

Press and Carolinian
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY
THE HICKORY PRINTING COMPANY.
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OUR OFFICE STOVE PIPE.

This Fills the Bill and Fits the
Fill.

TOO MANY BOWSERS.

Cooking is Another Branch of Bowserism
Industries.

Sometimes an episode occurs that reminds you of something similar. This is the case with us. Here is a piece written specially for and published by the St. Louis Republic. It speaks for itself.

"You know that mother will be here to-morrow," said Mrs. Bowser at dinner the other evening.

"Yes, I remember," replied Mr. Bowser, "and I shall be glad to see her. If all mothers-in-law had been like her, the funny men couldn't have worked off a single joke about it."

"She will have the side bedroom up-stairs."

"All right."

"But as the furnace doesn't seem to heat that room sufficiently I thought I'd put up a small stove."

"That's the correct thing, my dear."

"The girl got the stove up there this afternoon, but she couldn't put the pipe to-gether."

"Just so, Mrs. Bowser, and you want me to do it. All right."

"I—I was going to ask you to telephone to a stove man."

"What for? When the time comes that I can't jerk three or four lengths of stove-pipe together, I'd better retire to an asylum."

"But you—you—"

"Will lose my temper, eh? Not much! I'm as placid as a millpond and could set up 40 joints of stove-pipe without a wink. If all husbands were as calm and good-natured as I am, this would be a far better world, Mrs. Bowser. I'll trot up and fix things and be down again inside of five minutes."

Mr. Bowser reached the room mentioned to find three joints of pipe and an elbow awaiting him. He threw off his coat and picked up two of the joints. All ends were exactly of the same size. He changed ends, but found them the same. He placed the three joints in line, but the same fact was still apparent. He was pondering over it when Mrs. Bowser entered the room and handed him the hammer and said:

"You may need this. One end must be squeezed into the other, of course. If you think you can't"

"Mrs. Bowser, what did I come up here for?"

"To put up the stovepipe, dear."

"Exactly. I know how to do it. I'm going to do it. I was squeezing stovepipe together before you were born. I was simply wondering if the man who invented stovepipe was a fool or a lunatic. I'll be down in a minute."

When she had gone he dropped down on his knees and began working at two joints. There was something wrong—just a trifle somewhere. If he squeezed at one spot, a bulge appeared in another. When he tapped with the hammer on one side, the other immediately displayed a cantankerous disposition. There are six ends to three joints of stovepipe.

Mr. Bowser counted them and was perfectly satisfied of this fact. Three of the ends ought to have fitted into the other three, but they were mulishly obstinate. He was trying to fit the elbow somewhere between the three joints to see if he could not break the combination and hit a prize chromo when Mrs. Bowser entered again.

"Are you having trouble?" she asked.

"Not a bit. I was just experimenting a little. As you are only in the way, you'd better go down. If I want your valuable

assistance I'll call you."

Mr. Bowser's face was streaked with perspiration and grim. His shirt sleeves had wiped off a goodly portion of the stove blackening. Even the back of his neck seemed to have come in contact with the pipe. After Mrs. Bowser had gone he tried the elbow on the joint which he had mentally marked "Exhibit A." No go. Then he tried it on "Exhibit B." No go. Neither end of "Exhibit A" would fit in or fit over. He hammered the end of one joint in and of the other out, but we've all been there. Mr. Bowser was calm. A curious light shone in his eyes, and his ears worked backward and forward, but he didn't pick up one of the joints and demolish a gas fixture or mirror.

Meanwhile Mrs. Bowser was getting the baby to sleep, but at the same time listening intently for the climax she knew was sure to come. She heard the squeak as Mr. Bowser pressed on one end of a joint with his knee and flattened the pipe to the thickness of a pancake, and chills went over her. She knew when he got the pipe under his feet to press it back, and a hunted look came into her eyes. She followed his movements as he wiped his face on the bed-spread and then picked up a joint to attach it to the stove. He tugged. He panted. He let go to get a better hold, and in imagination she could see his eyes hanging out like peeled onions. Her heart was standing still when there was a great crash upstairs. That was Mr. Bowser falling over the stove. The second crash was the stove falling over Mr. Bowser.

That gurgling sound was Mr. Bowser trying to say something. She heard him get up. As he jumped on the different joints in succession and mashed them flat the chandeliers below waved on the breeze. She heard the window go up. She heard each piece of pipe strike in the alley, and the crash of the stove which followed made the baby yell out. Then she heard Mr. Bowser kick over two chairs, bang the wardrobe and start down with a slump, slump, slump, hair on end, collar wilted and holding up a bleeding finger, and as he entered the sitting-room she prepared for the inevitable. It came. He described several gyrations in the air with his finger, assumed a pose intended to make her feel her nothingness, and said:

"Mrs. Bowser, I shall telephone to my lawyer. When he comes, send him direct to the library—to the library, Mrs. Bowser!"

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We publish an editorial in this issue from the Cincinnati Enquirer criticising the President's message to Congress, to which we call the attention of our readers, trusting they will give it a careful perusal.

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USE Pain-Killer

THE TRANSLATION OF A SAVAGE.

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

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He did not hear her when she came. She stood near him for a moment and did not speak. Her eyes followed the direction of his look and idled tenderly with the prospect before her. She did not even notice the child. The same thought was in the mind of both—with a difference. Richard was wondering how any one could choose to change the sweet dignity of that rural life for the flaring, hurried delights of London and the season. He had thought this a thousand times, and yet, though he would have been little willing to acknowledge it, his conviction was not so impregnable as it had been.

Mrs. Francis Armour was stepping from the known to the unknown. She was leaving the precincts of a life in which, socially, she had been born again. Its sweetness and benign quietness had all worked upon her nature and origin to change her. In that it was an outdoor life, full of freshness and open air vigor, it was not antagonistic to her past. Upon this sympathetic basis had been imposed the conditions of a fine social decorum. The conditions must still exist. But how would it be when she was withdrawn from this peaceful activity of nature and set down among "those garish lights" in Cavendish square and Piccadilly? She hardly knew to what she was going as yet. There had been a few social functions at Greyhope since she had come, but that could give her, after all, but little idea of the swing and pressure of London life.

At this moment she was lingering over the scene before her. She was wondering with the naive wonder of an awakened mind. She had intended many times of late saying to Richard all the native gratitude she felt, yet somehow she had never been able to say it. The moment of parting had come.

"What are you thinking of, Richard?" she said now.

He started and turned toward her. "I hardly know," he answered. "My thoughts were drifting."

"Richard," she said abruptly, "I want to thank you."

"Thank me for what, Lali?" he questioned.

"To thank you, Richard, for everything since I came, over three years ago."

He broke out into a soft little laugh then, with his old good natured manner, caught her hand as he did the first night she came to Greyhope, patted it in a fatherly fashion and said: "It is the wrong way about, Lali. I ought to be thanking you; not you me. Why, look, what a stupid old foggy I was then, toddling about the place with too much time on my hands, reading a lot and forgetting everything, and here you came in, gave me something to do, made the little I knew of any use and ran a pretty good wire down the rusty fiddle of life. If there are any speeches of gratitude to be made, they are mine—they are mine."

"Richard," she said very quietly and gravely, "I owe you more than I can ever say—in English. You have taught me to speak in your tongue enough for all the usual things of life, but one can only speak from the depths of one's heart in one's native tongue. And see," she added, with a painful little smile, "how strange it would sound if I were to tell you all I thought in the language of my people—of my people whom I shall never see again. Richard, can you understand what it must be to have a father whom one is never likely to see again—whom if one did see again something painful would happen? We grow away from people against our will; we feel the same toward them, but they cannot feel the same toward us, for their world is in another hemisphere. We want to love them, and we love, remember and are glad to meet them again, but they feel that we are unfamiliar, and because we have grown different outwardly they seem to miss some chord that used to ring. Richard, I—I—" She paused.

"Yes, Lali," he assented, "yes, I understand you so far, but speak out."

"I am not happy," she said. "I never shall be happy. I have my child, and that is all I have. I cannot go back to the life in which I was born. I must go on as I am, a stranger among a strange people, pitied, suffered, cared for a little—and that is all."

The nurse had drawn away a little distance with the child. The rest of the family were making their preparations inside the house. There was no one near to watch the singular little drama.

"You should not say that," he added. "We all feel you to be one of us."

"But all your world does not feel me to be one of them," she rejoined.

"We shall see about that when you go up to town. You are a bit morbid, Lali. I don't wonder at your feeling a little shy, but then you will simply carry things before you. Now you take my word for it, for I know London pretty well."

She held out her ungloved hands. "Do they compare with the white hands of the ladies you know?" she said.

"They are about the finest hands I have ever seen," he replied. "You can't see yourself, sister of mine."

"I do not care very much to see myself," she said. "If I had not a maid, I expect I should look very shiftless, for

I don't care to look in a mirror. My only mirror used to be a stream of water in summer," she added, "and a corner of a looking glass got from the Hudson's Bay fort in the winter."

"Well, you are missing a lot of enjoyment," he said, "if you do not use your mirror much. The rest of us can appreciate what you would see there."

She reached out and touched his arm. "Do you like to look at me?" she questioned, with a strange simple candor.

For the first time in many a year Richard Armour blushed like a girl fresh from school. The question had come so suddenly, it had gone so quickly into a sensitive corner of his nature, that he lost command of himself for the instant, yet had little idea why the command was lost. He touched the fingers on his arm affectionately.

"Like to look at you? Like to look at you? Why, of course, we all like to look at you. You are very fine and handsome—and interesting."

"Richard," she said, drawing her hands away, "is that why you like to look at me?"

He had recovered himself. He laughed in his old hearty way and said: "Yes, yes. Why, of course. Come, let us go and see the boy," he added, taking her arm and hurrying her down the steps. "Come and let us see Richard Joseph, the pride of all the Armours."

She moved beside him in a kind of dream. She had learned much since she came to Greyhope, but yet she could not at that moment have told exactly why she asked Richard the question that had confused him, nor did she know quite what lay behind the question. But every problem which has life works itself out to its appointed end if fumbling human fingers do not meddle with it. Half the miseries of this world are caused by forcing issues, in every problem of the affections, the emotions and the soul. There is a law working with which there should be no tampering, lest in foolish interruption come only confusion and disaster. Against every such question there should be written the one word, wait.

Richard Armour stooped over the child. "A beauty," he said, "a perfect little gentleman. Like Richard Joseph Armour there is none," he added.

"Whom do you think he looks like, Richard?" she asked. This was a question she had never asked before since the child was born. Whom the child looked like every one knew, but within the past year and a half Francis Armour's name had seldom been mentioned and never in connection with the child. The child's mother asked the question with a strange quietness. Richard answered it without hesitation.

"The child looks like Frank," he said. "As like him as can be."

"I am glad," she said, "for all your sakes."

"You are very deep this morning, Lali," Richard said, with a kind of helplessness. "Frank will be pretty proud of the youngster when he comes back. But he won't be prouder of him than I am."

"I know that," she said. "Won't you be lonely without the boy—and me, Richard?"

Again the question went home. "Lonely? I should think I would," he said. "I should think I would. But then, you see, school is over, and the master stays behind and makes up the marks. You will find London a jollier master than I am, Lali. There'll be lots of shows, and plenty to do, and smart frocks, and no end of feeds and frolics, and that is more amusing than studying three hours a day with a dry old stick like Dick Armour. I tell you what, when Frank comes"

She interrupted him. "Do not speak of that," she said. Then, with a sudden burst of feeling, though her words were scarcely audible: "I owe you everything, Richard—everything that is good. I owe him nothing, Richard—nothing but what is bitter."

"Hush, hush," he said. "You must not speak that way. Lali, I want to say to you"

At that moment General Armour, Mrs. Armour and Marion appeared on the doorstep, and the carriage came wheeling up the drive. What Richard intended to say was left unsaid. The chances were it never would be said.

"Well, well," said General Armour, calling down at them, "escort his imperial highness to the chariot which awaits him, and then, ho! for London town. Come along, my daughter," he said to Lali. "Come up here and take the last whiff of Greyhope that you will have for six months. Dear, dear, what lunatics we all are, to be sure! Why, we're as happy as little birds in their nests out in the decent country, and yet we scamper off to a smoky old city by the Thames to rush along with the world, instead of sitting high and far away from it and watching it go by. God bless my soul, I'm old enough to know better. Well, let me help you in, my dear," he added to his wife, "and in you go, Marion, and in you go, your imperial highness"—he passed the child awkwardly in to Marion—"and in you go, my daughter," he added as he handed Lali in, pressing her hand with a brusque fatherliness as he did so. He then got in after them.

Richard came to the side of the carriage and bade them all goodby one by one. Lali gave him her hand, but did not speak a word. He called a cheerful adieu, the horses were whipped up, and in a moment Richard was left alone on the steps of the house. He stood for a time looking, then he turned to go into the house, but changed his mind, sat

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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