

The Carolina Watchman.

VOL. XX.—THIRD SERIES.

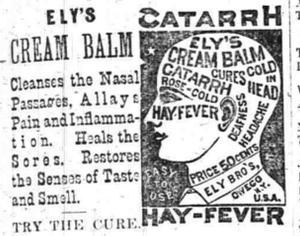
SALISBURY, N. C., THURSDAY, MARCH 7, 1889.

NO. 20.



ROYAL BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A mark of purity, strength, and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitudes of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 100 WALL ST. N. Y.



ELY'S CATARRH CREAM BALM
Cleanses the Nasal Passages, Allays Pain and Inflammation. Heals the Sore. Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell.

CATARRH
is a disease of the mucous membrane, generally originating in the nasal passages and maintaining its stronghold in the head. From this point it sends forth a poisonous virus into the stomach and through the digestive organs, corrupting the blood and producing other troublesome and dangerous symptoms.

THIS AGE
is full of dangers and that remedy that dispels all these dangers is God-sent to humanity. B. B. B. has never failed and that ought to count for something to him who wants to be cured of what B. B. B. sets itself up to cure.

UTTERLY SURPRISED!
MERRIDEN, Miss. July 12, 1887.

For a number of years I have suffered untold agony from the effects of blood poison. I had my case treated by several prominent physicians, but received but little, if any, relief. I resorted to all sorts of patent medicines, spending a large amount of money, but getting no better. My attention was attracted by the cures said to have been effected by B. B. B. I commenced taking it merely as an experiment, having but little faith in the results. To my utter surprise I soon commenced to improve, and deem myself today a well and hearty person—all owing to the excellent qualities of B. B. B. I cannot comment too highly to those suffering from blood poison.

J. O. GIBSON,
Trainman M. & O. R. R.

AFTER TWENTY YEARS.
BALTIMORE, April 20, 1887.—For over twenty years I have been troubled with altered bowels and bleeding piles, and great very weak and thin from constant loss of blood. I have used 4 bottles of B. B. B., and have gained 15 pounds in weight, and feel better in general health than I have for ten years. I recommend your B. B. B. as the best medicine I have ever used, and owe my improvement to the use of Botanic Blood Balm. EUGENIUS A. SMITH,
318 Exeter St.

AN OLD MAN RESTORED.
DAWKIN, Ga., June 30, 1887.—Being an old man and suffering from general debility and rheumatism of the joints of the shoulders, I found difficulty in attending to my business and this from constant loss of blood. I have used 4 bottles of B. B. B., and have gained 15 pounds in weight, and feel better in general health than I have for ten years. I recommend your B. B. B. as the best medicine I have ever used, and owe my improvement to the use of Botanic Blood Balm. EUGENIUS A. SMITH,
318 Exeter St.

CLARKE'S
Cures Cuts, Burns, Piles, Ulcers, Sores, Rheumatism, Itch, and all other skin diseases. A copy of our 25-page illustrated Book of Wonders, filled with the most wonderful and startling cures, sent free of charge.



CLARKE'S SKIN CURE
Cures Cuts, Burns, Piles, Ulcers, Sores, Rheumatism, Itch, and all other skin diseases.

CRAIG & CLEMENT,
Attorneys at Law
SALISBURY, N. C.
Feb. 3rd, 1881.

DR. J. C. McCUBBINS,
Surgeon Dentist,
Salisbury, N. C.
Office in Cole building, second floor, next to Dr. Campbell's. Opposite D. A. Atwell's hardware store, Main street.

Our Boys.

"What shall we do with our boys?" said he, Old merchant Brown, to his business wed, As with puzzled brow he shook his head.

"Will choose the law," said Mrs. B. "And Ned," said the father, "he stays with me. I'll take him into the store as clerk, And he'll be steady and tend to work He'll soon be partner, and when I die He'll be a merchant, the same as I."

"And now," asked the mother, "what about Jim?"
Our youngest, what shall we do with him?"

Jim heard the question. "Father," said he, "I'll tell you what you can do for me. As all my boyish pranks are played, It's time to begin; let me learn a trade."

"A trade, my son! That's a queer request. I'd rather treat you the same as the rest, And I can afford it as well you know. And a trade, Jim, isn't that rather low? I wanted to send you off to college. To cram your brain with classical knowledge; Then to choose a profession that pleases you. You learn a trade Jim? I'm sure you jest!"

"No, father, I mean just what I say: I've thought of the matter for many a day, And that is the serious choice I've made; If you don't object, let me learn a trade. You say it's low, but we don't disagree; All 'labor is honor' it seems to me.

Not every lawyer can find success, Not every doctor, as you'll confess; But a man with a trade, and a thorough skill, Can find employment, look where he will. As for education, I still may learn; The night-schools and lectures will suit my turn."

Then parents and brothers had their say, But Jim stood firm till he had his way.

Will went through college, and studied law, And looked for clients he seldom saw.

Ned worked as clerk for a three years' term, Then his father took him into the firm.

Jim learned his trade, and learned it well, His motto in all things was to excel. His nights he spent in filling his mind, With useful knowledge of every kind. As time went onward, all he learned To good and wise account he turned; Until, within him, he found one day, A talent rare for invention lay.

And, before very many years were past, His fortune had come to him at last; Though long ere this he had found what's best, A home with a wife and children blest.

The merchant died, and then 'twas known His wealth had in speculation flown. Then Jim, the open-handed, said: "Here's a home for brother and brother Ned!" And even wise Will looks up to him, For there's nobody now like Brother Jim.

"What shall we do with our boys?" you said; "This best if you let them learn a trade. You think it is low but we don't agree; All 'labor is honor' it seems to me; And a man with a trade and a thorough skill Can find employment, look where he will." —Chicago Inter-Ocean.

The Fear of Death.

A PROMINENT DOCTOR'S OPINION ON THE SUBJECT.

Youth's Companion.

The fear of Death is natural. Even those who are decrepit with age and infirmities, in most cases cling to life. Criminals gladly accept imprisonment for life in commutation of the death sentence. To bid a final farewell to loved friends; to look for the last time on the bright and beautiful world; to think of consciousness as utterly suspended in the grave—this, apart from the hopes of the gospel, we cannot but shrink from.

But there is another fear of death to which many people are painfully subject. We do not now refer to the fear of what may follow death, but to the act of the dying, the purposed suffering connected with it.

Dr. Traill Green discussed this subject at a meeting of the Pennsylvania Medical Society. He said: "I attended an excellent man, rector of an Episcopal church, for the disease of the heart. His wife said to me:

"Doctor, my husband has had a dread of death, believing it is attended with great physical suffering. Excepting this he had no fear.

"I replied, 'Madam, I have no doubt that his fear of suffering will not be realized. He will pass into a gentle sleep, and unconsciously into future life in expectation of which he has lived.' His prediction was verified by the event."

Even death from a false membrane in the larynx, as in croup and diphtheria, is affirmed by Dr. Rushmore, of Brooklyn, to be far less painful than he once supposed it to be. He said:

"When the patients have died of large obstruction alone, the pictures have always been the same—gradually increasing restlessness and dyspnea, with paroxysms of spasms added at times and threatening death. Then the spasm is in a few moments relieved, but a very considerable amount of distress continues, and then a rapid development of unconsciousness, the comatose patient dying quietly, the breathing being still obstructed."

The doctor is wont to tell the friends that the patient will not choke to death with great struggling and distress but will die unconscious and with comparative ease.

There are two other fears that trouble some persons. One is the fear of being eaten by worms, but worms cannot live at the depth of more than a few inches below the surface. As to the other fear, that of being buried alive, although it is, of course, possible, and in some cases has occurred, yet Dr. Prime who investigated for years every reported case, found not a particle of truth in a single one of them.

Mac Matheson Tells a War Story to a Newspaper Man.

Washington Cor. of Detroit Free Press.

One of the assistant doorkeepers of the House of Representatives is a canny Scotchman from the foot-hills of North Carolina. He is a tall-built man of five and forty, with a mild eye and a beard as long and as red as the bravest clansman of the Chevalier wore. An empty sleeve tells the simple story of an arm left with the Lost Cause. Daniel Mac Matheson is a member of a noted family in Western North Carolina. He lives in Alexander county, which has been represented in the Tarheel House and Senate by two of his brothers, and comes of a family prominent in the war period. The mountain region of North Carolina was honeycombed with Union sentiment during the war. Many families were divided in their allegiance between North and South, although as the section was dominated by the Confederates there were few enlistments in the Union army. Mr. Matheson tells an interesting story of the latter years of the war in connection with the escape of two Michigan officers from Salisbury prison.

"It was after I had lost my arm and been mustered out as the Confederate service, and well on towards the close of the war," he said to the Free Press correspondent. "I was on my way to visit a favorite uncle of mine for whom I was named. He was known as an uncompromising and unflinching Union man throughout the war. I approached his farm house about dusk. As I was passing through an old field I came suddenly upon two persons lying concealed in the broom sedge and small pines. Dark as it was I could distinguish that the men wore Federal uniforms. They were astonished to see me and I to see them. But their proximity to my uncle's home explained the situation. They were escaping prisoners who were seeking the protection of a known Union man. I had often heard it reported that my uncle harbored Union fugitives whenever he got a chance, and here I had evidence. Here was an old Confederate soldier placed in a predicament. It took but a second for me to make up my mind what to do. As soon as the men saw they started off, but I halted them with the assurance that they need have no fear, I should not betray them. I asked them if they were looking for Dan Mac Matheson, Sr. They said they were. I told them I was his nephew, and would take them to his house. They did not know whether it was best to trust me or not, but when I told them that a detachment of Confederate cavalry—Morgan's or Duke's—had passed through town that very evening, and were at the moment going into camp less than half a mile from where we then were, they concluded that they had better chance it. On our way we engaged in conversation, and I learned that they were Michigan officers. One was a captain and the other a lieutenant. They had escaped from Salisbury and been directed to my uncle for food and aid on their journey. They went with me nearly to my uncle's house, and I went in and brought him out to them. We talked there for a long time and I then left him. My uncle directed them over the mountains and they got safely through the lines into east Tennessee. They wrote to my uncle after the close of the war. Although I had lost my arm in the Confederate service and sympathized with the South, yet nothing could have induced me to betray those men and have their sent back to Salisbury. I had been there a short time and knew something of the sufferings of the prisoners—enough not to participate in sending men back who had succeeded in escaping."

What a Boy and a Match Can Do.
New Bern Journal.

Capt. R. P. Midyette, of Smith's creek, Pamlico county, was in the city yesterday. A Journal reporter met him on the street and inquired for the news.

"No news," said he; "well yes, there is some news."

At this he removed his hat and showed a large plaster on his forehead, hair and eyebrows signed.

"Why, you have been through a fire," said the reporter.

"Yes," said he. "I sat down to dinner yesterday, and pretty soon Mrs. Midyette, who was where she could see out to the barn yard, exclaimed, 'Robert what is the matter at the barn?' I ran out immediately and found my stalls in flames. Fortunately all my horses were out except my drive mare, which I thought a good deal of. I ran to the door of the stall that she was in and threw it open, and as I did the flames puffed in my face. I fell immediately with my face to the ground, and crawled out backwards the best I could. The mare, all my stalls, my barn with eighty or ninety barrels of corn, peas, fodder and a large number of farming utensils were burned."

"How did the fire originate?"

"I have a little grandson five years old. He got a hold of a match, went to the stall next to the one the mare occupied, raked up some dry fodder and stuck the match to it. He says, however, that he thought he certainly put it all out before he fell."

"Did you have any insurance captain?"

"No a cent."

Awful Wreck of a Young Man's Mind Caused by Counting Sheep.

Washington Cor. of Detroit Free Press.

"What's the matter with your friend?" asked a reporter of a young man with a broad white hat, corduroy trousers and a woolen shirt, who was trying to induce his companion, similarly clad, to move on.

"He's got the sheep jiggers," "The sheep jiggers? What's that?" demanded the questioner.

"Why, you see, in our business we have to count our sheep twice a day—morning and night. Joe, here—Shepherd Joe, he's called up in the Pine Creek country—he's been been tending a bunch high on to 6,000 sheep, and it has purty near drove him clean daft a-counin' 'em so much.

He scarcely gets time for anything else. Very often a shepherd gets off his cabser on this account, and that's the reason we call it the sheep jiggers."

"Just ye watch him a minute. Ye see he's got ten little pebbles or jiggers in his right hand. Now he'll count from one up to a hundred, and then he'll pass one of them jiggers into his left hand. When he gets all of the jiggers into his left hand that will make 1,000, and he'll cut a notch in the rim of his hat or his boot heel.

"Didn't ye never notice the notches cut in the rim of a sheep buckaroo's hat? That is what it means."

When Joe gets a thousand counted he counts another thousand and passes the jiggers back into his right hand and keeps on back and forth all day if we let him.

Here the young man took off his hat, cut a neat notch in the brim with his jack-knife, put it back on his head and resumed counting.

"Poor Joe!" said his companion. "We brought him down here thinking the life and bustle of the city might help him, but it's no use. He just counts like ye see him all day long and counts people for sheep, just the same as if he was on the Madeline plains."

"What's that? Did I ever have the jiggers? Well, yes; once. I was out in the foothills of the Siskiyou range, working for Dan Wheeler, and I had so much trouble with coyotes and and such that I used to count my bunch three times a day. I didn't have no time for anything else, and it mighty near took me off my base.

"I could see sheep a jumpin' over the bars night and day and could hear their eternal bleat ringing in my head like Bealanger's March in a hand organ. I couldn't do nothing but count, count, count, and when I got through I couldn't tell how much it came to. Everything looked like sheep. The beans looked like little sheep and the hills looked like big sheep."

"The tin cups and the frying pans looked like sheep. My Dutch oven looked like a fat sheep, and the knives and forks looked like lean sheep."

"The clouds and the stars looked like sheep, and the moon stood over me at night like a big bell weather and made me count him a million times until my head fairly ached."

"It was sheep everywhere, and no relief. Oh, it was awful!" and the young man with closed eyes, pressed his hands to his throbbing brow and groaned as he recalled that dreadful experience.

"How did I cure it? Went to town and got bilin' drunk."

When the reporter left, poor Joe was standing in the same place counting the people as they passed and changing the "jiggers" from one hand to the other.—San Francisco Examiner.

Wonders of the Sea.

The sea occupies three-fifths of the earth's surface.

A mile down the water has the pressure of a ton to the square inch.

It has been proven that at a depth of 3,500 feet the waves are not felt.

At some places the force of the sea dashing upon the rocks on the shore is said to be seventeen tons to the square yard.

The temperature is the same, varying only a trifle from the ice of the pole to the burning sun of the equator.

The water is colder at the bottom than at the surface. In the many bays off the coast of Norway the water often freezes at the bottom before it does above.

If a box six feet deep were filled with sea water and the water allowed to evaporate in the sun, there would be two inches of salt left at the bottom. Taking the average depth of the ocean to be three miles, there would be a layer of pure salt 230 feet thick on the Atlantic.

Waves are very deceptive, to look at them in a storm one would think the whole water traveled. The water stays in the same place, but the motion goes on. Sometimes in storms these waves are forty feet high and travel fifty miles an hour—more than twice as fast as the swiftest steamer. The distance from valley to valley is generally fifteen times its height; hence, a wave five feet high will extend over seventy-five feet of water.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Bill Chandler's ear will be an issue of the next national campaign.—Stateville Landmark.

A Talking Newspaper.

WONDERFUL POSSIBILITIES OF THE PHONOGRAPH.

From the Paper World.

Edison's dream of the future is of a talking newspaper. He has developed his phonograph so far that he now feels justified in numbering such an achievement among its possibilities. He has brought it to such a degree of efficiency that he is now manufacturing it for rental and has reduced the cost of phonograms, adapted for transmission by mail and applicable to the cylinder in the phonograph, so that they are now available for many purposes of business and correspondence.

The discovery that these phonograms can be rapidly multiplied at very small expense, after receiving the impression of language and other sounds designed to be reproduced, suggested the idea of the talking newspaper, upon which the wizard is now at work.

In his experimental shape the talking newspaper will undertake to give only a condensed summary of the day's news, spoken into the machine by men skilled in the use of the tongue, so that the subscriber can put his phonogram into his machine and set it going, and hear all the news while he is eating his breakfast. If the enterprise is at all feasible it will easy grow into an elaborate system of vocal news service; and may be expected eventually to include reproductions of Congressional and Legislative debates, parts of theatrical and musical entertainments, verbatim reports of meetings and addresses and so on, ad infinitum.

It will be some time yet doubtless, before the uses and usefulness of the phonogram are fully ascertained, but in the light of the events of recent years no one will feel disposed to deride the inventor's faith in it. It is hardly to be expected, however, that these methods of preserving speech will in any considerable degree supplant the use of written and printed language.

Winters of Long Ago.

In 401 the Black Sea was entirely frozen over. In 764 not only the Black Sea, but the Straights of Dardanelles were frozen over, the snow in some places rising fifty feet high. In 822 the great rivers of Europe, the Danube, the Elbe, etc., were frozen so hard as to bear heavy wagons for a month. In 890 the Adriatic was frozen. In 991 everything was frozen; the crops totally failed, and famine and pestilence closed the year. In 1077 most of the travelers in Germany were frozen to death on the roads. In 1244 the Po was frozen from Cremona to the sea; the wine sacks were burst, and the trees split by the action of the frost, with immense noise. In 1236 the Danube was frozen to the bottom, and remained long in that state. In 1316 the crops wholly failed in Germany, wheat which some years sold in England at 6s. the quarter, rose to £2. In 1308 the crops failed in Scotland, and such a famine ensued that the poor was reduced to feed on grass, and many perished miserably in the fields. In 1308 the wine distributed to the soldiers was cut with hatchets. The successive winters of 1432-3-4 were uncommonly severe. In 1683 it was excessively cold. Most of the hollies were killed. Coaches drove along the Thames, the ice of which was eleven inches thick. In 1709 occurred the cold winter; the frost penetrated the earth three yards in the ground. In 1716 booths were erected on the Thames. In 1744-45 the strongest ale in England, exposed to the air, was covered in less than fifteen minutes with ice an eighth of an inch thick. In 1800, and again in 1812, the winters were remarkably cold. In 1814 there was a fair on the frozen Thames.

A Distressing Case and Happy Cure.

"For over a year I have had a breaking out on my leg, which troubled me so bad I could not walk, leg badly swollen, and blood would ooze out if I bore my weight on it. I was recommended to try Clarke's 'Extract of Flax (Papillon) Skin Cure,' which I have done. My leg is now well and I can walk two miles on it without any trouble." Signed, A. J. Hayward.

Clarke's Flax Soap makes the skin soft and prevents chapping. Skin Cure \$1.00, Soap 25 cents. Sold by Jno. H. Ennis.

Gen. Sherman who knows by experience what stuff Confederate soldiers are made of, says that the soldiers' homes provided by the United States for old soldiers ought to be thrown open to ex-Confederates equally with the Federals. There is no reason at this late day why the United States should not make suitable provision for those heroes whose valor is the heritage of the people of the whole Union.—News-Observer.

Good Advice, Showing Result.

Edward Silvey, Chicago, gives testimony: "My wife had Catarrh twenty-five years; suffered severely for six years before she began to use your remedy. Unable to breathe except through the mouth; in a most critical condition. Tried every where without relief, when Dr. Street advised her to buy Clarke's Extract of Flax (Papillon) Catarrh Cure. Relief came immediately. She continued to use it until now she is entirely cured. Her health has not been so good in many years." Price \$1.00. Wash the lady with Clarke's Flax Soap, 25 cents. Jno. H. Ennis, Drug list, now has the Flax remedies on hand.

ARTIFICIAL COLD-AIR.

How to Be Cooled in Summer by Frost That Comes Through Pipes.

The manufacture of cold is likely to become a large industry. Earlier efforts in the production of cold were toward the manufacture of ice. Later improvements were in the line of cooling-rooms, where products could be stored without the use of ice. This method has been in successful operation for some time in large packing-houses. It is less troublesome and less expensive than ice, but the process involves the use of brine with ammonia and a large outlay of money for a plant. This process is effective only in large concerns, and is limited to the production of moderately cold air, with the objectionable feature of dampness.

The newest process of refrigerating produces a dry, cold air that carries the thermometer many degrees below freezing point, and this degree of cold can be produced so cheaply and is so thoroughly under control that the world is promised the luxury of frost as cheap as heat or light. The concern in Chicago which controls this process is located on the West Side in a pretentious building. In one room they distill the ammonia, reducing the refuse product from the gas house to a pure liquid. This ammonia, known in the trade as anhydrous ammonia, flows in pipes to the cooling-rooms. This pipe enters the rooms and is distributed about the sides like ordinary cooling pipes. The liquid ammonia is prevented from entering the pipes in the rooms, but through a faucet the gas or vapor which rises from the liquid ammonia passes into the pipes in the room. This vapor is what produces cold, and the degree desired is regulated by the amount of vapor that is allowed to pass through the pipes. The gas or vapor returns to the distilling-room with its freezing properties exhausted, and is made again into anhydrous ammonia, and is again used for freezing purposes.

Fruits are stored in a room cooled to the temperature of forty degrees. Meats for use in the near future are in rooms a little cooler, and game and delicate fishes for winter use are in the coldest room. In this department the thermometer registers twenty degrees below zero, and the game birds and fishes are frozen as hard and dry as it would be possible to freeze them in the dry cold air outdoors.

The practical uses to which this method may be put do not end with cooling and freezing rooms in a large establishment, for this pure liquid ammonia may be drawn off and carried to a residence in a receptacle something like a soda fountain, and from this the gas can be forced through a pipe in a refrigerator and make that storehouse as cold as may be desired. So far the process has not been used by families to any extent, but the production of the liquid ammonia is a matter of such trifling cost that a raid on the good housewife's kitchen is contemplated, and the company promises that the family refrigerator shall be furnished with dry, cold air cheaper than ice and serve the purpose better. Instead of the daily call of the ice man the cold air follow will come around once in eight or ten days with his little tank of frost-producer, and after connecting it with the refrigerator pipe carry away with him the old tank of exhausted ammonia.

It is still further proposed to extend the usefulness of this process by making it a means of cooling residences. Pipes may be laid in the streets just as gas pipes are now laid, and as the liquid ammonia will not freeze it may be run into a residence just as gas is, and during the warm weather, instead of absorbing in a hot room the household may turn a faucet and let the ammonia vapor circulate through the pipes around the ceiling of the room. No one need suffer in his house or office from heat when this point has been reached any more than he need suffer indoors from colds. Pipes for a house-cooling plant are now being laid in Denver, and during the coming summer the plan will be thoroughly tested there.—Chicago Tribune.

THE FALL OF FICTION.

A Comparison Between Gin-Shop Tapers and Literary Inebriates.

There is among the very poor in our large cities a class of persons who nightly resort to the gin-shop to purchase a mixture of every known liquor, the heterogeneous risings of a hundred glasses. The flavor of this unnameable beverage defies imagination, but the liquor has for its lovers one transcendent virtue—it distresses all rivalry in the work of procuring swift and thorough inebriation. Its devotees would not thank you for a bottle of the finest Chateau Yquem, when the great and aim of drinking—the being made drunk—can be reached by such home provided by the United States for old soldiers ought to be thrown open to ex-Confederates equally with the Federals. There is no reason at this late day why the United States should not make suitable provision for those heroes whose valor is the heritage of the people of the whole Union.—News-Observer.

Why Mahogany is More Useful Than Cherry, Oak or Ash.

As is known to every wood-worker, mahogany has no equal for durability, brilliancy and intrinsic value for any work which requires nicety of detail and elegance of finish. Cherry, which is a pretty wood for effect and extremely pleasing when first finished, soon grows dull and grimy-looking. Oak is attractive when first finished, but experience teaches that it does not take many months to change all this, and instead of a light, fresh-looking interior, one that has a dusty appearance is presented, which no amount of scraping and re-finishing will restore to its original beauty. What applies to oak is yet more applicable to ash. Mahogany, however, seems to thrive best under the conditions which have been stated against the other woods. At first of a light tone, it grows deeper and more beautiful in color with age, and although its first cost is more than these other woods, yet its price is much less than is popularly supposed, and the only objection that has been urged against it has been cost. What is more valuable, however, and what makes mahogany in reality a less costly wood, is the fact that, unlike the cherry, oak or ash, it is easily cleaned, because it is impervious to the dust or dirt, while it does not stain, warp, and, instead of growing duller, grows brighter and more pleasing in appearance.

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There is among the very poor in our large cities a class of persons who nightly resort to the gin-shop to purchase a mixture of every known liquor, the heterogeneous risings of a hundred glasses. The flavor of this unnameable beverage defies imagination, but the liquor has for its lovers one transcendent virtue—it distresses all rivalry in the work of procuring swift and thorough inebriation. Its devotees would not thank you for a bottle of the finest Chateau Yquem, when the great and aim of drinking—the being made drunk—can be reached by such home provided by the United States for old soldiers ought to be thrown open to ex-Confederates equally with the Federals. There is no reason at this late day why the United States should not make suitable provision for those heroes whose valor is the heritage of the people of the whole Union.—News-Observer.

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