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CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrup, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."

Dr. G. C. Osgood,
Lowell, Mass.

"Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not far distant when mothers will consider the real interest of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various quack nostrums which are destroying their loved ones, by forcing opium, morphine, soothing syrup and other harmful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves."

Dr. J. F. Kitching,
Covway, Ark.

Castoria.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."

H. A. ASHBEH, M. D.,
111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Our physicians in the children's department have spoken highly of their experience with Castoria, and although we only have among our medical supplies what is known as regular product, yet we are free to confess that the merits of Castoria has won us to look with favor upon it."

UNITED HOSPITAL AND DISPENSARY,
Boston, Mass.

ALLEN C. SMITH, Pres.,
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The Centaur Company, 71 Murray Street, New York City.

THE OLD BRADDOCK HOUSE.

An Account of Alexandria's Famous Revolutionary Relic.

Perhaps the most interesting of the revolutionary relics is an old mansion over in Alexandria, Va., which ought to be regarded as one of the most historical houses in America. The place stands in a square on Fairfax street, and comprises an antique hotel known as the Braddock House, while the real point of interest, the old Carlyle house, is not to be seen from the sidewalk at all. The hotel covers the portion of two sides of a square, standing on the corner, but within its grounds is the smaller building, both being connected by the porch. At the foot of the square is a large garden overgrown with high weeds. A few hundred yards off flows the Potomac River, and the houses perch just on the side of the hill. From the street nothing of the Carlyle house can be seen, but on passing down the river a full view is obtained.

Standing in a rear corridor of the hotel one looks out at a mansion that was once the liveliest of the hospitable abodes of olden times. The bricks are still sound, but the front is dull with the rains and suns of fleeting years; the stately porch of white pillars is shut in by the towering mass of the hotel, and the walk in front is high in the air, the ground having been cut away to level the new building's foundation. The stone steps on which the olden gallants whispered airy nothings in the moonlight, now catch only the ceaseless sound of the tinkling wires in the telegraph office below, and the yard where Washington and Lafayette smoked their cigars, or, in earlier days, when, Lieut. Washington conferred with Braddock, is but the site of business offices and stores.

The Carlyle house is built upon a vast stone of fort, of whose birth history has no record, but it is supposed to have been erected by the very earliest settlers as a defence against the Indians, and some place the date of its beginning as early as 1670—years before Washington was born or any one dreamed that a new republic would spring into life in the recently discovered world. The stones are heavy gray ones, and within the dark recesses are narrow, damp cells, which tradition says were used as slave-pens and as stables for the cattle when the settlers feared an attack by the Indians. So old is this part that the iron frame of the doorway, which in some places is four inches thick, has in others rotted off until scarcely an inch is left. When, in 1732, John S. Carlyle, collector of the port of Alexandria, and contractor for the work on Christ Church, made his house, he simply turned the old fort into a cellar and above it erected a mansion, which is a commodious house, even at the present day. The first place entered in a large hall, into which a broad stairway curves down from the rear. The wood of the steps and newel-post is of solid mahogany, and the value thus represented is said to be several hundred dollars. On the right are several empty rooms, which must have been used as parlors; on the second floor are any number of bed chambers, while on the left of the hall and opposite to the parlors is a room which has seen most of the great men who made American history. It is the ball room, a rather small apartment in contrast with the magnificent proportions of our modern palaces on the Hudson or Fifth avenue, but sufficient to the needs of the time.

The walls are tinted blue and the room is of panelings of Oak. Above the door and the mantel are elaborate carvings, and a large frame for pictures built in the wall like those seen down at Mount

Vernon, still remain intact. Here it was that Washington, then an ambitious young man, received his commission in the British army from the hands of the English general, Braddock, and from this point they set out on the expedition to Fort Duquesne, an enterprise from which Braddock never returned, for his body was buried near the place of defeat. Washington, being a frontiersman, knew the methods of warfare employed by the Indians, and warned Braddock that it was useless to fight savages by the military tactics of European nations. But, like most Englishmen, Braddock thought he knew all that was necessary, but found too late that Washington's advice was the only proper one. In this house, it is said, the conversation relative to the expedition against the Indians took place. And it was here also that the council of five Governors took place. The men present were Gov. Dinwiddie, of Virginia; Gov. Le Laney, of New York; Gov. Morris, of Pennsylvania; Gov. Sharpe, of Massachusetts; and Gov. Shirley.

Tradition has it that it was at Carlyle house that Washington met his fate in the person of the charming Widow Curtis, afterward known as Lady Washington. There is also a pretty story told about a dance that Washington had with Sallie Fairfax, the young sister of Lord Fairfax, in the ball room one night when they were about to set out for a ball. Washington caught sight of her fresh, smiling face as she came tripping down the glistening stairs, her dainty toes peeping out from beneath the soft folds of the huge satin skirts, and with the gallantry of a Chesterfield he took her for a partner in a stately minuet, where the two bowed and coursed to the strains of an old violin in the hands of a dusky slave, while the tallow "cups" flickered down on the quaint picture. Sallie was a bit of a flirt, so the gossips say, and it is thought she caused the heart Washington more uneasiness than the bayonets of the British invader.

The grounds in front extended from the porch, which is now about a hundred feet about the level of the earth, down to the street, and there was a lovely lawn on which grew sixteen handsome Lombardy poplars, in whose shade the gallants of the day smoked and flirted or talked about the political disturbances of that time. The hotel now stands on this lawn.

Among other colonial relics is Christ Church, in which Washington worshiped, and his pew bearing his name on a plate is still preserved and shown daily to visitors. In the yard of the church are many grave of the last century, whose inscriptions are to us ludicrous samples of ancient epitaphs. Not far from the Carlyle house is what has been the old City Hotel, in which the balls of revolutionary days took place, and the balcony for the musicians is still in good order in the dancing-room.

The clock yet preserved in the Masonic Lodge is the identical timepiece which stood in the room when Washington died, and the hands are still pointed to the hour when he breathed his last. Here also are the gloves and other paraphernalia which Washington wore on the occasion of civil and Masonic ceremonies.—Philadelphia Times.

A Look Into the Future.

There is every human probability that the alliance formed last year between the Republicans and Populists of North Carolina will be continued next year. All the news of the present time points that way. It has been suggested that fusion between these elements next year will be impossible for the reason that it will be a year of a national election and that the faith of the Populists and Repub-

cans being different at every point. Those who thus urge have not been looking beneath the surface. They have been considering principles, and believing that all men vote on principle, whereas the Populists and Republicans of North Carolina are mere out to beat the Democrats and for what they can make. They could mix an electoral ticket and commit it to nothing except opposition to Democracy. They could mix a State ticket as they did last year, and call upon their followers to fall in and beat the Democrats. Those Democrats who lay to their souls the flattering unctious that differences upon tariff, finance or other momentous questions will keep these allies apart need only to refer to the history of last year when the alliance was formed in spite of these differences. The leaders, as a matter of self-interest, for the spoils in sight, will brush party differences aside and the blind followers will take whatever is offered them.

In the almost certainty of this continued coalition we find this much comfort: Certain so-called Democrats—at least men high in the party councils and men believing that the weight of responsibility for party management rests on them, are, we sincerely believe, making ready to make overtures to Marion Butler for a coalition between the Democrats and Populists. A rebuff awaits them. Butler and the Populists will not trade with them, having a prior engagement. These are the men who have wanted all the time to yield up everything Democratic, excepting the name, to the Farmers' Alliance and the Populists. It will be worth something to those who stand on principle and who believe in decency in politics to see these panders and time servers humiliated by Butler's refusal to co-operate with them. He has no respect for them and no confidence in them and nobody can blame him.

But, with a continuance of the same fusion which defeated it last year, what is the democratic party to do? It should plant itself upon the rock upon which it has stood through all the years and appeal to the whole people, Democrats, Republicans and Populist, for an expression of popular trust in its true principles and policies and in its proved capacity to give honest, safe, economical and enlightened government. If it stays where it belongs the people are bound to come back to it. They have been swept off their feet before now but have never failed to recover themselves. They will again look for the Democratic party as the best custodian of their public interests; but it would be found by them in the hour of their returning reason it must be found where they left it. Otherwise not at all.—Statesville Landmark.

What Caused the Hard Times.

Judge Hubbard, of Iowa, says it is the existence of corporations. George Gould says it is the hostility to corporations. The farmer says it is the low price in wheat. The silver men say it is the action of Wall street. The Wall street men say it is the action of the silver men. The manufacturer says it is the fear of free trade. The consumer says it is the tariff. The debtor says it is the creditor. The creditor says it is the debtor. The Democrats say it is the Republicans. Republicans say it is the Democrats. The Populists say it is both. The Prohibitionists say it is whiskey. The preacher says it is the devil. Now, what is your idea?—Conductor and Driver.

For the Courier. Among the Mountains.

The Green Park Hotel, situated as it is on the top of the Blue Ridge mountain, 4600 feet above the sea level, and about 22 miles from Lenoir, with the most delightful surroundings, and the purest atmosphere that ever mortal man could enjoy. Blowing Rock is only a few hundred yards from the Hotel, and from there the pleasure seeker can stand and see, as it were, a world of peaks, raising their heads to the clouds. From that point you can stand and see the old "father of mountains," raising his head far above all other peaks, and overlooking all his children as it were, and a little to the rear and left is the old "mother of mountains," with all her modesty. Still a little farther to the left and rear is Table Rock, standing there to welcome his guests home. And still a little farther to the rear you see the old Rhone with his head still higher in the air, and as it were, overlooking all the other peaks, and then looking in a Northerly direction you will see "Flat-top" with all his grandeur and beauty, and in every direction your eye is cast, it will fall upon innumerable peaks, and down between those peaks you will see beautiful little valleys, many of which are in cultivation by some old mountaineer, who is as happy and as well contented as if he lived in the finest palace of a King.

When one stands and casts his eyes over those vast worlds of mountains, just as far as his eyes can see, his thoughts will naturally run back and he will ask himself the question, How long have those mountains been there? And there must have been an all wise God, who created them in all their beauty and grandeur. It is impossible for words to express the beauty and grandeur of the mountains of western North Carolina.

It seems as though a man ought to never die if he could stay at Green Park Hotel, and dine on the good things that our able manager, Mr. Post, and his good wife have prepared for his guests, and breathe the pure air, and drink the pure cool water that flows out of the mountain side, as clear as a crystal, and so cold you can hardly drink it.

Green Park is located on a beautiful level place, with the most beautiful lawns surrounding it, such as one may expect to see in our low lands. Out in front of the Hotel is a beautiful lawn tennis court, for the young people to amuse themselves, when they get tired looking at the mountains.

The music is furnished by the Shelby String Band, which is made up of three brothers. When the guests get tired of hearing waltzes &c. and want something new, they call on Mr. Fred Marks, and he will then give them his bagpipe, which he does with his violin and mouth, and it would make an Italian ashamed of himself.

Then next, Mr. Post will come around with his "little self" and give some of his dry wit which would make an Egyptian mummy smile if he could hear it. If you on coming to the mountains and want to stop at Green Park, and of course you do if you come, you had better engage a room at once, or you will be left. Everybody come, you will live to die with old age if you will come and spend your summers at Green Park.

Helpful Hints for Bicyclists.

1. A good bicyclist is careful of his roads, therefore, when taking a header be careful not to hit the road too hard with your forehead. You might make a dent in the pavement.
2. In falling off your wheel do not fall on both sides at once. Failure to observe this rule will result in dividing you against yourself.
3. Always be courteous. If a trolley car has the right of way over the track do not dispute it. A boy in Massachusetts who did, broke his right arm and his cyclometer at the same time.
4. Keep your lamp lit when riding at night. A boy who thought he was safe because he had a parlor match in his pocket came home with a spoke in his wheel that didn't belong there.
5. Do not be rough with ice cars and furniture trucks. If you must run into one of them do it as gently and tenderly as if it were a baby carriage.
6. A merciful to his wheel, so do not force a bicycle beyond the point of its endurance, unless you want to walk back with your wheel on your shoulder.
7. Keep cool. If in the course of a ride you find yourself in a tight place, with a skittish horse to the left and a steep ravine to the right and a bulldog directly to the force, take the ravine. You'll go into it, any how, and if you take it along without dragging the dog or the horse after you your chances will be improved.—Ex.

Does Cleveland want a Third Term?

At no time have we seen any credence to the report that President Cleveland was a candidate for re-nomination. He is too wise to try to destroy the precedent Washington wisely set, even if North Carolina did try to break over it and vote for Jefferson for a third term. A Washington report that a General Wade Hampton whether the report, published in the Charlotte Observer, to the effect that of his personal knowledge the President wanted a third term, was true. General Hampton said "there was not the slightest truth in the statement" and added:

"As a matter of fact, I haven't the slightest reason for believing from anything President Cleveland ever said or did that he is or will be a candidate for a third term. On the other hand, I have no idea he's thinking about it or would consent to run for another nomination."

"I believe I did say that if the different parties took to splitting up and a half dozen candidates took the field a lot of the conservative gold bug Democrats would want to run President Cleveland for a third term and that a big percent among the Republicans would heartily join them."—Ex.

Patient—The heat is so oppressive, doctor, I feel like committing suicide.

Doctor—Oh, that would do. As I said before, my friend, what you is a change.—Life.

Just What's Needed.

Exclaims thousands of people who have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla at this season of the year, and who have noted the success of the medicine in giving them relief from that tired feeling, waning appetite and state of extreme exhaustion after the close confinement of a long winter season, the busy time attendant upon a large and pressing business during the spring months and with vacation time yet some weeks distant. It is then that the building-up powers of Hood's Sarsaparilla are fully appreciated. It seems perfectly adapted to over come that prostration caused by change of season, climate of life, and while it tones and sustains the system, it purifies and vitalizes the blood.

Itch on human and horses' skin all cured in 20 minutes by Wood's Sanitary Lotion. This cure falls. Sold by M. Lawing Druggist, Lincolnton, N. C.

IF YOUR BACK ACHES, Or you are all worn out, really good for nothing, it is general debility. Try WOOD'S IRON BITTERS. It will cure you, cleanse your liver, and give you new vitality.

JUDGE WALTER CLARK

USES AND ENDORSES THE

Electropoise!

TRADE MARK.
"Cures when all else fails."

Investigation Invited.

North Carolina Supreme Court.
WALTER CLARK, Associate Justice.
HARRIS, N. C., Jan. 25, 1891.

We have found the Electropoise very valuable—especially for children. I got one last May and I am sure I have saved three times its cost already in doctors' and drug-store bills. From my experience with it, and observation, I can safely recommend it.

Yours truly,
WALTER CLARK.

BOOK FREE.
Electro-Brilliance Co.,
345 FOURTH AVENUE,
NEW YORK.

DENTAL NOTICE.

Dr. A. W. Alexander will be a his office at Lincolnton, June, August, October, December, February and April. Will be in Mt. Holly, July, September, November, January, March and May.

A Bad State of Affairs.

The people of the South are being deceived in the purchase of imitation medicines. It's poor consolation to a sick man to be told that the medicine offered him certainly will do him any harm. Wrong it will do great harm. It allows the disease to progress instead of stopping it, and this is most dangerous because the disease will soon be beyond cure. This is the best reason why you should be sure to get the right medicine. Don't risk your health in trying any of the many Liver Medicines which have come up in the South to be sold in place of Simmon's Liver Regulator put up by J. H. Zelin & Co., with the Red Z. on every package, this was the medicine of your fathers, and they lived long. Have nothing to do with anything else, or any drug, or dealer who would persuade you that the many imitations under different names are just as good as the true. The people who buy them heap up their miseries. Beware!

If you reel weak and all worn out take BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

Exhausted Soils

are made to produce larger and better crops by the use of Fertilizers rich in Potash.

Write for our "Farmers' Guide," a 142-page illustrated book. It is brim full of useful information for farmers. It will be sent free, and will make and save you money. Address,
GERMAN KALI WORKS, 93 Nassau Street, New York.

Wrinkles.

Worry and the grave digger get on well together.

When we go out to meet trouble we never have a long walk.

When the devil can't get behind the preacher in any other way, he sometimes joins the choir.

Anybody can be pleasant to pleasant people, but it takes grace to be pleasant to unpleasant people.

If you want to get in a crooked path just follow the direction of the corkscrew.

There are people who hate a thief, who borrow books and never return them.

He who is hunting for a wife without a fault should remember that the spouse he is seeking may be searching for a husband of the same sort.

The man who is only concerned to speak the exact truth is apt to be garrulous.

It is well to take warning from the silly as counsel from the wise.—Ran's Horn.

Many Persons are broken down from overwork or household cares. Brown's Iron Bitters rebuilds the system, aids digestion, removes excess of bile, and cures malaria. Get the genuine.

He Couldn't Be Hoodooed.

"Music hath charms," she said to her country cousin.

"Hit can't charm me," he replied, "for I've got a rabbit foot in my pocket!"—Atlanta Constitution.