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BATTLESHIP IN ACTION.

EXACT ACCOUNT OF WHAT TAKES PLACE IN A FIGHT.

Stirring Scenes on Deck and Below—The Ten Words of Command in the Gunroom.

Toledo Blade.

Few people outside the naval service know just how a war vessel goes into a fight. To put a battleship like the Iowa or Indiana in thorough readiness for action ordinarily requires about hours though, of course, it can be done in much less time in case of urgency.

On board a fighting vessel every man has a certain assigned post and a certain task laid out for him, with which he is perfectly familiar. When the signal is sounded it brings every man to his place, and long familiarity makes the work, so involved and complicated to the eyes of an outsider, a mere matter of routine.

If a ship engages an enemy unexpectedly, so that there is not the usual time for preparation, the call to quarters is sounded immediately and the men take their places in divisions. In this case each division attends to a part of the work of clearing the ship, but ordinarily the first signal is, "Clear for action." At the boatswain's whistle and the verbal command the men move to their positions, those whose places are on deck forming in squads under the direction of the different officers. The Captain takes his place on the bridge. Later, when the battle begins, he will go into the protected conning tower, through the narrow slit of which he can watch everything that takes place on deck and the movement of the enemy as well. But for the present, while the preparations are being made, he must decide the general plan of action, how the guns are to be used, and the class and nature of projectile on which he will depend.

Near the Captain stand the navigator, who will have charge of the handling of the ship during the engagement the signal officer and the various aides. First of all, the decks and working spaces are cleared. The spars, rigging and boats are secured. Everything movable that will not be needed during the engagement is firmly lashed into place, where it will not interfere with the work. The topmen, who are in charge of the little platform high up on the mainmast, haul up arms and ammunition and make everything ready in their lofty quarters, even to filling the fire buckets with which to put out a blaze should one be started up aloft. The carpenter, under the direction of the navigator, sees to the removal of awning stanchions, hatch rails and every light object that is not essential to the management of the ship. The chronometers and other delicate instrument are carefully gathered up and laid away below, to save them from destruction by concussion. The torpedo division gets out its apparatus for sending torpedoes and spreads the intercepting nets over the ship's sides, where they can be quickly lowered if need be.

Below the activity is equally great. The engine fires are stirred up and steam is made as fast as possible, for a modern battleship is intended to go into action under a full head of steam. The steam and bilge pumps are rigged and the magazines are not locked until the signal for action. The keys, however, are delivered to the officers of the powder division by the Captain at the first signal.

When the ship cleared the call to quarters is given and the men take their places in divisions. The gun squads stand to their guns and make them ready for use. The hatches, except those that will be used, are covered with gratings and tarpaulins, the carpenter collects his men and with the armorer stands ready to repair any damage that may be done by the enemy's fire or the recoil of the ship's cannon. A man with a lead line is placed at the well and during the fight will make frequent soundings to discover if the vessel is injured below the water line. The hose squad is placed in charge of the fire apparatus, ready for instant service. Chemical fire extinguishers are used on all the United States warships now, and hand grenades are placed in every quarter of the ship. Every precaution is taken to secure the instant stamping out of fire should it start in or near the magazines.

Down in the sick bay the head surgeon, or "bull doctor," has been directing the laying out of cots, instruments and bandages. One hatchway, as near amidships as possible, is always left open for the passing down of wounded men. The surgeon may have no call upon his services, but the rule in every quarter of a battleship is, "Be prepared for the worst, and hope for the best."

When everything is ready the officers move to their stations. If the ship is a monitor the hatchways are closed, and the men at last hear the final command for which they have been impatiently waiting—"Action!"

At that command the doors of the magazines are opened, and the men who form the different chains of scuttles begin to pass the cartridge cases up to the deck. The delivery of ammunition is in charge of the gunner. In modern naval outfits the gunner is not, as many landlubbers suppose, the man who fires the cannon. He is a warrant officer, and his position is a most responsible one in time of action, for he must see to the prompt and steady delivery of cartridges, shells and projectiles to all the guns. The chief gunner takes his position on the berth, where he can note the progress of the work; his chief assistant is below in the main magazine, superintending the handing out of powder, and a quarter gunner is in charge of each of the other magazines and of the delivery on deck.

The charges are passed up from the magazines in wooden cases, which are painted black, with the size of calibre and charge painted in large white letters on the side. They are passed out of the magazine to a man who sends them up to the lower deck. Then they are passed through a slit in the magazine screen—a heavy canvas curtain which is intended to prevent the possibility of sparks reaching to the powder stores. From this screen carriers take the boxes to the nearest powder scuttle, where they are passed up to the gun deck and thence to the cannon themselves. For moving ammunition various mechanical appliances, including electricity, have come into use, though the work is still done by hand on some of the vessels.

A crew of 16 men is required to man each of the big guns, such as the 12-inch and 13-inch cannon of the Iowa and Indiana. They are divided into loaders, spongers, shellmen, handspikemen, sidetacklemen, intacklemen, and porttacklemen, and are under the direction of a first and second gun captain. There are also a powderman, who delivers the charge to the gun, a fireman and a wreck clearer.

The firing of a pivot or turret gun requires 10 separate commands. Most of these explain themselves. They are as follows:

1. Silence! Cast loose and provide!
2. Run in!
3. Shift pivot!
4. Serve, vent and sponge!
5. Load!
6. Run out!
7. Prime!
8. Point!
9. Ready, fire!
10. Shift and secure!

If the ship is under way the man with the range-finder is kept busy calling off the distance of the enemy's ship or whatever the target may be. As each new distance is announced the gun is adjusted to that range. At the order to "Point," No 1 of the gun crew adjusts the sights to his satisfaction, while all the others stand back from the gun. Then at the order "Ready!" he takes a final look, draws his lanyard and quickly repeats "Fire!"

In firing at a ship the target is always the water line. Though the computing instruments now used are of great value, the only way to get the exact range now, as formerly, is to see whether the first shot falls short or over, and to move her up a notch or let her down, as the case may require.

The firing of this first shot releases the pent-up tension of the preparations, which is succeeded by a fever of work. The lines of powder carriers and runner boys move steadily back and forward, the men in the turrets are soon blackened by powder and smoke until they look more like devils than human beings, but they work on as coolly as the engineers, far below, unmindful of shots that crash about about them. All the splendid discipline and training of years makes itself felt in these few moments of fighting as the sailor boys drive their ship manfully on, eager to know the issue of the conflict.

The Lease Agitation Declared Off.

Raleigh Special, March 29, to Charlotte Observer.

The directors of the North Carolina Railroad met here at the Yarboro House to-night, with only two absent—Lusk and Butler. Dr. Norment presided. A resolution was introduced by John Graham declaring that if the Southern Railway agreed to pay all expenses in the litigation to annul the lease to the Southern, that the suit against the Southern be terminated by submitting the case without argument and without appeal in the Federal Court before Judge Simonton. This was unanimously adopted. It ends the lease fight. The amount to be paid counsel by the Southern under the terms of this arrangement aggregates $3,500, and Special Master Kerr Craig's fees and court costs.

Military Headquarters at Raleigh.

Raleigh Cor. Wilmington Messenger.

It is evident at military headquarters here that a call for troops is expected at any moment, which of course will be followed by an order mobilizing the state guard and putting it in camp at Raleigh. It is calculated that in two weeks' time the ranks would be full and the drill up to the mark, owing to the fact that so many men who have served at least one term of enlistment would join the active guard. The quartermaster general to-day looked around for a site for a camp.

"A word to the wise is sufficient" and a word from the wise should be sufficient, but you ask, who are the wise? Those who know. The oft repeated experience of trust-worthy persons may be taken for knowledge. Mr. W. M. Terry says Chamberlain's Cough Remedy gives better satisfaction than any other in the market. He has been in the drug business at Elkton, Ky., for twelve years; has sold hundreds of bottles of this remedy and nearly all other cough medicines manufactured, which shows conclusively that Chamberlain's is the most satisfactory to the people, and is the best. For sale by J. E. Curry & Co.

Jo. Turner's Saying Recalled.

Statesville Landmark.

It looks very much as if Judge Ewart is going to be thrown. The only objection to this is that out of the field of selection the scrubs are in so large a majority that even a worse one will be chosen. Jo Turner was wont to say in reference to the relative merits of Republican politicians that there is no choice among spoilt fish.

Yellow Jaundice Cured.

Suffering humanity should be supplied with every means possible for its relief. It is with pleasure we publish the following: "This is to certify that I was a terrible sufferer from Yellow Jaundice for over six months, and was treated by some of the best physicians in our city and all to no avail. Dr. Bell, our druggist, recommended Electric Bitters; and after taking two bottles, I was entirely cured. I now take great pleasure in recommending them to any person suffering from this terrible malady. I am gratefully yours, M. A. Hogarty, Lexington, Ky." Sold by J. E. Curry & Co.

WHO WOULD GO TO THE WAR?

If Uncle Sam Fights This is the Way He Will Get His Men—Two Might Have to go—It Depends upon How Bad the Scrap Is.

New York Herald.

Here are some facts about the enrollment of volunteers by Uncle Sam in the event of war with a foreign power, many of which will be news to a very large proportion of eligible citizens. Unless pushed to an extremity, the old fellow wants none to wear his uniform unwillingly. Should circumstances demand it, however, he could put 10,000,000 fighting men in the field.

"Am I eligible for military service against Spain should war be declared?" is a question that naturally suggests itself to every male citizen these days.

The War Department is estimating the number of men who in case of a great war, might be drafted into service in the least emergency. The rough estimate of the adjutant general's office as announced, is that we can, if needs be, raise an army of ten million males of fighting age.

Every man mustered into service in case of war with Spain must submit to examination by an army surgeon. Uncle Sam has become very exclusive as to the choice of his soldiers and sailors since the last war. The first army to be sent into the field would be composed of a very choice set of men. As greater numbers were mustered in, the restrictions would grow less and less severe.

The greater part of the popular mind has the mistaken idea that men in the National Guard, the organized State militia, would be pressed into service next after the regular army, but such is not the case. At the first bugle call every member of the militia will have a chance to volunteer, but until a draft is ordered, no militiamen will be required to take the field against his desire. Men who go unwillingly are not wanted. They make the poorest soldiers.

MILITIA NOT RECOGNIZED.

There will be no such arm of the service as the militia in the event of the next great war with a foreign power. It would be illegal for President McKinley, commander in chief of the army and navy, to order the militia outside of our boundaries for the purpose of invading Spanish territory or any other foreign domain. No Governor would be required by law to honor the President's call for militia. To avoid possible complication, therefore, the President would act on the assumption that there is no militia in any of the States. The regular army proving insufficient, he would first call upon Governors of States for a certain number of volunteers. Organized bodies of militia might volunteer in body and offer themselves already organized every man consenting. Officers from and including the rank of colonel down, would be appointed by Governors of the States to command bodies of volunteers, but for the President is reserved the privilege of appointing all general officers.

DRAFTS AND BOUNTIES.

The War Department has prepared a diagram, dividing each State into districts, and has calculated the quota of troops which could be drafted into service from each should volunteers prove insufficient. Before a draft would be ordered in a district slow to volunteer its full quota, bounties would be offered by the Federal government, and perhaps by the State. During the late war some townships offered bounties to men unwilling to to volunteer. Men in those days were known to receive bounties aggregating $1,500 from the national, State and local governments. High bounties, sometimes as great as $450, were offered by the Federal government for veterans who had seen their three years' service and had been honorably discharged toward the end of the war. Should the bounty system fail to bring out the required number of men the draft would then be resorted to.

ELIGIBLE VOLUNTEERS.

Should you volunteer your services at the first call for an addition to the army, you may stand a chance to enter the ranks if you are between twenty one and thirty years of age, of good character and habits, able-bodied, free from disease, not less than five feet, four inches tall, and between 128 and 190 pounds in weight. If you measure about five feet, ten inches, in height, of weight above 165 pounds, you can enter the infrantry or artillery, but not the cavalry. These are the requirements for entrance to the regular arms. They would remain in force during the mustering of volunteers, until men should be passed in with insufficient speed.

Then the restrictions in regard to age would be made less exacting. In great emergency the fighting age would doubtless be stretched to from eighteen to forty-five. The restrictions in regard to weight would be changed, but very heavy men would not be accepted. Fat men do not make as good soldiers as thin men. The War Department has prepared a table, showing what it considers to be the correct proportions as to height, weight and chest measurement. If you correspond very nearly to these you may consider yourself of military physique. A man five feet, four inches tall should weigh 128 pounds, should have a chest measuring 32½ inches without breath and a chest expansion of at least 2½ inches. Similarly, if he be six feet, one inch tall, he should weigh 178 pounds, should measure 34½ inches around his chest, after breathing out and should have a chest expansion of at least 2½ inches. Weights between these are given proportionate measurements for the other details.

In the event of war, many requirements prescribed for enlistment in the regular army during peace must be eliminated. For instance, it would be impossible for you to enter the army now if you are married, if you are not a citizen of the United States, or a candidate for citizenship, or if you cannot speak, read and write the English language. Married men and foreigners would readily be accepted as volunteers in case of war, and it would count for little whether a private could read and write or not.

Similarly in the navy certain restrictions would have to be eliminated in case of war. Males may enter the navy if they are between fourteen and thirty-five years old. In time of war the maximum age limit would doubtless be raised ten years. According to the printed regulations, persons entering the navy must be "of robust frame, intelligent, of perfectly sound and healthy constitution, free from any physical defects or malformation, and not subject to fits."

PLACES FOR THE BOYS.

Many places for patriotic boys will occur in the event of war. Boys between sixteen and eighteen may enter the army but only as musicians. To be a drummer boy in the war would be very picturesque. To enlist for such service, however, the boy must have "the written consent of his father, only surviving parent or legally appointed guardian." With similiar consent boys between fourteen and seventeen may enter the navy to serve apprentices but they must be "of robust frame, of intelligence, of perfectly sound and healthy constitution," and free from a long list of physical defects. A boy fourteen must measure not less than four feet, nine inches weigh not less than seventy pounds, and while breathing naturally must have a chest measurement of not less than twenty-nine inches.

In case the President should call for volunteers, great trouble would be caused by those who are anxious to enter the field as officers and not as enlisted men. During the late war annoyance was caused by the mustering of men by companies. In the next great war the government would doubtless have to take the quota from the different sections of the various States in turn and assign them to brigades, divisions, corps and armies, without particular regard to the States from which they might come.

Having been mustered into the service of the Federal government, the Governors of the Separate States would have no authority over them—not even over the lieutenants captains, majors and colonels which the Governors might have originally commissioned. Volunteers from the District of Columbia would be called out directly by the President, but those from the Territories by the territorial Governors.

AS TO PAY.

To begin with each volunteer would of course, get the same pay as is now allowed the soldiers of the standing army of equal rank. This pay might be raised to encourage new recruits, but it is very unlikely that it would ever be lowered. To reduce the pay of troops would mean the ruination of the esprit de corps. In the land service you would as an enlisted man earn from $13 to $34 a month, according to your grade—whether a private, musician, wagoner, artificer, trumpeter, sergeant or sergeant major. If enlisted in the navy you would receive from $16 to $60 according to rank.

There would be little chance of your becoming a commissioned officer in a future war of importance, unless you might be an officer of militia or a graduate of some military institution. An officer ignorant of military tactics and appointed for political reasons would do more damage to his own army than a body of enemy equal to his command. Hundreds of old veterans of the late war would doubtless apply for commissions in the event of a sudden outbreak. A wise government, however, is careful to select only able bodied men for military services, lest the pension roll be swelled to an enormous extent after the conflict. Therefore it is economy for recruiting officers to discriminate closely between healthy and unhealthy men.

WE HAVEN'T RETROGRADED.

"Is the male element of our population physically as capable of military service as it was at the outbreak of the civil war?"

This question has been put to many high authorities during the past week. The surgeon general of the army said that though he had no data to prove that the youth of to-day is physically superior to that of 1861, he would venture to state on his own responsibility that the former is certainly on an equality with the latter. Another well known army officer said: "There are no longer the conditions existing at the time of the battle of New Orleans. Troops drawn from Kentucky, Tennessee, and such states, had all the elements of a soldier to begin with. They were in the habit of carrying rifles from infancy. They were crack marksmen and in many respects like the Boes of today. Now, however, the old frontiersman has been changed into the American farmer. We can find no such marakmen as there were in Jackson's day among the common people. To organize an effective army to-day we would have to teach the men how to shoot as well as how to march, and it takes long practice to make a good marksman."

PLENTY OF ENTHUSIASM.

As to the tendency to enlist, one officer said it would be much stronger in the youth of to-day than it was in 1861. "There is scarcely a boy in the world," said he, "who hasn't found enthusiasm in the war experience of some relative." One officer said that it is the general belief among modern authorities that city boys make better soldiers than country boys. Therefore the rapid absorption of the suburbs by our large cities would tend to raise the standard of youths eligible for military service rather than lower it. School athletics, the bicycle, and, above all, military drill, have raised the youthful fighting strength. Ten thousand boys are receiving military instruction from the regular officers of the army, and many more are drilled by militia officers and teachers with military knowledge.

A torpid liver robs you of ambition and ruins your health. DeWitt's Little Early Risers cleanse the liver, cure constipation and all stomach and liver troubles.

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STORIES BY A SOLDIER.

The Gunner-boy Who Called his Captain Madam—A Family that had No Luck—The Boy Who Touched off a Mine—The Darkey Who Wouldn't Work for Himself.

St. Louis Republic.

George Cary Eggleston is the author of a volume of short stories which he has called "Southern Soldier Stories." (The Macmillan Company.) Some of the sketches are very short, but all of them breathe the spirit of contest and of endurance. The author dedicates his book to the "Joe" so often "mentioned in these stories. He was my loved comrade in arms, and a sharer in all my war experiences. He is now Dr. Joseph W. Eggleston of Richmond, Va."

In one story Joe is the hero. He was a troublesome hero, it appears. The author says: "Joe was very much in earnest at Pocotaligo, S. C., where a great little battle was fought on the 22d of October, 1862."

"That is to say, Joe was not quite 17 years old, was an enthusiastic soldier, and was as hot-headed as a boy well can be."

Joe had command of a gun. His men fell about him, presently there were but three left. "The other battery was that of Captain Elliot of South Carolina; and Captain Elliot had just been designated Chief of Artillery. Elliot's battery was really not in action at all. Joe, seeing Captain Elliot, and being himself full of the enthusiasm which insists upon getting things done, appealed to the Chief of Artillery for the loan of some cannoneers with whom to work his gun more effectively. Captain Elliot declined. Thereupon Joe broke into a volley of vituperation, calling the Captain and his battery cowards, and by other pet names not here to be reported.

"I, as Joe's immediate chief, as well as his elder brother, commanded him to silence and ordered him back to his gun."

The elder brother worried about Joe. He had visions of court-martials and other disagreeable things. When morning came he appeared at Captain Elliot's headquarters at sunrise.

"I entered headquarters with a degree of trepidation which I had never felt before.

"Captain Elliot was performing his ablutions as well as he could, with a big gourd for basin. He nodded and spoke with his head in the towel.

"'Good fight, wasn't it? We have a lot of those fellows to bury this morning. Pretty good bag for three hundred and fifty one of us, and it was mainly your battery's canister that did it.'

"I changed feet and said, 'Y-e-s.'

"I thought to myself that was about the way I should take to 'let a man down easy' in a hard case.

"The Captain carefully removed the soap from his ears; then turning to me, said: "That's a fighter, that brother of yours."

"Yes,' I replied; 'but, Captain, he is very young, very enthusiastic, and very hot-tempered; I hope—I hope you'll overlook—his—er—intemperateness and——'

"'Thunder, man, do you suppose I've got any grudge against a fellow that fights like that?' roared the gallant Captain.

"As I rode back through the woods, it seemed to me about the brightest October morning that I had ever seen, even in that superb Carolina climate."

In the story "A Family That Had No Luck" the Southern Soldier says: "There were two instances of supreme heroism in the Civil War. One was upon the one side, the other upon the other.

"One was the charge of Pickett's Southerners at Gettysburg. The other was the heroic series of assaults made by the Northern troops on Marye's Heights, at Fredericksburg."

There are a few words of apt and stirring description of the assault in the last-named battle, and then the writer proceeds to his story of the unlucky family. In the interval between the charges "an old man came in bearing an Enfield rifle and wearing an old pot hat of the date of 1857 or thereabouts. With a gentle courtesy that was unusual in war, he apologized to the two men between whom he placed himself, saying 'I hope I don't crowd you, but I must find a place somewhere from which I can shoot.'

"At that moment one of the great assaults occurred. The old man used his gun like an expert. He wasted no bullet. He took aim every time and fired only when he knew his aim to be effective. Yet he fired rapidly. Tom Booker, who stood next to him, said as the advancing column was swept away: 'You must have shot birds on the wing in your time.'

"The old man answered: "I did up to 20 years ago; but then I sort 'o lost my sight, you know, and my interest in shootin'.

"Well, you've got 'em both back again,' called out Billy Goodwin from down the line.

"'Yes,' said the old man. 'You see I had to. 'It's this way; I had six boys and six gals. When the war broke out I thought the six boys could do my family's share o' the fighting'. Well, they did their best, but they didn't have no luck. One of e'm was killed at Manassas, two others in a cavalry raid, and the other three fell in different actions—'long the road, as you might say. We ain't seemed to a had no luck. But it's just come to this, that if the family is to be represented the old man must git up his shootin' ag'in, or else one o' the gals would have to take a hand. So here I am.'

"Just then the third advance was made. A tremendous column of heroic fellows was hurled upon us, only to be swept away as its predecessors had been. Two or three minutes did the work, but at the end of that time the old man fell backward, and Tom Booker caught him in his arms.

"'You're shot,' he said.

"'Yes. The family don't seem to have no luck. If one o' my gals comes to you, you'll give her a fair chance to shoot straight, won't you, boys?'"

The story entitled "Two Minutes" relates to the firing of a mine. It seemed that all had been arranged and that the match had gone out. Someone must relight it, a dangerous thing to do. The General asked the Captain of the engineers to go in and light the match again. The Captain hesitated. Thereupon a certain young man touched his cap and said: "With your permission, I will go in and fire it."

"Thank you," said the General, "go!"

The man picked up the torch and started into the mine. It seems that the slow-match had gone out within a very short distance of the powder magazine. But, disregarding that, he touched the torch to it, set it off again and ran with all his might for the mouth of the opening.

"It was two minutes' work. The mine went off just before he reached the outlet, and the air pressure literally blew him out of it. He fell sprawling on his face. He was considerably bruised and scratched in his contact with the gravelly ground, but was not in any serious way injured. Picking himself up, grinned as he was he took off his cap, and, dusting himself like a schoolboy who has fallen in the street, he approached the commanding officer and said: 'General, I have the honor to report that I have fired the mine, and that it has gone off.'

"The General touched his cap and replied: 'I had observed that fact, and I thank you very much. I beg to say that I will make an official report of the circumstance.'

"Two days later we all touched our caps to a freshly-made Brigadier General of the engineers. The Captain, who had hesitated, remained a Captain."

The author tells the story of "My Friend Phil." Phil was a negro slave who belonged to a friend of the writer. "He was a strong man, rejoicing in his strength always; but there was one thing he would not do—he would not work for himself.

"His master was one of those who hoped for gradual emancipation, as many Virginians did, and thought it his duty to prepare his negroes for freedom, so far as it was possible for him to do so. Among other means to this end, he encouraged each to make and save money on his own account. Each was expected to cultivate a 'patch' of his own. Their master gave them the necessary time and the use of the mules whenever their crops needed attention.

"In this way he thought to train them in habits of voluntary industry and some of them, having no necessary expenses to bear, accumulated very pretty little hoards of cash from the sale of their crops every year. But Phil would not raise a crop for himself.

"What I want to raise a crop for? he would ask. 'I don't want no money; on'y a quarter sometimes to buy a banjo string or a fish line, an' I get plenty o' quarters pitched at me when I hol' de gentlemen's hosses. I don't want no money, an' I wouldn't know what to do wid it if I had it. My mastah take good care o' me, an's long as dar's a piece o' meat in de smokehouse Phil knows he's gwine to have plenty to eat. I ain't gwine to earn no money, an' he can'in' 'fections on my mastah. My mastah gives me mo' clo'es an I kin war out; an' what de devil I want to be makin' money for. I dunno.'"

Phil did not want to be free. He remonstrated with his master, and when told that he was free by law, whether or no, the tears streamed down his face. "He was a strong man physically, but the merest child in character, and the feeling that he no longer had anyone but himself to lean upon was more than he could bear. The light of cheerfulness and good humor went out of his face. The joyousness of his nature disappeared; and before the summer had ripened into autumn poor Phil lay down and died of a broken heart.

A Brief Review.

Kinston Free Press.

With Commissioner Caldwell resigning, after his inglorious acts and counter-acts as railway commissioner, and with Russell's fierce war on railroads and his recent tame submission to them, with John H. Smith's total incompetent management of the penitentiary and the consequent scandals connected therewith, with many incompetent State and county officials, with negro and sorry white magistrates, constables, etc., it does seem that every decent and intelligent white man would be thoroughly disgusted at the result of fusion power in North Carolina and be ready to come back into the Democratic party and help restore decent government. Doesn't it?

You Can't Tell.

Asheville Citizen.

The governor denounces Chairman Caldwell because he refuses to consent to a reduction of railway passenger rates. Not so very long ago the governor was denouncing the lease of the North Carolina railway to the Southern. Now he virtually endorses it. Hence it will cause no surprise if he should come out in a week and advocate increasing passenger rates 50 per cent., you can't tell.

Discovered by a Woman.

Another great discovery has been made, and that too, by a lady in this country. "Disease fastened its clutches upon her and for seven years she withstood its severest tests, but her vital organs were undermined and death seemed imminent. For three months she coughed incessantly, and could not sleep. She finally discovered a way to recovery, by purchasing of us a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, and was so much relieved on taking first dose, that she slept all night; and with two bottles, has been absolutely cured. Her name is Mrs. Luther Lain." Thus writes W. C. Hamnick & Co. of Shelby, N. C. Trial bottles free at J. E. Curry & Co's. Drug Store. Regular size 50c and $1.00. Every bottle guaranteed.

We Cannot Turn Back.

New York Times.

Spain must quit this continent. That is manifest destiny, and the hour has struck. There is no stopping place short of the absolute independence of Cuba. There is no peace short of that. It would have been as easy to end the war of the revolution at Bunker Hill or the civil war at Bull Run as to turn back now. We have become the instrument, the evolutionary force, by which Spanish rule in the new world she once owned is brought to its historical end. Finality is the very essence of the undertaking. We should be very great fools to make these martial preparations and go through all this worry, suspense, and loss for some miserable compromise that would break down next fall or in ten years, and have us to make our martial preparations and go through the worry, the suspense, and the loss again. Time and again we have temporized and postponed. We were within a measurable distance of war with Spain in 1873, and again in 1875. We had a "Cuban war panic in 1890, and McKinley's solemn words of warning last December brought the ultimate necessity of intervention and possible hostile action clearly into view. The "war scare" of 1896 will end the series.

Requested to Resign.

Charlotte Observer.

Mr. John F. Leeper, deputy collector has been asked by Collector H. S. Harkins for his immediate resignation. Mr. Leeper has no idea of resigning. There is no reason why he should. He has made one of the most efficient officers in the entire service. He is a perfect gentleman, strictly business, and it is not likely that a new man will be appointed that will fill his place.

Thirty-five years make a generation. That is how long Adolph Fisher, of Hanesville, O., suffered from piles. He was cured by using three boxes of DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve.

FROST THOMPSON & Co.

The Lincolnton Journal says Judge Hoke will be renominated for judge of the Superior Court without opposition.

Children like it, it cures their lives. We mean One Minute Cough Cure, the infallible remedy for coughs, colds, croup, bronchitis, asthma and all throat and lung troubles.

FROST THOMPSON & Co.

The town of Hub in Columbus county suffered a $100,000 fire last Friday morning. Millions of feet of lumber were destroyed.

It is a great leap from the old fashioned dose of disagreeable and injurious physics to the tiniest little pills known as DeWitt's Little Early Risers, but they cure constipation, and kindred abdominal troubles.

FROST THOMPSON & Co.

A Rowan county man has several bales of cotton that he refused to sell at 11 cents a pound some years ago. The other day he took a bale to Salisbury and sold it at 5.90.

The farmer, the mechanic and the adroite rider are alike in all unmitigated pain and a ready remedy. DeWitt's Witch Hazel salve is the one. Other to keep on hand. It heals quickly, and is a well known cure for piles.

FROST THOMPSON & Co.

The number of distilleries in operation in the United States in March was 592 of grain and nine of molasses, producing 321,214 gallons of grain spirits and 9,461 gallons of molasses spirits daily.

Thousands of sufferers from grippe have been restored to health by One Minute Cough Cure. It quickly cures coughs, colds, bronchitis, pneumonia, grippe, asthma, and all throat and lung diseases.

FROST THOMPSON & Co.

At a brilliant reception tendered him in Washington, Capt. Charles D. Sigsbee was greeted by thousands of people. Statesmen, high officials, including the President, diplomats, and distinguished citizens were present to do him honor.

A little boy asked for a bottle of "wet up in the morning as that as you can," the druggist furnished a household name for "DeWitt's Little Early Risers," and cured him of a bottle of those famous little pills for constipation, sick headache, liver and stomach troubles.

FROST THOMPSON & Co.

The manufacture of wooden cases for lead pencils annually consumes the cedar timber from 2,200 acres of land, of which 2,000 acres are in Florida. Nuremberg, Bavaria, the great European centre of the lead pencil trade, has twenty-three factories, which employ 9,000 workers and which produce 4,800,000 pencils every week.

M. L. Yocum, Cameron, Pa., says: "I was a sufferer for ten years, trying most all kinds of pile remedies, but without success. DeWitt's Witch Hazel salve was recommended to me. I used one box. It has effected a permanent cure." As a permanent cure for piles DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve has no equal.

FROST THOMPSON & Co.

Jim Anderson, the negro who murdered Capt. J. K. Marshall at Chester has been tried and sentenced to be hanged on the 15th of April.

Rheumatism Cured.

My wife has used Chamberlain's Pain Balm for rheumatism with great relief, and I can recommend it as a splendid liniment for rheumatism and other household use for which we have found it valuable.—W. J. Cuyler, Red Creek, N. Y.

Mr. Cuyler is one of the leading merchants of this village and one of the most prominent men in this vicinity. —W. G. Phippin, Editor Red Creek Herald. For sale by J. E. Curry & Co.

The North Carolina lease fight is off. The Governor has arranged the matter with the Southern by the latter paying $14,000 counsel fees.

I was reading an advertisement of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy in the Worcester Enterprise recently, which leads me to write this. I can truthfully say I never used any remedy equal to it for colic and diarrhoea. I have never had to use more than one or two doses to cure the worst case with myself or children.—W. A. Stroud, Pocomoke City, Md. For sale by J. E. Curry & Co.