

Peculiar

Many peculiar points make Hood's Sarsaparilla superior to all other medicines. Peculiar in combination, proportion, and preparation of ingredients.

Hood's Sarsaparilla accomplishes cures hitherto unknown, and has won for itself the title of "The greatest blood purifier ever discovered."

Hood's Sarsaparilla is sold in bottles of 50 and 100 doses.

J. M. LEACH, JR., ATTORNEY AT LAW, LEXINGTON, N. C.

Loans negotiated and collections promptly made. [Oct. 23 6m]

JAKE A. CLARK, BARBER. Shop opposite Bank. Hair Cutting and Shaving in the latest styles.

HAIRSTON'S TOILET SALOON, BACK OF THE COURT HOUSE. D. W. Hairston, N. C. John McCrary with W. B. Hairston, first-class barbers and hair dressers.

PHOTOGRAPHS! I have again opened my gallery in Lexington, and am prepared to furnish the very best pictures of all styles, at the lowest possible rates.

Insurance Agency, FIRE, TORNADO AND LIFE, Tinty College, N. C.

NATIONAL DEMOCRAT Every Democrat Should Read It. Every Seeker After Political Truth Should Read It.

CLUB RATES. We will send the National Democrat and DAVIDSON DISPATCH to any address within the United States for \$2.00 a year.

FOR MEN ONLY! The DISPATCH and National Democrat for \$2.00 per year in advance.

A REMINISCENCE.

The sun is shining bright today. From off the shelves I take a book And wander through the fields away To find the woodland's shady nook.

THE COMEBIDN'T CALM HIM.

The Colonel growled the lauder when His rival Combed Him Down. Louisville Courier-Journal.

Simpson county, Kentucky, was in a great political ferment over the approaching election of a County Judge.

After supper, while old John and his guests were sitting on the porch talking over the coming struggle and listening to a wet katydid that held vesper services in a locust tree, old John, getting up and stretching himself, said to the Major:

"Let me see you a moment, please." The Major followed him to the end of the gallery. "Major," old John whispered, "I am compelled to tell you something. You gentlemen are welcome to stay at my house as long as you like, but ability to accommodate can not always be measured by willingness to do so.

"Well, as rational as he appears while stirring about, he's a strange man in bed. Our families, you know, are well acquainted, and I therefore know all about him. His peculiarity comes from a scare he received when he was a child. It seems that a dog once tried to bite him; and now, just before he dozes off to sleep he begins to growl, and, unless something is done to stop him, he begins to bite fearfully."

"Humph," the Major grunted, "that's odd, but what can be done to stop him after he begins to growl?" "Well, his brother told me how he used to work it. He always took a coarse comb to bed with him, and would rake the Colonel with it when he began to growl. As strange as it may seem, it was the only thing that would quiet him. The family doctor said that a comb was somehow the only thing that would start the blood circulating."

"That's very odd. And would it quiet him?" "Would make him act just like a lamb. Why he used to insist that his brother should take the comb to bed with him. He does not like for any one to mention the freshkin misfortune, as he always terms it, but it would be doing him a great favor if you would take the comb to bed with you and give him a rake in case he should begin to growl. I am telling you this because I am your friend; because I know that you are good timber, and especially because I hope that you may secure his influence if you should ever desire any office. Don't you know that we respect the man that understands our peculiarities before we are asked to explain them to him? He is sensitive that way, and if he sees that you understand him he will then know that you have had your eye on him, have held him in your mind."

"All right. You get the comb and I will go through with the ceremony when the time comes."

Here's one; put it in your pocket.

They returned to the Colonel, and after awhile, when the Major stepped into the house to get a drink of water, the old man said: "You and the Major are good friends, I am glad to see."

"Yes," replied the Colonel, "I think he is a first-rate fellow." "Glad you like him, for you and him will have to sleep together tonight, for the fact is, I have only one spare bed."

"That will be all right, I reckon," said the Colonel. "Yes, but the truth is, the Major is the most peculiar fellow you ever saw."

"In what way?" "As a bed-fellow. I was very intimate with his family and know all about him. It seems that he had a nervous trouble when he was a boy, and could not go to sleep until some one growled like a dog. I have known him to lie tossing in bed for hours at a time, and then when I would go to his bed and growl he would doze off like a lamb."

"I never before heard of an affliction so strange," said the Colonel. "I either, but it is a very easy matter to relieve him. He and a fellow named Buck Johnson were once opposing candidates for prosecuting attorney. Well, they had to sleep together one night. Buck knew of his peculiar affliction, and shortly after they went to bed, Buck began to growl. The Major didn't say anything that night, but the next day he withdrew from the race, declaring that he would not run against so good a man as Buck."

"You don't say so," exclaimed the Colonel. "Yes, I do, and I know it to be a fact. I would advise you to humor him in the same way."

"I'll do so." "We are going to have more rain, I think," said the Major, as he resumed his seat. "Yes," the Colonel responded, "but I hope that it will not interfere with the convention. If the attendance is large and the proceedings harmonious, the result will be of great benefit to the county."

"Who you reckon will be nominated for Judge?" old John asked. "Neither of the candidates that have been named. We have better timber than any of those fellows."

"Well," said the Major yawning, "I reckon we had better go to bed so as to be in trim for tomorrow's work."

"I will show you to the room," the old man remarked, arising. The politicians were shown into an upper room and the old man, placing a candle on the mantel, bade them good-night and went down stairs. "What noise was that?" the Major asked when the old man quitted the room. "I didn't hear anything," the Colonel answered. "I did; it sounded like some one gasping for breath. He might have heard a noise—might have heard old John struggling to suppress his laughter."

"Suppose we go to bed," said the Major. "All right. You go ahead and I will blow out the candle." They talked for some time after lying down, and then after a long silence, the Colonel uttered a deep growl. The Major reached over and gave him a rake with the comb. "What the deuce are you doing?" exclaimed the Colonel, springing up in the bed. "What do you mean?" and in his rage he began to grate his teeth. The Major, supposing he was getting ready to begin biting, reached over and gave him another rake. "You infernal idiot!" yelled the Colonel, feeling for the Major's hair, "if I don't wool you I'm a shote."

ELECTION BILL.

The Northern Democratic Congressmen Protest Against It. WASHINGTON, D. C., June 28.—The Northern Democratic members of the House of Representatives have prepared the following formal protest against the National Election bill now under discussion in the House:

"The undersigned, representing in the Congress of the United States constituencies in States north of the Ohio and Potomac rivers, feel it their duty to their fellow citizens to briefly call the attention to the extraordinary, dangerous, and revolutionary measure now proposed by the leaders of the party in power for passage in the House of Representatives."

"Under a doubtful construction of the Constitution this bill proposes to substantially take from the States and local authorities control of all elections at which members of Congress are balloted for, and hand the same over to United States Judges, appointed to office for life, and chief supervisors of elections. If the power claimed resides in the Constitution which we deny, the republic has gone through the difficulties of a formative period, made heroic struggles against dissolution, triumphed and successfully re-adjusted the exercise of such power by the Federal Government for one hundred years and over. Mr. Jefferson and the fathers of the republic would have considered such a proposition as this as dangerous as an open attempt at centralization."

"This bill is a purely partisan measure, intended primarily to control the elections for Congress and Presidential electors in all the States, and to intimidate, hound, obstruct, and harass by political prosecutions in unfriendly hands the adverse majorities in the North. To this end it gives to the control of the Chief Supervisors of Elections a body of Federal police spies, who are authorized to make domiciliary visits, superintend the naturalization of our foreign born citizens, place the citizens under strict scrutiny of those trusty and unprincipled Federal detectives for pays both preceeing and following and in every way subject him to the power and control of paid party mercenaries of Government in a way at utter variance with republican institutions and the great principle of American freedom—home rule."

"To carry on this scheme of imperial Government millions of dollars will be taken from our people, and the judiciary of the United States prostituted to the basest partisanship in the management of elections. And these invasions of the liberties of our people will be left for safety to partisan juries in the Federal courts, composed entirely of the men of the party in power."

"A partisan returning Board is proposed for each State, the object and purpose of which, as well as the general objections to the bill, are well stated by the minority of the Committee on the Election of President and Vice-President, and Representatives in Congress."

The signatures, so far, are as follows: Wm. S. Holman, C. B. Buckalew, Wm. M. Springer, Wm. McAdoo, Amos J. Cummings, W. F. Willcox, James Kerr, Samuel Fowler, Wm. Parrett, J. Chipman, Benjamin Shively, C. A. McClelland, J. B. Brown, J. W. Covert, A. N. Martin, C. H. Monsur, D. B. Brunner, J. E. Williams, Wm. Muteoler, Richard Vaux, Levi Maish, Joseph H. O. Neil of Massachusetts, John F. Andrews, Charles H. Turner of New York, William Stahlacker, John Tarney, J. A. Geissenhauer, B. P. Flower, William D. Bynum, Elijah V. Brookshire.

Endorsed by the Press. "For several months past the readers of this paper have seen each week special reading notices, showing the wonderful cures effected by Swift's Specific, better known as S. S. S., and in the face of such testimony we are ready to say that in all the world there is not so good a blood medicine as this remedy. The cures are simply miraculous. If any of our readers are affected with any of the blood diseases that it is known to so effectively cure, why do they not give S. S. S. a trial? The company who make the remedy is one of the largest firms in the United States, and are heartily endorsed by the leading men of Atlanta and Georgia."—Lake Region, Euettis, Fla.

There is no policy like politeness.

THE TAME ANACONDA.

Graphic Illustration of the Power of Intemperance Given by Rev. Thos. Dixon, Jr., in a Sermon at Shelby. Shelby Argus.

A few years ago, it is stated, a celebrated wild beast tamer gave a tragic performance with his pet in one of the leading theatres in London. For many, many years, he had famed wild beasts and played with deadly serpents, yet he escaped with impunity and he boasted of his many exploits. He decided to give one grand entertainment, the crowning act of his eventful life. He took his lions, tigers and leopards through their part of the performances awing the spectators by his wonderful nerve and his control over these ferocious beasts. As a closing act to the performance he introduced an enormous boa-constrictor. He had tamed it when it was small and for twenty-five years he handled it daily, so that he had it under his complete control. He had seen it grow from a tiny reptile into a monster and now he would show his magic spell over this pet. The stage scenery was removed and the curtain rose upon a tropical scene, like the home of a boa-constrictor. The weird strains of an oriental band steal through the tropical plants. A rustling noise is heard and the huge boa is winding its way through the shrubbery. At the sight of the tamer it stops. Its head is erected. Its bright eyes sparkle. Their eyes meet. The serpent quails before the man—man is victor. It is under the control of a master. He makes it approach him and then retreat to the rear. Under his guidance it dances, advances and performs frightful features. At a signal slowly it approaches him and begins to coil its slimy body around him. Higher and higher it coils until man and serpent seem blended into one. Soon the head of this non-venomous and crushing boa is reared two feet above the mass. The audience was spell-bound and was about to break into applause, but it freezes upon their lips. The trainer's scream was a wail of death agony. The cold slimy folds had embraced him for the last time. He was being crushed to death and the pan-stricken audience heard bone after bone crush and crack as those coils tightened around him. The tamer's plaything had become his master. His slave for twenty-five years had enslaved him. In this horrible illustration is portrayed intemperance, which is the boa-constrictor that is coiling slowly but surely around our boys. The dram drinker feeds and nourishes it for years, but it will some day coil around him and drag him down, down to an endless death. This conveys some idea of his language but fails to portray his tragic description. We cannot give an abridgement of his sermon, but if you had heard it you would have exclaimed, what a powerful and dramatic sermon.

How Grady Got an Advertisement. Some (Ga.) Tribune.

Years ago, when Henry Grady was struggling to bring the Rome Commercial into front ranks, he called one day and asked the Rounsaville Brothers for an advertisement. J. W. Rounsaville replied: "Why, Mr. Grady, nobody reads your paper; it is of no use to advertise in it." A happy thought suggested itself to Mr. Gaudy. He went to his office and wrote the following advertisement, which appeared next morning in the Commercial:

WANTED, FIFTY CATS. Liberal prices for the same. Apply to ROUSAVILLE BROS. Well, the picture that presented itself at Rounsaville's corner next morning beggars description. Boys of all ages and sizes—boys of all tints, from the fair-haired youth to the sable Ethiopian—barefooted boys and ragged boys—red-headed boys, freckle-faced boys—town boys and country boys—boys from all parts of Floyd county, blocked up the sidewalk, doorways and street with bags full of cats—cats of every description, name and order—house cats, yard cats—barn cats, church cats—fat cats and lean cats—honest cats and thievish cats. Well, to make a long story short, the Rounsavilles told Mr. Grady to reserve a column for their advertisement as long as his paper continued.

The Southern Tobacco Journal notes that Durham has six millionaires—Moore J. S. Carr, W. Duke, B. L. Duke, J. B. Duke, A. N. Duke, and G. B. Wain. All of them are said to have made their money since the war.

KEEP THE FEED FROM THE MILLS.

The Christian Instructor says: "A saloon can no more be run without using up boys than a flour mill without wheat or a saw mill without logs. The only question is, whose boys, your boys or mine; our boys or our neighbors?"

The Young Men's Christian Association is the institution organized by the church and business men to keep the feed from the mills. Every dollar put into our Association aids directly or indirectly in clogging the wheels of the gin mills and breaking the teeth of those machines of damnation which are crushing out the life of so many young men.

The saloon lays its plans and sets its traps for the young men, and, like the devil fish that it is, sucks their life-blood and paralyzes their energy. As the avowed enemy of this dragon of the modern ages, the Young Men's Christian Association is set for the defense of the young men.

It is one thing and a great thing to close up the saloon. It is another thing and a more glorious one to open up a building in which the boys and young men may find the social enjoyment which they so much crave; the mental and physical employment which they so much need; the helping hand and Christian fellowship which will lead them on to heights not yet scaled, and to victories over passions that were not thought possible—Young Men's Advocate.

In advanced age the declining powers are wonderfully refreshed by Hood's Sarsaparilla. It really does "make the weak strong."

Why 1900 Will Not Be Leap Year. Hartford Times.

The question is often asked, "Will the year 1900 be a leap year?" It will not. When Julius Caesar revised the calendar he appointed an extra day every four years, and his calendar lasted until A. D. 1582. Now the ordinary year is 11 minutes and 11 seconds short of being 365 1/4 days in length, so that there isn't really a full sized extra day to be added to February every four years. Caesar didn't know this, or didn't care about it, and for 1,600 years we kept borrowing from the future, until in 1582 we'd borrowed ten days. Pope Gregory XIII started to correct this. He ordered October 5, 1582, to be called October 15, and to square things, ordered that centennial years should not, as a rule, be leap years.

But if leap year is omitted regularly each hundred year, we pay back nearly a day too much; so Pope Gregory further ordered that every centennial year which could be divided by 400 should be a leap year after all. So we borrow eleven minutes each year from the future; more than pay our borrowings back by omitting three leap years in three centuries, and finally square matters by having a leap year in the fourth centennial year. This arrangement is so exact that we borrow more than we pay back to the extent of only one day in 3,866 years. Sixteen hundred was a leap year, 2000 will be, but 1900 will not be. Any centennial year that can be divided by 400 will be a leap year.

The Great Benefit. Which people in run down state of health derive from Hood's Sarsaparilla, conclusively proves that this medicine "makes the weak strong." It does not act like a stimulant, imparting fictitious strength, but Hood's Sarsaparilla builds up in a perfectly natural way all the weakened parts, purifies the blood and assists to healthy action those important organs, the kidneys and liver.

The worst cases of scrofula, salt rheum and other diseases of the blood, are cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

THE CHAMPION

Blind-baiter. Ayer's Sarsaparilla is all others in eye, nose, and throat. It tones up the system, improves the complexion, strengthens the nerves, and cures the blood. Just what you need. Price, 25 cents.

I am telling you people that, and you are not listening. You are not listening to the voice of a man who has cured thousands of people of all kinds of blood diseases. I am telling you people that, and you are not listening. You are not listening to the voice of a man who has cured thousands of people of all kinds of blood diseases.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Price 25 cents per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

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