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# THE GOLDSBORO HEADLIGHT.

ESTABLISHED 1887. GOLDSBORO, N. C., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1894. VOL. VII. NO. 25.


TAKE SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR

## The Old Friend

And the best friend, that never fails you, is Simmons Liver Regulator, (the Red Z)—that's what you hear at the mention of this excellent Liver medicine, and people should not be persuaded that anything else will do.

It is the King of Liver Medicines; is better than pills, and takes the place of Quinine and Calomel. It acts directly on the Liver, Kidneys and Bowels and gives new life to the whole system. This is the medicine you want. Sold by all Druggists in Liquid, or in Powder to be taken dry or made into a tea.

EVERY PACKAGE
Has the Z Stamp in red on wrapper.
J. H. ZEILIN & CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

VITAL TO MANHOOD.

DR. E. C. WEST'S NERVE AND BRAIN TREATMENT, a specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Convulsions, Nervous Headache, Nervous Prostration caused by alcohol or tobacco, Wakefulness, Mental Depression, Softening of Brain, causing premature old age, Decay, Premature Death, Irreparable Ruin and Misery, Loss of Power in either sex, Impotency, Leucorrhœa and all Female Weaknesses, Involuntary Losses, Spermatorrhœa caused by over-exertion of brain, self-abuse, over-indulgence. A month's treatment, $1, 6 for $5, by mail. With each order for 6 boxes, with $5 will send written guarantee to refund if not cured. Guaranteed cures issued by agents. WEST'S LIVER PILLS cure Sick Headache, Biliousness, Liver Complaint, Fever Sickness, Dyspepsia and Constipation.
GUARANTEES issued only by
M. E. Robinson & Bro., Goldsboro, N. C.

:—THE NEW YORK—:

## RACKET - STORE!

The harder the times the more popular becomes the New York Racket Store. When a man has his pockets full of money he will trade almost anywhere and pay very little attention to the price. Not so when

### Money is Scarce And Hard to Get,

for then you want every dollar to do double duty, and stretch out a long way. This is the reason you see the great crowds marching daily into our store.

### We Give You a Bargain In Everything You Buy!

And guarantee every article as represented. We give 36 inches for a yard and 12 for a dozen. All you need is to give us a call when you start out buying.

A. M. SHRAGO & CO., Prop'ts.

JAPANESE PILE CURE

A New and Complete Treatment, consisting of SUPPOSITORIES, Capsules of Ointment and two Boxes of Ointment. A never-failing Cure for Piles of every nature and degree, blind or bleeding, without the knife or injections of carbolic acid, which are painful and seldom a permanent cure, and often resulting in death, unnecessary. Why endure this terrible disease? We guarantee 6 boxes to cure any case. You only pay for benefits received. $1.a box, 6 for $5. Sent by mail. Guarantees issued by our agents.

CONSTIPATION Cured, Piles Prevented, by Japanese Liver Pellets the great LIVER and STOMACH REGULATOR and BLOOD PURIFIER. Small, mild and pleasant to take, especially adapted for children's use. 50 Doses 25 cents.
GUARANTEES issued only by
M. E. Robinson & Bro., Goldsboro, N. C.

LE BRUN'S FOR EITHER SEX. This remedy, being injected directly to the seat of the disease, in a few days cures Gleet, requires no change of diet or exposure, harmful or poisonous medicines to be taken internally. When used as directed it is impossible to contract any venereal disease. Sold in the case of Gleet, Stricture and Leucorrhœa, with a guarantee to cure, for $1.00.

G&G AS A PREVENTIVE

CURE

M. E. Robinson & Bro., Goldsboro, N. C.

TRADE MALYDOR MARK
INJECTION
FOR MALE THE GENTLEMAN'S FRIEND AND FEMALE.
No Stain. No Pain. Prevents Stricture. Free Syringe. A 48-Hour Cure for GONORRHŒA, GLEET, Inflammations, Soreness, Strictures, and all Unnatural Sexual Discharges.
A Sure Preventive of all Venereal Diseases. At Druggists, or sent to any address for $1.00.
Injection Malydor is "THE BEST" of all injections. DR. BERET REMY Richford, Mr.
Malydor Mfg. Co., Lancaster, Ohio, U. S. A.

LADIES DO YOU KNOW
DR. FELIX LE BRUN'S
STEEL AND PENNYROYAL PILLS
are the original and only FRENCH, safe and reliable cure on the market. Price $1.00, sent by mail. Guaranteed genuine.
M. E. Robinson & Bro., Goldsboro, N. C.

## A Happy Welcome

IS GUARANTEED TO THOSE WHO will call at my saloon, which is stocked at all times with the choicest of Domestic and Imported

### Liquors and Wines!

All the latest drinks compounded and manipulated by skillful men.

### Domestic and Imported Cigars,

AND A LARGE LOT OF FINE TOBACCO. For Pure North Carolina Corn Whiskey my place is headquarters. Mr. Cullen Howell is with me and would be pleased to see his friends.

## Jas. L. Dickinson,

At John Winn's Old Stand.

## L. G. Waddell,

Contractor And Builder,
GOLDSBORO, N. C.
Specialty on Cottages. Plans and estimates furnished on application.


### A Happy Home.

A holy place is a home,
Where loved ones are gathered round,
Where mother, sire and sisters dear,
And brothers and friends are found.

A holy place is the hearthstone,
Home's innermost mates are there,
Laden with blessed benison,
And hallowed by loving prayer.

A holy place is a home,
What clustering joys abide
Where the cradle of our infancy,
Was rocked by our mother's side.

A holy place is a home,
Where children's pattering feet,
Go glancing in shade and sunshine
To the music of pleasure's beat.

A holy place is a home,
Where the youth have wooed and won,
And wed and gone to the battle
Of life with full armor on.

A holy place is a home,
Where manhood has settled down,
With blessings blossoming round him
And love for a priceless crown.

A holy place is a home,
Whence the old and young have gone
To rest from their weary labor
When the battle of life is done.

And oh, from a lovely home,
When parted from those we love,
May we go to meet in that home
Of our Father's house above!

ROBERT EDMUND LEE.

### Lift the Mortgage if Possible.

How to lift the mortgage from the farm, says the Warrenton Record, is one of the most difficult problems to solve, and yet one of the most important. There are many farmers but for the constant drain upon them in the payment of interest to keep their property from going under the hammer, would be prosperous—would have enough every year, not only to meet all their necessary demands, but to provide their families with many luxuries, but this everlasting drain keeps them poor, while the fear of ruin in the end almost crushes the manhood out of them and makes them less prepared for the struggle.

Debt is a relentless tyrant whose grasp is hard to break. Many men struggle on for years paying interest and denying their families the comforts of life and in the end lose all. We believe in the plan of settling up in some way or other if possible. If you have your farm under mortgage, try to compromise with your creditors and get them to take a part and leave you a home, if a small one. Better have 50 acres unencumbered than a 1,000 acre tract with a mortgage on it which you can never lift.

There have been many men who could have settled with their creditors and had a comfortable home left, who have held on, hoping against hope, until an accumulation of interest has swamped everything. But men seem to dislike to reduce their acreage. If they own a thousand acres of land they want to hold on to it, when in a large majority of cases they would make more money if they only owned a hundred. But if there is any possible way to do it, get clear of that mortgage and stop that interest which is growing day and night and Sunday.

### Tricks of a Sharper.

Clinton Democrat.

A fakir was granted license to sell a bottled preparation here, last week for engraving names on cutlery. In order to precipitate sales, he would wrap a $5 note around a bottle and offer it for 25 cents. There were at first plenty of eager purchasers. They bit like hungry fish at live bait—because they had never before had an opportunity to buy $5 notes at a quarter a piece. However, when the wrappers around the bottles were broken the bills were not there. Disappointed purchasers made complaint to the Mayor, who had the fellow arrested, forced him to restore the money he had wrongfully gotten, took his license away from him and discharged him on his word of honor not to ply his trade again in Clinton.

### Don'ts For Parents.

Don't encourage in a small child that for which you will punish him when older.

Don't trample mercilessly under foot the wishes of a child, but respect them as far as possible.

Don't punish children in anger, but let them know that you dislike the task, but perform it for their good.

Don't talk of a child's peculiarities before it; never let it hear its beauty or ugliness spoken of. The greatest charm of childhood is its forgetfulness of itself.

### An Editor's Advice.

A farmer wrote to the editor of his local paper to know what would cure a horse of his that was afflicted with periodical fits of dizziness, he being afraid that the animal would grow worse. The innocent editor replied as follows: "Our honest advice, based on a very careful perusal of that capital book, 'Every man his own horse doctor,' would be to take him sometime when he is not dizzy and sell him to a stranger."


### Economy and Strength.

Valuable vegetable remedies are used in the preparation of Hood's Sarsaparilla in such a peculiar manner as to retain the full medicinal value of every ingredient. Thus Hood's Sarsaparilla combines economy and strength and is the only remedy of which "100 Doses One Dollar" is true. Be sure to get Hood's.

Hood's Pills do not purge, pain or gripe, but act promptly easily and efficiently.


### A FLORIDA VENICE.

**Bill Arp Raves Over the Settlement Known as Clear Water.**

Yesterday we visited the North island, or Palmetto island, as it is called, and spent a happy day. There were thirteen in the party. We didn't know this until we were out at sea, and it disturbed our tranquility a little—just a little. Philosophy doesn't drive away our superstitions. This was the longest sail we have taken, and we carried enough lunch along to feed us a week, as we thought if anything should happen to us like there did to Robinson Crusoe we would not starve. It was a delightful sail of five miles, and Mr. Whitmore's little boat "Columbia" plowed the waves eagerly and sometimes threw the pure salt water over us and made the children scream with delight. Mr. Whitmore, our Swedish sailor, said: "It vas werry healty—dis salt vater." Indeed that is what gives this place its name and reputation—the continuous flow of pure salt water into the harbor from the numerous passes between the islands. It is always coming in and going out, and there is no stagnation. These islands are long and narrow. On the west side they are fringed with a a beautiful beach, just as far as the eye can reach, and the surf is ever lashing the sandy shore, leaping and lapping and foaming, coming and going and moaning.

The young folks brought their bathing suits along, and rejoiced in struggling with the white-capped waves. Some fishermen have built a palmetto house near by which is both a shelter and a hiding place. It is prettily thatched on top and on the sides with palm leaves, the stems of which are woven and interlaced like the basket makers do it. All around are groves of palm trees whose beautiful umbrella tops shaded us from the sun. Beneath their shade we ate up everything we had brought. As I walked along the shell covered beach I saw a man—just a small speck of a man—a mile away, and I thought it must be Crusoe's man Friday. Soon I saw other specks move out from the palmettoes, and these seemed like the cannibals who were getting ready to roast a prisoner. But they all plunged into the foamy waters and Mr. Whitmore said it was a bathing party from Dun Eden. This whole island is made of shells—disintegrated shells—and I should think would make good phosphate. Every gulf storm throws a new coat upon it, or takes away one. The fishermen get both profit and sport around these passes where the groupers and pompano and Spanish mackerel abound. It took us only half an hour to make the outward trip, but much longer to return, for it was sailing against the wind, and we had to tack and retack all the way. It was a day to be remembered, and all the thirteen were landed safe about sundown.

Spring seems fairly upon us now. The oleanders are in bloom and the odor of the yellow jesmine perfumes the air. Fruit-bearing trees are all in bloom. I saw an alligator pear tree in full blossom. It was eighteen inches in diameter. Its fruit is something between a banana and a muskmelon and is eaten with salt and pepper. Cabbages grow to twenty-five pounds in weight and tomatoes are large and colored to perfection. Something is growing all the year round and yet nature seems to have her seasons here as in higher latitudes. And now let me say to numerous correspondents, who have asked a hundred questions, that I have no interest whatever directly or remotely in booming Clear Water. I am not a real estate agent. I have no land to sell, but the more I travel and the longer I stay the more I am satisfied with what nature has done for this place. I have an earnest desire to own a winter residence here, where my wife and others of the family can come and bask in Florida sunshine and breathe the salt air of the gulf. Uncle Dan McMullen has has been living here fifty-two years and says it is certainly the healthiest region on the globe.

I go to Apopka and Oakland and Kissimee this week and then to Inverness and Crystal river and Brooksville, all of which are said to be lovely. I am studying Florida without a book, but somehow I have no desire to be at the grand opening of Mr. Flagler's new hotel at Lake Worth. It would be a scene too bewildering for me and too depleting. I like such things at a distance. But I like the hospitable, unpretending towns, whose hearts are warm and the people live in close communion. These are the people who fight our battles in war and respect law and order in times of peace and preserve the commonwealth. These are the humble, contented people to whom Burns and Pope and Goldsmith paid tribute and whose graves Gray immortalized in his elegy. These people have their faults and their prejudices, but in time of trouble I would rather depend upon one of them than upon a score of purse-proud aristocrats. How thoughtful they are of their children's morals. "Mr. McMullen," said I, "if it don't pay you to market these oranges why don't you make wine of them. I see it selling in town at 50 cents a quart and it is nearly as good as sherry."

"Yes," said he, "I know it makes good wine, but there is a lot of grandchildren growing up around me and I am afraid to take the responsibility. I am not a prohibitionist, but I don't want to lead my own flesh and blood into temptation." He lives four miles from town and the ground beneath his beautiful grove was yellow with the golden fruit. Late returns from the sale of common oranges have discouraged the owners from gathering and boxing and hauling to town and taking their chances with the commission merchant. The 6,000,000 boxes that a month ago were supposed to represent $6,000,000 of profit will hardly reach the half of it. And yet everybody wants a grove and everybody who lives here or winters here ought to have a small one for home ornament and house use. I have never ceased to admire the exquisite beauty of an orange tree in blossom or in fruit, and if I get a home here I will have a dozen bearing trees transplanted to my lot. What is Florida for but to enjoy? This delicious climate was given it by a kind providence to restore the invalids of more northern latitudes. How many people have I asked "what brought you here?" and the almost invariable answer is, "I was suffering from lung trouble or asthma or catarrh and I am cured," or "My father or my mother was suffering and moved here." Certain it is that I have improved and our little grandchild is now a picture of rosy health. To save one precious life is worth more than the travel and expense of getting here.

But how about the summers? I don't know from experience, but our Cartersville friends who have lived here for several years smile at the idea of the summers being any more oppressive than in upper Georgia. Mr. Anspaugh and his wife both say that the cooling breeze from the gulf never fails them day or night, and I will believe anything they tell me. Mr. Anspaugh is a plasterer by trade and has held more mortar over his shoulder than any man in Florida. He is a horny-handed son of toil and those are the men who have no talent for lying or exaggeration. When I want the truth without dissimulation I inquire of Lewis Anspaugh. Work is dull now and so he and his good wife are taking boarders. They have fourteen in all and every one says he is content. My respect for the toilers increases with age. Longfellow's most beautiful poem is his tribute to the village blacksmith.

But still there comes a time when we want more money and less work. As we near our three score years and ten and the limbs get stiff and the blood gets thin and cold we feel like we have fit enough as old man Candler said to Dr. Miller after the first battle of Menasses. The old man was over seventy, but he fought all day like a lion. That night he was nearly dead and sent for the doctor. "Give me a discharge, doctor, for I have fit enough."

BILL ARP.

### The Policeman Played Quits.

Monroe Enquirer.

On the 6th inst., Mr. E. P. Chaney, our night policeman, was called before the City Fathers to answer a charge for unbecoming conduct while on duty. Mr. Chaney asked for more time, in which to make his defense. He was granted two days to prepare himself for the investigation, but after mature deliberation Mr. Chaney concluded not to put the town commissioners to the trouble of investigating his course of conduct, therefore, on last Wednesday evening he went to Mayor Polley and delivered to him the policeman's badge, billet and nippers and tendered his resignation as policeman. He then scraped the mud of Monroe from off his shoes and left for parts unknown.

### Kept His Account on a Stick.

The Rutherford correspondent of the Shelby Aurora tells of two men who had a suit in Rutherford court, neither of whom could read or write. One kept accounts in his head; the other on "notched" sticks. On one stick he had marked down 127 "notches" for that many days work; on another stick he had charged 4 gallons of whiskey, a notch for each half gallon, eight notches; on still another stick he had charged so many plugs of tobacco; and on the fourth stick, so many bushels of corn.

### Falling Off a Log.

"As easy as falling off a log," is an old saying. When it was first uttered, nobody knows. Nothing is easier, unless it is taking a dose of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. These act like magic. No griping or drenching follows, as is the case with the old-fashioned pills. The relief that follows resembles the action of nature in her happiest moods; the impulse given to the dormant liver is of the most salutary kind, and is specially manifested by the disappearance of all bilious symptoms. Sick headache, wind on the stomach, pain through the right side and shoulder blade, and yellowness of the skin and eyeballs are speedily remedied by the pellets.

France has the largest national debt.

### A NATION'S DOINGS.

**The News From Everywhere Gathered and Condensed.**

An epidemic of small-pox has struck Winthrop, Conn.

The explosion of a boiler at Kelly, Ia., Friday, killed two men.

Spotted fever is killing the residents of Marshall county, Ky.

Burglars secured $1,200 by a safe robbery at Pensacola, Friday night.

Fire destroyed $100,000 worth of property at San Antonio, Tex., Tuesday night.

The entire city square of Sarcoxie, Mo., was destroyed by fire, Monday. Loss $60,000.

Eight square miles are inundated by flooding water that broke through the levee near Memphis, Tenn.

Thirteen miners were crushed to death by a cave-in at the Gaylord mine at Plymouth, Pa., Tuesday.

A four-million foot gas well at Muncie, Ind., set afire by a mischief-maker, is belching flames 100 feet in the air.

From eating wild parsnips Robert Perry and his little sister, of Gallipolis, O., died in terrible agony, Monday.

In a battle between officers and a band of thieves, near Anson, Tex., Monday, two of the latter were mortally wounded.

Attempting to run across the railroad track in front of a train at York, Pa., Monday, Miss Matilda Hyde was killed.

For murdering the Wratten family, consisting of six persons, James E. Stone was hanged at Jeffersonville, Ind., Friday.

On his third attempt at suicide, each following an unhappy marriage, Henry Rich, of Savannah, succeeded at last on Thursday.

At Midland City, Ala., Friday, Morgan Easterling and John Weed shot and cut each other to death, the result of an old feud.

While suffering from grip, W. O. Dimick, agent of the Merchant's Dispatch, at Buffalo, N. Y., shot and killed himself on Tuesday.

Crazy with grief over a cold letter from his sweetheart, Henry Driden, bank teller, at Charleston, W. Va., shot himself dead on Tuesday.

The entire business portion of Bay St. Louis, Miss., was destroyed by fire Saturday night. The loss is heavy with hardly any insurance.

Alleged embezzlement of $65,000 from the National Bank of Vernon, Tex., caused the arrest of A. M. Britton, a Fort Worth banker, on Saturday.

The false work of a railroad bridge near Ellis Junction, Mich., fell Saturday, carrying with it fifteen carpenters, three of whom were killed outright.

Explosion of a switch engine boiler at Temple, Tex., Tuesday, fatally scalded Switchman Vogler, and hurled Switchman Hoges 150 feet to his death.

For trespassing on his land, Rudolph Zeigler shot and instantly killed John Sautlers and Christian Baurley, near Cherry Run, W. Va., Monday.

For criminal assault and murder of Mrs. Jessie Rucker, near Stanton, Ala., Saturday, a negro fiend was riddled with bullets by unknown lynchers.

While kneeling by her bedside at prayer Saturday night, Miss Augusta Parker, of Mobile, Ala., was burned to death by the explosion of a lamp near her.

A regular organized band of boy robbers, all sons of prominent families, were captured at Wheeling, W. Va., Sunday night, while in the act of looting a bookstore.

While undergoing examination for forgery before a Federal commission at Buffalo, N. Y., Saturday, Leroy Harris held up all the court officials at the point of his pistol and escaped.

At Cheshire, Conn., Saturday, Mrs. Cornelia Paddock, aged 70, was burned to death by the explosion of a pan of kerosene which she (supposing it water) had set on the stove to warm.

At the Midwinter Fair, now in full blast at San Francisco, Cal., Carlo Thieman, a lion trainer, was torn to pieces Friday by the furious animals in the presence of thousands of spectators.

While at work near the machinery at the Standard Oil Company's refinery at Whiting, Ind., Monday, George Weidner was caught up by the belt, carried to the drive wheel and ground to pulp in one turn.

At a dance near Oakfield, Ga., Friday night, John Long and William Bailey, two young farmers, became involved in a dispute, which ended by Bailey shooting Long, who was killed instantly. Jealousy the cause.

At Bandana, Ky., Thursday night, Miss Pattie Powell was shot and fatally wounded by her sister Ida. Both kept a millinery store and while Miss Pattie was hunting for a match in the dark, the sister mistook her for a burglar and opened fire.

### Finance and Trade.

Special Correspondence.

NEW YORK, Feb. 20, 1894.

Business conditions during the last week have not greatly improved. There has been a moderate enlargement of distribution in some departments; but trade generally has not expanded in proportion to expectation. Low and steadily falling prices, which reflect the effects of recent overproduction, the cheapening of industrial processes, or of special causes which have compelled liquidation regardless of cost, have had a discouraging influence on the general business situation. Measured by bank clearings, business is still more than a third less in volume than it was a year ago, although this decline is, in part, attributable to the fact that many values are lower than ever before.

The supply of idle money continues very large although the surplus reserves of the New York banks have been temporarily reduced by the payment for the new Treasury loan, and interest rates remain at the lowest point. The cheapness of money, however, has been no incentive to increased speculation. Treasury returns of foreign trade for January showed imports of foreign trade for January showed imports of $52,497,428, and exports of $86,784,114, which left an excess of exports for the month of $34,286,686, and brought the merchandise balance in favor of this country for the expired portion of the fiscal year to a total of $202,959,588. The failures during the last week throughout the United States and Canada aggregated 278, a decrease of 67 from the total of the preceding week.

Cotton receipts have fallen off a little, but not sufficiently to encourage bullish speculation in the face of the limited demand from spinners; and prices are about the same as they were a week ago. The February statement of the Federal Department of Agriculture reported that 92.2 per cent of the crop had been marketed in five months, which would indicate a probable total yield of a little less than 6,700,000 bales; but elsewhere in the same report the production of cotton is said to have averaged only 92.1 per cent. of that of the previous year. As the crop in 1892-3 aggregated 6,717,000 bales, the Department figures would imply a yield of 6,186,000 bales; and yet over 6,300,000 bales have already come into sight. The estimates of the crop statisticians as to comparative production and the proportion marketed before February 1 are so manifestly at variance that the report has little weight in the calculations of cotton factors or speculators. Exports of cotton continue liberal and in excess of those of last season; but spinners are cautious buyers, and so far during the crop year Northern mills have purchased 189,000 bales less than in the corresponding period in the previous year.

Wheat prices have further declined 1½ to 2¼ cents per bushel, as a result of continued liquidation by the disappointed long interests and the absence of supporting demand from speculators or exporters. Visible stocks have decreased but slightly in this country, and Bradstreet's figures last week show a large increase in stocks afloat and in Europe and Australia. The market has had to contend against a discouraging statistical position, fairly promising accounts concerning growing crops, the unsettling effect of the fall in silver, and of proposed anti-option legislation, and the continued underselling of American wheat in Europe by the product of Russia and Argentina.

Corn values have been remarkably well maintained, considering the demoralization in the wheat markets; and although there have been intervals of weakness during the week, the comparison of prices with those current a week ago shows a fractional advance at New York and no change at Chicago. The interior movement of corn continues liberal, and visible stocks are increasing; but there are expectations of an early decrease in western shipments of corn, and there is a very fair demand both for home consumption and for export. Corn exports last month aggregated 8,580,850 bushels, as against 3,107,617 bushels in January 1893; and current weekly clearances are two to three times as large as they were at the corresponding period last year. Values of provisions declined early in the week, but subsequently recovered with corn, and are now higher than they were a week ago.

### Around the World in Eighty Days.

Did Jules Verne ever think that his imaginary Phileas Fogg would be eclipsed by an American girl, who once made the circuit in less than seventy-three days? But Phileas had to take "second money." The fame of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has gone around the world long ago, and left its record everywhere as a precious boon to every nation. In the whole world of medicine, nothing equals it for the cure of scrofula of the lungs (which is consumption). Coughs and bronchial troubles succumb to the remedy, and the blood is purified by it, until all unsightly skin blotches are driven away. Don't be skeptical, as this medicine is guaranteed to every purchaser. You only pay for the good you get.

### ALL OVER THE STATE.

**A Summary of Current Events for the Past Seven Days.**

The government building at Reidsville is completed. It's a beauty.

It is announced that the National Farmers Alliance will meet in Raleigh next year.

The assignment recently made by Sample S. Brown, of Greensboro, has been overthrown.

The store and contents belonging to J. D. Austin, of Lenoir, were burned Monday night.

Raleigh saloons are now required to close at midnight and are not allowed to be opened before 6 a. m.

Mad dogs are reported throughout the State. In some instances the victims have died of hydrophobia.

R. L. Bordeaux, an aged farmer of Pender county, committed suicide Tuesday night by cutting his throat with a razor.

At Wilmington, Thursday, William Gore, colored, fell in the fire-place while having a fainting spell and was burned to death.

Willis Sorrell, an aged white man living near Cary, committed suicide Tuesday by shooting himself, while temporarily deranged.

Two days of the recent term of Rutherford court were occupied in the trial of a case involving the title to two acres of poor land.

Stokes county comes to the front with a white negro girl, six years old, born of coal black parents, but is as white as any Caucasian.

Thieves entered the drugstore of Killian & Gibson, at Taylorsville, Tuesday night, and carried off about $200 worth of watches and jewelry.

The Davie Times says J. M. Sain, of Mocksville, who is 48 years old and has been hunting wild turkeys all his life, killed his first one last week.

An overhead bridge near Salisbury, knocked R. G. Dabb, a flagman, from the top of the caboose, Thursday night, resulting in his instant death.

Governor Carr has received an application for the pardon of Avery Butler, the white boy who at Clinton about three years ago waylaid and assassinated his father.

Lawson Howard, colored, who murdered Dula Jones, white, a month ago in Cleveland county and escaped, was captured Thursday by two detectives in a cave in Black Mountain, near Asheville.

At Winston, Saturday, Isom Cofer and Will Holder were arrested and jailed, charged with making and passing counterfeit money. The moulds and some money were found in their possession.

At Marshal, Madison county, Willis Morgan was shot and instantly killed Thursday night by J. R. Sams, for trespass. Morgan was courting Sams' daughter but had been repeatedly ordered off the premises.

According to the Durham Globe J. H. Ferguson, of Wake county, made away with $1,000 belonging to an estate of which he was executor and has left for parts unknown, deserting his wife and three children.

A real live hermit has been discovered in Alamance county. His house is in the ground and over the entrance is a structure built of poles and covered with brush. At first passers-by thought it was a hog bed.

Micajah Fortner, an aged citizen of Alexander county, was found drowned in a creek near Taylorsville, Monday. He was subject to fainting spells and it is presumed that having one of these attacks, he fell in the water.

Green Barrett, the policeman of Germanton, Stokes county, who recently eloped with a Mrs. George, from Walnut Cove, the latter leaving a husband and four small children, was arrested in Roanoke, Va., Saturday, charged with embezzlement.

A "Thirteen Club" has been formed at Asheville, composed of thirteen unmarried men. A banquet is to be given every 13th of January and before and after a member's marriage. The club's existence will terminate with the death of the last survivor of the original club.

John L. Weber, ex-school commissioner, of Charleston, now professor of English literature in Trinity College, at Durham, has been declared a defaulter in the sum of over $1,200. He was quietly arrested a few days ago and gave a bond of $1,500 for his appearance at court.

Asheville's society is all astir about the divorce suit just entered there by Theodore B. Lyman, Jr., against his wife on the ground of adultery, naming Claude Prescott, an artist, as co-respondent. Her answer to the complaint makes him a falsifier, an habitual drunkard and a brute.

The latest assignments announced are, F. P. Mimnaugh, dry goods merchant of Asheville, liabilities $20,000; J. W. Cuthrell & Bro., general merchandise, Rocky Mount and Enfield, with liabilities of the same amount; E. Frost, of Davie county, chairman of the Baptist State Orphanage Board, liabilities $75,000.


### MODERN MIRACLES.

**Careful and Complete Investigation by a "Journal" Reporter.**

**A Searching Inquiry as to Startling Statements Recently Published.**

From the Albany (N. Y.) Evening Journal.

A few days since, the Times-Union, of this city, published a remarkable letter, under the head-lines of "An Athens Miracle." The statements made were so unusual and the interest occasioned so great, that an investigation by a "Journal" reporter seemed a necessity. The letter was that Mr. Lewis Clow, of Athens, N. Y., had been stricken with kidney disease. The best of medical attendance was obtained, and failed to benefit him. While in this almost helpless condition, he began the use of Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, and it cured him; and furthermore, that there were other residents who had a similar experience.

To verify these statements and get what other information would be of interest to our readers, the Journal representative left Albany and soon found himself in the pretty village of Athens. It did not take long to satisfy the reporter that the statements of Mr. Clow were in every way true. The Rev. D. William Lawrence, pastor of the Lutheran church, Postmaster True and Justice of the Peace Gueller, when asked about it, said that every word was true to their knowledge. Mr. Clow was at death's door suffering with kidney trouble. The physicians failed to help him, and he was cured by the use of Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. Also that Favorite Remedy had performed as marvelous a cure for Mrs. Casper Brooks, wife of the proprietor of the Robins House, of that place.

Calling upon Mrs. Brooks, your reporter stated his mission, and Mrs. Brooks replied that she would be perfectly willing to tell about her wonderful recovery.

"Yes," said she, "I had a hard fight for health, but Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy restored mine. My first trouble was ulcers of the womb, and they caused me the most intense pain and suffering. I consulted our regular physician, but he did not benefit me; in fact, I kept growing worse. My kidneys were getting very much diseased, and this combination of troubles was almost unbearable. At my husband's suggestion, I consulted physicians at Albany Hudson and Chatham, and took their medicines and prescriptions faithfully, but found no benefit. You can imagine my terrible condition at this time, after employing five of the best physicians, all to no purpose; but at this dark hour a ray of light broke in upon me. Dr. Wm. Smith, of Jewett Heights, was recommended, and it is to him I owe my good health, for it was Dr. Smith who prescribed Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy for me. I purchased a bottle and commenced taking it, and began to feel better and kept improving daily, the ulcers healed up, and my kidney trouble left me entirely. My case was greatly complicated, and did not stop here; I suffered misery from those terrible headaches so common among women, but I kept on taking Favorite Remedy; and am now entirely free from these diseases.

I am told that I have a tumor that cannot be cured unless I go to a hospital, but I think Favorite Remedy will, in time, cure that. I have been so well for the past few months, said Mrs. Brooks, with a smile on her face, that I do nearly all the work about the hotel, and am getting along with about one half of the help that we used to employ. I certainly don't want to pose as a miracle, but what else could you call my recovery?"

Such a straightforward statement convinced the Journal reporter that Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy was certainly a Godsend to the sick and suffering.

Hundreds of people in and about Athens are conversant with the facts of thesese cases. In speaking to Mr. Horton, the well-known druggist of that place, he said: "Oh, yes, we sell quantities of Favorite Remedy. Why, there's Joseph McGiffert, William Mackey, Martin Hallenbeck, Casper Hallenbeck, Mrs. Robert Tiffany, and many others, say that Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy is worth its weight in gold."

The investigations of the Journal reporter admit of but one conclusion; that as this great medicine is within the reach of all, it should be used by those who are suffering from rheumatism, dyspepsia, biliousness, kidney, liver and urinary troubles. It will correct the worst cases of habitual constipation, and is a certain cure for the diseases and weaknesses of women, particularly those that originate in change of life. It cures scrofula, erysipelas, salt rheum, eczema, ulcers, sores and tumors, gravel, diabetes or Bright's disease. Favorite Remedy is acknowledged by the medical profession as nature's antidote for uric acid.

A benefit is always experienced from the first bottle, and it never fails to cure when the directions are followed. Dr. David Kennedy's Fatorite Remedy is to be found with every dealer in medicine, at one dollar a bottle, or six bottles for five dollars.


Wild ducks and geese fly in triangles the more readily to overcome the resistance of the atmosphere.


An obedience to the simple laws of hygiene and the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla will enable the most delicate man or sickly woman to pass in ease and safety from the icy atmosphere of February to the warm, moist days of April. It is the best of spring medicines.


Indiana is third in wheat, fourth in corn and hogs, seventh in cattle and railways, and eighth in coal.


Ladies, if you want a pure, delicate soap for the complexion, M. E. Robinson & Bro., druggists, will always recommend Johnson's Oriental Medicinal Toilet Soap.


Yellow stains left by sewing machine oil on white may be removed by rubbing the spot with a cloth wet with ammonia before washing with soap.


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

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