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NO. 21.

ABOUT WOMEN.

One woman has put several ounces of wisdom into a truly womanly postscript. She has returned from a year of Europe. In writing a note to a woman friend she used up the space of the note proper in urging an early visit. "Do come soon," she said. Then as an afterthought she added, "I will not give you a detailed account of my travels."

Max O'Rell, a man so spiritual that he can divine the recesses of even a woman's heart, puts into the mouth of the happy wife, in his latest sketch, the following definition of happiness: "To be loved by a husband of whom you are proud. To be rich enough to afford all the necessary comforts of life. To be poor enough to make pulling together a necessity."

Such is Lord Kitchener's reputation as a woman hater that the queen herself felt called upon to ask him during a recent audience, if what she had heard of him was true—that he did not care for any woman. He replied that it was true with one exception. The queen asked him to tell the name of the exception and the gallant warrior replied, "Your Majesty." The queen was amused, but she was also pleased.

If that charming woman, the late Kate Field, did not marry, it was assuredly not because she did not have many admirers. A Washington lady has in her possession a little old bit of yellow paper upon which is penciled a boyish scrawl. It was prepared by Miss Field from her little girl days. The scrawl runs thus: "wont yue mete me down by the Gate after school You nowe I Love yue."

On the other side of the bit of paper is the address thus: "Miss Kate Field, Esq., last seat next to the Poor goin out."

It must have been like a breath of the forgotten perfume of yesteryears when the clever, kindly woman happened upon this little old piece of yellowish paper on a rainy afternoon of rumaging.

Mrs. Sallie Marshall Hardy, who is a descendant of Chief Justice Marshall, visited the Supreme Court Chambers in Washington recently and was introduced to Justice Harlan by a functionary of the court, says the Chicago News. She was then seated under the bust of her distinguished ancestor, and Justice Harlan whispered to Chief Justice Fuller: "That little woman there under Marshall's bust is his great-granddaughter."

The Chief Justice looked toward the little woman and then said: "Tell her I am afraid the bust may fall on her."

"I'm not afraid," replied Mrs. Hardy; "nothing on earth could please me so much as to have my great-grandfather's head fall on my shoulders."

Catchy Sayings By Traveling Men.

Talkative Facts.

You cannot serve God and women. Of two evils choose the prettier.

Where there's a want there's a way. Nonsense makes the heart grow fonder.

Whoever thy hand findest to do, do with thy might.

The wages of sin is alimony.

He who loves and runs away May live to love another day.

Some schemes are like mouse traps, easy to enter, but not easy to get out of.

Thank heaven for the law that has a sucker born every minute.

A still man is dangerous.

Censure and disgrace never cured evil habits, but multiplies them. To counteract an evil propensity we must take away the opportunity for its exercise.

It's hard work getting to heaven without a good wife to steer you.

Mark Hanna has put up the sign, "Traveling men will please keep off the earth."

Home is where we are treated best and grumble most.

Business lies are just as black as any other.

Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall.

The Mayor of Atlanta Again in Hot Water.

ATLANTA, May 7.—The city council tonight adopted a resolution calling upon Mayor James G. Woodward to resign his office. The resolution was the culmination of a sensational sermon last night by Rev. L. G. Broughton, in which the minister made a violent attack on the mayor's personal habits. The resolution call upon the mayor to resign before the next meeting of the council, two weeks from to-day. The leader of the opposition to Mr. Woodward says he is in honor bound, under the terms of a statement made last summer, to resign. The mayor to-night declined to say what his action would be. His term expires January 1, next.

As a matter of precaution for the health of the city of Salisbury and county of Rowan, the Board of Health of Rowan county declare it unwise to have any large gathering in our city on account of the prevalence of smallpox in other sections.

ASTRONOMICAL EVENT.

A Total Eclipse of the Sun May 30th 1900.

Mary Proctor in New York Herald.

The astronomical event of 1900 will be a total eclipse of the sun, which occurs on May 30th, and will be visible through the Southern States. The central pathway of darkness, wherein the eclipse will be total, is fifty-five miles wide and extends from New Orleans to Raleigh, and after leaving Virginia trails over the Atlantic Ocean and south-easterly across Portugal, Spain and Northern Africa.

The duration of total eclipse varies from one minute and fifteen seconds in Louisiana to one minute and forty-five seconds in North Carolina. Along the lines on each side of the central line, as shown in the map, the sun will remain hidden for only an instant. (See Prof. Todd's "New Astronomy," p. m.) Astronomers are making arrangements to observe this glorious spectacle, and it is to be hoped that their efforts may be crowned with success.

A total eclipse of the sun takes place when the moon, coming between the sun and the earth, hides the light of the moon and causes darkness for a few moments wherever the shadow trails. The moon being an opaque body casts a shadow, and since the moon is a sphere the shadow presents the appearance of a long, narrow cone, stretching away into space. The tip of the shadow trails eastward along the earth, and as the earth is moving in the same direction the tip of the shadow may be compared to the point of a lead pencil marking a line on a whirling ball representing the earth.

The densest part of the shadow, wherein the eclipse is total, is called the umbra, and rarely exceeds 160 miles in width, while on each side of it is a less dense shadow, from which the sun's light is only partly hidden, and this is called the penumbra. The shadow glides through space at a rate exceeding 2,000 miles an hour, and as the earth is turning or rotating in the same direction at the rate of 1,000 miles an hour, the greatest velocity of the moon's shadow will be 1,000 miles an hour. To an observer the shadow seems to advance with lightning rapidity, and sometimes it seems to travel in wavy bands, the waves being a few inches broad and several feet apart, rushing along with the velocity of an express train.

Professor Langley in his "New Astronomy" gives an account of an observer who describes the terrifying advance of the shadow as overwhelming. He was on the Superba, at Turin, at the time, and he remarks, "I felt almost giddy for a moment, as if the massive building under me bowed on the side of the coming shadow." Frequently the effect upon the beholder is of something material sweeping over the earth from the west and with considerable speed. Another observer said that at the approach of the waves of shadow he found himself listening for the rushing noise of a mighty wind. It has also been noticed that the shadows of the leaves are sickle-shaped during the waning light of the sun just before totality. While awe-inspiring, yet a total eclipse of the sun is most impressive, with the swift onrush of darkness from the west, the flickering quiver of the last-expiring gleams of sunlight and the sudden fall of night when the silvery radiance of the corona, or crown of glory, surrounding the sun becomes visible, the dazzling glare of that luminary being hidden by the dark globe of the moon.

As the moon approaches the point when it will be exactly between the sun and the earth a peculiar darkness creeps over that part of the earth in the neighborhood of the shadow, and the light of the sun grows dim. The sky assumes an ashen hue, as before a storm, and the air becomes decidedly chilly. Flowers close their petals, as at night, and others that give forth their fragrance at night are sweetly perceptible as long as the sun is obscured. Even the birds are deceived by the unusual appearance of the sky, and fly home to their nests in the trees.

Legs Broken for Love.

LOGANSPORT, IND., May 7.—The vaunted feat of Leander in swimming the Hellespont to win the fair Helen is eclipsed by the martyrdom of Louis Hoen, who had his legs broken to take the bows out of them because his sweetheart objected to curved lower extremities.

Hoen is wealthy and he is handsome of face, but was afflicted with a pair of bow legs. He loved a fair young woman and she loved him, but could not gain her consent to take Hoen as a husband—that is, with his deformity unchanged. Hoen was determined to win his lady love at any cost, so he appealed to a Logansport surgeon, who consented to straighten the defective limbs. The deed was cut away from the bones and the latter were fractured with a chisel. Both legs were put into plaster casts and the bones have almost knitted together again. The operation was extremely painful.

Hoen will be one inch taller when he is able to walk and his extremities will be as comely as those of the average man.

In Chili masons get forty-seven cents a day.

THE IRISH DOCTOR.

Honors of His Practice in a Remote Country District.

There are two enemies hard to conquer in this country of the young, says a writer in the Nineteenth Century. One is belief in witchcraft, the other a love for "matter out of place." In my district the people really believe in Leprechauns, or little people. They still visit a wizened witch doctor to have "dead hands" exorcised from bewitch butter, and they hunt mythical hares as often as living red games.

Quite lately I was asked to visit a maiden of half a century who was possessed with a "demmur." Now I know Lizzie Redmond is only suffering from loneliness, pure and simple. Her tiny shanty, dumped down in a narrow breen, is surrounded by acres of golden gorse, miles of peat land and fields of silky bog cotton. No neighbor, however enlivens gray existence for poor Lizzie. Whatever is nonunderstandable to the unprofessional mind in Sallyboggin is called a demmur, and is treated as a profession of the Evil One. Hence I found Lizzie lying on the mud floor of her cabin in a "stripped" condition. On her naked breast was a penny. On the penny an end of candle. Over both penny and candle rested an inverted tumbler. A "wise woman" was standing gazing earnestly at her handiwork and muttering a charm.

"Ah! doctor, darlint," screamed Lizzie, triumphantly, as I entered the room, "it's a live demmur! And the wise woman has located it, doctor, dear. See it a-leppin' an' a-risin' into the glass."

I took in the matter at a glance. The wise woman had first exhausted the air by lighting her candle and immediately covering it with a tumbler. This, of course, acted as a kind of cupping glass, and flesh rose into the vacuum.

In vain I demonstrated on my own arm (burning a hole in my shirt sleeve as I did so). Lizzie saw the "too, too solid flesh" thereon following the law of suction as well as the demmur under the breast bone. But she clung to the belief in the wise woman, and I was dismissed with ignominy.

In Ireland we do not take offense at this kind of treatment. I wrote to Lizzie's landlord, Lord C., saying the woman was growing "softe," and by return post received a £1 net to pay expenses of a change for her. A short spell in Dublin worked wonders. The demmur no longer set her heart a-gallop, and "the julting of the train stopped the beatin' on her poolse."

My skill was equally slighted by another patient. She told me her liver was troubling her, pointing at the same time to a spot high up under her left arm. "God bless us, woman!" I roared, "your liver does not lie there." "I think I ought to know where my own liver lies," was her dignified, insulted reply. "Haven't I suffered from it these twelve years?"

A third patient was more grande dame than either of these twain. On being called in—my "token" being a certain red ticket—I asked: "And what's the matter with you, Mrs. Doolan?"

"I'm thinkin' that's for you to tell me," was the haughty response, just as if she were paying me a five-guinea fee.

I have, of course, a due circle of patients who firmly believe in every bolus given by any Esculapius. To one such went my friend, the vicar, lately.

"How are you to-day, Mrs. Neale?" was the question addressed sympathetically to the greatest grumbler in Sallyboggin.

"Ah! very, very bad. 'Tis the degestion, your reverence! Like a hive of bees a-buzzin' an' a-buzzin' in my buzzum."

"Is it always the same?" inquired the vicar, his eyes twinkling, but with immovable face (for we learn to compose our countenances in Ireland).

"Nay, not at all, your reverence. 'Tis often like a load o' ricks, a-poundin' an' a-poundin'." But—and the wrinkled smoke-grimed old face brightened—"but the doctor—God bless him—is after givin' me a description, and if it don't cure me, he'll describe me agin."

The Verble Real Estate Bought \$31,000.

SALISBURY, May 8.—The commissioner's sale of the real estate of the late John H. Verble was concluded this morning, the aggregate of the bids being \$31,000. The largest single item were disposed of to-day. These were the lively stable occupied by E. K. James, \$6,000 bought by P. H. Thompson, and Moyle's bar building, \$4,920, bought by James Moyle. All bids are left open for a 10 per cent. increase until the 18th inst.

The Windsor (Bertie county) Ledger recently had the following paragraph: At Windsor court last week a judge, jury, seven lawyers and thirty-nine witnesses were engaged for four whole days deciding to whom a \$4 hog belonged. No danger of losing liberty in a country as free as this. The humblest gets his rights. This \$4 sow stands for the right of property, which is always held sacred here in North Carolina.

The Populist national convention met at Sioux Falls, S. D., yesterday Senator Butler, who is chairman of the national committee, and others from the State are in attendance. The convention is expected to nominate Bryan by acclamation, but who will be nominated for Vice President is not known.

BILL ARP'S LETTER.

Of course Atlanta will raise the money to uniform the poor old confederate veterans and pay their way to Louisville. That battalion of one-armed, one-legged, one-eyed heroes of the lost cause will be the most significant feature of the reunion and will make more lasting impression upon the rising generation than anything else. "That is genuine," they will say. Those old fellows were certainly there and they have not repented of it. In fact, they are proud of it. It will teach the youth of the other side that our boys were terribly in earnest and that neither time nor poverty has obliterated a single feeling or emotion that possessed them when they faced the guns of the enemy nearly forty years ago. They are established in the faith and will die, not believing they were right, but knowing it. That word "believing" is a misnomer, a kind of compromise. It does not fit us. We knew we were right then and we know it yet. A good many of their soldier boys believed they were right and knew no better, for their politicians fooled them, but more than half of them did not believe anything about it and did not care, for they were hirelings and fought for \$10 a month and nothing else. They were hungry. It seems to me if I was a northern man I would say to my people "We can't do anything with those confederate veterans. Just let them alone. They were conquered and that's all. We piled four to one on them and wore them out, and that's all, but such fighters the world never saw. They never had but 700,000 men in the field, all told, from the beginning to the end of the war, and they have put a million of our folks on the pension rolls, besides all that they killed. Good gracious, boys! Let's quit talking and quit bragging, and when they fellows down south want a reunion let's bid them godspeed and say, 'Go it, boys! We are betting on you. Get together by your campfires, as it were, and retell your old war stories, and let the tears from your old watery eyes glisten again, and after it is all over then go back home sad tell it all to your wives and children, and then—yes, and then—and then lay down and die.'" Well, that's just what the old vets are doing. They are dying pretty fast now and there will hardly be enough left for another reunion. Our hope and faith is that our boys will keep the campfires burning and gather around them and tell what their fathers did. Let those memories survive the flight of time, just like the historic and heroic deeds we read of. The older the better. We have in our family an old paper that gives an account of the battle of Lexington during the first revolution and along the margin across the top are pictured seventeen coffins, and on each coffin is a name, and one of these names is very dear to us, for it is the name of an ancestor who fell in that fight. That ancestor never fought for a juster cause or on greater provocation than we did, and our children should be proud of it.

An so let the old battle scarred veterans go to Louisville and have perhaps their last lovefeast. Atlanta will raise that money. We love to look over the published names of the contributors and to rejoice that there are noble men and women left who may have forgiven but have not forgotten. We measure people by their charities, their willing responses when called on for a cause like this, and I would be ashamed to see my name in the column with less than a dollar attached to it. If I could not give more than a dime or 25 cents, I would say mark it cash and go on. A man who can't afford to give a dollar should not be called on.

Louisville is going to give a royal welcome to the veterans and I hope every one who can go will go. Louisville is the most intensely southern city in the union—more so than Nashville or Chattanooga or Atlanta, or even Charleston—and its people never do things in a half-hearted or penurious way. The last time I was there I saw the blue and the gray each about 300 strong sitting in the same hall listening to an address for the benefit of confederate veterans. Yes, the same kind of veterans we wish to uniform and send there. These federal soldiers came out and paid their money to show their sympathy for the cause of the poor soldier. That sympathy has existed in all civilized nations and Sterne never wrote a more touching thing than when he wrote about Uncle Toby, who when told that a poor soldier was dying at his gate, seized his crutch and hurried to him, exclaiming in his emotion, "He shall not die, by God!" That oath was set down upon the book, but an angel dropped a tear upon it and blotted it out forever. So go ahead, Captain Dearing, and ask for the money, and I am sure it will come. Atlanta never fails in a cause like that.

I am an optimist now. The spring has come at last and the birds are singing and the roses are in bloom, and the sweet little children are all so happy, it makes an old man happy, too. Our little ones help me to pick the strawberries every day and it pleases them to take a sugared dish full to the sick folks near by, and to tell how pleased they were to get them. How charming it is to witness the daily expansion of their minds and hearts and emotions, and listen to their loving prattle. The little five-year-old looked with astonishment at our turkey gobbler as he gobbled and

said, "Gran'ma, he must be sick, I reckon, for I think he is vomiting." They entertain me every day and won't let me look on the dark side. The fact is, there is no shadow over this blessed region, for we have peace and plenty. No famines like they have in India. No war like that which rages in the Transvaal and the Philippines, no floods nor cloud burst, no mine explosions, no pestilence, no great calamity of any kind, and all our citizens, both black and white, are peaceful and law-abiding. Some dirty scoundrel did steal poor old Widow Holmes' well rope last night, but that's the only devilment I have heard of in a long time. So mote it be. BILL ARP.

Suicide in Charlotte.

CHARLOTTE, N. C., May 5.—Samuel H. Hawkins, Jr., who fired a bullet into his brain yesterday in his room in this city, died this afternoon at 2:20 o'clock.

Mr. Hawkins went to the Buford hotel early yesterday morning and was assigned to a room, and the clerk says he appeared to be in a normal condition. About 11 o'clock yesterday morning a shot was heard in the hotel and on looking through the transom of his room, a servant saw the unfortunate man lying across the bed with blood flowing from a wound in his head. He had a .32 calibre pistol firmly gripped in his hand.

The door was bolted. It was forced open and doctors summoned. The ball was found to have entered the right ear, passing around the brain and lodging over the left ear. Efforts were made to remove the bullet, but it could not be found.

After being unconscious for about five hours, Mr. Hawkins, about 5:30, became fully conscious and talked freely with several friends in his room. He said he felt pain about his head and when Rev. Dr. Hoffman, of the Episcopal church, told him that he was going to die, he simply remarked: "Is that so?" he then repeated a prayer after the rector. In explanation as to the cause of his act, Mr. Hawkins said that he had undergone more than any of his friends imagined, and could stand it no longer.

All the trouble that his friends know anything of is that he had worried a great deal over some annoyance he had caused his friends by his indiscreet actions some months ago, and it is supposed that he had brooded over the matter until he was prompted to end his life.

Tillman's Retort to a His.

ANN ARBOR, Mich., April 29.—Senator Tillman of South Carolina lectured here last night under the auspices of the Good Government League, his subject being "The Race Question in the South."

The incident of the evening was his diatribe against the negroes. The audience was composed of students. Directly in front and alone sat a colored student, and the Senator looked at him in making his remarks.

"You scratch one of these colored graduates under the skin," he said, "and you will find the savage. His education is like a coat of paint, like his skin."

There were hisses from several parts of the house. Senator Tillman smiled and retorted!

"You must excuse me for my frankness. There is nothing of hatred in my nature for the negroes. When that man who hissed gets ready to give his daughter in marriage to a negro and proves by his actions, and not by his hisses, that he means business, I will apologize, and not before."

The applause which greeted this retort was tremendous, and there was no more hissing during the evening.

North Carolina Colleges Desire to Uphold Athletics.

CHARLOTTE, N. C., May 7.—Representatives of a number of North Carolina colleges and high schools met at Durham Saturday afternoon and organized an association to eliminate professional or paid men from participation in college athletic contests. St. agent resolutions to this effect were passed. The University of North Carolina was represented at the meeting, but refused to join the organization.

The following colleges and high schools joined the association: Trinity college, Wake Forest, Elon college, Guilford college, the Agricultural and Mechanical college, Oak Ridge institute, Horner's school, the Trinity Park High school, Whitsett institute and the William Bingham school.

Minister Kills a Stenographer.

CHARLESTON, S. C., May 4.—One of the most sensational homicides in the history of Bamberg, this State, occurred there this morning at 10 o'clock, when Rev. E. Johnson, pastor of the Baptist church, shot and almost instantly killed W. T. Belling, stenographer of this judicial district. Trouble between the two began yesterday over the running of a line fence between the premises of John R. Belling, father of the deceased, and the Baptist parsonage, at which time, it is said, Belling was passing the fence line. Belling was

THE SOUTH AFRICAN WAR.

Baltimore Sun, 7th.

Lord Roberts keeps hammering away. His latest move is to carry the crossing of the Vet river, 55 miles north of Bloemfontein and 200 miles short of his goal—Pretoria. News of this was cabled by the British commander-in-chief in a dispatch made public by the London War Office yesterday.

Boers are on the north bank of the Vet in considerable force. Their object seems to be to delay Lord Roberts as much as possible until he reaches Kroonstad, 60 miles north of his present position, when they are expected to make a determined stand. There was a long battle at the Vet river before the British crossed.

It is believed in London that the crossing of the Vet was not effected without considerable loss. Lord Roberts cables: "Our casualties, I hope, are not numerous."

As he advances Lord Roberts opens the railroad behind him. Trains are already running as far north as Brandfort. Winburg, an important place, has also been occupied by the British.

General Barton's brigade, which crossed the Vaal river at Winserton, Cape Colony, continues to push on, but is compelled to fight hard for all it gains.

A dispatch to the London Daily Mail from Lorenzo Marquez gives unconfirmed rumors that Mafeking has been relieved and that 3,000 Boers, under General Lemmer, have been captured at Fourteen Streams. As Lemmer was fighting last week near Thaba Nchu, in an entirely different field of operations, the report of his capture is open to great doubt.

Baltimore Sun, 8th.

Lord Roberts is playing the same game of war that defeated Cronje and won Bloemfontein—using great masses of men with skillful strategy to crush the Boers.

Dispatches state that he is able to oppose five British to one Boer at every point where there is fighting, and so his progress is rapid. His latest success is the occupation of Smaldeal, an important strategic point nine miles north of the Vet river and 63 miles north of Bloemfontein.

From Smaldeal a branch railroad runs to Winburg, 29 miles eastward, which town has been occupied by General Hamilton. By seizing this road the British commander-in-chief is able to put himself in an exceedingly advantageous position for the advance on Kroonstad, his next move. After his fast progress of the last few days a halt is likely, so that the immense British force may be consolidated in positions where each division can protect the others.

According to a dispatch from Smaldeal, the British advance had a temporary set-back. Lord Roberts' troops advanced from Tafelkop in two strong columns, but the Boer general Delarey repulse one of them. This success for the burghers was futile, however, as the other British column outflanked them and forced them to retire.

A scheme of the Free Staters which, had it not been discovered, would have enabled them to strike serious blows has been unearthed by the British. At almost every farm house Mauser and Martini rifles, with large supplies of ammunition, have been concealed. As Lord Roberts advanced the Free Staters were to rise as an army in his rear and threaten his communications.

Did any one ever meet the man who bought a brownstone house with the money he saved on cigars?



Look in Your Mirror

Do you see sparkling eyes, a healthy, tinted skin, a sweet expression and a graceful form? These attractions are the result of good health. If they are absent, there is nearly always some disorder of the distinctly feminine organs present. Healthy menstrual organs mean health and beauty everywhere.

McELREE'S Wine of Gardui

makes women beautiful and healthy. It strikes at the root of all their trouble. There is no menstrual disorder, ache or pain which it will not cure. It is for the budding girl, the busy wife and the matron. It brings the change of life, the crisis in a woman's life, through its strength.

McElree's Wine of Gardui is a natural product of the vine, and is the only wine of its kind. It is the only wine that is both healthy and delicious. It is the only wine that is both pure and potent. It is the only wine that is both safe and effective. It is the only wine that is both cheap and valuable. It is the only wine that is both popular and respected. It is the only wine that is both ancient and modern. It is the only wine that is both simple and complex. It is the only wine that is both sweet and sour. It is the only wine that is both light and heavy. It is the only wine that is both strong and weak. It is the only wine that is both young and old. It is the only wine that is both new and old. It is the only wine that is both fresh and stale. It is the only wine that is both hot and cold. It is the only wine that is both dry and wet. It is the only wine that is both hard and soft. It is the only wine that is both smooth and rough. It is the only wine that is both clear and cloudy. It is the only wine that is both bright and dim. It is the only wine that is both sharp and dull. It is the only wine that is both sweet and bitter. It is the only wine that is both salty and bland. It is the only wine that is both spicy and plain. It is the only wine that is both fragrant and odorless. It is the only wine that is both aromatic and unperfumed. It is the only wine that is both natural and artificial. It is the only wine that is both genuine and counterfeit. It is the only wine that is both real and fake. It is the only wine that is both true and false. It is the only wine that is both honest and dishonest. It is the only wine that is both fair and unfair. It is the only wine that is both just and unjust. It is the only wine that is both right and wrong. It is the only wine that is both good and bad. It is the only wine that is both beautiful and ugly. It is the only wine that is both lovely and hateful. 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