The Carolina Watchman.

VOL. XXI. NO. 17.---THIRD SERIES. SALISBURY, N. C., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1890. J. J. BRUNER, EDITOR AND PROP'R. T. K. BRUNER, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

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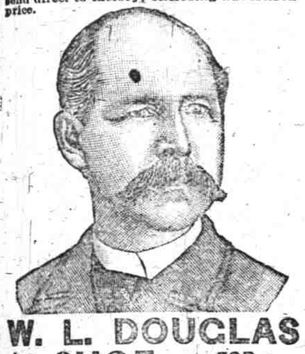

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Fine Calf, Heavy Laced Grain and Creedmoor Waterproof.

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A COVERING CAPACITY OF 2801 SQUARE FEET TO THE GALLON. WE GUARANTEE THE COST TO THE CONSUMER ONLY $1.12 PER GALLON.
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Where a full line of goods in his line, may always be found.

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AND CASTINGS OF ALL KINDS.

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Machinery of all kinds repaired on SHORT NOTICE.

Mar. 15, '88. 1y

Drs. Campbell & Councill

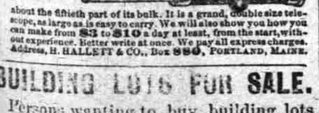
Have occupied the office over Mr. Williams Brown's stove store, where they may be found at all hours, day and night, unless professionally engaged.

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

Oct. 22, 1889. 4m

WHAT IS GOING ON FOR MANY MILES AROUND IS UNCOVERED TO THE EYE. AYE MORE

One of the BEST Telescopes in the world. FREE Our facilities are unequaled, and to introduce our superior goods we will send FREE to ONE PERSON in each locality, as above. Only those who write to us at once can make sure of the chance. All you have to do in return is to show our goods to those who call—your neighbors and those around you. The beginning of this advertisement shows the small end of the telescope. The following cut gives the appearance of it reduced to



about the fiftieth part of its bulk. It is a grand, double size telescope, as large as is easy to carry. We will also show you how you can make from $3 to $10 a day at least, from the start, without experience. Better write at once. We pay all express charges. Address, H. HALLETT & CO., Box 880, PORTLAND, MAINE.

BUILDING LOTS FOR SALE.

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

Poetical Gems.

Self-love is not so vile a sin
As self-neglecting.
—Shakespeare.

* * *

The shadow on the meadow's breast
Is not more calm than my repose,
As step by step, I am the guest
Of every living thing that grows.
—Horatio Nelson Powers.

* * *

One day at a time! That's all it can be;
No faster than that is the hardest fate;
And days have their limits, however we
Begin them too early and stretch them too late.
—Helen Hunt-Jackson.

* * *

The misspelt scrawl upon the wall
By some Pompeiian idler traced,
In ashes packed (ironic fact!)
Lies eighteen centuries unaffected,
While many a page of bard and sage,
Deemed once mankind's immortal gain
Lost from Time's ark, leaves no more mark
Than a keel's furrow through the main.
—J. R. Lowell.

* * *

Between two worlds life hovers like a star,
'Twixt night and morn, upon the horizon's verge;
How little do we know that which we are!
How less what we may be! The eternal surge
Of time and tide rolls on and bears afar
Our bubbles; as the old burst, new emerge,
Lashed from the foam of ages; while the graves
Of empire heave but like some passing waves.
—Byron.

A Valuable Metal.

Aluminum is, without doubt, destined in the no distant future to play an important part among the products of nature as a material in the arts and industries of the world. Aluminum, or aluminium, as it was called when first discovered in 1827, has been for some time before the public as a promising material in the arts. Though in its single oxide, alumina, for the basis of about two-thirds of the crust of the earth, it has never yet been found in the form of a distinct ore. It is a constituent of all argillaceous earths, clays, shale, several rock formations and some of the precious stones. Thus, instead of being mined and smelted, as are the ores of other metals, aluminum is produced or manufactured from some of the numerous formations of which alumina is a principal constituent. Kaolin and crysolite are the forms of clay which have been mostly used for the production of aluminum.

The value and desirablility of this metal in the arts have long been conceded, but the difficulty and expense of its extraction, and its consequent high price, have prevented its extensive application. It was not until about 1856–57 that Deville succeeded in producing it in any available quantities, and then it was held at about $40 per pound. While the attractive appearance of the metal and its rare qualities give it great favor with scientists and metal workers, its cost was an effectual bar to its extensive use.

It was found that the new metal was, for all practical purposes, as malleable as gold and silver. It was of a bright white lustre, with a slight tinge of blue— just about what is desired in the finest laundried linen to give the most desirable gloss. It resisted oxidation beyond any known metal, being utterly unaffected by atmospheric exposure, holding its brightness for years. Even at a white heat it does not oxidize in the air. It was blackened by sulphuretted hydrogen, and under circumstances in which silver became black and unsightly, aluminum held its pristine brightness. Nitric and sulphuric acids, even in concentrated form and at the boiling point, had no effect upon it. It could easily be drawn out to a much finer gauge than iron or steel, and was even a more perfect conductor of electricity than silver. It is the lightest of all known metals, being only about two and a half times as heavy as water, and yet it is as hard as steel.

With all these valuable and attractive qualities, and the extensive possibilities in its application in the arts and industries, it was not strange that capital, skill and genius were enlisted in its production, and in the effort to reduce its cost. In England and France some of the most skilled metallurgists took hold of the matter, with willing capital behind them, and made such improvements in the methods of its production that in 1880 the metal could be afforded at $8 per pound. It was early found that aluminum readily combined with most other metals, forming alloys of great beauty and value, the alloys retaining in a wonderful degree the specific features of aluminum itself. One of the most remarkable and interesting qualities of aluminum is its resonance, and its adaptation to the improvement of bell metal was one of the first merits claimed for it. Alloyed with copper and forming aluminum bronze, it produced bells of remarkably sweet and far-reaching tones. Aluminum bronze is an alloy formed of 90 parts copper and 10 parts aluminum. This alloy was used in Paris to a considerable extent in the manufacture of frames for opera glasses, telescopes, watch cases and beams for balances. For this latter purpose aluminum bronze was used to some extent, but it was found that with the large proportion of copper, 90 to 10 of aluminum, the special advantage—specific gravity—which made it desirable was so far overcome that it really had little to commend it over brass, in this respect.

In 1880 German telegraphic engineers made some promising experiments with aluminum as a material for telegraphic wires. Its superior qualities as a conductor of electricity, having in this respect twice the power of iron, and the facility with which it was drawn to any desired guage, its entire proof against corrosion or oxidation by exposure to the weather and its strength and lightness were all strong arguments in its favor, but its greater cost prevented its extensive use.

Aluminum forms with silver an alloy of great beauty and merit, which has been used to some extent in the manufacture of forks and spoons, the special merit of which is that they never tarnish. The proportions for this purpose were one-third silver and two-thirds aluminum.

Some years ago this Government took into consideration the subject of substituting an aluminum alloy for silver coin, the reasons urged being the greater hardness and the consequent less wear in circulation, and the convenience of handling on account of lightness. The uncertainty of the supply of the metal was the strongest objection to its adoption.

One of the greatest objections to the extensive use of this metal in the arts, and especially in the manufacture of scientific and mathematical instruments for which it was peculiarly adapted by its extreme lightness and resonance, aside from its cost, had been the difficulty of making good joints.

In 1885, M. Bourbouze, an eminent French metallurgist, after an extended series of experiments, discovered a means of soldering aluminum successfully. He used alloys of tin and zinc, and tin, bismuth and aluminum. He found that the metal could be soldered with either of those alloys, but he finally adopted, as yielding best results, an alloy of tin and aluminum. The proportions of the alloy he varied with the kind of work it was intended for. For instruments which had to be turned or shaped after soldering, an alloy composed of forty-five parts tin and ten aluminum he found most suitable. This resisted hammering. Metal which it was desired to solder to aluminum he found should first be tinned with pure tin.

The production of aluminum in this country has been prosecuted with much enterprise and perseverance. Companies have been formed in different cities all with the same object—the practical working out of the most feasible plan for its extraction on a large scale at the lowest cost. A company in Cleveland, Ohio, was one of the most successful in its production, and in 1885 or '86 reduced the cost to $4 per pound. A year or two since this company had the misfortune to lose its principal metallurgist by death, since when the business has languished. The work of production has quite recently been taken up by a company in Pittsburg, who are reported to have been very successful in their operations, and have reduced the price of the metal to $2 per pound. There is now hardly a doubt but that aluminum will be produced on a commercial scale in the near future, and at a price that will warrant its application to the many purposes in the arts to which it is so admirably adapted.—*N. Y. Star.*

Select Siftings.

Snails sometimes sleep for four years at a time.

There is a breed of dogs in Russia that cannot bark.

There are 30 towns called Washington in America.

It is said that the population of Norway exhibits the highest known percentage of light-eyes.

Mr. and Mrs. Tibbels, of Cincinnati, have a baby that was born with two molar teeth in its upper jaw.

The "Pilgrim's Progress" has been translated into Amharic, the language of Abyssinia. The book is now translated into eigty-four languages.

A rabbit-proof fence is nearly constructed between the New South Wales and South Australian borders. This line of fence at completion will be 350 miles long.

It is weirdly reported that "hideous and unhealty cries" are heard "emanating" from the holds of abandoned canal boats lying on the river banks near Schuylkill Haven, Penn.

The slowest walking horses in the world are to be found in Germany. They are trained to a slow gait on the theory that the slower they move the better they keep their flesh.

For the twelve months ended October 31st, 1889, the exports of canned beef were 62,639,721 pounds, an amount in excess of the previous year of a little over 20,000,000 pounds.

A "fossil forest" has been discovered in Scotland. Thirty or forty fossil trunks have already been laid bare, most of which are gray freestone. One of the trunks is at least two feet in diameter.

A museum of religion, the Glamet Museum, has been inaugurated in Paris It is intended to facilitate the study of ancient religions by means of a collection of pictures, objects of worship and books.

Inprisoned in a Clock Face.

One of the glories of the ancient Church of St. Martin's was in its fine clock. It was the boast of old Hans Scheller that during the whole forty years in which he had been custodian of the church the clock had never stopped or gone wrong; and nothing could convince him that it was not the finest clock in the world.

The only thing which troubled Hans was the fear lest his inquisitive little son, Kaspar, who was always in some mischief or other, should, in one of his boyish pranks, injure the mechanism of his wonderful timepiece. No wonder, therefore, that, when one morning he was about to start for town to do some marketing, Hans took the pains first of all to lock the door of the church tower, and put the key in his pocket.

"No harm can happen now!" he muttered "and, in one case, I shall be back before he gets out of school."

And, as ill-luck would have it, the teacher was called away by some business that afternoon, and the boys got out of school more than an hour earlier than usual. Kasper, finding his father gone, went straight to the door of the clock-tower, and looked rather blank on discovering that it was locked, But he was not one of the easily stopped when he had once made up his mind. Getting out upon the roof and crawling along a cornice, where only a cat or a school-boy could have found footing, he crept through an air hole right into the clock room.

For some time he was as happy as a child in a toy-shop, running from one marvel to another, till at length he discovered another hole, and thrusting his head through it, found himself looking down upon the market place through the place through the face of the clock itself. But when he tried to withdraw his head again it would not come.

It was a queer scrape to be in, and Kaspar was more inclined to laugh than to be frightened; but suddenly a thought struck him, which scared him in earnest; his neck was in the track of the minute hand, which, when it reached him, must inevitably tear his head off.

Poor Kaspar! It was too late now to wish that he had left the clock alone. He tried to scream for help, but with his head in that cramping position, the cry that he gave was scarcely louder than the chirp of a sparrow. He struggled desperately to writhe himself back through the hole, but a piece of woodwork had slipped down the back of his neck, and held him like a vise.

On came the destroyer, nearer and nearer still, marking off with his measured tick his few remaining moments of life. And all the while the son was shining gayly, the tinny flags was fluttering on the booths of the market place, and the merry voices of his school-fellows, who were playing in the market-place, came faintly to his ears, while he hung there helpless, with death stealing upon him inch by inch.

His head grew dizzy, the measured beat of the ticking sounded like the roll of a muffled drum, while the coming hand of the clock looked like a monstrous arm out-stretched to seize him, and the carved faces on the spouts seemed to grin and gibber at him in mockery. And still the terrible hand crept onward, nearer, nearer, nearer.

"What can that thing in the clock-face be?" said a tourist below, pointing his spyglass upward. "Why, I declare, it looks like a boy's head!"

"A boy's head:" cried a gray-headed watchmaker beside him, one of Hans Scheller's special friends, snatching hastily at the glass as he spoke. "Why, good gracious! it's little Kaspar. He'll be killed—he'll be killed!" And he rushed toward the church shouting like a mad man.

The alarm spread like wild fire, and before Klugmann, the watchmaker, had got half way up the stairs leading to the tower, more than a score of excited wen were scampering at his heels. But at the top stairs they were suddenly brought to a stand-still by the locked door.

"It is locked!" cried Klugman, in tones of horror; "and Hans must have taken the key with him, for is not here."

"Never mind the key!" roared a brawny smith behind him· "Pick up that beam, comrades and run it against the lock. All together now!"

Crash went the door: in rushed the crowd; and Kaspar, now senseless from sheer-fright, was dragged out of his strange prison just as the huge bar of the minute hand actually touched his neck.

And so it fell out that poor old Scheller, coming home for a quiet afternoon nap, found the door of the tower smashed in, his son lying in a swoon, and his little room filled with strange men, all talking at once. But from that day forth Kaspar Scheller never meddled with the church clock again.

If you do not rise early you can never make progress in anything. If you do not set apart your hours of reading, if you suffer yourself or any one else to break in upon you, your days will slip through your hands unprofitable and frivolous, and not really enjoyed by yourself.

Yankee Money.

W. J. Peele, Esq., of Raleigh, is contributing some strong letters to the State Chronicle on the much misunderstood question of money—circulation—contraction. We present below the pith of what he says:

AN ALLEGORY.

I met ten dollars in the road yesterday on their way back home. They seemed to be in a great hurry but I stopped them long enough to enquire where they had been. They said: "Down in Georgia to buy timber to build palace cars." But if you were paid out for the lumber why aint you down there now? The four next to me said they were paid for transportation and were going back in the shape of dividends to the stockholders who resided in New York. The other six said they were paid directly for the lumber but four of them went to the laborers for preparing it and were going back to buy clothing for them which could be manufactured cheaper at the North because money was cheaper. The other two dollars went to the contractor and were going back to pay for machinery because a vast aggregation of cheap capital there precluded competition in Georgia. But they were all going back and seemed anxious to go. They had safely executed the mission of getting the timber out of the South and not one of them was caught. It was certainly as "good money" as the "National money" fanatic could wish—it would "CIRCULATE ANYWHERE," but would STAY only in Yankeedom.

ALLEGORY NO. 2.

SCENE, North Carolina.

Borrower: I want $10,000.

Banker: I want eight per cent.

Borrower: My enterprise will pay only seven.

Banker: Can't accommodate you.

RESULT:

1. Enterprise not started.
2. $10,000 not invested.
3. Twenty men not employed.

2D RESULT:

1. Borrower: This is the d—ndst country I ever saw.
2. The Twenty Men: There is something rotten somewhere. Never going to vote the Democratic ticket again.
3. Banker: There is plenty of money on good security.
4. Common Sense: But there is no very good security in a community where interest is higher than the net profits of industry.

ACT II.

SCENE—New York City.

Yankee Philosopher (looking at the South through a telescope): I think I see business stagnation in the South.

Speculator in political religion: It's the Lord's judgment for mal-treating our colored brethren.

Fred Douglass: Why is the South solid?

N. Y. Manufacturer (to his partner): If money had continued tight for another week it would ruined our profits on that last order. We could not use money long at such rates.

Junior Partner: I notice a recent failure in the South where the assets were twice the debts. Is that possible?

Senior Partner: Yes. But only where money is very tight. By stopping a certain per cent. of circulation suddenly, debts are made THAT per cent harder to pay.

Speculator in Money (aside to himself): I must have made about a million by that last "squeeze" in the money market.

ACT III.

SCENE—In the Sky.

JUDGMENT NISI—ENTERED BY THE RECORDING ANGEL.

FOUND AS A FACT:

1. That the love of money is the root of all evil in the United States of America.
2. That the Yankee loves money more than all the nations of the earth.
3. That the government at Washington is a government OF the Yankee and his money BY the Yankee through his money, and FOR the Yankee to get money—and NISI (unless) the honest, the patriotic, the poor and liberty-loving citizens take charge of said government IN A FEW YEARS, they shall never control it; blight and mildew shall settle, moral famine shall stalk the land: the country shall "bloom a garden and a grave"—a GARDEN, in which the King's and Queens of monopoly shall run riot, naked in the wantonness of avarice—a GRAVE, in which shall lie buried the prosperity of the common people—bleak, blasted and unmonumented.

W. J. P.

A Woman's Discovery

"Another wonderful discovery has been made and that too by a lady in this country. Disease fastened its clutches upon her and for seven years she withstood its severest tests, but her vital organs were undermined and death seemed imminent For three months she coughed incessantly and could not sleep. She bought of us a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption and was so much relieved on taking the first dose that she slept all night and with one bottle has been miraculously cured. Her name is Mrs. Luther Lutz." Thus writes W. C. Hamrick & Co., of Shelby, N. C.—Get a free trial bottle at T. F. Kluttz & Co., drug store.

Caught in the Act.

One fine may morning, between forty and fifty years ago, a little French bootblack was standing at the entrance of the Pont Neuf, one of the finest or the many bridges that cross the Seine between the two great divisions of Paris.

The boy was watching for customers, but there was none to be had yet, for it was too early. At length finding nothing to do, he took a piece of chalk from the one untorn pocket that he possessed, and began to sketch a face upon the stone parapet of the bridge.

A very strange face it was, very broad laws, and narrowed as it sloped upward, so that what with its curious shape and what with the pointed tuft of hair that stood up from the high, narrow forehead, it looked at a little distance exactly like an enormous pear, But it was plain that this was the likeness of some real man, and that the boy was immensly amused at it, for he chuckled at himself all the time he was working, and more than once laughed outright.

So completely was he taken up with his picture (which was now very nearly finished), that he was unconscious that somebody else was very much taken up with it, too.

A stout, gray-haired old gentleman, very plainly dressed in a faded brown coat aud shabby hat, and carrying a cotton umbrella under his arm, had come softly across the road, slipped up behind the unconcious artist, and was looking at the pear-like face on the wall with a grin of silent amusement.

And well he might, for strange to say, his face was the very image of that which the boy was sketching so eagerly. The queer. pear-shaped head, the large heavy features, the tuft of hair on the fore head, and even the sly expression of the half-shut eyes, were alike in every point. Had the little artist not had his back turned, one might have thought that he was drawing this old man's portrait from life.

But just as the boy was in the height of his abstraction, and the single looker-on in the height of his enjoyment, and the sketcher turned around with a start, The moment he caught sight of the old fellow standing behind him he uttered a faint cry of terror, and staggered back against the wall, looking frighted out of his wits.

"The King!" muttered he, in a tone as if the words choked him.

"Himself, at your service," answered the old gentleman, who was indeed no other than King Philippe, of France. "It seems that I've come up just in time to serve as a model. Go on, pray; don't let me interrupt you."

The boy's first impulse was to take to his heels at once; but there was a kindly twinkle in the King's small gray eyes which gave him courage, and looking slyly from the pear-like head to the royal model, he said, "Well, your majesty, I didn't mean to make fun of you; but it is like you—isn't it now?"

"Very like, indeed," said the King laughing, "and I only wish the pears in my garden would grow half as big as that one of yours. However, I'm afraid I haven't time to stand still and be sketched just now, so I'll leave a likeness of my-self"—putting a gold twenty-franc piece (which was stamped with the King's head) in the boy's brown hand—"to copy at your leisure."

Years later, when King Louis Philippe had been dethroned and driven out of France, a rising young French portrait painter used to tell his friends that the first portrait for which he had ever been paid was that "the old man was not such a bad fellow after all."—*Harper's Young People.*

A Crop That Always Grows.

The crops of the farmer grow only for three or four months. They are constantly liable to failure or disaster. But the man who holds a mortgage on the farmer's crops or land has a crop that grows steadily on and on, through all the days and nights and months and years. It is a crop that begins to yield him an income from the very day it is planted. Devastating floods or withering droughts may come, but the mortgage crop grows on. Does the farmer's crop suffer and dwarf through his neglect or laziness or sickness? The mortgage crop still flourishes. And nowhere, on all the earth, does it seem to grow and flourishes more vigorously than in our southern clime. Brother farmer, have you allowed any one to plant his mortgage crop on your farm? Your crop and his will not grow well together. His crop will have the advantage all the time. If you allow him the opportunity he will plant his crop largely in January. You cannot plant yours before March or April. His will grow through all kinds of weather—grow and strengthen and gain every hour from the beginning to the end of the year. Have you a faithful and loving wife to care for and dear children to feed and clothe and educate? Then you have no right to allow any man to plant his mortgage on your farm, for you are thus robbing these dear ones of their just rights. Is you would prosper and be independent and happy, dear brother, keep the mortgage off your farm. —*Progressive Farmer.*

The Yankee Problem.

W. J. Peele, Esq., a young lawyer of Raleigh, one of the rising men of the day, has done some writing for the *State Chronicle* that has the merit of style and ideas. We intended publishing his whole letter last week, but the paper was mislaid, and our readers will be glad to read this extract:

"No, it is not the negro question but the Yankee question that distresses me. He has cost this government a thousand times more than the negro, and is costing it every year as much as it would cost to buy the negro back into slavery. The Yankee is the "Ward of the Nation," not the negro. He is one that has got to be "protected" and taken care of at public expense. Him and his infant (industries) the law must provide for. It is he who confesses that he can't make a living if left in free competion with the rest of God's creation. It is he who calls his successful rivals in Europe, who can manufacture cheaper than he, "paupers." It is he who has plundered agriculture until land is almost as cheap in North Carolina as it was duritg the Revolutionary war. And now this fatling of protection, this educated dollar hunter, this money worshiping disciple of mammon rolls his eyes toward heaven and tells us he has been called of God to make us do justice to the negro. The Lord didn't call him to stop the increased pauperism and crime at home and to overthrow the rule of corporations there; didn't call him to stop the purchase of voters in "blocks of five" at his own door; didn't tell him to restore his millions of ill-gotten gains in subsidies, pensions, land grabs and tariff bounties; didn't tell him to "go" preach the gospel of peace and justice to the people of the South, but to STAY at the dim distance of a thousand miles and proclaim the unsearchable riches of negro salvation by a Federal election law! What a mission and what a missionary! Dollar hunters have sometimes, and for some purposes made good citizens, but did the Lord ever call one to be a missionary?

In view of these facts and in the name of the people of North Carolina, I do most humbly petition the present Congress to drop the consideration of the election law and take up the consideration of the only question at issue before the country: How can we support the Yankee economically enough to prevent starvation in other sections of the country?

Of course we understand that he must be supported at public expense—he has always been; the question is how shall it be done the cheapest. They ought also, as far as possible, to keep down the missionary spirit in him; his fervor comes not from religion, but from the pride of high living and finds its proper vent in more worldly amusements than missionary work. I fear too that there is no moral antipest that will disinfect a heart whose avarice has taken a religious turn."

Congressional Life.

New York Star.

A party of Congressmen were in Speaker Reed's room at the Shoreham the other night and the conversation drifted to the subject of Congressional life in Washington. It was remarked that a member of Congress from a way-back district could come to Washington, live well, go to evening receptions, and put on a certain amount of lugs, without the fact being used to defeat him on the ground of extravagance. In short, a member, no matter how moral the constituency he represented, was now expected to keep up his end at the capital.

"It's quite different from what it used to be," said Major Butterworth, who was one of the party. "When Ben Leferve came to Congress as the Granger statesman from Ohio, it was his great dread that some of his constituents would discover his luxurious ways of enjoying life. One day I was in the House when a page brought me a scrap of paper soaked with moisture on which was scrawled in lead pencil, evidently by a dripping hand, this message:

"Dear Butterworth: I am down in the bath room, and a lot of pumpkin huskers from Anglaize county are hunting me. Steer them around until I can get dressed. Tell them I am over at the agricultural department to get some seed for Ohio, and will be back soon. I don't want them to know that I bathe in a marble tub with perfumed soap. If it should get out that I bathed any place except in a creek, I would never get back to Congress. LEFERVE."

The Verdict Unanimous.

W. D. Sult, Druggist, Bippus, Ind., testifies: "I can recommend Electric Bitters as the best remedy. Every bottle sold has given relief in every case. One man took six bottles, and was cured of Rheumatism of 10 years' standing." Abraham Hare, druggist, Bellville, Ohio, affirms: "The best selling medicine I have ever handled in my 20 years' experience, is Electric Bitters." Thousands of others have added their testimony, so that the verdict is unanimous that Electric bitters do cure all diseases of the Liver, Kidneys or Blood Only a half dollar a bottle at T. F. Kluttz & Co.'s drug store.