State Library

THE ROBESONIAN,

Published every Wednesday at Lumberton, N. C., at $2.00 a year and $1.00 for six months. It is read every week by a large number of the most intelligent people of Robeson county and has a general circulation in all the surrounding counties, including Florence, Marion, Marlboro and Darlington, in South Carolina. THE ROBESONIAN is now in its twenty-eighth year and is no longer an experiment. It never missed an issue until the death of its late owner and hopes to make as good a future record. Particular attention will be given to keeping up the high standard of excellence it has attained as a purveyor of local news.

THE ROBESONIAN

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

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THE ROBESONIAN JOB OFFICE
IS FULLY EQUIPPED WITH
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.

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PRESERVES many a large business;
REVIVES many a dull business;
RESCUES many a lost business;
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SECURES success in any business.

To "advertise judiciously," use the columns of THE ROBESONIAN. It is published in one of the live and growing towns of North Carolina and circulates extensively among an intelligent and prosperous people, whose trade is well worth seeking and having.

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Local advertisements appearing among reading matter will be charged 10 cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, such as administrators' and executors' notices, commissioners' and trustees' sales, summons to non-residents, etc., will be charged for at legal rates, except when they exceed a certain limit of space, in which case we reserve the right to fix our own price. All such business must be PAID FOR IN ADVANCE. The charge is very small and we cannot afford to take risks or wait the pleasure of persons to pay.

R. K. PROCTOR, JR. S. MCINTYRE.
PROCTOR & McINTYRE,
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

N. A. McLEAN,
Attorney At Law,
LUMBERTON, N. C.
All kinds of legal business attended to anywhere.

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Drs. LEWIS & McGEACHY,
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Office in ROBESONIAN Building.
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Dr. McGeachy will room in the office, where he can be found.

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Practice in State and Federal Courts. Prompt attention given to all legal business.

G. W. McQUEEN.
THE LUMBERTON BARBER.

When you wish an easy shave,
As good as barber ever gave,
Just call on me at my saloon,
At morning, eve or noon;
I cut and dress the hair with grace,
To suit the contour of the face.

My room is neat and towels clean,
Scissors sharp and razors keen,
And everything I think you'll find
To suit the face and please the mind,
And all my art and skill can do,
If you just call I'll do for you.

ALFRED ROWLAND. J. A. ROWLAND
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Practice in State and Federal Courts. Prompt attention given to all legal business.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW,
RED SPRINGS, - - N. C.
Practice in State and Federal Courts.

LUMBERTON, ROBESON COUNTY, N. C.

North Carolina, Tennessee, and the Southland Beautifully Portrayed by a Gallant Ex-Confederate Soldier.

Nashville Excursionist.

Although the last of the many fruit receptions at the Seaboard Air Line banquet car during the past three months of the Tennessee Centennial, Lumberton's was not the least interesting or enjoyable. That enterprising little North Carolina town had been preparing for the day, August 26, through a committee of her citizens for some time previous. They were assisted in entertaining the throngs of visitors to the banquet by Mr. James G. Cantrell T. P. A., of the S. A. L., this city, and Mrs. Tolberta Battle, representative of the S. A. L. at the company's exhibit in the Agricultural Building, and Miss Pauline Betty.

The Lumberton Committee, Col. W. F. French, Chairman, Dr. J. D. McMillan, G. G. French, S. A. Branch, A. C. McGeachy, A. P. Caldwell, Dr. H. T. Pope, Dr. W. R. Davis, Frank Gough and W. I. Linkhaw, had forwarded some excellent fruit and melons and the invited guests, and many others who were visitors to the car, enjoyed the banquet greatly.

The Executive Committee of the Centennial was represented by a number of gentlemen and they with every one one at the banquet expressed themselves delighted with the reception. It is safe to say that Lumberton got an advertisement on the occasion which will greatly benefit her.

In the person of Col. French, the committee had an able and most interesting and entertaining chairman. The Colonel had been requested by the management to tell the guests at the banquet something of North Carolina and his town, and it was arranged for Maj. Jno. McCann to speak for Tennessee, but owing to pressing engagements at the time, the latter was unable to be present. Although hastily prepared since leaving his home and amid the confusion and bustle of sight seeing at the exposition, the reader will find that no man is better acquainted with history, and no one could have more eloquently pictured the beauties of North Carolina, her history and resources, and that of Tennessee and also of the Southern States, nor any the less of the country, than Col. French. It is so well wortr preserving that at our earnest solicitation, the Colonel yielded to our entreaties to publish it, and here it is given in full. It is as follows:

Ladies and gentlemen: Carolina comes to rejoice with her only child, her lovely daughter, Tennessee, at her Centennial in the days of her glory, her honor and her renown, and if clouds of adversity were hanging over her in place of the bright rays of the sunshine of prosperity, she would come with a quicker step, were it possible, for there is no love like the mother for her child. We come from the town of Lumberton, County of Robeson, State of North Crrolina. Lumberton, the county seat, is situated on Lumber River, about twenty feet above high water mark, on the North Carolina Central Railroad, which is a part of the great Seaboard Air Line, one of the most prosperous, enterprising, and obliging roads in the country; a road, which in my opinion, is doing more for North Carolina than any road within our borders. Lumberton is about sixty-six miles from Wilmington, and has a population of about fifteen hundred. Very few of the negroes live within the corporate limits. It has enterprising merchants and mechanics, and there are now building about ten brick stores, and some five or six others will soon be commenced.

Men of Tennessee it would be well for you to remember that it is one of the best and largest horse and mule markets in the State; it has turpentine distilleries, saw mills, a tobacco warehouse, good schools and churches, a bank, an able weekly paper, the ROBESONIAN, hotels, and boarding houses; a nice court house, surrounded by a beautiful shaded park; a very able legal bar (present company always excepted); fine physicians, dentists, and eight artesian wells—including three overflowing ones—no purer water can be found anywhere. The fish from its river cannot be excelled in quality by the fish of any water fresh or salt. Such is its healthfulness that when the report was sent to Washington some years ago, it was returned with the endorsement, "There must be some mistake, that no report excelled, if any equaled it as to the high state of health."

It was returned with the endorsement, "It is correct. We have a right to be one of the healthiest cities in the Union." Now, I almost hear you say, if that is correct, how could three doctors get on a committee of eleven? The fact is that in China the people pay their physician for every day they are well, and not a cent for the days they are sick; and hearing that Lumberton was thinking of adopting that law, the doctors are flocking there from every quarter. It has a nice iron bridge, and the sale of intoxicating liquors of every kind has been forbidden in the town and county for several years.

The soil in and around Lumberton is fine for cotton, potatoes, all the grains and vegetables, fruits and flowers. As a proof of it, we have brought with us a bouquet of wild flowers gathered in one evening in one mile of Lumberton.

THE FLOWERS THAT GOD HIMSELF GAVE US.

She has some nice private residences, surrounded with beautiful flowers. Her streets run directly North and South, East and West, and are fifty-two feet wide and are beautifully shaded.

"It is the loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheer the laboring swain,
Where smiling spring its earliest visits pay,
And parting summers lingering bloom delay."

Robeson County was formed in 1786, from a part of Bladen County, and was named in honor of Colonel Robeson, a revolutionary patriot. It is about seventy miles long and between twenty-five and thirty miles wide, and has about eight hundred thousand acres of land within its boundaries. It is the largest county in territory in the State and nearly, if not quite, as large as the State of Rhode Island. It has a population of about thirty-five or forty thousand; the third in population in the State, and the largest rural population in the State—a population that breathes the pure air from Heaven uncontaminated by the acts of man. Cotton, corn, peas, peanuts, sweet potatoes, sugar-cane, tobacco, rice, rye, fruits, vegetables, teosinte, millow maize, grow to perfection; and according to the census of 1880, a part of Robeson County and a part of South Carolina adjoining it produced more cotton to the acre than any other portion of the United States.

Marl is to be found in large quantities, and shingles, lumber, staves and naval stores are among its chief productions. There were standing in its forests about 1884 some eight hundred and sixty-four millions of feet of yellow pine lumber; of short leaf pine, about two million feet. Next in quantity after yellow pine comes black gum, which is now being utilized by the mills; cypress, about one hundred and fifty-million feet; sweet gum about twenty-five million feet. There are supposed to be coal and iron deposits in the county. It is the land of the apple, the peach, the grape, the plum, pomegranate, pear, the strawberry, the raspberry, the blackberry, the dewberry, the cantaloupe, and last, but not least, the lucious watermelon—none of your melons with a rind so thick that you can ship them three thousand miles, and that will almost take a sledge hammer to break them open, and the strings running through them as large as the little finger, but a melon with a beautiful green rind, about one fourth of an inch thick, that you have to be careful in turning over to prevent bruising, with no strings through its meat, but that will, when you stick a knife in it, crack from end to end, and the color of the ruby lips of a

LOVELY TENNESSEE MAIDEN

of sweet sixteen; the melon that the old negro preacher was speaking of in Georgia. There was a large negro camp meeting in that State and they sent for a negro preacher who had a great reputation as an exhorter and for bringing the negroes to the altar. He commenced and described Heaven with its pearly gates and golden streets; its harps with strings of gold; and then he described what is now called Hades, but he said he would use the old and more expressive word—hell. He spoke of the lake of brimstone and fire; the melted lead that they would have to drink, and that they would have to walk there bare-footed with no protection from the scorpion's sting; and how the old gentleman below would stir them up with his pitchfork of hot iron; and he begged them to come to the altar in order that they might enter into the blessed land of Heaven and not go to the land of everlasting pain and suffering; but not a negro moved. The old preacher began to think that he had lost his rabbit's foot, and he again described, if possible, Heaven to be more beautiful and the infernal regions more to be feared. But yet not a negro came. The old preacher was very much moved. It appeared as if he was about to lose his reputation, and, worse than all, his grub, for that depended upon his success in this line. A happy thought struck him: "Now, brethren, I wish to tell you that this is surely in the lids of the Bible. I will not pretend to tell you the book, the chapter or the verse, but I tell you brethren, it is surely there, and that is, that not a watermelon grows in hell." They immediately rushed to the altar by the hundreds and exclaimed excitedly, "Pray for us, brudder, pray for us. Keep us from the land where the watermelon don't grow. We can stand that extreme heat, the sulphur, the scorpions and everything else, but pray for us, Oh! pray for us, and keep us from the land where the watermelon don't grow." After that the old negro preacher had no trouble.

It is also the land of the magnolia, japonica, cape jasmine, oleander, crepe myrtle, hydrangea, rose, lily, snowdrop, modest violet, and the beautiful heart's ease, and of every other flower which wishes to kiss with its pearly and dewy lips the first bright and congenial rays of the morning sun, the land where you are awakened in the morning by the whistle of the wren and are lulled to sleep at night by the sound of the mocking bird. Come to this land, oh! come, and receive the blessings.

And Tennessee has no cause to blush on account of her mother, North Carolina, taken as a whole. The latter State, as you know, is bounded on the north by Virginia, on the east by the Atlantic ocean, on the south by South Carolina, and on the west by what? By your own and dear Tennessee. It is about five hundred and three miles long and its average breadth is about one hundred miles. It has more cotton mills than any Southern State; the largest fisheries in the Union, if not in the world; a greater variety of minerals and precious stones than any other State in the Union; comes nearer to producing every crop found in the census report of the United States than any other State; contains as fine lumber as can be found in the United States. Her climate is such that the health resorts of the world should be built upon her mountain tops her peaks and in her valleys and on her plains. There arises in the Gulf of Mexico a stream known as the Gulf Stream. It comes up the coast of the Atlantic and when it comes to North Carolina it bends lovingly toward her shores, and for that reason she has along her coast an almost tropical climate.

But, after all, her main glory lies in the manhood, integrity and honesty of her sons; the purity of her matrons, and the

BEAUTY, VIRTUE AND GENTLENESS

of her maidens. In 1766 she refused to let the stamps be landed in Wilmington; took the Governor out of his house in broad daylight and made him swear he would not perform that part of his office. And the parties in that act were not disguised, either. The Boston tea party was in 1773, but the parties who did the act were disguised. Every school boy can tell you of the Boston tea party, but how few can tell you of the act in Wilmington, in our Southern land! The battle of Alamance, where the first blood of the revolution was shed, was in 1771. Mecklenburg (Declaration of Independence,) May 1775, thirteen months before the national declaration; battle of Moore's Creek in 1776. She was the first colony to instruct her delegates to vote for complete separation from the mother country, England. She had her Caswell, Macon, Lillington, Moore, Waddell; and out of the voting population of a hundred and five thousand, she furnished to the Confederate army one hundred and twenty-five thousand men, somethin that was never equalled before, and I doubt will ever be again—about one fifth of the Confederate army.

At the bar and on the bench she had her Ruffin, Badger, Gaston, Graham, Pearson and the pure and noble Battle, and last, but not least, her warm hearted, generous, full souled all-round man, Zebulon B. Vance, the idol of the masses, and other illustrious names that were not born to die—names written high up on the temple of fame in the clear blue azure sky.

Nor has North Carolina any reason not to be proud of her lovely daughter, Tennessee—a land of coal, iron, copper, zinc, lead, cotton, wheat, oats, corn, tobacco, potatoes, peanuts, maize; the land of magnificent mountains, the lovely valleys and the beautiful vales, where the thriving and beautiful cities of Nashville, Memphis and Chattanooga are situated; the land of brave men, stately and pure matrons and bewitching maidens, with complexions taken from the Alpine snow, tinged with the first blush of morning; with black eyes as bright and twinkling as the stars at nigth in a clear October sky, or so blue and soft that one would say that they were taken from the very vaults of heaven itself, and with mouths that convince you beyond a doubt that the coral and the pearl are sisters and live near together; the land where the dust of Andrew Jackson sleeps, for surely in that land

THE FIRES OF LIBERTY

will never die! Would to God that he was here today and could declare that "by the Eternal" this government shall be purified and saved!

And we have no cause to be ashamed of the fact that we were born in the Southland of this republic, as I shall show you by refreshing your memories. At the time of the Revolution, and for some time after, we were but thirteen States, a mere border along the Atlantic coast. Beyond even the Blue Ridge and the Alleghanies was almost an unknown land. Then there was on the fold of our beautiful flag but thirteen stars, and now on the azure blue field there are blazoned forty-five States and we have five territories. Where did they all come from? For at the birth of the nation, the United States did not have land sufficient to have buried her in if she had died. In 1792 there sprang from the soil of glorious old Virginia that magnificent State of Kentucky. In 1796 there came into the Union from the land of North Carolina your own, your beloved Tennessee. In about 1787 Virginia, a Southern State, gave to the United States the most magnificent gift ever given to any government, and known afterwards as the Northwestern Territory, from which has since been born the great States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota. And when told that she had better insert a proviso in the gift that slavery should never be excluded from the Territory or States made therefrom, she exclaimed: "No, I can trust the general government." And since that time remember that West Virginia has been born out of Old Virginia. By what means, and in what way, I will not state at this time. Henry A. Wise, of Virginia, correctly defined it, but I will not state it now.

About 1790 the very land on which the national capitol stands was ceded to the general government by the Southern States of Maryland and Virginia. In about 1803 the great territory known as Louisiana was purchased from France under the administration of Jefferson, a Southerner. By this purchase we acquired the mouth of the Mississippi and all of that great river, and from the soil then obtained there sprung into life, in whole or a part, the great States of Louisiana, Missouri, Iowa, Minnesota, Kansas, Nebraska, (the home of the hero of the day, William Jennings Bryan), Colorado, North and South Dakota Montana, Wyoming and the Territory of Oklahoma and Indian Territory; by which purchase we became one of the greatest nations of the earth.

Napoleon said when the purchase was made: "I have given to England a maritime rival that sooner or later will humble her pride."

In 1821 we acquired the lovely land of Florida under the administration of Monroe, a Southerner. In 1845 we acquired under the administration of Tyler, a Southerner, the great State of Texas, almost as large as the country of France. In 1846, under a treaty with England, we acquired under the administration of Polk, a North Carolinian, a Tennesseean and a Southerner, our territory on the Pacific, north of California, from which we have received the States of Washington, Oregon and and Idaho. In 1848 we acquired, under the same Polk, that vast territory of Mexico from which we have the great States of California, Nevada and Utah, a part of Colorado and Wyoming and the Territories of New Mexico and Arizona. In 1867 we acquired by purchase from Russia, Alaska, under the administration of Andrew Johnson, a North Carolinian, a Tennesseean and a Southerner. Thus we have accounted for every State that has come into this Union, and all of the Territories since the revolution except Vermont and Maine. Vermont was in many respects a State during the revolution, and her sons fought gallantly in that contest under the name of the "Green Mountain Boys." It was a Northern Territory and came into the Union in 1791, the first State after the revolution. Maine was a part of Massachusetts, Northern territory, and was admitted in 1820. Thus we see that all the States and all the territories that have come into the Union since the revolution, and the District of Columbia, were either the gifts of Southern States or

ACQUIRED UNDER SOUTHERN PRESIDENTS,

except the little States of Vermont and Maine, which came from the North. Under the gift of Virginia, the government acquired all the land west of the old thirteen States to the Mississippi river, under the purchase from France of Louisiana; under the administration of Jefferson, a Southerner, the government acquired all the land from the Mississippi to the Rockies; under the purchase from Spain, by Monroe, a Southerner, the government acquired Florida, the only new acquired territory on the Atlantic; under the purchase from England by Polk, a Carolinian, a Tennessean, a Southerner, the government acquired all the land on the Pacific down to North California; under the administration of Tyler, a Southerner, she acquired Texas, an empire within itself; under the same Polk, she acquired New Mexico and all her territory on the Pacific south of Oregon, a territory larger than the United States at the close of the revolution; under Johnson, a Tennessean and a Southerner, she acquired the Territory of Alaska. Patrick Henry, a Southerner, set the ball of the revolution in motion by his electric eloquence of "Give me liberty, or give me death."

Jefferson, a Southerner, wrote the immortal Declaration of Independence; Washington, a Southerner, enforced by the sword what Henry had declared in words. He also commenced the birth of the new government by writing a letter to the Governor of each of the States requesting them to meet in convention to form a better and stronger government for their country. Madison, a Southerner, was the father of the Constitution, and all the great amendments to the Constitution that specially protect life, liberty and property were inserted under the influence of the same Jefferson, a Southerner. Marshall, a Southerner, construed the Constitution. Our flag which once floated on every navigable lake, river and ocean in the civilized world, the loveliest flag that God's sun e'er shone on, was designed by Reed, a Southerner, and the "Star Spangled Banner" was written by Francis S. Key, another Southerner. In the war of 1812 all was gloom until there appeared in the northern skies a rainbow on which was written: Winfield Scott, a Southerner, has whipped at the point of the bayonet at London's Lane, the very troops that conquered Napoleon at Waterloo." Turning to the South there appeared another rainbow of joy, and upon it was written: Andrew Jackson, a North Carolinian, a Tennessean and a Southerner, has whipped with his Tennessee and Kentucky riflemen and other troops the very flower of the British army. In the war with Mexico the same Winfield Scott commanded the line from Vera Cruz to the city of Mexico. No defeat, but victory after victory were

WRITTEN UPON HIS BANNERS

until his soldiers camped in the very halls of Montezuma.

Zachary Taylor, a Southerner, commanded the other line, and at Buena Vista, with five thousand troops, mostly Southerners, whipped Santa Anna with twenty thousand troops, the pride of the Mexican army.

Man began to doubt that there ever existed such a pure character as Washington was alleged to have been. They said, Oh! it was a fairy tale, a myth; Dame Nature could not make such a man. Dame Nature smiled and said, "I will prove it to you," and she again came to this Southland of ours for her clay. And when she had finished her work she exclaimed, "Behold him!" The entire world stood and gazed; and when they looked upon his almost Godlike face and form, and heard of his pure character, his immortal deeds, his great and undying fame, they called out with one accord, "Name him! Name him!" and Dame Nature replied, "Robert E. Lee, of the Southland of the United States of America!"

Surely if the South had never done anything more than to produce a Washington and a Lee, the entire world should bow down before her and honor and bless her. Surely it can be said if you take from the history of the nation the glory, the freedom and renown that our dear Southland has added to it, you will curtail her freedom and dim her glory. The South has ever been true and faithful to all her pledges. But some may say, did she not rebel against the general government? Well, suppose for the sake of argument, we admit she did? She only exercised that divine right, that right given by God himself to man, that whenever a government ceases to be bound by her constitutional restrictions and becomes an empire of oppression, in the place of one of protection, man should

BREAK THE SHACKLES THAT BIND HIM

and become again free. And if it was a rebellion, who was guilty? Those that rebelled, or those that gave a just cause for the rebellion? Suppose a man should introduce smallpox into your house and family, and you called in a doctor and he happened to prescribe the wrong remedy? Who is the most to blame? The man who introduced the disease and caused the necessity for your calling in a doctor, or the doctor who prescribed the wrong remedy? The man has read history in vain or intentionally misrepsesented if who charges that the South was primarily responsible for the last war. She is not responsible for one mother's grief; one wife's agony; one sweetheart's sob; not one grave, North or South; not the blood of one man stains her pure hands; for she did not eject the poison in the body politic that caused the war. She may have adopted the wrong remedy; and I thought then, and do now, that perhaps she did; that perhaps it would have been better to have joined with the good men of the North—and there were thousands and thousands of them—and to have forced all men to have obeyed the Constitution and laws. Again I hear some say, "Why were you not rebels?" Well, again for the sake of argument, suppose we were. Are we ashamed to bear the name that Washington, Henry, Jefferson, Light Horse Harry Lee, and the Northern men, Benjamin Franklin, Alexander Hamilton, Green and Mad Anthony Wayne bore? Were it not for rebels we would not have this glorious Union. Were it not for rebels we would not now have our magnificent Constitution — the most precious gift ere yet bequeathed from sire to son. Were it not for rebels the Magna Charta would never have been extorted from King John at Runnymede. All liberty sprung originally from acts of rebels. Ah! rebels—it is a glorious word. The war, thank God, is over; but I am sorry to say that free government is yet, I fear, on trial. We have yet to prove that man is yet pure enough for self government, or whether we must be the slaves of one, or many, masters.

Let us take our sons, like Hannibal was taken, to the altar; not to swear eternal hatred for the Romans, but love for the Union, obedience to the Constitution and her statutory law. And where could that altar be better erected than at the grave of Andrew Jack-

son, at the Hermitage, near Nashville, in the State of Tennessee, and say:

"I love my God, my country, kind kin,
Nor would I see a dog wronged of his bone.
My country! If a wretch should rise
Out of the countless sons who would curtail
Thy freedom, dim thy glory—while they live,
May all life's people curse him—for, all,
Hast thou secured the blessing—and one
Exists who would not arm for liberty?
Be he, too, cursed, living, and when dead
Let him be buried downwards with face
Looking to hell, and o'er his grave
The hare skulk in her form."

Mr. James E. Ferrell, of Burnt House, W. Va., has discarded all other diarrhœa medicines and now handles only Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy. He has used it in his family and sold it to his customers for years, and has no hesitation in saying that it is the best remedy for Cholic and diarrhœa he has ever known. It not only gives relief, but effects a permanent cure. It is also pleasant and safe to take, making it an ideal remedy for bowel complaints. For sale by Dr. J. D. McMillan.

It is usually very unlucky to the mouse that meets a black cat.

If you have ever seen a little child in the paroxysm of whooping cough, or if you have been annoyed by a constant tickling in the throat, you can appreciate the value of One Minute Cough Cure which gives quick relief. J. D. McMillan.

Some women, like successful gamblers, have winning ways.

Small precautions often prevent great mischiefs. DeWitt's Little Early Risers are very small pills in size, but are very effective in preventing the most serious forms of liver and stomach trouble. They cure constipation and headache and regulate the bowels. J. D. McMillan.

The first snow storm of the season is reported from Juneau, Alaska, stopping travel over the passes.

Certainly you don't want to suffer with dyspepsia, constipation, sick headache, sallow skin and loss of appetite. You have never tried DeWitt's Little Early Risers for these complaints or you would have been cured. They are small pills but great regulators. J. D. McMillan.

Blessed be the inventor who succeeds in perfecting a device that will compel a man to shut up when he has said enough.

J. W. Baggett, of Oak Grove, Fla., had an attack of the measles, nearly three years ago, and the disease left him with very severe pains in the chest. "I thought I would die," he writes; "but to my great joy, I was saved by Chamberlain's Pain Balm." Pains in the chest nearly always indicate the approach of pneumonia, and by promptly applying this liniment or a flannel cloth, which should be bound on the chest, an attack of pneumonia may be prevented. It is always prompt and effectual. For sale at 25 and 50 cents per bottle by Dr. J. D. McMillan.

The value of the salmon taken from Alaska waters annually amounts to twice the sum paid by Russia for the territory.

The "Bicyclist's Best Friend" is familiar for DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. It is always ready for emergencies. As a specific for piles, it also instantly relieves and cures cuts, bruises, salt rheum, eczema and all affections of the skin. It never fails. J. D. McMillan.

Missouri railroads are unable to furnish accommodations for the people that want to hear about an. Is the "silver craze" out?"

Running sores, indolent ulcers and similar troubles, even though of many years standing, may be cured by using DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. It soothes, cools and heals. It is the great pile cure. J. D. McMillan.

Postal authorities at Baltimore believe that they have uncovered a big swindle. Counterfeit postal cards by the thousand have been found.

Moments are useless if taken, and they are dangerouslay and often assumed by delay in cases where Chamberlain's Cough Cure would bring immediate relief. J. D. McMillan.

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