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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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Oct. 1.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Having been duly appointed and qualified Administrator of M. H. Lefler deceased all persons holding claims against said deceased are hereby notified to present them duly authenticated to the undersigned on or before November 25th, 1897, for payment, or this notice will be pleaded as a bar to their recovery; also all persons owing deceased are notified that prompt payment is expected.
This Nov. 16, 1896. D. C. FAGGART, Admr. of M. H. LEFLER.
Nov.19, 6w.

DISEASES OF THE SKIN.
The intense itching and smarting incident to eczema, tetter, salt-rheum, and other diseases of the skin is instantly allayed by applying Chamberlain's Eye and Skin Ointment. Many very bad cases have been permanently cured by it. It is equally efficient for itching piles and a favorite remedy for sore nipples; chapped hands, chilblains, frost bites, and chronic sore eyes. For sale by druggists at 25 cents per box.

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CONSUMPTION

SAM JONES' VIEW OF THE FIELD AFTER THE BATTLE.

For months this great country, both national and state, has been in the agony of political excitement, and now the election is over and soon the legislatures of the various States not already in session will convene. The candidates begged and implored and conjured the people for their votes. Now in return what will the officials do for the people? Every official owes a debt to his constituency that he can only pay by the most faithful service, by unswerving loyalty to right and principle, by the championship of all wise and good measures, and by a vigilant, watchful care lest some bill or measure which is not to the best interest of the morals, peace and good order of his community be not detected and defeated. I cannot be charged with the work of spite or opposition now to any candidate. Offices have been meted out from Mr. McKinley down to the little constables. I shall not discuss men but measures.

Every legislature in every state in this Union ought to settle first and foremost the question of a decent, righteous election law. The frauds of the past ought never to be repeated in the future. Unless by wise legislation and faithful enforcement of law these frauds and rascalities at the polls and ballot boxes shall be stopped there will be riots and bloodshed, and a thousand people will be killed around the polling precincts. A bad thing can go just so far and no farther. I take the position of an humble, private citizen of this country that any man in the legislature or out of the legislature is in favor of a free ballot and a fair count, and nobody but a dishonest, dirty scoundrel would countenance fraud in politics or anywhere else, and he who fights in the legislature of this country the adoption and passage of the best possible election laws for his state either got into the legislative halls by fraud and rascality, or else he is afraid he can't get back again without the use of both at the polls. The Australian ballot ought to be adopted by every State in this Union. There are less chances for fraud when the Australian ballot is used than any other method with which I am acquainted. I know of some men calling themselves legislators will say it works hardships upon the illiterate: that it is not right to disfranchise a man because he is ignorant.

There are many things which don't seem right to us, but they are wise and good. It does not look like it is a hardship for a railroad to discharge an engineer who has faithfully served the company 20 or 30 years, and yet he cannot read and write. But that is done nevertheless, for the protection of the traveling public and for the safest and most efficient movement of trains. It looks hard to discharge a locomotive engineer or conductor because they are color blind, but nevertheless it is done in the interest of the traveling public and of the road which discharges them. It looks a little hard to some women that they cannot vote when they know they have more sense, more morals and more education than half the gang who run to the polls with their ballots.

The greatest good to the greatest number is a safe rule. I sympathize with the unfortunate, but I love the honor of my state and the perpetuity of its noble institutions more than I sympathize with the fellow who has grown up in a country where books are ten cents apiece and kerosene oil ten cents a gallon as ignorant as a mule. To corrupt the ballot is to undermine the very mud sills of our institutions. To stuff a ballot or perpetrate election frauds is the greatest crime a man can commit against his country. It ought to be made treason to buy or sell a vote, to tamper with the ballot box or be guilty of election frauds. It looks like politicians themselves would grow sick and tired of the methods so frequently used all over this country. I know there are extremes to which we can go.

I read the deliverances of a man a few days ago who said that in the south we were constantly menaced with the color vote. He said the Anglo-Saxon race must stay on top, and there were three ways in which to deal with the negro in politics. One was to move him out of this country, another to disfranchise him, and the other to kill him. I am sure we will never move the brother in black from the South. We had as well talk about moving the fertile plains of the west and rehabilitating the red hills and gully-washed hills of South Carolina and Georgia with them. We cannot disfranchise him by any rule which does not apply to the white man. Nobody but a murderer wants to kill him. The Australian ballot is the best and the easiest solution of the trouble. With the Australian ballot we can have honest elections—maybe not altogether honest, any more than we have full protection to life by the laws against murder and homicide; but we eliminate from politics largely the ignorant that don't know and the rascals that can be bought and sold like steers or mules in the market. Let all the legislatures pass the Australian ballot law. Let them make buying or selling a vote a felony punishable not only by imprisonment in the penitentiary of the State, but with it the everlasting disfranchisement of the guilty party.

Virtue and intelligence must dominate over vice and ignorance if this government is to be perpetuated as a government by the people and for the people. An ignorant man is almost invariably a man of deep-seated prejudices; and prejudice and vice may not be far apart. Here is one citizen who is in favor of virtue and intelligence ruling this country whether it disfranchises him or not. If they could have better officials and purer elections by disfranchising me, then I say patriotism would make me submit. In the mad rush of politics, in the greed for office and power, many have lost sight of purity of honor and manhood. I have no respect for any man who would go into office when he knew fraud got him in there. He is as mean as the corrupt gang who put him in, as a rule. Most men have a moral conscience, but few men have a political conscience. "Anything to beat Grant" has been translated to read "anything to beat my opponent and get the office for myself." It is a notorious saying now that good men don't seek for office so much; that they are not willing to enter into the dirty scramble for it. It is a sad day when virtue and manhood dare not enter a race because the unscrupulous rascal can pull his wires and work his heelers and defeat an opponent who is his superior in every sense.

I know we have good men in every legislature in this Union. I know if they will fight for the right with the tireless energy and indefatigable effort with which the evil men in the legislatures engineer their schemes and push their ballots they will conquer; for right is might. Right has never lost a battle where it had a champion equal to the emergency. And at last this differentiates a statesman from a politician. Clay was a statesman. He could rise to an emergency for the right. Abraham Lincoln was a statesman. He met every emergency when right met wrong in his career. To be a law maker and a law breaker both at the same time is the acme of meanness and the last retreat of a rascal. There are not enough of the ex-members of the legislatures of this country in the penitentiary, I dare believe.

When I look over the pages of history and see how men who championed the right loved their country more than they loved their own official positions, I see what a benediction they were to their day and generation, and I feel their influence for good though they may have been a dead a thousand years. Their lives were a blessing and their death a public calamity. And when I look over the same pages of history and see how littleness and meanness has had its reward in perfidy here and damnation hereafter, I say it pays to do right because it is right. It is bankruptcy for both worlds to do wrong. Congress itself needs more moral character and more moral backbone. Every legislature in the United States needs more moral backbone and less jack-assical jawbone. When men get into office through fraud and rascality, and then while the legislature is in session the liquor dealers of the capital city keep their rooms at the hotel or boarding houses supplied with a variety of wines and whiskies and cigars, that sort of a little rascal is ready for any dirty work man or devil wants done; and I don't see what the devil himself could do with such fellows unless perchance he has a soap factory in hell; and then I don't see what he could have to deodorize their carcasses with.

All hail to every pure, upright man in Congress or in the legislature of any state! If there be any other sort in the legislatures or Congress the devil will get them, but thank God he won't get much.

SAM JONES.

Bananas and Apples.

New Orleans is the port from which the larger part of the Union is supplied with bananas. From that city as a distributing point the fruit is sent to most of the Southern States and a large part of the West. The banana trade of New Orleans has of late years grown to very large proportions. This season a great falling off in the demand has occurred, and at last it has become so marked that the New Orleans importers have reduced the number of vessels engaged in bringing the fruit to that port by one-half. The explanation of this extraordinary and unexpected development is not that the American people have ceased to like this foreign fruit, but that a native fruit is so abundant and so cheap this year that bananas cannot compete with it. The apple crop of the country has been remarkably large, and the price of the fruit is so low that people who would under other conditions be eating bananas now take apples in their stead.

Mr. Hobart's 800 Babies.

A committee which was arranging for a sound money demonstration in New Brunswick, N. J., the other day, called on Vice-President-elect Hobart and asked him to be present. Mr. Hobart, in explaining why he could not accept the invitation, said that he had about seventy-five invitations to attend dinners and celebrations on the day set for the New Brunswick affair, and added that "if he did nothing but write autographs for the babies he would be very busy." In answer to an inquiry of the committeemen as to what he meant "by writing autographs for the babies," Mr. Hobart said: "Why, I have had 800 of them named after me so far and the end is not in sight."

There Is Nothing So Good.

There is nothing so good as Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, so demand it and do not permit the dealer to sell you some substitute. He will not claim there is anything better, but in order to make more profit he may claim something else to be just as good. You want Dr. King's New Discovery because you know it to be safe and reliable, and guaranteed to do good or money refunded. For Coughs, Colds, Consumption and for all affections of Throat, Chest and Lungs, there is nothing so good as is Dr. King's New Discovery. Trial bottle free at P. B. Fetzer's Drug Store.

The Supreme Court has decided a very novel case. It holds that a private citizen, impersonating an ordained minister, who solemnizes a marriage between men and women, is guilty of no crime either at common or statute law. The case comes from Pender county and the persons thus married are living together as man and wife. The defendant impersonated a Baptist minister. A jury found him guilty, but he was discharged, judgment having been arrested by the judge. The solicitor appealed, but is not sustained by the Supreme Court.

Suits against the Cumnock coal mine for miners killed in accidents aggregate $190,000. It is claimed that the accident which killed forty-two was due to the fact that a negro left an open lamp burning near a point at which a new seam of coal had been opened. Governor Carr will in his message recommend the enactment of laws requiring the use of safety lamps. He went into the Cumnock mine the week before the accident occurred.

A bill to prohibit the wearing of bloomers has been introduced in the Alabama Legislature.

BILL ARP'S LETTER.

Now that the elections are all over, let us wash our hands and turn over a new leaf. It is a curious paradox that as a general rule a man can't be elected until he first falls from grace. Politics makes a strange mixture of Calvinism and Armenianism. But I reckon we will all survive our disappointments and, as Dr. Miller used to say, learn to spell the word acquiesce. He always pronounced it with the first a long like it was acquieece. This seems to be the young men's era and I reckon they can run the machine, but I must say that it has been a long time since I have had my choice in anything outside of home. I am doing reasonably well under my own vine and fig tree, where I am elected all the time. The fact is, I never fall from grace inside of my own premises, though sometimes things are not calm and serene even there.

I worked hard yesterday cleaning up the flower garden and got in quite a sweat of perspiration. The leaves from our big trees had blown all over the beds and the chrysanthemums had fallen down and had to be staked up and tied and the old canna stocks had to be cut down and removed. By the time I had got everything in good order and the leaves all burned and the walks raked out I thought it was about time to receive some praise from somebody, for I had observed that Mrs. Arp was sewing by the open window and occasionally gave me an uxorial glance. And so I sat down on the iron seat and mopped the honest dew from my aged forehead. Suddenly she drew near the window and remarked:

"I wish you could just see Mrs. Crawford's front yard and flower garden; they are as clean as a parlor. I was there yesterday at the meeting of the aid society and everything was lovely. Mr. Crawford certainly knows how to keep a place in order."

Well, that disturbed my tranquility a little and I was about to say maybe you had better get him to come up here and fix this one, but I dident. But I wasent serene at all and ventured to remark that Mr. Crawford dident do it; for he had to weigh cotton all day and I reckon it was Mrs. Crawford's work. I paused for a reply, but she resumed her needle and thread and I sat and ruminated. When I came to dinner I continued my broken remarks and said that Mr. Crawford dident have four acres of big oak trees to litter up his little front yard and I thought that a carpet of rich brown leaves wasent an unsightly thing nohow. She asked me to send down my plate for some chicken. After another pause I remarked that I had long since found out that we couldent have every good thing in one place. We couldent have a beautiful grove and a fine flower garden near it for flowers won't grow under shade. Those beautiful roses that Mrs. Laramore sent me have the sunshine all the day.

"Let me help you to one of these poached eggs," she said.

"But I reckon," said I, as I handed my plate, "Mrs. Crawford had things fixed up extra fine because the aid society was coming."

"It is going to meet here next week," my wife remarked in a mollifying tone of voice. "Won't you have a glass of buttermilk; it is fresh and good."

And so I gave it up, and after dinner she came out and was quite profuse in her admiration, for she knows that it takes lots of encouragement to keep me at work. I'll keep on cleaning up until that aid society comes and goes. I'll watch the leaves as they fall and catch 'em in my hat. I'll sweep and sandpaper every walk and then Mrs. Crawford can go home and praise me to Mr. Crawford and put him in pouts. I'm going to put out two more rows of strawberry plants to-day, for she hinted that we hardly had enough. I heard her tell the girls that she was ashamed of that old patched-up carpet in the dining room, for it had been down for four winters, and she wished she did have a large rug to put under the table. I'll surprise her with one some of these days when I sell my gold mine. It will sell now, I reckon, since McKinley was elected, for there is gold in it. It was the only thing I had that Sherman's bummers dident pick up and carry off.

I traveled the other day with an old soldier from Atlanta to Cartersville. He couldent find a seat, and looked troubled as he toted his old valise up and down the aisle. So I pulled his coattail and made him sit by me. He looked thankful and in reply to my inquiry, said he was going to Calhoun, and from there to his son-in-law's in the country, a couple of miles; said he wanted to see Sally and her children mighty bad.

"Sally is a powerful good woman," said he, "and she has a good, industrious husband, and they are gittin' along mighty well considerin'. My old woman died eight years ago, and I'm so lonesome at home that I go about and about and stay with our married children. That's all that an old man can do for comfort."

This old veteran was nearing his four score and was still quite alive and lively. He followed old Joe Johnston all the way down from Chicamauga and had never been over the ground since. How the old man's eyes brightened as I pointed out Kennesaw mountain, though he said he marched on the other side, toward New Hope church.

"We had a hard fight over there," he said, "and we everlastingly salivated 'em, as the boys said. We kept old Sherman powerful busy burrying of his dead."

I pointed out Lost Mountain, and when we reached the station that they used to call Big Shanty, the old man stretched up another inch and pointing his trembling hand, said: "Right over there is the spring where I used to fill my old canteen. Yes, I would be glad to stop long enough to walk over there and take one more drink of that water. We licked them yankees all around here, but there was too many of 'em—too many. The just come up out of the yearth like locusts in Egypt."

The old man was familiar with every place we passed, and talked fast and eagerly. When he told me he was from old Gainnett and had a farm on Yaller river, I was drawn closer to him and asked him about the Craigs and Vaughans and the old Moses Liddell place and Shoal creek and Montgomery's mill pond and Fairview church and the old manual labor school. The old man looked at me again and again with a bewildered curiosity and finally ventured to ask what mout my name be.

"Did you know the Alexanders and Stricklands and Nathan Hutchins?" said I.

"Oh, yes, I knowed Dr. Alexander and all his boys, and all the Stricklands from old Milza down and I knowed the Hutchinses. I come down to Atlanta with Fits Hutchins this morning. He's our judge, you know, and he's a good friend of mine. I knowd all the boys. Clarence ain't fur from me.

"What mout your name be?" said he.

"Did you know an old man in Lawrenceville named Asa Smith?" said I.

"Why, of course I did; everybody knowed him. I traded in his store for years and years. He moved away to Floyd county just before the war. Did you ever live in Lawrenceville?"

"Do you remember a little dark-skin, black-eyed girl who used to ride horseback up that road. She was Fitz Hutchins' sister."

"Why, of course I do. Everybody knew her. She used to go to the old judge's farm on the river, twelve miles from town and go alone, and she went in a hurry and come back with a bag of apples or peaches hanging to the horn of her saddle. She married old Asa Smith's son, if I don't mistake, I think Fits told me that. I was thinking that maybe you were him, but then you are too old a man, I reckon."

"My friend," said I, "you forget that it has been over fifty years since you saw that little girl; yes, she is my wife and is not a little girl any more."

"Well, well, shore enuf," said he, with a melancholly tone; "I do forgit—I'm always forgittin'. An you are old Asa's son. Well, well; I used to trade with you and your pa and the Stricklands. Well, well; I am so glad I come across you."

The whistles blowed and the bell rang and I gave the old man a warm shake of the hand and said, "Goodby—God bless you."

BILL ARP.

A Dead Elk and What Killed Him.

Charlotte Observer.

A horrible story of cruelty in the initiation of a new member of the Elks order in Does Moines, Ia., is going the rounds of the papers. Edward W. Curry, chairman of the Democratic State committee, of Iowa, was the victim. He died of blood-poisoning, the result of injuries received in the Elks lodge room. The Elks expected that when they made the ceremony too hot for the novice he would yell or jump or in some other way furnish amusement for the lodge. But he never once flinched during his torture, and died as the result of being too game. The members of the lodge are keeping mum, and it seems to be difficult to get at the exact truth. One story is that Curry was placed in a chair the seat of which was charged with electricity. A mild current was turned on with the idea of making him jump, as there was nothing to hold him in the chair, but he did not jump. The current war increased, but still he did not flinch. It was increased still more, and he was left for a moment or two sitting in the chair. Soon smoke began to rise from the chair and he was pulled out. The entire seat of his trousers was gone and he was badly burned. The true version, however, seems to be this: that Curry was blindfolded and placed on a chair with an iron seat. Then a lighted lamp was placed under the seat, with the expectation that when it got too hot he would jump. But he sat still until he was badly burned. His trousers were burned away and the flesh fearfully scorched. The Elks at Des Moines are said to be frantic with grief over the affair, which would be a comedy if the last act were not a tragedy. Hazing ought not to be allowed by secret orders. At any rate the line ought to be drawn at making broiled beef-steak out of new members. Initiation in the Elks is doubtless a good thing, like football, if it is played right and there is no slugging.

Log Cabin Philosophy.

No matter how big de fish is, folks won't be happy ez long ez dey think dar's bigger fish unkotched.

Dar's so many hills on de road ter heaven dat some folks misses de place entirely by buildin' a railroad 'round 'em.

De reason people won't go ter church in rainy wedder is kase dey religion ain't waterproof.

When you is uncertain which way ter go at de forks er de road, de best thing ter do is ter go de right way.

Don't look down on folks kase dey's lesser den what you is. De wind is so small dat you can't see it, but it raises de debbil in a cyclone.

De race ain't ter de swift, nor de battle ter de strong; but dese heah Sampson fellers commands a mighty heap er respec' when dey tu'n loose on de community.

McKinley's Probable Cabinet.

Secretary of the Treasury—Mark A. Hanna, Ohio, or Nelson Dingley, Maine.

Secretary of State—Andrew D. White, New York.

Secretary of War—Ex-Governor Merriam, Minnesota.

Attorney-General—William R. Day, Ohio, or Henry C. Payne, Wisconsin.

Secretary of the Navy—Charles A. Boutelle, Maine.

Secretary of the Interior—William Warner, Missouri.

Postmaster-General—H. Clay Evans, Tennessee.

Secretary of Agriculture—John H. Brigam, Ohio, or M. H. DeYoung, California.

Did You Ever.

Try Electric Bitters as a remedy for your troubles? If not, get a bottle now and get relief. This medicine has been found to be peculiarly adapted to the relief and cure of all Female Complaints, exerting a wonderful direct influence in giving strength and tone to the organs. If you have Loss of Appetite, Constipation, Headache, Fainting Spells, or are Nervous, Sleepless, Excitable, Melancholy or troubled with Dizzy Spells, Electric Bitters is the medicine you need. Health and Strength are guaranteed by its use. Fifty cents and $1.00 at P. B. Fetzer's Drug Store.

ON THE WRONG TRACK.

Statesville Landmark.

It is generally understood that a newspaper is not responsible for the views of its correspondents. So well is this rule known, we take it, that The Landmark quite often, for various reasons, prints matter to which it does not subscribe without taking the pains to say so. This is preliminary to a word of comment upon some things which our excellent and highly esteemed New York correspondent has in his letter this week. All Democrats who have the good of the party and the country at heart are willing and anxious to get together. But if that "getting together" is contingent upon the abandonment of the free coinage of silver and the embracing of gold monometallism, as seems to be the New York idea, then we are afraid that the desirable event is far in the future.

Of course much depends upon the future, but, as we pointed out Tuesday, unless there is an advance in the prices of farm products and a real and permanent improvement in business and industrial conditions, the free silver idea will gather strength from day to day and will surely sweep the country in '98 and 1900.

Eastern Democrats need not delude themselves into the belief that free silver will be abandoned simply because it has failed this time and failed by a comparatively narrow margin. The great bulk of the people who are fighting for it are in dead earnest, and whatever may be our own opinion about it is foolish to overlook facts.

Again, the people in New York State who are for free silver may be politicians who are on the make and the ignorant class of voters, but this is not the case elsewhere. It does not retard the free silver cause to intimate that only ignorant people favor it, because it is not true; and we are of the opinion that the New York Democrats, by their exhibition of narrowness and intolerance in constantly intimating that only rascals and ignoramuses favored free silver, have done more to advance the doctrine in the South and West than any other one cause.

No, if there is to be a "getting together" a different course must be pursued by the Eastern Democrats; and all talk of uniting on the Indianapolis platform is worse than foolish. The Indianapolis ticket proved to be a humbug of the the first water. It was put up with a show of sincerity and its followers did a good deal of shouting about being the only genuine until a day or two before the election. Then the word was passed around to vote for McKinley, and this they did almost to a man. They practiced deception and discredited themselves before the country.

"A Deception and a Fraud."

RALEIGH, N. C., Nov. 18.—Dr. J. L. M. Curry, ex-minister to Spain and trustee of the Peabody and Slater funds, made an address today before the colored students of Shaw University here, in which he used this language:

"I don't believe much in the idea of having the United States flag over our schools. I'd like to know what the United States government has done for the public schools in North Carolina to demand that the flag should hang over them.

"It never gave a cent to North Carolina schools, except to the Agricultural and Mechanical College. It is a deception and a fraud to put the flag there. It is the State that gives you education."

Speaking of the negro he said: "I never could understand why the negro population remains so compact in the South instead of becoming scattered all over the Union. The Northern men freed the negro. Why is it that the negro does not go North to be with his friends instead of staying in the South among his enemies?"

Judge Fined Himself.

Ex-Police Judge Alexander Laidlaw, of Oakland, Cal., died recently in San Francisco. While on the bench Judge Laidlaw's bibulous escapades became the talk of the town. One day a newspaper had an editorial comment, referring to the peculiar position of a judge on the bench who was called upon to sentence men for drunkenness while he himself should be in the dock.

The next morning after the calendar in his court had been gone through, Judge Laidlaw looked down at his clerk and said:

"You will make this entry on your calendar; 'Alexander Laidlaw, drunkenness.'"

"Yes," said the astonished clerk.

"Arrested by himself," the judge went on. "Enter plea of guilty."

"Yes."

"Alexander Laidlaw is fined $50. Here is the money."

At once the country rang with his fame, but from that time forward Alexander Laidlaw drank no more.

Her Application.

The study of definitions presents many obstacles and difficulties to childish minds.

"Spell ferment and give its definition," requested the school teacher.

"F-e-r-m-e-n-t, ferment, to work," responded the diminutive maiden.

"Now place it in a sentence so that I may be sure you understand its meaning," said the teacher.

"In summer I would rather play out-of-doors than ferment in the school house," returned the small scholar with such doleful frankness that the teacher found it hard to suppress a smile.

It should be noted, in speaking of the popular vote, that Mr. Bryan received a much larger vote than the successful candidate, Mr. Cleveland, at the previous election, and more than any candidate ever received except McKinley. The unofficial returns show that he received somewhere more than half a million votes that Mr. Cleveland got in 1892, and a million more than Mr. Harrison.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Obadiah Davis, moonshiner and outlaw, charged with many offenses in Davidson county, such as burning barns of persons whom he believed has informed on him, recently surrendered to the sheriff for trial.

SHE HELD THE TRAIN.

Old Woman's Successful Ruse to Help Her Daughter Catch It.

From Chicago Times Herald.

"Before I came to this part of the country I was an engineer on a railroad down South," said a railway man. "We used to make a long run, and we were pretty slow about it. While on that line I had some very odd experiences. I remember one day when we reached the junction station a woman came up to me and asked me to wait the train for five minutes. She said that her daughter wanted to take the train to the city. I told her that it was impossible for me to hold the train for her."

"'I don't see why?' she expostulated. 'I think you might do a little thing like that.'

"I tried to explain to her that trains run on schedule time, and that, like time and tide, wait for no man, or woman either, for that matter. But she wouldn't have it, and finally, just as we were about to start, she shouted indignantly:

"'Well, I'll just see about that.'

"I laughed, but soon I ceased to laugh. For what did that old woman do but get right on the track about three feet in front of the engine. She sat herself there, firmly grasping hold of the rails with both hands. The conductor signaled for me to go ahead, as our stop was over. But I couldn't do it as long as she remained on the track, for I would kill her certainly. I called to the conductor, and he, impatient at the delay, came up. I explained the situation to him. He was as mad as I was, and going up to the woman told her to get off the track.

"'I just won't,' she replied, 'until my daughter gets on board your train.'

"He pleaded with her some more, and finally declared that he would be compelled to use force.

"'Just you dare!' she cried. 'I'll sue you for damages if you do.'

"This opened a new complication, and we reasoned among ourselves whether we had better remove her by force. Just as we had determined upon a course of policy her daughter came up, and seeing the old woman on the track kissed her goodby and got on the train, while her mother called to her:

"'Go ahead, Mary Ann. You have plenty of time, though, for I will sit on the track until you get on board.'

"And then, when she was safely on board and we were about ready to run over her if necessary, she clamly and slowly got up and waved me a good-by, calling as we pulled out of the station:

"'I hope I've teached you fellers a grain of perliteness.'"

Steady, There!

Monroe Journal.

Hold on, boys, don't get too fast in nominating Mr. Bryan for 1900. History may repeat itself again. If we remember correctly some folks wanted to make a motion in 1892 to extend Mr. Cleveland's term to six, eight, or ten years, and some even got so enthusiastic as to want to give it to him as long as he could be prevailed upon to keep it. Pretty shortly a good many folks whipped around on the money question and when Mr. Cleveland refused to whip they sat down on him so hard as to pretty badly shake up the tops of their own heads. Now, in 1900 some of you might want to vote for the man of the Vandyke beard, on a diamond standard platform, and then you'd have to bolt Mr. Bryan.

What a Sight!

Burnsville Eagle.

Judge Norwood held court in Burnsville last week, and while engaged in one of the most important cases that came before the court—a murder case—was so intoxicated that he was compelled to dismiss court until the following morning, and was taken to his room by two men, one on either side.

Having announced to a man that she will never forgive him, a woman's next worry is that he will not ask to be forgiven.

Many a great monument has been built with money that should have been used in feeding widows and orphans.

It is impossible to live any higher than we look.

Why is it that one man is old and decrepid at 45, and another hale and hearty at 80? The accident of birth has something to do with it. Some men are born stronger than others, but frequently the strong man becomes weak and the weak man strong. It depends on the care he takes of himself. When the man who runs an engine hears an unusual sound about it, he stops immediately and looks it up. If he finds a little looseness, or a little crack, it is remedied immediately. If it isn't, there will come a break presently—a break that will wreck the engine. Likely as not, this same man will totally ignore the call for help from some one of his own organs. He will let the trouble grow and grow until it lays him out in bed. If he keeps on working with a damaged body, he will soon wear it out. The strain on his nerves will tell on his constitution. He will not be hearty when he is old. The chances are he never will be old at all. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery restores health. It is not only a cure for disease, it is a preventive. Whenever a man feels that he is not quite as well as he ought to be, whenever he is listless, without energy and without vitality, whenever he finds that he is losing weight and that his ordinary work gives him undue fatigue, he needs the "Golden Medical Discovery." No matter how his trouble shows itself, this wonderful remedy will cure him. We say it is wonderful because of its wonderful results, and not because there is anything supernatural about it—not because it does anything that is unexpected, or anything which its discoverer did not mean it to do. That it cures many different so-called diseases is the most natural thing in the world when you understand that nearly all diseases spring from the same thing—bad digestion and consequent impure blood. The "Discovery" makes the appetite good, the digestion strong, assimilation easy, and the blood rich and pure. No disease of the blood can withstand its action.

Learn more about it from Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser, 1008 pages, profusely illustrated, which will be sent free on receipt of twenty-one (21) one-cent stamps to cover cost of mailing *only*. Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

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Sept. 20, '94.—1y.

C. H. BARNHARDT, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon,
MT. PLEASANT, N. C.
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Dec. 26—6m.

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Jan 1—1 y.

NOTICE.

All persons holding notes and accounts against the estate of D. G. Holdbrooks, deceased, will file them with Jas. C. Gibson, Clerk of the Superior Court, for a settlement on the 9th day of December, 1896.
JOS. YOUNG,
Adm'r of D. G. Holdbrooks, dec'd.
Nov. 19—6w.