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THE ROBESONIAN

ESTABLISHED 1870. Country, God and Truth. SINGLE COPIES 5 CENTS.

VOL. XXVIII. NO. 24. LUMBERTON, NORTH CAROLINA, WEDNESDAY, JULY 7, 1897. WHOLE NO. 1428.

THE ROBESONIAN JOB OFFICE
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Fast Presses and Excellent Machinery.
Everything is new and up to date, having just been received from the factories and foundries.
A large stock of all kinds of paper just received. Your patronage is solicited.

...HING SUCCEEDS LIKE SUCCESS.

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6 "	3 00	4 50	5 50	6 50	8 25	11 00	20 00
7 "	3 25	5 00	5 75	7 00	8 75	11 75	22 00
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3 "	5 00	6 50	7 50	10 00	14 00	17 50	35 00
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ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
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Practice in all the courts of the State. Prompt and painstaking attention given to all legal business. tf

T. A. MCNEILL. A. W. MCLEAN.
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Offices in Shaw Building up stairs, North Corner,
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Up stairs in New Shaw Building,
LUMBERTON, N. C.

? ?
Did You Know
that there was a difference in
QUININE?
Well, there is, and we sell only the very best at the same price others charge for the inferior article.
T. A. NORMENT, JR. & CO.

EDITORIAL BRIEFS.

—State Treasurer Worth has brought two suits against Stewart Brothers, former State printers. One suit is against them and their bondsmen, and is based upon the claim that they have not done the public printing according to contract. The other suit is against the Stewarts and is for the recovery of certain moneys which they received as State printers to which, it is claimed, they were not entitled. The cases will be tried in the Superior court of Wake county. Treasurer Worth is represented by Messrs. W. C. Douglas, J. N. Holding and W. N. Jones.

—Two more of the faithful in North Carolina have gotten releif recently. J. B. Fortune, of Shelby, has been appointed clerk of the Federal Court at Raleigh, in place of N. J. Riddick, removed, and H. S. Harkins, of Asheville has been appointed collector of internal revenue for the western district in place of S. L. Rogers, resigned. Besides these a number of changes have been made in post offices. There are plenty of hungry mouths yet unfilled, the number of pie hunters greatly exceeding the pieces of pie to be distributed. There isn't near enough of it to go round.

—That Senator Pettigrew, of South Dakota, would have poured hot shot into the protectionist robbers may be seen from the following which he uttered just before his throat became paralyzed: "I wonder whether there is an instance of any cross roads institution in Connecticut that is not thoroughly taken care of in this bill. And I suppose Pennsylvania gets $3 a ton on china clay, because the Senator from Pennsylvania (Mr. Quay) has four bushels of manuscript, and has told the committee he will bring it here unless he gets what he wants. If to be a protectionist means to vote a duty of 700 per cent. on silk, then I am a protectionist only in spots. If to be a protectionist a man must vote for a duty on sugar, purely and absolutely for the benefit of a gigantic and corrupt trust, at the dictation of a caucus, then I am a protectionist only in spots."

—Every paper in the State should publish the following, from the Charlotte Observer, and should insist that the law be strictly enforced. Our contemporary states the situation briefly and pointedly and leaves no room for elaboration. It says: In conversation last night with a distinguished lawyer, he suggested to the writer the strong probability that the shocking tragedy at Lexington Wednesday morning was the work of a tramp and referred to the great number of tramps who are infesting the State. He cited the statute which gives mayors and magistrates authority to have vagrants arrested and punished and urged that this is an excellent time for officers of the law to move in the matter. The Observer gives publicity and its most cordial endorsement to the suggestion. Our towns and cities should be cleared of these pests. Considering their number and the desperate character of many of them, it is really quite remarkable that no more crime is traced to this class than is.

—There was rather a startling occurrence in the Senate a few days ago. While the tariff bill was being considered Senator Pettigrew, Silver Republican, of South Dakota, criticised some of the outrageous features it contained. Senator Platt, Republican, of Connecticut, replied to the South Dakotian and criticised his position, charging him with being a protectionist in spots. Senator Pettigrew began a spirited reply and was speaking caustically, vehemently and rapidly, his eloquent, fiery words attracting the attentention of the entire body. He had only spoken a few a minutes and was in the middle of a sentence when he suddenly stopped and in spite of several efforts to speak he could not utter a word. The suddenness with which Senator Pettigrew was stricken caused intense excitement and several Senators went to his assistance. He was taken to his room and medical aid summoned. It was found that he was suffering from paralysis of the vocal chord. The trouble is not serious. The occurrence so startled the Senate that not much work was done the remainder of the day.

Fort Fisher's Fight

Washington, D. C., June 24.
Editors Messenger:

DEAR SIRS:—I send you something about Fort Fisher which may interest your readers. Judge Z. T. Fulmore, I understand, is a distinguished and influential citizen of Texas, and General Curtis you know well by reputation.

Yours truly,
WILLIAM LAMB.

[Extracts of a speech of General Newton M. Curtis, delivered to the Loyal Legion in New York city, in May, in regard to the capture of Fort Fisher.]

"It will not, I trust, be out of place to refer to the enemy and their defense of the fort.

"The constant fire of the navy for two days deprived, the garrison of the opportunity to rest or prepare food. While they suffered little from the naval fire until the advance of the assaulting lines brought them out of their bomb-proofs, they then came under the hottest fire men ever encountered. Colonel Lamb skillfully managed the defence, aided by the valuable services of General Whiting. They protected their men until the decisive moment, and then led them with conspicuous gallantry.

"The left of the parapet was in charge of a junior officer whose mistake, that of a moment only, was in failing to mount the parapet and contest our advance from the ditch; although in doing so he would have faced the terrific fire of the navy. The men serving the piece of artillery covering the road, west of the parapet, were so intent in serving their gun that they were seized in the act of loading it by men of the One Hundred and Seventeenth New York, who went down from the parapet after capturing the enemy retricting us between the first and second traverse.

"A prominent Texan states the circumstances of their capture—which is in accord with this statement of the transaction.

"General Bragg, in his report on the capture of the fort, says of our assaulting lines:

"'His army column, preceded by a single regiment, approached along the river and entered the work on that flank almost unopposed.' (War records, serial 95, page 434.)

"This does a great injustice to the men guarding the road. In fact, they had made it fatal to approach by the road, and not until their capture, with ammunition in their hands, was the road made a comparatively safer line of approach than over the parapet.

"The Confederate garrison of Fort Fisher might well complain of the indifference of General Bragg, who had more men in striking distance of our defensive line than composed the expeditionary forces. He had six thousand men in close proximity to our north line, and expended a large amount of ammunition without injuring a single Union soldier. Of the 2,500 men in the fort, more than one-fifth fell under the shells of the navy or the shots of the army, while stubbornly contesting every advance until dark."

The following letter commenting on the above extract is from the pen of Judge Z. T. Fulmore, a distinguished and influential citizen of the Lone Star State, who is a native of North Carolina:

Austin, Texas, May 24.
Colonel William Lamb, Norfolk, Va.:

MY DEAR SIR: I have just had the pleasure of receiving a letter from General Curtis, in which he encloses an extract from a lecture delivered by him on the — instant on Fort Fisher. He informs me that he has recently enjoyed your hospitality and compared notes on that night. His statement is incorrect in one particular. He says "they (the men in the gate) were so intent on serving their gun that they were seized by the 17th New York, etc." There was no seizure of our men. We surrendered voluntarily. Since I first wrote you some years ago, I have made it a point to see as many of that little squad who stood with me at the gate until surrounded, as I could, but I have seen only two of them. We have compared notes, but our memories scarcely differ in any detail. The detachment of Adams' battery in charge or the gun at the gate, were supported by our company—"D,' — McCormick's. As we ran out from the bomb-proof to meet the charge we were ranged on both sides of that gate, about two-thirds of the company to the right and the other third—ours—in the left, between the gate and the river. Our captain was killed before that; one lieutenant had been shot down, so that we, on that side of the gate, were in charge of a non-commissioned officer. As Adams' men were being shot down one by one; our boys took the places of the dead and disabled. Our non-commissioned officer was killed, and four of our force on the left of the gate, within a very few minutes, several disabled. The two charges were repulsed. Immediately after the first charge, and when a force of the enemy had taken refuge under a bridge and embankment the Parrot gun, right at the water's edge, was turned loose, and that bridge blown away, for some reason or other, not remembered by any of us, we couldn't get that gun to work any more. We then kept ourselves as a reserve for the Napoleon. The enemy in front seeing that it was useless to enter there, dashed around to our right, and as they did, all our company on the right of the gate, together with Braddy's, retreated around and behind the parapet, as we supposed to fight from the top of the parapet. We felt sure that we could hold the gate, as our shots had demoralized those in the front. We couldn't fire the gun, or rather did not, for the reason that there was nothing in front to fire at. Curtis' brigade had gotten out of range. We expected every moment to see them flying back, and were ready to rake them on their retreat as soon as they came within range of the gun. We picked up our small arms in the meantime to keep back a small detachment who were watching a chance to run through the gate, as we thought. All shooting into the gate at the moment ceased. We laid down on our stomachs within a few feet of the Napoleon, ready to jump to the Napoleon as soon as Curtis' brigade should begin their retreat. A half minute did not elapse before one of our boys was killed by a shot coming from the rear. I looked around and saw the stars and stripes floating from the top of the parapet, with, what seemed to me, to be a thousand "blue coats" around it—some shooting at us.

As soon as I saw this, I jumped to the Napoleon to see if I could spike it, when they dashed down on us and demand our surrender. We had no officer there, and I held up both hands as a signal of surrender, and our little crowd was marched to the rear. I saw they had us completely surrounded—knew we would have to give up the gun, and in that event they would turn it on our men in the fort, hence my determination to spike it if possible. At that very moment the guns in the fort, battery Buchanan, I think, turned loose on that end of the fort, and we were rushed away from there in a hurry. The circumstances were such that you couldn't know these facts. On my way home from prison in the latter part of May, 1865, I was put off the boat up at Meare's Bluff and walked the ties up to Lumberton. At the end of the first day's journey we stopped at the house of Colonel Joe. Green, a prominent citizen of Bladen county, to get something to eat. We received excellent treatment, as he knew some of my family connection, but he said he was very much mortified to know that we had acted so cowardly as to let the enemy come in at that gate unopposed. I protested that we had all done all that we could; told how many men we had killed and wounded right there, etc., etc. He said General Bragg was an experienced fighter—saw the whole affair, and his statement would outweigh the statement of anybody else, but seeing our ragged and starved condition and knowing of our sufferings subsequently he expressed a kindly sympathy, and gave us food.

I assured him he would learn the truth some day, and hoped it would be soon. I have never seen him since, but presume he died under the impression that General Bragg had given us our just deserts. At that time I labored under the impression that Major Reiley had acted the traitor, and laid the blame upon him, but afterwards changed my mind. Many years afterwards, however, I left the State of Virginia on a big disgust over the war reminiscences. In view of my obscure position in the army, I despaired of ever overcoming the impression created by General Bragg and dropped the whole subject, until I saw your "reply" in the Southern Historical Society papers some years ago. You can imagine what pleasure that "reply" gave me, and now that General Curtis has corroborated every material statement I have ever made in regard to it, and "time which makes all things even," has at last shed its kindly beams over the truth of history, and justice has come. To have a Union general vindicate the character of an ex-rebel, aspersed by his commanding general, is one of those paradoxes, which illustrates the absurdity of attempts to teach the present generation the details of our war in school histories.

I reiterate my assurances of the most profound esteem for yourself, and of gratitude for your efforts to set all things right. Though an 18-year-old boy then, I am now in my 55th year, and as the shadows begin to lengthen the men and events of that ordeal range themselves closer and closer around the tenderest memories of life. With most grateful and kindly assurances, I am, cordially yours,

(Signed.) Z. T. FULMORE.

Will Be Bryan Again.

Washington Post.

Mr. Charles D. Lane, the noted Californian gold miner, who has won national distinction by his aggressive advocacy of free silver coinage, is at the Normandie. He has a tall, commanding figure, is plain and blunt of speech, and in his talk uses Western dialect freely. He has lived in California from his boyhood, his parents emigrated there from Missouri. His mines are ranked among the richest producers in the United States and are exclusively gold properties. In talking over the situation with a Post reporter, Mr. Lane said:

"It is but a narrow view to look at the money question from the standpoint of peraonal interest. I have no silver mines, and contend for equality of that metal because I think it best for the welfare of the whole people. My opinion is that the sentiment of the country has undergone a great change, and that if the fight were to be waged over again the single gold standard could not win. It is impossible for it to bring prosperity.

"The co-operation of all the friends of silver means certain victory in 1900. There is but one man to be thought of in connection with the leadership of the combined forces—W. J. Bryan. He is a worthy champion of the cause, and his strength is growing all the time.

"I have just come back from a visit to Mexico, and found it to be in a far more prosperous condition than the United States. I had hardly crossed the border when I had pointed out a man who had made $80,000 raising wheat. He did not have a vast area in cultivation, but sold his crop for $14.50 per barrel. True, he obtained for it Mexican silver dollars, but that money buys just as much at home as it ever did. If our wheat growers only could do half as well as that our farmers would not now be complaining of the hard times. Mexico is meeting the interest on its public debt promptly; its credit is good, and the national treasury holds large amounts of gold.

"What we want to acquire in the United States is the trade of the world, and the moment we open our mints to the free coinage of silver we will have the silver using countries buying our manufactured goods, our wheat, and corn, and pork, and all kinds of machinery. Then with the doubling of the volume of money, money will seek investment, and the poor man will find employment. With this policy in force a year we will force the gold standard countries of Europe to follow our example, or else suffer commercial ruin. If we wait for them to take the initiative silver will remain permanently demonetized, and the shylocks of gold will drive the masses in all countries to pauperism."

An old sailor, Captain Flint, has designed a boat that is expected to attain a speed of 50 miles an hour.

The Rockingham District Conference.

[Deferred from last week.]

This body has been in session at Maxton during the past week. It opened Thursday morning with Rev. J. T. Gibbs, D. D., presiding elder of the district, in the chair and F. L. Bundy, Esq., of Laurinburg, at the secretary's desk.

The roll call showed a full attendance.

The district is composed of fourteen pastoral charges and every pastor answered to his name. The four lay delegates from each charge did not answer, but there was a good attendance in spite of the busy season.

Besides the district attendance, there were present as visitors Rev. T. H. Law, D. D., of Spartanburg, S. C., representing the American Bible Society; Dr. Swindell, the missionary secretary of the North Carolina Conference; Dr. Ivey, of the Advocate; Rev. T. J. Gattis, the conference colporteur, and Drs. Kilgo and Peacock and Rev. J. M. Rhodes, representing their colleges.

From first to last the sermons and addresses were of a high order.

The introductory sermon was by Rev. F. M. Shamburger, of Laurinburg, based on Acts 3–6. It was a clear, practical, earnest discourse. He was followed during the conference by Rev. J. H. Pope, Dr. Swindell, Rev. J. T. Lyon, Drs. Kilgo and Ivey. They were all good sermons. Dr. Swindell was at his best Friday morning in his appeal for missions.

The appeals on the subject of education were earnest and eloquent. Dr. Kilgo held the audience for an hour and a half on Saturday in one of his best speeches.

Sunday we had fine sermons by Kilgo, at the Methodist church, and Ivey, at the Presbyterian church, at 11 o'clock, and another able sermon at night by Dr. Ivey.

The town enjoyed the conference and, from what we heard, the conference enjoyed the town.

The next conference goes to Red Springs.

The following are the delegates to the annual conference: W. B. Harker, F. B. Gibson, W. S. Ingram, A. K. Scarboro; alternates, W. G. Davis and F. L. Bundy.

Married the Mother by Mistake.

It has just developed, says a dispatch from Greenup, Ky., that Johnson Whitley, a prosperous farmer, 30 years of age, undertook last week to effect an elopement with Miss Matilda Berry, the 18-year old daughter of Mrs. Martha Berry, in the White Oak neighborhood, of this county.

Mrs. Berry who was bitterly opposed to the marriage, learning of the intended elopement, bound and gagged her daughter just before Whitely was expected.

With the prospective bride thus rendered hors de combat, the mother went to the trysting place of the couple and when the swain came for his bride, joined him without speaking a word.

The drive to Grayson was quickly made, the lady of the party maintaining silence, except for the heavy sobs that shook her frame.

Into the town and to the house of a preacher the eloping pair went, and in due form were made husband and wife, when removing her veil to press the husband's first kiss upon the lips of his bride, Whitley was horrified to discover that he had married the widowed mother of the girl he had wooed.

"All's well that ends well," however, and the couple are now living happily as husband and wife, with Matilda doing very nicely in the role of a dutiful daughter.

A few days ago while Mr. Thos. P. Coleman was returning from Nashville, Tenn., where he had been attending the exposition, he lost $30 in money on a Seaboard Air Line train. It was found by William Baskerville, a negro porter, who reported it to Mr. J. M. Turner, trainmaster at Raleigh. The latter sent the money to Mr. Coleman, at Wilmington.

Pain-Killer.
(PERRY DAVIS'.)
A Sure and Safe Remedy in every case and every kind of Bowel Complaint is
Pain-Killer.
This is a true statement and it can't be made too strong or too emphatic.
It is a simple, safe and quick cure for
Cramps, Cough, Rheumatism, Colic, Colds, Neuralgia, Diarrhœa, Croup, Toothache.
TWO SIZES, 25c. and 50c.

Col. S. McD. Tate Dead.

Col. Samuel McDowell Tate died suddenly at his home, in Morganton, on the evening of the 25th of June. He had been in feeble health for some time, but had apparently become much better and on the day of his death attended court and took much interest in the trials in progress. Judge Robinson and wife were his guests at tea, and just before the party were summoned to the supper table, one of the children came into the parlor and announced that Col. Tate had fainted in his bed room. A physician was hastily summoned by telephone, but before he reached the house Col. Tate was dead. He leaves a wife and seven children.

The following sketch of Col. Tate's life is copied from the Raleigh News and Observer: Was born in Morganton, N. C., September 6th, 1830. Educated at private schools in North Carolina and Pennsylvania. Appointed captain of Company D, Sixth Regiment, Regular Troops, May 20th, 1861. Promoted major at Seven Pines, May, 1863. Promoted lieutenant-colonel at Gettysburg, July 2nd, 1863; commanded Sixth Regiment to the close of the war. Wounded at Sharpsburg, September, 1862; at Rappahannock Bridge, November, 1863; at "Cedar Creek," October, 1864, and at Petersburg, March 25th, 1865.

Elected president of the Western North Carolina railroad June, 1865, and remained a director of the road for private stockholders till its sale. Was removed from its presidency by Provisional Governor Holden in August, 1865. Again elected president by the Worth board in August, 1866, and again removed by Holden's "reconstruction" board in 1868. After the sale of the road in 1875, he was elected private stockholder's commissioner to organize the system and work the convict force on the road, as authorized by act of March, 1875, of which, as a member of that Legislature, he was the author. Was a member of the House from Burke two terms previous to the present, and chairman of committee on finance each term. After becoming member of the Legislature resigned all connection with railroads, and sold his stock. Was a justice of the peace for twenty-five years. Delegate to every Democratic national convention from 1860 to 1884, save and except the "Greeley" convention.

Col. Tate was an old-fashioned Jeffersonian Democrat, and a truer son to the Old North State never entered the State capitol. He was a very quiet man, and very seldom joined in the many discussions that arose, but when he did speak, he received the attention of his fellow-members, for all regarded his opinions on any subject as being sound, logical, practical and worthy to be carefully considered. He was a very close and earnest worker, and his services on committees and elsewhere were fully appreciated by all who knew him.

Pointed Paragraphs from the Wilmington Star.

With the Senate bill to bank on the Lemon Trust has cornered the market and doubled the price of lemons. The new tariff encourages all such squeezes.

A good many people in Charlotte are seeing snakes these days; but they are sure enough snakes. Two big ones have been killed on main thoroughfares recently.

The Indianapolis Sentinel is determined that its readers shall know what a trust is. Its latest definition is "an associated hog, fattened on Republican swill." It is about fat enough to kill.

President McKinley is laboring on another arbitration treaty with England. The indications are that Mr. McKinley will have arbitrating enough to do in his own political family before he is much older.

A Missouri banker says a "great many farmers are bringing in gold nowadays and depositing it." Harvest time is coming on and they are just hurrying up to get their gold hauled in and put out of the way before the busy season comes.

A Chicago paper publishing the item of news that a San Francisco cook mixed some arsenic with his dough, remarks that "the boarders kicked." They objected to the small amount of arsenic he put in. If he had put in enough they wouldn't have kicked at all.

An epidemic of suicides prevails in Chicago, where 40 persons took their lives within the past month.

A BABY UNBOSOMS ITSELF.

I wish I wasn't pretty and I wish I wasn't sweet;
I wish folks didn't think I look "just sweet enough to eat;"
I wish—if I'm a rosebud, as they say—that I had thorns
As sharp as Mamma's needles and as big as Mooly's horns.

I wish that great big grown-up folks weren't mean enough to take
Advantage of a little tweenty weenty mite, and make
Life a burden to a baby, pouncing on it, one and all,
In a way they wouldn't dare to if it wasn't weak and small.

I guess, if you were me that you'd be mad tho' you're as meek
As Moses—if each woman poked a finger in your cheek,
And said, "Ooo, pitty itty sing!" and all but took your breath
Away with her hard hugging, while she kissed you most to death.

They call me "little angel," but an angel would be roiled
By such outrage, and an angel's disposition would be spoiled;
Yet these fool folks they all wonder why I double up my fist.
And with angry bawls bombarded them every time that I am kissed.

I'm a baby that's abused, and I just think it is a shame
The busy, big society that's got the great, long name—
What is it that they call it, now—the S. F. P. C. C.—
Can't keep those cruel women from forever kissing me!

A Cure for Love.

To those suffering from the effects of the love mania, I cheerfully recommend the following prescription which is an infallible cure for all such diseases if taken by directions:

Take twelve ounces of dislike, one pound of resolution, two grains of common sense, two ounces of experience, a large sprig of time, (thyme), three quarts of the cooling water of consideration.

Place these on the fear of love; sweeten with the sugar of forgetfulness; skim it with the spoon of melancholy; put it in the bottom of your heart; cork it with the cork of clear conscience; let it remain and you will quickly find ease and be restored to your senses again.

These can be had of the apothecary at the House of Understanding, next door to Reason, on Prudent street, in the village of Contentment.

Take when a spell comes on you and drink until relieved.

Respectfully submitted,
J. E. P.

A man in Virginia, rode forty miles, to Fairfax Station, for the express purpose of getting Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, and took home with him a dozen bottles of the medicine. The druggist who relates the incident, adds: "Your remedy seems to be a general favorite wherever known." Its effects are indeed wonderful in all lung and throat troubles. Procure a bottle at Dr. J. D. McMillan's drug store.

It is said that the rise in speculative stocks is a sign of prosperity. Yes; just as much of a sign as the sale of 45,000,000 bales of cotton in the cotton exchange was the sign of a 25,000,000 crop of cotton last year.—Atlanta Constitution.

"Our customers say you manufacture three of the best remedies on earth," said the mercantile firm of Haas, Harris, Brim & McLain, of Dawson, Ga., in a recent letter to the Chamberlain Medicine Co. This is the universal verdict. Chamberlain's Pain Balm is the finest preparation in the world for rheumatism, neuralgia, lame back, quinsey, sore throat, cuts, bruises, burns, scalds, pains and swellings. A 25 cent bottle of this liniment in the house, will save a great deal of suffering. Buy it at J. D. Mc Millan's drug store.

About twelve years ago William J. Blan, editor of the Troy (Ala.) Messenger, lost both of his hands by the premature discharge of a cannon, fired at a Confederate celebration. He has a pair of artificial hands and for twelve years has been doing his own work, writing, proof reading and exchange reading. He writes a remarkably legible hand.

Hon. C. B. Bush, president of the Gilmer County (W. Va.) Court, says that he has had three cases of flux in his family, during the past summer, which he cured in less than a week with Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy. Mr. Bush also states, that in some instances there were twenty hemorrhages a day. —Glenville, W. Va. Pathfinder. This remedy has been used in nine epidemics of flux and one of cholera, with perfect success. It can always be depended upon for bowel complaint, even in its most severe forms. Every family should keep it at hand. The 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by Dr. J. D. McMillan.

John Sutliffe, an eccentric millionaire, 95 years of age, is dead. He worked at the bench in his own factory up to the day of his death.