

The Carolina Watchman.

VOL. XXI.—THIRD SERIES.

SALISBURY, N. C., THURSDAY, JANUARY 16, 1890.

NO. 13.



ROYAL BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvelous purity secured by the latest scientific methods, and cannot be sold in any other form. It is the only one that is absolutely pure. It is the only one that is absolutely pure. It is the only one that is absolutely pure.

For sale by Bingham & Co., Young & Boston, N. P. Murphy.

CAUTION Take no other unless you see the name of W. L. Douglas on the shoe. If the dealer cannot supply you, send for the catalogue, enclosing advertisement.



W. L. DOUGLAS
\$3 SHOE FOR GENTLEMEN.
\$3.12 SHOES FOR LADIES.

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WADSWORTH PAINT OILS & CO.
Paints, Oils, and other building materials.

D. A. ATWELL'S
Hardware Store, dealing in all kinds of hardware.

P. H. THOMPSON & CO.
Manufacturers of various goods.

Sash, Doors, Blinds, STAIR WORK, Scroll Sawing, Wood Turning, BRACKETS, & C., and CASTINGS OF ALL KINDS.

Steam Engines and Boilers, Steam and Water Pipe, and other machinery.

Machinery of all kinds repaired on SHORT NOTICE.

Dr. Campbell & Council
Physicians, offering medical services.

FREE One of the best in the world. Our medicine is the only one that is absolutely pure. It is the only one that is absolutely pure. It is the only one that is absolutely pure.

BUILDING LOTS FOR SALE. Lots available for construction.

Bill Arp in Kentucky.

All the blue grass I ever saw at home was green. I thought our climate or something made it so and that I could find it blue in Kentucky, but it was the greenest kind of a green, and on inquiry I learned that it was never blue except when in bloom, and it was the bloom that made it look blue then. I learned that the seed had to be sown to get a set, and that ragweed and crab grass followed their grain crops just like they do here. The shocks of corn still standing in the fields were a novelty to me. They were loaded with ears, and the farmers could be seen husking, and the golden yellow corn lying on the ground by the side of the shocks. Of course they have to tear the shocks down to find the ears, but they put them up again, and like our fiddler-stacks, they stand in the field until they are needed. Tobacco is the great money crop, and you can see samples hanging in the stores and even in the counting-rooms of the banks. They told me that one-third of all the tobacco made in the world was made in the state of Kentucky.

As every county and every town has its own individuality. I found the untutored people of Fleming county proud to say that Fleming county has fewer rich people than any county in the State, and there were more farmers worth from eight to ten thousand dollars than could be found in the same area anywhere else. That is saying a great deal for the happiness of their people. The golden mean is the best: "Give me neither poverty nor riches."

Millersburg is noted for educational advantages. Two prosperous colleges, one for boys and one for girls, are there, and they have patrons from all over the Southern States. The female college is an especial favorite with the people of Arkansas. Dr. Pope, the president, is a Georgian, and, of course, that has something to do with the success and prosperity of his school. From careful observation I will venture to say that there are more teachers from Georgia scattered over the South than from any other three States. Dr. Pope has near 300 girls in his charge, and 90 of them are boarding in his household. Just think of it! What a family! What a responsibility! Their morals, their manners, and their health all to be cared for, in addition to their education.

They come from different households with different training, different traits of character, different habits, and all have to be assimilated and governed alike and made to conform to any system. What a compliment it is to the President and his wife that as the older girls graduate and marry their younger sisters are sent to take their places, and in many cases the children have taken the mothers' place. What a splendid chance these college boys have to choose their mates, and vice versa. I have always thought it was a good plan to have a college for boys where there was one for girls. It is the next best thing to a mixed school that I know of.

From Millersburg I went overland to Paris. A friend with a good horse took me over the splendid turnpike nine miles in forty minutes, and we did not seem to be in a hurry. The reins were carelessly loose in his hand, and he had time to tell who lived in every house along the way and something of the family history. That horse never broke his trot for a moment nor seemed to be pressed or tired. We passed the toll-gates without stopping, for the rule was pay as you returned. Oh, these delightful roads! Why can't we have them in Georgia? A lovelier country than that around Paris and Lexington eye never looked upon. The farming lands command one hundred dollars an acre easily, and where pleasantly situated near a pike, and having a grove in front of the mansion, bring twice that sum.

These roads add largely to their value. A team that would struggle and strain over our roads with two thousand pounds will easily haul five thousand pounds in Kentucky, and do it in half the time. Fine horses are the big thing there; everybody talks horse. The women and the children and the preachers know the pedigree of the thoroughbreds better than they know the ancestry of their most intimate neighbors. Col. Stoner showed me a colt that he had refused five thousand dollars for, and yet I couldn't see that it was as fine a colt as several we had exhibited here at our little colt show last fall. "Blood—blood—pedigree makes the difference," said he. Col. Stoner owns Baron Wilkes, that he has refused seventy-five thousand dollars for. A minute in a horse's speed makes a difference of thousands in his value—not his value, but his price. Col. Graddock, the venerable editor of the Kentuckian, came in the car as I was leaving and saluted me in a tumultuous and hilarious manner; I was sorry to part from him.

There were some questions about Daniel Boone that I wished answered, and it was told me that the Colonel was an intimate friend of Boone's. All matters of antiquity are referred to him, and his decision is final. He told me about his service in the Mexican war, and had just begun to narrate how General Jackson sent him to the British at New Orleans with a coffin

and his compliments to bury Pakenham in, when our train moved off and spoiled the story. The Colonel said he had never married for reasons too tedious to mention, but had recently concluded to do so, and was now looking around for a mate. Success to him. He looks like he is good for a score or two of years.

On our return we met a wreck near Dalton, and were delayed five hours of the night. In our car were two young girls, richly and tastefully dressed. Our attention was attracted to them as they chatted together and counted their money. One said there was ninety dollars, and the other said it was eighty-five, and they counted and recounted a hundred, and soon began to reel over toward each other. Then they took a drink out of a bottle, and giggled, and counted their money again. A gentleman behind us said that was the third drink since they had left Chattanooga. When we met the wreck most of us left the car and went forward to view the provoking prospect. On our return we missed those girls, and a lady told us they were outside in a ditch! Ah! sure enough they were, their hats off and their beautiful seal-skins and furs and dresses mingled with the mud as they reposed in a drunken sleep. It was very dark, but after awhile the lanterns came and they were taken to a shanty near by, and we left them in their shame. Oh, the pity of it! the pity of it! We were told they were milliner girls on a Saturday evening lark. Now, there is somebody to blame about that, for it is against the order of woman's nature. Fathers, mothers, look after your girls. Look kindly, tenderly, firmly. Keep them at home if you can, and make home pleasant, be it ever so humble; make it a home that the children will love. Don't scold, don't fret, don't look miserable. Fine clothes and fine furniture are very nice, but it takes kind, loving words to make a home. The wreck of a train was bad enough, but the wreck of those two young lives haunts me.

And there is a boy that troubles me, a lost boy whose name is Willie Lee Thompson, who left his good mother's home in Atlanta nine months ago and has not been heard from. He is a smart, bright-faced lad of thirteen years, well educated for one of his age, slender form, dark hair, large dark eyes and long eyelashes, comely features and quick in speech. His mother's heart is well-nigh broken. Just such a boy has been here and found a home with a good farmer, but he left with some gypsies a few weeks ago.

This boy said he came from Florida, and that his father and mother were dead; but he admitted later that he had told a story, and said that his mother lived in Atlanta; but he would not give his real name. Maybe this description will meet the eyes of someone who can locate the boy. A reward of \$25 was offered, and little description slips sent out all over the country. Mrs. Alice Thompson, the mother, writes that she will double the reward; indeed, she will give all the little she has to find her boy. What good mother would not? What a Christian gift it would be to her to fold him in her arms, and weep over him and make him promise not to leave her again. She does not want him arrested nor brought to her by force, but she wants to find him and go after him.

Friends to humanity, please look out for that boy, and if you find him write to her. And now—
A happy New Year to the rich,
A year full of comfort to the poor;
May no boys run away, no girls get in the ditch,
And the wolf stay away from the door.
BILL ARP.

Lincoln's Strategy.

Abraham Lincoln was on one occasion trying a case in Sangamon county, Illinois, against a very able lawyer, who made such a convincing speech to the jury that Mr. Lincoln saw that it produced an impression. The gentleman was not only precise in his oratory but in his dress, and Mr. Lincoln saw a flaw in his usually faultless attire. "Gentlemen of the jury," said Old Abe, when he arose to speak. "The gentleman who has just spoken has made a strong argument. He has quoted the law and evidence, and it is not for me to say that he is wrong. He may be correct in all he has said, but I want you to take a good look at him. Look especially at the upper half, and then, gentlemen, tell me if any man who comes before you with his standing collar buttoned, 'wrong end to,' with the points sticking away out behind his ears; may not be altogether mistaken in all his arguments." The plan was successful. Mr. Lincoln had broken the spell which the eloquence of his opponent had thrown over the jury.

Extraordinary Bone Scratching.

Herbert Sperry, Tremont, Ill., had erysipelas in both legs. Confined to the house six weeks. He says: "When I was able to get on my legs, I had an itching sensation that nearly ran me crazy. I scratched them raw to the bones. Tried everything without relief. I was tormented in this way for two years. I then found out 'CLARKE'S EXTRACT OF FLAX' (Papillon) 'SKIN CURE' at the drug store, used it, and 'it has cured me sound and well.'"

Clarke's Extract of Flax Cough Cure

It is a sure cure for Whooping Cough. It stops the whoop, and permits the child to catch its breath. It is entirely harmless. Good for any cough of childhood or old age. It beats the bronchi and lungs, and stops the cough. For Winter or Bronchial Cough this syrup is the best ever discovered. Only one size, large bottle. Price \$1.00, at Jno. H. Ennis' drug store. Clarke's Flax Soap makes the Skin smooth, soft and white. Price 25 cents.

Early Ireddell History.

Cor. Statesville Landmark.

During the session of the North Carolina Legislature held in 1788-9, an act was passed to establish a new county out of the western part of Rowan, to be called Ireddell, in honor of James Ireddell, Sr., who was soon after appointed by President George Washington an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States.

On the fourth Monday in March, 1789, certain persons, supposed to have been magistrates of old Rowan county, but living within the territory to be included in the new county, met at some place, not known, and opened a Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions. These persons were David Caldwell, John Huggins, great grandfather of Mrs. Dr. Harrill, Mrs. H. C. Cowles, and others.) Joseph Sharpe and Charles Houston.

After organizing the court the following grand jury, the first ever organized in Ireddell, was drawn, sworn and charged:
John McHenry, Will McClelland, Hugh Hall, Adam Allison, James Potts, Andrew Morrison, Henry Lazenby, John McClelland, Benj. Beggerly, Arthur Chambers, John Sharpe, Sebastian Hoop, Hensentine Matthews, David Beggerly, Samuel Love.

This court continued in session three days, and adjourned to meet at Wm. Simonton's in June, 1789. It is believed that Wm. Slaughter lived where Col. Julian Allen now lives. The title to this property is believed to be one of the oldest to be found in Ireddell county. It was made to Robert Allison and signed by the agents of the Earle of Granville, March 5th, 1852, and on record in Rowan county, June 23d, 1789. Pursuant to an act of the General Assembly the following persons attended at the house of Wm. Duffey (it is believed that Wm. Duffey lived on or near the lands now owned by Col. S. A. Sharpe, about 3 miles east of Statesville,) and were sworn in as justices of the peace for the county of Ireddell, and after being qualified in due form, opened court, present: David Caldwell, Joseph Sharpe, Moses Sanders, Jacob Nicholas, Christopher Houston.

This was the first court ever held by legally qualified officers of Ireddell county. The court then appointed the following officers as required by law: Abner Sharpe, clerk; Hugh Torrence, sheriff.

Adjourned to meet at Wm. Simonton's, June 24th, 1789. Met at Wm. Simonton's and appointed Adlai Osborne attorney for the State; Andrew Kilpatrick, register; James Alexander, entry taker; Thomas Hall, stray master; Wm. Sharpe, surveyor.

Ireddell county was now organized with a county court and all necessary county officers.

No Superior Court had yet been established, as the following will show:
"Ordered by the court that the following persons serve as jurors of the Superior Court in Salisbury: John Worke, John Little, John McCaull, Sr., Jas. Stephenson, Thomas Young, Wm. McBeck."

"Ordered by the court that any one returning property for taxation for the year 1789 in this county or Rowan county, must, when the line is run, pay in the county in which they live.

The court continued to meet at Wm. Simonton's until the 24th of March, 1790, and adjourned that day to meet in June at Statesville. This is the first time Statesville is mentioned in the records of the court, and the site had probably just been selected and the place named.

June, 1790, court met at Statesville and tradition says it was in a log house on the corner of what is now Broad and Trade streets, south of the Baptist church.
September, 1790. It was ordered by the court that the following rates be allowed by the several tavern-keepers of Statesville:
£ s. d.
1 half pint good whiskey..... 0 1 0
1 " " of rum..... 0 1 0
1 " " of brandy..... 0 1 0
For breakfast, dinner or supper..... 0 1 6
1 night's lodging..... 0 4 4
1 quart of corn or oats..... 0 2
A horse at fodder or hay 1 night..... 0 1 0

Largest Span of Masonry in the World.

Imbedded in Cabin John Bridge, the largest single span of masonry in the world, is a tablet setting forth that certain high officials of the United States Government participated in the laying of the corner stone of the structure which conveys water to the national capital. This arch, which is 220 feet across and 101 feet in height, was commenced in the spring of 1853, when Jefferson Davis was Secretary of War, and for four years he superintended every detail of this great work. Pipes nine feet in diameter carry the water from the great falls of the Potomac River across this stupendous piece of masonry, and it was deemed only just and proper that the name of Jefferson Davis should appear on the tablet in question together with that of Franklin Pierce, who was President of the United States at the time the work was inaugurated, and who turned up the first spadeful of earth, an example which the Secretary of War followed. After the War of the Rebellion had been in progress for a short time, it was noticed one day that the name of Jefferson Davis had been chiseled out of the tablet of sandstone, and there was merely a long line before the title of Secretary of War. Numerous reasons have been given as to who authorized the erasure of the name of Jefferson Davis from the tablet, but all have wound up with the commonly accepted theory that it was done by order of the great War Secretary, Edwin M. Stanton.

Gen. Montgomery C. Meigs, who was Captain of Engineers was assigned by Jefferson Davis to duty in connection with the construction of the Washington aqueduct, when questioned on the subject, said that he remembered the circumstances very well. He added:

"President Pierce also transferred the supervision of these works to the Secretary of War, who was Jefferson Davis. When he left the War Department in 1857 the work was still being performed under the directions of the War Department, and this was continued until the civil war broke out. At that time it was important for army officers and especially engineers, to go to other stations and duties, and the work of supervising the construction of the works was turned over to the Interior Department, whose Secretary was Caleb B. Smith. One afternoon, in company with a party of gentlemen, Secretary Smith drove up to the Cabin John Bridge to see how the aqueduct was progressing, and the tablet bearing the name of Jefferson Davis attracted his attention. He remarked that such a distinction was too great for such a traitor as Jefferson Davis, and the next morning, a workman was sent up to cut out the objectionable name with his chisel. On my return from a trip West in connection with my duties as Quartermaster-General, I visited the new aqueduct span and discovered what had been done during my absence. It did not meet with my approbation at the time, and I have never ceased to deprecate the erasure of the name of an official who took such an interest in the aqueduct and who while in the Congress of the United States had been foremost in urging an appropriation for such work, which was completed in 1856. By attempting to obliterate the name of Jefferson Davis from the tablet where it had been properly placed more prominence was given him than was even contemplated, for the invariable remarks of visitors to the big arch bring out the story of the dead Secretary of War. I am only too glad to bear witness to the fact that Mr. Stanton had nothing to do with the transaction, and it was purely a personal matter on the part of Secretary Smith of the Interior Department."

Health Hints.

Don't contradict your wife. Don't tell a man he is a stranger to the truth because he happens to be smaller than yourself. Errors of this kind have been known to be disastrous. Never go to bed with cold or damp feet. Leave them beside the kitchen fire where they will be handy to put on in the morning. It is bad to lean your back against anything cold, particularly when it is an icy pavement, upon which your vertebral arrangement has caromed with a jolt that shakes the buttons off your coat. Always eat your breakfast before beginning your journey. If you haven't any breakfast, don't journey. After violent exercise—like putting up the stove or mauling down carpets—never ride around town in an open carriage. It is better to walk. It is also cheaper. When hoarse, speak as little as possible. If you are not hoarse, it won't do any harm to keep your mouth shut, too. Don't light the fire with kerosene. Let the hired girl do it. She hasn't any wife and children. You haven't any. Don't roam around the house in your bare feet at the dead of night trying to pick up stray facks. Men have been known to dislocate their jaw through this bad practice. When you see a man put the lighted end of a cigar in his mouth, don't ask him if it is hot enough. Serious injury has often resulted from this habit.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Stanley.

Harper's Weekly.

At the moment the most conspicuous man in the world is Henry M. Stanley. Every newspaper in Europe and America simultaneously announced his arrival upon the eastern coast of Africa. Europe spoke by the German Emperor offering him a war ship to carry him from Zanzibar, and welcoming him to the triumph of a hero. He is honored as the chief of travellers, as hero of romance; and his comrade, Mr. Joseph Thomson, who thought him hopelessly lost, now hastens to celebrate his heroic exploits and his Napoleonic energy. Germany and England prepare for him an unprecedented reception, in which practically every country and the intelligence of the world will join. The newspaper reporter has scaled the heights of distinction, and written his name by those of the greatest of explorers.

The secret of such renown is hidden. It is the instinctive delight of men in heroism, in personal courage, in perilous adventure happily surmounted. It is a career which implies an undaunted spirit, immense resource, complete self-possession, and prompt seizure and improvement of opportunity. They are the qualities which in other spheres of activity found states, baffle apparently resistless forces, and change the course of history. Stanley has confronted the almost boundless and unknown forests and jungles, the morasses and waters and mountains, of a continent swarming with savage hostility, with pestilence, and a myriad nameless obstructions, in an impenetrable silence and absolute separation from the rest of the world and from all hope of communication or succor. And upon him alone, upon his health, strength, intelligence, spirit, nerve, and persistence, not only one life, but the lives of hundreds, the welfare of thousands, increased knowledge, and the progress of civilization depended. He has not failed. He has overcome. It is not a picnic from which he emerges, but he comes a conqueror from a tremendous and prolonged conflict with what seemed invincible forces.

When Dr. Kane returned from his great voyage to the north pole—a small, quiet, refined, and modest man, Thackeray, who was then in this country, met him one day at dinner, and heard his simple and thrilling story. When Kane paused, Thackeray arose to his full height, and gravely asked to be permitted to kneel and kiss his foot. It was a humorous form of the instinctive homage of the hardy English race to indomitable pluck and persistence. It is the same feeling which will bring Germany and England to receive Stanley as a conqueror—not from the battle-fields or bloody decks, but from the long contest with savage nature, which, whether at the icy north or the burning equator, has also had the profoundest fascination from the night, three centuries ago, when Sir Humphrey Gilbert's light suddenly vanished upon the ocean to the happy morning, just now when Stanley was known to have arrived at Zanzibar. "Heaven is as near by sea as by land," said the unconquerable Sir Humphrey, and Stanley's letter is in the same high strain.

Nuts Worth Cracking.

If the cotton crop of 1889 is as large as that of 1888, 49,000,000 yards of bagging will be required to wrap the crop.

If the cotton is wrapped in jute, \$4,900,000 will pass out of the planter's hands.

If the cotton is wrapped in cotton bagging, \$4,900,000 will remain inside the lines of the cotton States to be added to the circulating medium.

The making of 49,000,000 yards of cotton bagging will consume 100,000 bales of cotton, which decreases the number of bales for market and enhances the value of the remainder one-fourth per pound, making the gain to the planters \$8,565,000.

The J. R. Adams factory can put a bale of cotton into its spinning room for \$0.77 less than it can be laid down in Lowell, Mass.

If the cotton was spun in the South \$47,390,000 would be saved in the freight charges, etc.

A better day is coming for in 1887 the product of the Southern cotton mills was \$48,000,000 against \$1,000,000 in 1880.

THE MODERN MAIDEN.

Description of a Wealthy Philadelphia Girl's Sweet Little Suggery.

The modern girl, when she retires from the madding crowd to commune with her own ideas, is apt to retreat to a den that has been arranged according to her special tastes and in whose furnishing she oftentimes displays a signal ability in disposing of eight drafts on the Government.

The special feature of a well-fitted den this winter is quite apt to be a set of three pieces in fanciful roocco curves. A yellow-haired young woman, whose name there is no need of giving but who belongs to that much-envied clan, American girls of the leisure class, has a beautiful little boudoir fitted in blue and gold. The walls are hung in pale blue silks sprinkled with rose petals, and there are several pieces of furniture in ornate inlaid with Sevres plaques, a mantel with a pair of Dresden china candlesticks, a little clock in ornate and dainty accompaniments too many to describe.

Adjoining this room is a dressing-room, and here she tilts her blonde head and pensively droops her snowy lids before a dressing-table, the wood of which is entirely covered with blue and white satin, with jewels of crystal glass set in the frame at intervals. On the table stands a large plate-glass mirror and the brushes and combs in resplendent silver, the perfumed waters and delicate lotions that go to make up a fashionable girl's paraphernalia stand beneath a fantastically shaped blue satin canopy. A chair and a second and smaller side-table corresponding make up the complete service of this shrine to the graces and vanities.

The fair maid who is more literary than frivolous will have an old-fashioned mahogany writing-desk littered with heaps of crested note-paper, silver inkstand and pen and a dozen other utensils in silver standing by the window of her den.

If she doesn't take to mahogany her desk will be reswood with spindle legs, and looking as if it might have belonged to her grandmother, who penned love-letters seated before it with a quill that needed mending, and, perhaps, misspelled not a few of her words, says the Philadelphia Times. Instead of rosewood there may be sixteenth century oak, massive, simple in shape and mounted with silver.

BRIDE AT THIRTEEN.

Little Miss Tennyson Runs Away with Her Elder Sister's Lover.

Milton Boswell, twenty-seven years old, who has been courting a young lady twenty-three years old, has been married to his sweetheart's little thirteen-year-old sister, says the Washington Post. About a year ago he fell in love with a Miss Tennyson, of South Washington. Mr. Boswell popped the question one night last spring, and a day was set for the marriage. Boswell and Miss Tennyson had a dispute over some trifling matter, but it was thought that the matter was settled, as his visits became more and more frequent. There was, however, another attraction at the home of the Tennysons for him, and that attraction was the thirteen-year-old sister. Boswell often left his office in the afternoon, when he would come to suit the other night and then made his way to the home of the girl in South Washington. Young Mabel was at the gate waiting for him. Together they boarded a Seventh street car and went south as far as M street, where one of the Anacostia cars was standing. After about an hour and a half of painful passage the car slowly moved off the turntable and went as far as Four-and-a-half and M street, where it ran off the track.

In another hour they were on their way again chatting gayly and calling each other pet names, much to the amusement of the passengers in the car. At last Anacostia was reached, and, going to the residence of Mr. John L. Postes, Rev. George Bowman was called in and the knot was tied. The newly-made Mr. and Mrs. Boswell went to the home of the bride's parents, but Mr. Tennyson declined to receive them.

Mr. Lincoln's Marriage Notice.

An original copy of the Sangamon Journal, printed at Springfield, Ill., November 11, 1842, was added to the collection of newspapers at the Library of Congress, at Washington, a few days ago. The paper at that time was supporting Henry Clay for the Presidency, and his name is conspicuous at the top of the editorial column. In the advertising columns of the paper is the following marriage notice: "Married in this city the 14th inst., at the residence of N. W. Edwards, esq., by Rev. G. Dresser, Abraham Lincoln, esq., to Miss Mary Todd, daughter of Robert Todd, esq., of Lexington, Ky." This tells a story in which every American is interested, and the paper is believed to be the only copy in existence containing it.

Sad Fate of a Dogfish.

Thirteen years ago Benjamin Goble, a freeman on the Erie railroad, living at Port Jervis, N. Y., took a drink from the Mississippi river, and last week he expelled from his stomach a live Mississippi dogfish which measured eighteen inches in length and had a head as large as an egg and fins four inches long. He believes he swallowed an infant dogfish at the time mentioned and that it has been alive in his stomach ever since. Certain it is that for many years he has had a distress in his stomach which at times was so acute as to render the services of a physician necessary. He was under the care of a physician when the fish was expelled.

Two Unanswered Questions.

"Why," said the husband, "do you put the hair of another woman on your head?" "Why," returned his better half, "do you wear the skin of another calf on your hands?" Advertising revives many a business.