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R. G. GLADSTONE.



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In offering the "Southern Queen" to the stove-buying public we offer a standard article that we have no hesitancy in recommending and guaranteeing. If your Stove has outlived its usefulness, or if for any reason you wish to replace it, let us show you a "Southern Queen." If you want a stove you will buy.

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in all its branches. We guarantee to meet all the requirements and that our work will prove entirely satisfactory.

R. G. GLADSTONE.

BILL ARP'S LETTER.

Left, left, left! That is an ominous word—I don't like it. Last Friday night I closed my mission down in Alabama—a most delightful week with balmy weather, moonlight nights and good people to cheer me. I retired happy to dream of home and the little grandchildren and the light that would be shining in the window for me on Saturday night.

The porter was to call me up in time to take the 2 o'clock train for Chattanooga, but alas! he did not do it, and I awoke to find that the train had passed and I was left, left, left—Oh! the misery of it. Shakespeare says that there is no philosopher can endure the toothache patiently, and I will add or being left by a train when far from home. There is a generosity about it, for the train has gone.

The next train would not connect at Chattanooga and I would have to stay there till another 2 o'clock in the morning. But all's well that ends well. About daylight I reached my home. All was still and silent. The good old dog was lying at the door and gently wagged his bushy tail. The door was locked but the window sash was not, and I raised it slowly and softly and was soon in the sitting room, where there was a good comfortable sofa. I knew that the door to our family bedroom was locked, and I heard some faint familiar nasal sounds that assured me all was well. The diagnose was right. In a few minutes I was asleep and playing on the harmonicon myself. My heavy base echoed to the tenor in the other room and awakened one of the girls, who whispered: "Mamma, mamma, there is somebody in the front room." It's your papa," said she. "I know his trombone—he is still and let him sleep, for I expect he is almost worn out." It was 8 o'clock when somebody kissed me while I was dreaming of the soldier boys drilling and the officer said left, left, left at every step. Rousing up I received the family embraces, and two little children, came running in and climbed all over me and made me happy. Oh, it beats war, or politics, or a dog law, or anything. I was escorted into the dining room to breakfast and saw at a glance that the room had been repapered with a tinted olive green paper and the bordering matched it beautifully. The doors to the parlor were wide open, and that room had been repapered, too, and was lovely.

Somehow I never could make as much ado over pleasant surprises as my female folks expect, but I did my best and have expressed my admiration several times since. Before I left they talked about the old paper that had gotten dirty and was falling off and said that if I would get the paper they would put it on, and I assented. I am glad that I did, for if I had been at home they would have put the harness on me and made me wait on them all day, for I am the boy.

I met a man down in Alabama who said that my letters were demoralizing the women of this country and putting new burdens on the men. "Why," said he, "just look at me—I am fifty-five years old and weigh nigh on to 200 pounds, and yet my wife wanted me to climb up a step ladder yesterday and fix the curtains back, and I told her I couldn't and wouldn't, for the ladder was old and rickety and I might fall and break my neck or some of my arms and legs. Well, sir, she laughed and said: 'Bill Arp climbs ladders for his wife and plants flowers and strawberries and nurses the grandchildren, too.' 'Yes,' said I, 'that's what he writes, but I don't believe a word of it. He thinks that you women are going to be allowed to vote pretty soon, and he is just fixing to be elected.' Now, see here, Mr. Arp, I fought four years in that dogone old war and now I am gettin' old and fat and I'm not gwine to climb ladders and tend the flower garden just because you do; that is, if you really do it, which I don't believe." And the good, jolly old veteran laughed immensely.

Next day I made acquaintance with a condutor on the Alabama Great Southern, and he comforted me by saying that my letters gave good example and good cheer and pictured what home ought to be. Said he, "We have nine children at our home, all under age, and my greatest pleasure is in meeting them when my run is off, and in helping them and their mother to fight the battle of life and be contented and enjoy what we have got and be thankful to God for his tender mercies. Running a train half night and half day is hard work, but I enjoy my home and family all the more when I get with them, and they are all the gladder to see me."

I like that man and that kind of talk. When our people realize that home is the best place on earth, and the mother is its dearest inmate we will have an ideal commonwealth. Coleridge says: "A mother is a mother still The holiest thing alive." Littleton says: "The lover in the husband may be lost, But the wife is dearer than the bride."

All the great poets have paid tribute to the home and the mother, for home is not home without a mother. Of course there are many married women who are not mothers and do not wish to be. With them children are intruders, and the pity is that their moth-

ers had not been of similar mind. In New England and fashionable northern circles the maternal instinct has been smothered, and has gone into an "innocuous desuetude," as Mr. Cleveland would say. A good gentle Tom Howard said that a Boston mother wouldn't have but one or two children, and she wouldn't have any if she didn't want an heir to inherit the estate.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox wrote a remarkable letter two years ago on the decay of the maternal instinct in New England, and the great increase of divorces and voluntary separations. Mary Brent Reed has recently published an article on the same subject as applicable to France. She says that the fashionable women of the period won't even dress like women. They despise hips and try to hide them. They prefer to be as slim as race horses, and to conceal every sign of a maternal form. Children are intruders, they say, and if by chance they have any they are put out to nurse and to be reared by non-motherly hands. What an awful picture this is—what a sad descent from the motherhood of our mothers—what a counterpart to the Saviour's teaching when he said, "Suffer little children to come unto me for of such is the kingdom of heaven." Nearly all the great men of the world have been nursed by noble mothers, and it rejoices me to know that Mrs. Sarah Butts, of Brunswick, has a book now in press with Lippincott that will rescue from oblivion the mothers of many of Georgia's great and good men. With her it has been a labor of love. How our biographers from Moses down have lauded the great men but paid small tribute to their mothers.

But the highest heaven is reserved for them, and an eternal fame that will not pass away like that the great men acquire in this changeable world. Alas, poor Dewey, how soon did his garlands wither. But we still have Schley and Brumby and Hobson left, and a host of lesser lights that illuminate the southern sky. BILL ARP.

Seventh Fever Victim at Normal.

GREENSBORO, Nov. 30.—Miss McGowan, of Robeson county, a student at the Normal, died this morning of typhoid fever. She had been sick about ten days. During the last days of her illness she was nursed by her mother, who today carried the body of her daughter to her home at Lumber Bridge. The total number of deaths from the fever at the Normal is seven. There is an improvement in the condition of most of the patients, though several of the girls remain critically ill. The directors of the college are still in session, and nearly all the members of the board are present. They are still silent. Their conservatism and painstaking efforts to ascertain the cause of the sickness are to be commended.

RALEIGH, Nov. 30.—Dr. Richard H. Lewis, secretary of the State board of health, received to-night a telegram from Dr. Anderson, one of the bacteriologists of the board, stating that the water in the wells at the Teague house, a rented dormitory, and at that of the central well, which was used by all the students of the State Normal and Industrial College, recently afflicted with a serious outbreak of typhoid fever, is bad. This fully explains the epidemic and is a cause that can be promptly and completely removed, so that this most useful and popular institution can be re-opened with safety on the date to which it was suspended, January 2, 1900.

Not Holding Back Cotton.

Macon Telegraph.

The claims of the bears that a great deal of the cotton is being held back by the farmers of the South has not yet been substantiated. On the other hand, a careful investigation by reliable parties has developed the fact that there is no disposition whatever on the part of the farmers in any section of the South to hold back their cotton. The contrary seems to have been true; the price of cotton this fall was so much better than last year, and, in fact, better than many farmers expected, that, with few exceptions, they took advantage of the good weather and hurried their cotton to town as rapidly as possible, fearing that the price might go off and not caring to risk the chances of an advance. While the fact is well established that there has been no general movement in the way of holding back cotton, the unsupported assertion of the bears that such a policy has been adopted continues to serve the purpose of the speculators, who are persistent.

Mrs. Newlywed: "I was going to have some sponge cake as a surprise for you, dear, but I must confess it was a failure." Mr. Newlywed: "What was the matter?" Mrs. Newlywed: "I don't know for sure, but I think the druggist sent me the wrong kind of sponges."

The Postmaster General has ordered that all mail matter between the United States, Porto Rico, Guam and the Philippines or between these islands and the United States shall be subject to United States domestic classification and rates of postage.

"I never thought the time would ever come when I should be delighted to hear that piano going," remarked Fogg, as the "instrument" in the next house was being carried down the stairs to the furniture wagon.

"TIRED OF THE GAME."

Charlotte Observer.

A certain man died in North Carolina the other day. It was asked of one of his friends of what he died, and the answer was, of whiskey and morphine. He was a man of gifts and promise, and it was asked why he should thus dispose of himself, and the reply was, "O, well, he was tired of the game."

The answer was full of meaning. The world is full of people who are tired of the game. They have worried and struggled. Perhaps they have reared, or tried to rear, children who have been a disappointment to them. Perhaps to them "fortune had looked backward." They have worked hard and seen no result of their labor; the past has been unfruitful, the future is unpromising. They have thought upon the problems of life and they see nothing in it for them. They are tired of the game.

Hon. Henry Watterson delivered in Charlotte a year or two ago his lecture on "Money and Morals." It was not worthy of him, and was a disappointment to his audience, but it contained toward its conclusion this striking inquiry, What is the use? A man who had become President of the United States said to him that this was the goal of his ambition; that for years he had looked forward to the presidency; that when he finally reached it, he found that his former friends had become his enemies and that his former enemies had become his friends, and so the chief value of the office had gone—he was unable to reward his friends or punish his enemies. The question was, wherefore had he expended his energies; why had he spent restless days and sleepless nights in seeking something that brought no pleasure in the attainment? The answer was, of course, Solomon's—Vanity of Vanities. But we lose our course and yet not altogether. Is the game worth the candle? That is the question which hundreds of thousands of human beings all over the earth are asking themselves, and the answer they get is in the negative. If they are in public life and try to follow the popular caprice they find themselves involved in all sorts of absurdities; if they follow the dictates of conscience and of right, they lose caste. If, far from "the madding strife," pursuing the even tenor of their way, they often find toil unrequited and effort gone for naught, they get tired of the game.

The world is full of these luckless ones. Is not the great majority to be so classified? It is a world of toil and toil, with nothing to show for it when we have run our little race; when all life's duties have been done. It may be a cottage is left; it may be some acres of farming land; it is tolerably certain to be a widow and several children.

It is not quite heroic to get out of it all through the medium of whiskey or morphine; it is not quite the thing to leave to others the care of children which we have brought into the world. But there is the ever-recurring question, Is it worth while? and the ever-present answer, I am tired of the game.

Cotton Seized and Sold During the War.

COLUMBIA, S. C., Nov. 30.—Governor Miles B. McSweeney today addressed a letter to the Governor of each Southern State, asking for united effort to get Southern Representatives in Congress to work for the passage of a bill refunding eleven million dollars to Southern people from whom cotton was seized by United States troops during the War between the States.

The cotton was sold by the Collector of Customs of New York, and the funds placed in the United States Treasury. The United States Supreme Court has decided that the Government has no right or title to these funds, which are held for the ultimate return to those entitled thereto.

But these funds cannot be recovered except by Congressional action, as legislation is necessary before action can be brought against the sovereign Government. By special legislation some few claims have been granted, but it is desired that Congress remove all restraints so that lawful owners or heirs may be reimbursed. A Senate bill was introduced last year, and was reported favorably by the Senate Committee on Claims, but was lost sight of in some way.

Emphatic Enough.

The angry parent strode into the parlor. "Girls," he said, "who are these young men?"

"Papa," replied one of the daughters, "this is Mr. Young and this is Mr. Yates."

Whereupon the old gentleman invitingly opened the door.

"Git!" he thundered.

And they got. A word to the Y's was sufficient.

A horrible accident occurred on the railroad track at Twelfth street, Charlotte Saturday night. An unknown white man was literally ground to pieces under the car wheels. Just how he came to his death is not, and never will be known, but investigation made by the railroad authorities discovered that the man was struck by a shifting engine at Twelfth street, and was dragged from there to the Gingham Mill.

To prevent La Grippe take a dose or two of Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine daily.



Out in Kansas

lives a happy wife. She writes: "I have used Mother's Friend before two confinements. The last time I had twins, and was in labor only a few minutes. Suffered very little." The reason why

Mother's Friend

does expectant mothers so much good is because it is an external liniment, to be applied upon the outside, where much of the strain comes. It helps because the pores of the skin readily absorb it, and it comes into direct contact with and is absorbed by the parts involved. Morning sickness is quickly banished, and nervousness is kept completely away. The sense of dread and foreboding is not experienced, even during labor itself. Confinement is short and almost without pain. Recovery is quick and sure. Best of all, Mother's Friend benefits the unborn just as much as the expectant mother, and when the little one comes it will be strong, lusty and healthy.

Druggists sell Mother's Friend for \$1 a bottle. Send for our free book on the subject, finely illustrated.

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GARDNER'S Almond Cream Lotion, Cures Chapped Face, Hands and Lips. SOLD AND GUARANTEED BY W. S. ALLEN, DRUGGIST.

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SURGERY

AND Diseases of Women and Children.

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