THE DISPATCH -BAS-

The Largest List of Subscriber

Volume IX.

LEXINGTON, N. C., WEDNESDAY, JULY 9, 1890.

Peculiar

here is now more sold in where sold in where at it is made, all other blood Peculiar in its nal record of sales no other preparation ever attained such popularity in so short a time, and retained its popularity and coundence among all classes people so steadfastly.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Soldby all druggists. Six six for \$5. Propagationly by C. I. HOOD & CO., Anotheraries, Lowell, Mass. 100 Doses One Dollar

J. M. LEACH, JR., ATTORNEY AT LAW,

LEXINGTON, - - - N. C. Loans negotiated and colec-tions promptly made. [Oct. 23 6m

IAKE A. CLARK,

BARBER.

Shop opposite Bank. Hair Cut-ting and Shaving in the latest styles. He invites his many friends to call and see him.

HAIRSTON'S TOILET SALOON,

DACK OF THE COURT HOUSE
Lexington, N. C. John McCrary
with W. R. Hairston, first-class barbers and hair dressers. All work
done with neatness and dispatch.
Ladies can be waited on at their places
of abode at short notice. Please give
me a call. W.R. HAIRSTON,
Barber.

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. All work guaranteed. Call and have your pictures taken while you have a good opportunity. Old pictures copied.

Gallery up stairs, over Bank of Lexington. Respectfully, J. M. Dodson.

Feb. 8, 1888.

Insurance Agency,

FIRE, TORNADO AND LIFE,

Tinity College, N. C.

Policies written on all classes or in-surable property, at the most favora-ble rates, in first class

American and English Companies Aggregate assets over

TWO HUDRED MILLION DOLLARS, Correspondence solicited.

O. W. CARR, Agent.

-THE-

NATIONAL DEMOCRAT

CLUB RATES.

and it is

Strangely familiar were the words That slowly in the book I read; Strangely familiar songs of birds I heard in leafy trees o'erhead.

trangely familiar is the scene, The hills, the trees, the stream belo comes, ah, like seme vanished dress Dreamt in the dead days long ago.

So, lost in thought, I pender long, As in a half-remembered dream. Like half-remembered childhood's song founds now the purling of the stream.

When was it that I sat before In this same spot with this same book? Back in what vanished age of yore With self-same sun and bird and book?

Ah, God! and now I know, I know! For sat we in this self-same spot With this same book, ah, years ago, Comes back that day I had forgot.

Howstrange! The scene is all unchanged, Unchanged the hills, the stream—but Those lone dead lovers long estranged.
Those dead selves, long have ceased to be.

And so beneath these self-same skies Comes back the dream of summers

As in some lone lost soul may rise
One glimpse of heaven that is no more.

THE COMB DIDN'T CALM HIV. The Colonel Growled the Louder Whe His Rival Combed Him Down,

the approaching election of a County Judge. The nominating convention was to meet on Saturday, and, on Friday night, two politicians caught in a rainstorm, stopped at the house of old John Perdue. The politicians, Maj. Bloodgood and Col. Noix, were sly candidates for the coveted position, so sly, in fact, that neither one knew of the schemes of the

other. 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,

The Major followed him to the 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 hosse as long as you like, but ability to accommodate can not always be measured by willing. always be measured by willing-ness to do so. The truth is, I haven't but one spare bed."

"But can't the Colonel and I aleep together?"
"Yes, you can, but the truth is, the Colonel is awfully particular.

"How ?" "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 old man quitted the room. 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

"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 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 to circulating."

"That's very odd. And would it quiet him?"

a lamb. Why he used to insist that his brother should take the comb to bed with him. He does comb to bed with him. He does not like for any one to mention the freakish misfortune, as he al-ways terms it, but it would be do-ing him a great favor if you would take the comb to bed with you and give him a rake in case he and give him a rake in case he should begin to grow! 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 eyer 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 "Here's one; put it in your

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 to-night, 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 Colo-

"I either, but it is a very easy matter to relieve him. He and a fellow named Buck Johnson were once opposing candidates for pros-Simpson county, Kentucky, was in a great political ferment over the appropriate of the street over the appropriate of the street over the appropriate of the street over the s shortly after they went to bed, Buck began to growl. The Major didn't say anything that night, but the next day be 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

"Who you reckon will be nomi-

"Neither of the candidates that have been named. We have bet-ter timber than any of those fel-

"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,"

he old man remarked, arising. 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

"I didn't hear anything," 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. ppose 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 ying down, and then after a long silence, the Colonel uttered a deep growl. The Major reached over and gave him a rake with the

"What are you doing?" howled the Major. "Let go or I'll hurt you! Quit, I tell you! Haven't you got any sense?" The Colo-nel had found his hair.

"I'll let you know what it is to rake the life out of me with a cross-cut saw."

"I was doing it to oblige you, you confounded wolf! Let go my bain!"

hair!"

"Oblige me! Do you take me for a saw log? Look out! U you hit me again I'll pull every hair out of your head."

They tumbled out on the floor, rolled over and over, and then overfurned a tottering old ward-robe that came down upon them with a crash. The Major awore that he was dead, and the Colonal yelled for a light, but no light

might have heard another noise that sounded as if some one was breathing hard. The old man was in the hall shaking the railing of the stairway. The Major was the first to scramble to his feet. "I will throw you out of this window!" he exclaimed.

"And if I can find my pistel I

"And if I can find my pistol I will shoot the top of your head off!" howled the Colonel. This threat so trightened the Major that he gathered up his clothes as best he could and sushed from the

"Why, what's the matter?" the old man asked what the Major came down.
"Nothing, only I am going to get a cannon, and then come back and blow that fool into eternity."

"Did he try to bite you?"
"He tried to kill me, that's what

he tried to do." "Why didn't you rake him?"
"I did rake him."

"Humph!" grunted the old man; "he must have lost his peculiarity. What, you are not going out on such a night as this?"
"Yes, I am, for if I see that fool again I'll have to cut his

throat. Good-bye."
Shortly after the Major left the Colonel came down. "Why, look here." said he; "I growled just as you told me to do, and I wish I may die if that tellow didn't come within one of ripping the life out

me. "Mighty sorry to hear it. He must have changed since I knew him so well."

When the convention met the next day, the Major and the Colonel fought each other so violently that neither of them could win: and at an opportune time, old John Perdue stepped in and received the nomination,

Sub-Treasury Bill and Senator Vance Washington, June 30.—Senator

Vance has written a letter to Elias Carr, President of the State Farmers' Alliance of North Carolina, in opposition to the sub-Treasury ware house bill.

He states that he procured a hearing for Messrs. Polk and Macune for the bill before the Senate Committee, but he says: "My own position remains the same. I can not support the bill in its present shape, but I am not opposed to the principles and purposes of the measure.

He points out that the way to benefit the agricultural classes is by reforming the tariff. He is opposed to the feature of the bill which provides for the loaning of money to the people by the gov-ernment on the deposit of grain, but thinks the government ware houses at ports might be utilized for the reception of domestic ar-The politicians were shown into ticles, and certificates issued for the same upon which money could

be borrowed. He says that the farmers' move-ment at this time amounts to little short of a revolution, and that oppressed free men often become impatient, and that impatient men are often unwise. The Democratic party are, he says, in favor of legislation which the Alliance is fighting for.

He calls attention to the contest in South Carolina, which can only have the result of putting that State back under African rule. "This, too," he exclaims, "among men who profess to agree upon

matters of principle." "Let us strive for a reduction of taxation on the necessaries of life, for a reduction of the ex-"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."

"What are you doing?" howled the Major which is constantly threatening to absorb the local self-government of the people of the United States." penditures of the government, for

It may be there is more of truth It may be there is more of truth than one suspects in the assertion of De Quincey's, that absolute forgetting is a thing not possible to the human mind. Some evidence of this may be derived from the fact of long-missed incidents and states of feeling being and dealy reproduced without any perceptible train of association. It has been suggested by a great thinker that merely perfect memory of everything may constitute the great book which shall be opened in the last day, on which the great book who opened in the last day, on the last day, on the last day, on the last day, on the last day in the last day, on the last day in the la an has been distinctly told the crots of all hearts shall be made

ELECTION BILL. Northern Democratic Congress men Protest Against It.

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 28. The Northern Democratic members of the House of Representa-tives have prepared the following formal protest against the Nati-onal Election bill now under discussion in the House:

"The undersigned, representing in the Congress of the United States constituencies in States north of the Chio 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 pro-poses 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 the formative period, made heroic struggles against dissolution, tri-umphed and successfully readjusted 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 cen-

tralization. "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 centrol 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 naturalization of our foreign born citizens, place the citizens under strict scrutiny of those trusty and unprincipled Federal detectives for pays both preceeing and fol-lowing and in every way subject him to the power and control of paid party mercinaries of Gov-ernment in a way at utter vari ance 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 ob-ject 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. R. Buckalew, Wm. M. Springer, Wm. McAdoo, Amos J. Cummings, W. F. Willcox, James Kerr, Sam-uel Fowler, Wm. Parrett, J. Chipman, Benjamin Shiveley, C.A. Mc-Clelland, J. B. Brown, J. W. Covert, A. N. Martin, C. H. Monsur, D. B. Brunner, J. R. Williams, Wm. Mutceler, Richard Vaux, Levi Maish, Joseph H. O. Neil of Massachuetts, John F. Andrews, Charles H. Turner of New York, William Stablnecker, John Tarsney, J. A. Geissenhaher, B. P. Flower, William D. Bynum, Eljah 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 effectually cure, why do they not give S. B. S. a trial? The company who make the remedy 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 andorsed by the leading men of Atlanta and Georgia."—Lake Region, Eautis, Fla.

There is no policy like polite-

THE TAME ANACONDA.

aphic Illustration of the Power ntemperance Given by Rev. Thon. Dixon, Jr , in a Sermon at Shelby

A few years ago, it is stated, celebrated wild beast tamer gave a tragic performance with his pets 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 wierd strains of an oriental band steal through the tropical plants. A rustling noise is heard and the huge boa is winding its way 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 manman 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. the rear. Under his guidance it dances, advances and performs frightful features. At a signal slowly it approaches him and begins to coil its alimy body around him. Higher and higer 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 panicstricken 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

but surely around our boys. 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 ser-mon, but if you had heard it you

powerful and dramatic sermon.

How Grady Got an Advertise

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, no-body reads your paper; it is of no use to advertuse in it." A happy thought suggested itself to Mr. Gaady. He went to his office and wrote the following advertisement, which appeared next morning in the Commercial:

Wall, 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—barefoot boys and ragged boys—red-headed boys, freckle-faced boys—town boys and country boys—boys from all parts of Floyd country, blocked up the sidewalk, doorways and street with bags full of cata—cats of every description, name and order—house cats, yard cata—barn cats, church cata—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 hir paper continued. WANTED, FIFTY CATS. Liberal price for the

MEEP THE FEED PROM THE MILLS

Number 9.

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 organ-

ized by the church and be men to keep the feed from the mills.

Every dollar put into our Asso-ciation aids directly or indirectly in clogging the wheels of the gin mills and breaking the teeth of those machines of dimnation 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 para-

lyzes 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

It is one thing and a great thing to close up the saloon. It is an-other 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 Casar 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 3651 days in length, so that there isn't really a full sized extra day to be added to February every four years. Cæsar didn't krow this, or didn't care about it, and for 1,600 years we kept bor-rowing 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 cen-turial years should not, as a rule,

horrible illustration is portrayed intemperance, which is the boaconstrictor that is coiling slowly

turial years should not, as a rule, be leap years.

But if leap year is omitted reg-The ularly each hundredth year, we pay back nearly a day too much so Pope Gregory further ordered that every centurial 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 haywould have exclaimed, what a and mally square matters by haying a leap year in the fourth centurial year. This arrangement is se 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 centurial year that can be divided by 400 will be a leap year.

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 nature way all the weakened parts, puri fies the blood and assists to health; action those important organs, the

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

