

# The Lenoir Topic

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STATESVILLE, NEW YORK.

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General Merchandise

—AND—

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**CLINTON A. CILLEY, Attorney-at-Law, Lenoir, N. C. Practice in All The Courts.**

## FOUND AFTER TEN YEARS.

### A Millionaire's Son Discovered as a New York Policeman.

Howard in Sund, Y World.

Here is another old story. True as gospel, too.  
On a recent trip to the West I met one of the great manufacturers to whom agriculture is indebted for a happy wedding. He is short and natty, bright as a dollar and sharp as a pin. We met in the house of a friend at dinner. Toward the latter part of the evening he said, "You haven't a very good eye for faces, Mr. Howard," which was rather a stunner for I have always prided myself upon that precise faculty. "Why?" I asked. "Because," he replied, "although it is fifteen years since we met, our business was of such importance and so peculiar that upon an ordinary mind, it seems to me, the impression would be everlasting." Without rejoicing that possibly it was of more interest to him than it was to myself, I acquiesced, with the simple remark that I hadn't the faintest recollection of him, whereupon he said, "And you don't remember Ben Appleton?"

The film fell from my eyes and a romance unrolled so full of extraordinary incidents that I resolved then and there to tell it, changing names a trifle for obvious reasons.

Forty years ago John Appleton and his wife lived in Milwaukee, Wis., their family consisting of one son, then ten years of age. Mr. Appleton was an inventor, and like a majority of that class, poor, struggling, yearning always. Eleven years prior to that time he, the son of a wealthy mill owner in England, had offended his father by marrying one of the factory girls, a bright, beautiful, ruddy-faced lass, and stung by continuous reproach turned his back upon the old homestead, and with his bride sought a chance in a newer and more liberal country. Their little boy was born shortly after they reached Milwaukee, bringing a ray of sunshine into an already happy home, over which, however, there was always a shadow such as attends broken relations with those we love. They were ten hard struggling years, but Appleton was a man of self-reliance, of independence, and his wife was cheery, although somewhat worn by what is now called malaria, but which in the then Western wilds was recognized by the more familiar term of chills and fever.

A CHANGE IN THE TIDE.  
A black-bordered letter with a not very familiar postmark—for in all those years Appleton had heard from home but twice, and then from his mother, since dead—brought the unexpected news that his father was dead, and that immediately preceding his death, he had destroyed a will disinheriting him, and had made another leaving to him his immense estate. The following day a letter, delayed on its passage, came from the family solicitor, enclosing a draft for a thousand pounds, and requesting that, if at all possible Mr. Appleton would at once close up his American affairs and return to the land of his birth, the scenes of his childhood and the immense property awaiting his control.

They packed up and started by the tedious conveyance for New York, and were among the earliest guests in the now far-famed hotel, the Astor House, then kept by Senator Coleman, possibly aided by Stetson, who didn't come until a year or so later—the best known hotel man for a third of a century in this country, Mr. Charles A. Stetson.

Mrs. Appleton was prostrated by the fatigue of the journey and really unnerfed, as day after day she thought of the change in their circumstances and looked forward with the anticipations born of girlish recollection, of what she was to see and whom she was to meet and how strange and odd it would be. Appleton himself, a thoughtful tactician, quiet-mannered man, walked the room, and his wife, soothed perhaps by the monotony of his pacing, fell into a deep and restful slumber. But little Ben, looking from the window on Broadway, his eye attracted by the gaudy signs and the fluttering flags and the bewildering banners that made Barnum's Museum, then standing where the *Herald* Building stands today, a marvel in his youthful eyes; looking out on Broadway up and down whose cobble pavements rattled the old-style omnibus; looking out on Broadway saw the end of the park where now the postoffice stands, with its beautiful trees, its iron fence, with its huge iron posts, its tempting grass and its sparkling fountains, and begged his papa to take him for a walk. Pulling down the shades, and darkening the room without disturbing his wife, Appleton took the little fellow by the hand and walked down the long flights of steps (there were no elevators then) past Room 11, in which Thurlow Weed, William H. Seward, Henry Clay, Daniel Webster, John C. Calhoun, General Winfield Scott, Tom Corwin, of Ohio, were wont to meet and talk,

each with his own friends and colleagues, until they reached the stone steps, past which the tide then ebbed and flowed as the tides do today, though in smaller volumes. Yielding to his son's request, Appleton took his little boy to the museum, where they spent the ensuing hour.

THE CITY HALL PARK 40 YEARS AGO.  
Then crossing Ann street they walked over towards the Park. The place was new to the father as well as to the boy, and the former did his share of looking. The present generation can know little about it, for there are very few pictures in existence of the Park as it then was. It was a beautiful spot. The wide sidewalk in front of the postoffice Building, as well as all the space from the curb back to the City Hall, was unbroken save by fountains and trees. It was a continuous green sward, nicely kept, and a delightful place for sauntering or for resting, marked only, as one approached it from the south, by a huge culvert where now the drinking fountain stands, opening, perhaps ten feet long by two feet wide, an unsightly picture; but otherwise everything was beautiful, though not perhaps so useful as in its present condition. A gust of wind—it was in October, when everything was in its prime—blew little Ben's hat off and the father ran after it. He quickly caught it and, returning, laughed as he patted it.  
But where was the boy?  
Where was Ben?  
At first Appleton thought the little chap, who was full of fun and tricks, had hid behind one of the trees near the end of the Park. But no—he wasn't there. He called him. No response. A crowd gathered, attracting the attention of one of the old-time police, who, penetrating, asked the cause of the gathering. Appleton explained that he was there but a moment before with his boy, chased a hat, returned and the boy was gone.  
Everybody felt sorry, but what could be done?  
Heavy-hearted Appleton returned to the hotel and found his wife in the room looking from the window upon the street. "Where is Benny?" she asked. Appleton sat down and big tears rolled down his face. "I don't know," he said, "I have lost him, but the policeman says he will of course be found and taken to the City Hall. I came in to tell you and I will go there at once."  
His wife begged to go with him and as it was only a few steps he consented. She hurriedly dressed for the street and together they went to the office of the Chief, then in the basement of the present City Hall, where they met Chief Matesell. The old man sat behind his desk, huge with his massive spectacles, his kindly manner, and listened while Appleton told his story. Then he consoled the weeping mother and the apprehensive father by saying that such occurrences were a daily incident in city life and that the boy would undoubtedly turn up in the hands of the police before night fall and would at once be sent to the Astor House.

The steamer was to sail the following day.  
The long hours of the afternoon passed wearily; the sun went to rest. Darkness began to mantle the town and that peculiar time of day approached when the folks at home listen for familiar footsteps. The time of day when death is felt, when absence is mourned, when he who doesn't come and can never come is missed more certainly, more absolutely than at any other time. So they listened. So they waited. The dinner-bell rang.  
No appetite.  
The steamer was to sail at 6 o'clock in the morning. What was to be done? Had it been possible to worry Matesell's patience and to exhaust his kindness Appleton would have succeeded that evening and that night. No word came. A general alarm produced no satisfactory result.

THE WOMAN REMAINS AND SUFFERS.  
It was absolutely necessary, imperative, that Appleton should return to England; and after consultation with his wife, who was nearly wild with fright, it was deemed a wiser plan for him to take the steamer and for her to remain and follow in the next with the little boy. Pretty tough on the mother! He not only had lost his boy, but felt the necessity of cheering his wife with words of comfort and consolation which he could not feel were genuine. The big ship steamed away the following morning, and on her deck, apart from the rest, away from the merry groups with waving handkerchiefs and hand kissing adieus, stood a strong man, shaking, crying, broken-hearted, while in her gloomy room, with her face buried in her hands in the pillow, lay a fragile woman shaking, crying, broken-hearted. The next steamer followed two weeks thereafter, carrying with it this shaking, crying, broken-hearted woman alone, all hope having vanished. Not a word had been heard, not a hint obtained, concerning the fate of the boy.

entered with his customary jauntiness of manner, and after a characteristically cheery salute introduced an elderly man of strongly marked features and great native energy, as "Mr. Appleton from the other side."  
"Mr. Appleton," said Mayor Hall, "is on his way to the West, where he has large interests. He brought letters to me from London friends and has told me of a remarkably interesting personal experience he had when here some years ago. I was so much in crested in it that I begged him to come over here with me and to talk to you."  
The old gentleman was visibly affected.  
He told the story substantially as I have told it, adding that his wife went into a rapid decline almost immediately upon her return, and that he had wished ten thousand times they had never left their humble home in Milwaukee; that he had longed ten thousand times for the comforting presence of his boy, of whom he always thought as a little fellow, never imagining for a moment or dreaming of him as a man. Then the old gentleman sat back in an easy chair, and it became necessary for the Mayor and myself to chat on other matters to give time for the bereaved and broken-hearted father to recover himself. You might think that by the lapse of a generation one's grief would be blunted and that "mitigated mourning" might be worn, but the circumstances attending the loss of that son were so peculiar and the man's nature had been so severely, so rudely shocked that time had in no sense softened the poignancy of his sorrow. Of course I was interested, and said, turning to Mayor Hall: "Why don't you interest Jordan?" There is no certainty that this boy died, no certainty about it one way or the other. He may have been kidnapped, he may have been held for money. He must be a grown man now. If he was ten years old then he knows about his early surroundings. He must remember his father, his mother and the fact that they were taking a trip abroad. It seems to me it was rather stupid," and then, turning to Mr. Appleton, I said, "Why didn't you advertise?"  
But the end of it was sent for Jordan, who made ample notes, and we four went to the end of the Park together, where Mr. Appleton described the scene as it occurred, after which Jordan said he would take hold of a search provided Mr. Hall would guarantee the payment of expenses incurred, which of course was instantly done, and Mr. Appleton left really cheered by what must seem to the ordinary reader as a very weak peg on which to hang the garment of expectation.  
But contemporaneous sympathy was, after all, the positive, and that he had.

THE SEARCH BEGUN.  
Attached to the headquarters at that time was a detective, Patrick Carey. As a boy he had played around Mulberry street. He knew everybody thereabouts. Harry Hill was fond of him. Superintendent Kelso regarded him with extreme favor. Matesell in his latest days spoke of him as the most promising man on the force, and he had been repeatedly spoken of as a man for whom promotion was not far distant, and his elevation a certainty in time. He was sent for and, in the presence of Mayor Hall, Jordan gave him the case, hopeless but possible of successful outworking. The Mayor said to him: "You may offer a reward of \$5,000, Mr. Carey, to be paid by the Mayor of the city for the production of any man who can prove that he is the lost son of Mr. Appleton. There were certain physical marks upon the boy which will render its production impossible, so we need fear no tricks. It will be a feather in your cap if you succeed and nothing to your discredit if you fail."  
I knew Carey very well and was delighted to see that he entered up on his duty with enthusiasm. He inserted advertisements in two New York papers and in several of the leading Western journals.  
Thirty days had passed when the following note came:  
MAYOR'S OFFICE, Sept. 15, 1871.  
MY DEAR HOWARD: It is the unexpected again. I have a story to tell which would make our hair, if you had any, assert itself vigorously. Come over at lunch time and bring your ears and understanding with you. As ever,  
OAKLEY.  
Mayor Hall was a practical joker and very fond of surprises of all sorts, still there was an atmosphere of substantiality about this particular airy fabric, and I went at 1.30, with my curiosity sharpened as well as my appetite. In the back office I found the Mayor, with him Mr. Appleton, who had returned from Milwaukee; Mr. Jordan and Detective Carey.  
"Mr. Appleton," said Mayor Hall, "What did you tell me were the peculiar physical marks upon your son's body? Howard, won't you take a piece of paper and write?"  
THE EXAMINATION.  
The old gentleman rested himself on his cane for a moment, then said, with great deliberation: "On the outer edge of the right ear was what

appeared to be a cut, in the shape of a V, very clear and distinct, precisely like a cut in the ear of my father." I wrote: "Cut in the right right ear, V-shaped." "On the forefinger of his left hand, between the upper and second joint, was a scar, the result of a deep cut by a sickle." I wrote: "Sickle cut forefinger of left hand." "And he had but four toes on his left foot." I wish you could have seen Carey's face.  
It was a picture. He was a short, bright quickeyed, nervous, restless fellow, with a small mustache, beautiful teeth and a face indicative of energy and determination and immense will power.  
The Mayor tapped a bell. His messenger entered.  
"John," said he, "won't you take Officer Carey into my private room and bring his father, whom you will find there, here?"  
The detective retired.  
FATHER CAREY COMES IN.  
The door opened and Mr. Carey, senior, came in—a laboring man, with furrowed cheeks and warped hands, with a line of beard from ear to ear under his chin his face otherwise clean shaven, apparently hard working, kindly natured, ignorant person. "Walk in Mr. Carey," said the Mayor. "Gentlemen, this is Mr. Carey, the father of the officer who has just retired. Take a seat, Mr. Carey. Where were you born?"

"In Limerick, sir."  
"What are you doing?"  
"Nothing at all, sir. The boy supports me and has for ten years past—me and the old woman."  
"Where do you live?"  
"In Houston street, sir, near Bleeker."  
"Is Patrick Carey your son?"  
"Is this a court, your Honor?"  
"A court of inquiry," replied the Mayor.  
"Yes."  
"No, sir, he isn't my son."  
"What were you doing in the fall of 1855?"  
"I was working in the sewers your Honor."  
"Well, now are you very fond of this boy?"  
"Indeed, indeed, you are right, your Honor."  
"You will be glad to have a great fortune come to you?"  
A light dawned upon us, but it seemed a light of absurdity.

Was this one of Oakey Hall's fantastic jokes?  
If so it was misplaced, misjudged, mistimed.  
But no, Oakey was too kind-hearted, too thoughtful, too manly, too womanly a nature to joke at such a time and on such a subject. What then could it mean? "Mr. Carey, I want you to tell these gentlemen the truth about Patrick. I want you to tell them precisely what Father Loughlin was told by your wife and what on her death bed she asked him to use if ever it became necessary in the interest of this boy."  
Well, if the roof of the City Hall had blown away and its foundations had opened with a yawning gulf before us greater amazement, greater astonishment couldn't have seized us than this preface caused.

HOW'S THIS FOR A FACT?  
"Well, sir," said the old man, while every eye in the room riveted upon him, and Mr. Appleton, senior acted like a man in a trance. "Sure I was in the manhole at the end of the park looking at the lining when there came a sound frightened me, and moving slowly along, bending in the sewer, I groped my way with a bit of candle and I found, crying as if his heart would break and frightened, a boy—a little boy whose face looked so much like my dead boy that I grasped him, shrinking, too, as if he was a ghost. I hushed his tears and tried to cleanse him, but the place was dirty and the wicked thought came over me and yet not all wicked, I will keep him. We will have him for our boy. He cried and he begged, but I was deaf to him and I waited a long past the time before I dared go up, and when the darkness came I hurried along Chatham street and up the Bowers and home, and I took him to the old woman and I said, 'Here's another Paty.' She took to him at once. We washed him and we dressed him in our little boy's clothes, and we kept him in the house and then we moved far up to Harlem Flats till six months had gone, and then instead of going to our old home on eleven Avenue we went over on the east side of Houston street, where we knew no one, and we sent the boy to the public school, and he grew and grew around us, and every body liked him, and he swung the incense and he grew as we thought and hoped that he would be a priest. He was always so quick and so bright. But savin' your presence, that great man Matesell took a fancy to him and he was always a round with the police and gradually he got in with them until he became one of them, and that's the whole story. Now, what is it? Sure all these years, I have been kind to the boy. He not only had my son's name, but my son's place in our hearts and home. If god's to come of this the Virgin be praised. If harm, I can never hold up my head again."  
Well, I wish you could see old man Appleton. His jaws dropped and his eyes became lack lustre.

We thought he was a going to die then and there. But joy rarely kills.  
COINCIDENCES ALWAYS ON HAND.  
Another call. "Tell Officer Carey to come here."  
In he came with his eyes as big as saucers. "Mr. Carey," said Oakey, "you heard the peculiar marks which Mr. Appleton says his son had?"  
"Yes, sir."  
"What did you think while he was enumerating them?"  
"Well, I thought it was very funny. I had the same thing."  
"Let me see your ear." The V was there.  
"Let me see your finger." The sickle mark was there.  
"Take off your shoe and stocking."  
The little toe was not there. (Tablet.)  
THE END, AND ALL AS TRUE AS GOSPEL.  
Five thousand dollars having been given to old man Carey, Mr. Appleton, sr., and Benjamin Appleton, his son, went west. A vast property interest, including the nucleus of what is now one of the largest manufacturing establishments in the West, was turned over to Benjamin, who, after a stay there of a few weeks, went to England with his father, lived there five years, making occasional trips to this country—always calling upon Mr. Hall and myself, and poor Jordan until he died, and then, at the death of his father, inheriting the enormous property he owned in England he determined to settle permanently in this country, making his "trips" to the other side for temporary tarrying and devoting himself with his spirit, enterprise and zealous desire to be a man among men in this country which was his home as it was his birth place.  
He is married and has a family of two boys and three girls, but so disguised by his beard and mustache and somewhat stoutened in figure that I am not surprised to find I did not recognize him. No more hospitable home can be found than that presided over by Mr. Appleton. No more comfortable existence was passed than that of old man Carey, until he died happy in consolation and presence of his sympathetic "son," and when a few days ago while sitting in McVickoe's magnificent theatre in Chicago an usher brought me a card on which was engraved Benjamin Appleton, and written "please come to our box," I went to the other side of the house and was presented to Mrs. Appleton and saw the reciprocity of feeling between her and her handsome husband, and chased a thousand thoughts quickly one after another through my mind, born of the romance and melodrama of Appleton's career. I thought—I say—"all of this would have been lost had Oakey Hall been a gradgrind, had he been devoid of sympathy, had he not been steered in this as in ten thousand other cases less conspicuous, by kindly feeling and by generous impulse."  
Queer story, isn't it?  
But true as gospel.

**A Goodly Land.**  
To the Editor of *The Lenoir Topic*:  
I never go to Ashe and Watauga without being reminded of some of the Bible descriptions of the promised land, "A good land, a land of brooks of water, of fountains and depths that spring out of valleys and hills; a land of wheat, and barley, and vines and fig trees, and pomegranates, a land of oil olive, and honey; a land wherein thou shalt eat bread without scarceness; thou shalt not lack anything in it; a land whose stones are iron, and out of whose hills thou mayest dig brass." Now if we substitute rye for barley, and other fruits for some of these that are semi-tropical, and remember that by brass is meant what we call copper, the description will be almost perfect; and we may add as literally true that it is a "land flowing with milk and honey." There is nothing that attracts more attention from me than the abundant springs of water, so many of which have been rendered still more convenient by pumps. I have seen various arrangements and contrivances in various parts of the State for bringing water to convenient places. I have seen it brought through pump-logs and pipes from far up the side of the mountain. I have seen it drawn up from wells by hand and by steam; I have seen it thrown up by water-wheels, and by "rams." I have seen it "wade the creeks," and cross the valleys in the hand of a ten year old girl; I have seen it drawn up by all sorts of windlasses and by "the old oaken bucket" attached to a sweep; but recently for the first time I saw the water walk a footlog over Buffalo creek, at the hospitable home Mr. H. H. Ray.  
At my first entrance into Ashe I found Mr. W. F. Jones, erewhile a photographer, doing a growing business at Wagner on Roan's creek.  
Ore Knob looks desolate. Evidence of departed bustle and thrift are everywhere. The buildings are falling to ruin under the influence of the gases from the furnaces, the machinery looks rusty, the houses look desolate, the people have departed, but the Knob and its copper and its winds remain.  
Jefferson still sits quietly at the

head of Negro Mountain, its streets lined with four rows of cherry trees loaded with fruit. The Mountain hotel is still there it has long refreshed the weary traveler. Mr. J. K. Kestler, of Irredell is teaching a flourishing school in Jefferson.  
James Eller, Esq., lives at the mouth of Horse creek on the North Fork. The department has just established a postoffice there called Berlin, though there are no Germans near by this new capital of the German Empire. Mr. Eller is a prosperous farmer and merchant, and a zealous friend of education. One of his sons, Mr. A. H. Eller, was prepared for college at Moravian Falls Academy, graduated with distinction at Chapel Hill, is now studying law with Col. Folk, and hopes soon to get license. Another son was prepared for college at Moravian Falls, and a third is now following on with credit to himself and his friends, while two more are waiting their turn with patience they can command. Eller being a common name in Wilkes and Ashe, their father thought to give them distinguished names, and so statesmen, soldiers, orators, and philosophers have their name-sakes. Here are Augustus, Adolphus, Albert Sidney Johnston, Isaac and Plato.

At Creston I found David White Esq., who for 51 years has been doing business at one place, while for 47 years he and his estimable wife have united in ministering elegant hospitality to their many friends.  
Passing Sutherland's Academy where Prof. McEwin was occupying his vacation with a grammar and writing school, I inquired for Trade, but failed to find it. I made my first visit to Tennessee, traveling two miles on the upper waters of Roan's Creek, and then crossed over to Watauga. Zionville being a much younger place than Trade, I did not enquire for it, but found it without inquiry, a thriving village on the head of Cove Creek, having already more than a dozen houses.  
At Cove Creek Academy, I found Mr. Julius Martin of Wilkes, founding a prosperous school. Interesting exercises declamations, recitations, compositions and songs, were closed with four excellent original speeches. The audience were so profuse with their flowers that the visiting speaker feared there would be none left for him; but he had no reason to complain. Calling attention to the too prevalent disregard of authority he urged increased reverence for the authority of parents of teachers, of the laws of the land, and of truth.  
Boone is nestled among the hills busily making ready to entertain a large Normal School in princely style.  
On Meat' amp I found Mr. Jeremy Greene, (whose wife is quite low with fever,) enjoying a hale old age. On to eleven children raised by his father, eight are still living. The youngest 67 the oldest 92. He has been married 49 years, and has always lived at the same place. A little over 100 years ago his grandfather and three brothers came from what was then Rowan county and settled in what is now Watauga. Their descendants are scattered throughout Watauga, Caldwell, Mitchell, Cleveland, Rutherford, Buncombe, and the counties west of there, with many in Tennessee and States further west.

I found, on the trip a preacher who thought the Statesville Landmark was the paper of the Primitive Baptists, confusing it with brother Gold's paper, *Zion's Landmark*. A prohibitionist thought the mistake might have occurred from the attitude of the *Landmark* on prohibition. Will some one ask brother Caldwell if he is a Hardshell Baptist?  
G. W. G.  
Not a particle of calomel or any other deleterious substance enters into the composition of Ayer's Cathartic Pills. On the contrary, those who have used calomel and other mineral poisons, as medicine, find Ayer's Pills invaluable.

After much suffering from Liver and Stomach troubles, I have finally been cured by taking Ayer's Cathartic Pills. I always find them prompt and thorough in their action, and their occasional use keeps me in a perfectly healthy condition. — Ralph Woodman, Annapolis, Md.

Twenty-five years ago I suffered from a torpid liver, which was restored to healthy action by taking Ayer's Pills. Since that time I have never been without them. They regulate the bowels, assist digestion, and increase the appetite, more surely than any other medicine. — Paul Churchill, Haverhill, Mass.

**INVIGORATED.**  
I know of no remedy equal to Ayer's Pills for Stomach and Liver disorders. I suffered from a torpid Liver, and Dyspepsia, for eighteen months. My skin was yellow, and my tongue coated. I had no appetite, suffered from Headache, was pale and emaciated. A few boxes of Ayer's Pills, taken in moderate doses, restored me to perfect health. — Waldo Miles, Oberlin, Ohio.

Ayer's Pills are a superior family medicine. They strengthen and invigorate the digestive organs, create an appetite, and remove the habit of constipation and dependency resulting from Liver Complaint. I have used these Pills in my family, for years, and they never fail to give entire satisfaction. — Otto Montgomery, Oshkosh, Wis.

**Ayer's Pills,**  
Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicines.

after all, the positive, and that he had.

found a ready friend.

## A Sluggish Liver

Cures the Stomach and Bowels to become disordered, and the whole system to suffer from debility. In all such cases Ayer's Pills give prompt relief.

After much suffering from Liver and Stomach troubles, I have finally been cured by taking Ayer's Cathartic Pills. I always find them prompt and thorough in their action, and their occasional use keeps me in a perfectly healthy condition, more surely than any other medicine. — Ralph Woodman, Annapolis, Md.

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