Gastonia, N. C., April 15, 1897.

No 15

# ABOUT CITY LIFE.

EVER-MOVING PANORAMA ON THE STREETS OF A GOTHAM.

Why Girls Are Prematerely in the Hash and Worry of a Hard Life-How the Other Half Exists-Comparisons on the Promenade. St. Louis Republic.

We pay out our good money to see some wonderful panarama, or whatever a succession of scenes may be called and never stop to think that, in any one of the great cities, there is a never-ceasing panorama, to which we pay little or no attention. Not only a never-ceasing panorama, but an ever-changing panorama, A panorama of pay little or no attention. Not only a never-ceasing panorama, but an ever-changing panorama. A panorama of comedy and of tragedy, of life and death, and a panorama in which, sometimes, we curselves constitute the moving figures. Where is it? On the streets of a great city. Get up carly some morning and see it moving. It's half-past 7 o'clock, and taking your stand on one of the well-known streets you wonder, first of all, where all the women are coming from. They crowd the sidewalks. Some walk quickly, while some drag along, as if all life were weariness. Most of them are young, too young to have such tired faces. They are the husy bees in the hive. They are the husy bees in the hive. They are the husy bees in the hive. They are the hundreds of girls who live—God knows how—and who hurry every morning with the horrible fear of being too late to take their places behind the counters or at the deaks in the great shops. It does seem as if, for a little while at least, life should be a pleasure to these women. I ought to say, "these young girls." But what female thing stays young when it has to solve the riddle of carning its bread and butter? Look young when it has to solve the riddle of earning its bread and butter? Look at them as they go by, think of the long, wearisome hours; think of the few pleasures, and then think, with a great wonder, how it is that they man-

great wonder, how it is that they manage to look as hopeful as they do.

Leave this street in the shopping
district at 9 o'clock, and go to the
fashionable avenue. There you meet
the school girts hundreds of them;
some walking alone, others, in merry
groups, and others, the daughters of
the very wealthy and the very careful,
and accompanied by maids for fear
even the sunshine might stare offensively at these small girls. Then, the
housekeepers are coming out. The
busy, wise women who propose to select for themseles the daluties that
will appear upon their tables. At this
time you will meet the bright handsome girl who knows that a walk in
the early morning hours brings the the early morning hours brings the roses to her cheeks, increases the the early morning hours brings the roses to her cheeks, increases the brightness of her eye, and makes the doctor's bill a very slight item in her yearly expenses. Behind her walks a stately coille or a French poodle, with his curls fashionably trimmed, or a queer-looking dachehund, but never under any circumstances, a pug, since they are quite out of fashion, as they deserve to be. Eleven o'clock and prettily-dressed women are here, there and everywhere, busy shopping, while those who are not interested in the very latest fashion are, it is more than possible; looking after some pet charity. Some free kindergarten for the children of the poor. Some nursery where, for a penny or two a baby is cared for the whole long day while its mother has an opportunity to earn her livelihood, and these are the charities that take up part of the morning. Fashionable women manage their charities well. They see that the milk and bread served to the children on the other aide are as good as that which to effect to the really early to the result in order to the result is a filtered to the result provides the control of the morning that the other aide are as good as that which to effect to the result provides. on the other side are as good as that which is offered to the small people in their own nurseries. They look over se accounts, and many a one gives up her morning shopping so that she may be kept from templation, so that the money which would have been spent for the prettiest bonnet that ever came from Parls may go for little gowns or comfortable frocks, to be worn in houses where Parlsian bonnets were

never heard of.

Very soon it's 1 o'clock, and half the feminine population is rushing for its luncheon. Some gu home, some to the big fashionable restaurants, and many more to the quiet little places in side streets, where, for a very small sum of money, enough to at least satisfy honleses go to a famous restaurant that was founded for the benefit of working women. Here a good luscheon, almost amounting to a dinner, is served for 25 cents and Mme. Hypocrite takes advantage of this opportunity and saves her money. She and her kind crowd up to the tables and keep away the women for whom the Margaret Louisa Home, and places like it, were founded. I wonder at what table the hypocrites, these female hypocrites, will alt in the future? Three o'clock and the avenue is gay with carriages, laden with elegantly-dressed women, starting out to pay visits. There are more-many more-on the sidewalk in costumes so bright that, looking from a window, you think this paneroms is one of many-colored flowers.
For the women of society, during the afternoon, there are teas and teas, and no end of teas, and possibly there's a special entertainment of music or reading, to which in between a few

minutes are given.
Six o'clock or a little after—and they Six o'clock or a little after—and they are all going home. The shop girl and the society girl, alde by side. One, tired because she has enjoyed herself so well; the other tired because—well—how can any female thing stand from 8 to 6 and not get tired? Then, you begin to see here and there women whose cheeks are rosy-red, whose hair is golden, whose gowns are gay, but whose these are roy-red, whose hair is golden, whose gowns are gay, but who never some out in the aunshine. They are the birds of night. The sun would show that the roses in their cheeks, like the gold of their hair, was They are the birds of night. The sun would show that the roses in their cheeks, like the gold of their hair, was bought. They're flitting about, but keeping rather quiet yet awhile. A little later and it seems as if all the great city was emptying itself into the theaters. Here's a large omnibus filled with a merry party and chaperoned by a jolly matron. There's a smart-looking brougham, in which are

seated two happy-looking people, who are going to intensify their happiness by listening to divine music.

And walking on the street and ciding in the care is many a pretty girl with many a manly fellow, who feels that, after the play is over, he'll have the courage to tell the story of his love. And after awhile, the play is over. The big omnibus takes up its merry load and goes off to a fashionable restaurant to have supper, and many a pair, walking slowly under the moonlight whisper happy words to each other, and are certain that nobody in all the history of the world ever loved as they do. Just back of one of these loving pairs comes a gaudy bird of the night. The innocent girl that she passes leaus closer on the arm of the man she has just promised to marry and wonders in her heart how such women can live. The woman looks at them, the man's face flushes, but the gaudy bird of the night, with the queer hour that belongs to her class, makes no sign. And the girl who has such a horror of her never dreams that her lover could tell the history of this night bird, who was once a dove like her.

As it grows later, the night birds

night bird, who was once a dove like ber.

As it grows later, the night birds are more daring, their shrill voices are heard, and sometimes you see one of them being dragged along by a policeman who doesn't forgive in her the drunkenness that he overlooks in the members of a fashionable club. Here and there, in absolute contrast are the quaintly dressed women of the Salvation Army, ready and eager to say a kindly word, or give a helping hand to any woman, no matter how depraved she may be. And, oddly enough, the birds of the night seldom say anything that is not polite and raspectful to these women. Raplain that if you can. I'll do it for you. There is not one of them, no matter how low she has sunk, who does not recognize and admire real goodness. And they know the difference. The world has taught them how to discriminate between the Hypocritee and the Samaritans. The world has taught them much that is evil; but it has never taken away from their appreciation of sincerity. That's the reason why I believe that many a bird of the night will have her opportunity to become as white as a dove.

The night grows darker and darker,

The night grows darker and darker, the only lights being the street lamps. Look down at the river side and see the boats coming in. What are they laden with besides the human souls they carry? Letters that tell of joy to you, or of sorrow to me, messages of great pleasure to somebody else and of dire misfortune to another. And from way down on a little island in the from way down on a little island in the ocean are coming telegrams to be delivered at once, announcing when the great ships may be met at the docks. And the telegraph operators, ticking them off, smile because many a one tells the story of a heart. One carries news that means the salvation of his fortune to a merchant. And the small boy who delivers it looks eagerly for a tip: but the man is so hump that small boy who delivers it looks eagerly for a tip; but the man is so happy that he forgets. Happiness makes some people seldeh. Another boy is given a measage to deliver far up near the Park. The night is fading away and the morning is breaking. The door is opened, in answer to the messenger's quick ring, by a sleepy looking servant but while he is signing for the measage a young girl rushes downstairs. She is barefooted and has thrown a dressing gown over her nightdress. Quickly she takes the telegram, tears it open, reads it and then—for she guessed what it would be—she opens the tiny purse she has brought with her and pours all its contents, many little pieces of silver, into the boy's hand. She files to her room and reads the message again, little knowing that She flies to her room and reads the message again, little knowing that which seems so sacred to her was not a secret to this uninformed bringer of good tidings. He had read it before he left the office, and this is what it said; "We are in sight of the city which holds the dearest girl in the world." The night is gone. It's time for the panorams to begin again, but imprinted on my mind is that message, and I wonder who that girl is. Then I answered my question myself. She is the fluest product of civilization—the American Beauty, BAB.

## Maple Trees Not Biscouraged.

springfield (Mass.) Republican. Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

The run of sap from the maples of northern New England has been large almost beyond precedent during the past week or two, and an unusual harvest of sugar will be gathered. How this could have happened without a Government bounty will doubtless many morals.

How thankless and inconsiderate a person with little to complain of in the way of health can be. While visiting a friend who had been shut in for years with ill health, a lady was so inconsiderate as to say: "I have been at home a whole week with neuralgia," little thinking of the years of suffering her friend had borne uncomplainingly. There are many such. Mrs. Samuel Stamm of Loganton, Pa., bore her thirty-four years of suffering with courage and fortitude, Her trouble was resumatism in the knee. In consequence her limb had become so stiff that she could hardly walk, Mr. Stamm is a well-to-do merchant, and had spared no pains or expense to re-How thankless and inconsiderate a Statem is a well-to-do merchant, and had spared no pains or expense to relieve her, but with little success, until one night when it grew so painful that she could hardly endure it, be persuaded her to try Chamberlain's Pain Balm. The effect was magical. The first appliestion relieved the pain, and its contents of the pain and its contents of the pain and its contents.

## ARP'S COTTON SPIN.

SOUTHERN STAPLE CONTINUES TO BE KING OF ALL.

Mow It was Piret Spun-Hill's Mothe Used to Pick Seeds From the Lint-Then Came the Gia and Spinning Jenny.

Bill Arp in Atlanta Constitution "Cotton is king !" I don't know who first said that, but it is a fact. It who first said that, but it is a fact. It is the most useful and most important product in the world and has the most influence on its commerce. I was ruminating about this because of some letters of inquiry that from time to time I have received concerning cotton. The last one from an old friend, Col. Saxou, says he cannot learn from the department at Washington when cotton cloth was first imported to this country.

And so I will venture a few remarks on this subject in general, for it is full of remarkable facts and illustrates the kindness of Providence to His creatures. Providence is always kind and whenever we need anything He unlocks another door of His treasure and several contracts. another door of His treasury and says

here it is.

There is no doubt at all that the cotton plant was created "in the beginning," and with a design for the use and benefit of mankind when it should be needed. Attention was attracted to it away back in the centuries. Four hundred and fifty years before the Christian era Herodotus wrote about it as a plant bearing fleeces more delicate and beautiful than those of sheep and of the Indians using it for the manufacture of cloth. From India it was introduced into Greece and Rome, and Caesar used it for his army tents and covered the forum with it. The cotton fabrics of the Hindoos have been excelled only by the most perfect machinery of modern times. We read of a Hindoo princess who came into a court reception and the king said: "Go home—go home, my child—you are not decently covered." And she replied: "Father, I have seven suits on." But they were of cotton muslin so thin and delicate that the king could see through them. The famous muslins of Decca, in Calcutta, were called "webs of woven wind," and when a plece was laid upon the dew-covered grass it was not discernible. Imagine the wonder of these fabrics when there was not a spindle, but the distaff and only a loom that the weaver carried about with him, setting it up under a true and digging a hole in the ground for his feet to work the treadle, But the manufacture of ootton for the common people was amothered during all these centuries and only wool and There is no doubt at all that the cot-

common people was smothered during all these centuries and only weel and flax were used for clothing. The an-cient Egyptians used it to some excient Egyptians used it to some extent, spinning it with the distaff and weaving it with the primitive looms, but the plant was not cultivated. It was indigenous to that country and the fiesce was gathered from the wild stocks. It was not until the tenth century that the cultivation began, and that was by the Moors in Spain. The Venetians engaged in it in the fourteenth century and the English in the early part of the eighteenth. But its use was very limited, for the seed were in the way.

But now comes the evolution of cottoo; the revolution that in a few years made it king. Nothing so wonderful has ever transpired in commerce and manufacture. There was a conjunction of the three things that were necessary to bring about this revolution: The cotton gin by Whitney in 1795, the spinning jeacy by Arkwright in 1787 and the power loom by Cartwright in 1789, all startled the world about the same time and gave an impulse to the growth and pas and mean

pulse to the growth and use and manupulse to the growth and use and manufacture of cotton that was pregnant with great results. One of these results was the fixing of salary as instistution upon the southern states. Up to that time it was considered either safe or profitable to encourage their importation from the northern states. But of course, it took several years for these invantions to become these inventions to become generally introduced. My mother told me that as late as 1818 she used to spend most of the winter evenings picking the seed from the cotton by hand—with half a dezen or more of the family services. vants sitting in a circle around the fire. She vied with them in trying to excel in the quantity seeded. This fire. She vied with them it is a considered. This excel in the quantity seeded. This was in Liberty county in this state, was probably the long

staple variety.
Whitney became involved in inter-Whitney became involved in interminable law suits and bis gin, which was for only the short staple cotton, was not in general use for many years after it was lavented. My father put up the first gin in Gwinnett country in 1828, and seed cotton was hauled to it from all the adjacent country. Previous to the use of the gin it was considered a fair day's work to seed enough to make a pound of lint. But the gin with two attendants ploked 300 pounds in a day. At that time the old-isshioned spinning wheel was in general use and a day's work of the sidered a fair day's work to meed enough to make a pound of lint. But the gin with two attendants picked 300 pounds in a day. At that time the vide is a friend of the Bouth, should be heeded not only by South Carolina, but by every State which is hampered by legislation making it rounds on the reel, but the first spinning jenny with one attendant did 80 times as much and did it better. Later on it did 3,000 times as much. The saving in weaving by the power loop. ter on it did 2,000 times as much. The saying in weaving by the power loom was in similar proportion and hence it suddenly came about that ten men could do the work of 10,000. No wonder that Hargrayes and Arkwright were driven from their homes by the spinners and the spinters. Excuss me for telling the girls jast here that a spinster is the femilians for spinner, and used to mean a marriageable girl who had made herself eligible and stan to be married by spinning and weaving enough cloth for her own trousseau, and sheets and coverlets for the bed and table cloths and napkine for the table. This was the dowry she brought her husband. But these in for the table. This was the dowry and brought her husband. But these in westers went to Nottingham and put up their mills and made a monopoly of the business. They and their associates grew rich so fast that they determined to exclude all mankind from

tions. The doors were kept locked and operatives sworn to secrecy. New Bagiand tried in vain to buy the right and could not compets with English Be to the Absence of Mor Musband,

England tried in vain to buy the right and could not compete with English yarss.

But deliverance was not far off. Samuel and John Shater, who had worked for Arkwright in England for seven years, saw large menay on this side of the water. They came and brought with them a full knowledge of all three of the inventions, and how to use them and how to build a factory. Of course they met with a warm reception, and is 1806 they erected a mill and planted a town and named it Slatersville. They soon made a fortune. When John died beleft his millions to his son, and when John Jr. got ready to die he bequeathed a million to our Dr. Haygood in trust for the education of the negroes of the south. It was a gift fit to be made, for the fathers and mothers of these negroes graw the cotten that made the Slaters rich. The Slaters not only spun their yards, but wove them, and the cloth was called homespun, because it was woven as home and not brought from England.

But, although cotton was now king commercially, it was ranked socially by other fabrics. It was not so bean-

But, although cotton was now king commercially, it was ranked socially by other fabrics. It was not so beautiful as silk nor so strong as flax nor so warm as wool, and hance for years it was woven only into the common fabrice for the common people. The calicom that were imported from Calicut in Turkey were spun with the distaff and woven with the old-fashioned band loom. The maskeen cloth that came from Mankin in China was made by a similar process. I remember that my father, who was a merchant, bought some of that nankeen when I was a lad, and my mother made me a pair of my father, who was a merchant, bought some of that nankeen when I was a lad, and my mother made me a pair of pauts and a round jacket out of it, and I was proud and yellow. It was not until the 40's when the flaer fabrics, such as muslins and lawas, were made of cotton. In 1842 a machine was invented of so delicats a nature that a single pound of cotton was spun to a length of 1,100 miles, and in 1851 some cloth of exquisite finances was woren expressly for a dress for the queen of Eugland, and was exhibited at the Crystal Palace fair in London in that year. But it is still asserted that no machinery has ever surpassed the band work of the Hindons, and that Montezuma presented Cortes with robes of cotton interwoven with feather work that rivaled the delicacy of the finest painting.

that rivaled the delicacy of the finest painting.

But notwithstanding the inventions of the spinning jenny and the power loom, our country people continued for years to spin and to weave their own cloth, and the female slaves were made to do so by their masters. The spinning wheel was the first to surrander, and the factory yarn, or "spon truck," as it was called, came into general use along in the 40's. In a few years more the homemade loom had to go, and since the war the wheel and the loom have ceased their music in the homes of our people.

of our people.

It was not until after the close of It was not until after the close of the war of 1812 that even the northern people bought any cloth from Eogland. Until about 1816 England had none to sell or export, but from that time until 1824 its exportation increased vary rapidly and almost paralyzed our New England mills. But in that year and in 1828 and 1832 coograss placed a duty of 25 per cent, ad valorem on all English cotton goods, and this protection greatly revived our ewn manufactures. This tariff was reduced in 1846 and the outside world given a fairer chance to compete.

But cotton is still king-king in the southern fields and in the factories and in the carrying trade of the cosan and in Liverpool and other great markets of the world. Whether we make large crops or small ones, it is still the great-est factor in the world's comfort and prosperity. Long live the king.

#### Capital and the South. Manufacturers' Record.

Commenting upon the letter of Mr Commenting upon the letter of Mr. C. P. Huntington published in the Manufacturers' Becord on the need of capital in the South, the Baltimore Sun says that no community can wisely assume an attitude of hostility wisely assume an attitude of hostility to capital, and that beyond question ascurity, quiet, peace and a cessation of futile agitation is at present the great ased of the South and of the whole country. Reinforcing this view of the Sun, and applying the text particularly, are the words of Col. A. K. McClure, at Charleston. If South Carolina would declare, through ber authorities, that property rights abould be protected and held involute, within her borders, he said, money would pour in upon her. There was no place where capital was so certain to receive a return as in the South. The money was waiting for them, and they closed their doors against it while they listen to the cries of demagagues.

goes not where it will be lost, but where it may thrive and increase. Therefore it will not venture into new

Therefore it will not renture into new regions for the sole purpose of furnishing means for much-needed development for which home capital is not forthcoming. It takes no interest in demagogues beyond hesitating to place itself within their power.

That portions of the South should have been afflicted with demagogism in common with other sections of the country is not surprising. Home persons, indeed, may see in the phesomeron a natural evolutionary manifestation necessary to be endured that the sucial, political and industrial atmosphere may be more speedily cleared. Certain it seems that events of the past few years are hastening the coming of a time when in all parts of the South capital will not only be warmly South capital will not only be warmly welcomed, but will be sarrounded by all the safeguards that it may require.

Do It the Absence of Mor Musband.

and the Can't Whip Them Herself Lf

He Objects. C. W. Tillett, in Charlotte Observer.

me Shecan.

O. W. Thiest, in Charlotte Observer.

In the annals of the Criminal Court of Mecklenburg county as presided over by Hou. O. P. Meares, there was no ease tried that presented a more curious or interesting point of law appertaining to "Domestic Relations" than the case of State vs. H., an indictment for assault and battery. The facts in that case briefly related are as follows: H. and T. were neighbors, T. being a married man and having a son about eight years old. T. was absent from home about two weeks, and during his absence Mrs. T. had great difficulty in controlling the son, who appeared to have been a very unruly boy. One day during the absence of her husband, Mrs. T. requested H., her neighbor, to take her some relief from the constant worry of trying to keep him out of mischief. H. objected upon the ground that the boy was unruly and would give him trouble. Thereupon Mrs. T. begged H. to take the boy, and told H. that she gave him fall anthority to whip the boy if he was not obedient to H. in every respect. II, then agreed to take the boy upon conditions that he be allowed to chastise him if he saw fit. In a short time the boy began to throw rocks at his horses, and refused to stop after commands and threate. Thereupon H., relying upon the actionity granted by Mrs. T., proceeded to chastise the boy moderately with a switch. Upon the boy's return home the mother made no complaint, but on the next day the father returned and heating of the affair became very angry, and proceeded to have H. serveted for assault and battery on the ground that Mrs. T. had given him permission, but the solicitor for the State argued that Mrs. T. had given him permission, but the solicitor for the state argued that the husband and white in

whip her child—that the husband alone had such power.

The case was argued at great length and the law as to the respective rights and powes of the husband and wife in the family government from the most ancient times was considered. After hearing the argument, Judge Meares, who was admitted on all sides to be a most admirable judge of criminal law, held that the wife had no right to authorize another to whip her child, and, in fact, he told the jury that in strict law, the wife had no right to chastise her child berself, except by the consent of her husband, actual or implied. In the judge's view the husband was the supreme head of the household, and he, and such as he alone should authorize, had the legal right to punish the child by whipping. The defendant was, of course, convicted under the charge, but no appeal was taken as the fine imposed was nominal. It may be regretted that the case was not carried up, because it would be interesting to learn what our highest court would say on the point.

The position taken by Judge Meares was a startling one to the wives and mothers of Charlotte, most of whom were under the impression that they and not their husbands, had the highest right to punish the children; and it would doubtless take more than one Suprems Court decision to convince them of their error. While we are obliged to concede that according to the ancient rules of the common law, Judge Meares was undoubtedly right, yet we are bound to believe that, according to the tendency of modern decisious, the court would now hold yet we are bound to believe that, according to the tendency of modern declatous, the court would now hold that the wife had equal authority with the husband to punish children.

## THE SUNDAY MIGHT SERVICE.

Your Presence There Will Help You. Paster at a time when he Needs 14. Our Church Hooord,

Our Church Mooors.

The question of the eyening service and how to secure attendance thereon is producing same agitation in some localities. The growing tendency to be absent from this second service is very marked. Many remedies have been suggested, and many plans have been tried, with more or less success, generally less. Some advocate abolishing the service altogether, while others favor the introduction of "illustrated sermons," magic lantern shows, etc.

etc.

There are some persons who will never habitually attend the evening service. They are those who attend church simply for the looks of the thing, or to satisfy the demands of conscience. In either of these cases the morning service is all-sufficient. The appearance is not specially advantageous at night, and the conscience is usually so well trained that it is easily activitied. Other reasons for non-attendance, of course, are given. For instance, night air, especially For instance, or coarse, are given.
For instance, night air, especially
Sunday night air is decidedly dangerous to some constitutions. If something very attractive and not especially raligious is to be presented, it
has a very wholesome lofluence on the

But there are those who appreciate the "assembling of the sainta," who esterm it a privilege, precious and valued, to meet in Jehoval's earthly courts and worship toward his hely tumple. These fursake not the assembling of themselves together. It is not a question of appearance, but of privilege. Not a question of conscience and duty, but of pleasure and blessing. What we need for the evening service is not a more attractive discourse or sensational harrangue, but more leve for God himself. Then will follow naturally love for his house for his people, for his worship.

One fact may not be generally known A pustor is more easily discouraged on Sanday night than at any other time. The morning service has been very exhausting. He comes to the second

corvies weary in usind and in hody. To be greeted mainly by empty pews, when there is no good reason for their being empty, makes the burden heavier still. Do you wonder that sometimes he is tampted to lay it down? He is only human. A special effort should be made, if necessary, to attend the evening service.

### TWO BIG, BAD MEN.

M. Quad is St. Louis Republic.

The big, had man in our mining comp on Rearing River was named him Rinson, and the big, bad man of the many below was named Jim Stebbins. Each was jectous of the practige of the other, and about once a week a challenge was issued, and Sam went down to see Jim, or Jim came up to see Sam. The programme and the result were always the same. If Jim came up to our camp he had a couple of guns and a knife on display, and he would softly inquire of the first man be met:

would softly inquire of the first man he met:

"Stranger, kin I allow that this ar' Camp Watkins?"

"You kin."

"Thanks. Kin I further silew that you hev a critter among ye named Samuel Robinson, Enq?"

"Exactly. What to see him or a matter of bisiness—straight bixiness? Be sure to say that it's a gentleman, and that it is a matter of bisiness."

Isam would be notified, and he would get his two guns and his bowle knifs and walk forth to meet Jim. As they came together he would inquire:

"Be this the gentleman who wanted to see ma?"

a gun ready to smoot, but no sneoting ever taking place. We looked upon them as terrible fellows, held back only because one refused to take advantage of the other; but one day their guns went off by sweldent, and each turned tail and ran for a mile in op-

posite directions.
"Buys," explained our big, man, "I'm ready to own up, and I recken it's the same with Jim. We both run. We couldn't help it. We ar' two gentlemen, and no true gentleman ever stops to be shot."

For the Benefit of the Township." Filkesboro Chromisic.

Wittespero Chronisic.

A fellow came in from the Brushles the other day and went to the Register's office and called for marriage license. He told Mr. Blackburn, the Register of Deeds, that he had no money but that he (Blackburn) should donate the license "for the benefit of Brushy Mountain township." It was no special favor requested for himself, but for the benefit township. He told Blackburn that if he would help him a great deal politically there. But Blackburn didn't agree with him and demanded the cash.

Samething for Parmers to Study. Philadelphia Roome.

Philadelphia Record.

These are the days when the farmers of the United States should take out their pencils and make a few notes. For example: American sait is now selling for less money than foreign sait can be laid down in this country, although sait is on the free list. The Dingley bill, however, cracks a daty of 12 cents per 100 pounds on sait. Pusting these things together in his mind it will purgle the studious and contemplative farmer to understand how Mr. Dingley can make his solicitude for agricultural prosperity taily with the unnecessary sait far. mecessary salt tax.

How much business can a man de whose system is in a state of discover? Handshire is conty a symptom, it is no a discount. The pain in the head is the start of rivelillars. There have been mismatch in disc and other almost. There have been mismatch in disc and other almost. It is not a first the property of the start of strong and other almost. It is not a graph of the start of the start of the start of a start of the start of the

costs cotton planters more than five million dollars annually. This is an enormous waste, and can be prevented. Practical experiments at Alabama Experiment Station show conclusively that the use of

# "Kainit"

will prevent that dreaded plant disease.

PHE PROPERIONAL REPORT

Samuel Robinson, Eng ??

"Eincily. What to see him or a most seed state of the condition of

civilized or before Romulus struck his brother dead for leaping over his leabulit walls. And had not the Greek and Roman reformers shed torrents of blood and sapped the life from their countries before the Anglo-Saxon race was created? Truly, and through it all the story of the professional reformers was that of the outs against the ins. The resi reformers did their work quietly and without reward.

Let the people lears that the professional reformer is a hypocrite, generally a list: and then what reforms are needed may be possible. Swapping masters amounts to nothing.

We would be pleased, remarks the shieldy Aurora, to see the people of Cleveland organize a County Fair Association. It would be the means of bringing our people together and letting them learn what their neighbors are doing.

Mr. United States Senator Voorhees of Indiana, died at his home on Maryland Avenue, Washington City last Saturday morning at five o'clock. The Senator had been in poor health for several years, and for the past two years had taken very little part in the proceedings in the Senate. The remains will be taken to Indiana for burial.

It is on Authoritened Part

It is or Authonitested Fare
that there are but few diseases that
have not a core in some herb—nature's
own medicine, The Indians and all
untutored mean have had knowledge
of this from their inciplency. Rhenmatism, the greatest county to manlind, is never found among the nevages. At the first warning of its presence, its child of nature goes to the
woods and there digs up an herb
which is industrially uses until the
enemy disperses and disappears. The
secret of this herb and its curuitys
powers are becoming known to the
whites who are affecting curus little
short of the mireculius. Cases of
twenty years standing have been pernamently cured and when takes in
the early stages it completely gradicates the disease from the system.
The name of this herb, and directloss
for preparing it is convenient forms
will be malled you upon receipt of 50
cents, which barely mean the expense
of adverting. The berb is obtainable