

The Gastonia Gazette.

ESTABLISHED IN 1850. Devoted to the Protection of Home and the Interests of the County. Vol. 5. J. E. PAGE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. Gastonia, N. C.: October 7, 1887. ONE DOLLAR AND A HALF PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE. No. 40

THE PRIME MINISTER.

REV. DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON AT THE BROOKLYN TABERNACLE.

Every man is finally valued at his Real Worth—rising to High Position Through Public Abuse—The World Must Honor Christian Character.

BROOKLYN, Sept. 18.—After being closed for some weeks for improvements and enlargements, the Brooklyn tabernacle was opened to-day. The same overwhelming throngs were attendance as before. The congregation sang with great effect the hymn:

Before Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is our God,
He can create and he destroy.

After explaining appropriate passages of Scripture, Dr. Talmage took his text from Genesis xli, 41: "And Pharaoh said unto Joseph, I have set thee over all the land of Egypt." The subject of the sermon was "The Prime Minister."

You cannot keep a good man down. God has decreed for him a certain elevation which he cannot attain. He will bring him through, though it cost him a thousand worlds. There are men constantly in trouble lest they shall not be appreciated. Just what man comes in the end to be valued at just what he is worth.

How often you turn out all their forces to crush one man or set of men. How do they succeed? No letter than did the government that tried to crush Joseph, a Scripture character, upon which we speak today. It would be an insult to suppose that you were not all familiar with the life of Joseph, how his jealous brothers threw him into the pit, but, seeing a caravan of Arabian merchants moving along on their camels with spices and gums that loaded the air with aroma, sold their brother to these merchants, who carried him down into Egypt; how Joseph was sold to Potiphar, a man of influence and office; how, by his integrity, he raised himself to high position in the realm, until, under the false charge of a vile wretch, he was hurled into the penitentiary; how in prison he commanded respect and admiration by every desirable name that infernal ingenuity could invent, but the hotter the persecution the more rapid the spread of that domination, until you know what a great host they have become and what a tremendous force for God and the truth they are wielding all the world over. It was persecution that gave Scotland its Presbyterians. It was persecution which gave our own land first to civil liberty and afterward to religious freedom. Yes, I may go further back and say it was persecution that gave the world the great salvation of the Gospel. The rigid mockery, the hungering and thirsting, the unjust and ignominious death where all the force of hell's fury was hurled against the cross, was the introduction of the world which is yet the earth's deliverance from guilt and suffering, and her everlasting enthronement among the principalities of heaven. The state has sometimes said to the church: "Come, let me take your land and I will help you." What has been the result? The church has gone back and has lost its estate of holiness and has become ineffective. At other times the state has said to the church: "I will crush you."

What has been the result? After the storms have spent their fury, the church, like a man who has been beaten and soiled, has increased and is worth infinitely more after the assault than before it. The church is far more indebted to the opposition of civil government than to its approval. The fires of the stake have only leavened the church, and the world is in his hand by the light of which the church has marched to her present position. In the sound of racks and implements of torture I hear the rumbling of the wheels of the Gospel chariot. Scaffolds of martyrdom have been the stairs by which the church has ascended. Aqueducts is the best test of pure gold.

Furthermore, our subject impresses us that sins will come to exposure. Long, long ago, had these brothers sold Joseph into Egypt. They had suppressed the crime, and it was a profound secret well kept by the brothers. But suddenly the secret is out. The old father hears that his son is in Egypt, having been sold there by the malice of his own brothers. How their cheeks must have burned and their hearts sunk at the flaming out of this suppressed crime. The smallest iniquity has a thousand tongues, and they will blab out an exposure. Saul was sent to destroy the Canaanites, their sheep and their oxen. But when he got down there among the pastures he saw some of the sheep and he was so fatigued that he thought he would steal them. He drove them toward home, but stopped to report to the prophet how well he had executed his commission, when in the distance the sheep began to bleat and the oxen to low. Achan cannot steal the Babylonian garment without getting stoned to death, nor Benedict Arnold betray his country without having his neck stretched. Look over the police arrests, these thieves, these burglars, these adulterers, these counterfeits, these highwaymen, these assassins. They all thought they could bury their iniquity so deep down that it would never come to resurrection. But there was some shoe that answered to the print in the sand, some key that fitted the lock, some bloody knife that whispered of the deed, and the public indignation, and the anathema of outraged law hurled him into the Tombs or hoisted him on the gallows. At the close of the battle between the law and the Hebrews, Burehard Monk was so elated with the victory that he lifted his helmet to look upon the field, when a wounded soldier hurled a stone that struck his uncovered forehead and he fell. Sin will always leave some point exposed, and there is no safety in iniquity. Francis I, king of France, was discussing how it was best to get his army into Italy. Amari, the court fool, sprang out from the corner and said to the king and his staff officers: "You had better be thinking how you

will get your army back out of Italy after once you have entered." In other words, it is easier for us to get into sin than to get out of it. Whitefield was riding on horseback in a lonely way with some missionary money in a sack fastened to the saddle girth. A highwayman sprang out from the thicket and put his hand out toward the gold, when Whitefield turned upon him and said: "That belongs to the Lord Jesus Christ, touch it if you dare," and the villain fell back empty handed into the thicket, and the power of God was made manifest. Do not think that you can hide any great and protracted sin in your hearts. In an unguarded moment it will slip off of the lip, or some slight occasion may for a moment set ajar this door of the heart, and you will be exposed. But suppose that in this life you hide it, and you get along with that transgression burning in your heart as a ship on fire within for days may hinder the flame from bursting out by keeping down the hatchways, yet in the end the fire will blaze out before the throne of God and the universe.

Furthermore, learn from this subject the inseparable connection between all events, however remote. Lord Hastings was beheaded one year after he had caused the death of the queen's children, in the very month, the very day, the very hour and the very moment. There is wonderful precision in the divine judgments. The universe is only one thought of God. Those things which seem fragmentary and isolated are only different parts of that one great thought. How far apart seemed these two events—Joseph sold to the Arabian merchants and the ruler of Egypt. Yet you see in what a mysterious way God connected the two. All events are linked together. You who are aged can look back and group together a thousand things in your life that once seemed isolated. One unvisited chain of events reached from the Garden of Eden to the cross of Calvary, and thus up to heaven. There is a relation between the smallest insect that hums in the summer air and the archangel on his throne. God can trace a direct ancestral line from the blue jay that last spring built his nest in a tree behind the house to the eagle that is perched on all continents and islands and zones comes up the groan of dying millions. Over the tropical spice grove, and Siberian ice hut, and Hindoo jungle the blight has fallen. The famine is universal. But, glory be to God; there is a great reward in store for the one who could not look the furthest star on the other side and say: "You are no relation to me;" for from that bright orb a voice of light would ring across the heavens responding: "Yes, yes, we are sisters." Sir Sidney Smith in prison was playing lawn tennis in the yard and the ball flew over the wall. Another ball containing letters was thrown back, and so communication was opened with the outside world, and Sidney Smith escaped in time to defeat Bonaparte's Egyptian expedition. What a small insect that connected with what vast result! Sir Robert Peel from a pattern he drew on the back of a pewter dinner plate got suggestions of that which led to the important invention by which calico is printed. Nothing in this universe swings at low ebb. Accidents are the God's way of turning a leaf in the book of his eternal decrees. From our earth to our grave there is a path all marked out. Each event in our life is connected with every other event in our life. Our loss may be the seed that grows to our gain. Our defeats and victories are twin brothers. The whole direction of your life was changed by something which at the time seemed to you a trifle, while some occurrence which seemed tremendous affected you but little. The Rev. Dr. Kennedy, of Basking Ridge, N. J., went into his pulpit one Sabbath and by a strange freak of memory forgot his subject and forgot his text, and in great embarrassment rose before his audience and announced the circumstance and declared himself a sinner. He then launched forth in a few earnest words of entreaty and warning which resulted in the outbreaking of the mightiest revival of religion ever known in that state, a revival of religion that resulted in churches still standing and the conversion of a large number of men who entered the Gospel ministry who have brought their thousands into the kingdom of God. God's plans are magnificent beyond all comprehension. He molds us, turns and directs us, and we know it not. Nothing in this universe is so small that it is not connected with the most terrific occurrence does not lift him into rapture. That one great thought of God goes through the centuries, and nations rise and fall, and empires, and the world itself changes, but God still keeps the unvisited mastery, linking event to event and century to century. To God they are all one event, one history, one plan, one development, one system. Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty.

Furthermore, we learn from this story the propriety of laying up for the future. During seven years of plenty Joseph prepared for the famine, and when it came he had a crowded storehouse. The life of most men in a worldly respect is divided into years of plenty and famine. It is seldom that any man passes through life without at least seven years of plenty. During these seven prosperous years your business bears a rich harvest. You hardly know where all your money comes from, it comes so fast. Every bargain you make seems to turn into gold. You contract few bad debts. You are astounded with large dividends. You invest more and more capital. You consider how men can content with so small business, gathering in only \$100 where you reap your thousands. These are the seven years of plenty. Now, Joseph, is the time to prepare for famine, for to almost every man there do come seven years of famine. You will be unfortunates; you will be disappointed; you will be old, and if you have no storehouse upon which to fall back you may be famine struck. We have no admiration for this denying one's self of all present comfort and luxury for the mere pleasure of hoarding up, this grasping for the mere pleasure of seeing how large a pile you can get, this always being poor and cramped because as soon as a dollar comes in it is sent out to see if it can't find another dollar to carry

home on its back; but there is an intelligent and noble mind-forecast which we love to see in men who have families and kindred dependent upon them for the blessings of education and home. God sends us to the world for a lesson, which if they do not stir themselves to in the present, do not forget their duty to forestall the future. "Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways and be wise; which, having no guide, overseer or ruler, provideth her meat in the summer, and gathereth her food in the harvest." Now there are two ways of laying up money; the one by investing it in stock and depositing it in banks and loaning it on bond and mortgage. The other way of laying up money is giving it away. He is the safest who makes his money in the present, and he is the safest who gives it away. He is the safest who makes his money in the present, and he is the safest who gives it away. He is the safest who makes his money in the present, and he is the safest who gives it away.

A STRANGE AFFECTION.
The Story Told by a Traveler—Effects of Imagination.

The moderate town of Taranto, in Italy, occupies the site of the famous Tarentum of old. The tarantism, an insect venomous in hot weather, is to be found there, and various startling accounts are given of the peculiar effects of its bites. A Taranto gentleman, who has seen many cases of persons affected by the tarantism, thus describes it in the "Italian Sketches" of Janet Ross:

"There are various species of the insect, and two kinds of tarantism, the wet and the dry. A violent fever attacks the person bitten, who sits moaning and swaying backward and forward. Musicians are called and begin playing; if the air does not strike the fancy of the tarantula, as the patient is called, she means more loudly and says: 'No, no, not that!'"

The fiddler instantly changes, and the tambourine beats fast and furious, to indicate the difference of the time. "When at last the tarantula gets an air to her liking she springs up and begins to dance frantically."

"If she has the dry tarantism her friends try to find out the color of the tarantula that has bitten her, and adorn her dress and her fingers with ribbons that recall the tints of the insect. If no one can indicate the color she is decked with streamers of every hue, which flutter wildly about as she dances and tosses her arms in the air. The ceremony generally begins in the house, but what with the heat and the concourse of people it often ends in the street."

"If it is a wet tarantism the musicians choose a spot near a well, and the dancer is incessantly deluged with water by relays of friends, who go backward and forward to the well with their brown earthenware jars."

"When the tarantula is quite worn out she is undressed and put to bed."

"The fever lasts seventy-two hours, and the state of nervous excitement must be intense to sustain a woman under such fatigues as dancing for three whole days. If the musicians are not called in, and the person bitten is not induced to dance, the fever continues indefinitely, and is in some cases followed by death."

It is hardly necessary to say that in this method of treatment the imagination plays a great part; nevertheless it is a real cure.—Youth's Companion.

Indian Belles in Georgia.

The whole field for acres around the bridge over Little river, in Wilkes county, Ga., is literally covered with flint arrow and spear heads, stone tomahawks, maces, battle axes, and almost every instrument of crude Indian warfare. Besides these are found many domestic articles, as tinware and pewter, mashing corn, pots, hoes out of solid stone, and broken axes carved in rare and curious designs. These relics were washed down from a neighboring hill by the late freshet and scattered over the field. On the top of this hill, where the village was supposed to have been, lay a large pile of broken and defective arrow heads which seemed to mark the spot where some old arrow maker had his shop, making arrows for his tribe and receiving in return deer, bear, and other such game as the forest afforded.—Chicago News.

Another Liberty Statue.

A statue of liberty is to be erected on a peak in San Francisco by Adolph Sutro, the millionaire. The figure and pedestal will be forty feet high, and the torch, which will be lighted by electricity, will be 1,000 feet above the level of the sea. The pedestal will rest upon the solid rock of the peak, and will be over twenty feet high, eleven feet square at the base, and seven feet square at the top. The principal figure will that of a woman holding aloft in the right hand the torch of liberty, and in the outstretched left hand the sword of justice. At her feet will be a figure emblematic of despotism, and will be that of a man lying on his side and clutching at the sword held out of his reach.—Chicago Times.

The Bones of Columbus.

The bones of the discoverer of America are to be once more removed; as if they had not yet earned rest. When Columbus died he first found a resting place at Valladolid. But it was not for long. In seven years his remains were taken to Seville, and in 1536 across the ocean to Havana, where they were deposited in the cathedral of San Domingo. In 1795 it was thought to be high time that the bones of Columbus were disturbed again, and they were taken to Havana, in Cuba. Now, after a further rest of 109 years, a fresh transfer—let us hope the last—is to be made, and Genoa, the navigator's birthplace, will finally claim its own.—Chicago Times.

An Author's Old Fashioned Home.

Mr. Aldrich's house at Ponkapog, Mass., is a plain, old fashioned mansion, just like so many others that one sees scattered everywhere throughout New England. It is two story, painted brown, with a portico in front, and concealed from the street by a belt of trees. Inside is the large, old fashioned hall belonging to old colonial days, with two rooms opening on either side, and the dining room in the rear. The poet's study is on the second floor, and a pleasant room it is—large, airy, with books lining the four walls, and stuffed into every nook and corner. Choice art treasures and bric-a-brac appear scattered about in a charming way.—Chicago Times.

Industrial Fishing School.

Lady Burdett-Coutts expresses a willingness to expend \$125,000 on an industrial fishing school at Baltimore in West Cork, accessible to all Irish youth. She thinks such a school would benefit all Ireland.—New York Graphic.

The late Gen. McKee Dunn left all his fortune to his wife. It will be the shortest ever filed in Washington, and consisted of four lines.

It is a somewhat singular fact that of all the Christian nations the United States of America are alone represented by Protestant Christian missions in Persia.

The Prince of Wales is described at Hamburg as wearing a most unbecoming common looking, stuff colored suit, with a red counterfourn round his throat.

A Miniature Republic.

Between French Guiana and Brazil is a region of 400,000 square miles, containing 60,000 inhabitants, whose possession has been contested for 200 years. France claims it on one hand, Brazil on the other, and all because of an inconceivable clause in the treaty of Utrecht. Neither France nor Brazil has ever dreamed of taking possession of this territory, either by force or by arbitration of a friendly nation. The principal center of population in its territory is Coudani, which has about 350 inhabitants and will soon be the capital of a new republic. A short time ago the Coudanians proclaimed the independence of their country and chose for president M. Jules Gros, a venerable Frenchman, who has explored the banks of the Amazon. M. Gros lives at Vauves, not far from Paris, and there he received the news of his appointment.

Unfortunately, he is not in Coudani, for his new subjects have forgotten to make a "revélé," and the voyage is expensive. However, he is serious, and the legation of the new republic has already been installed, No. 18 Rue de Louvre, Paris. M. Gros does not make us very enthusiastic over his appointment, from the fact that his first official act was to create a decoration, called the "Star of Coudani," and to appoint the high dignitaries in his republic, especially the intendan general of the president's palace at Coudani, Coudani has not more than thirty-five houses—a proof that he who made the success of Le Petit Journal by his writings is in his dotage.—New York Mail and Express.

Climate a Trifle Too Glorious.

The increased railroad facilities and the marvelous stories of country and climate, have brought thousands of tourists to the coast, and they tell us that 60,000 excursionists will make their appearance here within the next four months. New hotels are building along the southern coast and extensive preparations making for their entertainment. The infusion of such a large number of tourists has necessitated a change of the whole character of the country. There is little state needs besides its natural advantages but New England thrift and energy. If the same money and labor were spent upon the ranches in California, and the hillsides of the stony hillsides farms of New York or New England the owners would be repaid a thousand fold. "Thrift, thrift, Horatio," is what they need. Haste and energy seem to have gone out of this world—if ever they were here—since the time of the old Spanish settlers. The people own too much land and cultivate too little. They say the climate is such they cannot work like eastern people. Be that as it may, the trail of the old lady Spaniard is over them all, and they have little desire to get away from it. San Francisco Cor. Cleveland Ledger.

Bitten by a Centipede.

A well known lady of Albuquerque was picking blackberries in her garden when she felt something bite her on the right side of her neck just below the ear. She quickly put her right hand to the place when a centipede curled itself around her forehead. She immediately brushed it off with her other hand, and, strange to relate, did not faint, nor scream, nor frighten her husband, nor daughter, nor any one else, by calling to them, but sat in the house, and finding that the ammonia bottle empty, took a big knife and struck the blade into the fire in the stove until it got hot, when she applied it to the wound. Next she took some soda and applied that, fastening it by wrapping a cloth around her neck. In a little time her neck began to swell, and she says she felt as though the top of her head was about to secede, and closed her teeth tightly to make sure that her head was not gone. In a short time she felt greatly relieved and then informed her husband. She did not call for a doctor, but she has procured another supply of ammonia. Though it occurred several days ago, the wound now looks as if an ant had bitten her. That lady would keep her presence of mind in a fire or in a railroad accident.—Albuquerque Citizen.

Mr. Tilden's Fancy.

A pretty and distinguished looking lady at the Murray Hill, recalls the provisions of Mr. Tilden's will. She is Miss Celeste Stauffer, the New Orleans belle to whom the gallant old statesman bequeathed the neat little sum of \$100,000, and about which provision of the will no question seems to have been raised by any of the contesting heirs. Whether there was a romance about the matter or not, the fact is that the lady, who is both beautiful and accomplished, as well as blessed with an abundance of this world's goods, has for the last few years quite a large number of suitors who have sought her, and given her woman friends a chance to ponder and consult over her evident preference for a life of single blessedness. She is scarcely 33 years of age, one of the best horsewomen in her day, dresses with exquisite taste, is a charming conversationalist, and one of the brightest young women in New Orleans.—New York Graphic.

The Clay Family.

The recent death of John Clay removes the last member of the immediate family of the illustrious statesman whose name he bore. The eldest son died in the lunatic asylum near Lexington, where he had been confined for many years. The next eldest, Henry Clay, Jr., a bright and promising young man, was killed in battle in the Mexican war. He was a comrade and friend of the sprightly and gallant Lieut. O'Hara, whose poem, "The Bivouac of the Dead," is so familiar to American readers. Another son, James B. Clay, at one time owned a large stock farm on the Bellefontaine road near St. Louis, but returned back to Lexington on the death of his father and was sent to congress from the Ashland district.—St. Louis Republican.

The Premier's Feet.

The late Agostino Depretis was always careless of his dress and personal appearance until he became premier, and even then he was no dandy. His feet were abnormally large, and upon this fact he rather congratulated himself: "because," he said, "no one can expect a man with such feet to dance at a state ball."—Chicago Herald.

Unfailing Specific for Liver Disease.

SYMPTOMS: Bitter or bad taste in the mouth; longings for cold or iced drinks; white or covered with a brown fur; pain in the back, sides, or joints after meals; indigestion; flatulency; loss of appetite; sometimes nausea and water-brash; or, in extreme cases, loss of strength; bowels alternately constipated and lax; headache; loss of memory, with a painful sensation of having failed to do something which ought to have been done; yellow fever; rheumatism; jaundice; yellowishness of the skin and eyes; a dry itching fever; restlessness; a dark, sandy and high colored, and, if allowed to stand, deposits a sediment.

SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR
(PURELY VEGETABLE)
Is generally used in the South to arouse the dormant liver to a healthy action. It acts with extraordinary efficacy on the

LIVER, KIDNEYS, AND BOWELS.
An EFFECTUAL REMEDY FOR
Malaria, Biliousness, Sick Headache, Constipation, Dropsy, Yellow Fever, Mental Depression, Cholera, Endorsed by the use of 7 Millions of Bottles, as

THE BEST FAMILY MEDICINE
for Children, for Adults, and for the Aged.
ONLY GENUINE
has its Z Stamp in red on front of Wrapper.

J. H. Zeilner & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.
SOLE PROPRIETORS. Price, 51c. per Bottle.

PATENTS
Obtained, and all PATENT BUSINESS attended to PROMPTLY and for MODERATE FEES. Our office is opposite the U. S. Patent Office, and we can obtain Patents for Inventions that are not obtainable elsewhere. We advise as to patentability free of charge, and we make NO CHARGE UNLESS PATENT IS SECURED. We refer to the U. S. Patent Office, the U. S. Money Order, and to officials of the State of New York, for testimonials, and references to actual clients in your own State or county, write to

C. A. SNOW & CO.,
Opposite Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

Professional Cards.
DR. J. L. MCKAY
Offers his Professional Services to the Citizens of Gastonia and Surrounding Country.
All calls given prompt attention day or night. Office in Drugstore of W. J. Torrence & Co. 9-17

R. W. SANDIFER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
DALLAS, N. C.
Practices in the courts of Gaston and adjoining counties. Also in the Supreme and Federal courts of North Carolina. Jan-5-6

Something New!
Come once and see all and see the great Smith's

Dixie Cotton Elevator
Working at S. B. Hanna & Sons' Gin. We claim, 1st, That the elevator separates from your wagon from 100 to 1500 pounds of cotton in 15 minutes; 2d, That it will loosen up all dirt, sand or hard pods that may be in your cotton; 3d, That we will gin faster than any other gin, and 4th, That by the use of our Elevator we can make a better sample than any in the country. Book orders for one trial. Satisfaction guaranteed.
S. B. HANNA & SONS.

Dental Surgery!
J. A. & E. F. GLENN,
SURGEON DENTISTS.
Office: next door to the post-office.

MONEY
to be made. Out this and return and get your money back. We will send you free, something of great value and importance to you, that will start you in business with no money, and you can make right away than anything else in this world. Any one who sends us a card for our money, either sex, all ages. Something new that just comes money for all workers. We will start you without any money. This is the genuine, important chance of a lifetime. Do not miss it. Send us a card for our money, not duty. Grand outfit free. Address: TIGER & CO., Augusta, Maine.

The Georgia School of Language, Science and Art.
One of the best Business and Normal Schools South, and one of the best in the world. Department, offers a select, unsectarian, christian school, to young men and young ladies, providing tuition and board, in Washington, Fla., for \$12 per month. Penmanship, Book-keeping, Short-hand, Typewriting and Music thoroughly taught. Entrance Normal College for one year. Part-time course of study. Superior Preparatory Department. Healthfulness unsurpassed. Over 30 students past year. WITH YEAR begins to Sept. Early application is necessary to secure a place. For catalogue address A. D. COLE, Teacher, St. Thomas, Fla., or New York, Ga.

For Sale.
The store-house and lot on north side of Air-Line Railroad, belonging to John M. Hanna. The lot corners on Marston, Alston and Long Streets, and is a desirable place for a private residence. For further particulars, call on or address JOHN M. HANNA, Gastonia, N. C.

WORKING CLASSES
Attention! We are now prepared to furnish all classes with employment at home, the whole of the time, or for short periods. Business of either sex easily earned from 50 cents to \$5.00 per evening. Proposals sent by devoting all their spare time to the business. Boys and girls earn nearly as much as men. That all who send this card may send their names to the business. We make this offer. To such as are not well known to the Editor, we will send a card of writing. Full particulars and outfit free. Address: GEORGE S. BROWN & CO., Portland, Maine.

YOU
can live at home and make more money at work for us, than at anything else in this world. Capital not needed; you are started free. Both sexes, all ages. Any one can do the work. Large earnings. No time lost from first start. Goodly cash and terms free. Better not delay. Costs nothing to send you your address and find out if you are who you will do so. Write to Miss H. HALL & CO., Portland, Maine.

LORD & THOMAS, NEWSPIAPER
10 Randolph St., Chicago, keep this reminder. We are authorized to make contracts with ADVERTISERS.