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THE CONCORD TIMES.

John B. Sherrill, Editor and Owner. "BE JUST AND FEAR NOT." $1.00 a Year, in Advance.

VOLUME XX. CONCORD, N. C., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1902. NUMBER 20.

THE CONCORD WEEKLY TIMES
Leading Paper in This Section.
LARGE AND ESTABLISHED CIRCULATION
ESTABLISHED IN 1876.
If you have anything to sell, let the people know it.

Will It Cure Me?

That's the personal question a woman asks herself when she reads of the cures of womanly diseases by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

Why shouldn't it cure her?

Is it a complicated case? Thousands of such cases have been cured by "Favorite Prescription." Is it a condition which local doctors have declared incurable? Among the hundreds of thousands of sick women cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription there are a great many who were pronounced incurable by local doctors. Wonders have been worked by "Favorite Prescription" in the cure of irregularity, weakening drains, inflammation, ulceration and female weakness. It always helps. It almost always cures.

"Three years ago," writes Mrs. John Graham, of 2018 Plumb Street, (Frankford) Philadelphia, Pa., "I had a very bad attack of dropsy which left me with heart trouble, and also a very weak back. At times I was so bad that I did not know what to do with myself. My children advised me to take your 'Favorite Prescription,' but I had been taking so much medicine from the doctor that I was discouraged with everything. I came to Philadelphia two years ago, and picking up one of your little books one day began to read what your medicine had done for others, I determined to try it myself. I took seven bottles, and to-day I am a strong, well woman, weighing 162 pounds. Have gained 29 pounds since I started to use 'Favorite Prescription.'"

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets clear the complexion and sweeten the breath.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

DR. H. C. HERRING, DENTIST,
Is now on the ground floor of the Litaker Building.
CONCORD, N. C.

DR. W. C. HOUSTON
Surgeon Dentist,
CONCORD, N. C.
Is prepared to do all kinds of dental work in the most approved manner.
Office over Johnson's Drug Store.
Residence 'Phone 11 Office 'Phone 42.

L. T. HARTSELL,
Attorney-at-Law,
CONCORD, NORTH CAROLINA.
Prompt attention given to all business. Office in Morris building, opposite the court house.

Drs. Lilly & Walker,
offer their professional services to the citizens of Concord and surrounding country. Calls promptly attended day or night.

W. J. MONTGOMERY. J. LEE CROWELL
MONTGOMERY & CROWELL,
Attorneys and Counselors-at-Law,
CONCORD, N. C.
As partners, will practice law in Cabarrus, Stanly and adjoining counties, in the Superior and Supreme Courts of the State and in the Federal Courts. Office in court house.
Parties desiring to lend money can leave it with us or place it in Concord National Bank, for us, and we will lend it on good real estate security free of charge to the depositor.
We make thorough examination of title to lands offered as security for loans.
Mortgages foreclosed without expense to owners of same.

The Tourist Season
Opens with the Month of June,
AND THE
SOUTHERN RAILWAY
announces the sale of
Low Rate
Summer Excursion Tickets
From All Southern Points
To the delightful Resorts located on and reached via its lines.
These tickets bear final limit October 31, 1902.
That section of North Carolina known as the
"THE LAND OF THE SKY,"
AND THE
"SAPPHIRE COUNTRY,"
is particularly attractive to those in search of mountain resorts, where the air is ever cool and invigorating, and where accommodations can be had either at the comfortable and well-kept boarding houses or the more expensive and up-to-date hotels.
ADDITIONAL SLEEPING CARS.
Placed in Service from Various Points to Principal Resorts, thus affording
GREATLY IMPROVED FACILITIES
For reaching those Points.
Particular attention is directed to the elegant Dining Car Service on principal through trains.
Southern Railway has just issued its handsome Resort Folder, descriptive of the many delightful resorts along the line of its road. This folder also gives the names of proprietors of hotels and boarding houses and number of guests that can be accommodated. Copy can be had upon application to any Southern Railway Agent.
W. A. TURK, Asst. Traffic Mgr. S. H. HARDWICK, Gen'l Pass. Agent.
Washington, D. C.

AGENTS WANTED.
LIFE OF T. DEWITT TALMAGE, by his son, Rev. Frank DeWitt Talmage and associate editors of The Christian Herald. Only book endorsed by Talmage family. Enormous profits to agents who act quickly. Outfit ten cents. Write immediately Clark & Co., 222 S. 4th St., Philadelphia, Pa. Mention this paper.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION. Cures Where All Else Fails. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. 25 CTS.

AN OLD FAVORITE

BUGLE SONG

By Lord Tennyson

"THE BUGLE SONG" is universally considered one of the finest, if not the very finest, of short English poems. In writing of Tennyson, Dr. Henry Van Dyke, the American preacher-poet, says, "He has the power of expressing the vague, delicate, yet potent emotions, the feelings that belong to the twilight of the heart, when the glow of love and the shadow of regret are mingled, in melodies of words as simple and as magical as the chime of faroff bells or the echoes of a bugle call dying among the hills."

THE splendor falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story;
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow! set the wild echoes flying;
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes—dying, dying, dying!

Oh hark, oh hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, further going!
O sweet and far, from cliff and scar,
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
Blow! let us hear the purple glens replying;
Blow, bugle; answer echoes—dying, dying, dying!

O love, they die in yon rich sky;
They faint on hill or field or river:
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever.
Blow, bugle, blow! set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes, answer—dying, dying, dying!

BLACK RUST OF COTTON.

N. C. Experiment Station Gives Remedies for This Blight.

The following bulletin is issued by the North Carolina Agricultural Experiment Station on the subject of Anthracnose or "Black-rust" of cotton.

"Black-rust of cotton bolls is each year becoming worse in the cotton fields of the eastern part of North Carolina. It frequently amounts to one-tenth of the crop.

"Black-rust" is a fungous disease, and the spores or germs of the fungus are usually transmitted from place to place with and in the cotton seeds. The fungus also attacks the leaves and stems of the cotton plant, but this form usually causes no appreciable damage. The spores of the fungus may however, live over winter in the stems and diseased bolls of the preceding crop.

The simplest and most effectual remedy for this disease is the annual selection of seed from the fungus. This, in connection with rotation of crops by means of which cotton will not come upon the same field oftener than once in three years, will reduce damage by "Black-rust" to an inappreciable quantity. Cotton may be sprayed like other herbaceous crops. For this crop we must use a spray which will not stain the lint. The ammoniacal carbonate of copper is the best spray to use upon cotton. This is made by dissolving 6 ounces of copper carbonate in three pints of strong ammonia and adding the solution to 50 gallons of water. This may be sprayed on the plants by any of the garden or orchard sprayers in common use. The Bordeaux mixture may be used upon cotton while it is young, but is no better than the ammoniacal carbonate, and if used after the bolls attain full growth—and this is the time when it is most needed—the Bordeaux mixture is liable to stain the lint.

Paris green at rate of 4 ounces to the barrel may be used with the Bordeaux mixture to destroy caterpillars, but no arsenite can be safely used with the ammoniacal solution. But annual selection of healthy seed and rotation of crops is the best remedy for "Black-rust."

GERALD MCCARTHY, Botanist,
N. C. Department of Agriculture.

Boy's Head Weighs More Than His Body and Limbs.

ELLENBORO, Rutherford County, N. C., October 24.—This town can truthfully boast of one of the most wonderful freaks of nature in the personage of George Randall, a white boy 6 years old. He weighs 65 pounds. His body and legs weigh only 15 pounds. Ever since he arrived at the age of 12 months his head has been rapidly outgrowing his body, and his parents say that his body has not increased a particle in size and weight during the past four years. He is really nothing but skin and bones. He is very fond of meats and does not eat much of other foods. Now and then he drinks coffee and milk.

While he is in perfect health, to all appearances, and has been so, with the exception of one illness two years ago, he does not appear to grow or thrive, and his parents do not believe that he will live long. Often he cannot hold up his head, and most of the time he prefers lying in bed because his head is so heavy.

He is well educated for a boy of 5 years. He readily reads newspapers, and prefers them to books. He can neither write nor read writing. He says he has no desire to do so. His mind is very active and quickly catches on to anything that transpires in his presence. He is very sensitive, and refused for some time before he consented to allow his picture to be taken.

A theatrical manager of New York city, who spent a winter here, offered the parents $75 per week for the boy three months, but before the parents could answer the boy replied that he would not leave home at any price.

George can be seen any day near this town, and all these facts are well known to the people living near the Randall family. He is a great curiosity to all who see him.

Confessions of a Priest.

Rev. Jno. S. Cox, of Wake, Ark., writes: "For 12 years I suffered from Yellow Jaundice, I consulted a number of physicians and tried all sorts of medicines, but got no relief. Then I began the use of Electric Bitters and feel that I am now cured of a disease that had me in its grasp for twelve years." If you want a reliable medicine for Liver and Kidney trouble, stomach disorder or general debility, get Electric Bitters. It's guaranteed by Fetzer's drug store. Only 50c.

How to Manage a Girl.

Some one who has tried it gives the following rules to manage a daughter:

1. You can't do it.
2. Give her her own way; it will save her the trouble of taking it.
3. Pay for her dresses, if you can afford to. Her dress maker will sue you if you don't.
4. If she takes a fancy to any one man you do not want her to marry, tell her you have set your heart on her marrying him and swear she shall never marry any one else. You can give her a free hand and she wouldn't have him if he was the only man left.
5. If there is any man you want her to marry kick him out of your house, order the servants never to admit him; distribute man traps and spring guns and bull dogs all around your grounds; lock her up in her room, and vow if she marries him you won't leave her a penny. You will not have to wait long after that for the elopement.
6. If she has no voice encourage her to sing whenever you give a party. It will attract attention to her and give your guest an excuse for complimenting her. Nevermind the neighbors.
7. If you are a poor man teach your daughter how to dance and play the piano. She can learn cooking and dress making and those things after she is married.

Tamed a Bullfrog.

Salisbury Sun.

Mr. D. L. Arey's young son of about seven years, has accomplished an unusual feat in taming a bullfrog.

Several months since Mr. Arey went seining and caught several bullfrogs. He took them home and his little son upon seeing them, determined to make a pet of a large frog. The boy immediately set about cultivating friendship with the frog and in a short while his frogship was on terms of the closest intimacy with his little master. Now the boy calls the frog and he answers to any command. He gives utterance to particular order and the frog begins to croak. Another order causes the frog to jump into a wagon in which little Arey takes him for a drive each day.

The frog is as much a pet as a kitten and is thorougly domesticated.

He Claims to Be 130 Years Old.

WASHINGTON, N. C., Oct. 24.—A negro man, who claims to be the oldest person in the United States, celebrated his 130th birthday to-day in Clay county, Kentucky. He is named Elijah Bledsoe, and for many years, in olden times, he lived at Fayetteville. He remembers the war of 1812 distinctly and knew Aaron Burr. Bledsoe says that he did not like Burr because he tried to buy him from his master, and take him away. The negro has in his possession a piece of money that was given him by Gen. Lafayette when he visited Fayetteville. It was given in the form of a tip for service in 1830.

Bledsoe made himself famous by the greatest running feat in history. He ran 32 miles in two hours. His opponent dropped dead by the wayside.

Horses Fed With Molasses.

New York Special to New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Instead of oats, 100 horses owned by the Arbuckle Brothers, of Brooklyn, coffee and sugar refiners, are fed with molasses. The animals are sleek and fat and seem to thrive on the diet. Dr. George H. Berns, a veterinarian, first suggested the use of molasses, and after six weeks' experiment on two of the horses, it was decided to use it as a food for all.

Dr. Berns said he first got the idea from a veterinarian in the United States artillery service, who told him that from ten to fifteen pounds of the dark mixture was sufficient daily rations for a horse weighing 1000 pounds. The cost of feeding each animal on molasses is 15 cents a day.

He tried the door with his key, but the thing was locked on the inside, locked and bolted. And just as he was about to apply the knocker, a voice, stern and admonitory, reached him from above.

"Halloa! Who are you? What do you want?"

"My dear," he called, "isn't that a trifle gratuitous? I want to come in. D'ye see?"

"Where have you been till this hour?"

"Club, my darling. Been down discussing the strike."

"Very well, then. Now you can go back and discuss the lockout. Does it still rain?"

There is no reason why a girl with a golden tooth should not indulge in silvery laughter.

WALKED OFF HIS CONSUMPTION.

Between San Francisco and New York He Gained 55 Pounds and Got Well.

Toronto Mail and Empire.

If the experiences of Alfred Y. Allen, an old Toronto boy, are any criterion, he has discovered a cure for cunsumption that leaves Koch and other lymp compounds in the "also started" list. His remedy is certainly an heroic one, and, efficacious as he found it, is secretly to become popular. This is his story:

On being told by a doctor at San Francisco that his lungs were almost used up and he had better go home to die, Mr. Allen retired to his room to consider what he would do. Many would have done nothing, or committed suicide, while idly pondering over how to spend his few remaining days, however, a sudden inspiration came to Mr. Allen. He decided to take a walk—back to his old Canadian home in Toronto.

He at once decided to try the experiment and the next day, August 8, 1901, he started out, with his best suit on, one lung out of business, $1 in his pockets, and a gross tonnage over all of 81 pounds. He was very weak at first and found it hard work to cover a mile and a half a day. For two months he walked along, keeping his money—as long as he looked respectable no one would take it, but when he became more weather-worn and needy-looking it soon went. So weak was he that on one occasion he got permission to cut wood for a meal, but was unable to handle the axe.

Slowly and painfully he tramped on, following the ties north through California and Oregon. Then he left the tracks to take a short cut, and lost himself two days and a night in the dense forests, but in spite of it all he started to gain strength and was soon able to average 35 miles a day, one day actually walking 51 miles. In Oregon he earned $17 cooking for some hungry sheep herders, strangers to dyspepsia, and started off again, rich one more, until he reached Idaho. There he had a terrible experience tramping across 173 miles of blazing hot desert, without food or water, until he reached an oasis, where some adventurous spirit had by irrigation reclaimed enough land to produce a scanty living.

By this time Allen's tongue was parched and swollen, his lips cracked, and he was completely exhausted by his privations, so much so that it took several days of water and food to put him in shape to continue his walk. With the aid of a big water bottle he managed to cross the rest of the arid, sun-parched plain, and crossed into Utah, through which State he strolled, hospitably received everywhere by the lonely railroad section men, to whom the sight of a face from the outside world was a real godsend. In fact, at one place, where he had to face a fearful cold snap, with snow waist deep, a family took him in and kept him three weeks. When finally he did start off the lady of the house gave him a kiss and a five dollar bill to cheer his lonely pilgrimage. The money has gone, but the memory of that kiss is still fresh.

Through storm and snow, wind and rain, he plodded along, traversing Iowa into Illinois, through Illinois to Michigan and at Detroit he crossed to Windsorf once more in Canada. From Windsor he walked across to Buffalo, from Buffalo to Lewiston, where he crossed the old Suspension Bridge and once again landed on Canadian soil. There he took the Grand Trunk ties and landed in Toronto last Wednesday, weatherworn and weary, but a well man, weighing 136 pounds of hard, healthy manhood, and without a trace of his old foe, consumption.

During his long tramp Mr. Allen walked through thirty-five pairs of boots and used up more clothes than he could keep track of. He was much impressed with the unfailing kindness he met with everywhere, having always plenty of food and clothes. On only one occasion did he lack a house to sleep in—when he was lost in Oregon's wilds.

Mr. Allen has been examined by physicians, who have been amazed to find him perfectly free from the white plague, and still more astounded at the extraordinary method by which he cured himself.

How One Housewife Makes Fuel.

Utica Observer.

Here is the manner in which one housewife has to a certain degree overcome the pressing question of fuel:

She took four common bricks and placed them in a pail. Over the bricks she poured a gallon of kerosene oil and let them stand until the bricks had absorbed all of the oil they would take up. Then she took out two of the bricks and placed them in the kitchen ranges and set fire to them. They burned fully two hours, and the fire that they made was one by which it was possible to do any kind of cooking or other water work requiring considerable heat. The lady says in this way it will be possible in her home to get along with the cooking, washing and ironing without resort to gas. There was no unpleasant odor or any trouble whatever, for the oil just blazed away like a stove full of good wood.

After the Storm.

Louisville Courier Journal.

The threatened ills that were to come in every branch of industry from the anthracite strike have failed to materialize to any matrial effect. According to Bradstreet's not more than 20,000 workingmen have been rendered idle outside of the miners themselves, and even this estimate does not allow for the extra employment given to the bituminous miners and in their collateral industries. Bradstreet's is of the opinion that "American industry has practically bridged over the change from hard to soft coal." Even if the mines are never touched again the country can get along. Some time the anthracite fields will be exhausted at the best, and then we shall de forced to do what we can do now. The people of this country are resourceful enough to meet even so serious a misfortune as would be the entire shutting down of the mines, though that is not probable.

THE STORY TELLERS.

The Englishman Who Capped All Stories Save One.

New York Tribune.

"The Lord save me from an Englishman who has done things, or says he has," said a Western man at the Waldorf-Astoria recently. "Such a one will spoil any party and throw gloom on any gathering he happens to be in. An Englishman of this type was once a visitor in my town and at the club he became an unmitigated nuisance. No matter what story was told, the Britisher invariably went the narrator one better. For example, one man told of a big faro game he had seen at Cheyenne in those never-to-be-forgotten days when cattle sold at $75 a head and everyone in the cattle country simply reeked with wealth. It was a good story, but as soon as it was finished the Englishman rang in one of an experience he had at Monte Carlo that made the Cheyenne tale seem like a bottle of flat champagne.

"Then an ex-army officer told of a company of infantry at Gettysburg that had been sent to capture a certain hill. They didn't secure it, but 75 per cent. of the company lay dead or wounded on that bloody hillside before the boys in blue could be driven back.

"The Englishman capped that with an experience of his in India. Out of a company of 76 Sikhs that he commanded only two escaped—himself and another—the other shot so full of holes that he looked like a nutmeg grater.

"When the refreshments made necessary by this last anecdote had been imbibed another man so forgot himself as to relate an experience he had while hunting bears. The Englishman chimed in at once with a legend of a bear hunt of his own. He had only six shots in his magazine rifle and was attacked by four adult and two cub bears. After an exhibition of fancy shooting that must have made the performances of 'Wild Bill' or 'Billy the Kid' look amateurish, the last bear fell, shot through the heart, only six feet from where the doughty Englishman stood.

"The silence that followed the relation of this Munchausen positively hurt, but when it was at length broken the fate that Englisman had so long been tempting was upon him.

"'That experience,' said the soft voice of a six-foot mining man, who had been silent, 'reminds me of a similar one I myself once had. I was after antelope and had chased a pair of them all the afternoon. They finally came to a canyon and made for it. Just as they got to its entrance I shot twice at them, missing both times. I didn't fire again for the reason that those two shots were all I had in my magazine rifle. Nothing daunted, I spurred my weary mount forward and soon found myself within the shadows of the canyon, which rose precipitously. With the idea of resting my horse I dismounted and that wretched bronco took prompt advantage of my kindness by jerking the reins from my hand and making a bolt of it. Looking around for the cause I saw a grizzly at least nine feet high rushing toward me with open mouth. I can tell you I legged it up that canyon, and a busy brain accompanied me. I couldn't shoot the grizzly, for my last shot had been fired at the antelope. Just then a rock came into view, and, utterly spent, I cast myself upon it.'

"Here the miner came to a full stop, and the deeply interested Englishman leaned breathlessly forward. 'What,' he queried, 'what did the bear do, my dear fellow?' 'Why,' returned the other, without batting an eyelash, 'he ate me up, of course.'"

A Big Event at Big Lick.

Charlotte Observer.

It the flying machine were perfected we might all have gone to Big Lick, Stanly county, last Sunday, and heard the joint discussion between Rev. Singleton Little, Primitive Baptist, and Rev Cul. Davis, missionary Baptist, which was told of in our Albemarle special yesterday. It was doubtless worth flying miles to hear. The Primitive or Hardshell Baptists believe in predestination and oppose foreign missions, and around these points the debate seems to have raged. Our correspondent tells us that "Rev. Mr. Little is an old man, but of handsome appearance, and reminds one more of a Roman Senator of old than a Primitive preacher. Standing in the pulpit in his shirt sleeves, with a red bandana handkerchief in his hand to mop his brow occasionally, he spoke for something over two hours of his belief and giving reasons for the faith that was in him." Of the Rev. Cul. Davis we are told that "he is a tall, gaunt, raw-boned man, a typical country preacher, having a voice on him that penetrated to the farthest corners of the village. He began at Genesis and wound up at Revelation, proving all he said by the Bible. It seemed that every argument made was a direct blow at his aged opponent, who sat on the platform with him and would shake his head when some particularly strong point was made against him." Our correspondent says that the debate was a failure in so far as changing any one from his belief was concerned, but that is the way with all joint debates. The gayety of this occasion must have been great and it is not surprising to learn that there was an "immense gathering." The handsome and dignified old Hardshell, in his shirt sleeves and with his red bandana, proclaiming for two hours the faith once delivered to the saints, and Brother Cul. Davis, "tall, gaunt, raw-boned," with a voice like a frog horn, must each have been a study in his way, and those of us who missed this event have something to regret all the remainder of our days.

Broke Into His House.

S. Le Quinn, of Cavendish, Vt., was robbed of his customary health by invasion of Chronic Constipation. When Dr. King's New Life Pills broke into his house, his trouble was arrested and now he's entirely cured. They're guaranteed to cure. 25c at Fetzer's Drug Store.

A rolling woman gathers no husband.

THE WRONG AND THE RIGHT WAY.

Charlotte Observer.

"Let the whitewashed, independent Democrats (so-called) be set by themselves, as forever branded as deserters who sold their birthright for a mess of pap." This is the concluding sentence of an editorial in The Elizabeth City Economist, a paper which is old enough to know better. As sure as you are born a mistake is being made in the method of treatment of the North Carolina independents. Very few if any of them have sold their birthright for pap or anything else; few of them are candidates for office or ever will be. They are among the most substantial men of the State—farmers, business men men of all occupations, who are after nothing except suitable men in office and just laws equally administered. They are in large part the men who in past campaigns have furnished the money and done the work for the Democratic party. This year the party has put up some candidates which they are not going to vote for and—they are not going to do it. When it is proposed to brand them as "deserters" they laugh; every time the party whip cracks they snap their fingers. They have never yet bowed their heads to anybody except God Almighty and they are not to be bullied this year or swerved from their purpose to vote as they please. We are not talking of the mercenaries or sore heads among them, and there doubtless are such, but of the great mass of independents who are without ambition in politics, who are not moved by a spirit of vengeance, but whose course is dictated by principle and who have no design except the promotion of the best interests of North Carolina. Let the abuse then go on if this is thought to be wise party policy, but we say to The Elizabeth City Economist and their other maligners that it but strengthens them in their purposes—for they are men who cannot be driven—and mayhap will put some of them to work when they had calculated upon doing no more than vote.

In marked contrast with the spirit of intolerance manifested in some quarters, and with the efforts to lash back into line these men who have stepped aside for cause, was that manifested by Representative E. W. Pou, of the fourth district, in his recent speech in Charlotte, in which he said in substance that a man is not bound by any rule of party fealty or good citizenship to vote for a candidate whom he conscientiously believes to be unfit or unqualified for the office sought. That was the speech of a politician—we use the word in its best sense—and of a broad-minded man. A candidate holding these broad views, willing to concede to every man his rights as he claims his own, and representing the political policies that Mr. Pou does, deserves the vote of every independent in his district. And we may add that if his spirit were that of the Democratic party in the State there would be no independents because there would be no reason for any Democrat to bolt which could not be met by a better reason why he should not.

But go on, gentlemen, with your hectoring.

Why He Quit Iowa.

Kansas City Journal.

Henry Clay Dean, who was a famous orator a generation ago, was referred to many years after he had moved to Missouri from Iowa, as "Henry Clay Dean, of Iowa." He used to explain his move from the Hawkeye State in this way:

"You see, they passed a nefarious prohibition law in Iowa, and there's your whisky gone. Then they abolished capital punishment, and there's your hanging gone. And now the whole population seems to be drifting toward Universalism, and there's your hell gone. I can't live in a State that has neither hell, hanging, nor whisky."

Gold in Montgomery

Troy Examiner.

It seems that the gold fever has struck Montgomery county in earnest. Gold is being hunted now in places where it was never thought to be until recently. The section of the Iola mine is being thoroughly searched, and pits are being sunk in the Pekin section with the hope of unearthing some of the yellow metal. Montgomery county has always been noted for her gold, and she promises to keep up her reputation in this line. The Iola mine is said to be paying handsomely.

North Carolina Freaks.

Elizabeth City Tarheel.

Eastern North Carolina has some of the queerest freaks in the world. The biggest is Lewis Lewark the 17 year old boy who weighs 669 pounds. We all know Lewis. He lives right here in Currituck county, and then the smallest is Chas. Baker, of Hertford. Mr. Baker is 21 years old, weighs only 71 pounds and yet he is in the best of health and deserves much praise, from the fact though he is sadly hampered through lack of stature and avoirdupois, he is the main support of a sister and widowed mother.

Negro Burned Alive.

FOREST CITY, Ark., Oct. 21.—A mob of a thousand men stormed the jail here late last night and took Charles Young, a negro, bound him to a telegraph pole on the public square and and prepared to burn him. Young begged piteously for his life but was taken a half mile from town, bound to a tree and roasted to death. Young was accused of murdering Mrs. Edward Lewis after having assaulted her.

A Love Letter

Would not interest you if you're looking for a guaranteed Salve for Sores, Burns or Piles. Otto Dodd, of Ponder, Mo., writes: "I suffered with an ugly sore for a year, but a box of Bucklen's Arnica Salve cured me. It's the best Salve on earth. 25c at Fetzer's drug store.

Commercial travelers say that business is extremely good, particularly in the tobacco region of eastern North Carolina, where there is more money, much more money, than ever before. Business men there say business was never so good.

TREED BY HOGS.

A Hunter's Terrible Experience In A South American Forest.

Scotsman.

In the canebreakes along one of the South American rivers wild hogs have appeared in great numbers this year, coming from no one knows where.

These hogs seem to have little in common with the domestic species. They are gaunt of form, long-legged and as ferocious as bears, many of them with enormous heads and savage-looking tusks. Several rather unpleasant adventures have occurred with these animals, among them one in which an Irish hunter, a Mr. McGee, played a part.

On his return from a successful bird flunt Mr. McGee saw a small pig rolling in the dirt. He had heard of the wild hogs, but up to this time had seen none. With the sportsman's instinct, he raised his gun, fired and wounded the pig. Its squeals were answered by grunts from all sides, and hundreds of hogs issued from the cane.

McGee knew that they meant mischief, and throwing down his gun, he hastily scrambled among the branches of a small tree. Still the hogs came, hundreds of them, and their grunting and squealing, added to their ferocious aspect, were appalling to the frightened man.

The hunter felt reasonably safe in the tree, for he knew the enraged animals could not reach him. But they squealed, snapped their ugly jaws and leaped up. McGee saw them chew up and destroy the stoke of his gun. And then they began to root at the tree wherein he sat.

A half dozen of the big boars kept at it, and he began to wonder if they meant to root the tree down. In the course of a half hour his wonder changed to alarm. The hogs had made a big hole around the roots of the tree, which was but small, and they were still rooting vigorously. Doubtless they had learned by experience how to get at a treed enemy.

Night came on, and in the moonlight the luckless hunter saw countless numbers moving about, and the rooting at the tree went on. Hoping to divert the savage brutes, he had thrown down to them the contents of his game bag, which had been eagerly devoured.

Time passed and the tree began to sway. McGee knew well that his chance for life was nothing if he fell among those hogs. More and more the tree swayed, then leaned to one side, and the hunter gave himself up for lost.

Suddenly there was a cessation of the rooting. Waiting barely long enough to make sure of the departure of his enemies, he dropped grunting and squealing down below, and then a rush of feet. The hogs had departed, for some mysterious cause. The hunter did not know then and does not know now why they fled. But go they did, and the hunter was safe.

He soon came down from the tree and made the best possible time to his home.

Times Have Changed.

Statesville Landmark.

A gentleman who is familiar with the local political situation thus sizes up the situation. The work the Democrats have to do is to get the people to register and vote. The people are indifferent, apathetic. They care nothing for campaign oratory. The appeals to passion, prejudice, or sentiment, so effective in bygone campaigns, count for little or nothing. The people want facts and most of them, by reading, are pretty well posted and know in advance what the campaign orator is going to talk about; and some of them know more about the subject than the orator. Therefore he fails to interest them. This does not mean that the day of oratory is passed or that the campaign speaker may not do some good, but for the reasons stated, the conditions are greatly changed and the campaigner must accommodate himself to the new conditions. It doesn't mean, either, that the people are quitting the Democratic party or have lost interest in it, but it does mean that they think they can afford to be more independent and indifferent about matters political than heretofore. And this brings the situation back to the first proposition stated—that the thing the Democrats have to do is to get their people on the registration books and get them to the polls. That is the work to be done, through personal effort or otherwise.

Twenty-one Days Without Sleep.

GASTONIA, Oct. 24.—A case of insomnia, which is both remarkable and interesting, is one in which Mr. Levi Smith, of this city, is the victim. Mr. Smith is a native of this county, is 75 years old, and lives near the Ozark Mill. For forty-six days and nights he did not close his eyes in sleep and at the end of that time he slept for only a few hours each night. Three weeks ago to-night he got his last short nap, his record for the last attack being 21 days thus far and with the exception of a dizzy, giddy feeling, his sleeplessness does not seem to cause him any considerable inconvenience. His appetite is good. Sometimes a drowsy feeling comes over him while he is sitting in a chair but when he lies down this sleepy feeling leaves him at once. He whiles aways the nights by watching the trains and gazing on passers by.

Has Anybody Seen This Shoat?

Kingston, Wis., Spy.

On our way to Portage to attend a congressional convention, our escort drew our attention to the following notice, posted on a board near Pigeon Grove.

"Straid Or Swiped. A young hog shoated with the left year crupt, an tale gone. Also blak spot on left hand hip, an hole in another year. Sed houg, dis apeared from premises of undercined ouner at nite, or therebout, under sircumstansis pertaining to be stole. Said hoag shoat being a pet and not apt to go off on his one acord. Also, this hog shote answer to his name "Nellie" and he will eat off of hand an stan on his hin legs like a dog and is of a friendly nature. Any body returning said shote or lettin me no where he is at, I will consider a benefit on a invalid whose pet shoat he was."

Don't forget the old man with the fish on his back.

For nearly thirty years he has been traveling around the world, and is still traveling, bringing health and comfort wherever he goes.

To the consumptive he brings the strength and flesh he so much needs.

To all weak and sickly children he gives rich and strengthening food.

To thin and pale persons he gives new firm flesh and rich red blood.

Children who first saw the old man with the fish are now grown up and have children of their own.

He stands for Scott's Emulsion of pure cod liver oil—a delightful food and a natural tonic for children, for old folks and for all who need flesh and strength.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, 409-415 Pearl Street, New York. 50c. and $1.00; all druggists.

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must have constant attention from the mother. Their wants are numerous, but that palatable, simple, vegetable remedy
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meets most of them. Keeps the stomach sweet and well ordered; expels worms; induces natural sleep. Bottle by mail 25.
E. & S. FREY, Baltimore, Md.

WANTED—A trustworthy gentleman or lady in each county to manage business for an old established house of solid financial standing. A straight, bona fide weekly cash salary of $18.00 paid by check each Wednesday with all expenses direct from headquarters. Money advanced for expenses. Manager, 340 Caxton Bldg., Chicago.

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