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THAD R. MANNING, Editor and Prop'r. | "CAROLINA, CAROLINA, HEAVEN'S BLESSINGS ATTEND HER." | SUBSCRIPTION $2.00 a Year.

VOL. VI. HENDERSON, N. C., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1887. NO. 38.

A TONGUE IN KNOTS.

I contracted malaria in the swamps of Louisiana while working for the telegraph company, and used every kind of medicine I could hear of without relief. I at last succeeded in breaking the fever, but it cost me over $100.00, and then my system was prostrated and saturated with malarial poison and I became almost helpless. I finally came here, my mouth so filled with sores that I could scarcely eat, and my tongue raw and filled with little knots. Various remedies were resorted to without effect. I bought two bottles of B. B. B. and it has cured and strengthened me. All sores of my mouth are healed and my tongue entirely clear of knots and soreness, and I feel like a new man.

A. F. BRITTON.

Jackson, Tenn., April 20, 1885.

STIFF JOINTS

A Most Remarkable Case of Scrofula and Rheumatism.

I have a little boy twelve years old whose knees have been drawn almost double and his joints are perfectly stiff, and has been in this condition three years, unable to walk. During that time the medical board of London county examined him and pronounced the disease scrofula and prescribed, but no benefit ever derived. I then used a much advertised preparation without benefit. Three weeks ago he became perfectly helpless and suffered dreadfully.

A friend who has used B. B. B. advised its use. He has used one bottle and all pain has ceased and he can now walk. This has been pronounced a most wonderful action, as his complaint had baffled everything. I shall continue to use it on him

MRS. EMMA GRIFFITHS.

Unita, Tenn., March 2, 1886.

WEBB CITY, ARK., BLOOD.

Having tested B. B. B. and found it to be all that is claimed for it, I commend it to any and every one suffering from blood poison. It has done me more good for less money and in a shorter space of time than any blood purifier I ever used. I owe the comfort of my life to its use, for I have been troubled with a severe form of blood poison for 5 or 6 years and found no relief equal to that given by the use of B. B. B.

W. C. McGAUHEY

Webb City, Ark., May 3, 1886.

All who desire full information about the cause and cure of Blood Poison, Scrofula and Scrofulous Swellings, Ulcers, Sores, Rheumatism, Kidney Complaints, Catarrh, etc., can secure by mail free, a copy of our 32-page Illustrated Book of Wonders, filled with the most wonderful and startling proof ever before known. Address,

BLOOD BALM CO.,
Atlanta, Ga.

Planting Time
HAS COME.

Now is the time to plant
IRISH POTATOES,
and
ONIONS.
Sow
CABBAGE,
LETTUCE,
TOMATOES,
RADISH,
BEETS,
PEAS,
MUSTARD,
KALE,
SALSIFY,
CARROT
and
PARSNIP

ALSO SEED
—FOR—
PASTURES, MEADOWS
and LOTS, in ORCHARD, TIMOTHY, HERDS GRASS, and RED and SAPLING CLOVER SEED.

I have a full stock of all seeds and will meet prices with anyone.

I SHALL CONTINUE
—To Improve My—
DRUG STOCK

until it is second to none South of Richmond. My stock of
CIGARS,
CIGARETTES
and
TOBACCO
Is Complete.

I have on hand and shall carry a larger stock of Paints and Painters' goods than ever before. First quality ground colors specialty.

I carry at all times a nice line of ROYSTER'S FRESH FRENCH CANDIES.

All Prescriptins

and family receipts intrusted to my care will receive my personal attention and only pure, fresh drugs used in filling them. In returning thanks to my friends and customers I ask for a continuance of their patronage, and assure them I will spare no efforts to deserve it. A good house, a long experience, and ample capital, I can and will make it to your interest to deal with me.

Very Respectfully,

Melville Dorsey.

F. S. HARRIS,

DENTIST
HENDERSON, N. C

Office over E. G. Davis' Store, Main Street. Apr. 25, 1 c.

WOMAN'S LOVE.

THE RICHEST AND RAREST AND MOST PRECIOUS BLESSING GOD GIVES TO MAN

A Fountain Whose Gushing Water Never Runs Dry—A Flower Whose Brilliancy Never Fades Even Amid the Darkest Night of Shame and Degradation.

[Wilson Mirror.]

Of all passions, woman's love is the holiest, purest, and most steadfast. It is a flower that blossoms alike in sunshine and shadow; an evergreen of the heart; a thing imperishable amid the perishable. The object upon which she places her love and affection, may, as is often the case, prove unworthy of her, yet she is unchangeble, her clinging, tender, holy love never wavers. How often in our walk through life have we seen the grand reality of woman's love—have seen her enter the gilded saloon of intemperance, and strive to win the husband, father, or brother away from the vintage that kills—aye, even helping him, who at the consecrated altar promised to love, cherish and protect her, up from the gutter, with the filth of his degradation upon him, and guiding her footsteps along the city's sreets, clinging to him amid it all, though her pure, white brow be suffused with shame from the coarse jests of the passing crowd.

With man it is different. He may love fondly and, as he thinks, devotedly, yet his love is subject so many temporary cessations; with the dear one out of his sight his thoughts will often stray to others; he will toy with beauty wherever he can, and for the time being, forget her who in thought, word and deed is as true to him as the needle to the pole. Men will often indulge in what they term "a slight flirtation;" that is conceive a slight attachment for some pure, gentle woman, accompany her constantly in her walks and pastimes and for the being give her every attention required by a professed lover, then, all of a sudden grow tired and desert her. This is dishonorable, ungentlemenly, and above all things, the most heartless and cruel thing he could be guilty of, for she may have conceived a tender passion for him, and the love of a pure, virtuous woman is the grandest, holiest treasure man can win; it brings him a glimpse of the lost Eden, and makes his life a dream of Heaven. If he has her holy, sinless love, what remedy has she? None. She cannot drive away her sorrowful memories by mingling in scenes of gayety and mirth; she cannot quench her sorrow in the flow of the bottle, amid the clash of glasses, the bacchanalian song, or go down to death amid the shocks of battle—no, she must pine in secret, ever hoping and longing for the false one's return, yet ever doomed to disappointment. Then we say to him who glories in a stainless manhood, and an untarnished honor, trifle not with woman's love, that fountain whose gushing water never runs dry, that flower whose brilliancy never fades even amid the darkest night of shame and degradation.

Let us Give Thanks.

[Greensboro Patriot.]

Providence has certainly smiled on the people of our land this year and especially old North Carolina. The oldest citizens cannot recall a single year of their lives when a more abundant crop of every kind of vegetation has been gathered from the ground. Each and every season has not only been perfect for the growth of grain and all other products of the farm but has been equally so for the harvesting and curing of the same. And now in return for these blessings why should it not be our duty as a favored people to set apart a day of thanksgiving in the near future to Almighty God for the rich blessings He has restowed upon us. We urge this matter and think it should be considered a very important one. It seems that we have almost forgotten the duty we owe to the Alwise Giver of good things. The people ought to wake up to a sense of their duty and turn a new leaf in the uture.

Work was formally commenced Wednesday afternoon on the Wilkesboro extension of the N. W. N. C. R. R. This is an important step, and will be under the direction of our distidguished citizen, Col. A. B. Andrews. This is sufficient to expect that the work will be speedily and well accomplished.

The Providence Journal reviews the rapid progress of cotton manufactures in the South and predicts that the prosperity of Southern mills will continue.

PROPOSAL AND ANSWER.

[Lillie E. Barr in New York Ledger.]

"If, love, your feet can walk with mine,
The way that I must tread;
And if you will not fear, though clouds
Should gather overhead;
But with a brave and kindly heart
Still take me for your guide;
I pledge myself to you for life;
I ask you for my bride.

"If you can put your hand in mine,
And say: 'Whate'er is done,
Whate'er is gained, whate'er is lost,
We two are always one;'
If you can clasp my true right hand,
Through all the strife of life,
And feel that you can trust its care—
Then, darling, be my wife.

"If your heart beats responsive, love,
To every throb of mine,
Like some sweet melody that keeps,
Not only tune, but time,
O, fear not, then, to trust my heart,
Fear not to be my wife;
Give me your hand, and walk with me
Through all the ways of life."

"Come, clasp my hand, and I will take
You for my guard and guide;
And if the way be e'er so rough,
We'll climb it side by side.
And if the way be smooth and fair,
And peace and fortune bless,
Why, then, love brightens every gain,
And doubles happiness.

"For my heart only beats for you,
It answers all your claim;
It freely takes what you can give—
Your love, your hand, your name.
It does not fear, but trusts in you
Through all the ways of life;
If you can be my husband true,
I can be your true wife."

VERY ENCOURAGING.

The Baltimore *Manufacturers' Record* of last week published reports covering almost every section of the South, relative to the present condition of the crops and the outlook for trade this fall. Altogether the returns show a very healthy condition of affairs. Good crops are reported and business prospects are said to be brighter than ever before. The corn crop of the South is unprecedentedly large, exceeding the yield of 1886 by over 50,000,000 bushels; and the yield of 1885 by 70,000,000 bushels, and the yield of 1884 by 107,000,000 bushels. The South will this year, it is said, be clearly self-supporting in the matter of corn, and many millions of dollars that have heretofore gone West for corn will this season be saved to Southern farmers. This is certainly gratifying. When the Southern farmers shall feel, as they will presently, the good effect of this great saving, they will be encouraged to devote portions of their plantations to other products, and when that is done the day will have passed when the Southern farmer imports things which he can produce himself. And when that good day shall come, the South will have entered upon an era of prosperity, the like of which it has never known.

In the *Record's* report we find that while recent unfavoreable weather has damaged, to some extent, the cotton prospects which a month ago promised such an enormous yield, the crop will still be a large one. Advanced prices for tobacco will, it is claimed, counterbalance to the farmers the decrease in yield due mainly to decreased acreage. Other crops have, with few exceptions, been very good, and it is said that the farmers will enjoy greater prosperity than for many seasons; indeed, one correspondent predicts that this will be noted as a debt-paying year.

Enterprising, Progressive Durham.

[Pittsboro Record.]

Durham's growth should be a source of pride to all North Carolinians. No town in North Carolina has been more generally known in all parts of the world than the wonderful town of Durham. And a visit to that town will prove to the skeptical reader that Durham well derserves all that has been said about its growth and energy. What was a small village, only a few years ago, is now a prosperous town of over 7,000 inhabitants, with paved streets, water works, electric lights and street cars. Its many immense brick buildings prove the faith of their owners in the stability and permanency of Durham's prosperity. No handsomer or costlier buildings can be found anywhere in the State, and others are now in process of construction. Although Durham's growth has been so rapid, we predict that it will be still more rapid as soon as the railroads now in contemplation are constructed.

A new theory of the final destruction of the earth is that the polar ice is penetrating the interior of the globe like a wedge, and that as soon as it reaches the furnace there will be an explosion that will split the world into pieces too small for truck patches.

THE CODE DUELLO.

BILL NYE APPEALS TO IT FOR SATISFACTION.

The Western Cycrone Humorist seeks for Gore and Challenges an Editor who had Done Him Injury in Reflecting upon his Personal Beauty.

The following copy of a letter has been handed to the *World* with a view to general publicity:

Mr. Geo. W. Tidd, Editor Cranberry Patlidium:

SIR—My attention has just been called to a printed statement made over your own signature some time ago, in which you spoke in a light and flippant manner of my hair. The remark was carefully worded, but calculated to cast obloquy and reproach upon me in the eyes of the public. I have spoken to several friends in relation to it and they are of one opinion in the matter. They unite in saying that the term "Mexican hairless humorist" demands a challenge, to say nothing of the statement that "while on board a train which was robbed in Nebraska" I succeeded in "concealing my jewelry in my hair until the danger had passed."

For this, sir, I beg to state my address is No. 231½ Rue de Bowery, opposite the Place du Rahway Mysterie, and to ask that you will send me your own address. I forward this by the hands of a slow messenger boy, who will bring me your answer as soon as he gets thoroughly rested. I need not add that he is my friend and will act as my second, should you refuse to retract the statements referred to. You may also settle with him for this message and your own.

I will settle with you.

I hope, sir, that you will excuse anything that may seem coarse or brutal in this challenge, for I desire only to take your life without giving you any offense, and I want to be polite like other duelists. May I ask, therefore, that at your earliest convenience you will name a quiet place, as free from malaria as possible, where we can kill each other undisturbed.

May I trouble you also, sir, to select two as dangerous weapons as possible, and also the surgeon who generally sews up at such times.

The De Nyes have always been a hot-blooded race ever since they left France, and they can none of them brook an insult or bear to be tramped on.

When I first read your stinging insult in the paper I became delirious with passion, and although I am not related to the Knickerbockers my breath came in short pants.

The De Nyes are pleasant people to meet, but the man who infuriates one of them is liable to meander up the flume in an oblique manner. Pardon anything, sir, in this communication which may sound harsh or clash with the smooth and scholarly style of assassination peculiar to the code. I desire to meet you in mortal combat, but I want to do it in a polished way, and I desire to word this note so that it will read well in print, like other challenges.

I have consulted several friends about the prospect of our meeting in a duel at no distant day, and all of them seem to be highly gratified. It affords me great pleasure to note that I go into this thing with the hearty indorsement and God-speed of all, without distinction. If you would prefer to wait a few weeks, till the weather is cooler, so that you can lie in state longer, I will try to muzzle my wrath, but would advise you not to cross my trail in the meantime.

My second will no doubt inform you that I am an expert and deadly swordsman, and will try to convince you that it will be best not to name the sword. Do not be too proud to heed his advice. It may save your life—and mine also.

I hope you will not treat this challenge lightly, sir, and try still further to heap ridicule upon an old and mildewed name by suggesting soft gloves or watermelons as weapons. Let us meet as gentlemen, sir—fire and fall down, stagger to our feet, lean heavily against a tree, mutter a few words in a hoarse voice, gasp two times in rapid succession and go home.

I feel almost certain, sir, that you will treat this note in a slighting and jaunty manner, but I beg that you will not do so. For the sake of the Tidds, who were always a plain but rather pleasant set of people and for the sake of the De Neys, whose only fault has been their fondness for fresh, hot blood, furnished by other parties; for the sake of all our ancestors, sir, let me beg of you to assist in making this duel a success.

If I have been brutal in the wording of this challenge, sir, or violated the code, or misspelled any words, will you please have it corrected before you send it to the printer? I ask this favor of you in all sincerity and in as courteous a manner as possible, hoping that you will grant it promptly and that you will lose no opportunity to do all the good you can during the next few days.

I have arranged all my earthly affairs with the exception of paying my poll-tax. I have turned off the gas meter, and am prepared for any accident, though the police have promised to come in and arrest us at any time we may agree upon.

In closing, sir, allow me to express the hope that you will surely be at the duel, and that you will bring your dinner.

My second will offer you the choice of weapons, with an opportunity for retraction. If you enter into life and its enjoyments with real zest, I would advise you of the opportunity to retract, for, although sir, I would be a great deal happier with your heart's blood, the retraction will do me just as well, and you need not humiliate yourself in writting it. I do not ask you, sir, to grovel. You can write a retraction which will not compromise you at all, yet one that will give me much pleasure.

In the meantime, sir, I shall remain at the above address, awaiting your decision, and whatever it may be, sir, I beg to remain your most obedient antagonist and well wisher,

WILLIAM DE NYE,

Formerly Duke of Sweetwater, and Refree during the Modoc War.

IN HIS address before the Inter-State Farmers' Convention at Atlanta, Mr. Henry W. Grady said this:

There are 230,000 artisans at work in the South to-day that were not here in 1880, and this does not include the thousands that are building new enterprises. We manufactured last year $213,000,000 worth of articles that six years ago we bought from the North or West. In six years following the cotton exposition of 1873 new cotton mills have been built in the South starting 1,000,000 new spindles. The South to-day is witnessing an industrial revolution for which history has no precedent. Figures do not measure it and amazemnet is simply limited by comprehension.

These facts show a wonderful industrial revolution in the South. Who is not proud of this glorious land as a part of our common country?

Woman's Charms.

Man, of all animals, is the most susceptible to creature comfort. A loving heart and a caressing hand are very alluring, but they lose some of their enchantment if they forget to season the soup and show an utter disregard for shirt buttons and sock heels.

A man has an eye for beauty in his wife. He notices the soft wave of her hair and the fit of her gown with a sort of pleasurable pride, even after time and trials have dimmed the glamour of first love. The successful wife must represent to her husband all the virtues; must be sympathetic and at the same time sensible. She must be bright, entertaining and agreeable at home as how to preserve silence when it is desirable to hold her tongue, even though she is ready to burst with indignation. If she does not possess these qualities, let her cultivate them most assiduously.

ONE Northern paper at least is honest and outspoken about the negro question—social equality among the races and how it is regarded North and South. The Chicago *Herald* says:

The difference between the North and the South in this regard is here the negro enjoys *perfect equality in theory* and *no equality in fact*, while at the South both fact and theory agree in denying him equality and relegating him to a sphere by himself. This he knows and understands, and expects nothing else. As a consequence the Northern negro, being actually barred out of any actual social commerce with the Northern white, and not being specially encouraged to improve himself on his own account and by his own means, does nothing. *He is an outcast and knows it.* At the South, on the contrary, he has his own society, and wishing or expecting no other, he has improved it and improves himself in consequence. Northern sentiment is vitiated by a moral color-blindness which amounts to hypocrisy, that does no one any good and does the negroes much harm.

The *North Carolina Teacher* has entered upon its fifth volume. The editor, Eugene Harrell, has done much for the school interest of the State, and his publication merits the large measure of success with which it has met. May it long flourish to encourage and help lift up the educational interest of the State.

ABOUT LYNCH LAW.

SOME TIMELY REFLECTIONS ON THE SUBJECT.

The Tardiness and Uncertanty of Justice The Prime Cause of so Many Lynchings—The Law and the Courts Responsible for it.

[Battleboro Headlight.]

Our highly esteemed neighbor the Wilmington *Messenger* regrets "that the law was not permitted to take its course," and mete out just punishment to Eugene Hairston, the brute who was lynched a few days since at Greensboro for committing a heinous crime upon Miss Mahala Sapp. The pulpit, the press, and all good people, do agree that lynching is hateful, yea more, it is revolutionary in its character, but then what shall we do? When the recent lynching of five negroes in York county, South Carolina, was brought to the notice of Judge Pressley, who was holding court there, he said that it was useless to try to bring the lynchers to punishment, and that he was unwilling any longer to use the machinery of the courts to enact a farce, as such cases had proved before.

We are no defenders of lynch law *per se*, but before lynch law can be done away with, there must be a revolution in the administration of justice in North Carolina, more particularly. When people see almost daily red-handed murderers and criminals of high degree, by the aid of money, position and influence, and through the shrewdness and chicanery of lawyers in building up all manner of defenses, through legal technicalities, and lastly by the help of conscienceless juries, go free and unwhipped of justice, when their guilt is clearly established, they feel at once the unprotected condition of society, and when a horrid crime takes place, they have no assurance that the courts will mete out justice to the criminals, and they feel their only security, their only safety, and their only defense, is in rising up above the forms of law, and executing vengeance with their own hands.

We are no opologists of lynch law, but we do say that as long as the present condition of affairs remains with reference to the administration of justice in North Carolina, lynchings may be expected, for when the people of a community feel that the law affords them no protection, they will rise above the forms of law, not in defiance of it and defend and protect themselves.

Who are to be blamed for this? The people themselves? Not altogether. The failure of Judges, lawyers, and especially juries to do their sworn duty is the cause of the present condition of affairs in the State. The Judges are too ready to grant bail, the lawyers build up technical and false pleas of defense and select juries to suit their purposes, and the juries for lack of conscience or intelligence or both, fail to do their duty under their oaths. There is where the trouble lies. This may appear to be a strong statement, but it is fully sustained by the facts.

In many cases where a conviction is had, appeal after appeal is taken upon technical grounds only until the power of the court is exhausted, the criminals goes free. In other notorious cases mistrial after mistrial results until an acquittal upon a shallow plea of defense is obtained.

The principal of self-defense is inherent in human nature, and as long as the present state of things exists, one need not be surprised to hear of lynchings from time to time. The people feel driven to it in their own defense. Let Judges, lawyers and jurors do their duty like *men* and lynchings in the old North State will cease.

Indeed, it is not pleasant for us to write down such terrible indictment against our people and expose their *deformities* to the outside world; but we would be false to our own manhood, false to our profession as journalist and false to our country were we to try to withhold or conceal the truth. It is only by exposing to the broad light of day, the evils from which we suffer, and the causes which produce them, that they can be remedied. This we intend to do at all times.

There was a time when our young men would flock from the farms to the towns and cities in search of lighter and more lucrative employment, but since public interest is becoming so clearly manifest in agriculture, and the best talent of the country is being appropriated to it, and labor-saving machinery and scientific methods are being so universally introduced, our boys are recognizing farming to be a field for the widest development, and many who have left them like true prodigals are returning and are again enlisting themselves in the "National necessity." God grant that this may continue, and His chosen profession may prosper.—Reidsville *Weekly*.

Concord will soon have a fourth cotton factory. Active measures are being taken for building factories at some new points, and the number will be largely increased in the next twelve months.

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