Gastonia, N. C., March 12, 1896.

Chan in Advance.

No 11

SOME BOOK-SHOP WISDOM

BAB FINDS OLD AND NEW HEALTH BOOKS WITH BEAUTY HINTS.

rable Wise Pamphiets of the Olden Days-Complexion, Digestio and Early-Rising Points-What the New Health Books of Tu-day Say Mow a Woman May Beautify Merself. 84, Louis Republic.

All the new books, that is, excepting the snalytical novels, or those that bear the stamp of the Beardeley school are falling back on that old, if somewhat trite, saying "A thing of leasty is a joy forever." There must be a demand for beauty or rether what trite, saying "A thing of leanty is a joy forever." There must be a demand for beauty, or rather a demand for the means tending toward beauty. In one book shop, I discovered many books, wise uses, that told how to care for the complexion; others that explained how angles could become curves, how dull eyes could be made bright, and how inferior brains could be developed into brains far beyond the average. Then there are innumerable pamphlets of the oldes day, in which the seeker after the beautiful, as depicted in her own parson, is advised to get up early and breaths the first air of the new-born day if she wishes to be "sweet of face, sweet of breath and sweet of skin." This may answer for August, but any would-he beauty who attempted it in March would be apt to get the chilbiains, a red nose and a violent cold of the order that shows literally introduced for red nose and a violent cold of the or-der that shows itself in its demand for to handkerchiefs a day. Hence it would seem as if the pamphlet of yesterday or the day before is not always suited to general use.

TO INCHEASE WOMANLY BEAUTY.

Two are before me at present; one is Two are before me at present; one is paper bound, brown of color, bus "f's for s's" and is altogether homely looking. The other is quite new, bound in springlike tint, in cloth, with a disagreeable-looking young woman for a frontispiece. It tells, notwithstanding its modern binding, much that is truth, but it doesn't tell all that the pamphiet of olden days sets forth as necessary to the increase of beauty. The old-timer says that if a woman wishes to be beautiful should have dainty food teastifully served, that she should be quacquainted with gresse or vinegar, and that she should learn the value of a rich dish that is at the same time, not a heavy dish. at the same time, not a beavy dish. This wisdom boiled down means that one should live well and take care of one's digestion. Then it goes on to say that she who aims at beauty should

single-united in the state of the produces. Overabundance is the abomination of desclation; and confusion of idea has been the death warrant of many a blameless bonnet. For, consider: The object of its existen is to surmount, to crown and frame a is to surmount, to crown and frame a homan countenance. And if that face be beautiful already, what possible collection of beads, straw, for, moss, plover's eggs, pink roses and plumage is likely to draw closer attention to the lovely and delicate lines beneath? And if the face be prregular to the face or maille in most falled an employer and contract for the contract for the contract for the contract for the contract falled an employer and the face be pregular. beneath? And if the face be irregular in shape, failed or muddy in color, unfortunate in length or size or breadth, what concatenation of the animal, mineral and vegetable kingdom is calculated to lead away the critical eye to some happier point in the wearer's partners? If this sould subtract anatomy?" If this would only teach one woman how to buy the right sort of hat! But no, until the end of the world the small woman will overton horself with a cart-wheel hat such as Nell Gwynne wore, laden down with plumes, heavy with flowers and tricked out with ribbon bows, while the large stately matron will crown herself with band of pink velvet, in the center of which is a small forget-me-not in

As if one could forget that bonust on that woman. The dottet on the eye is large beside it. If I were learned, I should say, 'O tempore! O mores!'
but, as I am not, I simply say, 'Guadpess practious!' and wonder when the
right bounet and the right woman will
meet, and what the result will be.

'A PASSION FOR "TRYING ON" THINGS.

To return to the book of to day. It makes another truthful statement. It says. "English women are, as a race, amitten with a strange passion for trying ou things." That this is true mobody who has ever seen the English women abroad can doubt. She buys a piece of ribbon at the bargain counter and manages to pin it at hor waist; she possesses a bit of lace, and it appears at her throat. Flowers and ribbons and lace meander at their own award will over her bonet, and she is never astisfied to leave her gown as it was when it came from the hands of an artist. She puts some tags of an artist. She puts some tags of finery on it and thinks she has im-proved it. The English idea of dress-ing can be damned with faint praise by reminding you of one thing: It was the English milliner who first put trimming on the sailor hat. The but

other surt of bracelet that can be got-ten at a reasonable price at what size calls the shops. Her brooch is suffi-ciently large to announce it as a thing of use, even if it isn't one of beauty, and yet, bere's where this nice little house of cards tumbles over—the Eng-lish woman looks the handsumest and dresses best for a ball or for a dinner of any woman in the world. Of its own free will that book turned over a page as if to exploit this bit of wiedom: "The wife does not exist in order to contribute to man's happiness, yet she continues to exist.

happiness, yet she continues to exist, because she does contribute to it, and over her dressing table should be written: 'Beautiful women can do as they beautral woman can do as they blease, but a pinin woman must please to do a great deal." I suppose that is true, and yet who would want to marry the Visius de Milo, and have her posing about the house all day? By the bye, that reminds me that we thought of sending our fox terrier to the dog show as the canine Apollo, but ever since be has heard of it he has been so glad about it that he has eaten too much, and his shape is more that of too much, and his shape is more that of an apollinaris bottle, or of an elderly Hercules than the gentleman whose figure was supposed to be only equaled by that of William Muldoon. But, after all, and this is my last quotation, the book of to-day gives nope. It says: "In the mereiful scheme of nature there are no plain women; there are women who dress badly, women who are dull natured. women who take too much medicine; women who take too little food. But given fresh air, exercise and the same contented mind which follows—and above all, given large ecough looking—glasses, there can be no excuse for women not looking well and being attractive."

say that she who aims at beauty should sleep well and often; that, put into plain English, signifies that the mind should be free from care.

THE BOOK OF TO-DAY.

She is not advised to walk much, which to all intents and purposes is equivalent to saying that something masculine should love her well enough to carn for her a fine coach and pair, in which to take her walks abroad For she is to have fresh air without exertion. To keep her half ne beautiful—now don't raise your hands up in horror—she must braid it smoothly before going to bed, and over it she must put a nighten. You may not facty this, bat it is well known that most of the women of to-day who have beautiful able two re nightcaps made of fine mull when they were they children.

Let us see what the book of to-day says. Not very much in the way of helping the plain woman to become a beautiful woman. A good bit is said about the sort of clothes that should be worn, and this is smoothly. No roperly understood hat or bounce can inflored to be anything but simple and single-minded in the impression it produces. Oversthendance is the aboundation of desolation; and confusion of liets has been the same and the most of single minded in the impression it produces. Oversthundance is the aboundation of desolation; and confusion of liets has been the same and the most of some single minded in the impression it produces. Oversthundance is the aboundation of desolation; and confusion of liets has been the same in the confusion of liets has been the same in the confusion of liets has been the same in the confusion of liets has been the same in the confusion of liets has been the same same in the confusion of liets has been the same in the confusion of liets has been the same in the confusion of liets has been the same in the confusion of liets has been the same in the confusion of liets has been the same in the confusion of liets has been the same in the confusion of liets has been the same in the confusion of liets has been the same in the confusion of liets has bee now a wife, and a mother, and has forgotten whether his first name is pronounced in one syllable, or whether he is ignominiously called "Curier." But now, the one so eagerly longed for, so often dreamed of, has come. He is far and away ahead of the others because he is man ly looking; his voice is ewest but deep, and the M. Y. W. says that it has such a lovely effect on her that she dreams of "lost chords" and organs and angels every Saturday night. He is handsome. Even elderly women, who cannot be misfit horns right into your ears, and Even elderly women, who cannot be called M. Y. W.'s do not besitate to say that, and some gushing ones are quite willing to be mothers to him. This greatness (that involved in being the joy of the M. Y. W.) has been thrust upon the gentleman in question. I do not know him, but I do know the M. Y. W.'s and from their behavior I am sure that the man

their behavior I am sure that the man for whom they have been looking so long, the modern King Arthur, I anneelet and Prisoner of Zenda, all rolled into one, is here. He is Mr, James Hackett, who, last year was the delightful Austrian gallant that led Napoleon's wife into all sorts of trouble, but who this year is playing the "Prisoner of Zenda," and as a girl who was enting gumdrops said, "playing it so may heart goes thump, thump, thump, and I am afraid the strings of my stays are going to break." That is my stays are going to break." That is one of the signs of winning the M.Y. W. Jesting aside, Mr. Hackett is a young, handsome actor, charming to look at, pleasant to listen to, and who. look at, pleasant to listen to, and who, I hope, will be wise enough to grow into his proper place, i. a., become the leading man of the Lyceum stock pompady. That is a great thing nowadans for an actor. Everybady from the learned pig up to Sarah Bernhardt and Mr. Brodie stars; hence there is nothing individual in it, but to be one

who goes to form a perfect picture, one who, in a grouping of good artists has his niche and Stalt perfectly, ah, that is something! AFTER THE THEATER.

Speaking of the theater a good many women this winter have kieled in their prestry way, and as only a woman can who wears a No. 1 slipper with a high heel, against the expense of suppers. A few years ago one could ask one's friends to drop in after the theater, offer them something but from the obading dish, something sold from the sidebourd, anything to drink that happened to come bandy, and the supper didn't cost much and everybody had a good time. Then the neuveaux riche took passession of London and

that of all others should be either E. pluribus unum or in puris naturalibus, which is it? The stiff, somewhat coquettish straw hat, which demanded nothing but the straight hand about the crown, had flowers and buckles. Is accompanied for the purish of the straight hand about the crown, had flowers and buckles. Is accompanied for the purish women and stiff feathers tied on it by the English milliher, and lost its individually, and became a hat without a country.

It may also be stated, on my own book, that in addition to her fancy for tying things on herself, the English woman has the greatest yearning for the same with a chatelaine, she is doubtfully decorated with a necklance sufficiently long to permit its heket, heart-shaped to rest upon her beaving bosom, and then she wears bangle bracelets, watch bracelet and every other surt of bracelet that can be gotten at a roasonable price at what she calls the shoom. Her brooch is sufficient is also the shoom. Her brooch is sufficient calls the shoom. Her brooch is sufficiently calls the shoom and the straight man astranger might be, he want to sufficiently ca

with that divinest of disless—the ten-der terrspin—there is a supper fit for the gods. Yes, after the terrspin is all enten up, and we are discussing the play, the men do snoke, but the wo-men? Well, no. Women who like it can do it. In the Hut, as the hostess arranges the menu, there is nothing for women to smoke. It may be pret-ty to see a woman smoke but I doubt it, In early wouth there was imprinted up. In early youth there was imprinted up-on my mind two lines of an exquisite piece of poetry that began in this fashion:

Gud never made that pretty mouth Those lines may be crude, but they are truthful, on the word of BAR.

street car, with 100 other men, breath-ing an incense of whisky, beer and tobacco, hang on a strap by your eye-lids for two miles and then pay 30 cents for the privilege of sitting on a rough plank in the broiling sun for two hours longer, while in the inter-vals of the game a scratch hand will blow discordant thunder out of a dosen missit horns right into your ears, and then come home to talk the rest of the family into a state sural paralysis about the dandiest game you ever saw

about the 'dandiest game you ever saw played on the ground."

'Ah, my boy' you see what staying away from church does. It develops a habit of lying. There isn't one man in 100 who could go on the witness stand and give, under oath, the same reasen for not going to church that he gives to his family every flabbath morning. My son, if you don't think you ought to go, you wouldn't make any excuses for not going. No man apologizes for doing right.

They Can't Trust Him

Columbus Press Every few days the friends of Mr Every few days the friends of Mr. McKinley, to make sure that Foraker has no knife up his sleeve or rovolver in his hip pocket, issist on making an examination, and publishing a certificate of fidelity. Although these examinations and certificates are growing monotonous in their frequency, there appears to be no prespect of their discountinuance.

Tongue Pulled Out by the Scott

Medienburg Times, 8th.

Two males were at play in a pasture rested by James Thompson, on the Betay Gringle farm near Harrisburg, last Sunday. In their play, one of them got the other by the tongue and held on so fast and pulled so hard that the unfortunate mule's tongue was pulled out by the roots. The tengue-less mule had to be killed.

How resuch business our a man do whose anythm is in a state of district? Homeleache is order a district of district? Homeleache is order a district of district. The paint in the honel is the sign of redesilion. They pain that be homeleast the sign of redesilion. They have been consistent in dies and other abases.

Dr. Pictricts Pleasant Fulless are a greetle, official to protovator and invigorator of stocach, liver and forward. They asked interes without presenting to total the budy pices-mail. There are no sympless pains, no massion. One is a langilly. A brook of 1888 prages, profusely Hightrested, written by lie. M. V. Poryo, called "The Propers of the Propers of the Propers Communication of the Propers o

"I don't believe that there is a piace in the world where honor is worth more and held at a higher rate than right here. Millions are made and lost here every day without a scrap of writing connected with the construct. A motion of the hand will often announce the acceptance of a bid which makes or loses a fortune. Other professions have no idea of such methods, and the average broker has as high a mone of honor as the men of any other class in the world,"

what she wished; but no matter how pleasant a stranger might be, he wasn't asked, since champagne could not be on the menu. The London woman atrack.

She proposed to have ber jolly supper at her own home, and abe didn't propose to spend all her substance on that charming wine made of the crystallined uniles of the peasant girls of France. Hence, in the swellest houses, you get your supper and a drick with it, but it is counted smarter not to have champagne. Have whisky with ginger ale, sods, or whatever you may fancy, you can offer the ginger ale alone, you can have brandy and sods, or if you prefer it, plain loed "polly," but there is no wine upon the table.

A woman who could afford it set the fashion in London to oblige a woman who couldu't; but, after all, what a coward a woman is when she is afraid to ask her friends because she can't give them champagne. We think, we who live in the "Hut," that when the theater is over, if there is some terrapin from the Baltimore market to ba cooked by the Bear and some dainty salad to be served by the bostess, with whatever masculinity may want to go with that divinest of dishez—the tenther is a supper fit for the gods. Yes, after the terrapin is all worth of gold. In the world this year.

GOOD TIMES COMINO.

"I expect to see the times improve steadily from now on. We are going to have a period of gold inflation, and the golden era is about to come. We will produce more than \$300,000,000 worth of gold in the world this year, and the greater part of this will go into circulation. There are new gold theids being discovered in all parts of the world, and the probability is that the output will increuse rather than diminish. Now, the big contarties of Europe have been hoarding gold for some time. They have strong boxes practically full in preparation for possible wars in the future. They will hoard no more, and the samplus from now on will go into circulation. There will be a million dollars' worth of gold thrown into the world's circulation during the next five years, and this will create at least a billion dollars of oredit money. The result will be a gold inflation and the prices of averything will rise."

"Will there be a panic at the cod of it?"

"Yes, the panic will come somer or later. Prusperity and the reverse move in waves, and we are bound to have our upe and downs just about every so often."

"How about interest rates? Have they not got to the bottom?"

"No, I think not," replied Mr. Clews. "Interest is falling and will probably fall. The low rate of interest depends upon credit. Our Government has such good oredit that it can get money very cheaply. It is so with our business men. Teop are known to bus good and everyone wants to lend to them."

MOMEY IN WALL STREET.

"How about Wall street? Is there as much change to make money as there has been in the past?"
"Yes, every bit, Men are making money here now. Successful Wall

money here now. Successful Wall street speculators are born, not made. They come into the street, and by industry, energy and practical common sense make fortunes."

'What are the elements of a successful Wall street speculator?"

'The chief thing is to know a good thing when you see it, and to not spen it the moment you know it. A successful man here has to know the country. He has to the wareful in his habits and see that his brain is in good condition. If his vital force goes out in dissipation of any kind he can't use it here, and I san tall you, he needs vital force are."

SYSTEMS FOR GAMBLERS. "In Monte Carlo, Mr. Clews, where real gambling goes on, there are numerous men who have systems, which they think will best the game. le there any system by which a Wall street stock gambler can best the

game?"
"No, I think not," replied the old broker. "Men with systems come here by the scores. They invariably fail in the end. You can't play Wall street

the end. You can't play Wall street on aystam."
"How does a presidential campaign affect Wall street?"
"It is bad," replied Mr. Clews.
"Bad for the speculators, bad for the brokers, bad all around. People get interested in the different candidates. The bankers and brokers are appointed on committee, and they devote time to polities which they ordinarily use in the street. Both Wall street and the people loss a great deal during a presidential campain."

AICHEST MAN IN THE UNITED STATES.

ARCHEST MAN IN THE UNITER STATES.

"Who is the richest man in the United States, Mr. Clewe?"

"I believe Cornelius Yanderbilt stands at the head," was the reply. He has at least \$100,000,000,"

"Who are the five richest men?"

"Let me see," was the reply of the broter, as he held up a defiente white head, and began to count on his fingers, beginning at the little one, "There is Cornelius Yanderbilt fires, William H. Yanderbilt second, William H. Yanderbilt second, William Waldorf Aster, the fortune of Jay Gould, and lastly, that of John Reckefeller, Each of these is worth from fitty millions to a bundled million dufner and altogether they represent an enermous amount of second,"

"Are not these large fortunes dangerous to the United States?" I asked.

"Don't you think that we are liable to

TELLER TALKS OF CRIPPLE CHESK.

Speaking of Mr. Clews' helief of there being a guld era at hand, I had a const the other day with Senstor Heory M. Twier about the rich Cripple Creek gold mine of Colorado. Cripple Creek gold mine of Colorado. Cripple Creek gold mine of Colorado. Uripple Creek gold mine of Colorado. Uripple Creek gold mine of Colorado. Uripple Creek gold mine of Colorado, and the United States to-day. Senator Teller had just come from the mines when I saw him. Said he:

A wonderful gold development is going on in Colorado, and this has prestreally changed the condition of the State. We seemed to be on the verse of ruin in 1893 through the fall in the price of silver. Now the financial skies have changed, and all the clouds have golden liulings. New mines have been discovered at Cripple Creek, and the chave some rich gold mines at Camp Creek and Fulfurd. The Cripple Creek mines are turning out gold at the rate of from eight to ten million dollars a year. I visited two of the greatest mines there during my stay. In the Portland mine is equally good. The Portland mine is turning out about \$16,000 worth of gold a day, or more than half a million dollars a month. It coats very little to get the gold out. The average is less than \$25 cents as ounce, and an ounce of gold is, you know, worth more than \$20. Mineteen dollars and serventy five cents is a good profit off \$5 cents, isn't it?" "Yes, it is," said I. "But I suppose the most of the money goes to the East?"
"No, it does not," replied Senator Toller, "I thunk fortune it does not. The East has had little confidence in Columbe of late years. It would not for a least time taken as the confidence in the confidenc

WALL STREET HONOH.

"How about the bonor of Wall street? Some people think that the brikers are dangerous men to deal with."
"I don't believe that there is a place

HOW IT FEELS TO LOSS MILLSONS.

TELLER TALKS OF CRIPPLE CHREN.

Colorado of late years. It would not for a long time take any stock in the gold discoveries, and Colorado men has to develop the mines themselves. This is what I want. I want to see the State develop itself and get the profit. We den't want a lot of fellows living in the East and fattening off the body of Colorado. We are practically independent. Colorado has all sorts of resources, and if the people de not want our selver we can give them gold. If they don't want gold we will give coal, and if they don't want coal we have got enough petroleum in the State to float many of the Eastern cities. The gold discoveries have filled the Culorado barks. I beard not long ago from Colorado Springs. My

want our selver we can give them gold. If they don't want gold we will give coal, and if they don't want coal we have got anough petroleum in the State to float many of the Eastern elties. The gold discoveries have filled the Colorado barks. I heard not long ago from Colorado Springs. My letter stated that there was more than a million dollars of Cripple Creek gold deposited in its bank vaults. I have a recent statement from one of our banks in D-nyer. It has a half million dollars expiral and its deposits now amount to more than seven millions of dollars."

"HE GOLDEN MIAA.

"Do you think this gold output will continue to increase?"

"I don't know why it should not," repied Senator Teller. "Some of the mines which I saw have enough gold in sight to keep them busy for years, and new mines, as I esid. are being discovered. There is a great iscrease in the world's gold preduct. It itsually amounts to about \$15,000,000 out of my \$45,000, half to be mines which I saw have enough gold in sight to keep them busy for years, and new mines, as I esid. are being discovered. There is a great iscrease is the world's gold preduct. It itsually amounts to about \$15,000,000 out of my \$45,000, half to be more marking it is not worth a rate that it will amount to more than \$900,000,000 ay year, itseld and its result in this will make immediate good thous. Outpital is timid. There are few new fasteries being started, as all twill be, I think, everally years before we see a substantial change is the financial itself to "Yes," continued Senator Teller. "Yes," continued Senator T

have a society of the rich and one of the poor if we are not careful?"

"No. I think not," replied Mr. Chewa. "The only way these fortunes have been kept together is by a system of entail. The Vanderbitts have given the bulk to the eldent son and the Astor millions are kept together. The rule is that rich families ackom hold their estates more than four generations. We have no law of entail, and the sharp young fellows from the outside manage to get away with the fortunes of the effete rich." "Was Stratton a rich man to start with?" I saked.
"No, I believe not," raplied Senator Teller. "He came West paor and atruck it rich at Crippin Creek. It was the same with one of the owners of the Pertiand Mine, which I told you was slee turning out a half-sulliton dellars a mouth. He was a plumber a few years ago, and was working for a few dellars a day."

GOSSIP ABOUT MOFFATT.

"How about David H. Moffatt, Senstor?" I select. "He is also a self-made millionaire is he nos?"

"Yea," replied Benstor Teller, "When I first knew David H. Moffatt he was running a little book and stationery store in Danver. He came West from Omaha, I think. He left the book store to be easilier of a bank, and his money-making ability was such that he was soon able to buy a majority of the stock of the bank, and broams its president. I don't mean that he did anything not strictly homest, but he is a natural money-maker, and he has always been seccessful."

"What is Mr. Moffatt worth now, Senator?"

"What is Mr. Moffatz worth now, Senator?"

"I suppose he is worth anywhere between teu and fifteen million dollars," was the rouly. "He is so risk now that he can't help making money. He may lose a little heir and there, but he is bound to come out on top. Why, not long ago he had to take a mine for a debt of \$150,000. He put money into its and developed it, and out of that mine alone he has, I vanture, taken a million. He is now interested in mines all over Colorado. He owns mailtond and other stocks, and he is one of the holdest operators of the West. He has large inforests at Orippie Oreat." "You were worth \$5,00,000. Mr. Clews, in 1873, when you assumed. It must be sawal to lose millions. How does it feel?"

"It fuels so bad," replied Mr. Clews, with a shudder, "that I don't like to talk of it. I don't want to think about it. Why, I lost two collions and a half in one clip at that time. It was in Georgia bonds. You know, the State repudiated, and I could do nothing. I got up again, however, but I don't want to go through such an experience again."

HIS EXPERIENCES WITH A THAMP. "What kind of a man is Moffatt, 'emater?" said I. "You remember how a tramp seared him into a present of \$30,000 with a little bottle of water?"

"It was not water," replied Senator."

water?"

"It was not water," replied Semator. Teller. "It was a bottle of sweet oil. I have talked with Mr. Meffatt about it. He was sitting in the back room of his bank in Dunver one day, when a wild-eyed looking fellow entered. He seemed to be desperate and he said he was so. After a few moments talk he pulled a little bottle out of his pocket, held it up before bfoffatt and told him that it contained niture-gipeerine. He said he was bound to have some money, and that Meffatt could clouse between giving it to him and being thown into along. He told Meffatt that he was bound to have some money and that Meffatt out a check for this amount and go with him to the counter in the outer office, get it cashed and give him the money. If the did not he would drop the bottle on the flour and blow himself, Meffatt and the back into etsenity. Mr. Meffatt looked at the man. He did not know whether he was telling the truth or not, but he decided that the risk was too great and that he would obligs the man ould be caught after be had getten the money and started out of the bank. Well, he walked to the sahier's dest, asked for the \$20,000, got it and handed it to the man, who took it and ran out. Meffatt at once sounded the alarm, but it was then too late and he was never caught. The incident was rather a humiliating one to Mr. Moffatt, but the money lost was sothing to him. Any sensible man would have done the same. You see you can't calculate very closely as to whether a man's pistol is loaded, when have done the same. You see you can't calculate very closely us to whether a man's pistol is loaded, when the cook is raised and the man has his fluger on the tringer. It don't pay to risk the pressure of that finger. This was the situation of Midfatt. The bottle might have contained dynamite and raight have been as dangerous is its explosive power as the bomb which was thrown at Russell Sage. He was wise in not risking it."

HOW SOME FOUTUNES WERE MADE.

mines, Senator, who are the men who are making the most money out of them?"

"There are a number of men who are realizing foctunes," replied Senator Teller, "Among other persons who have valuable property is a man named Stratton. He owns the independence Mine, which is now turning out a half-million deliars every mouth. I wenters to may be can glear that much a mouth. Some of his cre is so rich that it can be taken out at an expense of 10 cauts an ounce, and i don't suppose that it cost him more than \$35,000



is SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR. In orget to take it. Now is the time need it most to wake up your Liver sluggish Liver brings on Malaria, and Ague, Rheumatism, and many ills which shatter the constitution wreck health. Lion't forget the REGULATOR it is SIMMONS L. REGULATOR is the SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR is a Regulator of Liver, keeps it property at work, that system may be kept in good condition the difference. Look for the REGULATOR and corrector. Try it and the difference Look for the REGULATOR is SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR. It is the best tourifier and corrector. Try it and the difference Look for the REGULATOR and there is no every package. You wont find any other medicine, and there is no Liver remedy like SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR—the Kingof Liver Reme Be sure you get it.

the prospectors knew Governor Grant and one other of our capitalists. Both of these men were out of the city, and not knowing where to turn the prospector went on to Ohio, where he finally succeeded to placing the mine at Youngstown. He brought back his \$35,000 and legan to work. The mine at Youngstown. He brought back his \$35,000 and legan to work. The mine patd at e.es, and it is now giving 10 per cent dividends, on the face value of the stock, realizing, in fact more than \$50,000 a month. Had Grant been in Denver he would have bought the mine, and inch in this case diverted a fortune to Ohio. Take my own case. I am not a rich man, and still I have lost a couple of hundred thousand doltars by not being in Denver at the praper time. A friend of mine cases into my effice to and that I buy his mining property. He told my partner that he was willing to give me the ogtion on it for 30 days at \$125,000. Had I been in Denver I would have jumped at the chance, for I knew that the property was worth several times that. I was out in the country, however, and the man could not walt. He handed it over to another party and within three weeks it was resold to Chaffee for \$875,000, the other party clearing just \$200,000 off the sale."

Good Farmers Who Make H

The Anorm presents one farmer who started with nothing except willing hands and a brave heart, and has made by farming alone in fifteen years old,000, or \$1,000 each year on an average. His valuable lands and the tax lists show this is a true statement. Two weeks ago Leader S. Hamrick sold forty bales of cotton and made last year forty hales, including eight bales of rent cotton. He is free from debt although he has bought \$25,000 worth of land since he began farming 15 years ago near Shelby.

L. S. and U. C. Hambriok sold fifty-four bales of outton at the same time for eight comts per pound; C. C. Hambriok cold contains the same time for eight comts per pound; C. C. Hambriok cold.

four bales of outlon at the same time for eight omis per pound; C. C. Heurick making twenty bales and L. S. Hambrick forty bales total. Such farmers never complain of hard times and never try to ran the finances.

For some of their lands near fibelby they have paid big prices; each year they spend less than they make and add to their rossessions by hard work and scoonny. They are not always buying goods or discussing politics and they vote the Democratic tickets. These young men are model farmers who will soon be rich, for the first \$5,000 is always hardest to make and save.

Fook 14 Out of His Porket Long Among

to Tempt Perblen and Smith.

When the subject of boss-ridden parties is mentioned, the question may be saked. What's the matter with Marion Butler's party, bometimes styled the Populiet party, which organization the said Marion seems to carry in his vest pocket? He took it out last week and shook it tamplingly at Ed. Coumbers South and R. B. Postoles. Then he put it back, while the last named gentlemen smarked their lips wistfully.

sportagt Information by Telepho

pracuso Courler,

A messenger boy called up the central telephone office vesterday and saked the operator if she know what love was.

"Ko," she rupited. "May, if you find out let me know, will you?"

"All right," said the boy.
In a little while he talled her up again and said: "May, I found that out—about love, you know."

"What is (1?" asked central.

"An itching of the heart that one can't seratoh," said the boy, and he ran off.

Before you try anything class for the island take Stammons Liver Regulator. It is the best blood medicino because it is the best liver roundy. If your liver is notive and at work the blood will be the best. Simmons Liver Regulator in the best Spring medicine. "I tell my friends if they wast to enjoy limits and happiness they ought to take Simmons Liver Begalator." Mrs. E. W. Smith, McInton's Bluff, Ark.

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