

Of all deplorable positions for a man to be in ex-Governor Russell of Wilmington is now in—convicted of dishonor if not outright falsehood. A Miss Darby is postmaster at Wilmington. She secured the services of Judge Russell to go to Washington to urge her reappointment. While he was in Washington the appointment was given to Mrs. Russell, the ex-Governor's wife, which is another way of saying he got it for himself. When this became known Miss Darby accused him of perjury, and published a note from Russell, written on the eve of his departure for Washington, in which he asked her to send him \$100. Judge Russell attempts to explain this by saying that he wrote "send" instead of "send."

What difference does it make? If he didn't lie about the expenses, he was certainly guilty of the gravest perjury and dishonor, and more than all his rash acts, his rottenness of temper, his upholding of the negro regime, this will dam him in the eyes of honest men. The appointment is being fought and may not be confirmed by the Senate. It is to be hoped not.

There has been, it seems to us, no better evidence of the progress along all lines in North Carolina than the great growth in circulation of all classes of newspaper publications in the State during the past year. The religious papers all tell of increasing circulation, while the growth in circulation and the general improvement of the local weeklies has been phenomenal, and the leading daily papers of the State have been equally prosperous. The Charlotte Observer and The Raleigh News and Observer have lately made circulation statements that are exceedingly gratifying. The Charlotte Observer states that its circulation for the past year averaged in the neighborhood of 5000, which is astonishing when it is remembered that this paper sells for 85 a year and collects it all. The News and Observer has the largest circulation of any daily paper in the State, having passed the 8000 mark.

Exactly one week after the death of General Longstreet comes that of General John B. Gordon of Georgia. He entered the Confederate army as a captain and by merit became a major general, and had the war lasted a few weeks longer would have been a lieutenant general, as his commission to that rank had been made out. He was a gallant soldier and his people never failed to honor him, twice making him governor of Georgia, and sending him to the United States senate until he voluntarily retired. As commander of the United Confederate Veterans, he was the idol of the old soldiers and their love was fully reciprocated. Gen Gordon won considerable reputation all over the country as a lecturer, his principal theme being "The Last Days of the Confederacy."

Ex-President and Mrs. Cleveland have the sympathy, to an unusual degree, of the whole country in the loss of their first born, Miss Ruth, who died after a brief illness last Friday. "Baby Ruth" was spoken of far and wide. She was born in 1890, and as a baby at the White House, and as the only child of the first couple in the land everybody was interested in her.

The new congressmen seem determined to make hay while the sun shines. We see from the papers that the districts which have new representatives at Washington are being flooded with line assortments of seed, and the postmaster at Monroe can testify that Congressman Page is doing his full duty.

Domestic Troubles. It is exceptional to find a family where there are no domestic ruptures occasionally, but these can be lessened by having Dr. King's New Life Pills around. Much trouble they save by their great work in stomach and liver troubles. They not only relieve you, but cure. 25c., at English Drug Co.

GENERAL GORDON IS DEAD.

The Brave Confederate Leader, the Great Orator and Statesman Passes Peacefully to Rest.

Atlanta, Ga., Jan. 9.—Lieutenant General John B. Gordon died at his winter home near Miami, Fla., at 10:05 o'clock tonight. His fatal illness, which overtook him last Wednesday, was congestion of the stomach and liver, following an acute attack of indigestion, to which he was subjected.

General Gordon was born in Upson county, Georgia, July 6, 1832, of Scotch ancestry, which had a prominent part in the Revolutionary war. Young Gordon graduated from the Georgia State University in 1852 and a few months later was admitted to the practice of law. Early in 1861 he enlisted in the volunteer Confederate service and was elected captain of his company. He rose rapidly by promotion to lieutenant colonel of the Sixth Alabama Infantry in December, 1861. He participated in the struggle on the peninsula, and took part in the battle at Malvern Hill, and was commissioned brigadier general, November, 1862. He was in command at Chancellorsville and in the Pennsylvania campaign. In an official report to General D. H. Hill, General Gordon was characterized as "the Chivalric Bayard of the Confederacy."

When hostilities were ended, he called his men about him and advised them to bear the trial of defeat, to go home in peace, obey the laws and rebuild the wasted country. He has taken a prominent part in the councils of his party since 1866. He was a defeated candidate for Governor of Georgia in 1868, and in 1873 and 1879 was elected to the United States Senate, resigning that position in 1880. He participated actively in building the Georgia Pacific Railroad. In 1886 and 1888 he was elected Governor of Georgia and in 1890 entered again into the United States Senate for the full term. Since his retirement from political activity he has devoted much of his time in lecturing, presenting the North as well as the South in his lecture upon "The Last Days of the Confederacy."

Since the organization of the United Confederate veterans he has held the position of its chief commander, and his frequent re-elections to that position have testified to the warmth of affection in which he has been held in the South. General Gordon had been unconscious nearly all day. The beginning of the end occurred this afternoon, serious complications setting in, and by night his physicians had abandoned all hope, as his kidneys refused to secrete and uraemic poison was very decided. His death was quiet. He fell peacefully to sleep and all was over.

General Gordon became ill Wednesday afternoon with acute indigestion. He had suffered from the same trouble in Mississippi many months ago. At 11 o'clock Thursday morning consultation of physicians was held and it was found that he was seriously and critically ill. His son, Major Hugh Gordon, who resides at Biscayne, was with him. A telegram was sent to his daughter, Mrs. Burton Smith of Atlanta calling her to his bedside.

She was with him when he died. General Gordon grew steadily worse until today when he was unconscious most of the time. General and Mrs. Gordon had been in Florida this winter only three weeks before his death. His health had been unusually good prior to his fatal attack. He had bought a winter home at Biscayne three years ago, and had since been spending a portion of his winters there.

Found a Cure for Indigestion. I use Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets for indigestion and find that they suit my case better than any dyspepsia remedy I have ever tried and I have used many different remedies. I am nearly 51 years of age and have suffered a great deal from indigestion. I can eat almost anything I want to now.—Geo. W. Emory, Rock Mills, Ala. For sale by Dr. S. J. Welsh and C. N. Simpson, Jr.

Farmers Here is something for you to investigate: M. M. Lipp has invented and patented a scientific process which enables anyone to make the best fertilizer in the world at \$5.00 per ton. Remember, this is no experiment, but a well established fact, as thousands of farmers throughout the country have been using it for the past three years. He has a manual of instructions giving full and plain directions how to make the fertilizer. Every farmer should have one of these manuals, which also includes a farm right to make and use on his own or any land he may cultivate. The men named below say it is as good as any fertilizer they ever used and a great deal cheaper. Now is the time to put it up.

N. B.—This process is fully protected by the patent laws of the United States, and they will be rigidly enforced against any person infringing on the same. You can get chemicals from me as cheap as you can order them. You can ask or write the following persons: Benson Marsh, Press Phifer, A. Phifer, Marshallville, N. C.; Myers Medlin, Monroe, N. C.; Wilson Braswell, Unionville, N. C.; Baxter Williams, Wingate, N. C.; Jas. J. Griffin, Long's Store, N. C. W. T. Dress, Wingate, N. C. A Very Close Call. "I stuck to my engine, although every joint ached and every nerve was racked with pain," writes C. W. Bellamy, a locomotive fireman, of Burlington, Iowa. "I was weak and pale, without any appetite and all run down. As I was about to give up, I got a bottle of Electric Bitters, and after taking it, I felt as well as I ever did in my life." Weak, sickly, run down people always gain new life, strength and vigor from their use. Try them. Satisfaction guaranteed by The English Drug Co.

A CHAT WITH A POET

THE STORY OF AN INTERESTING EVENING WITH LONGFELLOW.

How "Excelsior," the "Wreck of the Hesperus" and the "Old Clock on the Stair" came to be written. "The Bridge" Was Born of Sorrow. I once wrote to the poet Longfellow asking him to give me some account of the circumstances under which he wrote "The Bridge"—"I stood on the bridge at midnight"—a poem which the eminent English critic has called "the most sympathetic in his language." I received in return a cordial note from the poet in which he said: "If you will come over and pass an evening with me it will give me pleasure to tell you the history of the poem and also of any of my poems that may interest you."

A few evenings later found me at the poet's door at his Cambridge home. He was then verging on seventy years, in the fullness of his experience and the ripeness of his fame. I was shown into a long, hall-like room, dimly lighted, in which were a broad table, antique furniture and a tall colonial clock. The poet was there alone. He arose to meet me and formed a striking and statuesque figure, with his kindly smile and long white hair and beard. "And so you would like to know something about the inspiration of some of my poems—what led me to write them?" he said when we were seated. "Well, you are very kind. I will tell you first how I came to write the 'Psalm of Life.' I was a young man then. I can recall the time. It was a bright day, and the trees were blossoming, and I felt an impulse to write out my aim and purpose in the world. I wrote it for myself. I did not intend it for publication. Some months afterward I was asked for a poem by a popular magazine. I recalled my 'Psalm of Life.' I copied it and sent it to the periodical. It saw the light, took wings and flew over the world. There you may see it written on a Japanese screen. He pointed to a high, richly ornamented screen which stood before a great arched window. He added an anecdote which I have always regarded as a true picture of his soul.

"When I was in England I was honored by receiving an invitation from the queen. As I was leaving the post office I saw a crowd of people. There came to the door of the coach a noble looking English workman. "Are you Professor Longfellow?" he said. "I bowed. "May I ask, sir, if you wrote the 'Psalm of Life'?" "I answered that I did. "Would you be willing, sir, to take a workman by the hand?" I extended my hand to him. He clasped it, and never in my life have I received a compliment which gave me so much satisfaction.

"I wrote 'Excelsior,' he continued, "after receiving a letter full of lofty sentiments from Charles Sumner at Washington. In one of the sentences occurred the word 'excelsior.' As I dropped the letter that word again caught my eye. I turned over the letter and wrote my poem. I wrote the 'Wreck of the Hesperus' because, after reading an account of the loss of a part of the Gloucester fishing fleet in an autumn storm, I met the words 'No man's row.' I retired for the night after reading the report of the disaster, but the scene haunted me. I arose to write, and the poem came to me in whole stanzas.

"The clock in the corner of the room" he went on, "is not the one to which I refer in my 'Old Clock on the Stair.' That clock stood in the country house of my father-in-law at Pittsfield, among the Berkshire hills. "The great clock in the room was beating the air in the shadows as he spoke. I could seem to hear it say: "Toujours—toujours! "Jamais—jamais!" "It was these words by a French author that led and suggested to him the solemn refrain:

"Forever—never! Never—forever!" "Excelsior" had been set to popular music by the Hutchinsons when the poet met one evening the minstrel family after a concert in Boston Music hall. "I have," he said, "another poem which I will send to you." He did so. It was the first copy of the "Old Clock on the Stair." One of the family set the words to music. "My poem entitled 'The Bridge,' he said in effect, "was written in sorrow, which made me feel for the loneliness of others. I was a widower at the time, and I used to sometimes go over the bridge in Boston evenings to meet friends and to return home unlighted by the same way. The way was silent save here and there a belated footstep. The sea rose and fell among the wooden piers, and there was a great fragrance from the Brighton hills whose red light was reflected by the waves. It was on such a late, solitary walk that the spirit of the poem came upon me. The bridge had been, both faithful and true, but the piece of it is the same."—Herbert Butterworth in American Author.

His Economical Way. "My husband has strange ideas of economy," "How is that?" "Why, he seems to think he saves money by drinking so much at the club that he has no appetite for breakfast."—Chicago Post.

Always Gets the Last Word. "Say, pa," queried little Billy Bloomer, "what's an echo?" "An echo, my son," replied the old man, with a sigh long drawn out, "is the only thing that can flout a woman out of the last word."—Lyre.

A Prisoner in Her Own House. Mrs. W. H. Layha of 1001 Agnes ave., Kansas City, Mo., has for several years been troubled with a severe hoarseness and at times a hard cough, which she says, "Would keep me in doors for days. I was prescribed for by physicians with no noticeable results. A friend gave me part of a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy with instructions to closely follow the directions and I wish to state that after the first day I could notice a decided change for the better, and at this time after using it for two weeks, have no hesitation in saying I realize that I am entirely cured." This remedy is for sale by Dr. S. J. Welsh and C. N. Simpson, Jr.

His Own Manuscript.

George Ade, in the early days of his career, before the "Fables in Slacks" had brought him fame, called one morning in Chicago upon a Sunday editor on a mission from a theatrical manager. "I have brought you this manuscript," he began, but the editor, looking up at the tall, timid youth, interrupted: "Just throw the manuscript in the wastebasket, please," he said. "I'm very busy just now and haven't time to do it myself." Mr. Ade obeyed calmly. He resumed: "I have come from the theater and the manuscript I have just thrown in the wastebasket is your comic farce of 'The Erring Son,' which the manager asks me to return to you with thanks. He suggests that you sell it to an undertaker, to be read at funerals." Then Mr. Ade smiled gently and withdrew.

Cured After Suffering Ten Years. B. F. Hare, Supt. Miami Cycle & Mfg. Co., Middletown, O., suffered for ten years with dyspepsia. He spent hundreds of dollars for medicine and with doctors without receiving any permanent benefit. He says, "One night while feeling exceptionally bad I was about to throw down the evening paper when I saw an item in the paper regarding the merits of Kodol Dyspepsia Cure. I concluded to try it and while I had no faith in it I felt better after the second dose. After using two bottles I am stronger and better than I have been in years, and I recommend Kodol Dyspepsia Cure to my friends and acquaintances suffering from stomach trouble." Sold by English Drug Co. and S. J. Welsh.

INSURANCE. L. H. THOMPSON. Fire, Life, Accident, Health, Liability and all classes of Casualty Insurance. Only the best and strongest companies represented. I respectfully solicit your business, assuring prompt and efficient attention to all matters. Office: Gordon & Thompson's old stand. Phone No. 1.

Any Varnish that comes under the S. W. V. label is good varnish. It means that it's THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS VARNISH. It means that it's the best varnish for the purpose you want. It means that it's an honest varnish. It means that it's a uniform varnish—always good, each time you buy it. Put your confidence in S. W. V.

Monroe Hardware Co., R. REDFEARNS, Manager.

An Old Favorite THE WANTS OF MAN By John Quincy Adams

"MAN wants but little here below. Nor wants that little long. He wants me early and late, 'Tis not with me exactly so, And were each wish a mint of gold, I still should long for more."

What first I want is daily bread— And capers, backs—and wine— And all the rest of nature spread Before me when I dine. Four courses scarcely can provide My appetite to quell. With four choice cooks from France beside, To dress my dinner well. What next I want, at princely cost, Is elegant attire: Black silks for winter's frost, And silks for summer's heat, And Cashmere shawls, and Brussels lace. My bosom's front to deck— And diamond rings my hands to grace, And rubies for my neck. I want (who does not want?) a wife— Affectionate and fair: To solace all the wear of life, And all its joys to share. Of temper sweet, of yielding will, From eight to half a score. With all my faults to love me still With sentiment refined. These are the Wants of mortal Man. I cannot want them long. For life is but a span, And early bliss is none. My last great Want—absorbing bliss— When breath the soul, And unconsumed to my final fall, The Mercy of my God.

INSURANCE. No Stronger Agency in the South. Companies with Assets Aggregating Over Five Hundred Million Dollars. The Peoples' Bank, Agt. W. M. GORDON, Manager Insurance Department.

New Year Resolutions.

Are you going to make any New Year resolutions? If you are, don't make an unreasonable one that you cannot keep. Every time you make a resolution and fail to keep it you are in a worse condition than you were with the old habit that you resolved to quit. We do not expect to make a single resolution and then break it. We will make only one. That is one we will keep; one that we would disdain to violate; one that will profit us to keep. Read that resolution below. It is a simple one and the only one we will make and propose to lend all our energies and devote all our time to keeping faithfully to ourselves and all others concerned. It is this:

We resolve to maintain from New Year's Day 1904 to New Year's Day 1905 the best and cheapest Grocery Store in Monroe. This will not be hard to do because we have been in the habit of doing that very thing for more than a year. It has paid us to do so and it has benefited every customer we have. Our new firm will maintain the integrity and reputation of the old one. With this promise, upon our part, we trust that we may have the continuation of your patronage in the future as we have had in the past. We most heartily appreciate the liberal way the good people of the county have patronized us in the past and beg a continuation of the same in the future. Assuring you our best service and lowest prices, and again assuring you of our hearty appreciation of your patronage in the past.

We are yours, Bivens & Helms. Nothing Like SUCCESS! We've labored hard and long to establish a reputation for honest and fair dealing, giving 16 ounces to the pound, and underselling all competition wherever located. It is true there are those who at times think they might do better in the towns, and we are always glad to have them investigate, for it always results that I am the cheapest place.

Nice line Ladies' Capes and Cloaks just in from New York. Best Strick Candy 7 cents per pound. Best Granulated Sugar 20 pounds for one dollar. Paper Pins 1 cent. Set Table Spoons 5 cents. 8-day Clock, best, \$1.98. And we've got almost anything else you want. We have made our start by working cheap, and to get plenty work to do we are willing to work cheaper. Give us your orders. We will guarantee satisfaction. The place to meet your neighbor is at HENRY W. PUSSER'S, ZOAR, N. C.

SEABOARD AIR LINE RAILWAY Double Daily Service Between New York, Tampa, Atlanta, New Orleans and Points South and West. IN EFFECT APRIL 12TH, 1903.

SOUTHWARD. Daily No. 21 Daily No. 7. Lv New York, P. R. R. 12:00 p.m. 12:10 a.m. Philadelphia, P. R. R. 2:30 p.m. 7:30 a.m. Baltimore 4:15 p.m. 9:15 a.m. Washington, W. & A. R. 7:00 p.m. 10:45 a.m. Richmond, W. & A. R. 9:15 p.m. 12:15 p.m. Petersburg 11:15 p.m. 2:15 p.m. Norfolk 1:30 a.m. 5:15 p.m. Henderson 3:22 a.m. 7:00 p.m. Raleigh 4:00 a.m. 7:30 p.m. Southern Pines 5:00 a.m. 8:30 p.m. Columbia 6:00 a.m. 9:30 p.m. Savannah 7:00 a.m. 10:30 a.m. Ft. Lauderdale 8:00 p.m. 11:30 a.m. Ft. Pierce 9:00 p.m. 12:30 p.m. Tampa 10:00 p.m. 1:30 a.m.

NORTHWARD. Daily No. 22 Daily No. 8. Memphis, N. O. & G. I. 12:45 noon 8:00 p.m. Nashville 1:30 p.m. 9:20 a.m. New Orleans, I. & N. 8:15 p.m. Mobile, I. & N. 12:00 a.m. Montgomery, A. & W. P. 1:00 p.m. Savannah, N. C. & W. T. 4:40 a.m. Memphis 5:45 p.m. 9:00 a.m.

At Atlanta, S. A. & N. Ry. 12:00 noon 8:10 p.m. At Greenwood, 1:00 p.m. 9:10 a.m. At Chester, 2:15 p.m. 10:25 a.m. At Charlotte, 3:30 p.m. 11:40 a.m. At Wilmington, 4:45 p.m. 12:55 p.m. At Hamlet, 5:00 p.m. 1:10 p.m. At Southern Pines, 6:15 p.m. 2:25 p.m. At Henderson, 7:30 p.m. 3:40 p.m. At Norfolk, 8:45 p.m. 4:55 p.m. At Petersburg, 9:00 a.m. 5:10 p.m. At Richmond, 10:15 a.m. 6:25 p.m. At Washington, W. & A. R. 11:30 a.m. 7:40 p.m. At Baltimore, P. R. R. 12:45 p.m. 9:00 a.m. At Philadelphia, 1:00 p.m. 9:15 p.m. At New York 1:15 p.m. 9:30 a.m.

To Cure a Cold in One Day Cures Grip in Two Days. Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. On every box, 25c. This signature, E. W. Brown.

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The Prescription Department

"What do we want with gold and precious stones?" said the proud young mother, gazing fondly upon the baby. "This is fortune enough for us." "Huh?" grunted the father, who had been walking the floor nearly all night. "In glad fortune didn't knock twice at our door?"—Philadelphia Ledger. We keep the drugs for it—the BEST, FRESHEST, and PUREST.

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We are going to manufacture Buggies, and in order to get considerable more room, we will for the next thirty days close out our entire stock of Vehicles at or about cost for the CASH only.

Our stock is well selected and comprises some of the latest styles. We can suit the most fastidious. This is no fake advertisement. We mean what we say, and you can share your money in your pocket and come to see us. We will prove what we say.

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