Gastonia, N. C., October 10, 1895.

193,50 per Aumman.

No 41

BAB IN MERRY MOOD.

ALTHOUGH HER WARDROBE, TOO, NEEDS REPLENISHING.

What Man Knows About Gowas-All Beelds in Payor of Black-unaker's Choles-Advantages of Black Velvet Procks-Continues Dilapidated Just Now -Red Wate.

81. Louis Ropublic.

This is just about the time when one begins to feel the influence of clothes. That is, the influence of not having the right kind. Summer lingers in the lan of antumn to such an extent that one doesn't want to buy new frocky right away, and yet—and yet one doesn't want to look dressed insultably. That's where a man's criticism comes in. He don't know whether your frock is made after a certain epoch, or after a design worn by sonn light-hearted hady of long ago, but he does know if it is adapted to the occasion lie knows whether you are right, and can't he look a woman down when he thinks she is wrong! I rather agree with men in their opinion of what constitutes good dressing. one doesn't want to buy new frocks ion of what constitutes good dressing.
They like trig-looking things, but
they don't the severe tallor-made.
They think velvets, feathers, ribbons and laces are suited to a woman, and they find no place for horn buttons, and stiff, masculine-looking belong-ings in a feminine wardrobe. All the world over a man likes to see a woman dressed in black

BLACK THE CHIEF ATTRACTION.

A Frenchman will refuse to go o the street with a woman who isn't dressed in black. A Russian will de-clive to promeuade between the acts clive to promenade between the acts at the opera in the grand foyer unless the chosen lady wears a toilet of the somber hue, while an Englishman always prefers his woman-kind to wear black in public places, and I think even an American would like to see the feminine part of his household gowned in it, but he is considerable of a coward and don't dare to say so. A party of women I know once set out to find out what their chosen men thought the most desirable of frocks. Said the first to her husband: "What shall I wear to that dinner to-night?" And he answered: "Oh, that hand-And he answered: 'Oh, that hand-rome frock with the falling stuff on it. This explanation meant a black velvet duner gown with a black tulle train. The second said to her young man, with whom she was going out to drive: "Now, darling, I am going to dress to please you. What shall I

And he, being an ungrateful some-body, announced: "Oh, you have on-ly got one real pretty frock, that crick-ly thing with frills." She had three gowns from Worth and two from Felix and the chosen one was a black crepon trimmed with frills of French lace and

made by a dressmaker at home. The third one had just married the dearest follow in the world, and away

dearest follow in the world, and away from all their loving relatives and friends, also, wisely enough, desired to appear as if she had been married for several years, and considered a wedding nothing of any moneous. So she said: "Dick, what shall I wear down to dinner to-night!"

Her trousseau had been gotten in l'aris, and she was supposed to have frocks for every becasion in life and every emotion that a woman could possibly feel. And this lion-hearted Richard, who had dared matrimony, shoved his hands in his pockets, stretched out his legs in the way men do when they exercise their brains, and said: "Well, you certainly have one stylish gown, and that's that one one stylish gown, and that's that one with the velvet alseves!" So passeth away the glory of the French modiste! The frock referred to had been made by my lady's maid out of two old ones a black cloth and a black velvet, and, horror of horrors! it had not been worthy of a place in the new

A LITTLE MIXED.

The last trial was made with an elderly Friend—whose religion taught
him that dress was as nothing, and
whose wife paid six or seven dollars a
yard for dove-colored silk, that sine
might not look like the people of the
world. His daughter said. "Father,
we will go out for a walk, and I'll
dress to please thee; what shall I wear.
He looked at her critically, and then he
answered. "I have admired thy clothes answered, "I have admired thy clothes very much, though they seem like vanity, but of them all I like best that one that seemeth to glitter with sparkling lewels, and that was not unlike olor of the bright flowers in the mother's garden.'

Cross-examination proved that the one with the glittering jewels was a black crepon trimmed with black jet; but the one like unto the flowers— shades of Hicks and Fox and all bygone Ouskers ! -- it was a bright scarlet yatchting dress decorated with gilt braid. The old gentleman's eyes were healthy, but like the gayer ones, he also leased toward the rich black

American women have never had the Russian women, whom they most re-semble, display. It is certain that a semble, display. It is critain that a more becoming gown cannot be worn, and its soft pile frames and brings out the delicate flower-like beauty of the American as no other fabric ever doos. Speaking of the Quaker gentleman's fancy for red remisds me that there is a certain vogue just now in being redinired. For, if there hadn't been that little leaves of beredity burning locks, why should that most fascination of why should that most fanchating of Englishmen, young Itudolph Beason-dyll, have gotten into so much trouble during his stay in Zenda? What a charming play that is:

DELIGITYCL, MYTHICAL LAND.

When, last winter, I picked up the little book, and for one evening forgot about everyday life in America, and

duty and suffer, I thought it a pleas-me to live for a little while in that country, even if that country and all country, even if that country and all its people were bound in a tiny volume. But the other night when the oprtain went up and showed that beautiful German forest, and I listened to the sturdy, loyal friend, who stood by the King, no matter what happened, when I looked at the beautiful princes who to-day found Radolph more attractive than he was yesterday, and yet couldn't tell why, then I realized that if Zenda wasn't on the map it was the fault of those stupid people who draw maps and who are, after all very incorrect in their geography. Why, the whole thing was there.

I saw that gentle lady who, so much

their geography. Why, the whole thing was there.

I saw that gentle lady who, so much younger than her husband, loved unit wisely, but, oh! so very, very well, that good looking tisrman princs. I saw the duel fought between the husband and the prince, and I knew that in the next generation there would be somebody with Tittan red locks, because, as the French say, "enfant d'amour ressemble tojours is pere." And it showed a protty sentiment in the Bassendyll family that always there was a second son mamed Rudolph and a pretty coquetry in nature that always there was a second son had locks such as framed the Borgia's face, and which made Titlan's wife the envy of all the other women. It wasn't strange that, when this young Euglishman visited Zenda, the romantic side came appermost, for at heart every Euglishman is romantic. There was the forest; there was the hunting lodge where the king was drinking himself into forgetfalaces of his duties and there was Black Michael as black-hearted a villian in reality as he was in complexion; but here—why, who is this?

Is it Lord Chumley? No. Is it that Maister of Woodbarow? Is it the young rake who was made so unhappy by the dancing girl? No, no; it is not any of these men. Neither is it my disreputable friend, Mr. Baegen. It's a blonde, red-headed young Englishman, with manners delightfully free

ally of these men. Neither is it my disreputable friend, Mr. Raegen. It's a blonde, red-headed young Englishman, with manners delightfully free and easy, and who wins my heart and your heart as not one of these other men ever did, and I'll tell you why.

Rudolph Rassendyll, with all his lightness, with all his happy-go lucky manner, is, at the same time, very much in earnest, and then—and then he is very much in love, and it is such a beautiful love. It is a love that is willing to sacrifice itself to that which is right. Men do that every day, and women, too, but we don't always see it so well pictured on the mimic stage, nor do we always find that the object is so well worth it as was this dainty princess. Poople talk a great deal shout elevating the stage.

TEARS OF SYMPATHY AND APPRECIA-

TEARS OF SYMPATHY AND APPRECIA TION.

My experience has been that the people who talk so much have very little time to do anything, but, without saying one word about the greatness of his art, or his ability, or anything else except his desire to please his friends. Mr. Sothern has made the stage better than before. He has done more. He has made his andience better by putting before it a romantic picture of life, perfectly framed, with each figure is the picture dressed and rosequence is that, when the curtain drops, you and I and our neighbor feel queer humps in our throats, and we would rather not speak for a minute or two, and we wipe our eyes, not because there is a tear there; oh, dear no, but because—because—well, because the gas made them burn. To tell the truth, my friend, I felt the choking, I knew there were tears, and I knew what they were were tears, and I knew what they were for—they were my heartigst tribute to a beautiful story, beautifully told. Told by the people, who heads the play, and to whom I make my best how and say, "Thank you. Thank you for showing me something in which there is an honest love, an honest man, an honest woman. Something free from French hastiness or English filth. Something that doesn't auggest anything but what it says, and which tells the most charming story that has been written since Thackeray pictured Herry Emmond. were tears, and I knew what they were ry Esmond.

SPEAKING OF HOOKS.

By the trye, speaking of books. In these days when 24 floors are quite too short for one to do all that one wishes, the short story is a joy. It is a joy that is a transient one, because the tellers of is a transient one, because the tellers of short stories, I mean of good short stories, I mean of good short stories, are few. I love books, but I do, above everything else, love a book with pictures in it. List week when I was sick at heart, because for a little while life seemed too-hard to bear, I got gay and joyful again by reading some stories about a lot of college girls, and the illustrations. I usually call them pictures, but it seems as if that wasn't a good enough name for these, were all that they should be for they were done by that man who knows these, were all that they should be for they were done by that man who knows how to draw the very nicest sort of girls, the really nice girls, Mr. Gibson. I am going to tell you the name of this book so that you can get it from whatever library you honor with your intellectual tentes, because, between you and me, there are delicious stories to read aloud, either to a nice group of of boys and girls, to your best young man, or to your dearest woman friend if she insupens to be a bit cranky and if she happens to be a bit cranky and under the weather—it is "College

Girls."

Have you seen the article which Mrs. Linton had written about celebrities? She tells of meeting George Ellot; and how site seemed to put herself up on a pedestal and expected the rest of the world to tumble before her. This is my experience in regard to George Ellot. It is a sort of second-hand one. One day a long time ago I got a letter from a dearest girl, and she said: "I am so nervous I can hardly write, and the reason is that to-night I am to see George Ellot. Pancy seeing the woman who wrote 'Middle-march!' Fancy seeing the creator of 'Adam Biede' I am looking for sard to it with such pleasure that I om write

the great genius." For a week after the great genius." For a week after the reception of this letter I lived in it state of excitances, and then a well and then f had a plungs into a batle of severe own Regius is Europe.

An American Englander Region is Europe. The formation of the latter read in water.

The long-expected letter read:
"When I had rever lead never years and the reception of the severe was not believe as no old lady or a genile-left was not old and never seen for. You would never speak site of the set of the

en, and how little anybody can do to help it. CARE DUIVING STORIES.

ure that is born of pain. But I don't like a book that simply makes me

realize how much unhappiness there is in the world, how many tiresome wom-

in your cheeks, just deep enough to bold the tears that come when real sentiment is written about, and then you will have the ideal took. I think you will have the ideal book. I think the 'Prisoner of Zenda' is protty near it, and we all owe some pleasant hours to the gentle clergyman, Mr. Authony Hope Hawkins, for having given to us this delicate child of his brain. I believe in giving thanks where thanks are due. Is is fair and square. And though I sur not a genius; though I may not be over able to appreciate a genius, still, there is one person who can say. "Thank you," very sincerely and feel it as she says it, and that person is

Row to Treat the Populists. oga" in Kewton Enterprise.

Some of our Democratic leaders Some of our Democratic leaders think that a Populist is nothing but a balky Democrat. They say that like a balky Democrat. They say that like a balky horse he has only one idea in his best and that is to stop. They say that a little mand appinkled in the horse's car will immediately put other ideas in circulation and the horse will at once move on, and so in like manner they may that all the Populist needs is a little free colonge in his ear and a little free coinage in his ear and lie too will move off nicely in Demo-cratic harness. Gentlemen, this remedy won't do:

but we lo know of a remedy that a furmer once tried on a bulky horse that t might be safe to try on the l'opulists. It might be safe to try on the Populists, It is this: A farmer went out early one morning to had a load of wood. He loaded his wagon and gave the word and the horse would'nt move. After worrying for some time he deliberately walked home leaving the horse and wagon in the woods, thinking that perhaps he might come home at dinner time. Noon came and still no horse. That evening the herse came in with been the truest horse in the world. This is the only remedy that will do o try on the l'opulista.

The "Committee" Lord of All.

Charlotto Observar. Senator Pritchard is an lionest and out-spoken may. He said in an inter-view Monday with our Ruleigh correspondent, in reference to the continu-auge of fusion: "This will be decided by the committees of the two parties." And again: "The committees will art Mr. Prileford makes no pretence that the conventions or the members of the two parties at interest are to have any-thing to do wills the settlement of either of these matters. "The com-mittees" will take them in hand, and mittees" will take them in hand, and he says, what everybody knows, that whatever "the committees" say will go. What a pitiful condition for a lot of free men to be reduced to, that they should be willing to submit to "committees" to decide policies and caudidates for them instead of holding the decision of these things in their uwin them. The terrory is the says in the case in the case of the case what he was talking about. The sys-tem of bossism which he's been estau-lished over the fusion purty is perfect.

Kalghin of the Marrabers.

The State Commander writes us from Lincoln, Neb. as follows: "After trying other medicines for what seemed to see a very obstinate cough in our two children we tried Dr. Kings New Discovery and as the end of two days the cough entirely left them. We will not be without it hereafter, as our experience proves that it cares where the cough children where the cough children where the series of the train, in flashed back to me the flekering light that Tho State Commander writen ut ter trying other medicines for what a seemed to is a very obstinate cough in our two children we tried Dr. Kings New Discovery and at the end of two days the cough entirely left them. We will not be without it hereafter, as our experience proves that it cares where all other remedics fail,"—Signed F. W. Stavens, State Com.—Why not give this great medicine a trial, as it is guaranteed and trial bottles are free at Curry & Kennedy's Dung Store.

the porter, as he balanced my lox on the scales.

"Out," said I, and then he cried the weight—fifty kilos.

"Twenty-one francs, if you please," said the man in the baggage office, and I dashed up my "transportation."

"For the baggage, for the baggage in patient; and I gave him the money.

Manifestly there was no free baggage on the Orient Express, and the rate, twenty one francs (four dollars and tweety cents), for one hundred peonds, eight hundred miles, was a stiff one. To the porter who freighted my trunk I gave some sous, and saw him drop them into a looked box at the door of the laggage-room. In England the air, and alse is suggestive of nothing but a cranky, old woman, with a hoad shaped like a horse. I am rorry, more sarry than I can tell you, that I ever met her. She is tiresomely old-womanish to the last degree. And fearfully jealous of Lewes. Scarcely perpermits him to be civil to a woman. Lewes waits on her like a trained nurse, and I am told he doesn't let her even hear a breath of dispraise, and himself shoulders everything that is disagreeable or that could in any way offend her.' Who was my letter from? Marian Lois Wright, that wonderful girl artist whose plotures were in the salon when she wasn't much more than a child, but who, alast after having been a happy wife, paid with her life the juy of being a nother. To return to George Eliot. I think all the women she draw were most uncomfortable women. I don't know a single one of them, unless it was poor, sinful Hetty, with whom any one of a would have cared to live, hay in sud day out. Dorothen must have been tiresome, Rosamend was of the fool variety, that wants a D with a dash put before it, while most of the other women belonged to the list that I call uncomfortable. Her books may be great, of course they are, but I like a hook that leaves with me a sensation of pleasure even if it be that pleasure that is born of pain. But I don't like a book that simply makes merealize how much minapurlous there is

THE TRAIN. The train which I was preparing to board this bleak November night consisted of a smart-looking locomotive and five cars. Next the engine there was a sort of combination express, baggage, and commissury car, where the stores were kept. Then came the during-car, one-third of which was made into a beautiful smoking-saloon, with great easy-chairs put up in dark No, give me a good, short story or novel, and I can do its author the oredit of enjoying it; but life is too full of real wees, to permit one's add to be made uncomfortable. Don't you agree with me? Say you do. Say that you like a real, romantic story, that makes a laugh that causes dimples roof, above the tops of the light windows, in bold gold latters was the leather. Book of the "diner" there were three alseping cars of the Mann patent, and running along under the roof, above the tops of the high windows, in bold gold letters, was the mane of the company unabridged: "The International Bed-wagons Company and the Grand European Express," only it was in Freed.

The Orient Express runs "solid" from Paris to Constantinople—the same atomark. The

same cars and the same steward. The fare for the trip one way in this train de face is sixty-nine dollars. The sleeping-care fare is eighteen dollars. Only first-chastickets are taken, and the different railways over which the train passes have an exceeding the state of the care in the same of the same taken. passes have an agreement to issue no free passes. Any company violating this agreement is liable to a fine of six hundred frances (one hundred and liventy delivery

I wenty dollars).
In outward appearance this cam-Statemon of a Pullman or Wagner. There are certainly many advantages

I here are certainly many advantages is a compartment sleeper.

There is no rush or excitement; no one appears to be in any hurry. Three or four puriers come along leisurely, tolling a little iron car containing a small canyass travelling-bay. Other poters, not in uniform, come along with hot-water cause-bong, flat cause which they along interface. with hot-water cans-long, flat caus which they slide into the comparition to ordinary European coaches; but the Orient is heated by steam. Now comes a truck with a great formy mall-bags, which are put into the rear car. The mails are an important item to the railways, and as this train leaves Paris but twice a week, they are usually heavy.

In half an hour the splendid frain is In half an hour the splendid frain is trembling away in the night. It is seven o'clock, and the dining-car is liked with people—men and women from every corner of the carth. If a Russian speaks to an Italian, or a German to a Spaniard, it is simust invariably in French. All the reading matter belonging to the train is printed in three languages, but only French is spoken, sure when another language is absolutely necessary. The cards posted in the cars have these leadings: in the cars have these headings: "Avis," "Notice," and "Notice," The dining-can service is equal to the best in any country, and the rates are reasonable. The first broakfast is the reasonable. The first breakfast is the regulation European bill—bread, butter, and coffee—with fruit if you want it, for one france, seventy-five centimes. (thirty-five cents). At eleven o'clock they serve a good dejeaner for five frances (a dollar), and at evening a splendid dinner for six frances (one dollar and twenty cents). So you have three good meak for two dollars and tifty five cents, which, in America, in the severage dinlag-cay, would come in the average dining-car, would cost three dollars. When dinner is over the mon lounge in the smoking-room for a couple of hours, and then go to OFFICIAL ORANDEIR AND PRECEDENCE.

about everyday life in America, and lived in a romantic country where great deeds were possible, where true 'Adam liede;' I am looking forward to love existed, and where, for dear love's sake, and because it was right, a man no more, but you shall hear from me and a woman were willing to do their soon, and have a full description of the grant medicine at rial, an it is guaranteed and trial bottles are free at Curry & Kennely's Drug Store.

Head of the remedica full,"—Signed V.

W. Stevens, State Com.—Why not shall but to me the flekering light that to his give this areat medicine a trial, as it is guaranteed and trial bottles are free at Curry & Kennely's Drug Store.

Store is determined to the train, in Bushel hauk to me the flekering light that to his give this areat medicine a trial, as it is guaranteed and trial bottles are free at Curry & Kennely's Drug Store.

Store is determined to the flekering light that the west on the flekering light that the west on the flekering light that the fickering light light that the fickering light light light light light light light light li

Everything has a military nic about it. The old woman sweeping a crossing brings her broom to her shoulder, and the one-legged watchman comes to the proper position, with a red flag for a musket, as the train goes by.

Twenty-four hours takes the traveller to Vienna, over eight hundred miles. The locomptives used in Apatria are more like American thatchines than those of Eighand and France, and the day care are the best I have seen on the Continent. They are heavier than the ordinary European rallway carriage and rest on eight large whosis. First-class cavings a relieavily ouslined with brautiful Russia leather, clean, cool, and comfortable. You enter these care, not at the side, nor at the end, but at the compartments open into a carridor, side, nor at the end, but at the corner; the compartments open late a carrider. Deopping down the Danabo for Six or seven hours, we see the san rise in Savia, and the first stop on the following day is at Belgrade. It is warmer here, the earli is dry and the sky clear. The voyager begins to feel that he is in a new world, with strange people. Here are evidences of dress reform. The paintaloon is needing into the The pastuloon is merging into the gown, or the gown into the pastuloon, perhaps, as it is in America. Each succeeding hour carries us farther lote this desolate country, so old and yet to new; with so little of what are now regarded as signs of civilization.

When we have travelled through it

we wonder how the International Sleeping-Car Company can afford to run a train even twice a week through such a latid. At most we met and passed the weatbound train. It has be we had passed other trains, but this was the first passenger train I had seen in forty hours. scen in forty hours.

ON THE LOCOMOTIVE.

I carried with me a permit to ride, "to mount as Orient Express when I wished to do so, and now I slipped into my engine clothes and anounted the machine. The engineer was a native, and about all we could say to each other was "Yes" and "No" in French. Nearly, if not all, the railroads here are operated by the governments of the various countries through which they pass. The Orient Express, however, is one rated solety by the sleepingever, is operated solely by the sleeping-ear company. This company's conduc-tor, who goes all the way from Paris, to Constantinopie, is the captain of the train; only the government in-spectors of the different countries come abourd to unpect inggage and look after the interests of the govern-

The track was only fair, but the hocomotive was in good condition. The time is slow, not more than tweet-In outward appearance this company's trains are similar to the traics from on the American continent. The cans are long and rest on wheels. You enter the car at or near the end, and pass through a narrow corridor, from which you enter the compartments.

A compartment holds two or four people, and often, with the judiclause expenditure of a few france, the "voyager" can secure a small compartment all to himself, and be quite as secluded and comfortable as he would be in the statemon of a Pullman or Wagner. ascended the waterless stream. On either side of the wash the country grew rough; the hills in the distance would be called mountains in the Holy Land. The wagon-road lay perallel with the railway, and in holf an hour we passed hundreds of ex-teams bring-

ing wood down from the bills.
Some women and children were driving a flock of turkeys, a man was leading a shoep, and others were carrying jars of something-honey, per ma -on their heads.

SOMETHING OMINOUS.

All at suce the air grew atill; an oppressive silence seemed to hang on vale and hill, and all the people stopped short. It seemed to me that we run into a bad piece of track, or that our train had saddenly quickened its piece. I saw a Servian woman with a child in her arms stagger, stop, take the water-jug from her head, and hug her frightened haby to her naked breast, financeds of yoked cattle were lowing, barros were braying, and whole flocks of sheep were crying on the distant downs. Meantime the curves seemed to increase, and although we were not making more than forty it lies an hour, we appeared to fairly lly. Hen stood and stared at the heavens. A Mohamand stared at the heavens. A Moham-medan slid down from a pack-mule, spread att his prayer-rug, set his face towards Mecca, and prayed. Christ-ians crossed themselves, and as often as I stole a glonce at the driver I found him looking at me. Till now I had attributed the action of these wild people to childish wonder at seeing the train sweep by; but when I looked at the alsoost pale face of the sun browned driver I was newlidged. The things. driver I was bewildered. The things I beheld were all so unnatural that

Mr. Preurles Faint Steat

aloigh News and Observer.

Many serious accession, supported by proof, have been made of the Legislature. Its foul does make a steach to high beaven. Patriotic and lonest people think of its presendings with a feeling of State diagracs and a prayer that Morth Carolina may never be so securing again.

people think of its proceedings with a reciling of State disgrace and a prayer that North Carolina may never be so scourged again.

It remained, however, for the leader of the Fusionists in the House to show the mean spiris and unworthiness of the Lugislature of which he had the dishonor to be a member. Mr. Girzard Frouch, of New Hampver, was interviewed Wednesday by a News (m) Observer reporter, and we quote from the interview published yearcriay:

"Reference being made to the Atlanta Exposition, Mr. French said that probably the appropriation for North Carolina's representation would have been for one incident. An Atlanta paper accidentily fell into the hands of the Fusionists. It contained resolutions of indignation by the North Carolinians living in Georgia against the Douglass resolutions. Mr. French said this action in Georgia put those who imposed to see the piper (which was handed around) in high diagrou, and thus the bill missed fire.

Here we have it? Morth Carolina kept in the back ground because a few of its native sons denounced the disgrace that allows and trailors had placed upon the commonwealth of their fathers! Crayen apirita, sourting under the disgrace wrought by their own action, willing to deny the State its proper place among its sisters in order to spite a few former citizens. That is the height and depth and leagth of Fusion patriotism.

No true son of the State can rest content till the stain is wipe! off by the defeat of the gang that brought of une of the day and that his crowd is incapable of rising above the petticst and narrowest spitefulness, and convicted them of an exhibition of it that makes them contemptible in all eyes. Possibly without insending it, Mr. French has given his gang a fatal stab.

The Unit Bollar Louisville Courier-Journal

"Why, why," roured the free silver silver dollar in 1873 when it was worth

silver dollar in 1873 when it was worth a premium of 3 cents over gold?"
Why? Aye, yi, why?
Well, in the first piace the silver dollar was not struck down in 1873. There was no silver dollar in 1873. There never will be a silver dollar in circulation when it is worth 3 cents more than a gold dollar. No people would be such fools as to use as morey a dollar which is worth 3 cents more a dollar which is worth 3 cents more more than a gold dellar. No people would be such fools as to use as money a dollar which is worth 3 cours more as bullion. In the second place, if there had been a sliver dollar in 1873 which was worth 3 cents more than gold, it would have been according to the logic of the latter-day sliverites, a good thing to strike it down; for If there had been any creditors shrewd enough to slipulate in their contracts that their debts should be paid in silver dollars the debtors would have had to pay in dollars worth outy 100 cents. The people of this country du not want a dollar that is worth one thing to-day and snother thing to-morrow; they do not want a dollar worth 103 cents any more than they want one worth 17 cents. The 100-cents dullar is the only housest dollar, and it is the only dollar that creditors are going to be allowed to pay.

Sorghum es. College Payotterfile Oliverver.

Facetorfile Chierrer.

Mr. Hinton-Fairelotti unade this fall seventy-two gallons of sorghum from the yield of sugar cane grows in oue-third of an acre. Of course the soil was made very fertile. Land so cultivated would produce on an average about two frundred and twesty-fee gallons to the sere; and the sergium at 25 cents per gallon will pay the larmer about sixty dollars. Is it not about an well to raise a little sugar cane besides cutton?



Are you taking littly one Liven Rico CLAYOR, the "Eines or Liven Men coxes"! That is what our reader want and nothing but that, it is the came o'd friend to which the cid folk binned their fairs and were never disappointed. But another good recommendation for it is, that it is harry what Pills never which never wash mendation for it is, that it is never weak-ens, but works it such an easy and natural way, just like nature itself that seller comes quiet and sure, and one feels new all over. It never falls kvery budy nours take a liver remedy, and averyone anothel take only lim-mous liver Regulator.

He pur. you get it. The Red Z is co the wrapper. J. H. Zeilin Co., Philist-Setty

What Shall We do for Bragge. wermer, R. L. Govern

Parts few years we have shoot reveled in oranges; but the price which ichoos have attained reminds us of the beconvenience of a centry supply of the citus fruit. We have been receiving for a decade such as immense quantity of oranges from Fiorida, that we heard with diseasy of the tojury done by an untimely frost to the crange groves of that southern peninsuls. A paragraph going the remains of the papers says that last year the crop of granges was five million boxes. This year, however, it will not exceed a hundred thousand boxes; and all of them have been engaged for the Cincianati market. Now we do not wouch for the accuracy of the report. If it is substantially correct we may well sympathize with the immittance of that stars, and apoers on our own account

stantistiy correct we may well sympatibles with the inhabitants of that state, and account on our own account that we are to be deprived as largely of the rich fruit.

What shall we do then? Must we forege the nas of the orange? We should be sarry to be compelled to answer in the affirmative. We may be helped to answer the spirative we may be helped to answer the Spirative of and the forethe groves of Fortla yielded as richly. Fifty years ago we need to get the seatiest oranges from an island to the west of Portugal. The St. Michaels were the first comers of late fall or carly whater. Specifly came, inverse, fruit from the Mediterraneas. From provinces in Spira, from Melly and sunny Italy came the golden fruit. But such fruit was the more costly from the fact that our impairs came in salling ships and had to be plucked green. We, therefore, seldom get so delicious an orange as fravelers told of and as we later began to expect from Piorida. But we also received oranges from the West Indian islands. Chap produces some good oranges, and they average still better from Jamaica and Poto Rico. A your or two ago we saw a peddler with wagen titled up at the four of Park Plate, and leared him Porto Rico. A year or two ago we saw a peddler with wagon titled up at the fost of Park Piace, and heard him instily lawing, "Florida Comages," We scrutinized them, and asked, What did you call those oranges? "Fiorida Oranges." They don't look to my like Florida frait; I should call thom "Porta Rich oranges," "Ch well," was the response, "you and I knew the difference, but it is not everybedy that does." And he fore we had get many rods from him we heard hits chousing. "Nice Florida to anges." Now we must forege Florida to anges." Now we must forege Florida to anges." Now we must forege Florida to anges of transport will relieve us somewhat from our difficulty, steam I as taken the plane of sails, and the mercanits who have built up size, a turke with Florida must send their vessuls to the West lightan ports, and bring us a supply themes. And from the Meditarranean too the steamsing can bring us in a few days freight that used to demand weeks for transportation.

Weisstor's Weekly.

Webster's Weekly.

The new woman has come, for a fact there is a sample of reform in Guilford county: A revenue officer tried to enjourn a moonstiller named May a few dats upo. May is big and strong, and the officer called in two critices. But May's wife knocked one of the citizens down with a pale and set on him, during him to rise, and May's five children stood off the other critices. May escaped. It is not stated what became of the revount officer.

Literary Sute

the almost pale faces of the min browned driver. I was hewlidered. The things I beheld wore all so uninstant that felt my head swimming. Glaucing altered I saw the straight frack take on curves and shuke them out again, resembling a running sinck. The valley had become a nerrow guiel, and from the near hills arose great clouds of smoke, as from a quarry when the shorts go off. The thream, who had here took it off and tived to see, but made no attempt to check the speed of the fight train. As a drunker cowboy cashing down a straight street sways in his maddle, as a wounded bird recist through the air, did this much masked to the contract of the sample of the many years, with a severe natus in plouk News. Takest Williams, Link and also that his binder was therefore. He ried many so called bird recist through the check the speed of the fight train. As a drunker cowboy cashing down a straight street sways in his maddle, as a wounded bird recist through the air, did this much masker of a hecomolities and offers gives almost railed. One trial will prove our statement. Price only after instant railed. One trial will prove our statement. Price only after instant railed to make any an attractive number.

Britant and word to raise a little sugar and or into friend of the hook-haver, and the sorgium to find the strain at most case of the hook. News" for October has a new and or into fact in a void or into fact in a reader of the hook. News" for October has a new and or into fact in a reader of the hook. News" for october has a new and or into fact in trade take or into fact in the sugar.

Mr. Fred Miller, of Irving, II writes the had a Severe kidney trouble as they contract the had a Severe was an attractive in the fact in a void or into fact in a voi