sequel shows she had not. In the terrific storm, awful cold and darkness of last night, six human lives had been snuffed out and not a soul on shore was a white the wiser. In the wreckage was found the nameplate of the schooner, which was the Waukesha, commanded by Captain Duncan Cobbett. She was loaded with salt and bound from Ludington to South Chicago.

At break of day the lookout man at the life-saving station here thought he saw something move on a dark object which bobbed with the swell of the sea, the float lying about half a mile off the habor, Captain Wood was notified and speedily found out that the dark something was the wreck of a vessel. In the hope that something might be alive on the wreck, he went out with his crew, and to his great suprise found a sailor clinging to an improvised raft.

The man was able to wave to the lifesavers as they came up, and more dead than alive was taken to the station.

This evening he was able to talk and gave a graphic description of the tragedy. He said his name was Frank Delach, that they left Ludington Friday and most immediately the captain began drinking. He had for his companions a sailor by the name of Fred and soon the three were deeply intoxicated and they continued that way until the end. The boat laked badly all the way and the hands at the pumps all the time soon became worn out.

The sea increased and the men begged the captain to beach the boat, but he refused. When they came in sight of Muskegon the master did not know where he was and anchored one and a half miles out against the protests of Delach, who wanted him to either enter the habor or go ashore, saying they could not live where they were.

The drunken captain, however, refused and would not allow any signals to be given to bring help, locking up the torches. Shortly after the boat began breaking. One by one the masts fell, one killing the negro cook. The other six clung to the wreckage and were washed away, Deloch's mate being the last to go. A temendous wave swept away just as day broke over the wild scene. Two bodies, those of the cook and a Swedish sailor, have been recovered and taken charge of by Corner Vander Linde, who will hold an inquest tomorrow.

Senator Butler Makes an Open Declaration of War on Pritchard.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 11.—Senator Marion Butler, of North Carolina, in an interview to-day, expressed the opinion that it was not possible for a gold Senator to be elected in this state to succeed Senator Pritchard. The Populists in the Legislature hold the balance of power, and they will declare in their caucus, says the Senator, for some man who is not only a straight, silver man, but who is also for an income tax, and who is opposed to the National Banking system. The Senator said he believed the Populists would stand solidly for such a man, and if there are not enough silver men in the Legislature to come to their assistance to elect such a man, then the Legislature will be deadlocked and no one will be elected.

He also said that he felt sure that the Populists and free-silver Republican Senators would favor such a change in the present tariff law that may be necessary to provide sufficient revenue, provided the Republicans would agree to have the duty placed on the proper articles.

"Upon what articles do you think the tariff duties should be placed?" he was asked.

"Upon certain raw materials that are now on the free list, or which are now protected only by a small duty, and upon certain luxuries that are consumed almost exclusively by the rich, who now pay practically no tax to support the government."

The Influence of Clothes.

He—Did you ever observe what a difference clothes makes on one's mind? Few, when I am in my riding togs I am all horse; when I have on my business suit, I am all business; when I get into my evening dress, my mind takes a purely social turn.

She—And I suppose that when you take a bath your mind's an utter blank.—Pick Me Up.

Interested Advice.

"Pardon me," said the new boarder after the others had left the table, "but I'm not up in table etiquette and don't know exactly how oranges should be eaten."

"Very sparingly; very sparingly, sir, at this time of the year," answered the thrifty landlady.—Detroit Free Press.

A Better Judge.

Mr. Gotrox—And so you are the noble fellow who rescued my wife from in front of the trolley car at the risk of your life? Take this quarter, my heroic man, as an expression of our undying regard.

Mr. Raglets—All right, boss. You know better'n I do what the woman's worth.—Up to Date.

SOME QUEER NAMES IN THE NEXT CONGRESS.

Washington Post.

From over in Maryland comes Dr Booze, and while there may be no significance whatever in this close conjunction, the name of the Representative in the very next district is Mudd. Maryland also sends a Barber and a Baker to the next House. A Cooke is found in the Illinois delegation, a Gardner in New Jersey, a Plowman in Alabama, a Cowherd in Missouri, a Bishop in Michigan, a Brewer in Ohio, two Coopers, one from Texas, the other from Wisconsin, two Taylors, one from Ohio and one from Alabama, four Smiths, two from Michigan and one each from Illinois and Arizona. A Miller comes from West Virginia, but Illinois furnishes Mills. Illinois also has a Hunter, New Jersey and North Carolina each a Fowler, but Pennsylvania contributes Robbins.

The little New England State of Rhode Island sends a Bull, Virginia a Lamb, North Carolina a Martin, Mississippi a Fox, Missouri a Cooney, and Ohio a Kerr, while a Skinner comes from North Carolina, and a Packer from Pennsylvania. There is a Fischer in the New York delegation, but the only thing for him to catch is Sauerhering, of Wisconsin. Fruit, too, is scarce, there being only one Berry, from Kentucky.

Congress is a large body in itself, but if has only a Foote in New York and a Tongue in Oregon. A Mann in Illinois, however, is Handy in Delaware, Moody in Massachusetts, a Minor in Wisconsin, still Young in Virginia and Pennsylvania, and, above all, Bland in Missouri. New York aggregates to itself all the Payne, North Carolina all the Love, and Missouri all the Joy. Utah is represented by a King, Illinois by a Prince, and the people of Iowa by their Cousins.

The silver Moon from the Tennessee mountains, looks down peacefully upon a Hill in Connecticut, a Marsh in Illinois, near which is planted a Cannon that has seen much service, a Flood in Virginia, a Beach in Ohio, an Eddy in Minnesota, a Strait in South Carolina, and a Hull of long standing in Iowa, while it sheds a bright Ray upon the State of New York.

Color lines are not sharply drawn, for there are only Browns in Ohio and North Carolina, White in the latter State, and both White and Jett in Illinois.

A Bell from Colorado may ring Loud in California, and Sweet and Low in New York. Pennsylvania sends two fine looking Stones, both of whom have been here before, while Vermont, which has such an abundance of fine marble, sends only Grout.

Three good Walkers will be in the next House, one from Massachusetts and two from Virginia, to say nothing of Strode from Nebraska. The Little men from Arkansas may offset Grow in Pennsylvania.

Messrs. Robb, Steele and Gamble would hardly be a success as a firm in any other business than bank-breaking or train-wrecking, in either Missouri, Indiana, or South Dakota. Should they decide to divide their Gaines in Tennessee they might Settle in Kentucky, or possibly in North Carolina after a sharp contest.

Should any of the members of Congress desire to indulge in the national game they may use the Ball which will be sent here by Texas. Illinois will be sure to make a safe Hitt.

His Fatal Error.

Scene—The bar parlor of the Prince George, Brighton. Pipes and beer all arounk. An old salt saying:

"I've got a riddle to ask you chaps. If a 'erring and a 'alf cost three farthings, 'ow many could you buy for sixpence?"

Profound silence and much puffing of pipes. Presently a voice from the corner:

"I say, Bill, did you say 'errings?"

"Yes, I said 'errings."

"Drat it, I've been a-reckonin' of mackerel all this 'ere time."—London Black and White.

Convincing.

Husband: You are not economical.

Wife: Well, if you don't call a woman economical who saves her wedding dress for a possible second marriage, I'd like to know what you think economy is.

Loose clothes and downy cushions bring only a negative sort of comfort to the woman who is suffering with some disease or derangement of the organs distinctly feminine. Some clothes and some positions make the pain and discomfort seem less. Nothing will ever completely relieve but a radical cure. The effects of such disorders are not limited to mere local discomforts but extend over the whole body. Perhaps the nerves are most affected, and this in turn disturbs the digestion. After that there is no telling what form the trouble may take. With irritable nerves and poor digestion, a woman is on the straight road to the grave. Women are notoriously negligent in matters pertaining to their health. Too many of them understand too little about their own physical make-up. They do not understand their possibilities or their limitations, and they do not know enough about themselves to know when a symptom is really serious and when it is not. This naturally makes them overlook the plainest of danger signals. The start of everything is simple. The start of so-called "female complaints" may be a very slight thing indeed. It may be that in the beginning some small hygienic measures would stop the trouble. Certainly at this time, a little bit of the right medicine would stop it. When the trouble becomes worse, it is harder to cure, but still it can be cured. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription will positively cure any trouble of this character. It may be absolutely relied upon. It affords immediate and lasting relief to a woman whose natural modesty has kept her from consulting physicians.

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Sept. 20.'94.—1y.

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