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Piedmont Section

T. G. COBB, Publisher.

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MORGANTON, N. C., APRIL 5, 1906.

No 51.

Bring Your  
**JOB PRINTING**  
—TO—  
The News-Herald Office.  
FIRST-CLASS WORK AT  
LOWEST PRICES.

**THE ORIGINAL  
LAXATIVE COUGH SYRUP**  
Cures all Coughs and  
assists in expelling  
Colds from the  
system by  
gently moving  
the bowels.  
A certain cure  
for croup and  
whooping-cough.  
(Trade Mark Registered.)

**KENNEDY'S LAXATIVE  
HONEY AND TAR**  
PREPARED AT THE LABORATORY OF  
E. C. DUNN & CO., CHICAGO, U. S. A.  
Sold by  
**ALLISON'S PHARMACY.**  
Ask for the 1906 Kodak Almanac  
and 200 Year Calendar.

**INSURANCE**  
We write Fire Insurance policies  
on all kinds of property  
in the largest home and for-  
eign companies.  
Every loss sustained on property  
insured in this agency, established  
since 1840, has been promptly  
paid and no delay settled.  
We are agents for the  
North Carolina Home,  
Aetna of Hartford,  
Hamburg Bremen,  
Hartford, of Hartford, Con.  
Insurance Company of North  
America,  
Shawmut of New York,  
Home of New York and  
German American.  
Policies placed on our books are  
promptly renewed before expira-  
tion.  
We write risks from \$100 to  
\$50,000 on property in town or  
country, at lowest rates.  
**AVERY & EBVIN, AG'S.**  
Pratt-Bledsoe Building.

**Dr. A. M. Dula,  
DENTIST.**  
In future I will be in my office, over  
Tall's drugstore, every day in the  
week, beginning at 10 o'clock, and  
ending at 8 o'clock, hours 8:30 to 4.

**MORGANTON  
TRANSFER  
CO.**  
General Draying and Hauling.  
Freight and Baggage Care-  
fully Handled Promptly  
Delivered.  
When in need of our services  
phone 117.  
Office over First National Bank.

**M. SILVER, Manager.**  
**WOOD AND COAL**  
We have on hand  
at all times the very  
best grade of Lump  
Coal, for grates and  
stoves, and all kinds  
of Wood.  
Prompt Delivery. Phone 121.  
**W. M. KIBLER & SON.**

**Jeter & Holliday,  
Dentists.**  
Office over Military Store.  
Prepared to do all kinds of dental  
work. In the near future will make  
visits to the following places: State  
Hospital, Glen Alpine, Drexel, Con-  
nelly Springs and Rutherford College.

**Bargains.**  
50 second-hand sewing Ma-  
chines.  
Quick sales.  
Going!  
**RUSSEL COLEMAN.**

**GRIP-QUICKLY KNOCKED  
OUT.**  
"Some weeks ago during the  
severe winter weather both my  
wife and myself contracted  
severe colds which speedily de-  
veloped into the worst kind of  
la grippe with all its miserable  
symptoms," says Mr. J. S.  
Eggleston of Maple Landing,  
Iowa. "Knees and joints ach-  
ing, muscles sore, head stopped  
up, eyes and nose running,  
with alternate spells of chills  
and fever. We began using  
Chamberlain's Cough Remedy,  
aiding the same with a double  
dose of Chamberlain's Stomach  
and Liver Tablets, and by its  
liberal use soon completely  
knocked out the grip." Sold  
by W. A. Leslie.

**Use Melrose Flour.**  
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and nutritious. Include a  
bag of this flour in your next  
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**Subscribe for THE NEWS-  
HERALD.**

## TALES OF CONFEDERATES.

**Anecdotes of the Southern Soldiers of  
the Civil War Resurrected from Old  
Publications.**  
Lexington Dispatch.  
Mr. W. B. Hamner, of this  
place has quite a valuable file of  
the magazines, "The Land We  
Love" and "Our Living and Our  
Dead," publications of the years  
succeeding the war, devoted to  
the Confederate Veterans, discus-  
sions of the war, etc. He has  
kindly loaned a number of them  
to us and from them we have  
taken a few jokes and anecdotes  
which may prove entertaining to  
the old soldiers, especially.

At the battle of Chicamauga a  
body of troops, in making an ad-  
vance toward the enemy, found it  
necessary to change front. As  
the left of the brigade swung  
around and through a yard in  
which shell were bursting plenti-  
fully, an old negro ran out of  
one of the houses frightened al-  
most to death, and raising both  
hands he cried out, "De blessed  
Lawd, he white folks, why doan  
you stop shootin' an' argyfy wif  
one anoder!"

One afternoon of the battle of  
Chancellorsville, General Mc-  
Laws' division was sent to hold  
Sedgewick in check. He met the  
enemy at Salem Church and in  
the disposition of troops, the 9th  
Alabama was placed in reserve  
of the 10th. The enemy charged  
in three lines and in the face of  
a heavy volley from the 10th,  
pushed that regiment back a few  
paces. Whereupon the 9th rose  
and fired a destructive volley.  
The bluecoats then fled, and  
were pursued a short way.  
Among the prisoners brought  
back was a wretched fellow, who,  
when they reached a point where  
the dead lay thick, crouched and  
said, "You rebs are sharper than  
you used to be—you used to  
shoot us anywhere; but now you  
shoot us in the head so as not to  
blow our clothes," alluding to  
the practice of the Confederates  
of taking Yankee uniforms to  
cover their own nakedness.

A German named Seidel was  
cook for a Confederate general  
during the war. He took the  
field with the first troops and re-  
mained until the closing scenes  
around Appomattox courthouse,  
where he was not paroled with  
other distinguished personages,  
for the simple reason that he  
escaped before the cordon was  
drawn too tight. He was a  
pastry cook by profession, but  
for four long years had little ex-  
cuse for exercising his knowledge  
in that direction, save occasion-  
ally when some yankee sutlers  
wagon fell into his hands. He  
did not an idle life, however, and  
his skill was taxed often to the  
utmost to prepare a meal for  
his general. At Sharpsburg his  
difficulties in producing a meal  
from the scantiest materials  
reached a climax. He had noth-  
ing but some green corn and  
slices taken from a cow killed by  
Federal artillerymen as she  
grazed in the pasture. With this  
he intended to get up a dinner  
for his chief and went into his  
kitchen where he had an excellent  
cooking stove. He put the corn  
and beef in his pot together and  
proceeded to boil them. Later  
he did other things which are  
best recounted in his own words.  
"I put te peef mit der corn into  
der pot and I see one pig walsey  
rooster. I pull him head off and  
puts her into der pot mit der

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Quick sales.  
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**RUSSELL COLEMAN.**

corn and der peef altogedder. Te  
tann yankee shell come long and  
knock out der shibley to der  
stove; py tann dey shoots too  
high alretty yee. Turder shell  
come troo der cook house; py  
tann, dey shoots plendy low  
now time. Turder shell he hits  
der stove; py tann, turkey-roos-  
ter der corn and der pe f, hit all  
go. Py tann, I go too."

There lived in the summer of  
1862, on the Mechanicsville Turn-  
pike, near Richmond, a gener-  
ous, hospitable, whose-souled  
Virginia gentleman, who, how-  
ever, was very passionate, excita-  
ble, and who, when flurried, was  
apt to mix up the reverential and  
the profane, the sublime and the  
ridiculous, in a very absurd and  
laughable way. He had given  
everything he could spare to the  
Confederate government, but had  
reserved a ten acre lot of corn  
for his own use and this he  
guarded with unceasing vigilance.  
One day while on watch  
he discovered a group of horse-  
men approaching. Instead of  
going around his ten-acre lot,  
they took the most direct route  
through. His wrath was instant-  
ly aroused and supposing they  
were of that class of individuals  
whom a well-known French offi-  
cer in a Southern command used  
to call "te damn caveeerie," he  
rushed out in great rage.  
"How dare you go vrough my  
field," he shouted. "Damn  
you, I will report you to Presi-  
dent Davis."  
"We are on urgent business  
and took the shortest cut," mildly  
replied the leading horseman,  
in an old faded suit of gray.  
"Do you command this com-  
pany," he was asked by the citi-  
zen.  
"Yes sir," was the reply.  
"I'll teach you not to ride  
through my field, damn you,  
what's your name?"  
"My name is Jackson," said  
the horseman.  
"What Jackson?" he was asked.  
"T. J. Jackson," he replied.  
"What is your rank?"  
"I am a major general in the  
provisional army," said the  
horseman, modestly.  
The citizen, raising his hat po-  
litely, his anger fast cooling, said  
"Bless my soul, you are not  
Stonewall Jackson, are you?"  
"I am sometimes called by that  
name," was the rejoinder.  
Pushing eagerly up to him and  
grasping his hand, the now thor-  
oughly pacified citizen shouted,  
"General Jackson, God bless  
you! I am so glad to see you.  
Go back and ride all over my  
field, damn you, ride all over my  
field. Get down and come into  
my house, damn you. I am so  
glad to see you. Ride all over  
my field, sir, damn you, all over  
it. Go back and ride over it.  
Bless your soul I am so glad to  
see you, damn you. Get down  
and come into my house, God  
bless you, sir."

At the beginning of the war  
when a regiment was being or-  
ganized, Judge Blank, an old  
man, a prominent and talented  
lawyer, was chosen major. His  
efforts to learn the tactics veri-  
fied the old saying that you can-  
not teach an old dog new tricks.  
He was very deaf and in re-clo-  
sing the colonel's commands on  
drill would sometimes make very  
laughable mistakes. On skir-  
mish drill once the order was  
given, "rally by platoons." The  
major standing for a moment  
with a most puzzled expression  
on his face, suddenly blurted out  
in stentorian tones, "rally by  
raccoons!" He never tried skir-  
mish drill again.

At the battle of Murfreesboro  
the major of a certain regiment  
made a very fine and flowery  
speech to his men, and as they  
had seen service at Shiloh and  
Perryville, he dubbed them  
"Heroes of Shiloh and Perry-  
ville." He used the hackneyed  
expression, "strike till the last  
armed foe expires" and other  
poetic quotations, and told the  
said heroes to die rather than re-  
treat. In the course of the fight  
the regiment was compelled to  
retreat. The colonel of the regiment  
had been sick until he was  
worn to a skeleton, and when  
the retreat commenced, he came

**CHEATED DEATH.**  
Kidney trouble often ends  
fatally, but by choosing the  
right medicine, E. H. Wolfe,  
of Bear Grove, Iowa, cheated  
death. He says: "Two years  
ago I had Kidney Trouble,  
which caused me great pain,  
suffering and anxiety, but I  
took Electric Bitters, which  
effected a complete cure. I  
have also found them of great  
benefit in general debility and  
nerve trouble, and keep them  
constantly on hand, since, as I  
find they have no equal." W.  
A. Leslie and Jno. Tull, drug-  
gists, guarantee them at 50c.

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Richest in gluten, light, sweet  
and nutritious. Include a  
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**RUSSELL COLEMAN.**

in from the rear, mad as a hor-  
net. When the major made his  
speech, he had nothing to say  
but the retreat roused his ire,  
and he raised himself in his stir-  
rups, singing out in a weak,  
shrill voice, "Heroes of Shiloh  
and Perryville, stop running, or  
I'll blow your brains out in a  
bout two minutes."

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retreat. The colonel of the regiment  
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worn to a skeleton, and when  
the retreat commenced, he came

**LAST HOPE VAISHED.**  
When leading physicians  
said that W. M. Smithart, of  
Pekin, Ia., had incurable con-  
sumption, his last hope van-  
ished; but Dr. King's New Dis-  
covery for Consumption,  
Coughs and Colds kept him  
out of his grave. He says:  
"This great specific completely  
cured me, and saved my life.  
Since then, I have used it for  
over 10 years, and consider it a  
"marvelous throat and lung  
cure." Strictly scientific cure  
for Coughs, Sore Throats or  
Colds; sure preventive of  
Pneumonia. Guaranteed, 50c  
and \$1.00 bottles at W. A. Les-  
lie and Jno. Tull's drug stores.  
Trial bottle free.

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and nutritious. Include a  
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**Bargains.**  
50 second-hand Sewing Ma-  
chines.  
Quick sales.  
Going!  
**RUSSELL COLEMAN.**

## The Better Way

The tissues of the throat are  
inflamed and irritated; you  
cough, and there is more irrita-  
tion—more coughing. You take  
a cough mixture and it eases the  
irritation—for a while. You take

## SCOTT'S EMULSION

and it cures the cold. That's  
what is necessary. It soothes the  
throat because it reduces the  
irritation; cures the cold because  
it drives out the inflammation;  
builds up the weakened tissues  
because it nourishes them back  
to their natural strength. That's  
how Scott's Emulsion deals with  
a sore throat, a cough, a cold,  
or bronchitis.

WE'LL SEND YOU  
A SAMPLE FREE.  
**SCOTT & BOWNE, 409 First Street  
New York**

## QUEER COINCIDENCES.

**Andrew Lang Tells About a Clock and  
a Letter.**  
Here is a real curious coincidence,  
reported to me by a trustworthy  
friend. My friend paid a visit, with  
a companion, also known to me, to  
a lady. On the chimney-piece of the  
drawing room was a black marble  
clock, not going, and near it a small  
round clock in working order. Sud-  
denly a child of the lady of the  
house, standing on the hearth rug,  
said, "Mother, the big clock" (the  
black marble clock) "is ticking."  
"Impossible!" said his mother. "It  
has not ticked for many a month.  
I broke the pendulum myself." Ev-  
ery one present then examined the  
marble clock, which was ticking away  
steadily, and the coincidence was  
that it had taken up the time  
correctly and was in accord with the  
small clock beside it. No one had  
touched the black marble clock.

Of this coincidence, I can only offer  
the explanation which must al-  
ready have occurred to every reader.  
Somebody in the house must have  
got the clock mender to mend the  
marble clock without informing the  
lady of the house. The clock must  
have been set to the right time, and  
neither the lady nor her visitors  
happened to notice its ticking till it  
was observed by the child on the  
hearth rug. If this view be dis-  
proved, then there was a genuine  
miracle—a clock going, or ticking at  
all events, with a broken pendulum.  
Such is the weakness of human tes-  
timony that my friend does not tell  
me whether the big clock's hands  
were moving or whether it only  
ticked.

I know nothing analogous to a  
clock that ticked without going ex-  
cept a queer story of a letter, which  
is vouched for by the signatures of  
the persons who wrote the narrative  
and who stuck to it when cross  
examined orally. They were a brother  
and sister, living together. One  
evening a letter came to their house  
directed to their care, but address-  
ed to a third person, who did not  
live with them. The sister placed  
the letter on the chimney-piece,  
meaning to put on the proper ad-  
dress. Presently the letter began  
to tick like a watch and kept on  
ticking. The brother came in and  
heard the ticking. They examined  
the letter, could find no explana-  
tion and next morning carried the  
strange epistle to the person for  
whom it was meant. The letter  
proved to be extremely important,  
though the envelope was not marked  
"Immediate," like envelopes con-  
taining advertisements. Apparent-  
ly the letter, like all matter, accord-  
ing to Haeckel, was not destitute of  
consciousness and knew that it was  
in a hurry. Of course, the black  
marble clock man on these principles  
had not only consciousness, but  
conscience, and said to itself: "Let  
me fulfill the purpose of my being,  
but tick I can and will." None the  
less the normal explanation seems  
the better.—Andrew Lang in illus-  
trated London News.

**One Way Round.**  
An old man who sells produce in  
the towns near Lowell, Mass., has  
his share of the best kind of wit—  
the unexpected. Not long ago, ac-  
cording to a writer in the Lowell  
Citizen, he delivered a pair of dressed  
chickens to one of his custom-  
ers. She was in the kitchen when  
he brought them in and, womanlike,  
shivered a little when she saw the  
headless fowls.  
"I should think you'd simply hate  
to cut off the heads of those inno-  
cent chickens!" she exclaimed in-  
voluntarily.  
"I do," replied the old man, "and  
so I never do it. I manage to get  
around it."  
"How?" the housewife demanded,  
with eager interest. "The heads of  
these chickens are gone."  
"Oh, yes," said the old man cheer-  
fully, "I chopped the chickens off."

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## FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

Breaking the Magic Circle a Good Prac-  
tical Joke For a Party.

Tell your audience that it is in  
your power to place any person  
present in the middle of the room  
and draw a circle around him, out  
of which, although his legs and arms  
are free, it will be impossible for  
him to escape without taking his  
coat off.

"I shall use absolutely no force to  
detain you," you must say, "and I  
shall not bind you in any way, but  
all the same, you will not be able  
to get out of the ring, struggle as  
you will, without partially undress-  
ing."  
Your audience will be considera-  
bly puzzled, and some one is sure to  
offer to be put in the magic ring.  
Place the person in the middle of  
the room, blindfold him, button up  
his coat, and then take a piece of  
white chalk and draw a line right  
around his waist—outside his coat.

When the handkerchief has been  
taken off his eyes he will see that it  
is impossible for him to get out of  
the "ring" without taking off his  
coat, and the audience will laugh  
heartily at the joke.

**The Cunning Spider.**  
The spider, which in cunning is  
the fox of the insect kingdom, has a  
genius for escaping from its en-  
closures. The harelike trick of dou-  
bling on its track is an old one, but  
a big black and yellow species named  
the Nephila plumpis that belongs to  
the Frank family that hangs its web  
in plain sight has a brilliant plan  
not so well known. Does a bird ap-  
pear? Nephila plumpis does nothing  
so undignified as to run. She  
simply vanishes, stands right where  
she was, but disappears. She shakes  
her webs so violently that instead  
of a web the bewildered bird sees  
only a silvery, tremulous haze that  
shakes so constantly that the pur-  
suer goes home to his nest to nurse  
a headache.

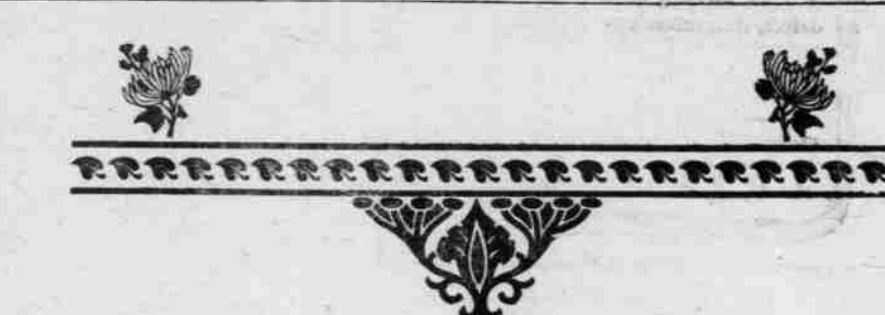
**A Buzzard and a Bat.**  
Put a buzzard in a pen about six  
feet square and open at the top, and  
it is as much a prisoner as if it were  
shut up in a box. This is because  
buzzards always begin their flight  
by taking a short run, and they can-  
not or will not attempt to fly unless  
they can do so. Nor can a bat rise  
from a level surface. It is remark-  
ably nimble in its flight when once  
it is on the wing and can fly for  
hours at a time without rest, but if  
placed on the floor or on flat ground  
it cannot possibly use its wings.  
The only thing it can do is to shuf-  
fle helplessly along until it reaches  
some trifling elevation from which  
it can throw itself into the air, when  
it goes off like a flash.

**Conundrums.**  
What coat is finished without but-  
tons and put on wet? A coat of  
paint.  
What is that that has neither flesh  
nor blood, yet has four fingers and  
a thumb? A glove.  
What is that no one wishes to  
have and yet when he has it does  
not wish to lose it? A bald head.  
Where was Adam going when he  
was in his thirty-ninth year? Into  
his fortieth.

**Hidden Planets.**  
1. How can you mar so beautiful  
a picture?  
2. Uncle Ruthven uses his horse  
daily.  
3. Theresa, turn my music for me,  
please.  
4. You ran us down like every-  
thing.  
Answers: 1. Mars. 2. Venus. 3.  
Saturn. 4. Uranus. Find them.

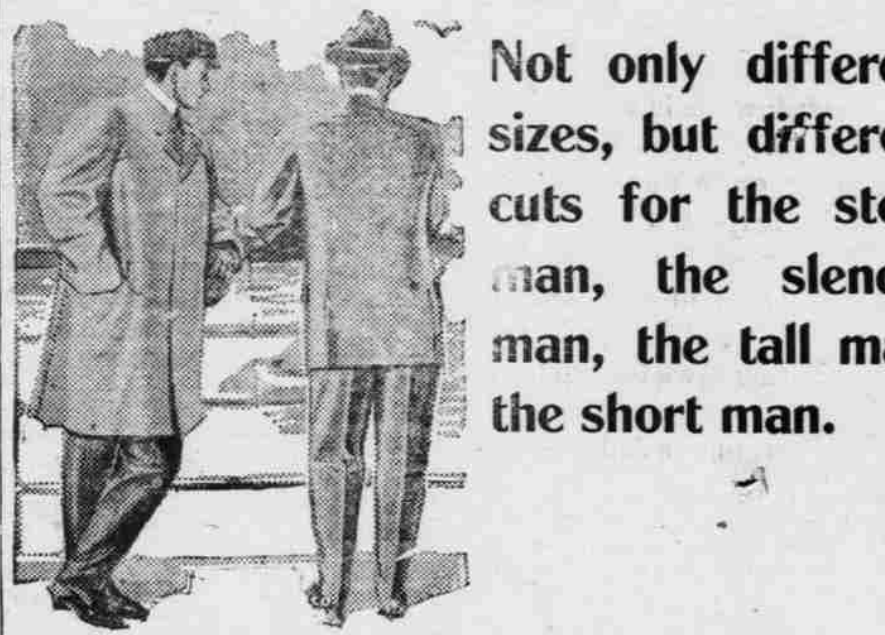
You feel the life giving cur-  
rent the minute you take it. A  
gentle soothing warmth, fills  
the nerves and blood with life.  
It's a real pleasure to take  
Hollister's Rocky Mountain  
Tea. 5 cents, Tea or Tablets.  
W. A. Leslie.

**Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic**  
has stood the test 25 years. Average Annual Sales over One and a Half Million  
bottles. Does this record of merit appeal to you? No Cure, No Pay. 50c.  
Enclosed with every bottle is a Ten Cent package of Grove's Black Root, Liver Pills.



## A WOMAN IN THE CASE.

**A Woman Was at the Bottom of It.**  
She said to her husband: "Why don't you go  
to B. F. Davis, the clothier, and see what  
kind of Spring Clothes he has, anyway, in-  
stead of paying such high prices to have  
them made."  
The man came doubting at every step.  
Said he didn't think we could fit him, but just  
wanted to look to please his wife. He tried  
on a coat and was easily convinced himself  
that his wife was right.



## Not only different sizes, but different cuts for the stout man, the slender man, the tall man, the short man.

**B. F. DAVIS**  
Clothing, Men's Furnishings and Hats.

## FINE LINE FURNISHINGS AND HATS.

**'BOGER, ROSEBROUGH & CO**

## Majestic Flour.

**NONE SO GOOD.**  
Our Car Load for  
this week just ar-  
rived.

**BOGER,  
ROSEBROUGH,  
& COMPANY.**

**Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic**  
has stood the test 25 years. Average Annual Sales over One and a Half Million  
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