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ARTIFICIAL SARATOGA.

HOW THE GREAT CROWD THERE, TAKEN IN A MASS, IMPRESSES BAB.

How the Extreme Girl Conducts Herself—The Horsey Young Woman at the Feast—Infant Phenomenons Who are Seen and Heard—Athletic Young Women.

St. Louis Republic.

It can only be said about this place that it is at once the hottest and most vulgar of all the Eastern watering places. For awhile it is amusing. It is always amusing to study humanity. And since Pope said, so long ago, that the proper study of mankind was man, it almost goes without saying that the proper study of womankind is the eternal feminine. Here she is extreme, and almost every type is represented except that one which, being a man, you would admire. The whole social structure of the place is artificial. Everybody knows that everybody else wears her clothes to be stared at.

THE BOLD YOUNG WOMAN IS HERE.

The most common type is the Extreme Girl. The puffs of her sleeves and the roses in her hat are bigger than anybody else's. Her hair, which last year was blonde, is now a violent and assertive titian red, rolled in a knot that is higher than that worn by any other woman. Her waist measures 19 inches, and her shoulders and hips are so large that padding is suggested. Her shoes are pointed like swords, and her frock is wider and flares more than the average family umbrella. She is the first on the ballroom floor and the last to leave it. She knows the latest dance and she makes up after the French fashion, putting a bit of rouge on the base of each ear and around her nostrils, while she accentuates her eyebrows and lashes with some black stuff. Her voice is loud and shrill, and she either despises or adores, loves or loathes.

There is no between. She is ready for a midnight drive or an early morning flirtation, and she seems to have but one object in life—that is to surround herself with as many fast men as possible and to win compliments from them. She is about as bad a type as can be found, and I often wonder if the men who laugh with her ever think of the kind of an old lady. It is much more probable that she will be spoken of as an old hag. Dancing all night, flirting all day, with intervals just for dressing and drinking, are not calculated, either physically or mentally, to make an elegant old gentlewoman.

Another type is the horsey young woman. She

IS TAILOR MADE, BODY AND SOUL,

And her idea of a becoming hat is a stiff sailor with somebody's racing colors for ribbon band. She calls every man friend by his first name and is ready to give odds on anything from the number of cocktails she will drink to the number of traps that will pass in half an hour. She can give you the pedigree of the best-known racing horse. She can tell you the good points, so called, of the most hideous dogs, and she trots, but never walks. If she is talking to you she stands with her hands on her hips and her jacket thrown back, and if she is thinking of something she will bite the end of a cigarette which she has taken out of a gold case that has her monogram on it.

Then she will invite you to have one, as she tells you that are pretty good, "made especially for me, old fellow, got my name on them." She don't care much for women, though she has her special chum, who is usually her exact opposite, for she is clever enough to know that one will bring out the points of the other. The horsey young woman is usually young, and if she marries the right sort of man, one who will be her master, she may reform and become a very proper person; but if she unites herself to a dude she will grow harder and harder and less womanly as she grows older.

IMPUDENT CHILDREN ABOUND

A very peculiar type here, and one that is peculiarly American, no other nation would be charitable enough to endure it, is the infant phenomenon. She is usually about 7 years old, lanky of build, pert of speech and bad of manner. She is frightfully overdressed, wears a pink silk frock, trimmed with white lace, a diamond ring, small diamond earrings and some bracelets. In the evening she is trotted out to do a fancy dance, and people sit around and say how clever she is while most of them, in their hearts, wish that Herod was Mayor of Saratoga. This child can be heard at any time during the day. She makes personal remarks to strangers which her mother thinks are smart, but for which she ought to be spanked, and she hangs around the men, volunteers to kiss them and induces them to buy her lemonade with a little bit of claret in it.

Take her for all in all, it may be said that she permeates the whole place, and is a general nuisance. At 11 o'clock at night she is carried to bed screaming and kicking, while her mother passively remarks that, "Flossie is so nervous." What Flossie and her tribe want is a tanning down. They want to wear cotton frocks; they want so be kept out of the way of the older people, and they want to be taught good manners. I like children. I specially like girl children. But the Infant Phenomenon and her tribe are not children, are not even human beings, and they ought to be wiped off the face of the earth, for they never would be missed.

HE IS ALL OUTTING.

By the hundreds there may be noted the Clean Young Man. He is prim of shirt and white of eye. He is bland in manner and his face shines with innocence and soap. He is intensely correct in his dress. He knows just what stick suits certain trousers, and just what hat goes with a certain hour of the day. The sun never shines on his mistakes in dress. He is a trifle languid, but then he has so much to think about. He is quite a distance from the haberdashers, and for all he knows he may be 24 hours late in getting a certain kind of tie. And that would be sad.

He doesn't talk much but when he does he is very long on silly gossip and very short on sense. He likes you to know that he has 83 scarfpins, and that his mamma thinks by next Christmas he will have 100. He isn't a sin, he is a blunder; but sometimes blunders make more trouble than absolute vices. He is not fond of girls. They are too energetic. He thinks they expect "a fellow to mess one's coat, get one's tie out of order in their nasty, rough old games," and he would rather just sit still. Fortunately, he can do it here, because the summer population is largely composed of fools and knaves, and there are plenty of armchairs.

GIRLS WHO ARE AFTER SPORT.

The athletic young woman is less conspicuous here than at some other places, but still she has her representative. She cares nothing whatever about her appearance in evening dress. In the ballroom her frock looks as if it had been thrown at her, her gloves are not to be soiled, and all her belongings have a doubtful look, as if they weren't sure whether they were her property or not. All her thought is given to her riding habit and her bicycle get-up. The fit of her habit is perfect. When she jumps on her wheel, from her leggings to her tan hat, from her gloves to her tie, she feels she is correct. She can talk about nothing but her wheel and her horse, with the preference given to the first. She takes no interest in books or needlework, and she looks at men only as good riders or good "shykers." If anybody should object to the bicycle, it seems to her ridiculous, and that a man might have a fancy for rowing a boat himself strikes her as idiotic. Men are comrades, never admirers. They are good fellows, never pleasant gentlemen. I am not fond of this girl, nor do I admire the bicycle, and she considers me a fool, so that we stand equal.

THIS WOMAN IS VERY LITERARY.

Of course, the literary woman is to the fore. She is very willing to tell you of her work, and she was kind enough to suggest to me the other evening, who she only knows as an inoffensive person, embroidering a tea cloth, "that it really isn't difficult to write if one one has a certain subject, and that perhaps if you tried and exhausted it thoroughly somebody might be interested in knowing about embroidery." I thanked her, and said that I would hardly like to attempt to write about it because after all I didn't know very much as to fancy stitches myself, and I might not make my reader understand. She finally said: "Perhaps not, and may be it would be better if you didn't take up anything that you wouldn't succeed in." She is perfectly satisfied with herself. She reads French novels in the original and leaves them on the veranda with her name written on them in large letters, and a very sarcastic motto under. The somebody returns the book to the desk and asks who she is, and says she must be very clever, and the clerk tells her, and she goes upstairs and gets Nordau's book and dashes over it. She gave me a beautiful notice in an out-of-town paper. She didn't know my name, but she spoke of me as the daughter of my mother, and described a new bonnet I had and I bought 25 copies of the paper and blue-marked it and sent it to my friends. And we all do that. And the literary lady condescends and calls herself a bohemian, and told me she would introduce me to some people who wrote, and I thanked her, and I hope if she sees this she will keep her word, because it might help me along. I don't think I ever met anybody who was more willing to help people along than she was, especially people who didn't need her help.

MR. AND MRS. PRIM AND FAMILY.

There comes from one of the cottages, for they wouldn't stay at the hotel, the Prim family. It consists of father and mother, two daughters and a son, and before they are introduced to anybody, they ask in a whisper: "Are they people we would like to know?" If they hear anybody laughing, Mrs. Prim says in a stiff way: "If what you are laughing about is quite innocent, do tell it to me." If somebody says that a certain young man is very handsome, the oldest daughter raises her eyes and inquires: "But is he really good?" They go through the world intoxicated with cured tea, overcome by the proprieties and looking for sinners everywhere. Each holds his lips exactly like the steel mounting of an old-fashioned purse, and if you say a woman is pretty, the mother draws her lips down in a way that hints that beauty is a sauce and a delusion; if you say a man is interesting, the father curls his up as if to insinuate that brains and vice usually go hand in hand, and even if you happen to remark that the sunshine is lovely, the son twists his mouth as if he doubted whether sunshine was so desirable after all. They take everything in sips, and they bite their words as if speech were wicked. You can never imagine one of the Prim girls having to pin on a ribbon bow to bloom when a button ought to be. Oh, dear, no. Their buttons and buttonholes are wedded. Their books and eyes mate and every part of their wearing apparel is as exact as if it had been wrought out by Euclid. I don't think they get much pleasure in life. They are too critical. They are the sort of people who, when they go to heaven, will object to harps and want automatic pianos.

THIS WOMAN ALWAYS WORRIES MEN.

The Lady with a Past is prevalent in Saratoga. She is dressed in the latest fashion, and accompanied by a shaggy dog and the of age and a dowdy of dress. Last year her name was Montmorency; this year it is Howard. Heaven only knows what it will be next. It seems scarcely necessary to say that she is going on the stage, and that the stout-looking man red-faced and sparkling with jewels, is going to back her. She counts on making a success because of her record, forgetting that the woman who did is getting to be a bit tiresome, and that the world at large is more interested in that one with a future, because of the number of posts. She appears, does this Lady with a Past, about 12 o'clock and, in harmony with the vulgarity of the place, wears all her diamonds at this hour. It is possible that she sits near you, while she waits for her escort, and she talks for your benefit. She tells of her French dressmaker; she speaks of many men with titles who are her friends, and she believes that she is impressing you with her gowns and her gems, her titled friends and general air of richness. Would you not like to know the history of her diamonds? Who gave her that huge crescent? Whose money bought that enormous butterfly?

For your benefit she counts the bands of precious stones that are on one arm—17—each with a history. Somebody said that the superb necklace she wore at the ball the other night ought to have been rubies instead of diamonds, for it was blood-stained. It was the last present from a poor fool who went and shot himself because he had stolen the money to please her.

EACH DIAMOND ON HER REPRESENTS

The folly of a man and the wickedness of a woman. And she flaunts in the sunshine, and drives around the lake, and laughs and jests with innumerable men, as she drinks glass after glass of champagne at the supper table. And innocent women look at her, and think what a good time she must have.

I wonder if she does? I wonder if she ever gets tired of diamonds and fine clothes and champagne? I wonder if she ever wishes to be quiet, to be simply dressed and to be a good woman? I don't know. Women can be so bad and can be so good that it is absolutely impossible for one to decide about them. The waters of Saratoga are bitter and nasty. They are said to do one good—possibly. The great crowd at Saratoga, taken in a mass, is vulgar and meretricious, but I believe it does do one good to look at it. It makes one think of sweetness, of gentleness and goodness. It makes one hate great, big, noisy hotels, and long for quiet homes, anything that will make American women do that which is good for them. Don't you think so? I am sure you do. I am sure that you are wise and believe that what I have said is true, and that you would put your name to it as an evidence of your belief, as I put mine to this and sign myself—yours for homes and sweet gentlewomen

BAB.

Progressive Gastonia.

Shelby Star.

It was the pleasure of the editor to spend several days last week in the progressive sister town of Gastonia. Gastonia is a comparatively new town and has recently made rapid industrial strides and now has three cotton mills a large coffin factory, two sash, door and blind factories, two roller flour mills and many small industries that give employment to a large number of people. Gastonia's enterprising paper, the GAZETTE, recently took a census of the town and found that the population exceeds 2,300. Among the many various attractions of the town, there is none more striking than her lovely women and handsome men, whose courtesy to strangers is something to be patterned after. The District Conference which was in session last week was largely attended and gave the town a magnificent opportunity to show how royally they entertain, and to say the opportunity was embraced, but mildly expresses it. Every one who attended the Conference was highly pleased and loud in their praise of the Gastonia people for the hospitable manner in which they were treated.

A Mayor Who Astonished Insolvent Natives.

Statesville Landmark.

Mayor Caldwell is creating consternation among insolvent tax-payers. There are in Statesville a very large number of colored men who always vote promptly but never pay any tax. The mayor is onto them and quite a number are now working or have already worked out '93 and '94 taxes on the streets, while many others have secured chairs. This move is something new to the average insolvent and it took him by surprise.

White Huckleberries.

Wilkesboro Chronicle.

We never saw a white huckleberry till this year. There has been a lot of them brought to town this season. They are very delicious, if anything, more so than the regular black huckleberry. They are something of a curiosity. All the dictionaries describe huckleberries as black, but their authors didn't live in Wilkes, the land of pleasant clime and fertile fields, where wonders are as common as corn bread.

Kenneth Bazemore had the good fortune to receive a small bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy when three members of his family were sick with dysentery. This one small bottle cured them all and he had some left which he gave to Geo. W. Baker, a prominent merchant of the place, Lewiston, N. C., and it cured him of the same complaint. When troubled with dysentery, diarrhoea, colic or cholera morbus, give this remedy a trial and you will be more than pleased with the result. The praise that naturally follows its introduction and use has made it very popular. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by CURRY & KENNEDY, Druggists.

WATCH

The advertisements in this paper and give your trade to those who invite it through these columns.

THE BEST THERE IS

In the business or professional life of any town is always represented in the advertising columns of the local paper.

THE JURY SYSTEM NOT AT FAULT.

The Blame of Incompetent Jurors in the Shemwell Case and Others Should be Laid at the Door of the County Commissioners.

"Lex" in Charlotte Observer, 10th.

The verdict of the jury in the Shemwell case has given rise to much criticism of some of the statutes of the State, and also of the jury system. If the criticisms of the press and of the many writers who have recently spoken out correctly represent public sentiment, then both stand condemned already, and we may expect demands to be made upon future Legislatures for changes.

But it seems to the writer this criticism of the jury system has been misdirected. The fault does not lie in the jury system itself, but it lies at the door of the boards of commissioners for the various counties. The law (section 1722 of the Revised Code) says the commissioners *shall select* from the tax returns of the county the names of men of good *moral character* and of *sufficient intelligence*, and these shall constitute the jury list. All the names of the regular jurors and the talesmen who were summoned in the Shemwell case were taken from the jury list as selected by Davidson county's commissioners. Had they complied with the statute (Code 1722) above referred to, there would not have appeared among the jurors summoned the name of a "man who did not know in which township he lived."

It would be more productive of good and therefore produce a more desirable result if the press and the anonymous writers and the intelligent people of the State would see to it that our present laws are fully carried out, by those having the power to execute them before condemning and asking for changes in those we now have. Such a policy on the part of the press would result in some permanent good. The discussion would then reach the very base of the only trouble with the jury system, and would have some effect upon those directly concerned.

The writer is not acquainted with, and most probably never saw a man who was summoned as a juror in the Shemwell case, but he will venture the assertion that the twelve who acquitted the defendant in this historic case, some have never read one word of the criticism which has been heaped upon them. They will never find out that the public thinks justice has been outraged. And just so the press' criticism has not, and will not reach this class of jurors throughout the State. Thousands whose names are upon the jury lists in the several counties don't know that Dr. Payne has ever lived.

But those in position to execute the law will hear when the press speaks to them of neglect of duty, and, therefore we say, let the press direct its blows where they will be felt.

Three Crops From One Sowing.

Monroe Enquirer.

Mr. D. C. Orr, a successful farmer, of Vance township, has made three crops of oats from one sowing. In the Fall of '92 he sowed an acre and a half in oats and reaped from it fifty-seven dozen bundles. After harvest he burned the stubble, expecting to plant the land in corn the next year, but a good stand of oats came up and at harvest he reaped forty-three dozen bundles. After reaping the second crop of oats the land was planted in corn and a good crop was gathered. Last Fall another good stand of oats came up and at harvest time twenty-eight dozen bundles of oats were reaped. The land is now in corn and promises a fine crop.

The Crane Substitute.

Mobile Herald.

There is no doubt that a great change in public opinion on the silver question has taken place in the South and west during the past three months. In the south this change has been largely due to the speeches of Carlisle, Patterson and others, and the dissemination of sound money literature. In the west the reaction that generally follows the prevalence of extreme views has come.

My boy was taken with a disease resembling bloody flux. The first thing I thought of was Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. Two doses of it settled the matter and cured him sound and well. I heartily recommend this remedy to all persons suffering from like complaint. I will answer any inquiries regarding it when stamp is inclosed. I refer to my county official as to my reliability. WM. ROGERS, J. P., Primrose, Campbell Co., Tenn. For sale by CURRY & KENNEDY Druggists.

WINE WITHOUT A GRAPE.

Startling Statement by a Crusty Much of What We Import from France Never Saws a Grape.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Aug. 10—Consul Chancellor at Havre has sent an extended report to the state department on wine making in France, covering the past twenty years. The consul declares that much of the wine produced has no grape juice in it whatever.

The French government recently destroyed 15,000 casks of wine found to contain no grape juice but made of water, alcohol, sulphate of gypsum, glycerine, salts of potash for coloring.

It has been ascertained that whenever the vintage is poor immense quantities of sugar amounting in 1887 to 30,000 tons, have been used for mixing with wine while the deficit in the production of the vineyards has been made good by producing many millions of gallons of wine sweetened, from raisins, currants and the lees of the wine press.

The consul says that sweetness in wine covers many defects without improving its quality, yet many people prefer sweet wines which result in injury to their health.

An Old-fashioned Change.

Statesville Landmark.

A Populist is quoted by a Raleigh correspondent as saying that had there been no financial issue a revolt from the Democratic party of North Carolina was inevitable on account of the fact that an element in the party believed that a few men monopolized that they were leaders by right and insisted on having all the good things. We should like to know who these few men are and upon what ground rests the opinion of anybody that he has a divine right to rule in North Carolina. The only long-term office-holders we have had in this State since the war have been Vance, Ransom and Jarvis. Vance is dead, Ransom has been eliminated from State politics by a Federal appointment and the infirmity of age, and Jarvis alone remains upon the carpet. Under the Democratic plan the people can eliminate him whenever they choose, for there was never anything as open and fair as the system of government in the Democratic party of North Carolina. Every man stands up and is counted. For weeks before every convention the press flags with appeals to the people to attend their primaries, and these are supposed to elect to county conventions men who fairly represent their views. These township delegates nominate candidates for the Legislature, which elects United States Senators, and appoint to the State and congressional conventions delegates who nominate Governors, Congressmen, &c. In all cases there is a fair and open vote and the only possibility of failure to get an expression of the sense of the people is through a failure of the people to attend and assert themselves.

Of all the base charges brought against the Democratic party of this State the most slanderous is that it somehow suppresses the will of the people and is controlled by bosses. A moment's reflection ought to convert any man who has been led astray by this groundless argument.

The Poor Not Growing Poorer.

Justice H. B. Brown, in the Lincoln Forum.

While it is entirely true that the business methods of the past thirty years have tended to increase enormously the fortunes of a few, and thus to widen the gulf between the very rich and the very poor, it is wholly untrue that the poor as a class are either absolutely or relatively poorer than before. Indeed, the number of small but comfortable homes in every part of the country, as well as the reports of savings-banks and building and insurance associations, prove incontestably that the poor have shared in the prosperity of the rich, and that the average standard of comfort was never higher than at present. Indeed the average workingman of today lives better and possesses more of the comforts of life than the average noble of six hundred years ago. The sons of wealth, though many and grievous, have not generally been aimed directly at the oppression of the poor.

"I know an old soldier who had chronic diarrhoea of long standing to have been permanently cured by taking Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy," says Edward Stumpik, a journalist residing at Minneapolis, Minn. "We have sold the remedy in this city for over seven years and consider it superior to any other medicine now on the market for bowel complaints." 25 and 50 cent bottles of this remedy for sale by CURRY & KENNEDY, Druggists.

[illegible]

[illegible]

It takes a long [illegible] big things to settle down so that we may get the facts. I was reminded [illegible] this in connection with the great battle of Manassas that occurred [illegible] twenty-four years ago last Sunday. This is one time that the dust [illegible] the day of the battle [illegible] with the smoke [illegible]. Thirty-four years have [illegible] and the generation then is just beginning to understand what the war was about. Northern histories have been [illegible] and one-sided that the young [illegible] have been surprised and astonished that our people fought so hard and so long with so little to fight for. But the truth is gradually dawning upon the nation. Southern histories have been written and introduced in Southern schools and our children are becoming our defenders. I see that Mrs. Susan Pendleton, has written a history of the United States, and has without reserve told the story of the late civil war, and the United Confederate Veterans, in their great meeting at Houston, have as fearlessly endorsed it. In a few years more the South will be vindicated, but it takes a long time. Eighty years have passed since Napoleon figured in Europe and even now historians differ which [illegible] and motives controlling him. Marshal Ney was shot in 1815, or he died in North Carolina in 1816, nobody knows which.

For several years we have been waiting for the truth about the Hawaiian Islands, but it has not yet been written. The missionaries used to tell us that the Sandwich Islanders were cannibals fifty years ago, but had all become Christians and had schools and churches like we have. Later accounts say that the political schemers and unprincipled [illegible] from our country, have plundered the unfortunate land and reduced those native to bondage and subjection. And now we read that another set are on foot [illegible] to drive the first set out under pretence of helping the natives. I would like to know what are the facts in the case. And what about Cuba? Who knows? The prevailing idea is that [illegible] is tyrant and has got those Cubans by the throat and they want to protect themselves and set up a republican form of government like ours. But a returning man, who has been there, told me those Cubans were most by nature [illegible], the most degraded kind and [illegible] to govern themselves and [illegible] this rumpus was being raised by a few filibustering Americans, who want to capture the island and divide it [illegible] offices and get rich off the [illegible] that the Spaniards are [illegible]. There was a big fuss raised and lots of sympathy extended to the editor when the Spaniards had confined in Morro castle, but those [illegible] say he turned out the other day that the editor was a cool-black coon who had been very scandalous in his [illegible]. And so the question comes up, "Is Cuba worth helping?"

David wrote: "I said in my haste all men are liars," and the old Scotch preacher took that for his text and remarked: "Ah, David, David, if yo had lived till now yo would have said it at your leisure." Are we a nation of liars? [illegible] and yes! Who knows what to believe? While I was in Florida one day I read from the New York [illegible] an awful account about Tavares being attacked by rattlesnakes and the people had to turn out with guns and rocks and throw them and they killed over 100 in the streets one Sunday morning and in two days had killed over a thousand and the people were terror-stricken. The [illegible] went into many details and told about a woman who put her infant child in a tub while she was washing from the tub, and a big rattler got his head over the edge of the tub and she had to kill him with her battling stick. I asked a Tavares man about it and he was amazed. "Why," said he, "it is a lie—a lie without any foundation. Some lying reporter made it up for a sensation." And not long after I read that there was yellow fever in Tampa and the people were flying from the city. I was in Tampa that very day and knew it was a lie. Of course the paper took all back the next day and said it was a mistake, but there is no telling the damage such mistakes do.

And here is the silver question that has been the subject of more conversation than will ever be forgotten in the day of judgment—more exclamation and slander and suppression of the truth. And nothing is yet settled about it. Who knows what is best? When we see men such as Morgan and Vest and Butler and Daniel and George and Hawkins and Crisp and Black and Bellamy and a host of others on one side and as many notable men on the other, what right has a common man to jump around and swear that he knows and about it, and that those who don't agree with him are fools. But I believe the next election will settle it, and I hope it will be over, for the people are getting mighty tired of the whole business.

And there is another question that comes up periodically and has been [illegible] come up again. Does whiskey do less sin and [illegible] now than it did [illegible] years ago? Some philanthropists are getting concerned about it, and well they may be. The statistics of every State [illegible] show that the fact that some of the [illegible] people are [illegible] not a little, but [illegible] and yet we go on and [illegible] the chance comes for more. [illegible] look over the [illegible] how the record of crime [illegible]. Indeed we better [illegible] and take a [illegible] the kind of [illegible] Matters is at [illegible] because these gold [illegible] of the 4 in wines and beer [illegible] the school men are [illegible] [illegible] of them all [illegible] life to a dance [illegible] night [illegible]

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 PURELY VEGETABLE, 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.

Be sure you get it. The Red Z is on the wrapper. J. H. Zeilin & Co., Philadelphia.

respectable girl. How many young married women have separated from their husbands or been divorced or abandoned?

About the bicycle craze, as it is called. I confess that I cannot see anything wrong or immodest about it when the dress is modest. It all depends upon that. I saw two young girls in the age ride up the street and alight at the post office and get their mail and mount again and ride away and nobody thought it anything wrong or immodest. I am sure it never occurred to me, and I wondered to admire them and the grace of their evolutions. I don't think that married women who are settled, as they say nor very large 200 pounders, should ride them. There are many things that young girls may do that their mothers should not. As to the dress we are all the creatures of prejudice, and the costume of the country we live in has much to do with our prejudice. I can see no good reason—save custom—why ladies should not ride astride like men if they ride at all. It is certainly the safest way. I can't see any good reason why a woman should not practice medicine among her own sex. In fact, I think they should have the preference and if some enterprising women should establish a female medical college it would be well patronized. The time is near at hand when the women will have to run the world or it will not to down. The time is past for coddling women to the fireside when there is no support for them there.

As to women fainting in church, I hope they will not make a business of it and we could say the same of some men we know. But if she talks well and makes the world better, let her talk. She teaches our children in the public schools and sabbath schools and why not in the church? The fact is, if woman was allowed to be our lawmaker for one session she would wake up the fellows on the whiskey business, wouldn't she? Then let her make progress in every good work. We know very well that it is her natural desire to marry and be a mother, but if there is no prospect of that what must she do? Go to the missionary society or visit the sick, you may say. That won't buy bread nor clothing. I heard a preacher say: "Would you make amazons of our women?" There were no Amazons and Amazonia has been stricken from the modern maps, for neither the country nor the women could be found. This amazon story is all a myth, but if it was not, it does not follow that our men will ever get so low as to let the women do the fighting. And now there is a big controversy about the old woman who killed her husband. No, I wouldn't hang her. It was an awful crime for a woman to do, but I wouldn't hang any woman. But look how many men have killed their wives or sweethearts in the last six months. It is getting as common as suicides. What is the matter with the country and who will protect the girls when we are gone?

BILL ARP.

Vanderbilt Growth.

Statesville Landmark.

If a Democratic primary election on the silver question were held in Robeson and Columbus counties to-morrow, it is safe to say that [illegible] per cent. of the votes would be cast in favor of free coinage. And if such an election were held throughout the State, 70 per cent. of the votes would be cast the same way.—Wilmington Star.

This is comforting. The cause of sound money must be growing. The Star estimates about [illegible] per cent. of the Democrats of the State to sound money and completely knocks out the contention of the free coin county man who said that if all the sound money men in the State were put in one township they couldn't elect a constable.

[illegible]

[illegible] Railway has again [illegible] rates for [illegible] Chautauqua Circle [illegible] from August [illegible] tickets will be [illegible] and 25th at [illegible] for individuals, [illegible] trip for parties of ten [illegible] together from [illegible] Asheville, and between [illegible] and through [illegible] other rare opportunities [illegible] the public.