

Press and Carolinian.

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EDITOR.

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WHAT WILL WE DRINK, ANYHOW.

The Holy Bible in some Book Chapter and passage which seems not entirely familiar to the general public recites that the average of man is or should be at this Period of Time, four score years and ten. Now if a "score" is twenty years, four score and ten years would aggregate 70 years. That is what Keliegabulus said, in writing of his friend the Phoenician, who hit him with a brick bat, or small sized cobble stone, or Belgian block. When Adam and Methuselah lived and resided in the deserts of the far off effete East or Orient they were of necessity compelled or forced to live a long period of time in order to be able to comply with the Scripture wherein it saith in one place if not sundry places, "multiply and replenish the earth." Four score years and ten would have afforded those old chaps very little time in which to accomplish the object. As the world progressed and increased in population Time became more valuable—as well as land—and people got to living faster than their religion would admit of and hence from 969 year we have the term of four score and ten years. Very few people, especially good people, such as us, our friend John and his wife and our—no my wife, us four and no more care to live much longer than the four and no more care to live much longer than the four score and ten year; and why? Because after that time we become a burden, not only to our friends and family, but also to ourselves. We do not know this from experience, but have seen it exemplified. Hence, anything that tends to alleviate human suffering has our sympathy and commendation. That is to make life easy up to the Scriptural limit, with a margin beyond for not having been too good so as to give good meat for repentance. Down in Atlanta recently they got after the Dairymen and actually imposed fines in court upon them for watering sweet milk. Two or three days afterwards the main pipe of the water works busted and left the city without water works water. The milk was worse than ever and two people died from its effects. They are now talking of starting a milk pipe line. But a red headed doctor chips in with the statement that there is no material of which they can make a pipe line but which would operate to produce a corrosive adhesion of the animalcule to the pipe line and they would deteriorate as old age crept on and would cause a stench as well as nausea and consequent sickness and premature death. You see you cannot tell how these things are going unless you have a regular physician to tell you after diagnosing your case. Now here we have the N. Y. Herald, a regular thoroughbred—in some things—quoting the following from a French medical journal in the report of a lecture. From it we can see at least two years knocked out of our longevity from the use of simple plain pure coffee three times a day. And it is good coffee too, the best to be had—in this country. It says:

"Coffee dyspepsia resembles alcoholic gastritis—mucus vomiting in the morning; pain in the

pit of stomach irradiating to the back; furry tongue and distaste for meat and solid food. At a more pronounced degree there is nausea and even vomiting of food, sour regurgitation, finally cachexy. Unlike alcohol, however, coffee produces neither bloody vomiting nor motions, and especially no ulceration of the stomach.

The circulatory apparatus is also unfavorably affected by tonic intoxication by coffee. Palpitations are rare. It is rather a slowing up of the pulse that is noticed:

Sleep disappears or is accompanied by terrifying dreams. In an upright position the patient complains of a sensation or vacuum in the head and often vertigo. At this period of intoxication there is very marked trembling of the upper and lower limbs, and also the trembling of the lips that may spread to all the muscles of the face and the tongue. Painful cramps also make their appearance in the muscular masses of the calf and thigh, particularly at night, preventing sleep."

The slight allusion to gastritis strikes our case in hand. It is produced in the same manner and from Catarrh of the head following to the thorax and superincubating Catarrh of the stomach with all of the disastrous concomitant results stated above. The fact is more people are dying from Catarrh than from any other disease; and whiskey or poor brandy is producing more catarrh than any other cause.

This is all we have to say on the subject. Study the question for yourself. Let's shake and quit using coffee in any form, only twice a day. Three times are too many. But what will we drink?

The Morganton Herald has just changed ownership. Mr. William C. Ervin, the clever genial gentleman and erudite editor has sold out to Mr. T. G. Cobb, who has been with the Herald from the first and was formerly the owner of the Star a much valued paper. Mr. Cobb is the son of Mr. R. A. Cobb the publisher of the Morganton Populist and who was the Populist candidate at the last election for Lieutenant Governor. Mr. T. G. Cobb, the new owner of the Herald, is a good printer and a first class business young man. We believe he will increase the prestige and business of the Herald. It takes a good business man, and Mr. Cobb knows that he is the business man and not the Editor. He is the son-in-law of our neighbor and friend Robt. N. Kincaid, Esq. near Bridgewater. We wish Mr. Cobb and the Herald abundant success.

No doubt many people and especially persons who are readers of the PRESS AND CAROLINIAN have heard of the sweet and oft repeated song of church people on a Sunday morning, beginning:

"Oh for a thousand tongues to sing;"—and the other one; "Oh, for a voice to praise," etc.

You certainly have heard of the little boy who started down the street accompanied by his dog, and he, (not the dog,) stopped to eat some green persimmons, and when his dog ran ahead of him and he tried to whistle to the dog, the boy yelled out to the crowd, "I'll bet a dollar I lose that dog; cause I cant whistle."

That is us. We cant whistle; and the dog's got to go.

We have had several decidedly flattering encomiums passed upon our local article in the PRESS AND CAROLINIAN last week in regard to the D'Anna Thompson and little child Hugh D'Anna matter. The ladies say we recited facts without being unpleasant.

A SURE THING.

How You Can Get Rid of That Catarrh That Bothers You?

Have you got Catarrh? If you have not, you are a lucky man. At least every third man has it. If you have got catarrh, what are you going to do about it? Are you going to continue and hawk, and spit, and snuff, and choke, and sneeze, and cough, and do all the other disagreeable things that catarrh patients are obliged to do? There is no use of this. You can get cured if you want to. This is the way:

The first thing you want to do is to get a bottle of Pe-ru-na, take a teaspoonful before each meal and at bedtime. Gradually increase this dose at the end of one month you are taking a tablespoonful at each dose. If you are not well at the end of that time sit down and write Dr. Hartman, of Columbus, Ohio, a letter, just give the facts, and you will receive a prompt answer, which will tell you exactly what to do further. Be sure to write Dr. Hartman before quitting the treatment.

Every family ought to have a copy of the Pe-ru-na Almanac. Ask your druggist for one.

Look here! By jings here is an editorial in the Shelby Aurora of Thursday (afternoon) August 8th, 1895, W. H. Miller, editor and proprietor. We suppose he is correct or that is, somebody is, in all these assertions. Anyway he says: "Wanted a Leader." Then he proceeds at some length to say we have no leader and we need a leader. That is to say, us, that is, the Democratic party. We do not care whether we are the fag end or the front end; it is all the same to us personally. However, this editorial of the esteemed and we may also add—with much unction—highly prized and these latter words should be in Roman capitals—contemporary, strike us as being a fit (—no, not fit; what is fit?) subject for argument.

Thus, to make the thing emphatic the Aurora desires a "Leader" a leader for the Democratic party of North Carolina. By Jove! It does strike us between the nose, eyes and ears that the Democratic party of North Carolina does need a leader and a leader who can lead and win.

We are disgustingly disgusted with the new schedule arrangement of the Southern Railway whereby the train from Salisbury which was designated the "vestibule" has been discontinued. It was a good train and a good arrangement and was building up a lot of business on this section or division for the Southern Railway Company. But of course if it does not pay them to run this train then they are right in discontinuing it. But there is this to say about it, Hon. John S. Henderson, as Chairman of the Committee on Post Offices and Post Roads did more than his action justifies. There may be a rectification or a cutting off.

Our friend from Morganton Samuel J. Ervin, Esq., the esteemed and distinguished attorney at law of Morganton, of whom we think he is the best in the state, got our fees, etc., but that is all right. He came down here to Hickory. Well, that's all right. We are solid for him for Judge of this circuit next time and when we set our heads two ox teams can't beat us.

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THE MAN ABOUT TOWN.

ONE DOG WITH EACH TICKET.

Speaking about Western beer saloons having signs reading "one boiled egg with each glass except a schooner," is somewhat a reminder of the following which has just been issued as a bulletin by the Southern Railway for the benefit of the hundreds of gentlemen who come from the North every winter to hunt birds. The Eastern Field Trial Club have their meets in this, Catawba county, near Newton. The bulletin is as follows: "Dogs belonging to hunters or sportsmen will be carried in their baggage cars free when accompanied by owners, only one dog free for each ticket. When dogs are in crates or cages they will be charged for at excess baggage rates. Persons wishing to travel with their dogs would do well to bear this in mind."

A North Carolina court decides that to hold the hand of an unmarried female for an hour, squeezing the same now and then, is equivalent to a proposal of marriage, whether either party says a word or not. Great Jerusalem! What a narrow escape we had.

"After you," politely remarked the undertaker, as he met the doctor at the door with crape on it. That is, the door. But the door had the best of it. Any undertaker who goes after a doctor is not fit for the business. Doctors are more up to snuff.

The erudite but unindicted Tattler of the Louisville Times makes some "pinted," pithy and pertinent remarks which we herewith transcribe for the electrification and dedication of the very chosen few: "The recent earthquake shook the statue of modesty from its pedestal and chased its blushes into the nothingness of the nowhere. One party of men and women in a boarding-house rushed down stairs in their night gear and clung together after a nothing-shall-part-us fashion brought about by fright. Finally one of the men suddenly realized that his costume was not exactly a full dress affair, so he hurriedly rushed upstairs and came down again with a large diamond pin fastened on the front of his night shirt. It was only too evident that his ideas had gone wool gathering and he fancied that the pin was all that was necessary to give him a full-dressed appearance. The ladies were more badly frightened than the men and did not care a continental for dress. Figures which were supposed irreproachable were found to have lied sadly, and when finally a gentleman who had been out to see what harm had been done came in, they pranced up to him, extended their hands and exclaimed: "Oh, Mr. Hello; oh, dear Mr. Hello, do tell us what we shall do?"

"Well, ladies," replied that gentleman as he eyed them narrowly, "I would advise you to go and put on some clothes."

Say Jenks, do you see that man driving that team with a load of shingles? said Mr. de Salol.

Jenks: Yes, sir; I see him and he looks like a fine gentleman."

Mr. de Salol: That is the gism and the gusm of the whole business, Jenks. Looks and business are all right in their line. Shakespeare said: "Put raiment on thy back," or something like that. But said he more specifically, "Dress according as thy purse will allow." No, he put it different. But you catch the idea.

Jenks: Never caught anything in my life. Always had to work hard. Don't come any shennanigan over my poor weak bones and soul.

Mr. de Salol: But Jenks, you are like the man with the fly in the rat trap: Keep him when you can.

Jenks: Durn you and your flies and all the rats I ever saw.

Mr. de Salol: Just so Jenks: Bon Swoir.

Fast Southern Train.

Chicago, Nov. 3.—The fastest train ever made between the North and South by a railroad was inaugurated today. The limited train leaving Chicago this afternoon at 5:10 over the Chicago and Eastern Illinois had the honor of initiating the record breaking. It will reach Atlanta tomorrow at 4 p. m., making the running time 22 hours and 58 minutes. This, according to General Agent Stone, will be the regular standard hereafter.

The change thus started, it is said, is the beginning of a practical revolution in the operation of southern railway lines, inevitably involving a vast network of roads and emphasizing the recent break up of the Mason and Dixon line in transportation matters.

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44-45
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Schedule in effect from and after Oct. 13, 1895.

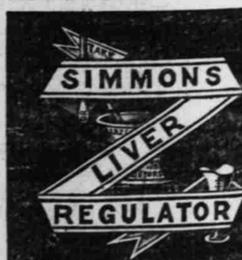
Central Time Standard.			
Going North.	No. 10.	No. 60.	
Leave Chester, S. C.	7:20 a m	7:50 a m	
" Lowrysville, S. C.	7:40 a m	8:25 a m	
" McConnelleville, S. C.	8:00 a m	8:50 a m	
" Guthrieville, S. C.	8:12 a m	9:05 a m	
" Yorkville, S. C.	8:34 a m	10:05 a m	
" Clover, S. C.	9:11 a m	10:50 a m	
" Gastonia, N. C.	9:50 a m	12:10 a m	
" Dallas, N. C.	10:05 a m	12:26 p m	
" Lincoln, N. C.	11:05 a m	1:30 p m	
" Newton, N. C.	11:54 a m	3:00 p m	
" Hickory, N. C.	12:30 p m	5:00 p m	
Arrive Lenoir, N. C.	1:35 p m	4:40 p m	
Going South.	No. 61.	No. 9.	
Leave Lenoir, N. C.	5:00 a m	8:25 p m	
" Hickory, N. C.	6:42 a m	4:30 p m	
" Newton, N. C.	8:10 a m	3:38 p m	
" Lincoln, N. C.	9:30 a m	2:55 p m	
" Dallas, N. C.	11:00 a m	6:43 p m	
" Gastonia, N. C.	12:06 p m	6:55 p m	
" Clover, S. C.	1:35 p m	7:35 p m	
" Yorkville, S. C.	2:25 p m	8:11 p m	
" Guthrieville, S. C.	3:53 p m	8:37 p m	
" McConnelleville, S. C.	3:46 p m	8:41 p m	
" Lowrysville, S. C.	3:30 p m	8:58 p m	
Arrive Chester, S. C.	4:10 p m	9:29 p m	

Trains Nos. 9 and 10 are first class, and run daily except Sunday. Trains Nos. 60 and 61 carry passengers and also run daily except Sunday. There is good connection at Chester with the C. U. N. & N., and the C. C. & A.; also at Gastonia with the A. & G. A. L.; at Lincoln with the C. C.; and at Hickory and Newton with the W. N. C.

L. T. NICHOLS, Sup't. G. W. F. HARPER, Pres. Chester, S. C. Lenoir, N. C.

Earthquake at sea.

Port Townsend, Wash., Nov. 3.—The schooner Mary Kupne, from Alaska, reports experiencing a severe earthquake at sea October 24. The captain was in the rigging and the sea was smooth as glass when the vessel began to shake violently, every timber creaking and the sea became greatly agitated. The vibrations lasted two minutes. On the following day the schooner passed through an area of apparently muddy water.



GOOD FOR EVERYBODY

and everyone needs it at all times of the year. Malaria is always about, and the only preventive and relief is to keep the Liver active. You must help the Liver a bit, and the best helper is the Old Friend, SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR, the RED Z. Mr. C. Himrod, of Lancaster, Ohio, says: "SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR broke a case of Malarial Fever of three years' standing for me, and less than one bottle did the business. I shall use it when in need, and recommend it."

Be sure that you get it. Always look for the RED Z on the package. And don't forget the word REGULATOR. It is SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR, and there is only one, and every one who takes it is sure to be benefited. THE BENEFIT IS ALL IN THE REMEDY. Take it also for Bilioousness and Sick Headache; both are caused by a sluggish Liver.

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