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THE CONCORD TIMES.

John B. Sherrill, Editor and Owner. "BE JUST AND FEAR NOT." *$1.00 a Year, in Advance.*

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State Librarian

THE CONCORD WEEKLY TIMES
Leading Paper in This Section.
LARGE AND ESTABLISHED CIRCULATION
ESTABLISHED IN 1878.
I you have anything to sell, let the people know it.

Would You Think It?

Would you think it possible that you could be disappointed in the face of a woman whose shapely shoulders, and beautiful hair suggest womanly perfection and beauty? Such disappointment comes not seldom when the face turned to you shows disfiguring blotches and blemishes. In general the cause of these eruptions is impure blood.

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"For three years I suffered with that dreaded disease eczema," writes Mrs. J. Koepp, of Herman, Oregon. "I was told to try Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, which I did, and after I had taken fourteen bottles I was permanently cured. It has been a year since I stopped taking your medicine and it has never appeared since. I think your medicine a wonderful cure and hope others suffering as I did, will take it and be relieved of their suffering."

Some of the most remarkable cures effected by "Golden Medical Discovery," have been of scrofulous diseases.

"I will forever thank you for advising me to take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery," writes Mrs. Jas. Murphy, of Fonda, Pocahontas Co., Iowa. "It has cured me of chronic scrofula of twelve years' standing. I had doctored for the trouble until I was completely discouraged. I also had chronic diarrhea for twelve years. I am in good health now—better than I ever was in my life, owing to Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. I took several bottles of the 'Discovery' before I stopped."

Accept no substitute for "Golden Medical Discovery." There is nothing "just as good" for diseases of the stomach, blood and lungs.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure dizziness and sick headache.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

DR. H. C. HERRING, DENTIST.
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CONCORD, N. C.

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Surgeon Dentist,
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Formerly of Wilmington, now of Concord, N. C., offers his professional services to the citizens of Concord and surrounding country. Crown, bridge and plate work a specialty. Teeth extracted without pain. Prices reasonable. All work guaranteed. Give him a call. Office over Correll's jewelry store.

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As partners, will practice law in Cabarrus, Stanly and adjoining counties, in the Superior and Supreme Courts of the State and in the Federal Courts. Office in court house.
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REV. SAM JONES WRITES ON HIS TRAVELS.

Atlanta Journal.

I returned home yesterday unexpectedly, the high waters shutting me out from the regions round about St. Louis. I had a very pleasant trip through Texas, Oklahoma and Indian territory. One could scarcely believe their own eyes as they looked upon the devastation caused by the cloud-bursts or water-spouts in sections of Oklahoma. The towns, the railroads and the farmers "caught it in the neck," as the boys sometimes say. The railroads suffered immensely. I saw two great mogul engines lying on the side of the track. They had stopped in the edge of the water overflowing the track, and before they could get away the track began sinking on one side and the engines turned over as gently as a bird falls, until they topple, and then down into the mud and water. I saw miles and miles of track where roadbed, ties, and rails were taken out by the flood, and the track was built up on crossties four, six or eight feet, and new track laid. It is marvelous how quickly these railroads can repair breakage. The Southern railway has just performed a herculean task, almost a miracle, in repairing its damage between Spartanburg and Greenville, S. C. If these floods were general over the country I think Comptroller General Wright would drop down immensely in his estimate of the value of their franchises.

But returning to the sights in Oklahoma, it has been three years since I have been in Oklahoma any length of time; the charming new cities, the magnificent farms, the wonderful opening up of new railway lines, the great activity in all lines, impresses one as almost incredulous. The Choctaw, Oklahoma and Gulf, (which is now a part of the great Rock Island system), which extends from Memphis to Amorilla, Tex., about seven hundred miles in length, is a great railroad, and the extent of its business, both local and through, will increase until it will be one of the busiest trunk lines from east to west. Wetherford, Oklahoma City, Chickasaw, Elrino, Shawnee, Ardmore, Guthrie, etc., are already young cities. The best farming lands of Oklahoma are bringing from $60 to $100 an acre. The staple crop around Shawnee is the Irish potato crop. The farmers there are getting rich raising Irish potatoes. The spring crop when they plow the potatoes up and gather the crop, they open the furrow and plant the little potatoes right back, cover them up, and then they have a big fall crop of potatoes. I was told that one farmer near Shawnee netted $8,000 last year on forty acres of land.

I came back through Arkansas. I was astonished at the difference in prices of land in Oklahoma and in Arkansas. Good farms can be bought in Arkansas for from $8 to $20 an acre. Somehow or other the tide of emigration has not set toward Arkansas as it has in some other states, and yet Little Rock, Fort Smith, Pine Bluff, Elinor and other towns seem vigorous and prosperous. There is a great deal of malaria in Arkansas, and too much popskull whisky. Many little towns of from 300 to 3,000 population have anywhere from three to a dozen little old saloons in them. Malaria is bad; popskull whisky is badder. I think I saw more high water and overflows on this trip than almost any tour of my life. I am sure I saw the sorriest prospects for crops, corn and cotton, everywhere that I have ever seen at the middle of June. The crops are small, and in most sections grass and weeds are choking the corn and cotton to death. The wet season and the scarcity of labor, and if things don't get better through Texas, Oklahoma, Arkansas, Mississippi and Louisiana, the bulls will hold their crown, and cotton may bring 15 cents this fall. A fellow riding around over the country, if he was an animal at all, would soon join the bulls against the bears.

I have but a full day at home and I am off again. I have been deeply saddened by the untimely deaths among our neighbors and the serious illness of others. Miss Mary Munford, whose untimely death last Tuesday has cast a gloom over our community. She was a most charming young lady. When I sat in the home yesterday talking with the bereaved father and mother of their loss, I was deeply touched at their profound sorrow and and intense grief. Surely the light has gone out of that home.

I visited the home of my neighbor and friend, Colonel John Akin, yesterday evening. I was glad to find his wife so hopeful about his recovery. He is in the very prime of his manhood, and has by no means reached the crest of his usefulness. He is one of the greatest lawyers in the South; he is a business man, broad in every sense; a man whose integrity is not questioned by his neighbors. I sincerely hope he will soon be well and strong again. I want to see John Akin governor of Georgia before he goes hence.

The sudden sad death of Col. Albert Johnson has also bereaved this community. He had many charming traits, and his friends will miss him sorely.

By the way, in speaking of governors, let me remark, I read with pleasure Governor Terrell's prohibition declaration for the Georgia soldier boys. That's right, governor, keep them sober or send them home. I was not a Joe Terrell man, as you all know, but I am a Joe Terrell man to-day. I believe, all in all, he is one of the best governors Georgia has ever had in my day. I hear nothing but good of him, and while I came over in his camp too late perhaps to do him any good, especially for the present, I am over there all the same, and if he will keep on doing like he has been doing I will ride in his band wagon next time if he has a vacant seat to spare. Praise to whom praise is due, and censure to whom censure is due, is a rule of life with me. The power and influence of a good governor cannot be overestimated. Look at Tennessee to-day as she moves off under her splendid governor. Maybe that what's the matter with Arkansas. I tie the blue ribbon on her, she takes the premium along that line.

And Servia, after much long suffering and humiliation, has put an end to her disgraceful, despisable sovereigns. The people will bear so much and just so much. Treachery, rascality, deviltry, like thistles, dog fennel and poke weeds, will go to seed, and then everybody wishes they had been cut down before the harvest matured.

These are eventful times: floods and fires and earthquakes and revolutions, but I thank God it is no worse than it is. The majority of this world is getting better, I am sure of them. The minority seems to be getting worse. God seems to be after somebody about something in all these wonderful phenomena and providences.

I leave tomorrow morning for a tour of chautauquas in Indiana, Illinois, Kentucky, and so on.

Yours truly,
SAM P. JONES.

Please Stop My—What?

"Times are hard, money is scarce, business is dull, retrenchment is a duty. Please stop my—" Whiskey? "Oh, no; times are not hard enough for that yet. But there is something else that costs me a large amount of money every year, which I wish to save. Please stop my—" Tobacco, cigars and snuff? "No, no—not these; but I must retrench somewhere. Please stop my—" Ribbons, jewels, ornaments and trinkets? "Not at all. Pride must be fostered, if times are ever so hard; but I believe I can see a way to effect quite a saving in another direction. Please stop my—"Tea, coffee and needless and unhealthy luxuries? "No, no, no; not these. I cannot think of such a sacrifice. I must think of something else. Ah, I have it now. My weekly religious paper costs me five cents a week. I must save that. Please stop my—paper; that will carry me through easily. I believe in retrenchment and economy."

A Little Diplomat.

A small boy at Mr. Spurgeon's Orphanage once came up to the great-hearted founder and said:

"Mr. Spurgeon, s'posin' there was an orfin 'sylum with a hundred orfins in it, an' all the orfins had uncles and aunties to bring 'em cakes an apples, 'cept one orfin wot hadn't no one—oughtn't somebody give that orfin sixpence?"

"I think so, Bob," replied Mr. Spurgeon, kindly; "but why?"

"'Cause I'm him," said Bob.

It is useless to say the orphan got the sixpence.

No Pity Shown.

"For years fate was after me continously," writes F. A. Gulledge, Verbena, Ala. "I had a terrible case of Piles causing 24 tumors. When all failed Bucklen's Arnica Salve cured me. Equally good for Burns and all aches and pains. Only 25c at Fetzer's Drug Store.

Booker Washington tells the story, and Episcopal clergyman have repeated it with glee, of the old mammy who went for the first time into an Episcopal church. The services appealed to her religious sensibilities to such an extent that she began to shout. The sexton asked her why she was making such a noise, and enjoined her to be quiet. She answered, "I can't help shouting' I dun got religion." "But," he said, "don't you know this is no place to get religion?"

The minister was nailing a refractory creeper to a piece of trelliswork near his front gate, when a small boy stopped and watched him with great attention. "Well my young friend," he said, pleasantly, "are you looking out for a hint or two on gardening?" "No," said the youth, "I be waiting to see what a parson do say when he hammers his thumb."

No man or woman in the state will hesitate to speak well of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets after once trying them. They always produce a pleasant movement of the bowels, improve the appetite and strengthen the digestion. For sale by M. L. Marsh.

WILD HORSES OF NORTH CAROLINA.

Ponies Covered With Hair Several Inches in Length Are Captured on Sand Banks.

St. Louis Republic.

No more historical as well as interesting and curious territory is in the United States than the long sand banks which mark the eastern boundary of North Carolina.

They form a vast breakwater, within which are the "sounds" through which the Government now proposes to provide an inland waterway which will end the terrors of Cape Hatteras.

On that part of the banks further to the southward of Cape Hatteras there are little ponies, the only wild horses east of the Mississippi.

The ponies have more than three centuries of history behind them.

They date back to the time of knightly Sir Walter Raleigh and the days when the Moors of Barbary were a power.

The part of the banks in question is known as Shackelford's Banks, taking its name from the chief owner.

Beginning at Ocracoke Inlet this stretch of sand reaches to Bogue Inlet, terminating at Shackelford's Point, in front of the town of Beaufort.

Shackelford's Banks is almost forty miles long, low lying, with here and there dunes or sand hills rising to a height of, say, forty feet, tree covered.

The trees, loaded with vines, and in this mass of nearly subtropical vegetation, much of it evergreen, are the Spanish bayonet, prickly pear or small cactus, and the fan or scrub palmetto.

On Shackelford's Banks alone the little ponies are found in their wild state—nowhere else.

There are said to be about twelve hundred of them on the banks.

Inquiry made of residents as to whether the number of ponies had decreased during the last fifty years brought the response that it had, and that until about 1850 the ponies had increased.

The ponies weigh about 800 pounds and their height is about 13 to 14 hands—that is, 4½ to 4½ feet.

Their life is mainly on the banks, though in very stormy weather they sometimes swim over to the mainland, a distance of from two to five miles.

Their food is marsh grass, leaves of scrubby trees and shrubs and berries, particularly the berries of the holly.

The woods usually give them good shelter, and hence it is seldom that they seek the shelter of the mainland.

They live to quite an age, but the average is about 22 years.

Some reach the age of 40.

When they want water they bore holes in the sand in low places and secure plenty of it.

These ponies have owners.

The "banks" are owned by various persons, largely by grants sold by the State.

These people make pens out of driftwood and rough logs and poles, and into these some of the ponies and their colts are at times driven and branded.

A colt following a branded mare is considered the property of the owner of the mare, and he holds it.

In cases where there are colts which do not follow the mares, the "penners"—that is, the men who make and own the pens—take them.

Such is the unwritten law.

The ponies are driven out of the scrub by drivers or herders, and this is a matter of no small difficulty, as the scrub is often so thick as to be a jungle, threaded by thousands of narrow paths through the shining sand.

The wind and salt keep down much of the vegetation, so that there may be seen hickory trees not over three feet in height, yet loaded with nuts, and horse chestnut trees equally dwarfed.

The colts are covered with hair several inches in length, nature's protection against the weather.

This looks like felt.

It falls off in large flakes.

Most of the colts are of a faded brown color, but some are black. These ponies are known in all parts of the State as "banker" ponies.

They do not appear to be sold much outside of North Carolina, as the people in other States do not know anything about them.

They cross well with horses.

When taken up country and fed upon corn, hay and oats they fill out darken a color somewhat.

Their instinct is remarkable.

They know by means of it the way to get to the mainland or to islands with the minimum amount of swimming.

The writer has seen them wade great distances without getting out of their depth, taking various turns and changes of direction to conform to the shoals, yet they are fearless swimmers.

Though an inlet only about two miles in width separates Shackelford's Banks from Bogue Banks, the ponies never go on the latter banks, nor do they cross the Ocracoke Inlet.

The ancestors of these hardy and valuable little horses were the Barbary horses, which Sir Walter Raleigh sent over with his colonists, to Roanoke Island. Sir Walter Raleigh's colonists, when the relief from England was so long delayed in reaching them, went with the Indians to the mainland, but must have left the ponies.

The Indians were unused to horses.

The Indians were the Hateraska, who gave their name to the dreaded cape.

These sturdy little ponies are therefore a part of the romance which hangs about this quaint part of North Carolina.

There are persons who hold that Raleigh's colonists first landed on Shackelford's Banks, and later went to the Isle of Roanoke, where they built their fort, because it was a more defensible place, and that they left the "little Barbary horses" on the banks until better times should come.

Near the Danger Point.

Senator Daniel of Virginia was at one time counsel for a small southern railroad. At a point on the line where it crossed a prominent highway they had an old negro watchman, whose duties consisted in warning travelers of the approach of trains. One night a farmer's wagon was struck, causing a bad accident. The railroad company was of course sued for damages, and at the trial the old darky was the chief witness for his employers. He answered the questions put to him in a clear, direct manner. Among them was the query as to whether he surely swung his lantern across the road when he saw the train coming, to which he replied:

"'Deed I did, Sah."

The railroad company won the suit and Mr. Daniel took occasion later to compliment his witness on his excellent testimony. The old fellow was profuse in thanks, but before they parted bluntly said:

"Lordy, Marse John, I sho' was skeered when dat lowyer gin to ax me 'bout de lantern. I was afeard he was goin' to ax if it was lit or not, 'cause de oil in it done give out some time before de axdent."

Cough Became Expressive.

Bishop John H. Vincent, of Buffalo, once head of the Chautauqua Circle, was introducing Dr. Henson, of Chicago, Ill., who was to deliver a lecture to the Chautauqua audience on "Fools." The introduction was after this fashion: "Ladies and gentlemen, the lecture to be delivered to-night is upon fools, by one (here Bishop Vincent was attacked by a violent fit of coughing and when he recovered breath concluded) "by one of the most noted divines of Chicago."

The "noted divine" rose in some apparent embarrassment and responded: "Ladies and gentlemen, I am not so much of a fool as Dr. Vincent" (here he was apparently overcome by a spell of coughing and several seconds elapsed before he ended) "as Doctor Vincent would have you believe."

The Lincoln Treatment.

Abraham Lincoln and an Illinois farmer had long been friends, and the latter had written an everyday sort of letter in which he said, among other things, that he had been poor in health. Out in Illinois they are able to this day to quote what is called "Lincoln's prescription," sent to the farmer in reply by the President.

"Do not worry," it read. "Eat three square meals a day. Say your prayers. Think of your wife. Be courteous to your creditors. Keep your digestion good. Steer clear of biliousness. Exercise. Go slow and go easy. Maybe there are other things that your especial case requires to make you happy, but, my dear friend, these, I reckon, will give you a good lift."

M. L. Marsh Will Buy It Back.

You assume no risk when you buy Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy. M. L. Marsh will refund your money if you are not satisfied after using it. It is everywhere admitted to be the most successful remedy in use for bowel complaints and the only one that never fails. It is pleasant, safe and reliable.

A Hot One.

Customer—But do you really think these ready-made mustard-plasters are as strong and hot as the home-made kind?

Druggist—Hot? Why my dear sir, one of my customers put one of these plasters on his chest when he retired the other night and it actually warped the bed slats.

Working Night and Day.

The busiest and mightiest little thing that ever was made is Dr. King's New Life Pills. These pills change weakness into strength, listlessness into energy, brain-fag into mental power. They're wonderful in building up the health. Only 25c per box. Sold by P. B. Fetzer.

Honest is undoubtedly the best policy, but a good many men somehow fail to keep their premiums paid up.

DEMANDED PROOF OF THE PREACHER'S STATEMENT.

Portsmouth Star.

The Rev. Dr. Deems was fond of telling how he was cured of uttering, in the pulpit, statements that he could not verify in every particular. His first charge was in the Piedmont section of North Carolina, among a Scotch people. Although he did not know it, it was the habit to applaud or criticize the sermon, and that, too, during the course of its delivery. In his very first sermon to this congregation Dr. Deems ran against this odd but useful custon. He was getting on well with his discourse when to his surprise, a lanky Scotchman, an elder, arose in the body of the church, offered objection and demanded proof of certain statements just made by the preacher. As the demand was unexpected, it could not be met. However, on Dr. Deems the lessons of the incident were not lost. He said that from that day he never made a statement from the pulpit that he was not prepared to substantiate. He preached always with that long-legged Scotch elder in view. If the experience of Dr. Deems and the readiness with which he acted upon its obvious meaning, were today more universal, the pulpit would be greatly the gainer. If pulpit knew that the pew could and would, on occasion "talk back," there would the closest adherence to face in all statemennt emanating from the pulpit and honest and through preparation on the part of any man who would speak to men thereform. The majority of men have not yet lost their reverential attitude towards the pulpit. To these, despite the political, sensational, irresponsible utterance, now emanating from hundreds of pulpits, that place yet remains an oracle of truth, soberness and care. In view of this fact, an awful responsibility rests upon any man who makes of the sacred desk a political rostrum or place from which to sound forth half baked theories, prurient details of crime, and unsubstantiated tittle-tattle. So long as the ministry remains faithful to its high calling, just so long will men respect the pulpit and yield to it a willing and loving obedience.

Have You Heard a Better Story Than This Lately?

The following good story was published recently. It was attributed to Representative Flanagan, of New Jersey, a millionaire from Morristown. He told the story at a picnic of Patrons of Husbandry at Tuttle's Grove, near Morristown.

"I was riding from Baltimore to Washington on a fast train one day," said Mr. Flanagan. "The car window was open. As we passed another express train going in the opposite direction a hen caught in the vortex between the two trains was lifted in the air and slammed against the side of our car. As it struck, an egg was cast in at the open window and fell in my lap."

"Of course it didn't break," said a cynic among the listeners.

"It did not break," went on the Representative. "Because of its premature appearance the shell was not hard, but tough and leathery instead. I took it home and put it in an incubator and in time hatched out a fine chicken."

"Did you observe in the egg's offspring and evidence of prenatal influences?" asked the school master, shoving his glasses up on his forehead.

"Only this," said the Representative, "the chicken was a rooster, and whenever it tried to crow it whistled like a locomotive."

The Bull Began the Fight.

The story is told that Lincoln was one day walking through a field when he suddenly saw that he was pursued by a mad bull. The nearest object of escape was an old strawstack and Lincoln made for it with lightning speed. Reaching it before the bull caught him he commenced running around it with the bull in mad pursuit.

After several revolutions Lincoln discovered that his long legs had covered the ground faster than he had hoped, and a bright idea occurred to him. A few more strides brought him within reach of the bull's tail, which he clutched, and the two went flying around faster than before.

It soon began to dawn upon his bullship that he was the pursued and he began to bellow with fear and disappointment, when Lincoln exclaimed: "See here, darn you, you began this fight; I didn't."

Cholera Infantum.

This has long been regarded as one of the most dangerous and fatal diseases to which infants are subject. It can be cured, however, when properly treated. All that is necessary is to give Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy and castor oil, as directed with each bottle, and a cure is certain. For sale by M. L. Marsh.

Mrs. McGorry—Oi never was so froightened in ahl me loife! Sure dlie car-r r- missed me be less than six inches!

McGorry—Av yez hod gone a step farther dhe children wud hov hod a stepmother.

A country minister in a certain locality took permanent leave of his congregation in the following pathetic manner. "Brothers and sisters, I come to say good-by. I don't think that God loves this church, because none of you ever die. I don't think you love one another, because I never marry any of you. I don't think you love me, because you never paid my salary. Your donations are mouldy fruit and wormy apples, and by their fruit ye shall know them. Brothers I am going away to a better place. I have been called to be a chaplain of a penitentiary, but may the Lord have mercy on your souls. Good-by."

The trouble with money is that it goes so much faster than it comes.

Horse Health!

For putting in prime condition any horse or mule the best of all remedies is Ashcraft's Condition Powders. These Powders are wonderfully effective because they create appetite, the digestion is made perfect, worms and parasites destroyed, and the system cleansed of all gross humors. The Powders fatten but never bloat.

Ashcraft's Condition Powders are wrapped in doses. In fact, in their preparation the same care is used that a druggist would exercise in the filling of a physician's prescription. High grade and real merit is the first consideration.

Ashcraft's Powders consist of small doses, prepared from the purest and highly concentrated ingredients, that have been found beneficial to horses and mules.

Ashcraft's Condition Powders—always high grade—are not to be classed with the many bulky, good-for-everything powders now on the market.

Ask for Ashcraft's, the kind put up in doses, and good for horses and mules only.

"Having tried many kinds of Condition Powders, I consider Ashcraft's the best on the market. I take pleasure in recommending them to my friends and customers.—H. CAMPBELL, Hickory, N. C.

Price 25c. package Sold by
M. L. MARSH.

When a lady wants a watch, she wants one that will keep time as well as look pretty. Our Ladies' Watches are fitted with Elgin or Waltham movements that are guaranteed accurate.

When a man wants a watch he wants one of our modern thin models that do not bulge the pocket, yet sacrificing none of the strength and time-keeping qualities of their clumsy predecessors.

W. C. CORRELL,
Leading Jeweler.

THE
Concord National Bank.
With the latest approved form of books and every facility for handling accounts,
OFFERS A
FIRST ✱ CLASS ✱ SERVICE
TO THE PUBLIC.

Capital,	$50,000
Profit,	22,000
Individual responsibility of Shareholders,	50,000

KEEP YOUR ACCOUNT WITH US.
Interest paid as agreed. Liberal accommodation to all our customers.
J. M. ODELL, President,
D. B. COLTRANE, Cashier.

WANTED!
7 to 12 Horse Power Engine and boiler wanted.
K. L. CRAVEN,
Concord, N. C.

Piano to exchange for good horse or mule.

Dark Hair

"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for a great many years, and although I am past eighty years of age, yet I have not a gray hair in my head."
Geo. Yellott, Towson, Md.

We mean all that rich, dark color your hair used to have. If it's gray now, no matter; for Ayer's Hair Vigor always restores color to gray hair. Sometimes it makes the hair grow very heavy and long; and it stops falling of the hair, too.
$1.00 a bottle. All druggists.

If your druggist cannot supply you, send us one dollar and we will express you a bottle. Be sure and give the name of your nearest express office. Address, J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

C. B. BLAIR & SON,
City Painters.
EQUALLED BY FEW AND EXCELLED BY NONE.
Do you want your house painted in the latest style? If so you will save money by employing us. We also do Hard Oil Finishing in a workmanlike manner. We have a thousand different selections of the latest up-to-date designs of
WALL PAPER.
We use the very best of material (T and C. Paint or Harrison's No 1 White Lead.) We are also the
Leading Carriage Painters
of the city. Work done on short notice. Guarantee Satisfaction or no Pay.
C. B. Blair & Son.

A High Class Steel RANGE or STOVE
Can Be Purchased Here at a Moderate Price.
We are showing a line that contains a number of different styles. These have been selected by us because of their handsome design, fine construction and known efficiency. All the knowledge gained in years of stove making is embodied in these. We have made Special Prices for this season. If the old stove is not working all right this is a good time to buy a new one.
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May20—14t.

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