

Press and Carolinian.

THE PRESS AND CAROLINIAN is issued every Thursday by The Hickory Printing Company.

Entered at the Post Office in Hickory, North Carolina, as second class matter.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:
CASH IN ADVANCE.

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EDITOR.

One Year \$1.00
Six Months .60
Three Months .35

THE COTTON STATES EXPOSITION.

In the days of the old Roman Empire it was triumphantly proclaimed and which became an adage, that, "All roads lead to Rome." Now it is, "All roads lead to Atlanta." That this is true, needs only investigation for verification. While you would probably not believe it yet it is true. While you would recklessly not believe, that is another question. The Cotton States and International Exposition is a success. It is a grandisimo. The grandest of the grand. To compare it to the World's Fair at Chicago is like comparing the country Squire who became a Judge to his son who came to be from a congressman to be a leader in the United States Senate. This simile for politics. But to bring it more directly in line in comparison to the understanding of one who has not seen the world and who is to the manor born in the South, it is the grandest State Fair, after the biggest County Fair, ever held in the State. It is more than, "one grand sweet song." It is the song and the dream. The dream of the song realized. You go there, you see it. You come away and wish you were there again. It is all in a life time and only in a life time such as we enjoy these latter 19th century days that such can or has been seen. When our civilization passes away, as all previous civilizations have inevitably passed away into the dim past, the glories of the American Centennial at Philadelphia in 1876, and the 400th celebration of the Discovery of America at the World's Fair in Chicago in 1893, and the grand rehabilitation, though under adverse circumstances, of the unsolidified but half way reconstituted southern section of the reunited States at the Cotton States and International Exposition at Atlanta, Georgia in 1895, will stand out in bold relief and be referred to as the stages in the era which marked indelibly and most prominently the progress of the whole world and more particularly that of our own portion of it. Three events in one new Nation, new country, in the latter portion of the 19th century which mark as epochs in the progress of the people of the whole world. When London has passed away and with it Great Britain, as did Babylon, and Paris as Rome, and the great city of America, which shall stand out as the synonym of the continent and the great Master of the World shall have crumbled into dust and the past, and the archaeologist finds ruins and unearths relics after the supervening era of the dark ages, he will find Atlanta, the capital of Georgia, a State in the South, one of the first of the original of the great Nation, with its record of the ingenuity of Man and his progress in civilization. It is worth your while and the expense of a visit to Atlanta at this time. Go and see it for yourself. It cannot be told to you. There is no adequate manner of telling it to each comprehension. If we were both there you would want to see this and we would want to see that. See the Exposition. It is the schooling of a life time. It is the Up To Date schooling.

A exposition in a foreign country is of no use to us, only as a show. This is practical to our everyday wants and adapted to the development of future requirements. Go and see the Exposition! Learn something while you may. It is cheap. The expense is nothing, comparatively speaking.

With regard to any comparison as between Chicago and Atlanta the only thing in that line is that Atlanta is a sequel to Chicago's Novel. It explains the whole business. The Atlanta Exposition, as it is called, is the grandest thing that has ever taken place in the South. It is a revelation. It is a new era.

Stirred by self poised ambition, goaded by wanton unwarranted slurs upon their manhood and patriotism the people of the South have sought and wrought their own salvation and find it through the Atlanta Exposition. Its fruition is the blissful Hope for the Future. Heavenward cast your eyes and pray for a blessing upon the people who have got it up.

While we do not know that Senator Sherman has chosen this time for the publication of his recollections during forty years in office with the special idea of injuring one Benj. Harrison, there are reasons which squint that way. For instance, Mr. Sherman charges in his book, without any ifs, ands, or buts, that Mr. Harrison's nomination for the presidency in 1888 was brought about by a corrupt bargain with one man who controlled the New York delegation. Although no names are used, it is perfectly plain that Mr. Sherman refers to the promise made by Steve Elkins, now a member of the Senate from West Virginia, on behalf of Mr. Harrison, to Boss Tom Platt, who was the man in control of the New York delegation, that if Harrison was nominated and elected, he (Platt) should be Secretary of the Treasury. The breaking of that promise made Platt the bitter enemy of Harrison that he has been every since. Mr. Sherman also has a fling at all the prominent Republicans, and he leaves the impression that with the exception of Hayes—who made Sherman Secretary of the Treasury and allowed his whole administration to be used to push his presidential boom—they were a bad and tricky lot, an impression, barring the exception, doubtless shared by lots of people.

When the archaeologist, to whom we refer in another article, unearths prehistoric relics from the ruins of Atlanta in the year 3501, he will chuckle in glee over the mummies of Frank P. Rice, Henry L. Wilson, Evan P. Howell, Porter King, Wm. D. Grant, Wm. A. Hemphill, James R. Wylie, Charles A. Collier, James R. Lewis, Samuel M. Inman, Clark Howell, Henry H. Cabaniss, Rufus B. Bullock, Isaac W. Avery, Antoine Kontz, Robert J. Lowery, and a host of other celebrities of Atlanta who have figured in the Cotton States and International Exposition and exclaim, "What wonderful men these were!"

Just hold your corn Buddie. It is the long-eared sow that hears the least particle of noise. The drought this Fall, which is general throughout the United States and the greater part of Europe, after a full corn crop, has prevented ploughing and consequently will prevent the raising of any wheat crop next year. Nature takes care of her own. It is not for man to know how or why because he is too narrow minded. His conception is limited. But Nature indicates, if man will but heed.

CATCHING COLD

Is What So Many People Are Doing Now-a-Days, and Thus Laying a Foundation for Chronic Catarrh.

Already the season of catching cold is upon us. The cough and the sneeze and nasal twang is to be heard on every hand. The origin of chronic catarrh, the most common and dreadful of chronic diseases, is a cold. This is the way chronic catarrh usually begins: A person catches cold, which hangs on longer than usual. Then follow sensitiveness of the air-passages, which inclines one to catch cold very easily. At last the person has a cold all the while seemingly—more or less discharge from the nose, hawking from the throat, nostrils stopped up, full feeling in the head, cracking in the ears.

The best time to treat catarrh is at the beginning. A bottle of Pe-ru-na, properly used, never fails to cure a common cold thus preventing chronic catarrh. While many people have been cured of catarrh by a single bottle of Pe-ru-na, yet, as a rule, when the catarrh becomes thoroughly fixed more than one bottle is necessary to complete a cure. Pe-ru-na has cured cases innumerable of twenty years' standing. It is the best, if not the only, internal remedy for chronic catarrh in existence. But prevention is far better than cure. Every person subject to catching cold should take Pe-ru-na at once at the slightest symptom of cold at this season of the year, and thus prevent what is almost certain to end in chronic catarrh.

Send for free book on catarrh. Address The Pe-ru-na Drug Manufacturing Company, Columbus, Ohio. Ask your druggist for the Pe-ru-na Almanac.

DOING GOOD WORK.

The following was published in the column of the Southern Poet Laureate Journalist, Frank L. Stanton, on the Editorial page of the Atlanta Constitution on the 16th.

Colonel Marcellus E. Thornton and wife came down with the North Carolina journalists to visit friends in Atlanta and see the Exposition. The Colonel is one of Atlanta's old time newspaper men, and both he and his wife are very popular here. Colonel Thornton's pen is doing good work these days on the PRESS AND CAROLINIAN, published at Hickory, N. C.

It is the impression among diplomats and officials in Washington that Great Britain is making an attempt to bluff the Venezuelan government out of its boots, in ordering that fortifications be erected upon the disputed territory, lying between Venezuela and British Guiana, and that it was to gain time to see the effect of the bluff, and not to make a European combination against the Monroe doctrine, as has been sensationally reported, that the British government requested further time to consider Secretary Olney's last communication, which states the position of the United States as to the maintenance of the Monroe doctrine. John Bull is a wise old chap in spite of his occasional bluster. He would much rather accomplish his purpose by scaring Venezuela than by trying the dangerous experiment of ignoring the Monroe doctrine. If the Venezuelans only display a little backbone now that boundary line dispute will be submitted to arbitration, in accordance with the original suggestions of President Cleveland.

The Hickory Mercury of last week said:

Col. and Mrs. M. E. Thornton started Monday for the Atlanta Exposition. It was the day when the Press Association of the State were to go in a body. We know the editors and their ladies will have a nice time, at least, we wish it for them.

The other N. C. Press Association editors arrived in Atlanta the day before Col. and Mrs. M. E. Thornton.

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being torn down to be put in the breast-works. Then I got back to Atlanta with my brother on the morning of the 3d day after Sherman's Army left. We could not drive our spring wagon through Whitehall street, on account of the large number of mules that were dead, the largest piles of them being about 150 feet south of Alabama street. Besides the brick walls standing were dangerous and the streets were strewn with bricks. So I have seen Atlanta. But now, although I love it; although I love dear old Georgia; and although I know more of Atlanta, the people, than any other man in Atlanta; and although I know more of Georgia, the people, than any other man in Georgia, I fear that I shall never see it again. I bade my dear old mother "Farewell," when I was in Atlanta.

Yes, I will do as much for Hickory and for Burke county and for Western North Carolina as I ever did for Atlanta and for Georgia. What I want is for some of my friends who are weary of turmoil or who wish a spot where they can have recreation, pure air, clear ozone, a health-giving climate, to come to Hickory, or any part of Western North Carolina, or to Bridgewater. My boyhood friend, Hon. James D. Collins, (Jim) of the firm of Venable Bros. & Co., or used to be; any way he is of the big Collins Brick Co., and one of the Commissioners of Fulton county, said he had some detached property there on the suburbs of Atlanta worth \$35,000, which he wanted to swap for a good farm in Western North Carolina so he could come up here, get some fresh air, fish and hunt and raise hogs. Jim is worth a pretty good sum of money and would make things hum around his settlement. He wanted to swap with me, as he said he wanted to get near me. But I told him I would sell him one of my wife's thirteen farms for the cash and would be glad to have him yet we were not swapping North Carolina farms on the Catawba river at Bridgewater for any outside property. I would like to get a colony of first-class thoroughbred Georgians up at Bridgewater. We could fish and shoot partridges at our own sweet will.

MARCELLUS EUGENE THORNTON.

Minister Treated for a Sore Eye—A Good Report from the Exposition.

special to the Observer.

HICKORY, Oct. 21.—Rev. J. A. Ramsay, pastor of the Presbyterian church, has been suffering much with an ulcerated eye, caused by the entering of a small particle of dust. He went to Raleigh on the 11th inst. and had Dr. Lewis to treat the eye, returning after a few days with assurances that his eye would be fully restored. After great care he appeared in his pulpit Sunday morning and being aided in his reading by one of the elders, he preached then and again at night two of his most acceptable sermons.

Col. and Mrs. M. E. Thornton returned from Atlanta on Saturday last, with much to say in behalf of the exposition, though greatly afflicted with the dust there and elsewhere prevailing. Col. Thornton thinks the Atlanta Exposition a great success, comparatively beating the World's Fair.

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Roll of Honor.

The intermediate department in the public school gives honorable mention of the names of those pupils whose department for the week is perfect, and general average not lower than 95 in first division, 90 in second, and 85 in third. For the week ending Oct. 18th, the following names are entitled to this distinction:

DIVISION 1st.—Bessie Killian, Nettie Brown, Plato Huffman, George Huffman, Oscar Bangarner, Cleveland Witherspoon.

DIV. 2nd.—Mattie Millard Houck, Julia Ava Nichols, Clement Bangarner, Joe Abernethy, Harry Cooper.

DIV. 3rd.—Dora Witherspoon, Mary Deal, Frank Houck.

Mrs. L. C. HUNTER, Teacher.

Diocesan District of Asheville.

The Episcopal convention at Minneapolis, Minn., has adjourned.

In the convention Dr. Richards, from the committee on new Dioceses, offered a resolution concurring with the House of Bishops and favorable to the erection of a new missionary district in Western North Carolina. After an hour's discussion the resolution was adopted by the following vote: Clerical vote—ayes 51, noes 1; divided 1; Lay vote—ayes 28, noes 6; divided 2.

A message was received from the House of Bishops to the effect that the new missionary district of North Carolina shall be known as the District of Asheville.



The most interesting race meeting at a county fair in North Carolina will take place at Reidsville, Rockingham county, during the county fair on Oct. 21st. There will on that date be a race between the great North Carolina stallion, John R. Gentry, and the equally celebrated pacer, Joe Patchen, for a purse of \$2,000. They are both inside of the 2:05 limit in pacing a mile. This event will draw thousands of people.

Judge T. E. Field, the merchant, has just moved into his new and elegant dwelling house, on the corner of Watonga street and Champion avenue.

The plans of the house were drawn by Mr. Bonniwell, and it is one of the most conveniently arranged and commodious of modern houses. Everything is up-to-date. It has nine rooms, two large halls, three arches in the hall below, the middle one being over the stairway. There is a large parlor and sitting room and other rooms down stairs, with a large pantry and butler's. Bathroom upstairs, a cellar underneath the whole house, and the lot beautifully graded. The outside porches and fillagreeing give a castle-like appearance to the building of the Queen Anne order.

Judge Field has cause to be proud of his elegant residence, which is finished in hard woods.

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Jenks: Talking about ovals, etc., and also the grand reception of President Cleveland in Atlanta. I had a grand ovation at my house.

Mr. deSalol: What was that friend Jenks?

Jenks: My wife had twins and there happened to be three doctors there and my wife two aunts and my sister.



Are you taking SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR, the "KING OF LIVER MEDICINES?" That is what our readers want, and nothing but that. It is the same old friend to which the old folks pinned their faith and were never disappointed. But another good recommendation for it is, that it is BETTER THAN PILLS, never gripes, never weakens, but works in such an easy and natural way, just like nature itself, that relief comes quick and sure, and one feels new all over. It never fails. Everybody needs take a liver remedy, and everyone should take only Simmons' Liver Regulator.

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