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MURDERESS, NOT HEROINE.

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE LOU PARIS ROMANCE.

It is Given by a Methodist Minister—Lou and her Mother Notoriously Bad—Disgraced the Name of Woman—An Account of the Murder—Plea of Murder in Second Degree Accepted as an "Act of Mercy."

Rev. R. F. Bryan, Clear Creek, N. C., in Shelby Aurora.

It is a pity to rob a romance of its charm or by turning the light upon its heroine show up her real character to be just the opposite of that portrayed by the pen of a ready writer, who ignorant of true facts, almost justifies a most heinous crime and engages the sympathy of its perpetrator who deserves nothing but the pity every loyal and patriotic heart can bestow upon one of the worst of fallen creatures.

"A romantic story" published in last week's Cleveland *Star* taken from the "Washington Post" has determined me to do what I was much impressed to do two years ago when the press made such erroneous statements concerning the tragic affair that occured within two miles of my home at Saluda, Polk county, North Carolina.

It is an old saying that there are two sides to every question. A story may be made to appear in many different colorings, according to the sympathies and convictions of individuals, but when it comes down to real facts, to plain unvarnished truths, there can be but two sides.

Justice cannot be partial, but must hew to the line neither varying to the right nor the left.

It is a noble principle which has for its foundation the love and homage every true man feels for his mother, sister, wife or sweetheart, combined with the respect due to all the fair and delicate sex, who depend upon man for support and protection, that moves him to stand up in behalf of woman in any emergency. I am in full sympathy with those who exert their influence to overcome the erroneous custom of making a woman's sin an excuse for shunning her as something too impure to come in contact with respectability while the man, or wretch, who is equally guilty is still smiled upon, courted and indulged in society. It is not meet that the stronger and most deserving of blame should escape, while scorn and disgrace is heaped upon the weaker and greater sufferer till she becomes a castaway.

I am also in full sympathy with the King's Daughters, the Salvation Army, the Home Missionary Women, or any others whether they belong to any society or not, who moved by the divine love and pity God has implanted in their hearts, stoop to lift from the very depths of degradation their fallen sisters.

But in the case of Lou Paris—harlot as well as a murderess who exerted her influence to beguile and lure from virtue to vice the young men with whom she came in contact—it was well for those noble christian women to try to teach her repentance, to pray God for mercy that the wickedness of her life might be forgiven. But I very much doubt the propriety of removing her from the state prison for any purpose, and do not believe it would have been done had the facts been made known. To have her turned loose upon any society would be an outrage to civilization.

The Paris family lived in Henderson county twelve miles from Tryon City, but near the town of Saluda in Polk county. They were a worthless, wicked, and dangerous people, so much so that a citizen was censured for keeping them in the community by permitting them to shelter in a cabin on his farm. Lou Paris and her mother were the most notorious characters in all that country. Notoriously bad. If Lou had admirers they certainly were not respectful ones. If Will Johnson ever courted her favor I never heard of it. But it was strongly believed that because he scorned her unwomanly advances he came to his death. Of Redmond the hero of "A Romantic Story" I know nothing. Never so much as heard of him. But it was a known fact that among her so-called admirers there was more than one man who already had wife and little ones.

Lou and her mother were both drunk on the streets of Saluda not more than two weeks previous to the murder and disgraced the name of woman in a way too shameful to mention.

I was then pastor of the Methodist church at Saluda, hence in a position to learn of the best citizens the true character of the parties involved. After Will Johnson's murder I noted that the people in town and country with one accord gave him a good name. He was a poor orphaned boy with an only sister. He supported himself by hiring for monthly wages, mostly to farmers in the vicinity of Saluda. "Will was a good harmless boy, industrious, honest and truthful. The worst that could be said of him was that he would drink occasionally," was the verdict of every one.

I attended the Coroner's inquest, saw the poor boy's heart that had been cut almost in two by a large knife, and heard all the evidence then brought to light.

THE TRAGEDY RECALLED.

The substance of which I will give as correctly as I can recall it. Will Johnson had confided to some of his friends that he had witnessed a meeting between one Bishop, a married man, and Lou Paris that proved them to be criminally intimate. This confidence was extended to another, then another till it was no longer told as a secret, and of course it reached the ears of Bishop and his guilty paramour. Bishop picked no quarrel with Johnson himself, if he even denied the charge I never heard of it, but kept bringing word to Will that Lou Paris and her mother wanted to see and talk with him; and Bishop urged him to go to their house for an interview.

But Will replied that he wanted "nothing to do with the Parrises." Finally he was prevailed upon to go. One or two other young men accompanied them. On reaching the fence that enclosed a field around the house Johnson refused to go further, saying that if they wanted to see him they could come out there. Bishop went in to inform them of the fact. Old Mrs. Parris came to the door and called to him to come in that he should not be hurt.

He crossed the fence, went up to the house but did not enter. The family came out. Lou, or her mother, began a conversation civilly enough at first. Finally they asked if he had circulated the report they had heard. He replied that he had told it, that it was the truth and he would not deny it. Mrs. Parris began speaking to him in a very abusive manner while Lou managed to draw near and pass behind him, and reaching round from his right side stabbed him just above the heart. He clasped his hand over the wound exclaiming, "She has killed me." He started and ran about fifty yards crossed the fence and fell to the ground. The young men ran after him and on reaching his side he requested that some-one go for his sister, then remarked "I die for telling the truth." The words had scarcely left his lips when he was in eternity.

The murderess seemed to exult over her work. She showed no sign of remorse, but on the contrary said she was not sorry, that she had done just what she intended.

She was committed to jail in Hendersonville to await trail. When court came around she was advised by her lawyer to submit, pleading guilty of murder in second degree. The plea was accepted by the prosecuting attorney J. L. Webb "as an act of mercy," and she was sentenced, by Judge Boykin to a term of fifteen years in the penitentiary. It is true that if she had gone to trial justice would have found her guilty of murder in the first degree, for there was stronger evidence pending than had hitherto come to light. It would have been proven by the best of evidence that she had carried a sharpened knife for two weeks to do her deadly work whenever an opportunity was presented, or could be brought about. There was evidence also as to whom the knife belonged and that it was prepared and given her for the purpose accomplished.

Both before and after her sentence was pronounced, she was known to heap curses upon those who had testified against her, and said they were others she meant to kill when she was free again.

Now if it may be said "Why expose all this?—It can do good—It is cruel—It savors more of a christian spirit to cast the mantle of charity over the errors of the poor unfortunate girl,"—

I have this to reply, 1st, That as woman can be much better than man she can also be much worse, and as she exerts an influence for greater good she can also exert an influence for greater evil. That the same law which punishes a murder should also punish a murderess; for when Ahab received due punishment for his crimes, the wicked Jezebel was not spared.

2nd, That law and justice can afford no protection to innocent nor restraint to guilt when thus evaded and trampled on. That the course pursued in this case says to others of like character "Go thou and do likewise. Do whatever your evil nature prompts you to do. Commit murder if you like. The law will not hang you, because you are a woman. The newspapers will exert their influence in your behalf, they will exonerate you from blame and justify the deed committed by a woman's hand. They will engage the sympathies of the public and make believe that what was black is white. The Judge may sentence you to the term in the penitentiary, but the King's Daughters or some other benevolent society will petition you out and place you in a better home than you have ever tried to have before. You will be permitted to 'see something of the world;' and be regarded with an interested curiosity that will be pleasing to your vanity. You will be made the heroine of romance and the theme of poetry and song, and finally be pardoned and set at liberty to begin life again much better equipped to pursue your own course than you were before."

3rd, That the poor murdered young man who cannot rise in his defense, and his orphan sister whose heart was broken over the terrible and untimely death of her beloved brother and who had shed many bitter tears over the unjust censure and disgrace heaped upon his memory, deserves some charity and consideration.

The above facts can be substantiated by any of the citizens of Saluda, including Postmaster, Mayor, Magistrates, Doctors of Medicine, and Ministers of the Gospel.

Quality and Price Drifting Apart.

Philadelphia Record.

The fit of generosity which impelled Congress to vote to its members a sheer gratuity of $1,000 a year ostensibly for clerk hire, has developed the fact that the average cost to the country of our modern statesmen is four times what it was when Adams, Clay, Webster and their compatriots sat in the halls of Congress. And the worst of it is that while the price has gone up the quality has as steadily gone down.

There is some one in almost every neighborhood who is subject to attacks of pain in the stomach or bilious colic. Mr. J. D. Kinney, Warren Center, Pa., used to be troubled in that way. He says: "The attacks were marked by terrible pains, diarrhœa and fainting spells. At such times I suffered exceedingly until I began using Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy, two or three doses of which effected an immediate and lasting cure. I would give this medicine to any friend in the world." Mr. Kinney has also used Chamberlain's Pain Balm for rheumatism with fine effect. For sale by J. E. Curry & Co., druggists.

DIAZ ON THE STAND.

CUBA, HELPLESS CUBA, BATHED IN INNOCENT BLOOD.

Brutality of Weyler and His Barbarious Soldiers—Unarmed Men Murdered—Defenseless Women Killed—Infants Butchered—Recognition or Intervention the Only Method of Stopping Barbarities.

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 22.—By far the most thrilling account given of Spanish butchery in Cuba is one by the Rev. A. J. Diaz, the expelled missionary who appeared before the foreign affairs committee a day or two ago, and read a carefully prepared statement which contained minute details, names, dates, etc., most of the atrocities having come under Dr. Diaz's personal observation.

The high character of Dr. Diaz who was, up to the time of his expulsion, the representative of the Southern Baptists on the unhappy island, precludes the thought that his statement could be anything but the exact truth. The fact that he visited many points in Cuba, caring for the wounded of both armies afforded him an opportunity to see both sides and this gives great additional importance to what he says.

His account of the murder of unarmed men, the slaughter of the wounded in hospitals, the killing of women and boys, and even the shooting of babies in arms, is a fearful arraignment of the Spanish general who frets because the people of the United States protests against such barbaric warfare.

The ferocity of the Spaniards is illustrated in the story of an unarmed man in Havana whose dead body, seen in the street by Dr. Diaz, contained 71 wounds, seven of which were in his heart.

The Atlanta *Journal* correspondent is enabled to give Dr. Diaz' statement in full, from his own handwriting. It is as follows:

"On the 13th of March, at the corner of Reina and Aguila streets, Havana, I found a crowd collected around a prostrate man, and as a member of the White Cross society I proceeded to render him whatever aid was necessary. I found the man dead, and counted and made an examination of his wounds. He had seventy-one bayonet wounds, seven of which were through the heart, and several through the eyes. He also had four cuts with the machete on the head, the skull being fractured in small pieces. The ferocity of the soldiers was also shown by the marks in the sidewalk made by the point of the bayonet after passing through the prostrate form of the man. The cause of the killing was as follows: The murdered man was in a dry goods store purchasing cloth when the two soldiers entered, and after insulting the proprietor, took this man out and killed him in the manner related. The man had no arms whatever on his person and could not, therefore, defend himself in anyway. They said he was an insurgent. I wrote out a statement of his wounds and gave it to the judge in the case, who holds a position similar to that of coroner in this country.

"On the 14th of the same month, I as vice president of the White Cross society, received a report from the town of Artemisa telling me that the Spanish troops under General Suarez Inclan had bombarded an insurgent hospital, killing over fifty wounded men who were receiving treatment there, and that the surgeon had to flee to Havana hidden in a cart. Upon his arrival at Havana he confirmed the report made to me. In Artemisa the ladies of our society had two hospitals—one for wounded Spaniards and one for wounded Cubans, the latter being the one bombarded as told. The insurgent forces have entered the town of Artemisa several times, but have never disturbed the Spanish hospital, although they could easily have done so if they wished.

"Another insurgent hospital in the town of Pozo Real, province of Pinar del Rio, was also destroyed by the Spaniards, killing all the wounded inmates. It is reported that at the time of destruction there were about two hundred wounded Cubans in it.

"The same thing was done with another hospital in Siguanea, province of Santa Clara.

"Notwithstanding the proclamation of the captain general that all those surrendering would be pardoned, Mr. Aleman, who surrendered and who had a wound in the hand, was shot a few days later on the plea that his wound showed that he had been fighting.

"In the woman's jail in Havana there is a lady who has been imprisoned for the last six months, solely because she is suspected of being in sympathy with the insurgent cause and because she has two brothers in the insurgent army. There are imprisoned as rebel sympathizers several children, the age of the youngest being 11 years.

"When an armed force approaches any of the interior towns there is great excitement and consternation until it is ascertained whether they are Spanish troops or insurgent forces. If insurgent forces there is immediate tranquility as they do not destroy anything unless there are Spanish forces located there. But if the approaching troops turn out to be Spanish forces there is great confusion and fear, as the Spaniards not only sack the town but steal all they desire and also take all detachable wood work to be used in building their huts. They destroy everything that comes in their way, take complete possession of the houses, violate women in many cases, and commit nuisances in the middle of streets. They claim to go into the towns for the purpose of defending them against the insurgents, but on the approach of the latter they take refuge in the houses and do not come out until the town is set fire by the insurgents for the purpose of driving them out. I have personally seen all this in more than ten cases.

"On the 18th of March I went to the town of Caimito for the purpose of leaving medicine, bandages, etc. On arriving there I was informed that there were two wounded children at farm known as 'Saladrigs.' I went to their assistance, but found that they had already received medical treatment. The oldest of these was one year and six months old, and had suffered a fracture of the right arm caused by a bullet wound. The other, three months, old had suffered a fracture of the lower jaw from a similar cause. I was informed that two miles from this place the insurgents had attacked a troop laden train without success. The Spanish troops left the train to reconnoiter and took the road on which the insurgents had passed. On this road lived the mother of these two children. Fearing that some harm might be done them she decided to seek shelter elsewhere. Upon her appearance at the door with two children in her arms she was fired at with the above result. The Spanish troops were under Commander Calixto Ruiz.

On the 19th of March I went with my brother, Alfred, to the town of Bainoa for the purpose of attending to Mr. Venannio Pino, 70 years of age, who was wounded at the same time as Mr. Delgado. I found that he had several slight bullet wounds in the head, but his right arm had been horribly fractured necessitating amputation at the shoulder joint. The bone had been fractured into so many pieces caused by a bullet similar to the one in the case of the milk dealer spoken of before.

"On the 8th of April, at the farms near the town of Campo, Florida, the Spanish troops, under Commander Fondevillia, assassinated Ramon Castellanos, 19 years of age; Joaquin Medina, 14 years old; Jose J. Ochoa, 30 years; a schoolmaster, 35 years of age; Domingo Luzana, 36 years; Targerito Zarza, 50 years; Camilo Orjas, 40 years old, Jose Valdes, 14 years old Manuel Martinez, 40 years old. These were buried at a point between the sugar estate of Tivo Tivo and the town, the Spaniards forcing the victims to dig their own graves before murdering them.

"For the purpose of brevity I will give the number of non-combatants assassinated each day. I have their names and can furnish them if required.

"On the 9th of April, four.

"On the 16th between Campo, Florida and the sugar estate of 'Felicia,' 10, whose corpses were left without interment.

"On the same day on the road between Guanabacoa and Bacuranao, five persons, two of which were cousins of mine.

"Over 100 persons were shot within a radius of 10 miles, and not distant more than six miles from Havana, and within a period of fifteen days.

"All of these were non combatants.

"The case against Julio Sanguilly, the imprisoned American citizen, is purposely delayed so as to keep him incarcerated.

"In the case of my brother and myself, we were persecuted for the reason that we were American citizens and had charge of American church institutions in Havana.

"During the excitement attending the passage of the belligerency resolutions in congress two dynamite bombs were placed in the church and exploded while we were holding services, but only resulted in the breaking of a glass and the causing of a panic in the congregation. Our house was searched and nothing incriminating was found, but we were arrested and imprisoned eight days, being released on the condition that we leave Cuba immediately. I would say that no charges were made against us. We immediately left Cuba.

"Mr. Toledo, an American citizen, employed as a Bible distributor by the American Bible society, was imprisoned in the town of Jarnco, and has mysteriously disappeared, and it is believed that he has been murdered.

"My brother and I are here for the purpose of laying these facts before your committee and to urge the honorable senate to either recognize the belligerency of the Cubans or to have the United States intervene for the sake of humanity and civilization. These are the only methods of putting a stop to these frightful barbarities."

A Faithful Friend Found.

Charlotte Observer.

When J. J. Vann, Esq., of Monroe, died, his dog manifested the greatest distress. It would not leave his coffin until it was placed in the grave, and then refused to leave the grave until carried away. Some weeks after the dog disappeared, and nothing was heard of it until yesterday, a gentleman from Monroe recognized the dog here in Charlotte with Mr. L. J. Walker, with whom it had "taken up." Mrs. Vann has offered several rewards for the dog. She will be notified of its whereabouts.

Moody Questions Russell.

After the nomination of Russell the following letter was addressed to him:

"Hon. Daniel L. Russell:

"Will you be so kind as to answer the following questions:

"1. Did you vote the State and national Republican tickets nominated in the year of grace, 1888, by the Republican party?

"2. Did you vote the State and national ticket of the Republican party in the year of grace, 1892, as nominated by the Republican convention of North Carolina? JAS. M. MOODY."

Those who have had the pleasure of using Chamberlain's Pain Balm are enthusiastic in their praise of it. Mr. J. C. Myers of Myers & Woodward, Davis, Pa., in speaking of Pain Balm said: "It is a medicine the world could ill afford to lose. I know of nothing I could use that gives such prompt relief, and especially for sore throat. It also heals cuts and bruises quickly." For sale by J. E. Curry & Co., druggists.

ARP HAS A VISITOR.

PROF. TUCKER OF THE UNITED STATES LABOR DEPARTMENT.

Comparing the Old Methods with the New—Revenue Officers and the Stills—Too Much Work and Too Little Schooling.

Bill Arp in Atlanta Constitution.

This is a great government. We don't know very much about it until we go behind the scenes—behind the screens, as it were—and see what is going on. The doings of congress as we read them in the papers are very noisy and cackling, but it is mostly routine work and tells us nothing of what is going on in the various departments—scientific and industrial. We used to get the patent office reports that had a world of curious information and explanatory pictures, but now they seem to have stopped coming. And there were books on agriculture and horticulture and pestiferous insects and books that told about cattle and sheep and all the diseases to which they were subject. All these used to be distributed, among the people like garden seeds are distributed, and pretty much for the same vote-catching purpose, but they cost a big lot of money, and are now given only to the scientific. The men of science make but little noise in the world. They care but little for fame or fortune, but they are at work studying nature and solving mysteries and lessening the burdens of life. It does seem to be a dispensation of Providence that great men care so little for money. What they discover or invent soon becomes common property. I am not speaking of the small man who takes out a patent on fish hooks or hairpins, but of great men, like Jenner and Pasteur, Agassiz, Fulton, Watts, Newton or Morse.

But I was ruminating about a visit had recently—a visit from Prof. Tucker, the United States agent for the labor department. He came to find out about how the silk business was conducted in Georgia 50 years ago. So I told him how my father, in 1837, got some morus multicaulis cuttings from Washington and in two years had several acres of young trees, and then built a house, 40 feet square and two stories high, and filled it with hurdle frames and got some silkworm eggs, and when they hatched the worms soon filled the house and eat up all the mulberry leaves and wanted more. We got enough from a neighbor to finish up with, and we boys were glad enough when the nasty things began to wrap up in their mummy-like shrouds.

But my curiosity was excited. What does the United States want to know all this for? So he explained by saying that his department is comparing the old with new—the primitive methods with the modern—and the cost of each, and which was the best and gave more happiness, and other economic questions. He had a leather grip full of samples of the handiwork of the women of western North Carolina and northeast Georgia. Every little square or scrap was pinned to a printed sheet, that gave the name of the weaver and her residence. There were samples of woolen and cotton and linen and silk, samples of linsey and jeans and counterpanes and quilts and wagon sheets and curtains and table cloths, and some of them were gems of beautiful fabrics, and in those mountain counties the humble people are still spinning and weaving in the old-fashioned way and are happy. In many families their handiwork is piled up on the shelves and clothes presses, awaiting the marriage of sons and daughters, to whom they were to be given as bridal presents. Prof. Tucker had some specimens of silk sewing thread and flax thread that were made at home. He found good people up there who seldom bought anything and were able to give a stranger a good bed and plenty to eat and sincere hospitality.

He told me of an old man in Rabun who said he never fell out with the United States until the revenue officers began to sneak around his little still, where he had been making peach brandy for 50 years, and had the respect of his Maker and his neighbors, and he told them that the United States wasn't big enough to stop him, for the right to make it was handed down to him from his father and grandfather. He said they threatened him every time they came about, but he kept two pitchforks in the house—one under the front door and the other at the head of his bed, and they dident dare to arrest him. But after worrying with him for three years things kept getting hotter and hotter and his neighbors advised him to quit stilling and he did, for he was getting old and wanted to live in peace, but it was a bad government that would let a rich man still and not let a poor man. These big distilleries, said he, swindle the government out of more tax money than all the moonshine stills put together. All they have to do is to bribe the storekeeper. I know of one over in North Carolina that sold 3,800 gallons in one year and never paid a dollar tax on it. He told Prof. Tucker that the revenue men broke up 40 stills in that region that year, but to his knowledge there were about 100 that were still running on a small scale. "The boys sorter like the danger of it," said he, "and the informer catches it when found out. He generally leaves this part of the country as soon as he pockets his bribe. The mountain people are not as honest and honorable as they used to be, and it all comes of this bribe-taking business. The United States ought to be ashamed of it."

The professor said it is impossible to convince those mountaineers who are 75 miles from market that it is wrong to convert their corn into whisky when one bushel will make three gallons and they can haul a hundred dollars' worth with a little yoke of steers. But they can't run a still on the government plan, for it would cost $200 or $300, and they haven't got the money. He wanted to know if there were any old-fashioned wheels and looms used in this country. Yes, a good many. A good old man died near here last year whose family never wore any other clothes as long as he lived. I knew another man who was quite well off for a farmer, was a deacon in the church, and sometimes foreman of a grand jury, who never bought store clothes, and he always looked well in his home-made jeans. He tanned leather and made shoes for his family. His socks and suspenders and turkey red handkerchiefs were all made at home, and so was the bed ticking and the feather beds and mattresses. "Raise your girls to work," said he, "and they will make good wives and good mothers. During the war the women of Columbus, Ga., swore off from wearing Yankee goods, but mine do the same way in peace."

That is pretty hard on the girls, and I should think it would fit them for a convent or to be sisters of charity. I had a tenant once who believed so strong in working the children that they grew up without any schooling. They dident have any themselves and dident see the need of any. They had a bright little girl whom they called Thelby. "What is that child's name?" I asked the mother, and she said: "Her name is Othello." "Why, that is a boy's name," said I, but she insisted that some man who staid all night at their house said it was a purty name for a girl; "What is your boy's name?" said I, "the one you call Dee?" "Oh, his name is Desdemony, but we call him Dee for short." The poor woman had got the names mixed—Othello and Desdemona. Some of these rude people do actually love to work. They get up before day and cook and eat breakfast before sunrise, and are off to the field. One of my tenants told me he was always sorry when Sunday came, for it was a mighty long day to him.

But the old-fashioned wheel and loom were very useful and pleasant things to work with. My wife still loves to tell her children how she used to spin and weave on Saturdays and sometimes when she came from school in the evenings, and how Alfsey—Tip's mother—was the best weaver, and could make ten yards of plain cloth a day, or six yards of jean. Becky was the brag spinner, and my wife was taught to spin and weave by these family negroes, for they all loved her and were good to her, and she was good to them. She used to spin awhile and weave awhile and then practice awhile on the piano, and it was a pleasant mixture of music all round, and she looked mighty pretty in her home-made linsey dresses—she did—that's a fact.

A Disgusted Northerner.

Fayetteville Observer.

A Northern man and a Republican, a Mr. Baker, of Fall River, Mass., arrived in the city last night with his eyes opened. Mr. Baker was sitting in front of the LaFayette Hotel listening to a number of gentlemen discussing politics. He suddenly arose from his seat and said: "Gentlemen, you are all strangers to me, but if you will allow it, I want to unburden my mind of an humble thought. I was born and reared in Massachusetts, the hot bed of abolition, and have been taught to believe all my life that the Republicans and negroes were badly treated by the Democrats of the South, in fact that they were still little better than slaves. Last Friday I stopped in a Southern city, the city of Raleigh, for the first time in my life. I heard that there was a Republican State convention in session and I went, charged with sympathy for the oppressed Republicans. I stood and gazed at that howling, seething, cursing mob, and but a few moments were sufficient to convince me that if this was Republicanism in the South, then God deliver her from it. Boys, I am a Southern Democrat in heart and spirit, if not by residence."

Dockery Fairly Nominated.

News and Observer.

On the first ballot for Governor Friday night, Col. Dockery's vote was announced to be 96 4-7.

If he had received the fourteen votes instructed for him, but which were tampered with, and the twenty-two votes the combine took from him without evidence or justice, the Dockery vote on first ballot would have stood:

Votes actually cast,	96 4-7
Instructed delegates "gone"	14
Contested seats stolen,	22
Total,	132 4-7

or fifteen more than were needed to nominate.

If these fellows will buy, cheat and steal votes from Republicans what would they do with Democrats if they had the power? It would be a bad day for North Carolina if Russell is elected Governor.

Russell Was a Talk.

Raleigh Special to the Charlotte Observer.

Russell was asked this afternoon what he thought of things. He said: "I am under bond not to say a word to a newspaper man. I have given bond with our new executive committee as sureties." He was asked what sort of an administration he would give us, and said: "I will set that forth fully in my message to the Legislature."

Attractive Women.

Why is one woman attractive and another not? The most admirable and attractive thing about an attractive woman is her womanliness. Everybody admires a womanly woman. She must have health, of course, because without it she would lose the brightness of her eyes, the fullness of her cheeks and her vivacity. But health must mean that a woman is really a woman. That she is strong and perfect in a sexual way, as well as in every other. That she is capable of performing perfectly the duties of motherhood. Some are born with what is called "constitutional weakness." Those who do not enjoy perfect health, need only take the proper medicines and the proper remedy to become perfectly well and strong. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription will cure any derangement of the distinctly feminine organism.

Send 21 cents in one-cent stamps to World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y., and receive Dr. Pierce's 1008 page "Common Sense Medical Adviser," illustrated.

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FOR THE BLOOD take SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR. It is the best blood purifier and corrector. Try it and note the difference. Look for the RED Z on every package. You won't find it on any other medicine, and there is no other Liver remedy like SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR—the King of Liver Remedies. Be sure you get it.

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PROBLEMS.

Problems That are not Problems and Problems that Have to be Solved.

Biblical Recorder.

Problems, problems, problems, everything is a problem these days, and the greatest of them are the solutions of the problems. If there were not so many solvers of the financial problem, the problem itself would not be so formidable; if there were not so many solvers of the political problems, the average citizen would get more nights' rest in a week, would accomplish more in the days of the week and get more on pay day; if there were not so many solvers of the race problem, the races would rest easier; and if there were not so many solvers of the problems of religion, inspiration, revelation, creation and condemnation, more people would have that pure religion and undefiled, which James so clearly defines. A real problem is a good sign, for a problem is the citation of progress; but the trouble is most of the latter-day problems are created in the public mind by their would be solvers. An ignorant mind will see a problem in the clearest situation; a schemer will make problems without number in such minds for the glory of solving them—mostly by getting elected to an office. We sometimes wish for the power which hypnotists claim, the power of "making believe," that is, of persuading a person that he is some one else or somewhere else, or of making him disbelieve what he has heretofore been morally certain of. Then we would persuade the public that most problems are not problems, thus solving them. A man who sits in a wayside store half the day and discusses the financial problem, or the race problem, will be worse off when winter comes than his neighbor who spent his energies in a practical treatment of the financial question on his farm. All the legislation on earth will not help a time-killer or a loafer.

But the problems; and as we said they are not made by men, but are the products of progress. When Progress brings forth a machine with which one man and two boys do the work which occupied 1,100 cotton spinners a small number of years ago, 1,098 people are face to face with a real problem; when one man at a machine can make as many horseshoes in a day as five hundred could without the machine; when one man can stand by a steam-saw and saw as many logs as five hundred could without the steam; when one machine displaces 400 of every 500 nail-workers; when by use of machine one man can perform the labor of 2,000 men unloading ships, these are problems for you. And we might go on and mention the number of men displaced in cotton-weaving, cotton-printing, paper-making, pottery, steel-ties, wood-carving, watches, etc., etc. The fact is, machines are now doing what the uneducated classes once did. The time has come when a man must depend on his mind; for in the contest of matter against matter, he has been overcome by reason of his inability to endure.

They Scent the Battle.

Burlington News.

A few months ago it was a common thing to find democrats who did not hesitate to say they were not going to take any part in the politics this year; but like the "horse that scents the battle from afar off," they are picking their flints already.

The bold front the republican party is putting on now, puts new life into these once quiet democrats, and they long to meet their friends, the enemy, on the political battle field once more. But so much depends on what kind of fusion can be arranged, as to how long the State democracy will feel this enthusiasm. If fusion can not be effected as it was two years ago—complete—there is hope of regaining all the lost ground. If fusion is consummated, then it will be a half hearted fight.

That is straight.

This is the day of anti-this and, anti-that, but what people need most nowadays is, the anti-bilious medicine, Simmons Liver Regulator, the King of Liver Medicines, and Better than Pills. "I have used no other anti-bilious remedy for six years and know from experience that for ladies of a constipated habit nothing equals it."—Laura V. Craig, Ellenbury, Fla.