

THE GOLDSBORO HEADLIGHT.

ESTABLISHED 1887.

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State Library

DYSPEPSIA

Is that misery experienced when suddenly made aware that you possess a diabolical arrangement called stomach. No two dyspeptics have the same predominant symptoms, but whatever form dyspepsia takes

The underlying cause is in the LIVER, and one thing is certain no one will remain a dyspeptic who will



It will correct Acidity of the Stomach, Expel foul gases, Alleviate Irritation, Assist Digestion and at the same time

Start the Liver working and all bodily ailments will disappear.

"For more than three years I suffered with Dyspepsia in its worst form. I tried several doctors, but they afforded no relief. At last I tried Simmons' Liver Regulator, which cured me in a short time. It is a good medicine. I would not be without it."—JAMES A. ROSS, Jr., Philadelphia, Pa.

See that you get the Genuine, with Z in front of wrapper. PREPARED ONLY BY J. H. SIMMONS & CO., Philadelphia, Pa.



Keep Your Purse Closed!

THE N. Y. RACKET STORE

Where you will find a complete line of

Dry Goods, Notions, Shoes, Clothing, Gents' Furnishing Goods.

All of which were bought by our New York buyers at Special Cash, and will be sold in this city.

At Such Prices That will astonish everybody!

We have just received a stock of Small Goods, which are the best of the kind ever offered in this city.

We Give You a Bargain In Everything You Buy!

And guarantee every article as represented. We give 100¢ for a yard and 12 for a dozen.

DON'T FORGET THE PLACE. When Coming to the City.

We shall make it your interest to trade with us by saving you many a dollar in your purchases. All you need is to give us a call when you start out buying.

A. M. STRAGO & CO., Prop'rs.

School Supplies, Books, Paper, Pencils, Ink, Tablets and anything in the Stationery Line.

As Cheap as Can Be Bought Anywhere!

Also a line of Wall Paper, pretty and cheap, at the **Goldsboro Book Store,** J. E. MILLER, Proprietor.

After awhile, When shadows fall and clouds arise, There's sure to come a brighter day, With fading air and sunny skies.

After awhile a day of rest, Will come to you and weary feet, What seems the worst will prove the best, And bitter things be turned to sweet.

After awhile the aching heart Will find a cordial for its pain, And as the flying days depart, The joy of love will come again.

After awhile the Right will reign, And conquer Wrong will lose its sway, While ancient Error's key-chain, Will break and slowly melt away.

After awhile the shading clouds The lead to strife and hate with men, Will yield to our superior needs, And love will prompt the liquid pen.

After awhile the golden hours Will come with life's supernatural days, And higher thoughts and nobler powers Will lead us into grander ways.

Found a Negro in the Room.

Staten Island, N. Y., Oct. 18, 1893.

Last Friday night about midnight Mrs. Sallie Walker, who lives at White's mill, about a mile and a half southeast of Statesville, was awakened by a noise in her room. Having matches on a chair by the bed she struck a light and was horrified to see the head and shoulders of a negro man under her bed. Mrs. Walker screamed and her brother, Mr. John A. White, who was sleeping in an adjoining room who had been awakened by the noise in her room before, his sister screamed, came to her assistance, pistol in hand. When Mr. White got in the room the negro had scrambled from under the bed and was standing on his feet. He proved to be Will White, a 15-year-old boy who had been working on the place for some time. Mr. White covered him with his pistol and made him sit down in a corner while he told his sister to go for her father, Mr. W. W. White, who lives close by. When the father arrived the two tied the negro and kept him until next morning when he was brought to town and given a hearing before E. B. Stinson, Esq., who sent him to jail.

The negro had entered the house by crawling through the window sash where a glass had been removed. He pretended to be drunk when arrested but this was assumed. Mr. White's house has been twice entered within the past year or so by some one who was frightened away before he could be captured, and he has no doubt now but that this boy was the guilty party.

About Debt Paying.

The Salem town commissioners have taken a new departure. They have passed an ordinance to the effect that officers who do not pay their debts will be discharged. This is right. No man who persistently refuses to pay his debts is fit to be allowed to the street cleaning gang, much less to the police force. There are people in other places besides Salem who will not pay their honest debts. We have had experience with some of them. They are not only not worth anything to a town, but are a positive drawback to it. A man who buys anything not expecting to pay for it, or who makes no effort to pay for it would steal if he was not afraid of the penitentiary.

A Negro Rebukes His Wife.

The Wilmington Messenger learns that in Beaufort county, Wednesday afternoon, a negro, Emmanuel Slade, decapitated his wife, whom he had treated badly and who had returned to her parents. On the day in question he went to her father's to see and induce her to live with him again. The wronged wife refused to do so, and while she stood over the hearth to attend to something she was cooking, the brutal husband raised his axe and struck her a blow that severed the woman's head, leaving it hanging by a small piece of flesh. He struck a second blow which almost scalped the decapitated head. The murderer escaped.

Cape-Tied Love Letters.

Once upon a time there was a lady of Lumberton who loved a swain from Siler City, and vice versa. They were engaged to be married, but as "was ever thus," the "course of true love did not run smooth," and the "silver line" was snapped. He wrote for his letters. She got two letters, each holding a bushel, put the letters in them, tied them with rope, directed them to her ex-lover and shipped them. They were the objects of interest on the Carolina Central train yesterday afternoon. To-day the writer of them will be removing the badge of crime from his lost love.

Heretika's Surprise.

"Wal, Hiram, if this don't beat all! The old way for doctors was kill or cure, but now they find a piece in this new newspaper where a doctor offers 'cash or cure.' It's for catarrh! I wish we had it—I'd like to try him! Jest Usen, Hiram." The proprietors of Dr. Sarge's Catarrh Remedy offer a reward of \$500 for any case of catarrh which they cannot cure. That beats all! Heretika's Surprise! The medicine costs 20 cents—your catarrh is cured, or you get \$500! Where's my hat? I'm going right over to neighbor Brown's to show him. I never wanted to get within ten feet of him before, but if it is the cure of his catarrh, I guess I can stand it now." Sold by druggists.

Liquors and Wines!

All the best "Whisky" recommended and manufactured by skillful men.

Domestic and Imported Cigars, AND A LARGE LOT OF FINE TOBACCO, For Pure North Carolina Cured Whisky my place is headquarters. Mr. Collier Howell is with me and would be pleased to see his friends.

Jas. L. Dickinson, At John Gino's Old Stand.

BILL TO JIM.

An Open Letter from Arp to Dr. Alexander, of Atlanta.

To my old friend Dr. Alexander.—Dear Jim: That is still the name for me to call you—the old familiar name, "Jim Alex," and I love to hear you call me "Bill" as you did in the long ago when we were boys. We are not as notable as Tombs and Stephens, but they called each other Bob and Alex because they began that way, and the names grew dearer as they receded from their youth. Jim is a good name anyhow and I do believe there is something in it. There were five Presidents named Jim, and several Governors and all the Jims we knew at school were boys of character—strong in force and will, though not overly pious. You remember Jim Wilson and Jim Maltbie and Jim Craig and Jim Smith and big Jim Dunlap, who still lives as the typical son of old Gwinnett. He was older than our set, but we looked up to him and could always hear him before he came in sight. He was a Jim dandy then and he is yet.

Let's talk about the dear old times a little while for we are getting lonely, you and I and Tom. Are we all that are left of the boys we mingled with in our early youth? Sad, isn't it. We had scores of playmates, but old Father Time has cut them down, the old rascal. The Maltbries and Wims and Craigs and Wilsons and Terryels and Shakkelfords and Youngs and Rambles, are all dead. And the boys who came from abroad to the institute—are there any left but Tom Norwood? The Lintons are all dead, I know; Sam and John and Jim, and so are the two Harris boys, and Ed and John Goulding and the Holts, all except Thad, the mischievous rascal. He is living yet in Alabama, not far from Montgomery. Did I ever tell you that it was Thad and Jim Linton who stole your father's bee gum one night and got stung so bad they had to drop it and run for their lives? The Hoyles are dead, too, and the Allans—Thomps and Bill—what a glorious fellow was Thompson Allan. Don't you remember how he looked Martin did, Garbo because Martin liked me? Martin was a big boy and I was a little one, and Thomps dared him to tackle a boy of his size, and he tackled. I could just go on and on and say dead, dead every time. And all our teachers are dead. Dr. Wilson and John Norton and Cargill and Dr. Patterson and McAlpine and John Gray. They were all good men. Jim, don't you remember Penelope McAlpine? What a sweet, pretty girl she was and how she was Tom's sweetheart, and one day when Tom Skiggs called her Penny-lope I blossomed him and we fit and tore hair mazing.

What makes everybody die, Dr. Jim—die before they have seen their three-score years and ten? Are there only three or four in a hundred who pass the Rubicon? Can't you doctors do nothing? No, I reckon not, for the doctors die, too. All the doctors we knew when we were boys are dead, and those boys who became doctors are all dead but you, my friend. May the good Lord preserve you for many years to honor your calling and help the suffering. Just think how many have gone to join their patients in the spirit land. Dr. Gordon, who so nobly braved the yellow fever in Savannah, and Dr. Winn and Maltbie and Craig and Wilson and Alexander and my brother. Dear, good gentle Tom Wilson! How we all loved him. He caught me and Bill Maltbie and Overton Young playing old sledge in a gully one day and talked to us kindly, but never told us, and we promised him to quit, but he said, "and don't you remember that Jim Craig had one short forefinger? One day while one of the boys was carelessly back-fing on a log with a little hatchet Jim dared him to cut his finger off, and would slip it into the log while the hatchet was raised and pull it away quickly before it came down, but he tried it once too often and left a joint of his finger on the log."

What a big time you young doctors had when you were studying medicine, and had to hunt up your own stiffs and boil them down for skeletons. I went out with you all one night to Rolland graveyard and helped to dig up a negro and we heard something like the click of a gun lock, and such a stampede I never was in before. We left our shovels in the grave and the little wagon in the bushes and never stopped running for a quarter of a mile. But we went back and reconnoitered and found it was a false alarm and we got the body and hauled it to an old house in the rear of Dr. Wildman's shop. Another time some of you went down to Monroe after a negro who was hung and he was cut up in an old outhouse on the park lot. You remember that I bought that lot and moved there just after my marriage and when my wife found out what was done there she made me tear the old house down and burn it up and even then the servants heard the 'haunts' all night

long. My wife has great confidence in me as a protector from earthly foes, but when it comes to spirits of unjust men not made perfect she is not so sure. When a house gets the name of being haunted it disturbs all female serenity and so I sold out and moved to Rome, and we had been in our new abode a week before a naboring woman came to see us and said, "Folks used to say that this house was haunted, but I reckon you ain't afraid of haunts."

And don't you remember when mesmerism first came about and how you and your doctor cousin, John Alexander, used to practice on that little monkey of a nigger, Tobe Russell, and could put him to sleep in half a minute and straighten his arm like a stick and made him taste sugar when it was salt, and don't you remember how we used to take laughing gas when that first came about and how one day Nick Amberg took it in the street in front of his tailor shop and got wild as a buck and gathered his big shears and ran Vivian Holmes into the hotel and scared him nearly to death? Amberg didn't like Holmes no how, and I always had my doubts about the gas part of the business. Amberg was a Norwegian and a good citizen, but he was an awful Democrat. When Franklin Pierce was nominated for President and the news came to our town Amberg threw up his hat and shouted "He is too very man, too best man of all," and then he whispered to my father "got did you say his name was." He too had a boy named Jim, and he always called him Yanes.

And don't you remember how you whig boys celebrated the election of Governor Crawford and we Democrats stole your cannon the night before and hid it in a swamp and you never got to fire it nary time? Good gracious how mad you all got and we boys had to sing low and keep dark, and how when Polk was elected, President we Democrats had a blow out and marched all round town that night with torches and horns and kettle drums, and it made you whigs so mad that you got behind trees and fence corners and threw old eggs and other offensive missiles at us and there had liked to have been a general fight. Well it was awful to lose such a grand man as Henry Clay and I don't blame you for being desperate. I wish now that he had been elected. It takes old Father Time to doctor up all these things and enable us to conquer our prejudices.

And how sweet and sad it is to recall the memories that cluster around the old Fairview church where your folks and our folks used to go to meeting in the old family carriages and carry cold dinners to eat between the morning and evening sermons. What a feast were those dinners! The chicken and the home-made sausage, stuffed sausage in "flicked sweetness long drawn out," and the boiled eggs for the boys and the turnover pies and cookies for a finish. How good and solemn were old Dr. Wilson and Dr. Patterson whose names was Jim, and how soothing were their sermons when they discoursed of justification and sanctification and predestination and free will and original sin. With what sanctimoniousness on high old Father Noel and Father Liddell and Father Mills used to raise the tune to "Come, Humble Sinner, in Whose Breast" and all the congregation joined in and fairly made the old church tremble. That good old hymn is not in our hymn books now and all who sang it in the old church are dead, nearly all, but you and me and Tom. I remember where our good mothers sat—yours and mine and how our good fathers used to pass the bread and the wine on communion days and we boys looked on in reverential silence. Those dear old fathers and mothers are waiting for us, Jim—waiting for you, me and Tom.

But everything has shrunk up, Jim, the old church seems not half so large nor the road to it half so long as when we were boys. Our washhouse in the Maltbie branch used to seem immense and it was like swimming the Hellespont for us small boys to cross it, but now it is nothing, and the Maltbie hill is not half so long or steep. The chestnut trees around the old school-house have all died or shortened down.

"I used to think their highest tops Were close against the sky

But now 'tis little joy To know I'm further off from heaven Than when I was a boy."

How much of history is unwritten, Jim, and what a world of talk we could have, you and I and Tom. The friend who wrote you up did it well and kindly, but it was only your mature life, your contact with a hard world and your successes. The dearest, sweetest, holiest part he left untouched. Your friend,

BILL ARP.

A NATION'S DOINGS.

The News From Everywhere Gathered and Condensed.

St. Louis, Mo., had a \$500,000 fire Friday. Thirty buildings are in ashes.

The falling of a freight warehouse in Buffalo, N. Y., Friday, caused the death of three employees.

Tramps slew Isaac Ray, a liveryman, at Pemberton, O., Thursday, for his money and escaped.

Sonnambulist Saddle Burd was killed Monday night by walking out of a fifth-story window in New York.

Crazed by drink, John Stack fatally stabbed James Stanton in a fight at Girardsville, Pa., Tuesday night.

The ship Valkyrie, of St. John, N. B., was swallowed up Tuesday by quicksands off the coast of Sable Island.

Escaping gas suffocated Miss Mary M. Brady at her home in Baltimore, Thursday, while engaged in her domestic duties.

Domestic troubles induced Peter McNally, of Philadelphia, to shoot his daughter, Saturday, killing her almost instantly.

In a fight between miners near Greensburg, Pa., Monday, three Hungarians were killed, and five seriously injured.

A trolley car was held up by three masked men in Des Moines, Ia., Monday night, but the robbers got only \$4 and three watches.

As a result of last Friday's West Indian cyclone nineteen persons were drowned by high tide at Magnolia beach, near Georgetown, S. C.

Friday's hurricane was very destructive along the Atlantic Coast. Several vessels were stranded and considerable loss of life is reported.

A naked lamp ignited a body of gas in the Columbia mine at Pittston, Pa., Monday, and six miners were fatally burned by the explosion.

Burglars secured \$200 in postage stamps, Sunday night, from the Lidgerwood (N. D.) postoffice and fired the building, entailing a loss of \$10,000.

By an explosion of a kerosene lamp, Annie and Maggie Tracy, two old maid sisters, were burned to death at their home in New York, Saturday night.

While cleaning a window, Saturday, Mrs. Amelia E. Garvis, of Baltimore, lost her balance and fell to the pavement 40 feet below, resulting in her death.

Sent to jail for trying to kill Miss Maggie Brownlee, who spurned his love, Joseph Hoffman, aged 24, of Brooklyn, N. Y., hanged himself Friday in his cell.

While on a spree John Cole, a young white man of Fannin county, Georgia, was run down by a freight train near Atlanta, Saturday, and crushed to death.

After terrorizing his family for hours, William Tode, a broker of Baltimore, shot himself through the head, Thursday night, killing himself almost instantly.

In an insane passion Walter Cannon fatally hacked with a hatchet the skull of his old partner, Eugene Kennedy, at Norton, Kan., Monday, then cut his own throat.

Once a coal operator worth \$100,000, Michael McGonigal, of Hollidaysburg, Pa., degenerated into a tramp and was convicted in Philadelphia, Tuesday, for robbing a freight car.

For committing a criminal assault upon Miss Helen Young, a deaf mute, March Walker, colored, was arrested near Savannah, Ga., Saturday night, and while attempting to escape was shot to death.

Worked up by dime novels, Willie Clark, Ernest Baker and Walter Smith, three small boys of Quincy, Ill., drew \$500 of their father's money from the bank and left Saturday for the West to hunt Indians.

The crossing of electric wires at the Brush Works, Baltimore, started a very destructive fire Friday night, causing the building and the adjoining city jail to go up in smoke. The loss will reach nearly \$300,000.

During a fit of mental derangement, Haven F. Winn, of Springfield, Mass., killed his two-year-old son, Sunday morning, by cutting his throat with a razor and then committed suicide in the same manner.

While attempting to rescue from drowning Miss Rebecca McNair, a passenger on the Anchor Line steamer "City of Rome," when near New York, Saturday, Charles Hyfield, becoming exhausted, was drowned.

Two sections of a Delaware and Lackawanna World's Fair special coulded at Jackson, Mich., Friday, caused by a defective airbrake of the second section. At least thirty are reported killed and about fifty maimed and injured.

Burglars entered the loan establishment of Marcus Koenigheim at San Antonio, Tex., Sunday night, and after murdering the owner, blew open the safe and robbed it of several thousand dollars' worth of diamonds and jewelry.

Finance and Trade.

Special Correspondence.

New York, Oct. 16, 1893.

Commercial affairs during the last week have developed no improvement. Any betterment of business has been deferred by the disgraceful obstruction in the United States Senate of the legislation that is needed to restore confidence and give stability to the currency of the country. While precious time has been wasted by the filibustering tactics of silver Senators, the substantial business interests of the nation have continued to suffer from the paralyzing effects of uncertainty and distrust. It is no longer an insufficient supply of available money that embarrasses trade, but a prevalent disinclination to venture its employment in the development of business is causing a steady accumulation of idle capital. Merchants are reluctant to add to stocks in excess of most pressing wants; and the curtailed outlet for manufactures retards the resumption of industries and the re-employment of idle labor.

Bank clearings have fallen a third below the totals for the corresponding period last year; and railroad earnings, in spite of the heavy World's Fair traffic and improved financial facilities for the movement of produce, are more than 10 per cent. below the figures of a year ago. Merchandise exports last week were over \$1,000,000 below the totals for the corresponding week last year; but they still exceeded the imports, which in the first week in October declined \$7,392,976. In the last six weeks exports from New York alone have increased \$6,480,946, while imports in five weeks have declined \$23,354,065.

Cotton prices receded 3-16 of a cent early in the week, owing to larger receipts and the disappointment of bullish expectations of a more unfavorable Government crop report; but the decline has since been recovered, owing to stimulating Liverpool advices and fears of crop damage from cyclonic weather. The crop movement has increased, and is now about equal to that of last season; but exports since September 1 have been 65,000 bales less, and Northern spinners' takings 78,000 bales less, than they were during the corresponding period last year. Some business has been done in print cloths at 4 of a cent advance; but the general trade in cotton goods has continued dull. Immediate wants have been the guide to jobbers' purchases of all lines of dry goods.

The wool trade has been quiet, as the lessened consumption has reduced requirements for immediate wants; and there has been no incentive to speculation. Business in woolen goods has been sluggish generally. Distributors are gradually reducing stocks in hand, but the process is slow, owing to the general trade depression and lack of confidence; and a feeling of uncertainty as to the future of values restrains the placing of orders for future delivery. It is upon the latter that most manufacturers depend to continue production; and while a few mills are busy, the majority of working establishments are running on part time or with depleted labor forces.

Nothing in the wheat supply situation has justified the further decline of 2 to 2 1/2 cent per bushel which has occurred in the wheat markets since last week. Immediately available stocks have been increased, and new business on foreign orders have been less active; but while these features of the situation have discouraged any advance, the chief cause of weakness has been the disturbance of confidence by the delayed settlement of the silver question. Counting crop and reserves as equivalent to 500,000,000 bushels on July 1 last, and deducting 63,000,000 bushels exported down to the close of last week, there should remain in this country at least 437,000,000 bushels, visible and invisible, the market value of which is about \$11,000,000 less than it was a week ago.

This is what Senatorial courtesy has cost the farmers of the country and the commercial holders of wheat in a single week. The Government estimate of the condition of corn indicated a yield of 67,000,000 bushels smaller than that of last year. As last year's crop was considerable reduced; and statistically the position of the corn trade is much stronger than it was a year ago, when the price was 3 1/2 cents higher. Yet the same discouraging influence that has depressed wheat values, in spite of the already low cost and the smallest yield since 1885, has forced a decline of 1/2 to 1 cent per bushel in the prices of corn.

Women Wanted!

Between the ages of fifteen and forty-five. Must have pale, sallow complexion, no appetite, and be hardly able to get about. All answering this description will please apply for a bottle of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription; take it regularly, according to directions, and then note the generally improved condition. By a thorough course of self-treatment with this valuable remedy, the extreme cases of nervous prostration and debility peculiar to women, are radically cured. A written guarantee to this end accompanies every bottle.

ALL OVER THE STATE.

A Summary of Current Events for the Past Seven Days.

In Moore county, Tuesday, Spiny Cheek was kicked to death by a horse.

The forthcoming State Convention of the Y. M. C. A., is to be held at Wilmington on April 12th, next.

William Grant, of Cleveland county, was struck by the rotary beam of a cane mill, Wednesday, fracturing his skull.

While temporarily insane, J. Oliver McNeil, of Wilkes county, committed suicide Friday by cutting his throat with a razor.

Three prisoners in the Beaufort county jail made their escape Sunday morning by overpowering the jailer when entering.

The Messenger learns that a prominent citizen of Wilmington who attended the World's Fair last week had his pockets picked of \$300.

A young colored boy, about 16 years old, was killed by a cotton gin at Rowland, Robeson county, Saturday, while attempting to adjust a loose band.

A cigarette caused a great row in a Mecklenburg county colored church, Monday night, in which several combatants were seriously cut with razors.

A colored man named Burke Brown while helping move a boiler at the Raleigh Insane Asylum, Tuesday, fell under the wagon and was crushed to death.

Four colored boys of King's Mountain were playing with an unloaded (?) pistol, Tuesday, and as usual, it "went off," resulting in the killing of Sam Henderson.

The breaking of a wheel in a Wilmington machine shop, Thursday, seriously injured Willie Hewlett, aged 19, who was struck in the head by the flying pieces.

J. L. Hope, aged 17, was killed in Mecklenburg county, Tuesday, by a boom of a derrick with which some machinery about the mill was being raised, falling on him.

The Charlotte Chamber of Commerce passed resolutions, Tuesday night, urging the North Carolina Senators to hasten the unconditional repeal of the Sherman law.

At a colored church "feasterball" at Durham, Monday night, Willis Banks let Pomp Brock have a stick across the head and Brock hasn't spoken nor known anything since.

At the recent term of Gaston Superior court, Sam Neely, colored, was convicted of burglary in feloniously entering the house of William Allen, and sentenced to be hanged December 1st.

Several cotton ginners in Cleveland county have received anonymous notices from "White Caps" to stop ginning until cotton reaches 10 cents per pound, or else their gins would be burned to the ground.

While assisting in coupling cars, James B. Cheely, a freight conductor on the Western North Carolina railroad, was caught between two cars at Old Fort, McDowell county, Saturday night, and crushed to death.

Went Laughter was shot and killed by Zeb Brown near Asheville, Monday, for being too intimate with the latter's wife. Soon after the shooting the woman attempted to cut her throat with a razor, but was prevented in time.

Dr. Larkin Peedin was run over and killed Saturday night near Bagley, Johnston county, by a fast train of the A. C. L. He was intoxicated and supposed to be lying on the track. His body was scattered along the track for more than a mile.

The house of Policeman Roberts, of Weldon, was entered by burglars Friday night who relieved him of \$55 in currency. The next day deputy sheriff Kilpatrick was held up by highwaymen in Halifax county, and robbed of all the money on his person.

In Sampson county, Friday, a tree was blown down upon the house of John Lane, white, and killed two of his children and injured a third who is in his father's arms. On the farm of Richard C. Holmes, a barn was blown down and in its fall crushed a horse to death.

The Billville Banner.

We leave for Chicago Sunday morning sharp in company with two pairs of shoes and one health certificate.

The President will not attend the Billville exposition. He can't leave until Congress knows what he wants it to do.

Our Senator writes that he has been sitting up for three solid nights. Washington whisky must be as good as Billville poker.

We are now prepared to swap six health certificates for one load of wood. We need fire now; can't wait for it hereafter.

Don't commit suicide on account of your venerable blood disease. The sensible thing for you to do is to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla. If that fails, why, then—keep on trying, and it will not fail. The trouble is, people get discouraged too soon. "Try, try, try again."

The Luck of a Cabarrus Darkey.

Charlotte News.

Chas. Johnston, a Cabarrus darkey, got here to-day with a bale of cotton and was relieved when he finally sold it and got his money. He started Monday morning and three miles from his home, one of the front wheels of his wagon went to smash. He borrowed a wheel from a neighbor and came on towards Charlotte. At Mallard creek, one of the hind wheels of his wagon broke to pieces, and he had to hang up until this morning when he resumed his journey with two borrowed wheels. At Sugar creek his favorite coon dog jumping out of the way of a cat by the roadside was run over by the wagon and one of its hind legs was broken. Near the old slaughter pen, just outside the city, his horse humped its back, curled up in a knot and finally fell to the ground with a case of colic. Two darkeys helped him to rub the horse with a fence rail and finally got the animal in a condition to resume the journey. The man who bought Johnston's cotton heard his tale of woe and gave him an extra half dollar to invest in liniment for the dog and colic cure for the horse, and bade him God speed on his journey home.

Look Before You Leap.

Winston-Salem.

Take Piedmont Carolina for instance and we believe there has been more marrying and giving in marriage during the past 12 months than at any time in its history. It would seem that the masculine portion of humanity accept the Biblical injunction: "It is not good for man to live alone," and have found the feminine portion willing, if not waiting. However, it is well to mate before you marry. Too many wait to accomplish this after the ceremony and it is never done. The billing and cooing is not neglected but the real self is too frequently hidden. The result in consequence is full of unengaged couples and they are to be found in every community. We met a woman upon the streets this week, in tears, and gravely troubled over the neglect received at the hands of her wayward partner in domestic relations. We know him and the community knows him as a pretty good fellow, but unfortunately the pair are among that class who marry in haste, or love blindly, and repent at leisure.

Strange Fatality.

Last Saturday, the dead body of Mrs. Larkin Estes, a lady 75 years of age, was found in the woods near her home in Caldwell county. She had strayed off three days previously. The Lenoir Topic relates that Mr. Enoch Coffey was returning home from her funeral, and in crossing the creek near his house on a foot-log, stumbled and fell into the creek, his head striking a rock in the creek, which it is thought killed him instantly. He was not found until Thursday morning about 8 o'clock. He was found at the foot-log where he had fallen in on hands and knees, his body not having been washed down the creek, although it was raining and the creek was up. Mr. Coffey was about 86 years old, and many people will remember him as the bear hunter of John's River.

The Advertising

Of Hood's Sarsaparilla is always within the bounds of reason because it is true; it always appeals to the sober, common sense of thinking people because it is true; and it is always fully substantiated by endorsements which, in the financial world would be accepted without a moment's hesitation.

Hood's Pills cure liver ill, constipation, biliousness, jaundice, sick headache, indigestion.

About one-third of the houses in this country are lighted by gas.

Regular bowels follow the use of Tutt's Pills.

The waters of the ocean compose 1-17th part of the weight of the world.

Why undergo terrible sufferings and endanger your life when you can be cured by Japanese Pine Cure; guaranteed by M. E. Robinson & Bro.

Magnetic Nervine quiets the nerves, drives away bad dreams, and gives quiet rest and peaceful sleep. Sold at M. E. Robinson & Bro.

Painful, of Styeon, was the inventor of caustic painting, a method of burning colors into wood or ivory.

Royal Baking Powder

A cream of tartar baking powder. Highest of all in leavening strength.—Latest U. S. Government Food Report.

Royal Baking Powder Co., 106 Wall St., N. Y.