

The Carolina Watchman.

VOL XVII.—THIRD SERIES.

SALISBURY, N. C., SEPTEMBER 9, 1886.

NO. 46

READ THIS COLUMN CAREFULLY.

Meroney & Bro's.

THE GRAND CENTRAL FANCY AND DRY GOODS ESTABLISHMENT OF SALISBURY.

For this season their line of Dress Trimmings is unsurpassable.

A full line of Rosary Bead Trimmings, Pearl Beads and Crescents for Lambrequins, Special bargains in Hamburg and Swiss Embroideries.

Large varieties of Buttons, large and small, with clasps to match. Largest and cheapest line of Pearl Buttons in the city.

Below all competitors, they have the best line of Laces, in all widths, of Escorial, Spanish, Black and Colored, Oriental, Egyptian Cream and White.

Arasene and Filaselle Silk Floss in all shades.

The best 30c. Corset ever sold.

A full line of Warner's Corsets.

Parasols from 15c. to \$6.00.

Rare bargains in Kid and Silk Gloves and Mitts of all shades and quality.

A complete line of Undressed Kids for Ladies.

An unequalled assortment of Ladies and Misses Hose at all prices.

RIBBED HOSE FOR CHILDREN A SPECIALTY.

Gent's Silk Scarfs from 25c to \$1.00.

Just the place to get White and Colored Collars and Collars for Ladies.

If you want Straw Hats, Fur Hats and Shoes for Gentlemen, Ladies, or Boys, you can find them here.

The more careful you read the more you will be convinced that they have the best stock in town, and will sell to you at prices to compete with any one.

SEE THIS DRESS GOODS

They have all Wool Nun's Veiling at 25c. Embroidered and Embroidery to match.

Embroidered Evening Robes, Embroidered Zephyr Robes, Full line plain Etonic Dress Goods, Combination Wool Dress Goods, Brocade Combination Dress Goods, Striped Combination Dress Goods, Bouclé Canvas Plain Dress Goods, Sheppard Plain Dress Goods, Cotton Canvas Dress Goods, He Sateens, Crinkled Seersuckers, Ginghams.

WHITE GOODS.

In White Goods you cannot be pleased better anywhere; they have Linen De Dacca, India Linen, Persian Lawn, Victoria Lawn, White and Colored Mull, Nainsook, all prices.

All Shades of Cheese Cloth, Calicoes, 58 1/2 at 5c. per yard, Cassimeres for Gent's wear, all prices, Cottonades from 12c to 30c Ladies and Misses Jerseys, a full line, Curtain Goods in Persian and Russian Drapery, Curtain Holland in all shades, Old Shades, in all colors, Curtain Poles and Fixtures, Linen Tap Robes 75c. to \$1.50.

MEROONEY & BRO. SALISBURY, N. C.

169a

CERTAIN CURE

A physician's opinion of certain cure of Catarrh of the bladder.

BEST REMEDY KNOWN FOR CATARRH

SORE MOUTH OR SORE THROAT

In all forms and stages.

PURELY VEGETABLE REQUIRES NO INSTRUMENT.

Cures where others fail to give relief.

Dr. B. E. Davis, Athens, Ga., says: "I suffered with Catarrh five years. But since using CERTAIN CURE am entirely free from the disease."

Dr. O. B. Howe, Athens, Ga., says: "CERTAIN CURE cured me of a severe ulcerated sore throat, and I cheerfully endorse it."

Miss Laura A. Cook, Newnan, Ga., writes, Sept. 10th, 1885: "One bottle of your remedy entirely cured me of Catarrh which I had suffered from for five years."

Dr. H. H. Allen, Athens, Ga., writes, Sept. 2, 1885: "I had severe sore throat more than two weeks; was entirely cured by CERTAIN CURE in ten days."

CAN YOU DOUBT

SUCH TESTIMONY? WE THINK NOT.

Only a few of our many testimonials are given here. Others can be obtained from your druggist, or by addressing

C. C. CO., ATHENS, Ga.

For Sale by J. H. ENNIS, Salisbury N. C.

21-17.

I certify that on the 15th of February I commenced giving my four children, aged 2, 4, 6 and 8 years, respectively, Smith's Worm Oil, and within six days there were at least 1200 worms expelled. One child passed over 100 in one night.

J. E. SIMPSON.
Hall Co., February 1, 1879.

Sim: My child, five years old, had symptoms of worms. I tried calomel and other Worm Medicines, but failed to expel any. Seeing Mr. Bain's certificate, I got a vial of your Worm Oil, and the first dose brought forty worms, and the second dose so many were passed I could not count them.

B. H. ADAMS.
21-17.

Brought to Life.

Hon. Burgess S. Gaither writes the Statesville *Landmark* as follows: "There was a young man residing in Wake county by the name of Fitzgerald. Receiving information that his mother was lying at the point of death and wished to speak with him, he made immediate haste. His horse became exhausted when he arrived at the Catawba river. He applied for a fresh horse. By contract to return it in a special time he obtained one, and left his own until his return. He found his mother still alive and conversed with her. She soon died and was buried and he, remembering his appointed time to return to his horse, being behind time found a State warrant against him for horse-stealing; was arrested, committed to jail in Statesville, was prosecuted with all hatred, malice and vengeance, convicted by the law and executed by hanging and pronounced dead. His friends obtained his body from the gibbet, carried it a short distance from Statesville, to water, applied the proper remedies, restored the body to life, and returned it to Tennessee. He there married and raised an interesting family, highly intelligent, wealthy, honest and respectable."

This story does not have the right ring about it. There was no theft in the case, and it will take a good deal to convince the writer that an Iredell jury could have been induced to convict a man under the circumstances. True it occurred some years since, but Iredell had sensible men within her borders for a long time. There must have been more in the circumstances than appears above, but the point is the coming to life, which is a remarkable instance.

Notes From Blackmer Postoffice.

Editors *Watchman*:—The season of our section has been changeable. The corn crop, where cultivated, bids fair to be good. The sudden change has caused cotton to shed some. In some places the ground is getting too hard to plow. The people of our section expect to seed a large acreage this fall. The clover crop being excellent, will yield more in value per acre than wheat. F. L. Cornell & Co. have been hulling for some time and have more than a month's work to do yet. The peach, apple and grape crop have been good. The people of Steele township have been working pretty extensively in the creeks, clearing away rubbish from the banks, sawing out rafts, logs and everything that is calculated to obstruct the current. Preparation is being made to straighten the channels of the affluent, where needed. Some of our good people got sick about the creek law and refused to work until they saw a Lawyer, some of whom I think, must have sucked a spider and got sicker, while others "saw" and were healed, health in our locality is good.

A Mysterious Case.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

"And all by love. We paint him as a child, 'When he should should sit, a giant on his clouds, The great, disturbing spirit of the world.' A bell sounded, and the jury issued from the chamber where they had held their deliberations, and proceeded with solemn tread to the court-house. At their entrance a thrill of expectation ran through the anxious throng awaiting the verdict.

The foreman approached and addressed the judge: "By my honor and my conscience, before God and men, the jury is:— 'Is Jean Edouard Champvalliers guilty of the wilful murder of Jeanne Madeleine de Baspre, his lawful wife?'— 'Yes, by the majority.' Is Jean Edouard Champvalliers guilty of the wilful murder of Francaise—Lucie Beaulieu?'— 'Yes, by the majority.' The procurer general arose: 'I demand the application of article 302 of the penal code.' The president of the assizes, having consulted by a glance his two colleagues, said: 'The court, upon due deliberation, condemns Jean Edouard Champvalliers to suffer the pain of death, in expiation of his crimes.' And turning towards the prisoner, pale as death, and supported by two 'gendarmes,' he added, 'You have three days in which to appeal from the sentence which has been passed upon you.'

Champvalliers was an intimate friend of mine. We had been schoolmates; the same college had witnessed our early escapades. The same faculty had conferred upon us the coveted parchment, which, in solemn, ponderous Latin, proclaimed our astonishing scholastic abilities to a nonchalant world. Afterwards, he had become a banker, in order to succeed his father who had long looked forward with yearning to retirement from active life, while I, in obedience to pronounced Bohemian penchants, had consecrated my youth to visiting the principal countries of Europe. In spite of the distance and difference of taste which separated us, we still preserved our early intimacy, and each week reciprocally addressed each other a veritable budget of our 'impressions.' It was by means of the Post that I was apprised of his marriage with Mlle de Baspre; a charming girl," he wrote, "with only one fault, that of being too beautiful." "Too beautiful!" "I made answer, 'have a care.' "Bah!" he re-

plied, she has just made her debut from a convent where she has ever been noted as an angel of frankness and virtue, and it shall be my life's joy to jealously guard the treasure which has been confided to my keeping. I shall be aided in this delicate task by her cousin Lucie, who is a little older than Madeleine, and who feels for her an almost motherly tenderness. However, LET MY WIFE BEWARE OF ATTEMPTING TO CLASS ME in one of those categories which the *Seigneur de Bourdeilles* enumerates so complacently in his "Discours sur les Dames Galantes," for her life will be the forfeit for her lack of loyalty or loss of honor."

When, two months afterwards, I saw Champvalliers, my first question was: "Well, are you happy in your domestic life?" "Why certainly, very happy." "Not a cloud upon the azure of your felicity?" "Not one, I assure you." "I do not know why, but it seemed to me that he hesitated a little in affirming, thus positively, the plentitude of his blissful tranquility. However, his wife, to whom he presented me, appeared charming in every respect, as he had stated in his letters, neither shunning nor courting society, and concentrating all her affection upon her husband and cousin Lucie, who lived with them.

Entirely reassured as to the peace and happiness of the little household, I took my leave of Champvalliers and resumed my wanderings over the Continent.

Judge then of my grief and consternation when, in the depths of Russian forests, I read the following extract in an old French paper.

"ANOTHER MYSTERIOUS DRAMA." "Thursday morning, the whole quarter of St. P., was thrown into intense excitement by three revolver shots, fired in rapid succession. * * * The passer-by, among whose number was a 'commisaire' of police, rushed into the house of M. Champvalliers, whence the reports appeared to proceed. A ghastly spectacle met their 'horrid gaze. Pale, with wild eyes and bristling hairs, stood the master of the house, in the act of presenting to his breast the muzzle of the still smoking weapon with which he had just slain his two victims. At his feet, writhed in the last spasms of agony, two women, one the wife of M. Champvalliers, the other, one of her relations. The murderer permitted himself to be arrested without any resistance. The public are lost in conjectures as to the motives which could have impelled to the commission of such a revolting crime, one of our wealthiest bankers, who has hitherto commanded the esteem of all."

Two weeks later, I was admitted, by special permission, to his cell. The interview, as may easily be imagined, was harrowing.

"You were mad, were you not?" "Not in the least, and if it were to be done again I would do it." And, perceiving that I was stupefied at this reply, he said: "That surprises you, but recall to your mind the words of the letter in which I announced to you my marriage:— 'Let my wife beware.' " "She proved unfaithful then?" "Yes and no. Do not now seek to fathom this matter, you will know all later. The jury may do with me as they see fit; I am done with life and shall not seek to clear myself. He kept his word.

The day on which Champvalliers sailed for New Caledonia—his sentence having been commuted to banishment with hard labor for life—I received by post a volume of *Brunisme*. As I was mechanically turning it over in my hands, ignorant as to who could have sent me the book, it opened of its own accord at a dog-eared leaf. Thanks to the italics the printer had employed—one sentence immediately caught my eye, and I read the following verse of Martial which it is unnecessary to translate:— *Hic ubi vir non est, ut sit adulterium.*

A Remarkable Rascal.

One of the convicts at work on the Murphy division of the Western N. C. R. R. has a history that beats anything to be found in a dime novel. Nearly forty years ago this convict was the most elegant gentleman in western North Carolina. He belonged to a good family, and was well educated and refined. One day he suddenly left his neighborhood and went to Raleigh. There he read law under Hon. James M. Morehead, was admitted to the bar and soon gave promise of distinguishing himself in his profession. He married a young lady of considerable fortune, but it was soon discovered that he had another wife at his old home. He was convicted of bigamy and sent to the penitentiary, where he served out his term. The war coming on, he entered the Confederate army and fought with desperation and valor. After the war he went north, and in the character of a persecuted southern union man, swindled General Grant, Horace Greely, Henry Ward Beecher and other prominent Republicans out of \$20,000. Then he returned south and said the northern people had persecuted him and driven him from place to place because

he had served in the Confederate army. This excited the sympathy of Gen. Toombs, Alexander H. Stephens and others, they gave liberally to the poor fellow. The other day a newspaper correspondent had this phenomenal swindler pointed out to him. He saw a broken down old man of sixty five working with a gang of convicts. He is serving a fifteen years' term for forgery and will doubtless wear stripes until he dies. Such is the bare outline of a life-history—abundant material for a sensational romance.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

The New Sugar.

Saccharine, the newly discovered coal-tar product, bids fair to work a complete revolution in the sugar and syrup industry. In Germany, where the new sugar is already being produced on quite a large scale, it is being largely used by bakers and confectioners, and by the manufacturers of beet-sugar and glucose. These latter sugars, although claimed to be superior in digestibility and healthfulness to cane sugar, are inferior to it in sweetness; and the addition of a trifling fraction of saccharine makes them equal to the finest cane sugar in the market. Saccharine is perhaps the most remarkable of all the marvelous products of the coal-tar industry. It is so sweet that a teaspoonful converts a barrel of water into syrup. A small wafer of it converts the bitterest quinine solution or sores acid drink into a regular molasses. It will therefore be invaluable in disguising and rendering palatable all the bitter and sour tastes in medicine without changing the character or action of the drugs. Saccharine does not decay, mould, or ferment, neither is it attacked by bacteria. It is said to have no injurious effect upon the human system; what effect has been noticed seems to be beneficial rather than otherwise. This immunity from decay will render it of great utility in preserving delicate fruits and vegetables. For family use, it is not claimed that the new substance will entirely replace sugar, but for flavoring purposes it is thought that it will. In the future the new sugar will be used by druggists, physicians, bakers, confectioners, preserve and pickle makers, liquor distillers, wine makers and dealers in bottles' supplies. The discoverer of saccharine is Dr. Constantine Fahlberg, a German-American. It is not yet manufactured in this country, but doubtless branch works will be started here in a short time. At present it sells at from \$10 to \$12 a pound but it is expected that considerable reduction in price will be made within a year.—*Bangor Me. Ind. Journal.*

The Pay of Writers.

S. S. McClure, the man who runs the syndicate which furnishes short stories for the papers, says that he gets an immense amount of trash, of course, and an average of one hundred and fifty stories a week. Out of this number he finds it difficult to select as many as he needs that are suitable for his purpose, the trouble being that writers either make their manuscript too long or do not hit a popular idea. He pays prices all the way from \$25 to \$500 a story, according to its merits, the average price being about \$50. Mr. McClure says that the author who receives the largest compensation is W. D. Howells, who will not write except upon special contract, and fixes his own figures according to the length of time spent upon his contribution. Mark Twain will not write at all for anybody. He is so rich that he does not have to, and he is careful of his reputation that he will not run the risk of damaging it. Once in a while he sits down and writes something when he happens to be in the mood, and then can command any price he wants. With these exceptions, the authors receiving the highest prices are Frank R. Stockton, Mr. Burnett, Bert Harte, J. T. Bowbridge, G. W. Cable, who usually get \$50 for every thousand words; Edward Everett Hale, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Joel Chandler Harris, and some others get \$30 a thousand words, while Boyesen, G. Parsons Lathrop, and Julian Hawthorne stand in the next grade, and get from \$15 to \$25 per thousand words. The other day Mr. McClure paid Sidney Luska, a new author, who has recently developed, \$200 for a short story, and has also paid other unknown writers a similar amount, but when a new candidate for literary honors comes in the price usually offered for the first contribution is not over \$25.

Poisoned by the Ailantus.

The Ailantus or Tree of Heaven is a very poisonous one, but we were not aware how far it was capable of transmitting its deadly effect. A Mr. C. Curtis, a retired sea-captain, has called the attention of the New York board of health to this matter. He has been in poor health lately, and he lays it to poisoning by ailantus trees that abound in his neighborhood. Captain Curtis believes the trees are injurious enough to warrant the health officers in inaugurating a regular campaign against them. "Few people know," said the captain "how poisonous is the pollen that falls from the tree in July and August. It is the cause of no end of sickness in the city every summer. Any number of cases of alleged malaria are simply cases of ailantus poisoning. Invalids are principally affected by the nearness of these trees."

Fire.

Yesterday afternoon a little before five o'clock, an alarm of fire was given, and everybody deserted his business to find that P. D. Leonard's large stable was all in flames, and before many could reach the scene of the fire, the stable was burned to the ground. It is thought that the fire was started by one of the sheriff's little boys, who was playing in the stable just before the fire was discovered. Jerry, a horse well known in all the country as a valuable animal, was chained in his stall and could not be rescued. A number of wagons, buggies, harness, etc. were in the barn, and almost nothing was saved. A building about twenty or thirty feet from the stable caught fire and nearly the whole roof was in flames; but through the effort of Mr. Jno. D. Grimes and others, it was saved. The total loss is at least two thousand dollars, and may exceed that amount by a few hundreds.—*Davidson Dispatch.*

Journalistic Training.

Editor Charles A. Dana, of the *New York Sun*, himself a profound scholar, does not believe in a collegiate education as a training for newspaper men. This is the opinion of nine out of ten of the practical journalists. Mr. Dana says that "a graduate fresh from college is pretty sure to be one of the most awkward recruits who can be brought into a newspaper office. In the first place, he is very immature. Then not one graduate in a hundred has an English education which can be called at all thorough. Until he is trained anew, not one in a hundred is capable of doing good literary service in a single department. He has also lived so far apart from the world and its affairs, that he knows next to nothing about what is going on among men and what interests and moves them."

A Mother's Deed.

NEW YORK, August 30.—Margaret Meagher, a widow over 40 years old, was arrested at 413 West 71st street this morning, "crazy drunk" and on the verge of delirium tremens. She had bought a grocery store at that place a few days ago and since then had been on a continuous carouse. In one of the rooms in the rear of the store the officers found the remains of her daughter Ellen, eighteen months old, who had recently died from neglect. She was very emaciated and it is thought that starvation may have had something to do with the death. The woman had money in bank even after buying the grocery. Two years ago her husband, who was employed on the Hudson river railroad, hanged himself because of the life she led him, and her two older children were taken from her. The woman herself has been in the work-house twice since her husband's death. Just when the child died is not known, but it is thought the drunken mother carried it around for some time after its death.

Policeman's Views.

Mrs. M. M. Prince, living at 38 west fair St. Atlanta, Ga., has been troubled for several months with a highly form of catarrh, attended with copious and offensive discharge from both nostrils. Her system became so affected and reduced that she was confined to bed at her home for some time, and received the attention of three physicians, and used a dozen bottles of an extensively advertised remedy, all without the least benefit. She finally commenced the use of B. B. B. with a decided improvement at once, and when ten bottles had been used, she was entirely cured of all symptoms of catarrh. It gave her an appetite, and increased her strength rapidly, and I cheerfully recommend it as a quick and cheap Blood Purifier.

J. W. GLOVER,
Atlanta, January 10, '86. Policeman.

A BOOK OF WONDERS, FREE.

All who desire full information about the cause and cure of Blood Poisons, Scrofula and scrofulous swellings, Claps, Sores, Rheumatism, Kidney complaints, Catarrh, etc., can secure by mail, free, a copy of our 32 page illustrated *Book of Wonders*, filled with the most wonderful and startling proof ever before known.

Address: BLOOD BALM CO., Atlanta, Ga.

FOR THE BLOOD.

TRADE MARK.

ECZEMA ERADICATED.

Gentlemen:—It is one you say that I think I am entirely well of eczema after having taken Swift's Specific. I have been troubled with it for many years. At the beginning of cold weather last fall it made a slight appearance, but went away and has never returned. I have no doubt broke it up; at least it put my system in good condition and I got well. It also benefited my wife greatly in case of sick headache, and made a perfect cure of a breeding out on my little three-year-old daughter last summer.

Watkinsville, Ga., Feb. 15, 1886. M. MORRIS.

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free.

The SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.

ESTABLISHED 1812.

A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, etc., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy, was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the Hon. JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station D, New York City.

411

Captain Curtis is a friend of ex-President Arthur, and when he read in the papers how, after beneficial trips in the park, he always had relapses after returning home, he went to his house to see if there was an ailantus handy. There was. On the avenue in front of his home there were rows of them and three of them in the back yard. The captain diagnosed the case at once, and told Gen. Arthur that he was breathing poison. He quoted lots of cases of that kind until the ex-President was at last impressed, and promised to go away. He went to New London and began to mend at once. Capt. Curtis said that he knew of lots of cases in this city. In Brooklyn the health authorities have made war upon them long ago.

Dr. Edson, of New York, is convinced that there was much truth in what the captain said and promised to see what could be done in the premises.

ESTABLISHED 1812.

EAST-BLACK SPOOL COTTON.

Spool for all purposes, which makes the best quality of thread for sewing, and is the most complete assortment of all the thread in the market.

Imported by MERONEY & BROS., Salisbury N. C.

(Wound on White Spools)

A full line of this celebrated THREAD

WHITTE, EAST-BLACK and COL- OIRS for sale at wholesale and retail by MEROONEY & BROS., Salisbury N. C. 443m.

BLOOD AND MONEY.

The blood of man has much to do in shaping his actions during his pilgrimage through this troublesome world, regardless of the amount of present or expected money in pocket or stored away in bank. It is a conceded fact that we appear as our blood makes us, and the purer the blood, the happier, healthier, prettier and wiser we are; hence the oft repeated interrogatory, "how is your blood?" With pure streams of life-giving fluid coursing through our veins, bounding through our hearts and pulsating through our physical frames, our morals become better, our constitution stronger, our intellectual faculties more acute and grander, and men, women and children happier, healthier and more lovely.

The unprecedented demand, the unparalleled curative powers, and the unmistakable proof from those of unimpaired character and integrity, point with an unerring finger to B. B. B.—Botanic Blood Balm—as far the best, the cheapest, the quickest and the grandest and most powerful blood remedy ever before known to mortal man, in the relief and positive cure of Scrofula, Rheumatism, Skin diseases, all taints of blood poison, Kidney complaints, old ulcers and sores, cancer, catarrh, etc.

B. B. B. is only about three years old—a baby in age, a giant in power—but no remedy in America can make or ever has made such a wonderful showing in its magical powers in curing and entirely eradicating the above complaints, and gigantic sales in the face of frenzied opposition and would-be moneyed monopolists.

Letters from all points where introduced are pouring in upon us, speaking in its loudest praise. Some say they receive more benefit from one bottle of B. B. B. than they have from twenty, thirty and fifty and even one hundred bottles of a boasted decoction of insect and non medicinal roots and branches of common forest trees. We hold the proof in black and white, and we also hold the fort.

Atlanta, January 10, '86.

J. W. GLOVER, Policeman.

BLOOD BALM CO., Atlanta, Ga.

TRADE MARK.

FOR THE BLOOD.

TRADE MARK.

ECZEMA ERADICATED.

Gentlemen:—It is one you say that I think I am entirely well of eczema after having taken Swift's Specific. I have been troubled with it for many years. At the beginning of cold weather last fall it made a slight appearance, but went away and has never returned. I have no doubt broke it up; at least it put my system in good condition and I got well. It also benefited my wife greatly in case of sick headache, and made a perfect cure of a breeding out on my little three-year-old daughter last summer.

Watkinsville, Ga., Feb. 15, 1886. M. MORRIS.

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free.

The SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.

ESTABLISHED 1812.

A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, etc., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy, was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the Hon. JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station D, New York City.

411

ESTABLISHED 1812.

EAST-BLACK SPOOL COTTON.

Spool for all purposes, which makes the best quality of thread for sewing, and is the most complete assortment of all the thread in the market.

Imported by MERONEY & BROS., Salisbury N. C.

(Wound on White Spools)

A full line of this celebrated THREAD

WHITTE, EAST-BLACK and COL- OIRS for sale at wholesale and retail by MEROONEY & BROS., Salisbury N. C. 443m.

BLOOD AND MONEY.

The blood of man has much to do in shaping his actions during his pilgrimage through this troublesome world, regardless of the amount of present or expected money in pocket or stored away in bank. It is a conceded fact that we appear as our blood makes us, and the purer the blood, the happier, healthier, prettier and wiser we are; hence the oft repeated interrogatory, "how is your blood?" With pure streams of life-giving fluid coursing through our veins, bounding through our hearts and pulsating through our physical frames, our morals become better, our constitution stronger, our intellectual faculties more acute and grander, and men, women and children happier, healthier and more lovely.

The unprecedented demand, the unparalleled curative powers, and the unmistakable proof from those of unimpaired character and integrity, point with an unerring finger to B. B. B.—Botanic Blood Balm—as far the best, the cheapest, the quickest and the grandest and most powerful blood remedy ever before known to mortal man, in the relief and positive cure of Scrofula, Rheumatism, Skin diseases, all taints of blood poison, Kidney complaints, old ulcers and sores, cancer, catarrh, etc.

B. B. B. is only about three years old—a baby in age, a giant in power—but no remedy in America can make or ever has made such a wonderful showing in its magical powers in curing and entirely eradicating the above complaints, and gigantic sales in the face of frenzied opposition and would-be moneyed monopolists.

Letters from all points where introduced are pouring in upon us, speaking in its loudest praise. Some say they receive more benefit from one bottle of B. B. B. than they have from twenty, thirty and fifty and even one hundred bottles of a boasted decoction of insect and non medicinal roots and branches of common forest trees. We hold the proof in black and white, and we also hold the fort.

Atlanta, January 10, '86.

J. W. GLOVER, Policeman.

Atlanta, January 10, '86.

J. W. GLOVER, Policeman.

Atlanta, January 10, '86.

J. W. GLOVER, Policeman.

Atlanta, January 10, '86.

J. W. GLOVER, Policeman.

Atlanta, January 10, '86.

J. W. GLOVER, Policeman.