

The Messenger.

JACKSON & BELL COMPANY.

Entered at the Postoffice at Wilmington, N. C., as second class mail matter.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

THE DAILY MESSENGER, by mail, one year, \$7.00; six months, \$3.50; three months, \$1.75; one month, 60 cents.

THE SEMI-WEEKLY MESSENGER (two 8 page papers), by mail, one year, \$4.00; six months, 50 cents, in advance.

DESULTORIA.

The multiplication of authors, publishers and books is amazing indeed. This year will see largely over 2,000 new books and new editions published in England alone. As to novels their name is legion. But few of the novels will pass through more than one edition. Not ten of 2,000 that will be published this year will probably be of permanent interest. That is to say, that will live beyond five years. Probably five will be read twenty years hence. Possibly one or two will be read in A. D. 1950. So selection is indeed a very important matter, and the newspaper and magazine critics, with very few exceptions, will aid one but little in the selection of the best. The mania for production is terrific and bewildering. In the United States today we suppose there are 20,000 young people of both sexes busy with their pens writing love stories or something else. One editor of a prominent English magazine says that most of the matter sent to him is very trashy and imperfect, without style or art or anything commendable. Mr. John Burroughs, a well known New England author of merit, writes: "Probably the country was never before so full of young men and women who want to be writers, or who want to get into literature. Be somebody first, love something, think something, feel something—that is the ground to start from." In the course of an essay on "Literary Veneering," he incidentally refers to Poe, and not in the high appreciative strain. And yet he makes an admission. We copy what he says for it is not without interest:

"A man like Poe is of the true poet type, undoubtedly, but his contribution is unimportant, because there was not enough of him; he does not cut deep. There is a mastery in him not in Longfellow, but Longfellow will outlive him because he was a winning, genial personality, and his works are sweet and wholesome. Poe's mastery is over the element of verse, not over the elements of life or spirit. Shelley Swinburne, Rossetti, and all of that ilk, do not fail as artists, but as men. They are more like viceroy than solid stuff."

And yet they were great in artistic expression and in Shelley's case great in inspiration and beauty. He would make a half dozen Longfellows and Holmeses. Mr. Burroughs has a proper understanding, we are glad to note, of Scott. Writing of that very skillful stylist, Stevenson, he says:

"Stevenson had a great talent, a finer literary equipment than Scott, and yet Scott is the mountain, Stevenson is the grassy dell. Scott was a great nature; Stevenson, a fine nature. Are the men of the large type all gone—the race of giants ended? All the new men are 'light-weight,' wonderful craftsmen, but not great natures. The last of our giants, such as they were, died with Holmes."

Think of Holmes being a "giant" and wonder. Put him by the side of the massive, granite men of England and how he dwarfs.

Great store is made in the last quarter of a century on style. That with most latter day writers is every thing, and thought but secondary. It is to clothe what little you have to say in a finely-wrought garb, woven of many colors and with exquisite finish. We like the fine style—the noble style—the beautiful style—the dignified style—the graceful, charming style. Literary skill, pure taste, artistic elaborations of finish—these are merely attractive, beguiling. Professor Mahaffy, a distinguished writer and professor of Greek, writing on "Style" in November for London "Literature" made some brief remarks as to the great Latin poet, Virgil. (We do not write it "Ver-gil" as in the fad of some now) and said that of all accounts he was "the most Tennysonian," and add:

"Virgil is far the greatest of the Roman poets, not by reason of his great ideas—in that Lucretius is his rival—but by reason of the combined purity and dignity of his style, which bears the evidence of being deliberately and conscientiously polished to the utmost degree of propriety and refinement. Illustrations abound on every page of his work."

We are not enough of a Latinist to venture an opinion as to the relative merits of Ovid, Virgil and Theocritus. We suppose critics differ as to them as they do as to later poets or even the great Greek masters. Professor Mahaffy thinks it "irrelevant" to talk of the style of Shakespeare, and yet how marvelous his sweep and splendor he is when at his best. What an eagle wing he had and how high he soared into the heaven of invention and expression. No other man ever had his power of either. Of Tennyson the professor says "that style is the essence of his greatness," and in that he is something misled, we may not doubt. Of Shakespeare, the eminent French writer, Flaubert has said and it is as fine as felicitous and true:

"What distinguishes great genius is generalization and creation; it resumes scattered personalities in a type, and brings new characters to the consciousness of humanity. Shakespeare is something tremendous in this respect; he was not a man, but a continent, there are crowds and countries in him. Such men have no need of attending to style. They are strong in spite of all their faults, and even because of them; but we, the little ones, are worth nothing except by finish of execution."

Shakespeare was extremely careless, extremely ungrammatical—beyond any other great writer—and yet in his highest moods, when his eye was "in fine phrensy rolling" his style was grand, magnificent, marvellous.

Sir Walter Scott, in an age of novel writing beyond all others, so far from losing his hold upon the better and more cultivated minds of the English reading world, is more read in 1897, than he was twenty years ago. In the last few years several new and elegantly illustrated editions of his novels have been published, and quite recently two of very marked excellence, each admirably edited, one by Andrew Lang, and the other by a man of letters whose name we do not remember as we write. Then there are very many cheaper editions, some so low in price as almost to be incredible. Scott is very great. Lately we read "Ivanhoe," the great novel for youth, and one of the ten best novels for a village library. In advancing years we found it extremely relishable, although "our fourth reading." Recently at spare half hours we have been reading that classic "The Heart of Midlothian." It is a perennial delight. Its freshness, its pathos, its beauty never fades. It is as delightful in 1897, as it was to us in life's young spring. Indeed, we appreciate its invention, its character drawing, its simplicity and fidelity to nature, its local coloring, its humor, its art, its great human sorrow more than ever before. This is suggested to us, as one of the Scott "hero-worshippers," by a remark of Professor Mahaffy in the same article quoted from above. Writing of greatness or finish of style, he contends that "great men often write very badly and so much the better for it." If we wish the consummate style in our times we must turn to such writers as Pater, Stevenson, among English authors, and to many of the French—Maupassant and company—who attach so much more importance to art and literary form than to thought. The Greek professor says we will find style in Horace and La Bruyere. We do not deny style in the least. We love Tennyson and Keats for their elegance and perfection, but they had a rich body of thought as well as a splendid garniture of words and the most finished felicities of expression. But we do not object to Shakespeare and Scott, the two greatest creative minds in all English literature from Chaucer to Swinburne and Dickens and Thackeray and the romancists generally. Shakespeare and Scott were too robust, too rich in mental resources to dally long in furbishing, in adorning mere literary clothing. But when they were at the best how unapproachable the one, how fascinating the other. But to come back to Professor Mahaffy. Considering the careless style he writes:

"I should leave out V. Hugo, who certainly aimed at a splendid style, and should put in Walter Scott, who now offends the young Scotland of Stevensons by the negligences of his diction. But he, too, was far too great for style; he was unfolding such a wealth of human nature, galleries of great portraits, of nationalities, volumes of history and of legend that he had neither time nor care for the graces of a polished style. Look how his people live, just like the people of Shakespeare, in the hearts of all English speaking people, nay, even in the hearts of foreigners, for Scott, owing to his want of style, is capable of translation! On the other hand, there is something so personal in an elaborated style that the characters are thrown into the shade by the personality of the poet, and so Tennyson has not left us a single character whose name is a household word, such as Scott and even far lesser men have created. His imagination has not furnished us with a great hero."

True and noteworthy that! Tennyson was great but not universal. But what a magic there was after all in his touch. Read over again and again as we have read the "Idylls of the King"—as a whole the noblest English epic after "Paradise Lost"—and you will see portrayed as never before Arthur, some of the Knights of the Table Round, and the fallen Queen, portrayed with the most exquisite art, with the most consummate power, and in the most original and charming blank verse ever written by any Eng-

lish or American poet. There are passages, and even pages, in that noble nineteenth century epic that will live with the centuries, and will be the envy and admiration of the supreme masters of coming generations.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Dec., 19, 1896. Messrs. Ely Bros.—I have used Ely's Cream Balm a number of years and find it works like a charm. It has cured me of the most obstinate case of cold in the head in less than 48 hours from the time I had the cold coming on. I would not be without it. 232 Hart St. FRED'K FRIES. Cream Balm is kept by all druggists. Full size 50c. Trial size 10c. We mail it. ELY BROS., 56 Warren St., N. Y. City.

RELIGIOUS EDITORIALS FOR SUNDAY.

We wrote something as to preaching in last Sunday's Messenger. The subject is prolific and inexhaustible. There are opinions and opinions about preaching, but how few hearers are competent to judge of a sermon beyond what pleases them. Some of the most common-places, weakest of men we have heard lauded by the indiscriminating many. Others who were thoughtful, original, with no little driving power, were under-rated. An old Methodist district steward told a gentleman in this city that he respected the intelligence, etc., of this writer, but when he tried to make him believe that Rev. A. B. was a great preacher he dropped us and refused to follow farther. We did not blame him. He could not follow the profound excoitations of Rev. A. B., much less appreciate his excellent, most expressive English, and the superb outbursts of high eloquence. He did not understand the preacher and, therefore, rejected the critic's opinion. The noble Arabian courser was too fleet of foot for him: he preferred the ambling pony whose pranks he could keep up with. He was right. God makes many kinds of preachers. But there are many men of many minds and many tastes and varying equipments. One writer wisely contends for the "natural manner." That is right. Be natural, be yourself, do not imitate some other preacher. Talk more in an easy conversational strain if you can and do not bellow like a stentor. The writer referred to on "Preaching" says:

"In your exercise of this natural manner, you must translate your sermon into the simplest forms of speech, and tell it to your friend or teacher, as you would tell a trifling incident of the day. In fact, you must exaggerate in private this familiar style of preaching, in order to master the simple conversational tones as applied to grave subjects. We never make a mistake in time, emphasis, force, modulation or inflection when we talk to one another at table or on a walk."

Thirty answers were sent to The Christian Commonwealth as to "The Sermon I Like Best." The laymen were the writers. They were about agreed as to this. They want "in their pulpit a man, not a mere instructor, essayist, or orator, but some one with strong sympathies. They want one who understands them, appreciates their aspirations to nobler living, and who has experienced in some measure what in their best moments they strive after. They want to feel in the sermon the strong, quiet hand clasp as they step upward."

Having used three bottles of P. P. P. for impure blood and general weakness and having derived great benefit from the same, having gained 14 pounds in weight in four weeks, I take great pleasure in recommending it to all unfortunate like me. Yours truly, JOHN MORRIS, Office of J. N. McElroy, Druggist, Orlando, Fla., April 20, 1891. Messrs. Lippman Bros., Savannah, Ga. Dear Sirs:—I sold three bottles of P. P. P. large size yesterday, and one bottle small size today.

The P. P. P. cured my wife of rheumatism winter before last. It came back on her the past winter and a half bottle, \$1 size, relieved her again, and she has not had a symptom since. I sold a bottle of P. P. P. to a friend of mine, one of the turkeys, a small one, took sick and his wife gave it a teaspoonful, that was in the evening and the little fellow turned over like a dead, but next morning he was hollowing and well. Yours respectfully, J. N. McELROY, Savannah, Ga., March 17, 1891. Messrs. Lippman Bros., Savannah, Ga. Dear Sirs:—I have suffered from rheumatism for a long time and did not find a cure until I found P. P. P., which completely cured me. Yours truly, ELIZA JONES, 16 Orange St., Savannah, Ga.

SOME OF NORTH CAROLINA'S SONS IN THE PAST.

In 1844, the whigs of Granville gave a big dinner and invited Senator Willie P. Mangum to make a speech, which he did. He spoke in Kyle's grove in the centre of the town, to a large audience. The senator was tall, stately, graceful, an orator of gifts and very popular with the senators. He suggested Mr. Clay in his form and manner, and like the great Kentuckian, he walked the platform from side to side as he spoke. It was no doubt a speech of ability and interest, but our most distinct recollection of it is, that a very common-place, half educated, pretentious, vociferatory democrat, so interrupted the senator as to break the force of much of his speech to a considerable degree. Mr. Mangum invited this interruption by asking if what he said was not so, whereupon the mouth-ing ignoramus pitched in with a reply and by his loud and boisterous tones, bellowing like a bull, he broke the continuity of the speech and marred the effects. Senator Mangum was regarded by the intellectual men of the state

Oh, How Thankful

Pain Was Maddening and Hope Had Been Abandoned—Wonderful Results of Purifying the Blood.

"A very severe pain came in my left knee, which grew worse and worse, and finally a sore broke out above the knee. It discharged a great deal and the pain from my thigh down was maddening. Larc, hard, purple spots appeared on my leg. I suffered in this way for years, and gave up all hope of ever being cured. My wife was reading of a case like mine cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, and she advised me to try it. I began taking it and when I had used a few bottles I found relief from my suffering. Oh, how thankful I am for this relief! I am stronger than I have ever been in my life. I am in the best of health, have a good appetite and am a new man altogether." J. P. MOORE, Lisbon Falls, Maine.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier. Hood's Pills cure all liver ills. 25 cents.

between 1830 and 1850 as not only a man of superior intellectual parts, but as a speaker of consummate ability. He met his full equal, if not his superior, whom he opposed for congress, the late Hon. Josiah Crudup, of Granville, who afterwards became a Baptist minister. Mr. Crudup was a man of very remarkable abilities. He had a very profound mind—analytical, synthetic and logical. He never met a man in debate who could get an advantage of it. He met and defeated the late Judge Romulus M. Saunders, who was the strongest democratic campaigner in North Carolina, beyond fair question. He was rugged, but vigorous and thoroughly informed. He met his Waterloo in Crudup at Franklinton.

He had a very memorable canvass with Henry W. Miller for congress. Before leaving Washington several democrats were talking over their prospects for re-election in the coming canvass. Several expressed confidence in being returned by good majorities. General Saunders said he thought he could carry his district (Raleigh) by 1,500 majority. Several of the members were re-elected and they met at the next session and gave their experiences in the campaign. General Saunders was silent and twitted for it. One said: "If I recall it you thought, General, that you would return with 1,500 majority. It seems to me I read it in the papers that you only received a much diminished majority, in fact, only some 125." A laugh went around at the old campaigner's expense. He rallied and replied: "I did get back, but if you had met the man I did, you would never have seen Washington again." So the laugh went up on his side. When North Carolina had such speakers as Badger, Mangum, Crudup, Miller, Venable, Saunders, John Kerr, Edwin G. Reade, Edward Stanley, Thomas Bragg, Duncan McRae, and some others, it was indeed rich in sons, native and adopted, of superb ability, eloquence and accomplishments. Miller, Venable and Kerr were born in Virginia. Later she had Davis, Vance, Settle, Ransom, and other men of distinguished gifts and force.

Something to Know

It may be worth something to know that the very best medicine for restoring the tired out nervous system to a healthy vigor is Electric Bitters. This medicine is purely vegetable, acts by giving tone to the nerve centres in the stomach, gently stimulates the Liver and Kidneys, and aids these organs in throwing off impurities in the blood. Electric Bitters improves the appetite, aids digestion, and is pronounced by those who have tried it as the very best blood purifier and nerve tonic. Try it. Sold for 50c or \$1.00 per bottle at R. R. Bellam's drug store.

The Colors of Postage Stamps

The postoffice department is engaged in solving an artistic question. By the terms of the international agreement adopted at the postal congress last spring we shall be called upon in the course of another year to change the colors of two of our stamps which are now in common use. The changes in turn have had to require other changes among the less frequently used denominations. The head of Franklin on the one-cent stamp must be printed in green, and the portrait of Grant on the 5-cent stamp in blue. It may seem a very easy matter to change the color of a stamp, on the theory that all that is necessary to do is to wash the plates with another kind of ink. But this meets only part of the problem. The engraving of most of the designs on stamps is in green, and reference to the color in which each was to be printed; and, although the color of the 2-cent stamp has been changed from red to green, and the 1-cent stamp, the particular shades of red and green have had to be chosen with great care in order to bring out properly the lines of the pictures. But the green now used for Daniel Webster on the 10-cent stamp would answer very well for Franklin's head on the 1-cent stamp. As a matter of fact, however, the department is experimenting with various shades of gray-green, as they seem to fit the Franklin engraving much better than the color of the 10-cent stamp. It is possible, also, that instead of taking the 5-cent stamp the shade of blue which is now used on the 1-cent, the portrait of Henry Clay on the 15-cent stamp may be robbed of its peculiar "deep" color to meet the requirement of the similar style of portrait of Grant. The need of adapting shade to the style of engraving might involve the entire metal lining over of the plates if the exact colors now in use on the more familiar stamps are to be retained under the new rule.

A Cure for Smallpox

Mr. D. Reeves, who has been with Beckles since '71, hands the Observer a clipping which he called from a newspaper twelve years ago. He believes in the recipe, and as smallpox talk is in the country now, the Observer reproduces it for what it is worth.

NO CURE—NO PAY.

That is the way all druggists sell GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC for Chills and Malaria. It is simply Iron and Quinine in a tasteless form. Children love it. Adults prefer it to bitter, nauseating tonics. Price, 50c.

SHARPS AND FLATS.

When an able and experienced a politician and a man of high character, as ex-Senator Eustice, and ex-Ambassador to France, removes to New York City, from Louisiana, and unites his fortunes with Tammany, it would seem that Tammany has more character and patriotism than it is generally credited with having. It is even the talk that Tammany will make him its chairman. He is a southern gentleman of distinguished accomplishments and real abilities, and his selection would strengthen confidence in Tammany in the south at least. The New York Herald lately referring to the rumor said this:

"It is proposed, it is said, to place the former Ambassador among the leaders of Tammany to attract the support of the men of the south who are tired of 'pitchfork' statesmanship. The former United States senator from Louisiana has many strong alliances in the south, and as one of Tammany's delegates to the next national convention, he would rally to the support of the Tiger many southern delegates who look upon the Wigwam as the haven of the unholy in politics. 'Mr. Croker, with characteristic shrewdness, has recognized the fact that Mr. Eustice is strong with the Irish-American vote because of the prominent part he played in the rejection by the senate of the treaty of arbitration with Great Britain.'"

The postal affairs of our country are not well managed—not wisely managed may be the right words. Something there is year after year a reported deficit, until it has reached a great sum—we believe some \$12,000,000. At any rate, the record of expenditures of the postal department, as officially given, show that every five years since 1865, there has been a deficit, and that it has been steadily on the increase. Take this and look it over:

Table with 3 columns: Revenue, Expenditures, and Balance. Rows for years 1865, 1870, 1875, 1880, 1885, 1890, 1895.

See how it has grown in amount of cost, as well as in the magnitude of deficiency. In 1896, we think, we repeat, the deficit was not less than \$12,000,000, perhaps a million more. In Europe the governments obtain revenue from their postal matters, and yet their actual rates are not higher than our own. Why is it so? Is not something rotten or wrong?

CURES TO STAY CURED.

Thousands of voluntary certificates received during the past fifteen years, certify with no uncertain soundness, that Botanic Blood Balm, (B. B. B.) will cure to stay cured, Rheumatism, Catarrh, Ulcers, Sores, Blisters, and the most malignant blood and skin diseases. Botanic Blood Balm is the result of forty years experience of an eminent, scientific and conscientious physician. Send stamp for book of wonderful cures, and learn which is the best remedy. Beware of substitutes said to be "just as good" and buy the long-tested and reliable Botanic Blood Balm, (B. B. B.) Price only \$1.00 per large bottle.

EFFECTED AN ENTIRE CURE.

For over two years I have been a great sufferer from Rheumatism, affecting both shoulders to such an extent that I could not put my coat on without help. The use of six bottles of Botanic Blood Balm, B. B. B., effected an entire cure. I refer to Rev. W. W. Wadsworth, proprietor Coweta Advertiser, and to all merchants of Newman. JACOB F. SPENCER, Newnan Ga.

A Good Man Gone

We are pained to announce the death of Mr. Charles Fullwood Bell, one of our oldest and most highly esteemed citizens. He breathed his last at 8 o'clock last night, after an illness of three weeks. He leaves three children, Miss Lizzie R. Bell, Mr. Charles F. Bell, Jr., and Miss M. Lee Bell, of our city, and also a brother, Mr. Samuel Bell, of Charlotte, Brunswick county. The Messenger deeply sympathizes with those who are so full of sorrow in the midst of this happy season of the year, for indeed they have been bereft of an affectionate and devoted father and brother. In the death of Mr. Bell, a good man has gone to his reward, and he leaves behind him a devoted family to cherish his memory. He was a man of the warmest impulses of the heart, and he was ever genial and kindly in his intercourse with everybody. He was full of tenderness toward children, and during his illness it was touching and gratifying to his family to witness the calls made by the young people, very small children especially, who inquired with solicitude about his condition.

The deceased was born in Brunswick county August 18th, 1818, and was in the 80th year of his age. For over a half century he has been a resident of Wilmington and has been employed at the different saw mills in the city, having served with Messrs. E. Kidder's Son, Messrs. James H. Chadbourne & Co., and the late firm of Northrop & Cumming. On account of his age he has not been able to work for several years.

Mr. Bell was a faithful member of St. Andrews Presbyterian church, and his pastor the Rev. A. D. McClure, furnishes this tribute to his memory:

"In the death of Mr. Charles F. Bell, St. Andrews Presbyterian church loses its oldest elder and one of its most faithful members. Whenever his church was open for worship he was there and always ready to take part as far as needed. He was peculiarly spiritual and gifted in prayer. He was a humble man and greatly beloved in the church and community. His pastor will miss him because of his regularity in attending the services of the church, his readiness to do everything in his power to visit the sick and sorrowing,

prayer for the people. As Abraham of old, so he in his place, and his measure has cast himself in prayer between the judgment of God and the guilt of men. His pastor will miss most of all his prayers and even now is longing for those who will be as faithful as he. For several years being unable to labor constantly he has given the greater attention to live for Christ and His church. He will be missed in the church courts, where modestly but prayerfully and faithfully he loved to do his whole duty in the fear of God. He lived so unostentatiously that none knew how great was his worth and how much he would be missed until this life illness and his absence from the place of worship and counsel. His family will miss him and with them we mourn his loss.

From his earliest manhood his principle of life was to do his duty. In order to do that he sought long ago, acceptance with God through the death of His Son and all along the powers of God in the life of His Son, ministered by His Holy Spirit. He found in Christ the light of life, and said by word and deed:

"And in that light of life I'll walk, Till travelling days are done." They are now done; the pilgrimage has passed and he has entered into rest. His spirit absent from the body is present with the Lord."

The funeral will take place at St. Andrew's church at 4 o'clock this afternoon.

WHAT THE FIRE SAID.

(F. L. S., in Atlanta Constitution.) This is what the Fire said: To the little boys in the trundle bed While the blaze was burning red and blue And the wind sang over the chimney flue. "Bad little boys, They get no toys— They'll never taste of the Christmas joys; They'll never know Where the reindeer go With Santa Claus, o'er the Christmas snow; O'er the housetops high He'll pass them by; O'er empty stockings they'll weep and sigh— He'll pass them by, He'll pass them by!"

And the little boys in the trundle bed Turned to the Fire, and, weeping, said: "When your red flames glow They chatter so, If it wasn't for you he would never know! If it wasn't for you We'd have toys, too— Talking, talking the long night through, While the shadows flicker and dance about, O, far a rain to put you out!"

But the Fire said: "The skies are bright; There will be no rain from the clouds tonight; My flame is fierce; I am strong to fight; And when he comes With his horns and drums, And a sleigh full of sugarplums, I'll bluster his feet With my burning heat, And drive him back to the snow and sleet!" "I will make him fly O'er the housetops high— O'er empty stockings you'll weep and sigh; He'll pass you by, He'll pass you by!"

That is what the Fire said To the little boys in the trundle bed, And then they covered each curly head And cried themselves to sleep. But when all save the noisy Fire was still (Ever singing its angry will) And on the housetop, and on the hill The snow lay white and deep, They caught the sound of a tinkling sleigh, And a fairy trumpet blew far away; And Santa Claus, in his coat of gray, Came rattling from a merry shout! And over the chimney shaking the snow To the place where he knew the flames must glow, They took a fast on the hearth below, And put the Fire out! Then, down the darkened chimney he sped, And standing close by the trundle bed, And seeing the sorrowful little boys, He filled their stockings and hats with toys!

One Minute Cough Cure cures quickly. That's what you want. R. R. Bellamy.

President Andrew on Lee

(Chicago Times-Herald.) "General Lee joined the confederacy because Virginia asked him to," said the doctor. "He was a Virginian. The call of Virginia to any of her sons is the voice of law and duty. He had the faith of the crusader; his letters would make a guide to holiness. He was always a soldier, never impure in thought or act, never profane or obscene. He did not touch the cup, as did Grant, Hooker, or Phil Sheridan, and when he lost a fight it was never said of him that the defeat was due to the habit which makes men's eyes muddy. He was never outgeneraled by Grant in all the campaign from Rappahannock to James River—never trapped and never caught napping. It usually happened that when the men on our side ordered a march at 5 o'clock in the morning they never made more than half the distance between the two armies. Lee had ordered an advance at 4:30. I fall to find it in the books any such masterful generalship as this hero showed, holding that when a line has half starved, with no prospect of additions, and fighting when his army was too hungry to stand and the rifles were only used as clubs. His courage was sublime. He was as great as Gustavus Adolphus, or Napoleon, or Wellington, or Von Moltke. His cause was not the Lost Cause so much as it is suspected. All that was good in his cause has been grafted into our laws and our constitution. The doctrine of state's rights as now interpreted by the supreme court is in exact accordance with his claims on this point. General Lee lost of Gettysburg because the federal troops had received a new motor of tremendous strength whose power no one knew—General Hancock. He also lost because Meade's men were fighting on union soil—almost within hearing distance of the prayers of their wives and children for victory. They were at their hearthstones. Men are tigers when wives and families are the inspiration in war."

Restored Manhood

DR. MOTT'S NERVE-REGENERATOR. "The restoration of the nervous system and all nervous diseases is the most important of all the creative organs of either sex. There and always ready to take part as far as needed. He was peculiarly spiritual and gifted in prayer. He was a humble man and greatly beloved in the church and community. His pastor will miss him because of his regularity in attending the services of the church, his readiness to do everything in his power to visit the sick and sorrowing,

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