

**Press and Carolinian**

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

Editor Wm. F. Marshall of the Gazette of Gastonia, N. C., has been promoted by the President to be a Presidential Postmaster; he having just been nominated for that office to succeed himself as a 4th class Postmaster.

The person who figures with such great assiduity as "knowing more about these Dutch people than we do," and who is or was or ain't a "business man," can "gnaw at gnats" and "swallow his files;" this is the last file of our paper he can file on.

The astute editor of the Newton Enterprise says he had occasion during the last campaign to have several "conferences with numbers of leading Democrats" about the conduct of the campaign. Ah, ha! You old "conference" editor! That is the way you got the Democrats beaten in the last election, is it? You just hereafter cease having occasion to hold any such "conferences."

The decision of the United States Supreme Court on the question of the constitutionality of the Income Tax is very fine reading. How long will it be before Legislators can be got together who themselves already know the then existing laws--constitutional and also statutory? Fine Republic! Adopt some means to let the people know the law.

Has the clerk or clerks in the late General Assembly of N. C., committed a forgery as well as a cheating swindle and fraud on the State and on the people? Get at him. What sort of man does it take to do this kind of business. He ought to be in the Pen. The announcement is now positively made that the bill was not Enrolled in the House and did not even get to the Senate.

A certain class of people of a certain class are all the time talking about "Sound" money, what do they mean by it? Gold seems to be the most unsound of all the money's and yet sometimes these deluded people speak of gold as being "sound" money. All money is "sound." Especially any money that has the right "gingle" to it; The "sound" money on a gold basis brings low prices. Are you for it? No.

Messrs J. C. Linney and O. E. Crowson, who recently became the editors and proprietors of the Marion Record have at once brought that valuable County newspaper into very considerable prominence as such. It may be that we have a partiality for Burke county and McDowell county newspapers, but as soon as we get them they are the first ones we read. We like to see them filled with news, brilliant editorials and well up to the high water mark with "ads" at the regular rates.

The General discontent of the people coupled with the depression in business and the consequent or other quent in low prices for every commodity in life which the farmer and the laboring man produces induces us to say that Colonel Discontent has got on top and now it is a square outfight between General Discontent and Colonel Discontent aided by absolute Universal Dissatisfaction which leads to actual upheaval and a few more disastrous consequences. We pray however for peace when there is no peace.

**DEMOCRATS FOR MAYOR AND ALDERMEN.**

There is or ought to be a change in times as times change. If Man were to do to day what he did yesterday he would always be doing the same thing, and there would be no change. The people of Hickory have tried the "bridle off" politics in municipal elections and they have found it not to work well; found it to be like poor old Ben Wade when he was Speaker of the National House of Representatives and was weighed--wanting. There is no reason why it should not be the case and there is every reason why it should be the case that the test for fitness for office should be gauged by the Democratic standard.

If the Democrats cannot win on principle and on that line be held responsible for the government of the city's affairs they ought to lose it and let those who can be made responsible win the election.

We are in it for a straight-out Democratic ticket for Mayor and Aldermen of Hickory at the next election and intend to run a ticket. We shall then see who is who, and who ain't who. The majority must win. The candidates will be published in our next issue. The Democrats are more liberal than any others and our friends the enemy can, while the lamps hold out to burn, make up their minds and get in the Democratic trenches.

**Marvelous Results.**

From a letter written by Rev. J. Gunderman, of Dimondale, Mich., we are permitted to make this extract: "I have no hesitation in recommending Dr. King's New Discovery, as the results were almost marvelous in the case of my wife. While I was pastor of the Baptist church at Rives Junction she was brought down with Pneumonia succeeding La Grippe. Terrible paroxysms of coughing would last hours with little interruption and it seemed as if she could not survive them. A friend recommended Dr. King's New Discovery; it was quick in its work and highly satisfactory in results." Trial bottles free at O. M. Royster's Drug Store. Regular size 50c. and \$1.00.

There will be a decided change in affairs in Hickory in Municipal, Aldermanic, Police and other circles after the next Municipal election, which occurs on the 1st Monday in May--shine or rain. Some body is going to be "upset," so we have heard. How, we don't know.

**Nervous People**

And those who are tired out and have that tired feeling or sick headache can be relieved of all these symptoms by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, which gives nerve, mental and bodily strength and thoroughly purifies the blood. It also creates a good appetite, cures indigestion, heartburn and dyspepsia.

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**Cosmopolitan Magazine.**

Cut this out of the PRESS AND CAROLINIAN and send it to the Cosmopolitan Magazine at Irvington on the Hudson, N. Y. and get a sample copy. 14-1

**SPECIFIC FOR SCROFULA.**

"Since childhood, I have been afflicted with scrofulous boils and sores, which caused me terrible suffering. Physicians were unable to help me, and I only grew worse under their care. At length, I began to take



**AYER'S**

Sarsaparilla, and very soon grew better. After using half a dozen bottles I was completely cured, so that I have not had a boil or pimple on any part of my body for the last twelve years. I can cordially recommend Ayer's Sarsaparilla as the very best blood-purifier in existence."—G. T. REINHART, Myersville, Texas.

**AYER'S THE ONLY WORLD'S FAIR Sarsaparilla**

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral cures Coughs and Colds

**He Was Not a Dude.**

While walking along Third street one day a reply made by a youngster set a reporter to thinking what a strange mixture a street gamin is.

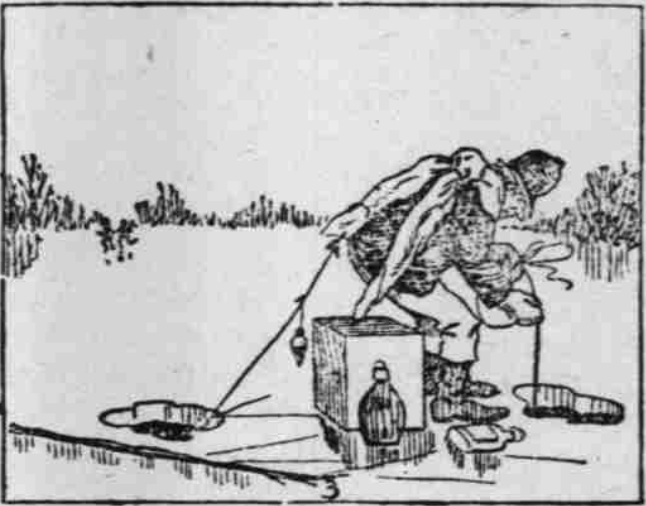
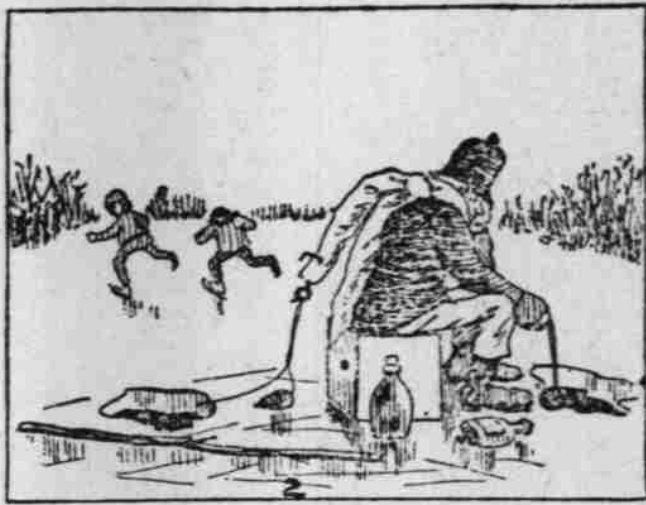
The rain was coming down in perfect torrents. The umbrella the newsman carried afforded little protection, and before him walked this youngster of 10 or 12 perfectly unconcerned.

Thinking to do him a kindness, the reporter asked if he was going in his direction and invited him to come and get out of the wet under his umbrella.

The fellow stopped, and sticking his hands deep within the pockets of his ragged trousers looked up. The rain slowly trickled down his cheeks, seeming like tears. His lips were blue with cold, but with as solemn a face as a child of his years could put on he replied:

"Say, dus yese take me fur 'a dude? I ain't a baby. I can swim."—Cincinnati Tribune.

**Mr. Fishkill's Big Bite.**



—New York World.

**The Doctor and the Monte Man.**

The card sharp had swallowed a fish bone and was about choking to death when the physician reached him. In a very short time the physician had the bone out, and the sharp was all right again.

"How much do I owe you?" he asked gratefully.

"Ten dollars," replied the physician without the sign of a blush.

"Great Scot, man!" exclaimed the sharp. "You weren't working a minute. That's an enormous price to charge."

"My dear sir," responded the physician, with professional dignity, "that is not the way to look at it. You must consider the years of practice necessary to acquire my skill."

The sharp kicked, but it did no good, and he had to pay the bill.

Several weeks later the sharp, looking like a heavy swell, was on a train out of the city, and the doctor was in the same car, but he did not recognize his former patient. The sharp was working several of his little tricks with the boards, and he finally roped in the doctor. He manipulated him carefully for some time and at last landed him for \$25.

"Here, here!" shouted the doctor when he saw his roll disappear. "You haven't given me any show at all. You got that money out of me by a simple twist of the wrist."

"My dear sir," responded the sharp soothingly, "that's no way to look at it. You should consider the years of practice necessary to acquire my skill."

Something at this moment reminded the doctor, and he looked the sharp over curiously. Then he smiled faintly and blushed.

"Um—er—ah!" he said. "Can't you give me back \$15 of that and call it square?"—Detroit Free Press.

**Pleased.**

Quiet Man (on first night of new piece)—Excuse me, sir, but I don't see any occasion for such violent applause. Demonstrative Neighbor—I do, my friend. The author is one of my wife's boarders, and he's over two months behind with his bill.—Tit-Bits.

**"SCIPLININ SISTAH BROWN."**

Shet up dat noise, you chillen! Dar's some one at de do'. Dribe out dem dogs. You, 'Rastus, tek Linkum off de flo'!

Des ma'ch yo'se'f right in, sah! (Jane, tek dem ashes out! Dis house look lak ur hoggen. You, M'randy, jump erbout!)

W'y, bress my soul, hit's Efrum! W'y, Efrum, how you do? An Tempie an de chillen? I hopes dey's all well too.

Hynh, M'randy, bresh dat stool off. Now, Efrum, des sot down. Wut's de news f'm off de Ridge, an what's de news in town?

Now, doan' you t'ink dem niggabs hed Susan fo' de chu'ch 'Bout dawning at de pa'ty. Dey call dat sinnin much.

Dey up an call ur meetin tur 'scipline Sistah Brown. But de night dey hol de meetin she tuk herse'f ter town.

Dey sont de bo' ob deacons, de pahstor at de head. Ter wait upon de sistah an pray wid her, dey said.

But Susan mighty stubbo'n, an wen dey lif' ur pra' She up an tell de deacons she des wa'n't gwine ter cyar.

An wen de reb'ren pa'son prayed about ur "sheep wus los' " An 'bout "de po bac'slidah" she gin her hend ur toss!

I seed de debbil raisin in de white ob Susan's eyes— Fyear she blow dat deacon bo'd ter "mansions in de skies."

I des tuk down my bawnjer an den I 'gins an plays, "Come dy fount ob ebbry blessin, chune my ha't ter sing dy praise."

De pa'son an de deacons dey jined me pooty soon. Lawd! Dat bawnjer shuk itse'f up playin ob de chune!

An wen dey mos' wus shoutin I tightened up ur string. Drapped right inter "Money Musk" an gin de chune fall swing.

De "Debbils' Dream" come arter—de debbil wus ter pay, Dem niggabs fell ter pattin—I larf mos' ebbry day!

Deacon Jones got on his feet, de pa'son pulled him down. I played ur little fastah, an sho's my name am Brown.

De pa'son an de deacons j'ined han's right on dis flo'. Sa'cled right an su'cled lef—it sutny wus ur show.

Dey 'naded up an down de flo', an wen hit come ter swing De pa'son gin hisse'f a flirt an cut de pidgin wing!

An wen urfo' de meetin dat 'mittee med its 'po't 'Beat Sistah Susan's dawning dey cut it mighty sho't.

De chynsman, Mr. Pa'son, said in tones so mil an sweet, Sistah Brown wa'n't guilty, caze—she nebber crossed her feet!

—J. E. Campbell in Kate Field's Washington

**Easy.**

"Does your barber give you an easy shave?"

"Yes," replied the thin skinned man. "It seems easy—for him."—Washington Star.

**His Letter.**

There's the postman! Now the letter I have waited for is here. I am his eternal debtor, Since he's bringing me such cheer. Yes, he's coming! Now he's ringing Briskly at the front door bell. All my heart with joy is singing, Yet no words its joy can tell.

Good! I've got it! Finely scented, Envelope in latest style— It's from her! She has relented! I could tell it for a mile! Quick—in here where it is lighter! Bless her heart! My darling one! She has made my whole life brighter— Hang the postman! It's a dan!

—Somerville Journal.

**A Proverb Applied.**



"Dear me, Captain Wilkins, is your horse lost?" "Well, not exactly lost, you know, but gone before."

**Flawless.**

She (at the dinner)—I think our hostess is the most perfect lady I ever saw. He—Yes, but I notice that she made one break early in the evening. She—She always does that. It puts her guests more at their ease.—New York Herald.

**Stronger Than His Income.**

Jack—Old fellow, what a fragile creature your fiancée is! She really looks as if she might break. Tom—Indeed? I expect she'll break me first.—New York Herald.

**A Waste of Energy.**

Higbee—There is a man who wastes his eloquence on the desert air. Robbins—Who is he? Higbee—An after dinner speaker.—Harlem Life.

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