

Press and Carolinian

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

Of course the Cleveland cranks and seekers after Cleveland's favors are crazy for a gold standard and, like Josh Stallings' ram, will butt the rock wall down or have it. You see Cleveland's appointees figuring in every gold standard meeting and organization. Yet Cleveland is a Snivel Reformer in civil service? He had better reform some more. A Reformer is never any good. Look at New York. The Reformers are the worst scoundrels in the whole kit. Apologists for Cleveland do themselves no credit now and will have less hereafter.

Hello! Kohlsoot has bought a paper at last. It has two names. Guess he is buying them in sections. He is a Republican. The associated press informs a yearning public that Mr. Kohlsoot tried to hire President Cleveland's so-called etc., or otherwise Democratic U. S. Comptroller of the Currency, the young Mr. Eckles, as the editor of the financial planks in the aforesaid newspaper, at a salary of "nearly" ten thousand a year. Mr. Eckles considered it and ultimately declined. He could not step out of a Democratic feathered nest into a Republican rat hole.

The shameful conduct of several small boys in this city, on Thursday of last week, should warn parents of the danger of giving their children unbridled license to tramp the streets. Childhood should be protected from too many temptations to wrongdoing. Parental authority is absolutely essential to their well-being, and if it is not exercised, it is not difficult to determine what the harvest will be.

Jenks:--Can't you find no better word than idi-o-sin-crazy to express your idea?

Mr. deSalol:--Note another one. There is no other word to express it; unless it is idiosyncrasy. You will catch my meaning by following the trend.

Jenks:--I follow.

At a recent term of Catawba Superior Court Dr. L. A. Crowell was convicted of seduction and Judge Timberlake sentenced him to prison and imposed a heavy fine. The Supreme Court has decided that he cannot be both fined and imprisoned and Crowell is remanded for re-sentence at the next term of Court.--Statesville Landmark.

Free Pills.

Send your address to H. E. Bucklen & Co., Chicago, and get a free sample box of Dr. King's New Life Pills. A trial will convince you of their merits. These pills are easy in action and are particularly effective in the cure of Constipation and sick headache. For Malaria and Liver troubles they have been proved invaluable. They are guaranteed to be perfectly free from every deleterious substance and to be purely vegetable. They do not weaken by their action, but by giving tone to stomach and bowels greatly invigorate the system. Regular size 25c. per box. Sold by O. M. Royster, Druggist.

As a financial note of considerable interest, we can state that North Carolina's are higher than they have ever been. In Richmond, yesterday 10 1/2 was bid and no sales. For 6's, 12 1/2 was bid, with no sales.--Charlotte News.

If King Solomon was alive he would now say: "Go to the traveling man, learn his ways, and be wise." Mr. C. W. Battell, a Cincinnati traveling man representing the Queen City Printing Ink Co., after suffering intensely for two or three days with lameness of the shoulder, resulting from rheumatism, completely cured it with two applications of Chamberlain's Pain Balm. This remedy is gaining a wide reputation for its prompt cures of rheumatism, lame back, sprains, swellings, and lameness. 50 cent bottles are for sale by O. M. Royster Druggist. 18-4t

COOKING FOR A MADMAN.

"You may laugh at me if you will," said Mrs. Sands, good-humoredly, "about my cooking, for I don't profess to be much in that line. I think that I took an early distaste for the business; but I believe I can say what none of you can--that I once cooked a satisfactory supper, judging by its being entirely eaten and the plates licked; but, pausing, it was for a madman."

"A madman! How strange. How came you to cook for him? Do tell us all about it," said several of the ladies, who were assembled and chatting about their cooking school.

"I don't much like to recall the circumstance for it makes me nervous, even now; and there were years that I could not mention it; but if it will entertain you I will try; and you must let me tell it in my own way, so I may not get excited over its painful remembrance."

"You nervous, Mrs. S.--? Why, I should never dream of your being nervous. You seem so placid."

"That shows how appearances deceive, for I was an extremely nervous, sensitive child, and after that supper I was much more so; and, although I am now twenty-three, it seems but a short time since then, when I wanted but two days of being seven. The date is fixed on my mind, for I was expecting a birthday party then to be given by my indulgent mother. I was a spoiled and petted child, being the youngest of five girls. My only brother was the oldest of the family, being then eighteen years old. I was his particular pet. Dear Ned, you were the best and most lovable and loving friend I ever had, and how I miss you yet, and ever will, as long as I live, and I can hardly bear to think that now you have a wife and children to pet. Then I monopolized all of your love and caresses."

"Excuse me. I am wandering from my recital. So many things are called up to my remembrance connected with this."

"To begin. My father and his family lived in the city of R.-- but during the summer he used to send us all out to his farm for our health. It was about three miles from the city, and beautifully situated on the lake shore, where we learned fishing, swimming, and all the delights of a country home, and became wild and healthy, and returned (sometimes regretfully) to our city home in the fall to attend school and resume home duties."

Well, in the fall of '80 my mother concluded that we would move to town before the fall rains and bad weather set in. Then she promised me the birthday party, so I was wild with anticipation of pleasure.

"My father had not returned from fall court, but mother thought she would not wait, but get settled by his return."

"She and the girls were packing to start, when she told brother Ned that she wished he would go on ahead in the buggy, so as to have the house aired and fires made before the rest of us arrived. He soon had the vehicle at the door, and I was frolicking about him as usual, when he said 'Mother, let Elsie go with me. I will take good care of her until you come.'"

"Of course I begged to go with him. Mother demurred at first--afraid I might take cold, etc., but we prevailed. So, getting up beside him, and, mother, wrapping me up; and putting two or three baskets in the buggy, and giving him parting instructions, we started off."

What a happy ride that was for me. Ned let me hold the lines, to make me believe that I was driving, while he had his arms about me to seize the lines if necessary. He told me fairy stories, jokes, and teased and kept me in the highest spirits imaginable.

"When we reached home Ned found that he had left the house key behind; but, finding the kitchen key, opened that. The kitchen was a separate building from the house, the door leading off the back gallery. It was one large room--cellar below, and servants room above."

Ned soon made a big fire in the cook stove, while I was dancing about him, getting on his back when he stooped to put wood in, hugging and kissing him, and kindering his efforts, not minding his mild 'Elsie, do behave.' In fact, I was as wild as a healthy, loving, delighted child could be under the circumstances--not, alas, dreaming of the misery I was to have in the too near future.

"Ned proposed that we should set the supper table in the kitchen, saying he knew mother and the girls would be glad to get their supper anywhere, they would be so tired and hungry when they came. So we spread the cloth, set the table, took out of the baskets the loaf of bread, cold ham, butter, eggs, etc., and he proceeded to

make coffee, with me teasing and hindering him, and feeling very important that I could help him so much.

"Presently he said 'Elsie, you will not mind being alone a little while, will you? I want to go down to the library a few minutes to see what new books have come in; will be back before mother comes.'"

"I said 'If you'll bring me some candy and nuts you may go.'"

"They were promised, and he went out, telling me to lock the door behind him for safety. I did so; also closed the cellar door, but did not lock it, for he had unlocked and opened it to air the cellar. Then I looked about me and began to feel lonesome. I thought I would cook the eggs to pass away the time. Then the thought occurred to me that I might make some waffles to surprise the family, that they would all be glad to have some hot bread. I had seen the cook, old Aunt Cindy, mix and bake them often. So, breaking three eggs in a pan, I proceeded to beat them, singing at the top of my voice all the time to keep up my spirits, keeping time with the beater. Several times I thought I heard a noise, but telling myself that it was only the echo of my beater against the pan, I went on, succeeding famously with the waffles until I had a pile of eight keeping warm on the back of the stove. They were nice and brown, and looked appetizing, and I felt exultingly happy over my achievement."

"But what is that noise! and surely something is coming up the cellar stairs; slowly and laboriously, making a clanging sound, and now fumbling with the latch?"

"Without a second's thought I darted up the open stairway into the servant's room. There was a hole in the floor for a stovepipe to pass through in the winter to heat the room, but not used that way in the summer. To this I crawled noiselessly and looked through below in the kitchen. What a sight met my eyes, and caused my heart to thump so that I feared it would be heard. I watched breathlessly, a creature; hardly knowing whether it were man or beast. All I could see was a great, moppy head of grizzled, tangled hair, on broad shoulders, stooping over, carrying in his right arm a large iron ball, which, upon further investigation, I saw, was attached to his ankle by a long chain, while the other ankle had a shorter piece of chain dangling, which made a noise at every movement. He had only a loose robe of striped goods like bed ticking, but so tattered and dirty and blood-stained that it was of no define color."

"Suddenly the creature made an awful sound that almost froze the blood in my veins. It was more like the roar of a lion than anything human. It sounded something--between a chuckle and a groan--huh, huh, oo, oo, o-o-m, drawing out the last syllable."

"Oh, Mrs. S.--! Don't do that again. You make me so nervous," said Mrs. L--."

"Oh, you are nervous too, are you? But I can tell you that I cannot make it one-half as terrible as his was. His voice must have been a basso profundo with a guttural attached. That sound was constantly in my ears for years, and I never can forget the creeping sensations down my back when I heard it."

The creature approached the stove jangling his chain and muttering, and seeing the waffles, reached his left hand out clutching them as with a claw, and almost choking himself--munching them so fast. Soon they were gone. Then the hot coffee went--he drinking out of the pot. Then he turned and saw the table. All the eatables followed quickly down his his capacious maw, he licking the plates they were on, occasionally stopping to make that music which you request me not to repeat. He looked about for more, but seeing none, commenced amusing himself by throwing the dishes against the stove and walls. Everything that was breakable went the same way, until it was a scene of utter devastation."

"Next thing, to my horror, he went to the stove, and muttering 'I will warm; I will warm,' began to rake out the coals and brands from the stove."

"Almost beside myself, and fearing to be burned, I cried out in the agony of my soul 'Oh, don't! don't!'"

He threw back his head and looked up at me. I never can forget that first view of his face. Eyes like burning coals, looking out from under bushy, tangled hair, with black rims under them, and so much dirt and blood, on the whole, that a lion's face would be a beauty compared with it."

With another loud noise, he limped over to the stairway, and slowly ascended, carrying his huge iron ball, and clanking the other chain at every step."

"Is it not a wonder that I did not die

right then and there?"

"Yes," said one of the ladies. "I think that you must have died and that is your very substantial ghost that we see, but go on, don't stop now, for pity's sake."

"Self preservation is the first law of nature, so I darted to the far corner of the room, but quivering with fear. 'Ah, my pretty chicken, I have got you now upon your roost and I will eat you too,' he greeted me with. Then began the closest chase on record; to and fro, to and fro, he keeping between me and the stairway. His having to carry the ball so he could walk, and only being able to use his left hand to catch me, was in my favor, but several times he caught my dress skirt, which being of thin material, was left in his claw. He also caught my hair, of which he got several locks, and I still have a bald spot on the back of my head to remember him by. but I cannot forget him anyway, if no token was left. The chase seemed to me of hours' duration, but I suppose really lasted only a few minutes. Getting desperate at his lack of success, he dropped his heavy ball on the floor and went for me with both hands. I dodged him once again, and he, making a sudden turn, sent the ball rolling; then, as if guided by Providence, it rolled in the right direction and dropped through the hole through which I had watched him, dragging him along with its heavy weight, until his leg followed it and went through and he lay flat and helpless. I afterward heard that the leg was dislocated. I rushed by him down the stairway, unlocked the door and fell sobbing into Ned's arms, a poor, limp little object, with dress in tatters, hair disheveled and tangled with gore, unable to speak, but could only point to the ball and chain and leg superfluous from the ceiling. Ned had been knocking, calling, and trying to break the strong lock for several minutes, but the carriage had just arrived with mother and the girls, who were all crying around me. I was carried off to bed, and to make it short, I will only say I had a long spell of brain fever, which left me so prostrated and nervous that I could not sleep for months, without starting up and crying that 'Dooga was after me,' a name that I gave him in my delirium."

"To go back to that eventful evening--help was called in and the maniac was carried to the asylum, from which he had escaped months before. Search had been made for him in vain. He had broken a window in our cellar and had been concealed there a long time, the house being vacant. The cellar presented a horrible appearance, and it was judged, from the nature of the bones, that he had subsisted on raw cats and dogs, which he had decoyed through the window."

"My dear Mrs. S.--, you have entertained us most horribly. I hope you will never do so again," said Mrs. Gould."

"You must not make fun of my cooking, then, for you see I am an experienced cook," replied Mrs. Sands. "Yes, with a very novel experience, which none of us crave, and a very bad result."

"Well, I was sorry that the family could not enjoy my waffles, of which I was so proud. They were satisfied to recover me alive; for my life hung in the balance for a long time after my first attempt at cooking. Do you wonder that I made no more attempts for a long time, and am not particularly fond of it now. I hope, though, to get interested in our new school, and succeed in cooking, and forget the horrible experience of my first attempt in that line."

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