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THE CONCORD TIMES.

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THE CONCORD WEEKLY TIMES
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CONSUMPTION

MANY HEAR SAM JONES.

A Strong Appeal For Just Treatment of Women.

Baltimore Sun.

A throng of people that filled the large auditorium of Music Hall turned out yesterday afternoon to hear Rev. Sam Jones, the Georgia evangelist. Every seat in the place was taken, the stage was crowded to its utmost capacity and hundreds stood up in the aisles and in the galleries. Seldom has such a large audience assembled at Music Hall, not excepting those at political meetings in the warmest part of a hot campaign.

Mr. Jones was introduced by Rev. Harry D. Mitchell, of Bethany Methodist Episcopal Church, and made an earnest appeal for funds for the Crittenton Mission, saying that he was quite familiar with the work which it was doing and that at least $5,000 should be given to it by the large audience before him.

"No man," said he, "occupies the right relation to his fellowmen until he realizes that every woman in the world is either a mother, a daughter, a wife or a sister, and treats her as if she was one of his own relatives. The elevation of man will come when he will not do anything to any woman he would not do to his own. You needn't be afraid that you can get hurt by helping the poor, fallen ones who live among us. You can't get hurt by helping them, I tell you; but you can get hurt monkeying with the damnable scoundrels who ruin defenceless women. You understand that, don't you?

"There's many a man who has listened to me, let me tell you, who has gone away saying that he didn't agree with me; but none has ever gone away saying that he didn't understand what I meant. Let every lady and genteman in the audience give to this great cause. I don't care whether the rest give or not—it don't make any matter. You who got here early and got into the good front seats, I want you to get into your pockets and plank down lively. Those who don't want to wait while the collection is being taken up can go home. We don't want them, nohow. Hear me! Some people don't mean to give. They are deadbeats. If there is a woman here who only has a penny, let her give that. That is the widow's mite. But I am after you rich old hogs who dig up a measly 25 cents. How long have you been a widow, anyhow.

Mr. Jones text was taken from the tenth and eleventh verses of the third chapter of the Epistle to the Philippians. As in most of his sermons, he did not cling very closely to the text, but talked upon matters which struck him as most timely and most fitting to the surroundings.

"There are three great questions before us just now," said he, among other things—"Who is Christ? Where is Christ? and What is Christ? The salvation of our souls depends upon the answer to these questions. Never have greater minds been working upon these questions, greater tongues speaking upon them and greater pens writing upon them than right now. Through all ages men have been groping in the darkness for their God.

"If you see a Methodist, a Baptist or a Presbyterian who has not got the sense of the indwelling of the divine Christ, you see a Unitarian who has got into the wrong church. There are lots of them around today, too, who have only got a historical Christ. You hear me! The preacher who knows only the Christ of history is nothing but the president of a literary society.

"The free fellow in this country is the fellow who preaches the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth—mind, I tell you. Some people have said that they have run me out of places because they didn't like what I said or the way I said it, but its no such thing. No, sir; I have never run in my life. I reckon I've got as cowardly head, arms and legs as anybody, but legs won't run. I like the straight kind of talking. If the fur is going to fly, every fellow is going to be there to see it fly, even if he has to furnish some of the fur himself.

"In this world the freest and happiest and contentedest man is the one who loves the truth and practices it every day. Gentlemen, hear me now. I know that I am going to live forever. I know it just as sure as I know I am standing here on this stage. I know that God never made a fish with fins without making an ocean for him to swim in, and that He never made a bird with wings without making the air for him to fly in. And I know that God never implanted the hope of everlasting life in the human heart without first making a Heaven for that soul to live in forever.

"We have got lots of subtle theories in the latter days of this century, such as 'higher criticism' and 'theosophy,' and lots of our preachers have got mixed up with them. There are many other little fellows dabbling in 'theosophy' who remind me of a tadpole in the ocean. The tadpole knows he is there, but the ocean don't. Oh, neighbor, I'd rather go to hell than go nowhere. I don't want to go out like a candle when my time comes to leave this earth.

"What we need is to fall on our knees in penitence and prayer and take Christ into our inmost soul. We have got to have more religion, brethren, and that's all there is to it. I never was madder with the devil in my life than I am today, and I'll never stop fighting him. He's done us all some mighty dirty work. Your preachers say they are running him out but they are doing it like I saw a dog running a hog once. The dog was in front.

"Hear me, we've got to wake up. Let the Divine power come upon the churches of this country. It's no use wasting time talking about it. We've got to the place where we are obliged to do something. I notice everywhere I go that the congregations in the churches are made up of four women to one man. What's the matter with you men? Have you quit going to church, you old hound, you? If the fathers stay away the sons will surely follow them. I'll bet that not one in fifty of the young men in this city will be in church next Sunday. To be a drunkard is an awful thing; to be a debauchee is a horrible thing, and it is terrible to be dishonest, but the very worst thing of all is to deride and scoff at the divine Christ.

"I want to impress this upon you all, my young friends. Lote of you like to bum around talking about what you believe and what you don't believe. You pig-headed little devil, you ain't got no sense. Somebody ought to spit on you and drown you! I got religion 26 years ago, and I've got it yet. I know I got it because I was there when it happened. A preacher said once that if he had ever been converted he didn't know it, and his congregations said the same thing about him.

"Christian Baltimore won't put out the saloons because they help to pay the taxes and 'bring prosperity!' Christian Baltimore reminds me of Judas Iscariot. I love a man who's got a concience, and lots of you have, but you won't fight. Shoot, Luke, or give up your gun! We need a religion that will make men go right on doing their duty without counting the cost. Your Baltimore is called a city of churches. You've got many Methodists, Baptists and Presbyterians here, and the devil has got lots of you, but thank God he hasn't got much!

Mr Jones closed his sermon with a reference to the late Dwight L. Moody, saying in part: "The greatest preacher of this century—Moody—was not a preacher at all. He wouldn't have any 'reverend' or any 'doctor' in front of his name, but wanted to be plain Mr. Moody. He was an illiterate, uneducated man, judged from some people's standards, but he was the divinest power for good that the world has seen during the last 25 years. God bless the name and memory of Moody! America is poorer for his death."

When Mr. Jones asked that everyone who would like to see a great religious revival in Baltimore this year rise to their feet practically the entire audience arose.

"If a place be provided for such a meeting," said he, "some time before May 1, and if you want to command my services, I promise that I will come and help you."

Bachelors and Flirts.

Some old bachelors git after a flirt, and don't travel as fast as she doz, and then concludes awl the female group are hard to ketch, and good for nothing when they are ketched.

A flirt is a rough thing to overhaul, unless the right dog gets after her, and then they make the very best of wives.

When a flirt really is in love, she is as powerless as a mown daisy.

Her imprudence then changes into modesty, her cunning into fear, her spurs into a halter, and her pruning hook into a cradle.

The best way to ketch a flirt is tew travel ther way from which they are going, or sit down on the ground and whistle some lively tune till the flirt comes round.

Old bachelors make the flirts, and then the flirts get more than even by making the old bachelors.

A majority of firts get married finally, for they hev a great quantity of the most dainty titbits of of woman's nature, and alwus have shrewdness to back up their sweetness.

Flirts don't deal in po'try and water grewel; they hev got to hev brains, or else somebody would trade them out of their capital at the first sweep.

Disappointed luv must uv course be all on one side; this ain't any more excuse fur being an old bachelor than it iz fur a man to quit all kinds of manual labor jist out uv spite, and jine a poorhouse because he kan't lift a tun at one pop.

An old bachelor will brag about his freedom to you, his relief from anxiety, his independence. This iz a dead beat, past resurrection, for everybody knows there ain't a more anxious dupe than he iz. All his dreams are charcoal-sketches of boarding school misses; he dresses, greases his hair, paints his grizzly mustache, cultivates bunyons and corns to please his captains, the wimmen, and only gets laffed at fur his pains.

I tried being an old bachelor till I wuz about twenty years old, and came very near dying a dozen times. I had more sharp pain in one year than I hev had since, put it all in a heap. I was in a lively fever all the time.—Josh Billings.

Reflections of a Bachelor.

New York Press.

It isn't a man's fault that he was once a baby, but it always makes him ashamed to think of it.

When a woman wants to get another woman mad she gives her some fancy thing that the second woman gave her last Christmas.

Every woman spends a lot of money every Christmas buying presents for people that she would be a lot happier if she didn't know.

Nowadays a man has got to give the girl he used to give a 70-cent diary to a $7-dollar lamp shade, or all the women will call him "old-fashioned."

Probably every girl you meet over 18 has a book down in the bottom of her top bureau drawer that she is afraid to leave out on the table for fear her mother won't let her read it.

They Have No Use for Dentists.

NOBELSVILLE, Ind., Jan. 25.—John Leonard and his entire family have the distinction of being toothless. Mr. Leonard is over 50 years of age and has passed this much of his life sound and healthy without the assistance of a molar or a baby tooth. None ever grew. Twenty years ago he married a lady with a fine set of teeth. They had four children, all of whom are healthy, but who, like their father, never had a single tooth. Their gums, however, come down much further than is ordinarily the case, and are as hard and firm as bone. Mr. Leonard can crack nuts between his jaws without pain and seems to get along as well as though he possessed a full set of teeth. The family has no use for dentists and is never troubled with aches or pains.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

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TOO MANY SMITHS.

Bill Arp Tells of the Perplexity Which is Caused.

Pleasure, surprise and bewilderment combine give a curious expression to a man's features. One of our boys is a doctor in Jacksonville, Fla. The other day while visiting a patient he received a telephone message from his wife, "Come home at once; a telegram from your sister Hattie says your father is dying and to come at once." Imagine his feelings of distress. Hurrying home he found his wife in tears, his valise packed and he had only half an hour to make the train. All the long night he grieved and sighed, as he tried to sleep but could not. Next morning at 10 o'clock he reached Cartersville and hurrying up to the paternal mansion met me and Hattie's husband driving merrily to the postoffice. He couldent speak. He couldent understand. Pleasure, surprise and bewilderment filed his eyes and every feature of his face. He had travelled 400 miles in haste expecting to find me dead or dying, and here I was capering around as lively as a young colt in a barley patch. He couldent stand nor understand, but sat down and said: "There has been a mistake, but thank the Lord you are well. I never noticed where the telegram came from nor to what Dr. Smith it was addressed, but supposed that Sarah knew and I came at once. Let me go down to the office and wire her. Poor girl! she will be so anxious." In due time he received an answer, "Message not for you nor from Cartersville." Well, well! How much mental distress and tiresome travel would have been saved had he carefully read the telegram. He was dreadfully mortified at his own blunder, but we were all gratified at his unexpected visit, and as we happened to have turkey for dinner, all went happily and the day was a glad one. The trouble is in the name. Dotors should be named Galen or Hippocrates or Abernathy or Valentine Mott or Westmoreland. But smith is so common and besides there is a colored son of Aesculapius in Jacksonville and not long ago our boy received a telegram that was intended for the colored brother, and it said: "It's a boy and Mirandy is doing well." There is a good deal in a name. There was nearly forty dollars to my son in this instance, for if his name had been Vanderbilt or Rockafeller or even Squerzelfanter, the telegram would not have been miscarried. The Smiths, Jones, Browns and Johnsons ought to stop multiplying the name and take a new start, like they do in Mexico. When a couple mate in Mexico the first thing they do before they marry is to agree upon a family name. If the girl is humble and submissive, she takes his name; if she is wealthy or aristocratic and he is not, he takes her name. If they are of equal rank, they make up a new name—a kind of mixture of both family names. For instance, Mr. Brown and Miss Jones would be wedded as Mr. and Mrs. Brojon. My wife and I would have been Mr. and Mrs. Hutcharp, for she was a Hutchins, and then our Aesculapeon son would have been Dr. Hutcharp or maybe Dr. Keely, after his wife, and have sayed that long ride and forty dollars. But all's well that ends well, and we are still calm and serene. One of our little grandchildren, a three-year-old, thinks it mighty smart and great fun to call me as I pass and say, "Hello, major! Hello, Bill Arp! Hello, grandpa!"

There is a good deal in a name. I like strong names like Webster, Calhoun, Washington, Macon, Lamar, McIntosh, Bayard, Buchanan, Goulding, etc., but it must be a serious consideration for a pretty girl with a pretty euphonious name to swap it off for a disagreeable or peculiar one. I knew a miss Goulding to marry a Mr. Turnseen, and I always thought she must have loved him mighty hard. Charles Charles Lamb tells a story about an English girl who was good and handsome and had every virtue, but his name was Hogsflesh. She loved him, but she couldent bear to think of being called Mrs. Hogsflesh and she refused him for three years and would have kept on refusing, but he went before parliament and had his name changed to Bacon. That is how the name Bacon oirginated, and I reckon our senator came from that stock—and it is good stock.

So I have come pretty near reading my epitaph again for there was a newspaper man around when our doctor left Jacksonville and they are given to anticipating bad news—and if he heard I was dying, of course he could put it in that I was dead next morning. Reporters are death on bad news. When the original Bill Arp died in Texas it went all over the country that it was me and I had to retire from the field field for a time and wait until the people learned better—for wherever I went I was a suspect and pronounced a fraud; but I read my epitaphs and was satisfied. Mr. Ward, of Birmingham, introduced me to an audience not long ago and said a lecturer or a writer of humorous sketches was of no consequence until he took another name—that Charles F. Brown was unknown until he took the name of Artemus Ward; that Henry Shaw was nobody until he wrote over the signature of Josh Billings; that Samuel Clemens was never heard of until he became Mark Twain; and so Francis B. Harte became Bret Harte and Dickens became Boz; and Melville Landan became Eli Perkins; and Alfred Townsend became Gath; and Goodrich was Peter Parley; and Locke was Petroleum V. Nasby; and John Proctor was Puck; and Maurice Thompson was Doesticks; and George Harris was Sat Lovengood; and Ben Franklin was Poor Richard; and so fourth and so on, and last of all here is our frind, Bill Arp, who had to discard a good old honest name and assume one that was never heard of in the heavens above nor the earth beneath, nor in the waters under the earth. Snakespeare says that a rose by any other name would smell as sweet, but these authors, whether wise or witty, are afraid to risk their thoughts without a new christening.

Now, I was ruminating about what Christian Sciene would do with such a case as our son coming up here 400 miles with a belief that I was dead or dying—could the science have told him better. I am not disposed to make sport of the science as Mark Twain did, but I cannot understand how we can manufacture faith to order, and sometimes it has to be manufactured so quickly that it must strain the machinery powerfully. I was mending a little table yesteday for our grandchild and the nail slipped and the hammer came down on my thumb and made a good blister before I had time to think it dident hurtme according to Christian Science, but was only imaginary. I tell you it did hurt bad and I don't believe the science would have prevented it.

Maybe blood blisters are excepted, they ought to be, and so ought stumped toes and burns and all other very sudden things that don't give faith time to work. BILL ARP.

Jumbo's Coin Collection.

Chicago Inter Ocean.

When Jumbo was struck by a railroad engine and killed at London, Ontario, in 1885, P. T. Birnum at once telegraphed to Prof. Ward, a taxidermist, of Rochester, N. Y., to superintend the saving of the skin and bones of the big elephant. Mr. Smith was one of the butchers employed to assist in the work.

"It took us five hours to remove the skin," said Mr. Smith, "and then we worked hard fifteen hours more cutting the flesh from the bones. It was the hardest day's work that I ever did, but we were well paid, getting a dollar an hour.

"In Jumbo's stomach we found an assortment of odds and ends that would have gladdened the heart of a junk dealer. There was about a peck of stones as large as hen's eggs and a collection of coins, in which a majority of the civilized nations of the earth were represented. There were French francs, German marks, Austrian thalers, English shillings, pence, and farthings, and American half-dollars, quarters, dimes and nickels. Besides these there were a large number of lead car seals that the big traveller had doubtless acquired as souvenirs of railway trips. There was even an English policeman's whistle in the capacious paunch."

Populist National Convention.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 24.—Senator Butler, of North Carolina, the chairman of the People's party, to-morrow will issue a call for a meeting of the national committee of that party, at Lincoln, Neb. The date has not yet been definitely settled, but will be about the 15th or 20th of next month. The committee will decide upon the time and place of the next Populist national convention. Senator Butler declares that there is no significance in the selection.

"I asked the members of the national committee," said he to-day, "where they would like to meet, and I felt bound, of course, to abide by their decision. There was no majority vote for any once place, but the plurality vote was in favor of Lincoln. I think this is due to the fact that the Populist State committee sent out word that it would be glad to entertain the committee there."

The action of the Populists, it is learned, is without the knowledge of Mr. Bryan. It is said that the first intimation of the proposed action will come to him when he reads the call which is to be issued today.

A majority of the national committee, it is learned, now favor holding the Populist convention some time in May, or early June, in order that Bryan may be nominated before the Democratic convention is held. No consideration has yet been given as to his running mate upon the ticket.

The People to Determine.

The Legislature has performed its part in preparing and passing the proposed amendment to be voted on. It now remains for the people to say whether it shall be ratified or not. If a majorty of the votes cast shall be against it that ends it. If a majority shall be for it then it will become a part of our constitution. So the whole question and responsibility is now with the people. It is for them to say what shall be done with it. And in making up their minds and arriving at their conclusions they have ample time to consider this great question in all its bearings upon the future policies and interests of their State. Much will probably be written and spoken for and against the amendment before the day of voting comes. It will be well for the conservative, thoughtful people to take these arguments and reasons, consider them and then vote as they be convinced is for the best interest of themselves, their homes and their State.—T. J. Jarvis.

Encouraging Ambition.

"Yes, we get into county jails occasionally," said the tramp, "but the trouble is they don't keep us long enough. A jail is a home-like place, with plenty to eat, no work and good treatment. We are generally sentenced for three months, but after about four weeks the sheriff picks out three or four of us and says:

"'Now boys, them iron bars on that winder is loose and it's goin' to be a dark night. Hev some ambition about you.'

"An old tramps knows what that means, and he is ten miles away before daylight. A tenderfoot figgers to stay on, and next morning the sheriff comes in and finds him there and says:

"'What, hain't you got no ambition! Then I'll give you some!' and he boots him out into the yard and sets him to promenadin' around with a log fastened to his leg."

Used By British Soldiers in Africa.

Capt. C. G. Dennison is well known all over Africa as commander of the forces that captured the famous rebel Galishe. Under date of Nov. 4, 1897, from Vryburg, Bechuanaland, he writes: "Before starting on the last campaign I bought a quantity of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy, which I used myself when troubled with bowel complaint, and had given to my men, and in every case it proved most beneficial.—For sale by M. L. Marsh & Co., Druggists.

"THE LOYAL SOUTH."

A Noble Tribute to the Confederacy By a New England Newspaper.

Providence, R. I., Journal.

The address of Professor Gordon McCabe, of Richmond, Va., delivered last Friday evening at the New England dinner in New York, caused the greatest enthusiasm of the evening. It was an eloquent tribute to the South and to the possession by the people of that section of the country of the same spirit of unbending conviction that characterized the New England pilgrims. Prof. McCabe declared that when the civil war was over the South accepted the "stern arbitraments of the sword, the pitiless logic of the heavier battalions, as settling at once and forever the practical interpretation of the constitution," but refused to declare that it had consciously done wrong in opposing the North. It had its own ideals, its own notion of the significance of the Union between the States. It supported these on the battlefield and gave most liberally of its blood and money to enforce its position. When it was compelled to desist its farms and towns were in ruins and its industrial system was destroyed. The North forced it to remain within the Union and to acquesce in the opinion of the majority as to the binding power of the republic, one and inseparable. But we could not make it admit that its attempted secession was wrong.

A wiser generation has agreed to let the past be past. If the South wishes to justify its action to itself, it is at liberty to do so. We at the North may say, at this distance from the heated discussions of the sixties, that one section of the country was moved as much by patriotic impulses as the other. The difference was that the North took a wider view and made the whole country the patriotic unit, while the South was loyal to a segiment of the whole, lying on one side of Mason and Dixon's line.

Considerate Northerners are careful, at least in the presence of Southerners, not to speak of the "rebellion." It is as easy to say the "civil war," and there is no reason why we should not grant so much to the defeated section. It would be unreasonable to expect men like Prof. McCabe, who fought in a gray uniform, to look upon themselves as traitors, or to do otherwise than cherish the memory of the heroes of that lost cause. Prof. McCabe said at New York:

"It may well be, that when this generation shall have passed away, and the motives and convictions of men shall be apprehended without passion, that the young American treading some one of those stately avenues that lead to our national capitol, shall pause opposite the presentment in bronze of Grant and Sherman, to gaze upon the heroic figures of Lee and Jackson.

This may seem an impossible dream to those Northerners who participated in the civil war, but in the early years of the twentieth century such a thing may come to pass. It is the old question over again. Shall we teach coming generations that rebellion against the flag is right and honorable? On the other hand, shall we withhold from conscientious American soldiers, who earnestly defended a great principle, recognition of their valor and sincerity? It is perhaps too soon to solve a problem like that. But of one thing we can be assured. The South is loyal now, and would support the government valiantly in time of need. Prof. McCabe told his audience at New York that "ere the first call of arms of our common country shall have died upon the breeze, you shall hear the tramp of our legions as they wheel into line to touch elbows with the stalwart sons of New England, eager to keep time with the cadenced step to the music of the Union—aye, to hedge round with stubborn steel that Starry Banner that symbolizes once more to us as to you the majesty of American citizenship and the indestructibility of republican institutions." When we remember the deeds of men like Hobson, Blue, Wheeler, Lee, Baglep and other loyal Southerners since the declaration of war against Spain, we feel that Prof. McCabe was speaking truly, and not for mere rhetorical effect.

Conundrums.

What is an extra dry subject? A mummy.

What part of speech is kissing? A conjunction.

What is a lawyer's favorite dish? Suet pudding.

What is the oldest tree in America? The elder tree.

What grows bigger the more you contract it. A debt.

Who is the oldest lunatic on record? Time out of mind.

Why is a crow like a lawyer? He likes to have his caws heard.

How can guns kick?—they have no legs. With their breeches.

Why is love like a canal boat? Because it's an internal transport.

Why is a dog's tail like the pith of a tree? It is further from the bark.

Why is Canada like courtship? Because it borders on the United States.

Why is a solar eclipse like a mother beating her son? Because it is a-hiding of the son.

It is easy to eat the wedding breakfast, but not so easy to eat the week-day dinners that come after.

ROYAL
Baking Powder
Made from pure cream of tartar.
Safeguards the food against alum
Alum baking powders are the greatest menacers to health of the present day.
ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

ECONOMY OUT OF STYLE.

Baltimore Sun.

Our spirited contemporary, the Nebraska Conservative, calls attention to the habit of prodigality that is establishing itself at Washington. "Prudence and frugality," it says, have become contemptible virtues, and the thrifty ant is jeered at by every happy grasshopper getting his 'piece' of McKinley's prosperity." The Conservative adds:

"The old American virtue of economy in public expenditures no longer wins from our rulers even the tribute of a hypocritical admiration. For the second time the President has sent in an annual message without one word of warning against extravagance. He is, in fact, the chief advocate and abetter of extravagance. And all the departments are pushing up their estimates. The Attorney-General urges that the salaries of Federal judges be raised, and Secretary Hay wants United States Ministers and Consuls better paid. We calmly talk now of a national expenditure of $600,000,000, although $300,000,00 was thought a frightful sum 200 years ago."

This is a natural result of the contempt of the Constitution, which became the characteristic of the Republican party from its formation. It was bent on effecting certain objects that were unconstitutional, and all through the Civil War and during the reconstruction era that followed camped contentedly outside the Constitution. It has ended at length in substituting "manifest destiny," as seen by such political seers as President McKinley and Governor Roosevelt, for the fundamental law. "What is the Constitution among friends?" This is the reproachful question that is put to every conservative objector to new courses at variance with the teachings of the fathers. Not only are "State rights" denied and new powers assumed by Congress at every session, but beyond our borders new policies inconsistent with American institutions are put in practice. Our Nebraska contemporary complains of the expensiveness of the latest developments of Republican policy. No doubt, imperialism is a costly affair. The same is to be said of the earlier extravagances, such as "protection," pension bills costing $150,000,000 a year, shipping subsidies, and the like. The germ of these things is over 40 years old.

No Turning Backward Now.

We have put our hands to the plow and we will not turn backward. In 1893 we unfurled the Democratic banner to the breeze emblazoned with the rallying cry of "White Supremacy." We volunteered under that banner to the end of the war. We have won the outposts of the enemy, we have driven them back in disorder, and they are making one last desperate stand reforming their broken lines behind the breastworks of prejudice and demagogy. They form in vain. The traditions of North Carolina Democrats are filled with glorious achievements; their courage is of the best, their determination is unyielding, their certainty of victory amounts to inspiration. For peace, for prosperity, for universal education, for that day when, the race issue is forever settled, we can have an absolutely free ballot and a fair count for "the glorious privilege of being independent," for general toleration of honest if mistaken opinions, we renew the contest. Let the banner of 1898 be again unfurled. Let it still be inscribed with the motto, "White Supremacy," but above that let there also appear as the aim and end of white supremacy good government for all, absolute justice before the law and unquestioned liberty of opinion.—C. B. Aycock.

The Passing of the Negro in Politics.

The white people of North Carolina will never again submit to negro domination, nor that the negro shall rule the white man in any part of this State.

This was the irrevocable decree of November 8, 1898. For this reason the Republican party can never hope to regain control in North Carolina, so long as it continues under present influences, for it is manifest that so long as it so continues negro domination in certain parts of the State will inevitably follow its success, and the influence of the negro in politics will of necessity be exerted and felt in every part of the State. It is futile for Republicans to longer deny that their party in North Carolina is controlled by the negro and that government by it is necessarily government under negro influence.—F. M. Simmons.

Brother Dickey's Philosophy.

'De worl' tu'ns roun' once in a' day; but de bes' way fer folks ter do is ter keep right on en never tu'n roun'.

De rich man can't get to heaven thoo' de needle eye; but he never has no trouble in gettin' a lift over de fence.

Ef heaven wuz any closer dan what it is some people would complain dat de singin' er de angels was a nuisance.

You can't go ter glory in a chariot er fire dese days; but mos' foks'll strike de fire atter dey gits dere all right enough.

I don't want ter be po', en I don't want ter be rich. I des wants ter keep ten miles ahead er de vigilance committee.

Old People Made Young.

J. C. Sherman, the veteran editor of the Vermont (Mich.) Echo, has discovered the remarkable secret of keeping old people young. For years he has avoided Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Indigestion, Heart Trouble, Constipation and Rheumatism by using Electric Bitters, and he writes: "It gently stimulates the kidneys, tones the stomach, aids digestion, and gives a splendid appetite. It has worked wonders for my wife and me. It's a marvellous remedy for old people's complaints." Only 50c. at Fetzer's drug store.

A burglar who had entered a ministers house at midnight was disturbed by the awakening of the occupant of the room in which he was in. Drawing a knife he said: "If you stir, you are a dead man. I'm hunting for money."

"Let me get up and strike a light," said the minister, "and I'll hunt with you."

Women as Well as Men Are Made Miserable by Kidney Trouble.

Kidney trouble preys upon the mind, discourages and lessens ambition; beauty, vigor and cheerfulness soon disappear when the kidneys are out of order or diseased.

Kidney trouble has become so prevalent that it is not uncommon for a child to be born afflicted with weak kidneys. If the child urinates too often, if the urine scalds the flesh or if, when the child reaches an age when it should be able to control the passage, it is yet afflicted with bed-wetting, depend upon it, the cause of the difficulty is kidney trouble, and the first step should be towards the treatment of these important organs. This unpleasant trouble is due to a diseased condition of the kidneys and bladder and not to a habit as most people suppose.

Women as well as men are made miserable with kidney and bladder trouble, and both need the same great remedy. The mild and the immediate effect of Swamp-Root is soon realized. It is sold by druggists, in fifty-cent and one dollar sizes. You may have a sample bottle by mail free, also pamphlet telling all about it, including many of the thousands of testimonial letters received from sufferers cured. In writing Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., be sure and mention this paper.

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