

The Carolina Watchman.

VOL. XXI.—THIRD SERIES.

SALISBURY, N. C., THURSDAY, JANUARY 30, 1890.

NO. 15.

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Have occupied the office over Mr. Williams Brown's store, where they may be found at all hours, day and night, unless professionally engaged.

J. R. CAMPBELL, M. D.,
J. B. COUNCIL, M. D.

BUILDING LOTS FOR SALE.

Beyond Help.

When Caleb Bridgeway went to Minnesota, several years before the war, to locate a homestead and grow up with the country, he had been greatly aided by a loan of a few hundred dollars from his friend Horace Mayzie. Horace was repaid in a very few years, for Caleb was one of those clear-sighted, energetic fellows who succeed at almost everything they undertake; indeed, he was so "forehanded," three years after the loan was made, as to send with his final payment a handsome set of silver to the lady who, Horace had written, was about to become Mrs. Mayzie. After the wedding, letters between the two were exchanged at long intervals, and when by chance they both travelled, met one day in Chicago, it flashed upon the Westerner that his old friend, who as usual, was exquisitely dressed, was somewhat ashamed of the roughly clad, loud-spoken speculator and banker.

Caleb went home with a sore in his heart; he wrote no more letters, for Horace was still his debtor in his respect. Yet he remained bravely loyal in spirit to the man whose service to him had been so great, and he never met a New Yorker without asking about H. race Mayzie; that he got information from only about one man in fifty did not discourage him in the least, but his heart sank a little, as the years went on, to find fewer and fewer men who knew his old friend.

Meanwhile Caleb prospered; he not only grew with his State, but ahead of it, until he became a millionaire by courtesy, and apparently merited his title. Money was scarce in his State, but certainly he owned much property. He married a woman who taught him to look the equal of his position, and finally, partly to please his wife and partly to further a little job of his own, he consented to run for Congress from a district in which no one dared oppose him.

Before going to Washington, however, he went to New York, hoping to resume the old friendly relations with Mayzie. He had become worldly-wise enough to admit that, after all perhaps, Horace, who always had attached great importance to dress and address, was not entirely to be blamed for gently snubbing a man who never then wore polished shoes and clean-shaven cheeks except on Sundays. Now things would be different; Caleb dressed in a good taste as any business man in the East, and his wife had given him some practical instructions in carriage and manners for which he was profoundly grateful, though they were very much like some he had ignored when offered by his mother, thirty years before. Besides, there was his newly engraved card, with the letters "M. C." under his name. Horace had never been known of it. When they were boys together, Horace had always longed to become acquainted with a Congressman? Caleb did not wish his old friend any humiliation, but he could not repress a gentle chuckle as he imagined how Horace would look on reading that card.

With the air of a man whose foot was once more on his native heath, Caleb no sooner reached New York than he hurried through the well-membered streets to the district dominated by the leather trade, of which Horace and his father had been members. A strange name was over the door of the old building, which otherwise was unchanged.

"Where have Mayzie & Son moved to?" Caleb asked of a round gentleman in the office.

The gentleman looked astonished, then thoughtful, and replied:

"To Heaven, I hope."

"What?" said Caleb, losing hold of the "M. C." card, which had been in his fingers, hidden by his overcoat pocket, for ten minutes; "as bad as that?"

"Bad! What better place could you ask for them, my friend?" inquired the proprietor.

"True," murmured Caleb. "I didn't mean it in that light. They were old friends of mine—or the son was—and I supposed he was still alive."

"I'm—too bad. Horace was my friend, too. Good fellow—no better man made. Always ready to oblige a friend; at last he obliged one too many, and down he came and the '3m came down with him. Never got up again."

"Why, confound him! exclaimed Caleb, "why didn't he say something? He knew where to get money."

"Indeed?" responded the merchant.

"He could have called on me for anything he wanted," continued Caleb, fumbling in his pocket for a card—this time it was one inscribed, "President of the Bridgeway National Bank."

"Won't you walk in sir?" asked the leather dealer, after looking at the proffered card.

"Thank you, I guess not. I'm afraid I should see ghosts. Poor Horace! Why didn't he write to me of the fix he was in! I owed my start in business to him, and he knew how grateful I was. Did he leave his family well fixed?"

"I'm afraid not," sighed the merchant. "Put it off when he had money, I suppose. They moved, and moved, until their old friends lost sight of them."

"Heavens!" exclaimed Caleb, I must find those people."

"Let's look in the directory," said the dealer. "Mayzie is not a very common name. Where is it?—L—M—here it is—only one of the name—Harriet Mayzie, widow, 439 East—th Street, Ah!—about as I expected; the poorest end of a rather poor street."

"I'll be—there within an hour," said Caleb, pencilling the address on the back of a letter. "Good-day."

Then he hurried out, but returned to remark: "Will you be good enough to say, any time you hear Horace mentioned, that he might have had all the money he needed if he'd only said the word? I mean it."

"I believe you," said the merchant.

Within the hour Caleb was far uptown, and looking at the numbers on some dingy wooden houses which had once been pretty cottages. His pull at the bell was answered by a slattern, who in reply to his request for Mrs. Mayzie snapped out, "Up-stairs," and disappeared. Reaching the second floor, Caleb knocked at one door after another. How he longed for a card bearing only his name! At length a door opened and a middle-aged woman looked at him inquiringly.

"Mrs. Mayzie?"

"Yes, sir."

"Horace Mayzie's widow?"

"Yes, sir."

"My name is Bridgeway, of Minnesota. I am an old friend of your husband."

"Oh, Mr. Bridgeway! I remember your name very well. Do come in."

Yet the door seemed held against him a few seconds, and he heard a rustle of dresses inside. When at last he was admitted he and Mrs. Mayzie were alone.

"I've not been in New York before in thirty years," said Caleb, "and I've made it my first business to look up my dearest friend. I hadn't heard—and I'm awfully sorry."

Mrs. Mayzie's kerchief found its way to her eyes. Caleb could think of nothing appropriate to say, so he looked about him. The room was neat and by no means bare, but the carpet was worn, and the furniture, while slightly was old. Evidently the family was not suffering, but nothing looked as Horace would have had it in old times.

The silence was becoming awkward when a young woman—quite a pretty girl—entered from an adjoining room.

"Agnes, dear," said Mrs. Mayzie, "this is your father's old friend Mr. Bridgeway, of Minnesota. You must remember having heard us talk of him."

"Oh, indeed, yes," said the young woman, effusively, and with a pleasant smile, as she offered the visitor her hand.

Meanwhile two other young women entered, whom Mrs. Mayzie addressed as Cora and Helen.

"Well, Mrs. Mayzie," bluntly, after looking at the three girls a moment, "dear Horace left you a great deal to be proud of."

"Yes, indeed," said the girls, looking pleased, "whatever else I lack, no woman has three better daughters."

"Mamma!" protested the girls in chorus.

"No use to deny it ladies," said Caleb gallantly, "to any one who knew your father."

Then he began to talk of Horace, rightly supposing the subject interesting, and rapidly told one story after another to his friend's credit. In the mean time he was carefully studying the family, and talking against time while he was forming conclusions. Time flew rapidly; the gas was lighted, and still the visitor remained. Incidentally he learned the eldest daughter, who looked tired, taught school, and that the others did nothing in particular. Later in the evening a young man called, and Caleb suddenly realized that it was night and he had kept the family from their supper, so he departed abruptly, first asking permission to call on Mrs. Mayzie next day, for a talk about her late husband's affairs and intentions.

No sooner was he out of the house than Caleb, after the manner of men who have lived much in sparsely settled counties, began muttering rapidly to himself.

"Poor as poverty!—that's plain enough to see. They're all of them living, I suppose on the earnings of that daughter who teaches. Poor thing, how tired she looked! She doesn't get much pay, either, unless teachers are better treated in New York than elsewhere. Living on one floor of a house! That was considered the bottom notch in New York, even when I was a young fellow! Splendid girls too—dressed as plain as could be, but a good deal of Natural-style about them—just like Horace. The young men at Bridgeway would go wild over them. Wonder if they call that chap a man who came in while I was there?—he looked as if he lived on his self-conceit and one meal a day. The idea of a fellow like that making up to one of Horace's—my Horace's daughters. Something must be done for that family, Caleb Bridgeway, and you're the man to do it."

The new Congressman spent the greater part of the night in formulating a plan for bettering the condition of his friend's family. To offer anything having the appearance of charity would be an insult to Horace's memory, but he flattered himself that he was smart enough to avoid that. When, finally, he retired he murmured to himself:

"It's bound to work. And how happy they all will be! It will be worth all that it will cost, just to see that widow's face brighten when she takes it all in. She's a superior woman—couldn't be otherwise, if dear old Horace found her the right girl for him to marry. Can't hide the marks that poverty has made on her face, though! Thank God, those are marks that can be rubbed out of any face, by proper treatment."

Caleb was so delighted with his new plan that he lay awake half the night to think of it, and he awoke early—for a man in New York—with the fear that he had overslept the appointment. He dressed with more than usual care; his best, made to order in Chicago for use in Washington, he thought none too good to wear when calling upon the widow of his best friend. He reached the house several moments ahead of time—just early enough to overhear the end of a conversation, on the upper floor, between Mrs. Mayzie and a landlord's agent; the lady was begging a few days' delay and the man was surly.

"Let me settle this bill for you, Mrs. Mayzie," said Caleb, hurrying up the stairs; "you know I owe you a lot of money."

Then he took the man to the front door, paid the sum demanded, and solemnly promised the fellow, if he would come West, to either teach him how to be mannerly to a lady or to drown him in the nearest creek.

"So sorry you had to overhear an affair of that kind," murmured Mrs. Mayzie, when Caleb rejoined her; then she sank into a chair and averted a distressed face.

"Don't mention it my dear madam," said Caleb; "there's nobody alive, I suppose, who hasn't been annoyed, by a collector once in a while. Besides, it gives me an opportunity—breaks the ice, so to speak, so I can tell you what I have been thinking about, in connection with my dear old friend's family. First, let me ask you a few painful questions; I know you'll forgive me when you know my purpose. Did Horace leave you comfortably provided for?"

"Ah, Mr. Bridgeway," sighed the widow, "if he had done so you would not have heard the humiliating conversation with that—"

"Just so," interrupted Caleb, "but I didn't know but there might have been some property which isn't productive just now."

"Nothing remains," said the widow, "but what is under this humble roof."

"Um—no expectations, from either side of the family?"

"None whatever."

"One question more—I know you'll pardon me for it, for your husband and I were dear friends. Are any of your daughters engaged?"

"Not one; the dear girls have not had proper social advantages since their father died. Dear Cora was just entering society then, but she has been too busy with her school-duties, for some years, to keep up her old acquaintances. Besides, as you see, we are not so circumstanced as to return any courtesies of our old friends. The little society we have now comes entirely through our church connections; the dear girls do not lack admirers, but none are such as could make them happy."

"Then, Mrs. Mayzie," said Caleb, "let me explain my reason for asking all these questions. I should like to take you and your entire family to Minnesota."

"Oh, Mr. Bridgeway," Caleb whose eyes were looking carefully for the effect of his words, could not determine whether the lady was vexed or pleased, so he said quickly:

"Don't misunderstand me, please. I don't suggest it as a charity, but an entirely business-like operation. I want to give the family a start, just as your husband gave me. We are going to have a first-class private school in our town—Caleb had mentally organized this educational institution only the night before; "I, as president of the Board of Trustees, will have the naming of the three teachers and their salaries. It will be a thousand dollars a year to your family, and I assure you Mrs. Mayzie, that a thousand dollars in our town goes as far as two or three times as much in New York."

"It is very kind of you to think of us, I am sure—very kind," said Mrs. Mayzie, but her face was still a puzzle to the visitor.

"What could be the matter? Was it pride? Perhaps Mrs. Mayzie herself might be thinking of changing her name. Or, could it be that she disliked the thought of her daughters becoming teachers?"

"Of one thing I can assure you, my dear madam," said the astute Caleb, "and that is that your daughters would not be teachers very long unless they insist on remaining single. Our country is full of fine young men, who know good blood when they see it. Your charming daughters would have no end of offers."

"So kind of you to think so, I am sure," said Mrs. Mayzie. Then she looked thoughtful a moment and continued:

"Minnesota is a great way from New York."

"Not now, my dear madam—not now. I came through in about forty-eight hours. A new view of the case came to him suddenly, and he went on: "As to the cost of getting there, and transporting all your belongings, I have influence enough to get railway passes to cover all." ("I hope," he continued to himself, "that she does not know about the Interstate Commerce Act.")

Mrs. Mayzie mused, and Caleb wondered what could be preventing her replying with—well, with the heartiness which he thought such an offer ought to elicit, no matter who might make it.

"Oh!" he exclaimed: "stupid of me not to think of mentioning it—you'll have no house-rent to trouble you for a year or two. I'm putting up a new street of houses, and I'll be money in my pocket to have such a family occupy the best building of the lot rent-free; that's the way we boom a new street in the West, you know—offer a house-rent-free to a first-class family to set the fashion. It not only fills all the other houses, but enables a fellow to charge a good deal more rent for them. Shrewd trick, isn't it?" Then he said to himself, "I think I got around that point very neatly, considering how short a time I had to think it in."

Mrs. Mayzie remained reticent, and her well-wisher was sorely puzzled. Could there possibly be any impropriety in his offer—an offer from a man who had loved her husband dearly?

"I ought to say further, Mrs. Mayzie," Caleb continued, "that my wife fully approves my plan. She is my partner in all matters, and knew, before I left home, of my intentions. I may also say, without undue pride, that there is no one in the State who could make you acquainted with more pleasant people. She is a woman whom I am sure you and your daughters would like."

"I am very sure we would, Mr. Bridgeway," said Mrs. Mayzie. "My dear husband used to say that you deserved to marry well, and he was sure you were shrewd enough to do it."

"Did Horace say that?" he exclaimed with manifest delight. "I declare my wife shall give his daughters the finest party our town and county ever knew. By the way, my dear madam,"—for here another suggestion to Caleb's mind—perhaps I've been asking you to rely too much on my unsupported word. I may say, though, in proof of my ability to do all I say,—here the speaker took some cards from his pocket— "that I am President of the National Bank of our town, and Member of Congress from our district."

"Oh, Mr. Bridgeway!" exclaimed the widow, with a look of surprise and increased interest which pleased her visitor; "of course, I need no assurance of your—why, here are the girls."

As she spoke, Agnes and Helen entered the room. Caleb arose, greeted them, and said, with the conviction that he was saying something quite pretty:

"When those roses bloom in the pure air of my adopted State—"

"Mr. Bridgeway has been making a very kind proposition, my dear girls," said the mother, noting the astonishment which the visitor's speech was causing. "He wants us all to go to Minnesota to live."

"Mercy!" exclaimed Helen, sinking into a chair.

"Dear me!" murmured Agnes, resting her hand on the edge of a table.

Caleb moved to where he could see both faces more distinctly. To see a flush of pleasure come into the face of a pretty girl is always a precious privilege; it is doubly so to one who himself causes it. But the flush did not come; instead, the girls looked at each other oddly.

"Mr. Bridgeway has most kindly thought of everything," resumed Mrs. Mayzie, in a tone which seemed to the visitor to be apologetic. "He proposes to give you all places as teachers, so that you would earn a thousand a year between you, give us a new house, rent free, for a year, and provide railroad passes for all of us. He also assures me that we shall have the *entree* of the best society, and that young men are numerous and admirable out there. And do you know, my dear girls, that your father's old friend is a bank president and Member of Congress?"

"But Minnesota?" gasped Agnes.

"Hundreds of miles even from Chicago," said Helen.

"Distances do seem great to Eastern people," said Caleb. "I remember how I used to think of them myself. But now it only takes a couple of days to run back and see old friends."

"But Minnesota?" exclaimed Agnes again. "Why, mamma, don't you remember what Mr. Barnes told us, that there were scarcely any sidewalks in the West, except in a few cities, and that nearly all the houses are lighted with lamps and candles?"

"And he said," remarked Helen, "that ladies actually had to carry home their own marketing and groceries."

The visitor began to look surprised—almost stern. Then Agnes said: "And Mr. Barnes told me there was absolutely nowhere to go evenings."

"That is a mistake," said Bridgeway, with considerable dignity. "So far as our town is concerned. Our literary circle meets every week, and it has

some very intelligent members. Did it ever occur to you to wonder what became of all the people educated in the East? Last winter we had five concerts, one by a company from this very city of New York, and there was a theatrical performance once in a while, of which our local paper spoke very highly."

"You must excuse the dear girls, Mr. Bridgeway," said the widow, who seemed ill at ease. "They never have been outside of the city, except to run into the country for a day or two in summer, so they cannot help looking at everything from a New York standpoint."

"Quite naturally, said Caleb, regaining command of his temper, "but—excuse me if I ask plain questions; I was Horace's friend, you know. I merely wish to ask what good is everything in New York if one hasn't the means to enjoy it? I know how it used to be with me, when I was a young man here, with more taste than money; all that I liked and couldn't enjoy was a constant source of irritation."

"But we can enjoy a great deal," said Agnes, with much spirit. "It costs nothing for us to go to all the springs and fall openings; we read in the newspapers everything about the theatres and operas, and the doings of society out of town in summer."

"Yes," said Helen, "and we often are begged to go to concerts, simply to fill the seats. And how perfectly lovely some of the singers are!" Miss Helen could not express her appreciation in words, so she gracefully spread her shapely hands, and assumed an expression of countenance which Caleb thought simply ecstatic.

"We have seen no less than seven swell weddings in church this season," said Agnes, "and, really, 'twas almost as pleasant as being invited guests. To be sure, we could not attend the receptions afterward, but we saw all the people in the church, and just what they wore, and the floral decorations, and—"

"And in less than a month," interrupted Helen, "we shall see all the churches while they are dressed for Christmas. Oh, it shall be simply lovely!"

Again Miss Helen looked ecstatic.

Caleb was about to ask another question, when Cora, the oldest daughter, returned from her day of duty at school, and dropped into a chair, as if utterly exhausted.

"Cora," asked Helen, with dancing eyes and a mischievous look, how would you like to go to Minnesota to live?"

The weary expression in the teacher's face changed quickly to one of resolution as she replied: "If it's necessary for me to be buried alive, I'd rather the interment should be nearer home."

"Daughter!" exclaimed the mother, who was becoming very uncomfortable, "how can you be so rude? But you don't know—you haven't heard. I must tell you that Mr. Bridgeway, your father's old friend, who has most delicately done us a great service today, has kindly devised a plan by which we all may be prosperous and independent if we will go to Minnesota."

"That is very kind of Mr. Bridgeway, I am sure," murmured the eldest daughter, quickly regaining command of her manners. "I am sure he is the first of dear father's friends—isn't he?—to take any practical interest in us. But, seriously, how could we keep from dying if we were out West?"

"Keep from dying?" echoed Caleb, before Cora had finished. "Keep from dying? Excuse me, my dear young woman, as your father's friend and debtor, for suggesting that you haven't yet begun to live. Life doesn't amount to much unless one's whole heart is in it. Don't be frightened; I'm not going to preach a sermon, but it isn't money or opportunity or locality that makes life; it is the personal sense of living. Old though I am, hard though I work, new though my State may be, I believe I enjoy life more than anyone in this city, in which I was born. The pure air I breathe at home, the feeling that neither I nor any other intelligent person need regard anyone as a social superior, the opportunity to be everything I believe myself fitted for, the comfort of knowing that no one in my land of plenty can be suffering from hunger, the absence of the vicious class that must be feared, and the rich do-nothing class which is quite as dangerous in another way, make me feel that—"

Caleb's remarks, thus far, had been part of an address which he had delivered at a county fair a year or two before, and which he had been mentally revising since his election to Congress, for use at Washington as a patriotic outburst to lighten a speech which otherwise would be "strictly business." But he had not yet composed a new finale, the old would not be appropriate in present circumstances, so he hesitated a moment. The oldest daughter finished the sentence by suggesting—

"That Minnesota is the place for everyone who has not plenty of money in New York. The sentiment does you credit, Mr. Bridgeway, but as for us—we would rather starve in the city than to be well-to-do in the country. Wouldn't we, girls?"

"Far rather," exclaimed Agnes.

"Yes, indeed," murmured Helen.

"You must excuse the dear girls, Mr. Bridgeway," said Mrs. Mayzie, skillfully brushing a portion of her best dress over a bit that was frayed, "were they a few years younger, with

their tastes still unformed, I assure you I would think it my duty to—"

"To bury yourself in discomfort and exile—for our sakes—mother dear!" said Cora, with tears springing to her eyes, as she sprang to her mother's side and caressed the whitening head, while the two younger sisters fell upon their knees beside their mother, who looked into vacancy as sadly as if many of her hopes lay buried there.

"Mr. Bridgeway," resumed the teacher sister, "I'm afraid we've acted very rudely. Nobody can know better than we how much thoughtfulness and generosity there is in your offer. But it was so sudden—so unlike anything we were accustomed to. Do try to put yourself in our places for a moment, and tell us what the West has in it to compensate us for what we would have to leave."

Caleb was thoughtful a moment or two; he looked at Mrs. Mayzie's best dress, which, unknown to the wearer, was displaying a strained shoulder- seam; glanced at Mrs. Mayzie's gray hairs, gazed around at the worn furniture, and looked down at the frayed carpets, recalled the incident with the landlord's agent, and replied:

"I'm sure I can't see, if you can't, ladies, for I'm not the party in interest, as they say in law. I'm afraid I've put my foot in it, and beg you will accept my apologies. By the way, I ought to have been back to the hotel before this. Good-by; God bless you all—dear old Horace's family, you know."

Caleb seized his hat and made adieu. As he hurried toward the downtown train he drew his hat over his eyes and muttered:

"Beyond help!"

JOHN HABBERTON.

Saved by a Dog.

A week or so ago several of the daily papers contained accounts of how four boys were saved from drowning by a dog belonging to two of them. I suppose every one who reads the words I have just written, unless he read the story as the papers told it, will imagine a big dog plunging into the water, grasping a boy's clothing in his teeth, rescuing him, and then going back for another. But he did better than that. He saved them all at once, and almost at the expense of his own life. This is the story: The little Smith boys went to Sunday school last Sunday afternoon. After it was over they started off with three other boys to have a good time. They tramped to an old mill on the Bronx River, and were romping about when the dog, Nit, a black Newfoundland, ran up and joined in the fun. An old boat, twelve feet long, was fastened by a rusty chain to a stake, and all of the little fellows except one, climbed into it, and were amusing themselves by rocking it, when the chain broke and the boat drifted out from the shore. Hardly more than fifty yards down the river the water splashes over the dam, and falls twenty feet on a mass of jagged rocks. There were no ears in the boat, and nothing that would serve in their stead. In the middle of the river the boat swung lazily around until the prow pointed towards the jam, and then it began slowly to drift down-river.

Nit had stood on the shore with ears and tail erect, watching the boat drift away. When the boat began to move towards the dam Nit became ill at ease, and ran barking and whining up and down the bank. The boys were thoroughly alarmed by this time, too, and began to cry out for help. Nit sprang into the water, and beat his way with lusty strokes toward the boat, now dangerously near the dam. He swam right in front of the boat, and tried to stop it with his body; but the current swung the stern around. Finding that this wouldn't do, he swam around the boat twice, and then sprang up on the gunwale and seized it with his teeth. This lifted him so far out of the water that he couldn't swim. Then he let go his hold. He then swam close to the boat, and sticking his head over the gunwale, looked imploringly into Little Oscar's face, and whimpered. Oscar misunderstood, and thought Nit was tired and wanted to come in for a rest. He seized the leather strap that was buckled around the dog's neck and tried to lift him in. But Nit instantly dropped back into the water, and, pointing his head toward the shore, began swimming for all he was worth. Gradually the downward course of the boat was stopped. It swung around in answer to Nit's powerful legs, and slowly drew near shore.

Just before the boat grounded, poor Nit sunk exhausted in the water. The boys had to jump out, and pull him ashore and finally carried him part of the way home by tying their coats together for a bed to carry him on. He recovered sufficiently to walk, and is now as well as ever.—Nashville Advocate.

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Dr. C. P. Henry, Chicago, Ill., who has practiced medicine many years, says: Last Spring he used and prescribed Clarke's Extract of Flax (Papillon) Skin Cure in 40 or 50 cases, and never knew a case where it failed to cure. "I know of no remedy I can rely on so implicitly." Positive cure for all diseases of the Skin. Applied externally.

Clarke's Flax Soap is best for Babies. Skin Cure \$1.00. Soap 25 cents, at Jno. H. Gates' Drug Store.

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Oct. 22, 1890.

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Sash, Doors, Blinds, STAIR WORK

Scroll Sawing, Wood Turning, BRACKETS, & C.

AND CASTINGS OF ALL KINDS

Steam Engines and Boilers, Steam and Water Pipe,

Steam Fittings, Shafting, Pulley Hangers,

Machinery of all kinds repaired on SHORT NOTICE.

Dr. Campbell & Council

Have occupied the office over Mr. Williams Brown's store, where they may be found at all hours, day and night, unless professionally engaged.

J. R. CAMPBELL, M. D.,
J. B. COUNCIL, M. D.

Oct. 22, 1890.

BUILDING LOTS FOR SALE.

Persons wanting to buy building lots near Livingstone College are requested to inquire at THIS OFFICE.