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The SYMPTOMS of Liver Complaint are a bitter or bad taste in the mouth; Pain in the Back, Sides or Joints, often mistaken for Rheumatism; Sour Stomach; Loss of Appetite; Bowels alternately costive and lax; Headache; Loss of Memory, with a painful sensation of having failed to do something which ought to have been done; Debility; Low Spirits, a thick yellow appearance of the Skin and Eyes, a dry Cough often mistaken for Consumption.

Sometimes many of these symptoms attend the disease, at others very few; but the LIVER is generally the seat of the disease, and if not Regulated in time, great suffering, wretchedness and DEATH will ensue.

The following highly esteemed persons attest to the virtues of Simmons Liver Regulator: Gen. W. S. Holt, Pres. Ga. S. W. R. R. Co.; Rev. J. R. Felder, Perry, Ga.; Col. E. K. Sparks, Albany, Ga.; C. Masterson, Esq., Sheriff Bibb Co., Ga.; Hon. Alexander H. Stephens.

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The Morganton Herald.

VOL. XII.—NO. 4.2 MORGANTON, N. C., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1896. PRICE FIVE CENTS

State Library

NEIGHBORHOOD NEWS.

Items of Interest from the Counties Around Us.

TOLD BY THE PRESS.

KING'S MOUNTAIN ORDINANCES.

Colored Folk-Lore Society—A Knife That's Been Here—The Champion Turnip.

Gastonia Gazette, December 24th.

King's Mountain is a daisy and deserves to be [illegible] the back. Her commissioners recently passed two ordinances which make good news for the papers even if they should fail to serve their pur pose. One is a fowl ordinance which fines people $1 a day for letting their chickens or fowls of any kind run at large on their neighbors' premises. The other ordinance forbids a hog pen nearer than 300 feet to any well or dwelling in town. This rules the pig raisers out altogether, and they are in the same state of mind some of our Gastonia folks were in a year or so ago. ....The championship belt for reporting the largest turnip of this season is claimed by this paper. The turnip was brought us last Saturday by Mr. John Cox. It was grown by his father, Mr. E E. Cox, near Lowell, and weighed 14½ pounds clear of tops. It was a foot high and 27 inches around. The White Globe is the seedmen's name for the variety. ....The only folk lore society of the kind in existence, we suppose, is one in Gastonia organized and conducted by the colored people, its principal promoter being Dr. B. F. Martin. But its chief inspiration is derived not so much from the folk-lore feature as from a purely historical feature. Much has been written of slavery and slave life from the master's side, but not much from the slave's point of view. Those who were once slaves and are conversant with the negro side of slave life are fast falling from the ranks of the colored people. In this society the good fellowship of the most aged members is carefully fostered. From time to time they are called upon, in fact they readily volunteer, to relate from memory the innumerable quaint and often thrilling recollections recorded there. Three secretaries are employed to write down what these entertaining ex-slave veterans relate. What these interesting old people know is thus turned into recorded history and may one day find its way into a valuable book. ....It belongs to Mr. John F. Wilson, the knife does, and he has had it 22 years. He bought it new that long ago from Elias & Cohen, Charlotte. Mr. Ed Mellon was clerking for them at the time and sold Mr. Wilson the knife. It is a three blade Wostenholm, and while, of course, it has seen better days, it is still capable of doing a great deal of whittling, and is handy enough in cutting off a chew of tobacco. The knife, it will be noted, is old enough to vote.

Rutherford Ripples.

Rutherford Videt, Dec. 25.

Mr. Z. A. Edwards has been appointed Mayor of Rutherfordton instead of Mr. J. F. Flack, resigned. ....One of the prisoners, John Sims, who broke jail here about two months ago was shot and killed last week. ....Married, on Sunday evening, the 20th inst., at the residence of Mr. J. C. Souther Mr. Samuel Shepherd, of Burke county, and Miss Lovetta Bailey, daughter of Mr. Alfred Bailey, of Rutherford county, C. W. Watkins officiating.

CALDWELL CULLINGS.

Mrs. Covington Quite Feeble—The "Plant" Cutting 200 Logs per Day—Scarlet Fever Near Blowing Rock—Other News.

Lenoir Topic, Dec. 22.

Mr. W. S. Covington returned to Lenoir last Friday. He left Mrs. Covington, who is quite feeble, with her parents at Smithfield. ....The rumbling of the machinery at the "Plant," as the Caldwell & Northern's band saw mill is called, may be heard now every day. They are cutting about 200 logs per day, we are told. ....Judge Green arrived in Lenoir Saturday with his family, and will make this their future home. They occupy the house formerly occupied by Mr. R. H. Harstin, which the Judge purchased recently. ....Mr. McD. Reid, who lives near Blowing Rock, was in town Monday. He has had three cases recently of scarlet fever in his family, but all were thought to be out of danger when he left home. He feared another child was taking the dreaded disease. ....Mr. W. T. Sherrill, of Little River, brought his little son, Luther, to Lenoir last Friday evening to consult Dr. Kent about one of his eyes. About a week ago the little boy was standing near his father, who was cutting wood, when a chip flew and struck the little fellow's right eye, seriously injuring it. There is danger of his losing the sight of the injured eye.

SAINE-JOHNSTON.

A Popular Young Couple Married—Death of an Aged Citizen.

Lincolnton Democrat, December 24th.

To Lincolnton and Lincoln county people the most interesting event of the season was the marriage in the First Presbyterian church, Wednesday, 23d inst., at 6 p. m., of Miss Bessie Douglas Johnston, the amiable daughter of Rev. R. Z. Johnston, and Dr. John Wallace Saine, a rising young physician of this place. The ceremony was performed in a beautiful and impressive manner by the father of the bride. The church decorations of evergreens were artistic—a perfect bower of loveliness. Long before the time for the ceremony there was scarcely standing room in the church—both town and surrounding country being represented, thus showing, as well as by the numerous and valuable presents received, the high esteem in which this young pair is held. Dr. and Mrs. Saine left on the 7 p. m. train for a journey to places of interest, after having received the congratulations of their many friends. ....On Wednesday morning at about 10 o'clock Mr. Joseph Jetton was missing from home, and upon inquiry and investigation he was found at his barn dead. He was about 76 years old, and his family say he had heart disease, of which he died. He lived near Reepsville, was a good citizen and kind father. Deceased was a father of Harvey, Charles and James Jetton. He also leaves a wife and three daughter to bemoan their loss.

A DISTRESSING ACCIDENT.

A Babe Burned to Death—Two Other Deaths in Catawba—The Loss on Mr. Gunter's House at Rutherford College Being Adjusted By Insurance Men.

Hickory Times, December 24th.

Last Friday morning a distressing accident happened at the home of Mr. Abel S. Miller, who lives about a mile from town. After Mr. Miller had gone away to his school his wife went to milk her cow. She left her babe asleep in the cradle and two little children older in the room with it. She was soon alarmed by the cries of the children, and upon rushing into the room found the babe standing up in the cradle in the midst of flames. The child was badly burned and died about midnight. It was buried at St. Stephen's Lutheran church Sunday, the services being conducted by Pastor Crouse. ....Last Saturday the wife of Mr. G. L. Bowman died at her home in Illinois. The body was brought here yesterday morning and taken out to St. Peter's Lutheran church and buried in the afternoon, services being held by the pastor, Rev. J. M. Smith. Mrs. Bowman was a Miss Deal, a native of this county. ....William, 15 year-old son of Mr. E. Mouroe Deitz, died suddenly about midnight last night. The burial will be from St. Stephen's Lutheran church to morrow afternoon. Rev. J. C. Moser will conduct the services. ....Monday Mr. J. W. Churchill, of Richmond, Va., representing the Liverpool, London and Globe Fire Insurance Company, went to Rutherford College to adjust the loss on Mr. A. C. Gunter's house and contents. Another insurance company being interested, the matter has not yet been settled. ....We understand that Hickory is soon to have a play given by home talent. It is under the management of Mrs. E. L. Shuford and will be given just as soon as the parts are learned.

McDOWELL NEWS.

Cut His Father and Brothers—Jas. T. Griffin Married—Week of Prayer—Fingers Cut Off.

Marion Messenger, December 25th.

In a fight some days ago, Will McAllister cut his father and brothers and is now staying with the jailer. ....On last Friday Bulo Godfrey had all the fingers of his right hand cut off by one of the machines in the furniture factory. He slipped and fell against the machine. Much sympathy is felt for him in meeting with the accident while trying to earn a livelihood. .... As we did last January, so this coming January we will observe the first week of the year as "the week of prayer" as suggested by the Evangelical Alliance. The services will begin in the Baptist church on the night of the first Sabbath of January, and during the week at night the pastors in turn will take part. .... In a letter from himself we are informed that James T. Griffin, Esq., formerly publisher and editor of the *Free Lance*, of this place, and now city attorney of Pond Creek, Oklahoma Territory, is to be married on the 28th inst., in that city, to Miss Mazena L. Crawford, taking place at the home of the bride's parents.

Old Fort Facts.

Old Fort Correspondence Marion Messenger

Miss Carrie Carpenter left last week for Meridian, Miss., to accept a position in a college as a teacher of languages.

Rev. J. D. Carpenter left a few days since for his new circuit embracing Mill Springs, Polk county. His circuit joins this one.

Rev. Mr. Myers, from Mill Springs, has moved here and occupies the parsonage.

Mr. "Buck" Kelly, a conductor on a freight train, has purchased and occupies the hotel west of the depot.

"Jim" Young was out hunting rabbits some days since. One hopped out of sight, and he lowered his gun to rest, and pulled by mistake the firing trigger of the barrel that was loaded, when the shot passed between the great and second toe of his right foot, tearing up the ball of the foot underneath. It has been a painful wound, and it will be some days before he can lay aside his crutches, but it is healing well.

Two applicants are out for the postoffice—Mr. J. H. Blalock and Miss Ida Crawford.

The new Baptist minister, Rev. J. S. Corpening, preaches here on next Sabbath.

Mr. Terrell is out now on his crutches. He looks very well.

Mr. A. M. Kirkland has put up a stock of goods, consisting of fancy and staple groceries, in the J. C. Sandlin building.

ADVANCE IN SURGERY

HOW IT DIFFERS NOW FROM WHAT IT WAS FIFTY YEARS AGO.

The Horror of the Knife Up to the Discovery of Anæsthesia—Danger as Well as Pain In the Operation—First Use of Ether by Dr. William T. G. Morton.

One of the most interesting papers read at the celebration in Boston of the fiftieth anniversary of the first administration of ether in a surgical operation, says the Philadelphia Record, was that by Dr. John Ashhurst of this city on "Surgery Before the Days of Anæsthetics." It vividly recalls the horrors of those days when the surgeon's knife was an object of far greater terror than now and inflicted untold tortures upon the conscious patient.

"A study of the condition of surgery before the days of anæsthesia," said Dr. Ashhurst, "reveals on the one hand a picture of heroic boldness and masterly self control on the part of the surgeon, and on the other a ghastly panorama, sometimes of stoic fortitude and endurance, sometimes of abject terror and humiliation—but always of agonizing wretchedness and pain—on the part of the unhappy victim who required the surgeon's aid.

"The 'pitilessness' which Celcus urged as an essential trait in the operative surgeon was, before the days of anæsthesia, a feature in the surgeon's career which impressed very strongly the public generally as well as those immediately connected with the operation. It is interesting to recall that Sir James Simpson of Edinburgh, shortly after beginning his professional studies, was so affected by 'seeing the terrible agony of a poor Highland woman under amputation of the breast' that he resolved to abandon a medical career and seek other occupation. Happily his intention was reconsidered, and he returned to his studies, asking himself, 'Can anything be done to make operations less painful?' and, as every one knows, in less than 20 years he became a high priest of anæsthesia and the introducer into surgical and obstetrical practice of ether's great rival, chloroform.

"No braver or more gallant gentleman ever lived than Admiral Viscount Nelson, and after his right elbow had been shattered by a French bullet in the assault at Tenerife he manifested the utmost courage, refusing to be taken to the nearest ship lest the sight of his injury should alarm the wife of a fellow officer whose own fate was uncertain, and when his own ship was reached he climbed up its side without assistance, saying: 'Tell the surgeon to make haste and get his instruments. I know I must lose my right arm, so the sooner it is off the better.' 'He underwent the amputation,' we learn from a private letter of one of his midshipmen, 'with the same firmness and courage that have always marked his character.' And yet so painfully was he affected by the coldness of the operator's knife that when next going into action at the famous battle of the Nile he gave standing orders to his surgeons that hot water should always be kept in readiness during an engagement, so that if another operation should be required he might at least have the poor comfort of being cut with warm instruments.

"On the side of the surgeon we find throughout the ages a constant effort to diminish the terrors of operations and a continuous reprobation of the distressful, not to say cruel, modes of practice adopted by preceding generations. And yet the time is not very far distant from ours when they lopped off a limb by striking it violently with a heavy knife; that time when they knew neither how to stop nor how to prevent hemorrhage but by burning the part whence the blood jetted with boiling oil or the redhot iron; that time when surgeons armed themselves at every moment with pinchers, with burning cauteries and with instruments the representations even of which cause terror.

"But the presence of pain was not the only evil dreaded by our predecessors in attempting important operations. The great risk of fatal accident from some involuntary movement of the patient was constantly present to the mind of the conscientious surgeon. 'How often,' says Dr. Valentine Mott, 'when operating in some deep, dark wound, along the course of some great vein, with thin walls alternately distended and flaccid with the vital current—how often have I dreaded that some unfortunate struggle of the patient would deviate the knife a little from its proper course and that I, who fain would be the deliverer, should involuntarily become the executioner, seeing my patient perish in my hands by the most appalling form of death! Had he been insensible I should have felt no alarm.'

"Coming down to the days more immediately preceding the date of the great discovery, we find that opium and alcohol were the only agents which continued to be regarded as of practical value in diminishing the pain of operations, though the attendant disadvantages of their employment were of course recognized. Meanwhile facts were accumulating the significance of which we now plainly recognize, but which excited no attention.

"Sir Humphry Davy, in the early days of the nineteenth century, suggested the use of nitrous oxide gas as an anæsthetic in minor operations, and it was the custom at some of our medical schools—at the University of Pennsylvania, for one—for students to breathe 'laughing gas,' as it was then called, for diversion. But yet—and yet—surgeons went on, in every country, cutting and burning, and patients went on writhing and screaming, until on the 16th day of October, in the year 1846, in the Massachusetts General hospital, Dr. John C. Warren painlessly removed a tumor from a man who had previously been etherized by Dr. William T. G. Morton, and surgical anæsthesia became the priceless heritage of the civilized world."

Something to Depend On.

Mr. James Jones, of the drug firm of Jones & Son, Cowden, Ill., in speaking of Dr. King's New Discovery, says that last winter his wife was attacked with lagrippe, and her case grew so serious that physicians at Cowden and Pana could do nothing for her. It seemed to develop into hasty consumption. Having Dr. King's New Discovery in store, and selling lots of it, he took a bottle home, and to the surprise of all she began to get better from the first dose, and a half-dozen dollar bottles cured her sound and well. Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds is guaranteed to do this good work. Try it. Free trial bottles at John Tull's Drug Store.

TALE OF A RUNAWAY PIG.

His Fondness For Potato Patches Led Him Into Trouble.

In the old home we once had a funny little pig. He was generally to be seen in the act of running away. Hardly ever do I remember seeing his face toward me. He also had a knack of getting away from all the other pigs.

The field next the house—the "home field," as we used to call it—was a kind of common for the hogs, cattle and fowls. The next was a potato field, and the little pig had taken it into his head to get into that one. How he got in no one could tell, for the field was well fenced and there was no opening through which he could enter. How did he get in?

One day I watched. He wandered in a sort of unnoticeable way toward a crooked old log, across which the fence had been built.

Suddenly, though closely watching, I lost sight of my little friend. But before I had recovered from my surprise I was astonished to see him in the potato field.

"Well, now, that is very strange," I said. "How did he do it?"

I went to the old log, and, lo, it was hollow. The whole trick became quite clear to me.

I went into the potato field to drive him out, intending to steer him toward the end of the log so that he might get out the same way he got in. Here he had the best of me entirely. He either could not or would not see the log and maintained such an air of ignorance on that point that I had to give up the task in despair, drive him out by the gate and bring him home by a long, roundabout way.

The next day I made up my mind to play a trick on him, and I did. I went out very early and moved the log just a little so that both ends would be in the "home field."

Then I stood at some distance off and watched. I never was more amused in my life. He separated himself from the other pigs and then went toward the old log and got in and through it and (as he evidently thought) got out into the potato field. I could understand this by the way he immediately began to sniff for the potatoes. But, finding none, he seemed somewhat puzzled.

Somehow it dawned on him that he was still in the "home field," and he concluded that he had not gone through the log. So he went through it once more, but only to find himself again in the "home field."

This seemed to puzzle him more than ever. He looked around in astonishment. I could clearly see that expression on his face. For a moment he stopped and was evidently thinking very hard. Once more he got through the log, with the same result of finding himself in the "home field."

This time, I am sure, if he could have talked he would have cried out, "Spooks!"

He stood quite still for a few seconds, sniffed the air, and I could distinctly see the bristles on his back gradually rising up on end. Suddenly he uttered a peculiar kind of "bock" and ran with all his might toward the other pigs.

The little pig was never seen in that part of the field again. Many a time we tried to drive him to the old log, but we could not get him to go.—Ladies' Journal.

HE ATE AT HEADQUARTERS.

A Hungry Newspaper Reporter Who Invited Himself to Grant's Table.

After the officers at headquarters had obtained what sleep they could get, they arose about daylight, feeling that in all probability they would witness before night either a fight or a foot race—a fight if the armies encountered each other, a foot race to secure good positions if the armies remained apart.

General Meade had started south at dawn, moving along the Germanna road. General Grant intended to remain in his present camp till Burnside arrived, in order to give him some directions in person regarding his movements. The general sat down to the breakfast table after nearly all the staff officers had finished their morning meal. While he was slowly sipping his coffee a young newspaper reporter, whose appetite, combined with his spirit of enterprise, had gained a substantial victory over his modesty, slipped up to the table, took a seat at the farther end and remarked, "Well, I wouldn't mind taking a cup of something warm myself if there's no objection." Thereupon seizing a coffeepot he poured out a full ration of that soothing army beverage, and, after helping himself to some of the other dishes, proceeded to eat breakfast with an appetite which had evidently been stimulated by long hours of fasting.

The general paid no more attention to this occurrence than he would have paid to the flight of a bird across his path. He scarcely looked at the intruder, did not utter a word at the time and made no mention of it afterward. It was a fair sample of the imperturbability of his nature as to trivial matters taking place about him—General Horace Porter in Century.

Teed's Hollow.

Dr. Cyrus Teed of Chicago, the originator of a queer religion called Koresh, has evolved a theory of the earth that is just as queer. He says that the earth is an enormous hollow globe, with a crust about 100 miles thick. Thus far his theory does not differ greatly from that of the late Captain Symmes, but he parts company with the captain in saying that the human race and all the visible heavenly bodies are inside of the earth. Consequently nobody knows anything about the outer convex surface of the earth.—New York Tribune.

In all the cities of Arabia, even at the present day, dried locusts, strung on threads as dried apples used formerly to be treated in this country, are exposed for sale as an article of food.

To nail in position 1,000 feet of flooring 38 pounds of tenpenny nails are required.

Major C. T. Picton is manager of the State Hotel, at Denison, Texas, which the traveling men say is one of the best hotels in that section. In speaking of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy Major Picton says: "I have used it myself and in my family for several years, and take pleasure in saying that I consider it an infallible cure for diarrhoea and dysentary. I always recommend it, and have frequently administered it to my guests in the hotel, and in every case it has proven itself worthy of unqualified endorsement.

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A BOY AND AN ORANGE.

Laurence Hutton Tells How He Succumbed to a Temptation In His Youth.

The boy was taught, from the earliest awakening of his reasoning powers, that truth was to be told and to be respected and that nothing was more wicked or more ungentlemanly than a broken promise. He learned very early to do as he was told and not to do, under any consideration, what he had said he would not do. Upon this last point he was strictly conscientious, although once, literally, he "beat about the bush." His Aunt Margaret, always devoted to plants and to flowers, had, on the back stoop of his grandfather's house, a little grove of orange and lemon trees in pots. Some one of these was usually in fruit or in flower, and the fruit to the boy was a great temptation. He was very fond of oranges, and it seemed to him that a "homemade" orange, which he had never tasted, must be much better than a grocer's orange, as homemade cake was certainly preferable even to the wonderful cakes made by the professional Mrs. Milderberger.

He watched those little green oranges from day to day as they gradually grew big and yellow in the sun. He promised faithfully that he would not pick any, but he had a notion that some of them might drop off. He never shook the trees, because he said he would not. But he shook the stoop, and he hung about the bush, which he was too honest to beat. One unusually tempting orange, which he had known from its budhood, finally overcame him. He did not pick it off, he did not shake it off. He compromised with his conscience by lying flat on his back and biting off a piece of it. It was not a very good action, nor was it a good orange, and for that reason, perhaps, he went home immediately and told on himself. He told his mother. He did not tell his Aunt Margaret.

His mother did not seem to be as much shocked at his conduct as he was. But in her own quaint way she gave him to understand that promises were not made to be cracked any more than they were made to be broken—that he had been false to himself in heart, if not in deed, and that he must go back and make it "all right" with his Aunt Margaret. She did not seem to be very much shocked either; he could not tell why. But they punished the boy. They made him eat the rest of the orange.

He lost all subsequent interest in that tropical glade, and he has never cared much for domestic oranges since.—"A Boy I Knew," by Laurence Hutton, in St. Nicholas.

FORGETFUL MR. BILLTOPS.

And How Claude's Shoes Finally Got to the Shoemaker's.

"Forgetful?" said Mr. Billtops. "Well, well, well, I should say so! I haven't any memory at all. If I want to remember anything, I have to make a memorandum of it, and then twist the paper around my key ring, or shut it in my knife, or tie it through the ring of my watch. I can't remember anything at all.

"Mrs. Billtops tried for days to get me to take Claude's shoes to the shoemaker's. He'd worn them through on the soles and put on his best shoes to wear while the others were being fixed. Every day Mrs. Billtops would put the bundle on the table near me as I read the paper and say:

"'Now, Ezra, don't forget the shoes.'

"And I would look at them and say all right, and then forget all about them and go away without them.

"One morning Mrs. Billtops said to me, 'Ezra, I have put Claude's shoes in your hat.'

"That really did seem like business. It did really seem as though when I came to pick up my hat I would take the bundle out of it and put the hat on my head, and that then, being ready to go and having the bundle actually in my hands, I would take it along and leave it at the shoemaker's. I laughed to myself as I thought what a tremendously shrewd woman Mrs. Billtops is. But—

"I am as particular as I am forgetful. I never go out in the morning without first brushing my hat. I took the bundle out of my hat and laid it on the table, brushed my hat and—

"Mrs. Billtops looked at me just a little reproachfully that night when I came home, but that was all. Next day she took the shoes to the shoemaker's herself."—New York Sun.

The True Test of Oysters.

"The best oyster experts that I know of," said the captain of an oyster boat, "judge an oyster by the smell, instead of by the taste. There is something about the smell of any oyster that indicates its condition to me much plainer than does the taste. People buy them and eat them probably on account of their taste. So also do they buy tea, coffee and the various grades of whisky and brandy for their taste, but all experts on those things pass upon them entirely by their smell. The professional tea taster or whisky taster, so called, never tastes them, but simply arrives at their taste by their peculiarities of flavor, or, to speak plainly, smell.

"I can tell what price a load of oysters will be rated at when they arrive at the wharf here by opening up the hold of the boat and smelling. In eight cases out of ten I am right. It strikes oystermen as strange when they see persons going about from boat to boat, as they lie at the wharf, tasting oysters before they conclude to buy. Taste is all right, but if they don's smell right they will never taste right."—Washington Star.

Shocking.

"Ah, a new drama!" repeated the playwright. "About how indecent would you like it?"

"Oh, from 15 to 20 volts!" answered the manager.

"Very well."

People were by no means as easily shocked as formerly, and art had to govern itself accordingly.—Detroit Tribune.

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 and $1.00 per bottle at John Tull's Drug store.

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ODE TO NORTH CAROLINA.

Marion Ervin in Charlotte Observer.

I know a land for story and for song,
With skies as blue as span Algerian seas,
And breezes soft and pure as sweep along
The shores of Como through the poplar trees;
A land of plains, and peaks, and sunny sounds,
Where stately rivers seaward bear the tide
Through vales as fruitful as the storied bounds
Where old Euphrates' tawny waters glide;
A land where all the wealth of sea and shore
Is yielded up from nature's generous store.

Once roamed its shores the stealthy Croatan,
Once ruled its hills the dauntless Cherokee,
And Tuscarora's bloody call began
Where Pamlico sleeps, placid, by the sea.
And there the vine embowered isle, Roanoke,
On whose low shores, beneath the scupper-nong,
The first white wave of Saxon conquest broke,
And first the crooning note of cradle song
To night-enshrouded continents foretold
The dawn, the glory they should soon behold.

There dwells a race as brave as Spartan band,
Dwell men whose sires have died on land and sea
That right might triumph and oppression's hand
Be palsied, and the land they loved be free
Who waked at Mecklenburg the first glad te
Of paean chanted for a nation born:
Whose rides rang as true as words they wrote,
Till on King's Mountain flashed the rays of morn
That brighter grew at Cowpens, and that broke,
With freedom's sun, through Guilford's battle smoke.

Yea, sires, who humbled Montezuman pride,
And sons as brave, who from Virginia's field,
Swept farthest onward with the Southern tide,
And on the heights of Gettysburg revealed
The dauntless faith known only to the free.
The god-like quality that stamps the brave,
The heaven-born fire that lit Thermopylæ,
Which blood ne'er quenched nor death's engulfing wave.
For home they —not booty nor a throne,
Nor fame's loud blast nor shaft of graven stone.

No drum beat now, nor fife nor booming gun,
Nor were sirocco scorching hill and plain;
But goodly vintage purpling in the sun,
And smiling meadows greening in the rain.
The whir of spindles and the hiss of steam,
Swift caravans that glide on iron ways,
And lofty fanes with learning's light agleam,—
These, Carolina, be thy pride, thy praise.
And still, fair land, though wars forever cease,
Thy sons shall win the "victories of peace."

Couldn't Hear the Music.

Colonel Burr of Virginia was a mighty fox hunter and loved the sport beyond words. He owned a fine pack of hounds, and, during the season, thought of nothing but his hunters, his dogs, and the weather. He was once entertaining an army friend from Texas, whose ideas of hunting any animal involved the use of firearms, and who had never seen a foxhound. He had been with difficulty persuaded to go forth one morning with the colonel and some friends to a meet, and they were waiting impatiently for the hounds to take the scent. Presently there burst upon their listening ears the din of 20 canine voices in full cry. The colonel's eyes gleamed, and, as he settled his feet in the stirrups and stretched his arm toward the yelping pack, he cried, "Major, listen to that heavenly music!" The major pricked up his ears for a second or two and then replied, "I can't hear a thing; those d——d dogs are making such a noise." The colonel put his spur savagely into his horse's side and dashed away, leaving his guest to his own devices.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Was No Seaman.

"There is a great difference between the seafaring man of today and of 20 years ago," said the man of many voyages. "Formerly the seafaring man was a sailor, full of energy and the spirit of adventure that was the particular charm of Marryat's heroes, but now the man who follows the sea for a living, especially on one of the big ships, is nothing more than a paint swab.

"This is not any fault of the men, but because of the changed conditions which have left no sailor's work to do. Cleaning ship is the principal employment of the modern so called seaman.

"One day a young woman novelist, in crossing the ocean on a big liner, asked an ancient mariner who was engaged painting a ventilator how long he had been a seaman.

"'Sailor, mum? Bless yer heart, I'm no sailor,' and then, glancing again at his work, 'I'm no sailor; I'm a blooming artist, I am.'"—New York Journal.

Great a Natural Bushwhacker.

After looking critically at a map of a locality it seemed to become photographed indelibly upon his brain and he could follow its features without referring to it again. Besides, he possessed an almost intuitive knowledge of topography and never became confused as to the points of the compass. He was a natural "bushwhacker," and was never so much at home as when finding his way by the course of streams, the contour of the hills, and the general features of the country. I asked him one day whether he had ever been deceived as to the points of the compass. He said: "Only once—when I arrived at Cairo, Ills. The effect of that curious bend in the river turned me completely around, and when the sun came up the first morning after I got there it seemed to me that it rose directly in the west."—General Horace Porter in Century.

Moonlight and Sunlight Compared.

The brightness of the moon is not so much greater than the same area of the sky, as is shown by Flammarion's "tables of relative amount of light." The total light of the full moon is compared with the total light of the sun by M. Flammarion, but in a way that it would be a very hard task to reproduce it in a readable shape in an article adapted to this department. However, we will say that the great astronomer's deductions prove that we received as much light from the sun as could be emitted by 680,000 full moons!

The wife of Mr. D. Robinson, a prominent lumberman of Hartwick, N. Y., was sick with rheumatism for 5 months. In speaking of it, Mr Robinson says: "Chamberlain's Pain Balm is the only thing that gave her any rest from pain. For the relief of pain it cannot be beat." Many very bad cases of rheumatism have been cured by it. For sale at 50 cents per bottle

By W. A. Leslie & Co.

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AVERY & ERWIN,
HERALD Building,
Morganton, N. C.

MORTGAGE SALE.

BY VIRTUE of a mortgage, with power of sale, made and executed to the undersigned on the 23d day of March, 1892, by Tobias Green and wife, Julia Green, and recorded in the register's office, in Book C, No. 2, page 125, I will sell, for cash, to the highest bidder, at the premises, on the 2d day of January, 1897, at 11 o'clock, the following real estate, to wit: 239 acres of land lying in Lower Fork township, Burke county. For further information, reference is made to said mortgage deed.

This December 4th, 1896.

D. M. CLINE,
Belwood, Cleveland Co., N. C.

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