

THE MORGANTON STAR.

VOL. IV.

MORGANTON N. C., FRIDAY MARCH 30, 1888.

NO. 3.



BILIOUSNESS

Is an affection of the Liver, and can be thoroughly cured by that Grand Regulator of the Liver and Biliary Organs, **SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR**, MANUFACTURED BY **J. H. KEELIN & CO., Philadelphia, Pa.**

I was afflicted for several years with disordered liver, which resulted in a severe attack of jaundice. I had as good medical attendance as our section affords, who failed utterly to restore me to the enjoyment of my former good health. I then tried the favorite prescription of one of the most renowned physicians of Louisville, Ky., but to no purpose; whereupon I was induced to try **Simmons Liver Regulator**. I found immediate benefit from its use, and it ultimately restored me to the full enjoyment of health.

A. H. SHIRLEY, Richmond, Ky.

HEADACHE

Proceeds from a Torpid Liver and Impurities of the Stomach. It can be invariably cured by taking

SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR

Let all who suffer remember that **SICK AND NERVOUS HEADACHES** can be prevented by taking a dose as soon as their symptoms indicate the coming of an attack.

NORTH CAROLINA ESTATE CO., LD.

Required immediately: *Yellow-Poplar, White-Oak, Ash, Walnut*, &c., from 6,000 to 7,000 logs.

For specifications apply to Mr. D. C. Pearson, traveling agent to the Company, and at the Company's offices, Morganton and Glen Alpine, N. C.

J. F. HOUSTOUN, MAJOR, Gen'l Manager, Morganton, N. C., 23rd Feb., 1888.

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Star Job Office.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

Wanted for Cash.

300 Cords of DOGWOOD

At \$5 per Cord,

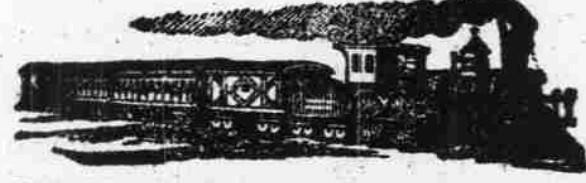
Delivered at Factory near Depot in Morganton. Must be 6 inches in diameter at small end, clear of bad knots and crooks, doty and hollow ends.

Sergeson & Bros.

nov 4-ly.

RICHMOND & DANVILLE R. R. CO.,

WESTERN NORTH CAROLINA DIVISION.



GEN'L PASSENGER DEPT., ASHEVILLE, N. C., Sept. 3, 1887.

TRAIN NO. 52, West Bound.		
Leave	Salisbury	11 30 a. m.
Arrive	Statesville	12 20 p. m.
Leave	Hickory	1 26
Connelly Springs	2 06	
Morganton	2 34	
Marion	3 18	
Old Fort	3 44	
Round Knob	4 00	
ASHEVILLE	5 18	
Hot Springs	7 35	
Fairfield	8 00	
Morrisville	9 30	
Knoxville	10 55	

TRAIN NO. 53, East Bound.		
Leave	Knoxville	6 50 a. m.
Arrive	Morrisville	7 50
Round Knob	10 05	
Hot Springs	11 10	
ASHEVILLE	12 05 p. m.	
Round Knob	2 06	
Old Fort	2 34	
Marion	3 18	
Morganton	4 15	
Connelly Springs	4 42	
Hickory	5 05	
Statesville	5 25	
Arrive	Salisbury	7 30

Murphy Branch	
Daily except SUNDAY.	
TRAIN NO. 18.	TRAIN NO. 17.
6 00 a. m. Leave Asheville	Arrive 4 50 p. m.
10 25 Arrive Waynesville	3 30
1 28 p. m. Leave Hendersonville	10 15 a. m.
6 05 Arrive Jarrets	Leave 7 30

A. & S. Road.	
Daily except SUNDAY.	
TRAIN NO. 12.	TRAIN NO. 11.
6 00 p. m. Leave Spartanburg	Arrive 4 10 p. m.
7 17 Arrive Hendersonville	10 55 a. m.
9 00 Arrive Asheville	Leave 8 10

JAS. L. TAYLOR, G. P. A. W. A. WINNIFEN, D. P. A.

F. A. MOSES AT IT AGAIN.

This Time He Attends Two Dinners at the White House in One Day and Tells How He and "Mr. Willy Barber" Enjoyed Themselves.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 8.
To the Editor of the Lenoir Topix.

As I have previously informed you in a private letter, having been appointed clerk to the committee on conchology, I will probably remain in Washington until Congress adjourns. Mr. Carlisle tells me that he does not think that an adjournment can possibly be reached before July, if then.

I enclose a check to pay you for the barrel of fine limbertwigs which you kindly sent to me. They were satisfactory in every respect and my friends, to whom I presented them, were much pleased with them.

As the North Carolina delegation and I were engaged in a room at the National, the other night, in framing a bill to abolish the internal revenue, to be attached to Mill's tariff bill, a negro runner from the White House entered and told us that there was to be a diplomatic dinner given by the President the next day and that we were all invited. Of course we all decided to go. The next day Barber and I diked ourselves out in the best clothes we had and knocked at the door of the White House promptly at 12. The negro told us that the dinner would not be till supper time and we turned to leave, but the President, who was in the East room, recognized our voices and called to us to walk in. We walked in and, after a cordial handshake from the President, were seated.

"These diplomatic fellows," said the President, "eat their dinners when plain folks sit down to supper and at the time when the people in God's country blow the horn for dinner they are in bed, turning day into night. So you see I've had to give this diplomatic dinner after dark. But I'm a working man myself and when dinner time comes I'm always ready. Come in here."

And we followed him into what the waiter called the *sallermarjay* and there was spread as substantial a meal as I ever sat down to. Mrs. Cleveland was out spending the day and Dan Lamont had gone to New York, so we three dined all by ourselves. After dinner we went out to the lot and saw Mrs. Cleveland's Jersey cow that Mr. Childs, of Philadelphia, gave her, the two carriage horses and a few other head of stock. When we left the President told us to be sure to come back at night.

Barber and I decided to wait for the rest of the North Carolina delegation next time, so that there would be no mistake. We all gathered at the National and started for the White House two by two, Senators Ransom and Vance leading. Then came Cowles and Johnston, Henderson and Latham, Simmons and McClammy, Barber and I, Nichols and Brower. Rowland was sick and could not go. When we got into the parlor Senator Ransom took Barber and me and introduced us to the diplomatic corps, the members of which were ranged around the room and dressed up in the most astonishing and dazzling uniforms.

At the table I sat between the British minister's wife and the envoy extraordinary of France, while Barber's chair was next to that of the Chinese plenipotentiary, who wore a yellow silk dress and his hair in a plait down his back like a woman. Barber carried on an animated conversation as he could with the almond-eyed Celestial and told him wonderful stories about the big tea crop of Wilkes.

"Will you pass me the *blermarjay*?" said the British minister's wife to me, and, as I was handing it to her, I saw Senator Vance pick up a limbertwig apple, and using it as an illustration, commenced telling a joke to old Joe Hawley. This distracted my attention and I spilled the whole mess on the brilliant uniform of the French envoy extraordinary.

Sacre bleu! Parlez vous Francais! Je ne sais quais! exclaimed he, smiling at me in the mild-mannered way as who should say, I am very much obliged to you for your attention and should feel hurt if you had not spilled this stuff on me or if you had been niggardly about it and spilled any less than you did.

This annoying episode made me lose Senator Vance's joke, but I

heard Hawley's reply. "Speaking of potato slips, Vance," said he, "reminds me of Loge Harris, of your State. He has been a pretty good friend of mine and has seemed to want me and Tom Settle to run on the ticket together. Since my speech against the Blair bill, I wonder if his ardor has cooled any?" "That depends," said a voice that I did not recognize, as it came from the other end of the table, "whether the bung in your bar is loose or tight. If it is loose, the Blair bill be blown and you are the man. If it is tight your opposition to the Blair bill will hurt immensely."

Joseph R. said nothing but he looked at the Chinese minister and winked.

This latter functionary was cracking chestnuts that Barber had passed off on him as Brushy Mountain almonds.

The British Minister's wife seemed to be very much pleased with some sorghum that was on the table and asked me what it was. I told her that it was a kind of molasses raised in North Carolina and that it grew to perfection in Wilkes.

"It is certainly very fine," said the British Minister's wife, "and I must get some of it to send to the Queen. The last thing she said to me when we left the British Isles was to look out for her interests and I know she would like this sorghum."

"Madam," said Will Barber, as he gave the Chinese Plenipotentiary another handful of chestnuts, "I expect to return to my native State of Wilkes next week and I shall make it my business and my pleasure to ship to you for her Britannic Majesty's use a barrel of as fine sorghum as the far famed Yarkin river bottoms can produce. I will send it to you for your sovereign."

"Thanks, awfully," said the British Minister's wife. And the British Minister himself drew from his pocket not one but several coverings and offered them to Will in payment for his sorghum. But Will gracefully declined the British gold and said he would present them—the molasses—to the Queen.

After the daughters and wives of several of the plenipotentiaries had played upon the piano, the sociable broke up, the Chinese minister folding up his fan, tying his pigtail around the top of his head, casting a languishing glance at Will Barber and going off first. Will and that Heathen Chinese did flirt together awfully.

The North Carolina delegation retreated in the same order in which it had advanced and just as Barber and I were stepping upon the porch arm in arm the Envoy Extraordinary of France approached me and handed his card and asked for mine. I gave it to him and passed on.

"What do you suppose he means by that?" I asked of Barber. "He is going to challenge you for spilling that apple butter all over him," replied Barber. I wonder if he is. When we reached our room Barber tumbled into bed and, bundling the cover around his head, was soon fast asleep.

I was perturbed. The various exciting episodes that had happened to me and the prospect of an affair of honor with a centre shot made me nervous and I could not sleep. So I sat up for an hour or two. At last I too undressed and, blowing out the light, went to bed. Very soon I began to smell something awful I thought surely there must be a quantity of dead rats in the wall. It grew worse and worse and I could stand it no longer. I hunched Barber in the back saying: "Wake up! wake up! There is something dead in the room." He raised up on one elbow, sniffed the air and jumped out of bed with a rush, exclaiming: "Dead! the dickens! There is nothing dead yet, but you will be unless you learn a little sense. You blew out the gas!" After a while the room was fumigated and we went to bed and were soon asleep, though my dreams were troubled.

FAR AWAY MOSES.

Breaking a Window.

If a tree were to break a window, what might the window say? Tremendous (tremendous). Taylor's Cherokee Remedy of Sweet Gum and Mullein has a tremendous sale, for it mends all forms of coughs, colds and lung troubles.

Bill Arp Tells One of Vance's Stories.

Atlanta Constitution.

When a man travels abroad and mixes with strangers and would be treated with civility he should not do anything or say anything that runs against their opinions, their interests or their prejudices. Zeb Vance said that one time away back when he was running for Governor against Holden he had to go over a mountain range and down into a valley where he had never been before. The humble people in that valley were almost cut off and hid out from the rest of the world, and especially from that side of the world in which Mr. Vance lived. He knew nothing about their politics or their religion. "North Carolina is a curious state," said he. "Her religion is speckled and spotted like it had the measles. In one valley you will find the people all Episcopalians however poor or primitive. The ancestors are first settlers came from old England, and brought that religion with them and, as nobody moved in or moved out, the descendants kept the faith of their fathers. In another valley you will find them all Presbyterians, because their ancestors came from Scotland. In another they will be all Methodist or all Baptists, and every one of these separate communities will have an old patriarch working in the lead and he is looked upon as the bellwether of the flock. Now, it is necessary that a politician should know the religious faith of those with whom he is 'lectiouering' for votes. If he can't chime in with it exactly he must say anything 'agin' it. 'Now,' said Vance, 'when I got over into the valley to meet my appointment, I found about seventy-five of the humble sovereigns gathered at the cross roads where there was a little store and a wagon-shop and a meeting house. They had on their home-made clothes and were standing around chewing tobacco and talking about 'craps' and waiting for me to come. I soon got familiar with them and got them in for a little humor, but as Holden was to come over in a day or two, I wanted to fix things in some way so that he couldn't unfix them. Holden was a Methodist and I was afraid that these people were. I noticed an old man sitting on a stump and marking in the sand with his long walking stick. He had on big brass spectacles and his heavy saggy eye-brows and big long nose indicated character and so I set him down as the bellwether of the flock. After a while I got up close to him and was about to address him when he gave a prayerful grunt and got up and braced himself on his stick and looking at me said in a solemn voice: "This is Mr. Vance I believe? Yes, sir," said I, giving my hand. "And 'I am Emanuel Stenor," said he, "and I suppose you have come over the mountain to talk to my boys about their votes." "Yes, sir," said I, "that is my principle business and I—" "Well, Mr. Vance," said he, interrupting me; "before you proceed any further with that business, I would like to ax you a question or two." "Certainly, sir," said I; "certainly." "Well, Mr. Vance, allow me to ax you what church do you belong to?"

"Well, that was a sockdologer and it come right straight at me, and for a moment I was demoralized, but I rallied, and as the boys had all gathered around to hear the old man put me through, I cleared my throat and said: "That is a fair question, my friend, a fair question, and I will tell you about that. My grandfather came over from England, and as over there the established church was Episcopalian, of course he was an Episcopalian."

"I paused a moment to see the effect of this, but there was none that was favorable. The old man marked a little more in the sand and spit his tobacco away off on one side. So I continued: "But my grandmother came from Scotland, and you know that John Knox left his mark upon that whole nation, and so of course she grew up a Presbyterian." I paused again but there was no sign, no awakening, no chord struck, and the old man marked some more in the sand. "But, my friend, my father was born and grew up in a Methodist community, and was converted by John Wesley, and, of course, he became a Methodist. I thought that now I had him sure, but I didn't. There was no sign of sympathy from him or the boys,

and so I took my last shot. 'But my good old mother, sir, was born and raised a Baptist, and it's always been my opinion that a man has got to go under the water before he can get to heaven.' A gleam of satisfaction spread all over the old man's face as he said: 'Give me your hand, Brother Vance. Boys, I told you so; I told you that he were a Baptist afore he come. He is the man. You can all vote for him, but Holden won't do nary time, for they say that he is one of these shontin, cavortin Methodists.'"

Nothing to be Made by Swapping Horses Now.

Charlotte Democrat.

Now, before there is any candidate authoritatively announced in opposition to the re-election of Hon. M. W. Ransom to the United States Senate, we want to say that we think Ransom should be re-elected. It will be to the interest of North Carolina generally, and to the interest of all her people of both parties, white and black, to re-elect him, because he can do us more good in the councils of the nation than any new man, and because he has faithfully represented us in the past. We know that others would make good representatives in the Senate, but we do not believe they would be equal to Ransom. No one has yet announced himself as a candidate for Ransom's place and we hope no Democrat will consent to oppose him. We have several personal and political friends that we would gladly aid in the line of promotion, but not under present circumstances. Ransom and Vance are the best men North Carolina ever had in the United States Senate, and have done more for North Carolina, and we are in favor of keeping them there as long as they are willing to serve. We have never had a line from Ransom or any other man on the subject; we want no office and have no axe to grind, for all our tools are sharp enough. We deem it proper to speak now, before any other candidate is announced. The fact is, we do not believe there will be any other Democratic candidate.

THE DOCTOR SAYS: "I recommend and USE FOR COUGHS & CROUP & CONSUMPTION BRONCHITIS OF ASTHMA"

TAYLOR'S CHEROKEE REMEDY OF SWEET GUM and MULLEIN.

It does more than any prescription written, both plants are highly medicinal. M. W. The Sweet Gum comes from the Southern Swamp and is highly Respercutant, while the Mullein is mucilaginous and thus combined they are simply A PERFECT REMEDY. A COLD unhealed leads to serious results. CROUP attacks your home without warning. WHOOPING COUGH so annoying and painful, ALL yield readily to the seemingly MAGIC POWER of Taylor's Sweet Gum and Mullein. BRONCHITIS and ASTHMA left untreated, will lead to CONSUMPTION, and these it quickly relieves and positively cures. BE SURE YOU HAVE IT.

Dr. Quillian, the leading physician of Great Britain, on Lung and Bronchial Troubles, recommends "Mullein" as fifty per cent better than Cod Liver Oil for Consumption. "KEEP IT IN THE HOUSE. IT IS PLEASANT AND PALATABLE and is the finest known remedy in the world for all Coughs and Lung troubles. It will stimulate the Throat and enable you to throw off all obstructions easily, aiding expectoration and relieving the cough-torture. Ask your druggist for it, 25c, 50c, & \$1.00. If he does not keep it, we will pay, for one time only, express charges on large size bottles to any part of the U. S. on receipt of \$1.00. THE WALTERS & TAYLOR CO., Atlanta, Ga.

FOR ALL BOWEL TROUBLES and Children Teething, use that great Southern remedy Dr. Rigney's Blueberry Cordial. 50 cents at Druggists.

Taylor's Premium Cologne is the Best.

ARE WE GUILTY?

We have been accused by some of our competitors of selling certain goods at ridiculously low prices in order to "bait" the public. We intend to put as low a price on all our goods as a "live and-let-live" policy will justify; and as the liberal patronage extended to us indicates that our alleged practice of "baiting" is satisfactory to the "biters," we shall continue to throw out large quantities of the same sort of "bait"—in the shape of all classes of Hardware at lower prices than ever, at SHUPING HARDWARE CO.

Great bargains in all kinds of Hardware at SHUPING HARDWARE CO.

Don't buy a Turning Plow until you have seen the new "Daisy," and you will have no other. Sold and warranted by SHUPING HARDWARE CO.

Now is the time to look around and see where you can purchase the best Force Feed, Grain and Fertilizer Drill, and don't forget that the "Empire" is in the lead—either one- or two-horse—at SHUPING HARDWARE CO.

"Lookout" Stoves, manufactured from the best Tennessee charcoal iron, the best known; every stove warranted to be perfect in all its operations, and at prices which place them in the reach of all, at SHUPING HARDWARE CO.

Country Merchants will do well and save freights by buying their Hardware at SHUPING HARDWARE CO.

Now is the time to buy Hardware cheap. If you don't believe it try SHUPING HARDWARE CO.

Call at the Shuping Hardware Co. and see the best Three-Roller Case Mill in the world, for the price.

Don't forget the fact that the "Atlas" Ready-Mixed Paints are sold and warranted to give satisfaction by SHUPING HARDWARE CO.

Shuping Hardware Co. are in the lead for low prices on all kinds of Hardware, Stoves, Mowers, Farming Implements. Don't forget to call and see them, and save money by taking advantage of their big offers.

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