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WASHINGTON LETTER.

(Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, Nov. 29.—If the average farmer did not enjoy his Thanksgiving turkey this year it was probably because he was too busy with prosperity which this first year of the McKinley administration has brought him. The official figures continue to show such prosperity as the farmer has not known for many years. The November exportation of wheat has been nearly fifty percent larger than during last year, and the shipments of last week from the Atlantic ports are the largest recorded in any week for many years, if not at any time in the history of the country. The actual exports of wheat from all ports for the crop year thus far has been, in round numbers, a hundred million bushels.

When the increase in prices is taken into consideration also it will be seen that the farmers are getting a very large sum of money for their wheat product this year—far in excess of that in many preceding years. The exportations of corn are also increasing, those for the present month being nearly a million bushels in excess of November of last year.

And while the farmer has occasion to be thankful for his fortune in good crops and good prices, other citizens of the United States have occasion to be thankful to the farmer that his prosperity has brought prosperous conditions to others and to the country itself. The alarm which was felt at this season during those years in which gold was being drawn out of the country, and the Government compelled to sell bonds to replenish the Treasury, no longer troubles the financiers or business men of the great cities, nor the administration. The fact that the farmers of the country have many millions of bushels of wheat to send abroad, for which gold is paid by the gold standard nations purchasing it, obviates the danger of reduction of the quantity of gold in the country, or of raids upon the gold in the Treasury. Treasury officials say they are getting greater quantities of gold than they need or even than they desire, the gold reserve now reaching nearly \$160,000,000, while the official figures showing the amount of gold in the United States and in circulation continue to indicate an increase, due doubtless to the fact that our exports are now largely in excess of our imports, which have fallen materially since the enactment of the new tariff law.

THE COMING OF CONGRESS.

Congress, when it meets in its regular session next week, will have no occasion to regret its action in the special session by which it placed the Dingley tariff law upon the statute books. The doleful predictions made by the Democrats about the prospective operations of the Republican tariff measure which was enacted at the special session a few months ago are not being realized. On the contrary, the four months in which it has been tested have proven that the Republicans made no mistake in their action with reference to this measure. Its earnings in the four months in which it has been in operation are many millions in excess of those of the corresponding months in the history of the Wilson law and are sufficient to fully justify the belief of the Republicans that it will, when normal conditions are resumed, prove ample in its qualities as a revenue producer and in its effect upon our commerce. The receipts of the Treasury during the first four months of the operations of the law will amount in round numbers to \$90,000,000, while the Wilson law in its first four months earned about \$83,000,000. When it is considered that the Wilson law had the benefit of enormous importations which had been held back in order to get the advantage of the lower tariff rates which it gave, and that the Dingley law labored under the disadvantage of very small importations because of the heavy importations into this country prior to its enactment, it will be seen that the operations of the new law indicate that it is to be much more successful as a revenue producer than was the Wilson law. The further fact that the receipts have steadily increased, and that those of November will be, in round numbers, \$22,000,000, shows that with the return to normal business conditions and the importations which will follow the absorption of the immense stock which was in hand when

the new law went into effect, it is perfectly apparent that it will, within a very short time, be produced all the revenue that the Government requires to meet its current expenditures, and a surplus to put into the sinking fund, something which was not done in any period of the Wilson law.

EXPORTATIONS INCREASE UNDER THE NEW LAW.

One curious development since the new tariff law went into effect and one in which the members of Congress, when they come together for the regular session, will be interested, is the increase in exportations to those countries which offered protests against the Dingley tariff bill, and which, it is claimed, would exclude American products unless the tariff bill should be shaped to suit their wishes. There were thirty nations which offered formal protests against the tariff bill, probably a larger number than ever before. Curiously, an examination of the records of our commerce since the new law went into effect shows that in that in the face of nearly every country thus protesting our sales have increased under the Dingley law instead of decreased as was predicted by the opponents of that measure.

The Coming Woman.

Who goes to the club while her husband tends the baby, as well as the good old fashioned woman who looks after her home, will both at times get run down in health. They will be troubled with loss of appetite, headaches, sleeplessness, fainting or dizzy spells. The most wonderful remedy for these women is Electric Bitters.

Thousands of sufferers from Lame Back and Weak Kidneys rise up and call it blessed. It is the medicine for women. Female complaints and Nervous troubles of all kinds are soon relieved by the use of Electric Bitters. Delicate women should keep this remedy on hand to build up the system. Only 50c. per bottle.

A Poet's Tribute.

Col. Thornton has received many condolences from his friends and from the friends of his famed artist brother, Scott. Among them here are some extracts of a letter of one of the brightest poets of America—one whose music has thrilled thousands:

"My Dear Col. Thornton: It is with a feeling of sadness that I address you this morning, while the body of him whom we both loved so tenderly lies cold and still.

"The death of Scott was a source of the sincerest regret to me, but more than all, the fact that he died without ever realizing those dreams which filled his aspiring soul and nerved that gentle heart to meet all the buffetings of a thoughtless world.

"He was born a genius, lived a hero and died a martyr!

"What higher tribute could I pay to the greatest and most successful in the land?

"I mail you some marked papers containing my tributes to 'Him that's awa', trusting that they will prove the sincerity of my feelings towards him, and that they will be something of a comfort and consolation to you, whom he adored with all the strength of brotherly affection.

"I am sorry to hear that your own health is poor, and earnestly hope that it may rapidly improve, and that you may be your old generous, whole souled, sunshiny self again."

Professor I. E. Orchard, associate editor of the Music Trades, a musical journal, of New York, writing in a letter 3rd February, 1897, said of Scott Thornton:

"I distinctly recall a remark Henry Grady made to me: 'Why Scott is a genius! If he could appear in New York under favorable conditions, his fortune and reputation would be assured.' As I remember those were the exact words he used."

This was written at the time when through Prof. Orchard Scott had secured arrangements for his appearance on the stage in New York City. But it was just at this time that he had to go to the hospital the first time to be operated upon, and the actor's plans were never destined to be realized.

CASTORIA.
The famous
signature
of *Dr. H. H. Plummer* is on every wrapper.

WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH?

Tom Watson Wants Chairman Butler to Tell What Disposition He Has Made of the Peoples Party.

Tom Watson furnishes a spicy signed editorial in this week's issue of the Peoples Party Paper.

The Populist leader rises to inquire what has become of his party. He says, in part:

Will some zealous believer in Mary Ann Butler tell us what that eminent fraud has done with the Peoples party?

Where was it during the recent election? What figure did it cut? What was its vote?

In the off-year elections after the presidential year of 1892, the Peoples party was intact, well organized, aggressive, coherent and effective. It polled nearly two million Populist votes, cast for Populist candidates running upon Populist platforms.

From North to South it was united; from East to West it knew but one doctrine and following but one flag.

Where is the party now? Where was it during the recent elections?

Who can say it is intact, well organized, aggressive, coherent and effective? Who can say it cast two million votes? Who can say that it is united, that it has but one doctrine and follows but one flag?

Was it a Populist victory in Nebraska? By no means. The Democratic name covered the whole thing; the Democratic colors waved over all the troops; and a Democratic politician got the only office that was at stake—the Supreme judgeship. The Pops got two miserable little college regencies that would not be called offices anywhere else on earth except in a convention where fusion tactics had made lunatics out of sensible men.

Did the Populist win any glory in Kansas? By no means. They went down in the slime of common defeat because the fusion between Democrats and Populists was a mere corrupt bargain for the spoils of office.

In Colorado how was it—Colorado, where a few years ago a Populist Governor ruled triumphant? Democrats and Republicans united and routed the Populists who had been torn into factions by the fusion of 1896.

Our party in 1892-4-6 was growing in Virginia and Maryland. Where is it now? Gone!

Not a grease spot left in the pan. In Kentucky how was it? Brave Joe Barker led the middle of the road fight and did it brilliantly, but with Butler knifing him at the same time, he was powerless to make headway.

In Iowa how is it—the home of James B. Weaver? Less than six thousand Populist votes remain; the others are Democrats in name, in policy, in principle and in organization. As Populists they have absolutely no separate existence. The Democrats have swallowed them "bodiciously."

So it is all around. A magnificent party of two million men has disappeared. It has been swallowed up as though the earth had opened and taken it in. Such annihilation has not been known since the earthquake of Lisbon. Will some zealous Butlerite please tell us what that eminent fraud has done with the Peoples party? Has he lost it? Has he hid it? Has he loaned it out? We trusted him with it; it was in good condition when he took it, and now we ask him:

What have you done with it? You are the last one that had it? We want you to account for it.

In 1892 and 1894 we could turn to the official returns of the elections and tell to a man how many Populist votes.

Can you do it now? How many Populists voted in Nebraska to give that Supreme Court judgeship to a Democrat? You don't know, and nobody on earth does know.

How many Pops, voted in Kansas? You can't tell and nobody else can. How many Pops voted in Ohio, in Kentucky, in Iowa, in Virginia? You don't know, and nobody else does. You are chairman of a once great party, are you not?

How many votes are in your party now?

You can't answer. You miserable failure and a fraud, you must go back to the tables of 1892 and 1894 before you can even guess at the

Populist vote. You can't save your worthless life tell what the strength of your party to-day.

You are a nice fellow for chairman, ain't you? You're a good pallbearer—that's about what you are.

There's just one way to resurrect the Peoples party: Reorganize from the ground up, and rigidly exclude from control every leader tainted with fusion—the people are all right; it's the corrupt leadership which has hurt us.

The St. Cecilia Entertainment.
No tongue can express, no pen can indite.

The measure of joy, the flow of delight,

That come to the soul, in rapturous throng.

With medley of violins, piano and song.

We have heard the vocal flights of the world renowned Patti; listened to the cultured strains of fascinating Emma Juch, paid homage to beautiful Mary Anderson, encored successful Charlotte Thompson, applauded the choral support of bewitching Minnie Palmer and made floral offerings to dashing Jennie Winston, but have often been lost in wonder and amazement that in so much training we could detect so little music. But the realm of appreciation is entered, when the efforts are with our capacity to comprehend and the entertainment given by the St. Cecilia Club at the palatial residence of Mr. O. M. Royster, on the evening of 26th inst., was so ably conducted that it afforded the highest pleasure to all who attended. Although the evening was quite inclement, a fairly good audience was present, thus making it a reasonable success from a financial point of view.

It is useless to say that in so elegant a home, with such an obliging and cordial gentleman as Mr. O. M. Royster, as host, assisted by his charming and accomplished wife, nothing would be wanting that was necessary for the comfort and convenience of the guests. As we sat, during the performance in full view of more than two dozen pretty ladies, who compose the membership of the club, and admired all from the sparkling eyed and flowing haired rosebuds, scarcely in their teens to the matured maidens, enrapt in their fascinations, our greatest regret was our inability to make special mention of the deserts of each. But special distinction is demanded, where superior merit is observable, and thus a note must be made of the perfect rendition of a piano solo, by the accomplished music teacher of Claremont College, Miss Price. Also the delicate touch of the charming Miss Little, in the piano accompaniments. And again, we are lost in our search for language to pay a worthy compliment to the modest and unassuming Bonniwell sisters, who acquitted themselves so creditably in the vocal effort, "O Rose so sweet." And a passing mention is all we can do for the tidy and captivating Miss Lois Seagle, whose musical attainments, coupled with her child-like simplicity, render her a special favorite with all who are fortunate enough to know her. And as to the male participants we would award them all due praise, with honorable mention of our talented Mr. Self who more properly be termed the William Swanlan of North Carolina. And lastly we must say no less could be expected when all were under the training and supervision of the charming and talented Mrs. Chadwick, whose personal grace and rare accomplishments would make her influence most forebly felt in cities much larger and more pretentious than the one in which we live. Space forbids our indulging further comment, but we hope to enjoy frequent repetitions of such happy occasions.

Of course we will be expected and it becomes our duty to make some comment on an event so important as a professional lecturer performing his office, in the chapel of a college of such high repute as Claremont. The Hon. W. P. Wiedeman, of Abbeville, S. C., was duly advertised to deliver his famous "Hit the grit" on last Tuesday night. With the desire to learn something new and enjoy and enjoy a little fun, we went over promptly at the appointed hour, and found the chapel full of the pretty pupils and attractive teachers of the institution, with a small sprinkling of citizens, here and there, eagerly await

ing the pleasure of the lecture. He was introduced in a very handsome style by Rev. P. L. Murphy, and after indulging a few witticisms and assuming a few comic postures began to deliver a lecture which was probably no better nor worse than might be heard from some others under similar circumstances.

We are at a loss to determine just how to speak of the lecture so as to represent the lecturer truly and do full justice to the college, if the college had anything to do with the lecturer.

We will simply say that he made some very good points, proved himself to be a funny man, manifested great capacity for mimicry, has a good voice for singing and sang some right entertaining little songs as he proceeded with his lecture. He also showed a peculiar aptness for collecting the stale jokes and anecdotes which the circus shows, drummers and Sam Jones have been scattering broadcast through the land for the past two decades. The only thing new about them was the happy way of relating them. He made an effort to show his skill with the "fiddle" (not violin) and in that produced a good amount of merriment. The principal impression that he made on us was that he would have made a very fine character comedian had he begun about 20 years ago. But we were highly gratified to see the winsome girls enjoy it, and make no further comment, only that it was cheap, and no one objects to what it cost, especially when it afforded an opportunity to spend an evening at so pleasant a place as Prof. Hatton's College.

We do not know the plans of the lecturer but suppose that ere this time he has "Hit the Grit."

In giving an opinion in regard to the tax levied by the last Legislature on dealers in horses and mules Attorney General Waiser says that the payment of the \$25 State license entitles them to sell in every county in the State upon payment in each county of the \$10 county tax.

STOMACH CATARRH.

What a Druggist Says About Remedies for Stomach Troubles.

July 28, 1896.
I was taken with a burning in my stomach and I could hardly bear to move. I had several doctors examine me. Some decided I had a boil on my liver; others said it was indigestion, some one thing, some another. I took everything they prescribed but no relief came. I could not drink enough water to quench my thirst; if I did it would come up in a short time and leave me with a sick stomach. I could only eat corn bread and drink milk; at night, about one o'clock, it would come up. I suffered this way for two years. My bones ached as though I had been pounded every morning. I could hardly realize that I was able to move. My bowels would not move unless I took physic. I read about every medicine I could, and had faith in everything. Finally I read about a medicine called Peruna. I got a bottle, and after taking it, felt some ease. I was handling drugs and I ordered some to keep in stock and take myself. I continued to take it and am now in very good health, and I believe it due to your medicine. I thought I was as bad as I could be, for I had taken everything, and, instead of them working off the bile, I would throw it up. I could get nothing that would give me relief in that way, and all this time my stomach was as sore as could be. I could not bear the weight of my hand on my stomach without pain. I can now say that it is my opinion there is no better medicine made than Peruna and I thank God that it was recommended to me.

J. P. Lambert,
Templeton, Tenn.

Send to the Peruna Drug Manufacturing Company, Columbus, Ohio, for a copy of Dr. Hartman's latest book on "Winter Catarrh."
Ask your druggist for a free Peruna Almanac for 1898.