

Press and Carolinian
 PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY
THE HICKORY PRINTING COMPANY,
 Hickory, North Carolina.

A VERY SAD CASE.

We are in receipt of a marked "sample copy" of a daily newspaper dated at Braddock, Pa., March 13th, 1895, in which among other things, outside of "Covey on Bishop Foster," is the startling statement in the editorial column: "Each day furnished us with evidence of the progress of the Flinn Pill."

We have scratched our head and, by jove! we have come to the conclusion that a job has been put up on us. Here is a man who wants a whole day and a series of days, "each day," to be furnished with evidence about the "progress" of Jim Smith's or Jerry Jones, let alone the Hon. Mr. Flinn's, pill. But the erudite Editor goes on to state: "The districts Pittsburg is after are in jeopardy, the crucial test is nigh, but the interests in opposition to the bill (here is where he changes the word and meaning) "seem to be oozing out instead of increasing."

Confound the man! Does he want it to ooze out and increase too? This comes up with our North Carolina legislative pills. The only difference is, they do not "progress," each day." Who would give a cent for any other kind? "Jeopardy" is a good word. We need it held up before the public. It will show them their danger here and hereafter—provided they live to see it. But why did he not surreptitiously get in "resurgam," some where? The article is incomplete. Though he lets the pill vended public down quite easy by telling some of them, and we tell the balance, that "the crucial test is nigh." There is quite an agreement among these great minds on that point. But how are we to tell it? How are we to know it when we see it? No jobs and no bad pills can pass muster in this camp.

Indisposition or some other internal disturbance worked a racket on the Fusion and now many Republicans are charging the Populists in the late Legislature, of N. C., with having been basely ingratitudinous.

Yes; it do look like the Republicans failed of many of their desires and the Pops pulled the best chestnuts out of the hot embers with Republican fingers. Anyway, the legislature quit before it adjourned and the members all went home to arnica up the bruises.

The ladies of the Hickory Library have had their day and had their say, as well as way, in the PRESS AND CAROLINIAN. Their work shows for itself. The paper they got out last week was one of the best issues of this newspaper; and has been commented upon favorably and with pride by every one here in Hickory.

We thank the ladies for their kindness and courtesies.

I guess we are not in it. We have gone all the gaits, dressed in all the styles, been austere and severe, also pleasant and mild, each in proper turn with the view of inciting favor and creating a good opinion, but confound some people they persist in coming into our editorial sanctum and looking us square in the eye and enquiring, "Where is the Editor?" Hang such people.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy gives the best satisfaction of any cough medicine I handle, and as a seller leads all other preparations in this market. I recommend it because it is the best medicine I ever handled for coughs, colds and croup. A. W. BALDRIDGE, Millersville, Ill. For sale by O. M. Royster, Druggist. 10-4t

Mr. deSalot:—Jenks, I am in a peck of trouble.

Jenks:—What's the matter? Why don't you make it a bushel?

Mr. deSalot:—A former business man of Hickory said to me, 'you do not know these old Dutch people like I do.'

Jenks:—Well, what did you do? What did you say?

Mr. deSalot:—All I said was 'perhaps I don't want them to know me as well as they do you.'

A cool, cold-blooded calculating man has more chance of being respected by all classes of people, and gaining for himself the respect of other people in this community, as well as all others, than the man who gives liberally and lives upon the Mosaic principal of "Live and let live."

Jenks:—Why is that Episcopal church bell now ringing nearly every day?

Mr. deSalot:—Because it is Lent.

Jenks:—And I suppose like all borrowers they want to wear it out. Who borrowed it?

Mr. deSalot:—Why you old heathen! I reckon you don't even know good Wednesday from Ash Friday, go to church and learn something.

Old People.

Old people who require medicine to regulate the bowels and kidneys will find the true remedy in Electric Bitters. This medicine does not stimulate and contains no whiskey nor other intoxicant, but acts as a tonic and alterative. It acts mildly on the stomach and bowels, adding strength and giving tone to the organs, thereby aiding Nature in the performance of the functions. Electric Bitters is an excellent appetizer and aids digestion. Old people find it just exactly what they need. Price fifty cents per bottle at O. M. Royster's Drug Store.

'Squire Nye, the prosecuting attorney in the case of Harry Hayward at Milwaukee, Wis., for the murder of Miss Carrie Ling, is the brother of Bill Nye of North Carolina;—Buck Shoals

A LIFE SAVER.

What it Means to be a Surferman—Hardship and Injury His Chief Reward.

From the Woonsocket (R. I.) Reporter. One midwinter night, in a blinding snow storm Captain Arthur L. Nickerson, in command of the gallant little schooner Allen Green, ran out from Vineyard Sound before the northeast gale and made for the open sea. The storm was at its height when the wind shifted so suddenly that before the skipper realized his situation his ears caught the sound of the breakers booming on Point Judith's treacherous shore.

Fifteen minutes after the Allen Green struck, Captain Herbert M. Knowles' crew of hardy life savers had begun the work of rescue. Captain Nickerson, when brought ashore, was in a pitiable condition. As he later stated in his official report of the disaster (see Government Report) made to Superintendent Kimball of the Life Saving Service, "I suffered much from cramps and pains caused by the bruises I received before I went ashore, having been at the wheel fifteen hours continuously."

The life savers wrapped the brave young sailor in warm blankets and gave him Pain-Killer freely. The famous old remedy accomplished an immediate relief, and Captain Nickerson slept as peacefully as a child that night and awoke next morning in a condition to face another tempest, if necessary. He felt that the prompt use of Pain-Killer after his fearful experience rescued him from utterable suffering and even saved his life.

Brave Captain Knowles is now assistant superintendent of the life saving district. He says the life savers all use Pain-Killer, and consider it the best and most reliable "all-around" remedy they can have by them.

Captains Asa Church, of Point Judith station; Albert Church, of Narragansett Pier; Davis at Watch Hill; Saunders at Quonochontaug—and their gallant crews, endorse Captain Knowles in his unstinted praise of Pain-Killer as an invaluable remedy for emergencies encountered in daily life.

ECONOMICAL INK

Barbour's Tablet Ink possesses many advantages over the best liquid ink, and is sold at a lower price. Dissolve a tablet in water and you get a dead black, permanent ink, that flows freely, does not gum, leaves no sticky, messy sediment in the ink well, does not corrode the pen. You make it as you want it. If you buy it and don't like it, send it back and we'll return your money.

For fifteen cents, we will send enough tablets to make half a pint of combined writing and copying ink. For fifty cents, we will send enough tablets to make a gallon of the best "school" ink you ever saw. School ink won't copy.

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Andrews School Furnishing Company

THE TRANSLATION OF A SAVAGE.

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

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ance. He asked for a dance, but she had not one to give him. As she was leaving she suddenly turned as though she had forgotten something, and looking at him said: "I forgot to congratulate you on your marriage. I hope it is not too late."

He bowed. "Your congratulations are so sincere," he said, "that they would be apropos late or early."

When he stood with his wife while the guests were leaving and saw with what manner she carried it all off—as though she had been born in the good land of good breeding—he was moved alternately with wonder and shame—shame that he had intended this noble creature as a sacrifice to his ugly temper and spite. When all the guests were gone and the family stood alone in the drawing room, a silence suddenly fell among them. Presently Marion said to her mother in a half whisper, "I wish Richard were here."

They all felt the extreme awkwardness of the situation, especially when Lali bade General Armour, Mrs. Armour and Marion good night and then, turning to her husband, said, "Good night. She did not even speak his name. "Perhaps you would care to ride tomorrow morning. I always go to the park at 10, and this will be my last ride of the season."

Had she written out an elaborate proclamation of her intended attitude toward her husband it could not have more clearly conveyed her mind than this little speech, delivered as to a most friendly acquaintance. General Armour pulled his mustache fiercely, and, it is possible, enjoyed the situation despite its peril. Mrs. Armour turned to the mantel and seemed tremulously engaged in arranging some bric-a-brac. Marion, however, with a fine instinct, slid her arm through that of Lali and gently said: "Yes, of course Frank will be glad of a ride in the park. He used to ride with me every morning. But let us go, us three, and kiss the baby good night—good night till we meet in the morning." She linked her arm through Frank's, and as she did so he replied to Lali, "I shall be glad to ride in the morning, but"

"But we can arrange it at breakfast," said his wife hurriedly. At the same time she allowed herself to be drawn away to the hall with her husband.

He was angry, but he knew he had no right to be so. He choked back his wrath and moved on amiably enough, and suddenly the fashion in which the tables had been turned on him struck him with its tragic comedy, and he involuntarily smiled. His sense of humor saved him from words and acts which might possibly have made the matter a pure tragedy after all. He loosed his arm from Marion's.

"I must bid our father and mother good night. Then I will join you both in the court of the king." And he turned and went back and said to his father as he kissed his mother, "I am had at an advantage, general."

"And serves you right, my boy. You had the odds with you. She has captured them like a born soldier."

His mother said to him gently: "Frank, you blamed us, but remember that we wished only your good. Take my advice, dear, try to love your wife and win her confidence."

"Love her—try to love her!" he said. "I shall easily do that. But the other?" He shook his head a little, though what he meant perhaps he did not know himself, and then followed Marion and Lali up stairs. Marion had tried to escape from Lali, but was told that she must stay, and the three met at the child's cot. Marion stooped down and kissed its forehead. Frank stooped also and kissed its cheek. Then the wife kissed the other cheek. The child slept peacefully on.

"You can always see the baby here before breakfast if you choose," said Lali, and she held out her hand again in good night. At this point Marion stole away in spite of Lali's quick little cry of "Wait, Marion!" and the two were left alone again.

"I am very tired," she said. "I would rather not talk tonight." The dismissal was evident. He took her hand, held it an instant and presently said: "I will not detain you, but I would ask you, Lali, to remember that you are my wife. Nothing can alter that."

"Still we are only strangers, as you know," she quietly rejoined.

"You forget the days we were together after we were married," he cautiously urged.

"I am not the same girl. You killed her. We have to start again. I know all."

"You know that in my wretched anger and madness I"—

"Oh, please do not speak of it!" she said. "It is so bad even in thought." "But will you never forgive me and care for me? We have to live our lives together."

"No, no," she cried, "this is unreasonable. We know so little of each other. Good night again."

He turned at the door, came back, and stooping kissed the child on the lips. Then he said: "You are right. I deserve to suffer. Good night."

But when he was gone she dropped on her knees and kissed the child many times on the lips also.

CHAPTER IX.

When Francis Armour left his wife's room, he did not go to his own room, but quietly descended the stairs, went to the library and sat down. The loneliest thing in the world is to be tete-a-tete with one's conscience. A man may have a bad hour with an enemy, a sad hour with a friend, a peaceful hour with himself, but when the little dwarf, conscience, perches upon every hillock of remembrance and makes slow signs—those symbols of the language of the soul—to him, no slave upon the treadmill suffers more.

The butler came in to see if anything was required, but Armour only greeted him silently and waved him away. His brain was painfully alert, his memory singularly awake. It seemed that the incident of this hour had so opened up every channel of his intelligence that all his life ran past him in fantastic panorama, as by that illumination which comes to the drowning man. He seemed under some strange spell. Once or twice he rose, rubbed his eyes and looked round the room—the room where, as a boy, he had spent idle hours, where, as a student, he had been in the hands of his tutor, and as a young man had found recreations such as belong to ambitious and ardent youth. Every corner was familiar. Nothing was changed. The books upon the shelves were as they were placed 20 years ago. And yet he did not seem a part of it. It did not seem natural to him. He was in an atmosphere of strangeness—that atmosphere which surrounds a man, as by a cloud, when some crisis comes upon him, and his life seems to stand still, whirling upon its narrow base, while the world appears at an interminable distance, even as to a deaf man who sees, yet cannot hear.

There came home to him at that moment, with a force indescribable, the shamelessness of the act he committed four years ago. He had thought to come back to miserable humiliation. For four years he had refused to do his duty as a man toward an innocent woman, a woman, though in part a savage, now transformed into a gentle, noble creature of delight and goodness. How had he deserved it? He had sown the storm; it was but just that he should reap the whirlwind. He had scattered thistles; could he expect to gather grapes? He knew that the sympathy of all his father's house was not with him, but with the woman he had wronged. He was glad it was so.

Looking back now, it seemed so poor and paltry a thing that he, a man, should stoop to revenge himself upon those who had given him birth as a kind of insult to the woman who had lightly set him aside and should use for that purpose a helpless confiding girl. To revenge one's self for wrong to one's self is but a common passion, which has little dignity; to avenge some one whom one has loved, man or woman—and before all, woman—has some touch of nobility, is redeemed by loyalty. For his act there was not one word of defense to be made, and he was not prepared to make it.

The cigars and liquors were beside him, but he did not touch them. He seemed very far away from the ordinary details of his life. He knew he had before him hard travel, and he was not confident of the end. He could not tell how long he sat there. After a time the ticking of the clock seemed painfully loud to him. Now and again he heard a cab rattling through the square, and the foolish song of some drunken lotterer in the night caused him to start painfully. Everything jarred on him. Once he got up, went to the window and looked out. The moon was shining full on the square. He wondered if it would be well for him to go out and find some quiet to his nerves in walking. He did so. Out in the square he looked up to his wife's window. It was lighted. Long time he walked up and down, his eyes on the window. It held him like a charm. Once he leaned against the iron railings of the garden and looked up, not moving for a time. Presently he saw the curtain of the window raised, and against the dim light of the room was outlined the figure of his wife. He knew it. She stood for a moment looking out into the night. She could not see him, nor could he see her features at all plainly, but he knew that she, like him, was alone with the catastrophe which his wickedness had sent upon her. Soon the curtain was drawn down again, and then he went once more to the house and took his old seat beside the table. He fell to brooding and at last, exhausted, dropped into a troubled sleep.

He woke with a start. Some one was in the room. He heard a step behind him. He came to his feet quickly, a wild light in his eyes. He faced his brother Richard.

Late in the afternoon Marion had telegraphed to Richard that Frank was coming. He had been away visiting some poor and sick people, and when he came back to Greyhope it was too late to catch the train. But the horses were harnessed straightway, and he was

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

What is Castoria

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Respectfully,
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