

The Wilson Advance.

CLAUDIUS F. WILSON, EDITOR & PROP'R.

"LET ALL THE ENDS THOU AIM'ST AT, BE THY COUNTRY'S, THY GOD'S, AND TRUTH'S."

\$1.50 A YEAR CASH IN ADVANCE.

VOLUME XXI.

WILSON, WILSON COUNTY, N. C., SEPTEMBER 17, 1891.

NUMBER 35.

CASTLES IN THE AIR

Are daily being bought. But don't get in a habit of it, it don't pay! How can it?

What will pay, and pay well, this Shop all you can at the CASH RACKET STORE. Our large run of customers will tell you that such has been their experience.

We want you on that list of customers. Would you mind calling and seeing for yourself some of our great values. It would give us pleasure to show you through.

One of our specialties for this week will be FOSTERS SEVEN HOOK KID GLOVES worth \$1.25, our price 96cts, all the popular shades and every fair fully warranted. If you want them, come before they are all gone.

We also offer you Silk, Jersey and Berlin Gloves in all shade and qualities. We carry a beautiful assortment of Dress Trimmings in Gimps, Velvet Ribbon and Velvet by the yard in all Shades. These goods are big bargains bought at auction. To our young gentlemen friends we extend a cordial invitation to examine our NEW NECK WEAR just in, none prettier anywhere. Only three prices 10c, 25c, 28c, but amongst the latter may be found goods worth 50c. and 75c. Select stock of Laundered and Unlaundered Shirts, Collars and Cuffs. Merino and all wove underwear, &c., &c.

DR. GOOD'S. You should examine our six-fourth all wove Dress Flannels at 60c. would be very cheap at 75c. To a considerable extent we are in the SHOE BUSINESS also. Have you ever tried our values in this line? If not, do so and our word for it you will be pleased.

We opened up last week, HATS for the million. The ladies of Wilson are pretty well acquainted with the fact that we are the CORSET LEADERS here, carry the largest stock and sell at a much lower figure. Our C. B. is the best made and can be returned if not entirely satisfactory.

Come in, look around and get first pick at the bargains. CASH CATCHES THE BARGAINS.

Respectfully,

J. M. LEATH, Manager.
The Cash Racket Store,
Nash and Goldsboro Sts.

JOHN D. COOPER,
MARBLE & GRANITE
Monuments, Gravestones, &c.
111, 113 and 115 Bank St.,
NORFOLK, VA.
Designs free. Write for prices.
5-14-17.

THE WASHINGTON
LIFE
Insurance Co.,
OF NEW YORK.

ASSETS, - - - \$10,500,000.

The Policies written by the Washington are described in these general terms:

Non-Forfeitable.
Unrestricted as to residence and travel after two years.

Incontestable after two years.
Secured by an Invested Reserve.
Solidly backed by bonds and mortgages, first liens on real estate.

Safer than railroad securities.
Not affected by the Stock market.
Better paying investments than U. S. Bonds.

Less expensive than assessment certificates.
More liberal than the law requires.
Definite Contracts.

T. L. ALFRIEND, Manager,
Richmond, Va.

SAM'L L. ADAMS,
Special Dist. Agent,
Room 6, Wright Building,
4-30-17. Durham, N. C.

NOTICE!

Under and by virtue of a decree of the Superior Court of Wilson county rendered at the June Term 1889 in the case of A. J. Galloway, Trustee, vs Rufus Bass, et al we will sell for cash to the highest bidder at the Court House door in Wilson on Monday, Oct. 5 1891 that tract or parcel of land lying and being situated in Wilson county, Black Creek township, adjoining the lands of Warren Tomlinson, Richard Ruffin, et al, being the land sold to Rufus Bass by Silas Lucas, Jr., containing 130 acres more or less, for a full description reference is made to Book No 15, p 69 & 70 & in the Wilson county Registry.

Also at the same time and place under a decree in the case of A. J. Galloway, Trustee vs Richard Ruffin, et al we will sell for cash to the highest bidder that tract of land adjoining the above lands, the McKinley Darden land, Warren Tomlinson and others, being the land sold to Richard Ruffin by Silas Lucas, Jr., containing 86 acres more or less, for a full description reference is made to Book No 16 p 69 & in the Registers office of Wilson county.

NO. F. BRADTON,
F. A. WOODWARD,
Commissioners.

Sept 1891.

BILL ARP'S LETTER.

THE GEORGIA CRACKER—HOW HE CAME INTO EXISTENCE.

Freeman of the Schools, the Georgia Cracker Brooked Neither Restraint of Fashion Nor of Law, But Grew up Untrammelled—A Delightful Sketch.

Not to go back in history further than my own time and recollections, let me venture upon some unoccupied territory and tell how Cherokee, Georgia, became the home of that much-maligned and misunderstood individual known as the Georgia cracker. I have lived long in his region and am close akin to him.

There is really but little difference between the Georgia cracker and the Alabama or Tennessee cracker. They all have or had the same origin, and until the Appalachian range was opened up to the rest of mankind by railroads and the schoolhouse these crackers had ways and usages and a language peculiarly their own.

It will be remembered that until 1835 the Cherokee Indians owned and occupied this region of Georgia—portion lying west of the Chattahoochee and north of the Tallapoosa rivers. They were the most peaceable and civilized of all the tribes, but they were not subject to Georgia laws and had many conflicts and disturbances with their white neighbors. It seemed to be manifest destiny that they should go. "Go west, red man" was the white man's fiat. They went at the point of the bayonet, and all their beautiful country was suddenly opened to the ingress of whomsoever might come. Georgia had it surveyed and divided into lots of forty and 160 acres, and then made a lottery and gave every man and widow and orphan child a chance in the drawing. But the cracker didn't wait for the drawing. The rude, untamed and restless people from the mountain borders of Georgia and the Carolinas flocked hither to pursue their wild and fascinating occupation of hunting and fishing for a livelihood. They came separately, but soon assimilated and shared a common interest. There are such spirits in every community. There are some right here now who would rather go up to Cohutta mountains on a bear hunt than to go to New York or Paris for pleasure. I almost went myself, and I recall the earnest cravings of my youth to go west and find a wilderness, and with my companions live in a hut and kill deer and turkeys, and sometimes a bear and a panther.

But for my town raising and old field school education I too would have made a very respectable cracker. This was the class of young men and middle-aged that first settled among these historic hills and valleys and climbed these mountains and fished in these streams. By and by the fortunate owners of these lands received their certificates and many of them came from all parts of the state to look up their lots and see how much gold or how much bottom land there was upon them; but gold was the principal attraction. The Indians had found gold and washed it out of the creeks and branches and traded it in small parcels to the white man, and it was believed that every stream was lined with golden sand. This proved an illusion, and so the squatters were not disturbed or else they bought their titles for a song and then sang "sweet home" of their own. They built their cabins and cleared their lands and raised scrub cattle, and with their old-fashioned rifles kept the family in game. Many of these settlers could read and write, but in their day there was but little to read. No newspapers and but few books were found by the hunter's friends. Their children grew up the same way, but what they lacked in culture they supplied in rough experiences and hairbreadth escapes and fireside talk, and in the sports that were either improvised or inherited. Pony races, and gander pullings had more attraction than books. How they got up using such trusted language as "you uns" and "we uns and Inguns and mount and gwine and all sich" is not known, nor was such talk universal. When such idioms began in a family they descended and spread out among the kindred, but it was no teatongues. I know one family now of very extensive connections who have a folk-lore of their own, and it can be traced back to the old ancestor who died half a century ago. But these corruptions of language are by no means peculiar to the cracker, for the English cockneys and the genuine yankee have an idiom quite as eccentric, though they do not realize it and would not admit it.

The Georgia cracker was a merry-hearted, unconcerned, independent creature, and all he asked was to be let alone by the laws and the outside. The justice court of his beat was quite enough limitation for him. He had far more respect for the old spectacle square than for the highest court in the nation. From this home-made tribunal he never appealed until the young lawyers began to figure in it, and seduced him into the mysteries of the law and the wonderful performances of the writ "Sashery." Nevertheless they looked upon lawyers as suspects and parasites, and their descendants have the same opinion still. The old squire was specially "forment them and looked upon the sashery as an insult to his judicial capacity. Some times he would let two young limbs of the law argue a case before him for half an hour, and then quietly remark, "Gentlemen, I judgicated this case last night at home," and would proceed with his docket. That old

squire and the preacher were quite enough to pilot these people through life and across the dark river. A few years after they had settled down as the successors to the Indians a class of more substantial citizens began to look in upon this beautiful country. They purchased the valley lands and the river bottoms, and soon the forests began to fall before the ax of the pioneers. Some of them brought slaves with them and erected sawmills and framed houses with glass windows to live in, and the school master came along, but the crackers were in the majority and lived along in the same old primitive way. As late as 1847 they had gander pullings, and one that I witnessed that summer lasted for two hours and the original Bill Arp was the victor. I could have seen more of them, but I did not care to just for the same reason that a kind-hearted man does not wish to see but one hanging.

One Saturday morning when we arrived at Blue Gizzard courtground, the clans had gathered in unusual force. As preliminary to the more important contest that was soon to come off, some of the boys were shooting at a small piece of white paper that was pinned to a distant tree. Some were gathered around the spring. Some were trying old mother Tutten's fresh cider and ginger cakes that she offered from the hindgate of her little wagon and some were sampling the corn whisky that was kept in a jug in the little log courthouse hard by.

perceived the central and most attractive spot to be a small tree with a limb forking about ten feet from its base. A long, slender, springy pole was resting in the fork with the large end pressed to the ground and fastened with stobs crossed on either side and driven firmly in the clay. This incline raised the long end of the pole quite high in the air, and to that end was looped a plow line, and to the lower end of the line another loop was slipped over the crimson felt of a venerable gander and left him swinging, head downwards just high enough for a horseman to reach it easily as he rode underneath. The doomed bird gave an occasional squawk, and with wings half open and neck half bent, looked unquestioned along upon the proceedings. The feathers had been stripped from its neck and a thick coat of grease put on instead. The undergrowth had been removed and a running path for the horsemen carefully cleared of all obstructions. The tournament began at 11 o'clock. Twenty sovereigns, mounted on their plow nags, ranged themselves at one end of the path and awaited the call of their names by the squire, who had them written on a fly-leaf in the back of his docket. No man was allowed to ride until he had planked up a dollar. The old squire had contributed the gander just out of good will to the boys, he said, and he was nominated as treasurer and umpire and carried the bag, and on his decision the whole sum was to be awarded the victor. He had adjourned his court for two hours to see the fun and keep down any disturbance of the peace. Eight "whippers" were mustered in, four on each side of the course. They were all armed with good long switches or hickories, and their willing duty was to see to it that no man's nag moved towards the gander with less alacrity than a gallop. "Now boys," said he, "not a hope that you keep a nag a-jopin' half an hour in the shade of a tree, a right lively gallop, and if the critter slows up a whip, you must pertain him up a little, especially as he's a-nighin' towards the gander."

The boys were true sovereigns. They were not knights. They were arrayed in their home-made pants and home-made shirts and home-knit galluses. Their shoes were made at the tannery and their hats at the hattery. Coats and vests were not on their regalia. All the neighborhood were their spectators including many women, some with infants at the breast and some with sons in the tournament.

The gathering people exchanged salutations and smiles and gave the family news and gradually drew near the place where the asnerian struggle was impending.

The old squire had participated in some old-fashioned musters in his day, and so, when everything was ready he stood on a log and, raising his right hand, exclaimed: "Ten-ton company! In the proceedings that we are about to proceed with it are expected that every man will conduct his behavior according to what's fair and honest—no man are to take any disadvantage of any other man nor of the gander. That he are hangin' without a friend. Tote fair boys, tote fair; and put him out of misery as quick as you ken, in reason. Jack Pullum—three paces to the front—now ready—aim—charge!"

As Jack struck his heels in his pony's flank the crowd shouted: "Charge 'em, Jack! Charge 'em!" But Jack's critter wasn't used to charging. He rebelled at the go and the "whippers in" had to come to his support. He dashed in and out of the path wildly, but finally took the bit in his teeth and started down the line on a desperate run for freedom amid the shouts and cheers of the multitude. He steered well until he suddenly eyed the great white bird just ahead of him. He stopped as if on the brink of a precipice, but Jack went on. That clapped the climax of tumultuous hilarity. The

dike of that which they came for.

THE NATION'S CAPITAL

SOME POLITICS TALKED BY SOME PEOPLE WHO KNOW SOME THINGS.

Hatch and the Hog—Tariff Mills Will Take a Hand in Ohio—Foster's Finances—Mahone Working the Virginia Alliance—Benton McMillin Unshakes his Sword—The Pension Steal as a "Distributor of Wealth,"—The "Nigger" Won—"What are we Here for Finangin," Given a Place—Tracy Mulched.

(SPECIAL COR. THE ADVANCE.)

WASHINGTON, Sept 7th, 1891.—Secretary Rusk appears to be about the only Republican in Washington who did "lose his head" over the removal of the restrictions upon the importation of American hog products into Germany. While others were indulging in fool-talk about the triumphs of American diplomacy, Secretary Rusk, who knows that it was the meat inspection law and not his policy which carried the day in our favor, was giving the credit where it properly belonged—to a Democrat, by writing a letter to Representative W. H. Hatch, of Missouri, which closed with the following paragraph that tells the whole story: "The thanks of the farmers of this country are due to you for your efforts in their behalf, and especially your advocacy before the House of Representatives of the Fifty-first Congress of the meat inspection bill, without which the above result (removal of the restrictions) could not have been obtained."

Representative Mills who is now in Washington, will make his first speech in the Ohio campaign on the 17th inst. Tariff reform will be his subject. Secretary Foster's expectation that the four-and-a-half cent bonds, upon which the interest ceased on the 2nd inst., would be presented for redemption very slowly was wrong, as at the close of business Saturday there had been \$19,000,000 of the \$27,000,000 outstanding presented for redemption.

Ex-Senator Mahone's scheme of regaining power by the aid of the Farmers Alliance of Virginia, is not relished by all of the members of his party in that State, as is evidenced by a well-attended meeting of Republican county chairmen held here several days ago. Col. Parsons, a warm personal friend of Secretary Blaine, is at the head of this movement, which has for its objects the dethronement of Mahone as State chairman and the control of the State delegation to the national convention. Mahone is to be asked to call a mass convention, and if he refuses the county chairmen will call it and elect a new State committee.

Representative McMillin has decided to join the distinguished minority party of Democrats in its tour to the State of Washington, but owing to his campaign engagements in Massachusetts and elsewhere, he will be unable to remain with the party through the whole trip. He will make a tariff reform speech at Spokane Falls to the representative of the Democratic clubs of Washington.

History is told here which shows the opinion privately entertained by prominent Republicans of Pension law. Secretary Foster, as the story goes, said to a personal friend: "If it was not for the pension grab, we would have an abundance of money; but I suppose that is about as good a way as any for scattering the money around among the people."

John S. Durham who was yesterday appointed Minister to Hayti, is a Philadelphia by birth, 31 years of age, and graduated at the University of Pennsylvania in 1866. Until his appointment to San Domingo in May 1890, he was a member of the editorial staff of the Philadelphia Bulletin. He is of light complexion and a Caucasian cast of countenance, and is reported to be a young man of unusual ability, integrity, and tact.

And so the "niggers" won the fight over the appointment of a successor to Fred Douglass, notwithstanding men close to Secretary Blaine have stated that a white man was to be sent. Durham, who has been for some time U. S. consul at San Domingo, was recommended by Mr. Wanamaker, ex-Senator Bruce and ex-Representative Lynch, all Federal office holders, and his appointment shows very plainly that Mr. Harrison feared the threats of negroism that he did the displeasure of Mr. Blaine.

And that is not the only recent anti-Blaine appointment. Webster Flanagan, of Texas, who obtained a national notoriety in 1880, while in attendance upon a Republican national convention, by asking significantly when some speaker had been talking of the evils of scrambling for office, "What are we here for?" and who has always been a strong anti-Blaine man, has been made Collector of Customs at El Paso, Texas, in place of Clark, who was recently whitewashed by the Treasury Department in an alleged investigation of numerous charges, including unauthoritative and other skullduggery. This does not bear out the story that Mr. Harrison is prepared in certain contingencies to retire in favor of Blaine, it looks more like he was preparing to contest the field against Blaine or anybody else.

Secretary Tracy has had a bit of bad luck in which he has neither deserved nor received any sympathy. Early in the summer he placed a man who was his valet on the rolls of the Navy department as a messenger, a little scheme which is entirely too common among Republican officials, to avoid paying his personal bills, etc., and the other day Mr. Tracy

STATE NEWS.

BRIEF CONDENSATIONS INTERESTINGLY GATHERED TOGETHER.

Some of the Things Being Done in the "Old North State" That May Prove of Interest to You.

Newbern will soon have electric street cars. Hurray for the "Elm City."

Halifax county has 100 public schools in operation—46 white and 54 colored.

Col. John S. Cunningham, of Person county, has been appointed Chief Marshal of the State Fair.

Last Saturday while attempting to board a moving train, C. L. Fisher, of Durham, fell and broke his left arm at Weldon.

Mr. D. B. Nicholson has been elected cashier of the Clinton bank. He succeeds Capt. Wm. A. Johnson, one of Clinton's best citizens.

The assessed value of all real and personal property of Wayne county will exceed half million dollars in comparison with last year.

The Gastonia Gazette has been inflected with a radish that measures 2 1/2 inches in length and 17 1/2 in circumference. The editor has been dining on it for one week.

John Henderson, a negro of Mecklenburg county who has voted the Democratic ticket ever since the war, is dead. His body showed numerous scars, all received in the cause of Democracy.

Robt. T. Baker, of New Bedford, Mass., read the Bible through for the first time in 1880. Since that date he has read it 99 times. It usually takes him two months to read it from beginning to end.

A man in Oakland City, Ind., boasts that he never wore a pair of socks until he was 50 years of age; that he has made three overland trips to New Orleans, and that he has always voted the Democratic ticket.

We regret to learn that Nahanta Academy, off from Fremont, in the Northwestern section of our county, was destroyed by fire Friday night, the 4th, the work of an incendiary—or so supposed.—Goldsboro Argus.

A washout occurred on the Western North Carolina railroad, near Marion last week. A fill 65 feet long and 25 feet high was washed out. A negro man discovered it just in time to flag the west bound train, and thus averted another accident.

R. B. Brown was arrested at Wilmington Saturday, the Messenger says, by a United States Commissioner for using the United States mails for the purpose of purchasing a Louisiana Lottery ticket, and bound over to the November term of the United States District Court.

The Goldsboro Headlight tells of a big loss by holding cotton. After holding 346 bales of cotton for a higher market, for which he was offered last November 9 cents per pound but refused, George W. Best sold the entire lot for 7 1/2 cents, sustaining a loss of nearly \$5,000.

In the suit against the Wilmington & Weldon R. R. Company, which was tried here last week, brought by a Mrs. Clark for the killing of her husband in 1889, the jury gave a verdict against the company for \$1,000 in favor of Mrs. Clark.—Smithfield Herald.

The freshest in the river has subsided. All crops on the river that were not ruined by the freshets before were destroyed by this one as the water was up about a week. Turner Wilkins, a white man in jail here from Harnett county by order of Judge Whitaker, serving a sentence for cost, has served the allotted time in jail and if he would take the insolvent oath could go free but he owns some property and cannot take it, and he says he will stay in jail until the moss grows on his back before he will pay the cost. He was only fined five cents and cost.—Smithfield Herald.

A genius at Muhlenberg, Pa., has completed a marvelous clock for exhibition at the fair. Around the dial is a railway track, on which a miniature locomotive makes a round every five minutes. It requires a magnifying glass to see the delicate machinery. The oil cups at the journals are so small that nothing larger than a hair can be inserted. There is a headlight and bell, flag-holders on the pilot whistle, and everything connected with a locomotive. It has a link motion under the engine to reverse it. The weight of the locomotive is 1 1/2 pounds, and it has been named "The Gem."

It is reported that trouble is brewing at the Pamlico oyster grounds. Gen'l Gaston Lewis has been surveying entries in Hyde county and has just left there and gone to Pamlico to continue his work there of locating the plots that had been taken up for the purpose of engaging in the oyster culture. Those who are opposed to such measures made threats that they would shoot him, so it is said at the first-stake he stuck to mark a boundary. Dr. F. P. Gates of Bayboro and Hon. W. T. Cabo, of this city, who have taken up grounds there are also included in the threats. Needing certain plots and documents from Bayboro, General Lewis went over after them, leaving his boat at Vandermere, and while he was gone thirteen rifle balls were fired through the sloop he was using. The sloop is Capt. Frisbie's. It is intended to arrest some who made threats.—Newbern Journal.

WINSTON HOUSE.

SELMA, N. C.
MRS. G. A. TUCK,
PROPRIETRESS.

DR. W. S. ANDERSON,
Physician and Surgeon,
WILSON, N. C.
Office in Drug Store on Tarboro St.

DR. ALBERT ANDERSON,
Physician and Surgeon,
WILSON, N. C.
Office next door to the First National Bank.

DR. E. K. WRIGHT,
Surgeon Dentist,
WILSON, N. C.
Having permanently located in Wilson, I offer my professional services to the public.
Office in Central Hotel Building.

DR. R. W. JOYNER,
DENTAL SURGEON,
WILSON, N. C.
I have become permanently identified with the people of Wilson; have practiced here for the past ten years and wish to return thanks to the generous people of the community for the liberal patronage they have given me. I spare no money to procure instruments that will conduce to the comfort of my patients. For a continuation of the liberal patronage heretofore bestowed on me I shall feel deeply grateful.

SUBSCRIBE FOR
THE PATRIOT.

Make your wife happy, your children happy, yourself happy. If you are not already taking the Greensboro Patriot, now is the time to subscribe. You can get more good interesting reading matter by taking it than any other newspaper in the State at the same price. Don't say: "I am too poor; I get to read my neighbor's paper," but

Take it Yourself,

and you will never regret it. The Patriot is published on Thursday of every week for

\$1.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

If you want to try it six months hand us 50 cents, or three months for 25 cents.

J. R. WHARTON, Prop'r.,
H. W. WHARTON, Editor.

8-6-21.

Ellis & Wiggins.

We have bought out the horse business of John Selby may be found at his old stand, adjoining Bob Wyatt's tin shop, where we will be pleased to see his friends as well as ours and serve them.

Mules & Horses

for sale or trade. We are better prepared than ever to serve you. Call and see us.

ELLIS & WIGGINS,
Wilson, N. C.

5-21-3m.

S. H. HWES,
DEALER IN

COAL,

Richmond, Va.

9-3-3m.

J. D. BARDIN,
ATTORNEY-AND-
COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW,
REAL ESTATE BROKER,
WILSON, N. C.
Office in rear of Court House.

Practice in all the State Courts.
Claims Collected. Estates Settled. Lands Bought and Sold.

Parties having houses to rent in Wilson would do well to place them in my hands. Taxes paid, rents collected and promptly paid over at the end of each month, without trouble to owner. If you have lots in Wilson, or farming lands in Wilson county, to SELL, or if you desire to PURCHASE real estate in Wilson county or the town of Wilson, it will pay you to communicate with me.

I have several bargains in lots and farming lands. One brick store on east-side Tarboro street for sale.

All enquiries answered—enclose stamp

NOTICE.

Having qualified as Executors of the last will and testament of Curtis H. Glover, deceased, all persons having claims against said deceased are hereby notified to present them to us, or to our attorney for payment on or before the 20th day of August 1892 or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said deceased are requested to make immediate payment.

ZILPHA GLOVER, } Exec:
John E. Woodard, } Atty.

LOST!

Between this place and my farm yesterday morning, September 6th, my pocket-book containing \$2 in money and papers of value only to myself A liberal reward will be paid for its return to me.
E. BARNES, JR.
Wilson, N. C.
9-10-17.

ARE THE MAIN-STAY OF OUR REPUBLIC.

In them are being cultivated the minds which are to be our future law-makers and leaders in every walk in life. How essential is it that these minds should be united to strong healthy bodies. So many children suffer from impurities and poisons in the blood that it is a wonder that they ever grow up to be men and women. Many parents cannot find words strong enough to express their gratitude to Hood's Sarsaparilla for its good effect upon their children. Scrofula, salt rheum, and other diseases of the blood are effectually and permanently cured by this excellent medicine, and the whole being is given strength to resist attacks of disease.

The greatest learning is to be seen with the greatest plainness.

A Wonder Worker.

Mr. Frank Huffman, a young man of Burlington, Ohio, states that he had been under the care of two prominent physicians, and used their treatment until he was not able to get around. He was persuaded to try Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption, coughs and colds and at that time was not able to walk across the street without resting. He found before he had used half of a dollar bottle, that he was much better; he continued to use it and is to-day enjoying good health. If you have any Throat, Lung or chest trouble try it. We guarantee satisfaction. Trial bottle free at Rowland's Drugstore.

Learning is wealth to the poor and ornament to the rich.

Lemon Elixir.

PLEASANT, ELEGANT, RELIABLE.
For biliousness and constipation, take Lemon Elixir.
For fevers, chills and malaria, take Lemon Elixir.
For sleeplessness, nervousness and palpitation of the heart, take Lemon Elixir.

For indigestion and foul stomach, take Lemon Elixir.
For all sick and nervous headaches, take Lemon Elixir.
For natural and thorough organic regulation, take Lemon Elixir.
Dr. Mozley's Lemon Elixir will not fail you in any of the above named diseases, all of which arise from a torpid or diseased liver, stomach, kidneys or bowels.

Prepared only by DR. H. MOZLEY, Atlanta, Ga. and \$1.00 per bottle, at druggists

Lemon Hot Drops.

Cures all Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Hemorrhage and all throat and lung diseases. Elegant, reliable.
25 cents at druggists. Prepared only by Dr. H. Mozley, Atlanta, Ga.

We may be as good as we please, if we please to be good.

For Over Fifty Years

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the pain, softens the gums, always all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind.

Measure your life by acts of goodness, not by years.

Ducklin's Arnica Salve.

The best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by A. W. Rowland.

By good nature half the misery of human life might be assuaged.

Mirtie M. Tanner, Boonville, Ind., writes: "I had blood poison from birth knots on my limbs were as large as hen eggs. Doctor said I would be a cripple but B. B. B. has cured me sound and well. I shall ever praise the day the men who invented Blood Balm were born."

The only way to cure fever and ague is either to neutralize the poisons which cause the disease or to expel them from the system. Ayer's Ague Cure operates in both ways. It is a warranted specific for all forms of malarial disorders, and never fails to cure. Try it.

To be good is to be happy.

No child will have a rosy complexion as long as worms exist in the intestines. Shiner's Indian Vermifuge will destroy the worms and restore the health of the child.

For bracing up the nerves, purifying the blood and curing the headache and dyspepsia there is nothing equaled to Hood's Sarsaparilla.

That pain under the shoulder blade is dyspepsia. Take Simmons' Liver Regulator.

Simmons' Liver Regulator is a most excellent appetizing tonic.—Sam'l S. Pentz, Chap. to Bishop of North Carolina.