

The Messenger.

QUEEN CITY OF CAROLINA.

The Hotly Contested City Election—The State Society of Christian Endeavor in Session—The Women's Exposition of the Carolina—Popularity of Wilmington's Summer Resorts with Charlotte People.

(Correspondence of The Messenger.) Charlotte, N. C., April 23.

The all-absorbing topic of interest in Charlotte at the present time is the approaching city election, which takes place May 4th. This election is, probably, being the most hotly contested of any city election in many years. Two candidates are in the field—Mr. J. H. Weddington, the present mayor, and the regular nominee of the democratic primaries, and Mr. Ed Springs, independent democratic candidate, who bolted the primaries on account of the executive committee having changed the ruling as to the status of voters after the candidates had announced themselves.

The Charlotte Observer—always fair and just to all sides—while loyally supporting Mr. Weddington, the regular nominee, made an editorial statement at the time of Mr. Springs' withdrawal, deploring his action in withdrawing from the primaries, but granting that such action was, to a great extent, justifiable.

Meanwhile the battle rages fiercely, and it is impossible to say at this time which side will gain the victory. Much bad feeling has been engendered and various and sundry "mud slinging" articles have appeared in the local papers. Brother Joe Caldwell, with his characteristic good judgment, and desire to do justice to all sides, has recently made a ruling that no article on city politics, unless it bears the true signature of the writer, shall appear in his paper.

The state society of Christian Endeavor meets here today, and great preparations have been made for the occasion. Nearly all of the hotels and business houses have been decorated with the "C. E." colors, and the city presents quite a gala day appearance. The representatives of this society will be given a most enjoyable and profitable time. It is generally conceded that no matter which side wins the city will be safe and in good hands.

The "Women's Exposition of the Carolina," which is being held at the Raleigh Hotel, will do herself proud in entertaining this noble order, and special efforts are being made to see that all the members and visiting friends are cared for. A monster bicycle parade, by the younger members, will take place this afternoon and hundreds of wheels decorated with colors—white, yellow and green—will be in line.

The Graphophone as a Witness in Court. In an action brought by Anthony Sauer, of New York City, to recover damages, which he claims have resulted from the building of the new viaduct for the New York Central Railroad Company, a novel sort of evidence was offered before the supreme court. It was sought to demonstrate to the court by the use of a graphophone the noise made by the trains of the defendant. Attorneys for the plaintiff hired a man to "graphophone" the noise heard in the house of the plaintiff at different times of day. Three graphophone cylinders were produced in court, and the attorneys announced that they would present to the court authentic evidence of just what the noise was made. Counsel for the railroad objected to the evidence offered, because no foundation had been laid for it, as to how and when the noise was recorded, the identification of the noise with that of the defendant's trains, and as to the whole or partial correctness with which the instrument might repeat it.

It may be worth something to know that the very best medicine for restoring the tired out nervous system to a healthy vigor is Electric Bitters. This medicine is purely vegetable, acts by giving tone to the nerve centres in the stomach, gently stimulates the Liver and Kidneys, and aids these organs in throwing off impurities in the blood. Electric Bitters improves the appetite, aids digestion, and is pronounced by those who have tried it as the very best blood purifier and nerve tonic. Try it. Sold for 50c or \$1.00 per bottle at R. R. Bellamy's Drug Store.

Caleb A. Wall celebrated last Saturday the sixtieth anniversary of his connection with "The Worcester (Mass.) Spy."

Beyond The Night.

(In Memory of Margaret J. Preston.) By William Hamilton Hayne in New York Independent.

The lark-like voice that sang so long, Through bitter days or bright, Has found the source of deathless song Beyond the night.

The loyal heart that beats so true, Unchanged by earthly life, Has reached the everlasting blue Of God's own hills.

The poet soul that clearly saw, In every mortal thing, Twin miracles of love and law Has taken wing.

The eyes by stress of time made dim (Death's mystic border passed) Beyond the far horizon rim See light at last.

Augusta, Ga.

Reminiscences of an Octogenarian.

"Un Francois Mort."

When the writer first became familiar with the ruins of the old town of Brunswick and its surroundings, back in the "thirties," they were much more interesting and impressive than they are at present. Time has laid its withering touch upon them and obliterated so many of the ancient landmarks that it is difficult now to recognize former points of interest. Tall trees have sprung up on every side, and even within the shattered walls of the old church they wave their untrimmied branches to the sky. Those walls, which for so many years towered above the surrounding forest, are now crumbling rapidly into dust and will soon disappear forever. A rank undergrowth of trailing vines and matted bamboo with here and there a dwarfed specimen of the short leaved pine, render access to the scene almost impossible and effectually conceal from observation the few remaining tablets that mark the spot "where the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep."

But they were not rude nor unlettered, the men of those days, but on the contrary they possessed intelligence and virtue, culture and refinement and energy, which grappled with nature in her primeval strength, subduing forests and making the wilderness to "blossom as the rose." Here they lived playing well their parts in life and dying, were buried beneath the shadow of that massive church which had themselves assisted to erect, and sculptured marbles were raised to commemorate their virtues and perpetuate their deeds. But these have disappeared under the encroaching hand of time, which chastens and sobers all things, which takes the honey from the flower and robs pleasure of its zest, and the visitor now seeks in vain for evidences of their former existence.

There were many quaint and curious inscriptions upon some of these marble slabs, but we can recall but one just now. It was carved in Latin and the lettering was most beautifully executed and, translated, read thus: "May he who moves this marble be the last of his race," a curse more bitter and sweeping than that penned by Shakespeare in regard to his bones, and which meets the eye of every visitor to his tomb in the old church at Stratford.

As I stood by the humble grave of that unknown sleeper over which the fox flower bloomed in rich luxuriance and the perfume of the yellow jessamine stole sweetly upon the senses, and sought to identify his personality, as to who and what he was, my fancy conjured up the image of one of those grenadiers of the Imperial Guard, a hero of a hundred battles and who, having stood side by side with Napoleon at Marengo and Waterloo, Disbanded after the utter ruin of his great emperor and too loyal to that chained eagle at St. Helena to serve a new master, he had wandered hither and thither until at last his feeble steps had brought him to the shores of the new world, near to the Cape of Fear, and there his wanderings had ceased forever.

With the tricolor waving over him he had been borne by his comrades to this ancient burial place, the earth heaped upon him, perhaps a flower or two laid tenderly upon his grave and there they had left him and departed with only that simple but most expressive inscription at his head, "Un Francois Mort," little thinking that in after years it would attract so much attention and point so many pilgrims to his narrow bed.

That grave, with its headboard, has long since disappeared. Time has leveled the incumbent sod and not an atom of it now remains to mark the spot where rests the ashes of that unknown stranger, but some there are who can still recall it and who remember well the emotions excited in their bosoms when they first gazed upon that humble grave and read with faltering lips that touching epitaph, "Un Francois Mort." SENEX.

Wilmington, N. C., April 24.

Something to Know. It may be worth something to know that the very best medicine for restoring the tired out nervous system to a healthy vigor is Electric Bitters. This medicine is purely vegetable, acts by giving tone to the nerve centres in the stomach, gently stimulates the Liver and Kidneys, and aids these organs in throwing off impurities in the blood. Electric Bitters improves the appetite, aids digestion, and is pronounced by those who have tried it as the very best blood purifier and nerve tonic. Try it. Sold for 50c or \$1.00 per bottle at R. R. Bellamy's Drug Store.

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FUN.

"Do you like cabbage?" "Well, I never eat it; but I smoke it sometimes, I'm afraid."—Tit Bits.

Bacon—"I hear the parson is to preach on 'The Fall of Man.'" Egbert—"What, another bicycle sermon?"—Yonkers Statesman.

Where the Fault Lies—"You can't keep a secret to save your life, Florence." "Yes, I can; but the woman to whom I confide it can't keep it."—Chicago Record.

The Fate of Ixion—"The decree," an "I'm going to be a minister," said Tommy, forcibly.

"Why, Tommy dear?" asked the father. "So I can talk in church," said Tommy.—Harper's Round Table.

"So you're broke," said the indulgent father to the son he had started in business. "But I'll put you on your feet once more."

"On my feet? The first thing I want is a 'W' wheel."—Detroit Free Press.

"See here!" howled the manager, "does it take you four hours to carry a message three streets away and return?"

"Why?" said the new office boy, "you told me to see how long it would take me to get there and back, and I done it."—Tit Bits.

"There's no use to go to the White house," said one office-seeker to another; "the president will only send you away!"

"Jerusalem!" exclaimed the applicant "that's just what I want him to do! I'm after a foreign appointment."

Atlanta Constitution.

nounced the messenger of Jupiter, "is that you shall be bound for ever to the wheel!" "W—which make?" asked Ixion anxiously.—Puck.

An Important Difference.—Little Sister—"What's the difference 'tween 'lectricity' lightnin'?" Little Brother—"You don't have to pay nuthin' fur lightnin'."—Detroit Free Press.

North Carolina has few poets, but a new and unique bard has tuned his harp there. He sings in The Raleigh Press:

I wish I were a happy snail That always takes his time and ease; No act regret, no haste bewail, And do just as I all-fired please.

That's what we want in poetry and out of it—liberty! liberty!—F. L. S., in Atlanta Constitution.

SOUTHERN JOTTINGS.

The undivided members of the Kentucky legislature must be feeling rather lonesome.—Washington Post.

Good iron ore has been found on Red Mountain, near Oneonta, Ala., and preparations are being made to develop the vein.

A Georgia editor has already offered his paper for a year to the person who will bring the first load of watermelons to his office.

Two Florida negroes have been arrested for making counterfeit money. Florida convicts have also been detected making "moonshine" whiskey.

Two hundred people recently left Washington county, Virginia, to make their homes in South Carolina, and it is said that others will follow them.

The scandals in the Kentucky legislature have put a new argument in the mouths of the advocates of the election of United States senators by direct vote of the people.—Philadelphia Record.

It is said that Miss York, the beautiful young girl, who was arrested for running an illicit distillery, has received no less than fifty offers of marriage since her bond was signed by a chivalrous citizen.

While a marriage ceremony was being performed near Danville, Va., a kerosene lamp flamed up and was about to explode when the bride seized it and nudged it through a window. The groom then came out from under the table, where he had hidden, and the ceremony proceeded.

Andrew Jackson Andrews, of Richmond, Va., wants to be consul general at Havana, for the following reasons: (a) I am widely known; (b) I know General (c) I have commanded a battery in the year 1812; (d) I am, therefore, an American, horse, foot, and dragoon; (e) I will go in a fearless manner, and, with the help of God, defend American citizens.

Young Champ Clark, the 5-year-old son of the Missouri representative, was asked the other day when he entered the house with his father: "What are you democrats going to do, now that McKinley is running things to suit himself? You will have to put up with it whether you like it or not." "We democrats," answered Champ haughtily, "will not be responsible for any of McKinley's acts."

The Discovery Saved His Life. Mr. G. Callouette, Druggist, Beaversville, Ill., says: "To Dr. King's New Discovery I owe my life. Was taken with La Grippe and tried all the physicians for miles about, but of no avail and was given up and told I could not live. Having Dr. King's New Discovery in my store I sent for a bottle and began its use and from the first dose began to get better, and after using three bottles was up and about again. It is worth its weight in gold. We won't keep store or house without it." Get a free trial at R. R. Bellamy's Drug Store.

Savannah, Ga., April 26, 1896. Having used three bottles of P. P. P. for impure blood and general weakness and having derived great benefit from the same, having gained 11 pounds in weight in four weeks. I take great pleasure in recommending it to all unfortunate like.

Yours truly, JOHN MORRIS, Apothecary, Sole Prop'r, ck, Savannah, Ga.

Office of J. N. McElroy, Druggist, Orlando, Fla., April 20, 1891.

Messrs. Lippman Bros., Savannah, Ga. Dear Sirs:—I sold three bottles of P. P. P. large size yesterday, and one bottle small size today.

The P. P. P. cured my wife of rheumatism winter before last. It came back on her the past winter and a half bottle, \$1.00 size, relieved her again, and she has not had a symptom since.

I sold a bottle of P. P. P. to a friend of mine, one of the turkeys, a small one, took sick and his wife gave it a teaspoonful, that was in the evening, and the little fellow turned over like he was dead, but next morning was up hallowing and well.

Yours respectfully, J. N. McELROY, Savannah, Ga., March 17, 1891.

Messrs. Lippman Bros., Savannah, Ga.: Dear Sirs—I have suffered from rheumatism for a long time and did not find a cure until I found P. P. P. which completely cured me.

Yours truly, ELIZA F. JONES, 16 Orange St., Savannah, Ga.

Is It This Way in Wilmington?

The Charleston (S. C.) News and Courier publishes the following from a city correspondent:

It is amusing and, at times, instructive to hear of the peculiar impressions we make on strangers within our gates. The following incident is a case in point: A gentleman from another city, having had the opportunity of observing the habits of the heads of some of our large firms, remarked that he had come to the conclusion that a large number of our business men were unhappily married. When asked for his reasons in coming to such a conclusion he stated that the heads of most of the firms he had come in contact with seemed to be so averse to getting through with their work so as to enable them to spend the evenings with their families, and instead of expediting matters seemed to prefer leaving just enough to give them an excuse for keeping their offices open until the evening was spoiled for any social pleasures.

Now an impression like this should be corrected at all costs. To think for a moment that any one should be under the impression that there are so many "Gretchens" in our city is enough to make one "Rip."

It is bad enough for the poor Indians to have such characters as "Rain-in-the-Face," "Old-Man-Afraid-to-go-Home," etc., but they should not be allowed to exist in this community. In ninety-nine out of a hundred cases these men are "night owls" by choice, and not from necessity, and their families should be warned against wasting and sympathy on them. Their habits cut as with a two-edged sword; they not only deprive their hard working clerks of a well deserved rest, but deprive their families of the pleasure (?) of their company.

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P. P. P., Lippman's Great Remedy, Saves a Man From Becoming a Cripple.

Mr. Asa Ammons, a well-known citizen of Jacksonville, Florida, was afflicted by a terrible ulcer. Medical skill seemed unavailing in stopping the ravages of the terrible disease. The leg was swollen and intensely painful, as the ulcer had eaten its way down to the very bone. All medicines and treatments having failed to effect a cure, the doctors said the leg must come off. Just when it seemed that Mr. Ammons would become a disabled and a crippled man, he tried P. P. P., Lippman's Great Remedy, and the result was wonderful.

P. P. P. SAVES HIS LEG.

Jacksonville, Fla., July 1, 1895.—Two years ago I had the worst ulcer on my leg I ever saw. It had eaten down to the bone, and my whole leg below my knee, and my foot was swollen and inflamed. The bone was swollen and painful, and discharged a most offensive matter. My physicians said I had necrosis of the bone, and my leg would have to come off. At this stage I commenced to take P. P. P. and to bathe my leg with hot castile soap suds. It began to improve at once and healed rapidly, and is to-day a sound and useful leg.

"I think P. P. P., Lippman's Great Remedy, is all a man could ask for as a blood purifier, as I have known it to cure so terrible cases of blood poisoning in a remarkably short time."

"ASA AMMONS."

TERRIBLE BLOOD POISON. The body covered with sores—two bottles of P. P. P. made a positive and permanent cure. This is only one of many thousand similar cases.

Catarrh yields at once to P. P. P. That smothered feeling at night, that heavy feeling in the day—can and should be removed; P. P. P. will do it if you only give it a chance.

Indigestion and constipation go hand in hand. Headaches and total loss of appetite are the results. Regulate yourself and tone up your stomach with P. P. P.

Sold by all druggists. Apothecaries, Sole Prop'r, ck, Savannah, Ga.

For Sale by R. R. BELLAMY.

Advertisement for Dr. King's New Discovery for Corns, Bunions and Warts. Includes text: 'Cures CORNS, BUNIONS and WARTS SPEEDILY and WITHOUT PAIN. FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS. LIPPMAN BROTHERS, Prop'rs, Lippman's Block, SAVANNAH, GA. For Sale by R. R. BELLAMY.'

Advertisement for Castoria. Includes text: 'SEE THAT THE FAC-SIMILE SIGNATURE OF CHAS. H. FITCHER IS ON THE WRAPPER OF EVERY BOTTLE OF CASTORIA. Perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and Loss of Sleep. Fac Simile Signature of CHAS. H. FITCHER, NEW YORK. 35 Doses - 35 CENTS. EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.'

W. H. & R. S. TUCKER & CO., RALEIGH, N. C.

Beautiful French Organdies.

ORGANDIES. THE SHOWING OF THIN, DAINTY WASH FABRICS AT "THIS BIG STORE" EXCELS IN BEAUTY ANYTHING SEEN IN FORMER SEASONS. IN ORGANDIES THERE IS AN ALMOST BEWILDERING CHOICE BETWEEN THE VERY FASHIONABLE NEW GREEN TONES IN STRIPED AND ALLOVER DESIGNS, DELICATELY TINTED PERSIAN COLORINGS, ENTIRELY NEW PATTERNS; COOL, SUMMERY-LOOKING OLD DELFT BLUES; THE EXCEEDINGLY TASTY SMALL DRESDEN STYLES, AND MANY OTHER CHARMING EFFECTS, WHICH ARE AMONG THE BEAUTIFUL THINGS ONE ALWAYS EXPECTS TO FIND HERE. BY BUYING EARLY AND IN LARGE QUANTITIES ENABLES US TO MAKE THE PRICE 35c PER YARD. YOU WILL WANT THE DAINTIES BY-AND-BY, AND YOU WILL WANT THEM IN A HURRY. YOU HAD BETTER TAKE THEM NOW. YOU GAIN NOTHING BY WAITING. THEY ARE FRESHER NOW. THEY WILL BE NO CHEAPER THEN. THE PRETTIEST STYLES WILL BE GONE SOON. EVERYTHING FAVORS YOU BUYING NOW. NEWEST LACES. - NEWEST LACES. THE LACE QUESTION WILL BE VERY IMPORTANT TO YOU CONCERNING YOUR NEW SPRING COSTUME—AND YOU MUST HAVE LACE TRIMMINGS OR YOU'LL BE OUT OF THE WORLD OF FASHION. OUR NEW SPRING STOCK IS ALL ON DISPLAY—IMMENSE QUANTITIES AND ENDLESS VARIETIES OF THE MOST WINSOME AND PRETTIEST FANCIES IN NET-TOP LACES, VALENCIENNES LACES, ORIENTAL LACES, RUSSIAN LACES, ARABIAN LACES, BOURBON LACES, TORCHON LACES, IRISH POINT LACES, GAUZE LACES, POINT DE PARIS LACES AND A SELECT VARIETY OF THE NEWEST STYLES IN ALLOVER LACES—BESIDES A COMPLETE LINE OF N.W. INSERTINGS TO MATCH ALL LACES IN BLACK, WHITE AND CREAM. ALL AT OUR USUAL LOW PRICES.

W. H. & R. S. TUCKER & Co. RALEIGH, N. C. Better Write Now for Samples.

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