

Press and Carolinian
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HILL AND HIS LETTER.

The letter of Senator David B. Hill to Hon. Clark Howell, the editor of the Atlanta Constitution, written January 13th, 1893, and just now made public, though a private letter, seems to have hit the nail and other things right square on the head and in other places. Senator Hill seems to be one of the solid politicians of the Democratic or any other party; if he would only desist from his nonseuse in opposing the Income Tax. But then we can observe and have done so, that he is only doing this part of his political scheme for personal popularity in so called Democratic New York City. If Mr. Hill will rise superior to this Tom Fool Hobby, as he does in other matters, he will still be very much of a "rising man." Though we seriously doubt if there will be another President from New York State within 16 years.

That the Island of Cuba should be free and not under the vassalage of Spain, especially Spain, or any other foreign country, is no doubt the dream and hope of every patriotic American as well as Cuban. It is a menace to the United States to have old Spain still so near at our door, and this outside of any other consideration is the reason of the father to the wish by Americans that Spain shall be ousted from Cuba. The little Island people desire to trade with the people of the United States, which is their natural trading country, but are so greatly restricted by the laws of Spain, which country maintains a strict surveillance and embargoes her commerce for the United States, that they long have sought the way to attain their freedom from Spain's thralldom, even if they have to be attached to the United States. There is said to be a secret Society in every city in the U. S. where there are enough Cubans to form a Society whose object it is to free Cuba. They have over \$500,000 in their Treasury in New York. One day's wages in every month, usually the first Wednesday, of every Cuban member, is applied to swell this fund. There was recently found at Fernandina, Fla., a lot of war material of one Borden. The arms, are supposed to be intended for revolutionary purposes in Cuba, and are being guarded to prevent removal. All these things go to show that Spain must at an early date recognize the fact that the easiest way for her out of the difficulty is to at once broach Uncle Sam for a dicker and trade him the Island for a sum of money, or sooner or later and not very late, lose the Island without a sum.

If the United States takes the Hawaiian Islands, which they will do sooner or later and the Monroe doctrine is once abrogated, Spain's chances for holding Cuba would not be worth a dollar.

Any administration would make itself popular by acquiring Cuba for the United States, or at least in dispossessing Spain of it.

The delicate compliment of Dr. P. L. Murphy, the Superintendent of the State Hospital at Morganton, in his sixth bi-ennial report should be appreciated by all those interested wherein he says: "The following newspapers have been furnished the Hospital gratis: *North Carolina Presbyterian, The Christian Advocate, The*

Landmark, The Eastern Reflector, The Franklin Press, The Marion Record, The Populist, Press and Carolinian, The Concord Times, The Franklin Times, Fayetteville Observer, The Southport Leader, Gold Leaf, The Patron and Gleaner, and Bryson City Times. I return my sincere thanks to them for this favor. I wish to say that their papers have been eagerly read by the patients here, and perhaps they are as well understood and enjoyed by their insane as by their sane readers."

Well put Doctor, well put.

As a species of American legislation capability the Engrossing clerk branch thereof, especially of the Congress, is a very healthy institution in compatible conjunction of a co-ordinate nature. It can make or unmake bills or laws with the facial facility of an Irishman changing his countenance when he is caught in his neighbors blackberry briar patch.

We have a spectacle, or a spectacular view of it in the Congress passing a bill into a law last week and which was approved by the President, and no one outside, or only those on the inside know any thing of the provision in it to grant a franking privilege to the present or any other member of the Congress, until since the same has become a law to be executed. Such asses ought to be stored up with Hagenbeck for public curiosities, were they not so numerous.

Mr. Marion Butler, a hermaphrodite in politics, and Mr. Jeter C. Pritchard, a stalwart Republican, being elected as United States Senators from North Carolina is what old John S. Wise of good old Virginia (but now somewhat in the rear) would say, are "the bastard children of a political rape." No one can blame Pritchard. He did the best he could, as also his party.

That tall, slender, gawky young fellow, Cannady, ex-clerk of the U. S. Senate, used to tell us and we heard him tell John A. Logan, "North Carolina is a Republican State if she had but half a chance." As Rev. Mr. Jasper would say, "it do look like somewhat dat way."

There are some who seem to think that Hickory was made for them. Of course the town is not growing as rapidly as it should, but this underlying idea is the constituent reason why its recent progress is not so characteristically marked as it was in former, though not quite to some so dear times. A superfluous hint to the wise may not be taken only in war times. But let the Mag. hie to its proper home.



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PERRY DAVIS & SON Providence, R. I.

THE TRANSLATION OF A SAVAGE.

BY GILBERT PARKER
 AUTHOR OF "THE CHIEF FACTOR," "PIERRE AND HIS PEOPLE," ETC.

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Previously Frank's name had scarcely been spoken to her. Mrs. Armour would have hours of hesitation and impotent regret before she brought herself to speak of her son to his Indian wife. Marion tried to do it a few times and failed. The general did it with rather a forced voice and manner, because he saw that his wife was very tender upon the point. But Richard, who never knew self consciousness, spoke freely of Frank when he spoke at all, and it was seeing Lali's eyes brighten and her look earnestly fixed on him when he chanced to mention Frank's name that determined him on his new method of instruction. It had its dangers, but he had calculated them all. The girl must be educated at all costs. The sooner that occurred the sooner would she see her own position and try to adapt herself to her responsibilities and face the real state of her husband's attitude toward her.

He succeeded admirably. Striving to tell him about her past life and ready to talk endlessly about her husband, of his prowess in the hunt, of his strength and beauty, she also strove to find English words for the purpose, and Richard supplied them with uncommon willingness. He humored her so far as to learn many Indian words and phrases, but he was chary of his use of them and tried hard to make her appreciative of her new life and surroundings. He watched her winking slowly to an understanding of the life and of all that it involved. It gave him a kind of fear, too, because she was sensitive, and there was the possible danger of her growing disheartened or desperate and doing some mad thing in the hour that she awakened to the secret behind her marriage.

His apprehensions were not without cause, for slowly there came into Lali's mind the element of comparison. She became conscious of it one day when some neighboring people called at Greyhope. Mrs. Armour, in her sense of duty, which she had rigidly set before her, introduced Lali into the drawing room. The visitors veiled their curiosity and said some pleasant casual things to the young wife, but she saw the half curious, half furtive glances, she caught a sidelong glance and smile, and when they were gone she took to looking at herself in a mirror, a thing she could scarcely be persuaded to do before. She saw the difference between her carriage and others', her manner of wearing her clothes and others', her complexion and theirs. She exaggerated the difference. She brooded on it. Now she sat down-cast and timid and hunted in face as the first evening she came. Now she appeared restless and excited.

If Mrs. Armour was not exactly sympathetic with her, she was quiet and forbearing, and General Armour, like Richard, tried to draw her out—but not on the same subjects. He dwelt upon what she did—the walks she took in the park those hours in the afternoon when, with Mackenzie or Colvin, she vanished into the beeches, making friends with the birds and deer and swans. But most of all she loved to go to the stables. She was, however, asked not to go unless Richard or General Armour was with her. She loved horses, and these were a wonder to her. She had never known any but the wild un-groomed Indian pony on which she had ridden in every fashion and over every kind of country. Mrs. Armour sent for a riding master and had riding costumes made for her. It was intended that she should ride every day as soon as she seemed sufficiently presentable. This did not appear so very far off, for she improved daily in appearance. Her hair was growing finer and was made up in the modest prevailing fashion. Her skin, not now exposed to an inclement climate and subject to the utmost care, was smoother and fairer. Her feet, incased in fine, well made boots, looked much smaller, her waist was shaped to fashion, and she was very straight and lissom. So many things she did jarred on her relatives that they were not fully aware of the great improvement in her appearance. Even Richard admitted her trying at times.

Marion went up to town to stay with Mrs. Townley, and there had to face a good deal of curiosity. People looked at her sometimes as if it was she and not Lali that was an Indian. But she carried things off bravely enough and answered those kind inquiries which one's friends make when we are in embarrassing situations with answers so calm and pleasant that people did not know what to think.

"Yes," she said in reply to Lady Balwood, "her sister-in-law might be in town later in the year, perhaps before the season was over. She could not tell. She was tired after her long voyage, and she preferred the quiet of Greyhope. She was fond of riding and country life, but still she would come to town for a time," and so on.

"Ah, dear me, how charming! And doesn't she resent her husband's absence during the honeymoon, or did the honeymoon occur before she came over to England?" And Lady Balwood tried to say it all playfully, and certainly said it somewhat loudly. She had daughters.

But Marion was perfectly prepared. Her face did not change expression.

"Yes, they had had their honeymoon on the prairies. Frank was so fascinated with the life and the people. He had not come home at once because he was making she did not know how great a fortune over there in investments, and so Mrs. Armour came on before him, and, of course, so soon as he could get away from his business he would follow his wife."

And though Marion smiled her heart was very hot, and she could have slain Lady Balwood in her tracks. Lady Balwood then nodded a little patronizingly and babbled that "she hoped so much to see Mrs. Francis Armour. She must be so very interesting, the papers said so much about her."

Now, while this conversation was going on some one stood not far behind Marion who seemed much interested in her and what she said. But Marion did not see this person. She was startled presently, however, to hear a strong voice say softly over her shoulder, "What a charming woman Lady Balwood is! And so ingenuous."

She was grateful, tremulous, proud. Why had he, Captain Vidall, kept out of the way all these weeks just when she needed him most, just when he should have played the part of a man? Then she was feeling twinges at the heart too. She had seen Lady Agnes Martling that afternoon and had noticed how the news had worn on her. She felt how much better it had been had Frank come quietly home and married her, instead of doing the wild, scandalous thing that was making so many heartburnings. A few minutes ago she had longed for a chance to say something delicately acid to Lady Balwood, once Julia Sherwood, who was there. Now there was a chance to give her bitter spirit tongue. She was glad, she dared not think how glad, to hear that voice again, but she was angry, too, and he should suffer for it, the more so because she recognized in the tone and afterward in his face that he was still absorbingly interested in her. There was a little burst of thanksgiving in her heart, and then she prepared a very notable commination service in her mind.

This meeting had been deftly arranged by Mrs. Townley, with the help of Edward Lambert, who now held her fingers with a kind of vanity of possession whenever he bade her goodby or met her. Captain Vidall had, in fact, been out of the country, had only been back a week and had only heard of Frank Armour's mesalliance from Lambert at an "at home" 48 hours before. Mrs. Townley guessed what was really at the bottom of Marion's occasional bitterness, and piecing together many little things dropped casually by her friend had come to the conclusion that the happiness of two people was at stake.

When Marion shook hands with Captain Vidall, she had herself exceedingly well under control. She looked at him in slight surprise and casually remarked that they had not chanced to meet lately in the run of small and earlier. She appeared to be unconscious that he had been out of the country, and also that she had been till very recently indeed at Greyhope. He hastened to assure her that he had been away and to lay siege to this unexpected barrier.

He knew all about Frank's affair, and though it troubled him he did not see why it should make any difference in his regard for Frank's sister. Fastidious as he was in all things, he was fastidiously deferential. Not an exquisite, he had all that vanity as to appearance so usual with the military man. Himself of the most perfect temper and sweetness of manner and conduct, the unusual disturbed him. Not possessed of a vivid imagination, he could scarcely conjure up this Indian bride at Greyhope.

But face to face with Marion Armour he saw what troubled her, and he determined that he would not meet her irony with irony, her assumed indifference with indifference. He had learned one of the most important lessons of life—never to quarrel with a woman. Whoever has so far erred has been foolish indeed. It is the worst of policy, to say nothing of its being the worst of art, and life should never be without art. It is absurd to be perfectly natural. Anything, anybody, can be that. Well, Captain Hume Vidall was something of an artist, more, however, in principle than by temperament. He refused to recognize the rather malicious adroitness with which Marion turned his remarks again upon himself, twisted out of all semblance. He was very patient. He inquired quietly, and as if honestly interested, about Frank and said—because he thought it safest as well as most reasonable—that naturally they must have been surprised at his marrying a native, but he himself had seen some such marriages turn out very well in Japan, India, the South Sea islands and Canada. He assumed that Marion's sister-in-law was beautiful and then disarmed Marion by saying that he thought of going down to Greyhope immediately to call on General Armour and Mrs. Armour and wondered if she was going back before the end of the season.

Quick as Marion was, this was said so quietly that she did not quite see the drift of it. She had intended staying in London to the end of the season, not because she enjoyed it, but because she was determined to face Frank's marriage at every quarter and have it over, once for all, so far as herself was concerned. But now, taken slightly aback, she said, almost without thinking, that

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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