

The Carolina Watchman.

SALISBURY, N. C., APRIL 13 1885.

NO 26

VOL. XVI.—THIRD SERIES

GREGORY'S Dyspeptic Mixture.

POSITIVE AND PERMANENT CURE FOR
Dyspepsia and Indigestion.
Prepared by Dr. W. W. GREGORY,
Charlotte, N. C.

CHARLOTTE, N. C., Nov. 29, 1884.
Dr. W. W. Gregory: I hereby certify
that I have recently used your Dyspeptic
Mixture with very great benefit to myself
and cordially recommend it to others.
R. P. WARREN,
Member N. C. Legislature.

CHARLOTTE, N. C.
Dr. W. W. Gregory: I take great pleasure
in testifying to the value of your
Dyspeptic Mixture. I have used it with great
benefit, and cheerfully recommend it to any one
suffering from dyspepsia, indigestion and a
variety of liver and bowel ailments.
D. A. JENKINS,
N. C. State Treasurer.

HEADQUARTERS FOR STUDEBAKER AND TENNESSEE FARM WAGONS.

CHICAGO, WATKINSON & CINCINNATI
Buggies & Spring Wagons.
BICKFORD & HUFFMAN
Grain and Guano Drills.
The PATENT HAY RAKES
LAWRENCE'S Rolling and Walking
CULTIVATORS.
THOMAS' HAYRIGGS.
Telegraph Straw Cutters,
AND DISC MOWERS.
Dexter Corn Shellers,
Engines and Boilers,
SAW AND GIBBET MILLS,
Saw, Engine and Boiler Fitting, Guns,
Pumps, Shells, Cartridges, Wads and Caps,
Powder and Shot, Dynamite Fuse and Primers,
Axes, Shovels and Saws, Building
Materials, Paints, Oils and Varnishes,
and everything else usually kept in first class
hardware and tinware stores. I have on hand
a stock of the above, & offer them for the next
few days at a less price than they have ever
sold in this country.
W. SMITH DEAL,
Salisbury, Oct. 23, '84.

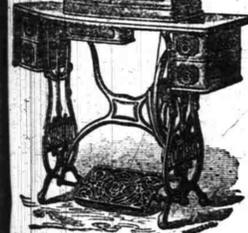
PIEDMONT WAGONS

FOR CASH OR ON TIME.
We have made
arrangements to sell these celebrated Wagons either
for cash or on long time. So all who need wagons
had better call and see us soon.
JOHN A. BOYDEN, Agent,
or,
J. O. WHITE,
Dec. 20, 1884.

THE BEST SMITH IN THE COUNTY!

The undersigned is prepared to do all kinds of re-
pairing on all kinds of wagons, coaches, &c., and at
reasonable prices. Leave and get your wagons at
Hall's Store, Salisbury, and try the
best in the county.
R. L. BROWN,
Apr. 10, 1885.

STANDS AT THE HEAD!



DOMESTIC

is the acknowledged leader in a
fact that cannot be disputed.
MANY IMITATE IT.
NONE EQUAL IT.
The Largest Arm.
The Lightest Running.
The Most Warranted Wood Work.
AND IS WARRANTED
To be made of the best material.
To do any and all kinds of work.
To be complete in every respect.
Agents wanted in unoccupied territory.
Address,
DOMESTIC SEWING MACHINE CO.,
Richmond, Va.
KLUETT & RENDLEMAN,
Salisbury, N. C.

Meeting and Parting.

Here we meet too soon to part,
Here we weep o'er sorrow's dart,
Here do joy and hope depart.
We meet alas no more!
Here we breathe our last farewell,
Together here no more we dwell,
We range no more your flowery dell,
No more, alas, no more.

Here we meet to meet no more,
Here our grief in torrents pours;
Is there then no steadfast shore?
'Tis only found in Heaven.

Here or There.

May God be near thee, friend,
When we are far away;
May His smile cheer thee, friend,
And make all light as day;
Look up! the sky, the stars above
Will whisper to thee of His changeless
love.

In distant, desert places
The "Mounts of God" are found;
His sky the world embraces,
And makes it "holily ground";
The heart that serves a love and clings,
Hearts where the rush of angel wings.

To God the "there" is here;
All space are his His own;
The distant and the near
Are shadows of His throne;
All times are His, the now, the old—
What boots it where life's little tale is told?

'Tis not for us to choose;
We listen and obey;
'Tis His to call and use;
'Tis ours to serve and pray;
'Tis His to love, here or there,
God's world is wide, and heaven is every-
where.

We cannot go so far
That home is out of sight;
The moon, the evening star,
Will say, "Good-bye!" "Good-night!"
The heart that loves will never be alone;
All earth, all heaven, it remains its own.
—Good Words.

A New England Funeral.

Described by one of the "Waiters."

New York Tribune.
RANSOME, Mass., March 24.—"I
was in some one's house here and
discovered, and the case of people
arrive at my setting, so that I was
at last gradually become civilized and
at last enlightened. Have you any
idea that it is known in what inky
darkness we sit? And yet I don't
suppose there is a person in town who
cannot read and write. I don't mean
that he can spell or put a grammatical
sentence together. That power is
not necessary, even to be graduated
from the Centre High School. And
what do you imagine will be required
of us at that funeral this afternoon?
We shall not please them, I know,
and yet I am going to try with all
my might to do what they expect."
Thus my sister Gertrude on a certain
day last summer.

The town of Ransome, which you
will not find on any map, is removed
from the seashore. It is in Massachu-
setts. It is lovely of aspect, with hills
and brooks and rocky pastures, and
distant purple mountains. But it is of
its people more than of its scenery that
I am going to speak.

It is almost a miracle how such
places can still exist in Massachusetts;
namely not a half a dozen miles away
from towns where live ladies and
gentlemen who can use a singular
verb with a singular subject, and who
know what plural means. A great
deal hangs on knowledge seemingly
so simple. Here in this part of Ran-
some we are scorned if we say "How
are you?" instead of "How be ye?"
Such is the natural propensity to de-
pravity that I have basely truckled
to popular opinion and hang about
the wrong verbs recklessly. I don't
think that I am liked any the better
for it, and I imagine I am still called
"stuck up."

They will not read here, and you
are a "lazy, sniffling thing" if you
read, "I ain't no time for readin'," a
man will say scornfully; and you
shall see him sitting for hours in a
numb sort of way perhaps smoking,
perhaps not even doing so much as
that. He will tell you he is resting,
and he would sincerely believe him-
self an object for blame if he should
be scanning a newspaper or a book.

You say this state of affairs cannot
be in Massachusetts. But it is, and
though we have lived in the midst of
it for six years, it even now seems in-
credible to us. What impossible,
though invisible, barrier is there which
prevents glimpses of sense and refine-
ment and literary tastes from coming
here, when a few miles away you
shall find culture and gentility? True,
there is no railway to the village, but
a railway is not society a civilization, I
dely any one to teach these people
anything. They may listen or appear
to listen to some announcing a self-
evident fact, not known to them, and
you will see all the time on their
faces a look of dull scorn of you who
should believe such a thing. "He who
should convince the worthy Mr. Dan-
derhead of any truth which Dander-
head does not see, must be a master
of his art."
But I was going to tell you about
that funeral. A man living near us

had died after a long illness; my sister
and I called to ask the family if
we could assist them in any way. We
met several women with lugubrious
faces who had been in to see the corpse.
We were invited in for that purpose,
and as a great treat but declined.
"Can we be of use?" we asked.

"Wall," with the conventional
Yankee nasal, which, if you ever
thought of it, is that one does not
talk through the nose, but without
the assistance of that organ: "Wall,
you couldn't nohow be waiters to the
funeral, now could ye?" inquired the
widow.

We protested our willingness to
we know what was the duty of wait-
ers.

"Wall, you see, when we've all
gone to the grave, the waiters they
git up a supper; coffee, tea, and so on.
There'll be a sight o' folks most like-
ly come back from the grave, and
they'll be mighty hungry. You'll
have to tend right up 'em, ye know.
There'll be several tables full, and
dishes to wash. Now, could ye now?
I'll be so much obliged to ye. "But,
she added in thoughtful commiseration
of us, "if ye do, you can't go to the
grave."

We said we would stay and would
try to do what was proper.
"How appetizing going to the grave
must be," said Gertrude, as we walk-
ed home.

On the way we met Nancy Hol-
land, who was taking down a stranger
from Mill Village. She explained that
her companion had never seen
Mr. Ewell, the man, but that she felt
a wish to see the corpse. Mrs. Hol-
land was old, and trembling with the
interest and excitement of the occa-
sion. She asked if we were to be present
at the funeral. When told that we
were to be "waiters," she looked at
us with unmitigated surprise and envy.

"Ewell, now? I declare I told Mrs.
Ewell I'd jes' as lieve stay an' help,
only I can't leave Robert, ye know,"
and she went on.

From interviews with several other
neighbors, we saw that our office
was a coveted one. Did it not give an
almost unlimited opportunity to peer
into every part of the house; to see
where dust had collected; to find out
just how many pies had been made,
and to judge pretty accurately when-
ever they were made as they ought to
be? I overheard one decrepit old
woman, who remained benumbed in the
house of mourning, say to another, as
the two tottered along the narrow
entry through which the coffin had
just been borne;

"I call it odd that Miss Ewell
should a' had them two gals as wa-
ters; my gals would a' been glad to
come. What do they know?" jerking
her head back in our direction.

Oh, how hot it was! It was fer-
vent as a day in Massachusetts will
sometimes be in the summer, the
heavens being overspread by a thin,
coppery haze, and without a breath
of air. It was the third day of such
heat, and every one foretold that the
"spell would break before night." Meanwhile
it had not broken, and we were
in the kitchen brewing coffee and
tea. We put two tables end to end
in the "settin' room," and hastened to
spread them with crockery, case and
pie, stacks of bread and of cold boiled
corned beef.

The cemetery was not far, and we
were barely ready, when carriage after
carriage drove back from the grave,
and their occupants poured into the
house. Where do the men get those
curiously shaped sack coats which bag
so in the back and sleeves? But that
the days of peripatetic female tailors
are over, we would say that these gar-
ments were their work. These men
slouch in and out of doors, talking in
mumbling voices, while their women
in prim dresses pat their hair before
the little looking glass in the bed
room, then come out one by one, and
peer over the table at us. They talk,
too, and discuss how well, or how ill,
the minister did. One thing he did
not improve the occasion correctly,
another that he was not sufficiently
"feelin' in his prayer for the widder."

"Widlers is 'customed to bein' pray-
ed for more partic'lar," said Nancy
Holland, who spoke, I suppose, from
experience, she having been a widow
twice before she married her Robert.

Though they all talk, they are
evidently impatient for the feast. No
less than ten carriage loads have
come. We learn from the remark of
one thin, pale-faced woman that it is
a distinction to have a good many
come back from the grave, and partake
of the festival.

"When Miss Martin was buried
they only had six carriages to supper,"
she said in a congratulatory way to
the bereaved woman, as if in Mrs.
Ewell's case sorrow had its compensa-
tion.

"Warren had a good many friends,"
replied the widow, a glimmer of com-
placency on her face, which is care-
worn and sorrowful.

drinks, thirstily, three cups of tea,
and is hustled off after a hand-shake
and gentle murmur of condolence to
the widow.

For the next hour my sister and I
might have been waiters in a crowd-
ed restaurant. We find the waiters
very particular about their coffee and
tea, and very copious in their con-
sumption of those beverages. We have
emptied one pickle jar, and I am
grudging down cellar after a second; for
one cadaverous woman, in a blue
and green gingham dress, seems to
subsist on pickles, and is very arbit-
rary in her remarks to me concern-
ing those relishes. She appears to
think that, in some mysterious way, I
am responsible for the fact that there
is a white mould on some of these
pickled cucumbers. When I hand
over the dish the third time, she says
in a whisper:

"There ought to a' been haked
beans. Why didn't ye see to it? Hand
me them cakes. At I there no beans
to the house anyhow?"

"I saw a bushel of raw beans in
the shed," I cannot help saying. She
tossed her head, pointed to her cup,
and said "Ica."

I hurried off cravenly to obey her.
We washed dishes furiously between-
whiles, so that the supply might not
fail. After the first tableful had been
fed, I ran down into the cellar for
more pies. I fell against the woman
in checked gingham, who was leisurely
looking about. Probably she was
convincing herself that really there
were no beans.

"It's a good saller," she said calm-
ly. "I allers did want ter see Miss
Ewell's saller. She says it don't
freeze but I don't know 'bout that.
How much pork heve they got put
down? I did not answer her; I may
have laughed in her face. She seem-
ed thoroughly contemptible.

Mounting the stairs with three tiers
of pies in my hand, whom should I
meet but the new made widow. She
caught hold of my sleeve, and asked,
excitedly:

"What's that Miss Skiles? I knew
she was a pryin'! Jes' git her out o'
there!" I left Mrs. Ewell hurriedly
descending the stairs. How the en-
counter ended I never knew.

The afternoon wore away in melt-
ing heat and increasing work. At
last the slow-motored men brought
around their horses and covered wagons,
those big carriages that, in child-
hood, we used to call "bed-rooms." Deliberately
the women mounted into these
vehicles and were carried off.
Exhausted, faint, not having had time
to eat a morsel, we walked homeward,
accompanied by Nancy Holland, who
though unable to leave Robert, had
yet remained to the last minute.

"I don't think Miss Ewell she took
it very hard," said Nancy, her head
bobbing up and down in her earnest-
ness. "I watched her all through the
remarks and the prayer, and, ef you'll
believe it, she never cried a drop.
She jes' sat still, I declare. I should
a' thought she'd a' cried a little."

That is one of the funerals where
were waiters. We have been to night-
cap parties, also. Do you know what
a night-cap party is?

News and Observer.

PRESIDENT DAVIS has done a proper
and courteous thing in expressing to
Gen. Grant the sympathy he feels for
the dying General, who twenty years
ago brought to a close the short but
brilliant life of the Southern Confed-
eracy. Both of these remarkable men
are nearing the end of their days. It
is said of Mr. Davis that when Capt.
Grant was in trouble some half dozen
years before the war, Mr. Davis' being
secretary of war, did him a considerable
favor. Nothing subsequently occurred
to make any personal breach between
them. The feeling of the old army of-
ficers towards Confederates was never
of a rancorous, viperous sort, but after
the war was well understood, and the
Southerners have indicated that they
treasured no hostility towards those
who fought them the hardest by their
cordial support of Gen. Hancock for
the Presidency. Our people, we believe,
share very largely in the sentiments ex-
pressed by President Davis in his note
of sympathy to Gen. Grant.

Men do not live to themselves; and
men who have filled large places in
public life exert an influence in all their
acts. So we are sure what Mr. Davis
has done will tend to a further elimina-
tion of bitterness at the South and will
have a happy influence in leading up
to a more thorough harmony among
the people of the former warring sec-
tions. Doubtless he was advertent to
that possible consequence and perhaps
he hoped for that very result. But in
any point of view it is a courtesy that
well becomes President Davis and which
Gen. Grant seems to appreciate. In

the same way the resolution introduced
by the son of Gen. A. S. Johnston, who
fell fighting Grant at Shiloh, any adopted
by the Veteran Association of the
Army of the Tennessee, while assuring
Gen. Grant of the sympathy of his brave
antagonists twenty years ago, will tend
to establish yet more cordial relations
between the North and the South.

And so these courtesies are not merely
formal, but being the sincere utter-
ances of earnest men carry a weight
with them that makes the whole Union
realize that the sufferings of Gen. Grant
excite a compassion and evoke a sympa-
thy throughout the entire territory of
the United States. Nor can we forbear
on this occasion when Gen. Grant is
now passing away to recall and dwell
on those historical incidents which show
that he was true and faithful to his
pledged word to Gen. Lee, and that he
proposed, come what might, to have
the terms of surrender carried out ac-
cording to their real intent. At that
time, General Grant gave the world an
illustrious example of greatness and we
honor him for it.

Marriage in Illinois.

"As Far as the Wax Will Go."

Many of the settlers of Illinois were
rude in speech and rough in manner.
Money was scarce with them, and ser-
vice was paid for in produce. Governor
B—illustrated these incidents of fron-
tier life by the following anecdote:

One day there came to his office a
young man accompanied by a young
woman.

"Be you the squire?" asked the man-
ly youth.

"Yes, sir."
"Can you tie the knot for us right
away?"

"Yes, sir."
"How much do you charge?"
"One dollar is the legal fee, sir."
"Will you take your fee in beeswax?"
"Yes, if you can't pay your cash."
"Well, go ahead and tie the knot,
and I'll fetch the wax."

"No," said the squire, thinking there
was a good chance for a little fun;
"bring in the beeswax first, and then
I'll marry you."

Reluctantly the youth went out to
where was hitched the horse upon which
Darby and Joan fashion, they had rid-
den, and brought the wax in a sack.
On being weighed its value was found
to be only sixty cents.

"Wal," said the anxious groom, "tie
the knot and I'll fetch more wax next
week."
"No, sir, I don't trust; that is against
the rule of this office."

Slowly the disappointed youth turned
to go out, saying, "Come, Sal, let's
go."
"I say, mister," answered Sal, with a
woman's wit, "can't you marry us as
far as the wax will go?"

"Yes, I can and will," replied the
squire, laughing; and he did.—*Arkansaw
Traveler.*

A Standard Gauge.

It will be a gigantic task to change
the gauge of the railroads in South
Carolina, Georgia and Florida so as to con-
form them to the standard gauge at the
North, but it will be well worth the
cost, by reason of the saving of time
and expense. Freight is now transfer-
red at points where the gauge is chang-
ed, and passengers must go into coaches
of the new gauge, unless different tracks
can be substituted.

It is a sign of activity and progress
that the changes should now be con-
templated, and it is to be hoped that no
insurmountable difficulty will be en-
countered. Whatever simplifies trans-
portation must be advantageous to the
public as well as to the railways. When
there is a uniform gauge throughout the
United States transportation will be
quicker, and of course less costly.—
Charleston News and Courier.

THICK AND THIN WOMEN.—The
New York Times says, "there was a
time when thin women were much
more in demand than plump women.
This was when the New England in-
fluence ruled the North. Now that
New England no longer dictates in
matters of taste or religion men have
discovered that a bony woman is not
necessarily beautiful and that a plump
woman is by no means a revolting
sight. In fact, thin women have had
their day and the very men who twenty-
five years ago would have thought it
a privilege to lacerate themselves by
sudden contact with the edges of a
typical New England girl are now
convinced that a thin woman is an in-
complete woman and as such is very
undesirable."

The President Likes to be Prayed For.

Like many non-professors of religion,
he has an almost ideal reverence for
certain of its forms and appliances. For
instance he thinks a great deal of being
prayed for in churches. When he was
Governor at Albany and his sister had
chanced to attend church some Sunday
when he did not, his question to her on
her return would be, "Did the minister
pray for me today, Lizzie?" Not even
the superserviceable pliancy to the
Blaine juggernaut manifested by those
eight Buffalo ministers, who originated
the most infamous attack upon him
ever made upon a Presidential candi-
date, has secured his heart against this
reverent liking to be prayed for, as I
chance to know.—*Boston Post.*

Knives vs. Forks.

A singular will has been probated at
Jasper, Tenn. An old man died, leav-
ing a large property in trust, to be used
by the trustees in any manner they
deem best to suppress the habit preva-
lent among men of eating with knives
when a fork should be used. The de-
ceased says he has always felt the dis-
advantages of early training in that re-
spect. He was in the habit of reproving
everybody at hotels or elsewhere he saw
using knives for eating, and was a mono-
maniac on the subject.

A considerable part of the American
petroleum shipped to Europe is, after
being deodorized, made into butter and
suet, which are used by the poorer classes
to some extent, but very largely by bak-
ers in the large cities, who use it in
making cakes. The confectioners also
employ it. It has a great advantage
over butter, in that it stores cakes or in
candy the petroleum not only does not
become rancid and betray the age of the
article, but acts as a preservative in keep-
ing the other ingredients of the cake or
candy from spoiling. A recent hygienic
council, sitting in Paris, protested
against this use of our oil, but it is not
thought its consumption in this way
will be lessened.—*Inds. South.*

Two million dollars have been sub-
scribed for the construction of the Gulf
and Mineral railroad, from the Gulf of
Mexico to the Tennessee river, through
the coal and iron regions of Alabama.
This is an important enterprise. It is
one which will develop that section of
country, and stimulate the influx of
capital and labor. The region is excep-
tionally rich. There are beds of easily
mined coal all along the line of the
projected road. This line will bring
Mobile within easier reach of our rich-
est mineral sections, and probably re-
sult in the building up of an export
trade.—*Industrial South.*

Richmond State: It is generally
conceded by persons who have visited
the New Orleans Exposition, that in the
Government building where the re-
sources of the States are so splendidly
exhibited, North Carolina is not surpass-
ed even by the great States and Terri-
tories of the West. North Carolina's
full and striking exhibit cost the State
considerable money, but the outlay will
pay. Virginia might learn an impor-
tant lesson from her sister State.—*Char-
lestoner.*

New York Sun, (Ind.): One thing
is clear about President Cleveland's ad-
ministration. It is not a thing of
routine, whose acts everybody can pre-
dict. It is independent, original, guid-
ed by its own purposes, and not by
those of any outside force. To the
philosophic observer it is the most in-
teresting administration that we have
seen since Gen. Grant first became
President.

Among curious New York dinner
party novelties is the dish of marrow
bones which has become highly fash-
ionable. They are brought to the table
folded in a napkin, and if the
reader inquire the process, it may be
added that a cunning little spoon,
bucket-shaped and adapted to the pur-
pose of extracting the marrow, has been
invented. The bones are served hot
and the marrow eaten with a thin
crumpet.

"I tell you, sir, no woman can be
fully trusted!" exclaimed a cynical
man to a friend. "Why just look at
poor Sniffson. Didn't he love that
wife of his? Didn't he consider her
an angel? Didn't he fairly worship
her? Didn't he think nothing was too
good for her? And how has she re-
quited him?" "How?" asked the
other. "Gone and had twins—these
hard times."—*Charleston News and
Courier.*

We are in danger of having too
much culture in this country. An
aesthetic buff-colored pug recently got
inad in Boston because his mistress
dressed him in a light green blanket.

The curious effect which the plac-
ing of a fertilizer on one side of an
orange tree at Lake Jessp, Fla., and
none on the other had on the fruit is
noted by a Southern paper, which
says that the side that was fertilized
bore large, bright oranges, and the
other small rosy ones.

A wise man will never trust out-
A long as he breathes the breath of
life he will be doing something for
himself, his country, or posterity.
Washington, Franklin, Howard,
Young, Newton, all were at work
almost to the last hours of their exist-
ence.

A firm in Hickman county, Tenn.,
are engaged in the manufacture of
alcohol from oak lumber. The enter-
prise is yet in its infancy, but so far
has proved quite successful.

Fifteen acres of land at Sheffield, Ala.,
have been donated to Mr. F. S. Ellis,
New York, for the site of a 100-ton
furnace. Its construction will be begun
at an early day.—*Inds. South.*

ORGANIZED 1859



CAPITAL & ASSETS,

\$750,000.

J. RHODES BROWNE, Pres't. W. M. COAKLEY, Sec'y.
Twenty-sixth Annual Statement,
JANUARY 1, 1885.

LIABILITIES.	
Cash Capital	\$500,000 00
Undisposed Losses	24,000 00
Reserve for fire-insurance and all other	182,117 90
Liabilities	11,775 00
Net Surplus	85,265 18
	\$741,380 32

SCHEDULE OF ASSETS:

Cash in National Bank	\$7,984 04
Cash in hands of Agents	11,963 29
	\$19,947 33
United States Registered Bonds	179,800 00
State and Municipal Bonds	51,097 96
National Bank Stocks	158,400 00
Cotton Manufacturing stocks	114,775 00
Other Local Stocks	39,770 00
Real Estate (unincumbered city property)	91,297 17
Loans, secured by first mortgages	80,419 94
	\$741,380 32

Total Assets, \$741,380 32

J. ALLEN BROWN, Agt.
Salisbury, N. C., March 16, 1885.

SOMETHING NEW!

LAMP CHIMNEYS, for sale at
that will not break by heat, for sale at
ENNISS'.

DIAMOND DYES—All colors you
wish at
ENNISS'.

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