

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is well adapted to children that are afflicted with colic, constipation, flatulency, &c. It is superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. Archer, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"The use of Castoria is so universal and its merits so well known that it seems a waste of supererogation to endorse it. Few are the intelligent families who do not keep Castoria within easy reach." CARLOS MATEO, D. D., late Pastor Bloomingdale Reformed Church.

"For several years I have recommended your Castoria, and shall always continue to do so as it has invariably produced beneficial results." ERWIN F. PARDEE, M. D., "The Winthrop," 154th Street and 7th Ave., New York City.

THE CHESTNUT COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK.

THE NIGHT RIDE.

To-night we rode beneath a moon
That made the meadow pale;
And our horses' feet kept well the tune,
And our pulses did not fail.

The moon shone clear; the hour fast fell;
The world slept, as it seemed;
Sleep held the night, but we rode well,
And as we rode we dreamed.

We dreamed of ghostly horse and hound,
The flight at dead of night;
The more the fearful thoughts we found,
The more was our delight.

And when we heard the white owl fly
And hoot with mournful tone,
We thought to see dead men go by,
And pressed our horses on.

The merrier then our riding song
Upon the homeward road,
On, whether the way be short or long
Is all in the rider's mood!

And still our pulses kept the tale,
Our gallop kept the tune,
As round and over hill and vale
We rode beneath the moon.

—Ernest Rhys in Youth's Companion.

A Defense of Mr. Woodson and Mr. McCubbin.

Correspondence of the Watchman.

MR. EDITOR:—I saw in your last week's WATCHMAN that some fellow had excited himself and attacked some of our county officers with much vigor. Mr. Woodson and Mr. McCubbin were the objects of his prey.

Well, now Mr. H. J., are you a democrat? Have you always been such? Have you always been loyal to the principles of the democratic party? Have you ever envied the office Mr. Woodson holds? Are you an intelligent man? If you can answer all these questions in the affirmative (don't you know that Rowan county has never had an officer that is more in the hearts of the people than Mr. Woodson? Rowan county has never had an officer who has performed the duties involved upon his office with more accuracy and precision than Mr. Woodson, and don't you know that there is not a man in Rowan county that would make a better register of deeds than Mr. Woodson? Now is it right to say that Mr. Woodson's office must be taken away from him because he has held it for eighteen years and no man can say ought against him? Is there any reason why he should come down and out? Mr. H. J. says he has been there long enough; that's all. He says any man can afford to be polite for three thousand a year. Oh, yes, I see Mr. H. J. is opposed to concentrated wealth. Well, we don't like to see any man too rich, but you need not fear that the register's office will ever make a millionaire out of Mr. Woodson. But you say its not democratic, "too long in office is a corruption of office." Is there no exception, can any man say there is corruption in the register's office of Rowan? Not one and tell the truth. And now Mr. H. J., hasn't Mr. Woodson always been a democrat? Hasn't he had the support of the democratic party for eighteen years? Can't the honest democrats of Rowan say of him, behold a democrat indeed in whom there is no guile. Can they say this of you? Can they say it of all the men whom you suggest to fill Mr. Woodson's office? Do you suppose if Mr. Woodson should fail to get the support of the democrats in the county convention he would declare himself an independent candidate? No sir, there is no such stuff in honest Sammy.

Well now, Mr. H. J., if there is a white man in Rowan county who would have the cheek to say Mr. McCubbin's office should be taken from him he must be very hard hearted.

JAMES KENERLY.

CHARLOTTE PUBLIC SCHOOL.

Where They Teach the Young Idea How to Shoot—Nine Hundred Names Enrolled.

Correspondence of the Watchman.

As the WATCHMAN will go to the largest number of subscribers this week it ever has done, I thought it would be gratifying to my many friends who have my welfare at heart to know that I had been going to school since my last letter was written. Having a kind of an off, wet, damp, lazy day last Wednesday, I concluded to go out to the Charlotte graded school, take a few lessons and find out if myself and Recollection Johnson could get in. I was a little too late for roll call, but I met a colored brother near the door. I enquired of him where the boss was. He said he was at his home, but I could just sit "in de office" and he would "fetch de boss in a very short time." A scholarly, medium sized, reasonably good looking gentleman came in, whom I found to be Professor Alexander Graham, who has charge of Charlotte's graded school system. I told him who I was, where I came from, when I was going back and some other preliminaries. I then looked as wise as some of those straight faced, blue stocking democrats do when they are out looking for a third party not or a rat tape politician, and told him that Johnson and myself had some idea of getting some more book learning and I had just come out to take lessons one day and see how we would like it. The professor said he would take great pleasure in showing me through the school and explain to me its workings. But he gave me to understand that Johnson and myself would not be admitted as students. The look he gave me was enough. I could see that he was thinking that Raleigh and Morganton had instructions that would be a much better place for some people than this school. I said nothing more about the school but told the professor I would be glad to accompany him through the building. I was informed that there were nine hundred and twenty-eight names enrolled with an average attendance of seven hundred. We entered one of the primary rooms and found it full of bright clean boys and girls of all ages and sizes, all colors of eyes, hair and dress. We found them all at work. We were shown some of their work in the shape of writing and drawing. We continued until we had went through nine grades or twenty different schools. We examined specimens of writing, spelling, drawing, arithmetic, heard some examinations on history, and I pronounced it all fine. We found at each room the teacher and pupils seemed to have their whole heart on their work. If I were a young man I would say the lady teachers looked well enough to have their hearts on some student who is not in school, but of course I will not say it for Mrs. Razor might put in a word some time when I was least expecting it. I was very much interested in the drawing and mechanical department under the supervision of Mr. Charles C. Hook. In this room is a full line of carpenter tools and drawing instruments. Here the boys are taught the use of tools. I was shown a lot of their work that is being fitted up for the World's Fair, and some of it would make some of our old mechanics ashamed of themselves. Each room is fitted up on the four sides with blackboards. The books used are Appleton's, Harvey's, Maxwell's, Barnes', Harkness', Robinson's, Ward's, Montfort's, Steele's, Waddy's, Markham's, Leconte's, and Swinton's.

I spent three hours and was most, and I saw a lot of it all in this way: If myself and Johnson were refused admission, that it is one of the most managed schools I have ever visited. I could not detect a flaw in it. The teachers are all attentive and polite, the children all appeared to be happy and doing their duty from love for their teacher and not from fear. The school is one that the city should be proud of and never let it want for the necessary funds to keep it up. The building is situated out of the hub, dust and excitement of the city, street cars pass the door every fifteen minutes through the day. The school will close on the 15th of May. The closing exercises will be held in the auditorium. My it live long and prosper.

RICHARD RAZOR.

Queen Victoria Restricted.

Queen Victoria, not being born a queen, probably learned to read just like other persons. But after she became afflicted with royalty she found that a queen is not allowed to have a great many privileges that the humblest of her subjects can boast.

For instance says a writer in the Philadelphia Engineer, she isn't allowed to handle a newspaper of any kind, nor magazine, nor a letter from any person except from her own family, and no member of the royal family or household is allowed to speak to her of any piece of news in any publication.

All the information the queen is permitted to have must first be strained through the intellect of a man whose business it is to cut out from the papers each day what he thinks she would like to know. These scraps he fastens on a silk sheet with a gold

A Young Farmer in Luck.

Some eight years ago Mr. Geo. W. Palmer, of Boston, Mass., spent the winter at Davis' Hill, Kittrell, and was very fond of hunting, says the Oxford Public Ledger. During one of his hunting trips he found his way out to the farm of Mr. Morrice Sears, in Fishing Creek township, and asked his permission to hunt on his land and the old gentleman refused. His son J. M. Sears, was standing near by and interceded in Mr. Palmer's behalf, and soon gained consent to hunt on the land. The hunter was naturally drawn at once to young Sears, and took him along as a companion for the day, and parted warm friends. Mr. Palmer hunted on the farm during the year several times. When the winter was over he left for his Boston home and young Sears never received any tidings from him until a few days ago when he was notified by the superior court clerk of Logan county, Ky., that a Mr. Geo. W. Palmer, of Boston, Mass., had recently died and bequeathed to him 2,000 acres of land lying in that county. Mr. Sears was greatly surprised at the news and had to refresh his memory as to who his benefactor was, and related to a friend the above circumstances. This shows what kindness and accommodation will do, and we congratulate our friend upon his good luck, as he is one of our most deserving and promising young farmers.

Durham Fertilizer Company,

MANUFACTURERS OF

High Grade Ammoniated Fertilizer, Acid Phosphate and Fertilizing Materials.

Main Office: DURHAM, N. C.
Factories: DURHAM, N. C., RICHMOND, VA.

The following Brands are Manufactured exclusively for the Alliance:

"N. C. Alliance Official Guano," "Progressive Farmer," "N. C. Alliance Official Acid Phosphate."

TESTIMONIALS:

From Mr. J. S. Johnston, member of the Executive Committee N. C. State Alliance and Manager Alliance Warehouse at Danville, Va.:
S. T. MORGAN, Esq., President, Durham, N. C.

My Dear Sir—Yours of the 8th just to hand, in reply that I did not receive your circular booklet containing your fertilizer. I thought none could be better. I used half your and half LaSalle's this year, and am proud to say your fertilizer has done more for me than any other. I will be glad to give it the recommendation it deserves. Keep it up to the standard, you have, and all of us will use it next year.

Yours, &c.,
GEO. L. WILLIAMSON.

From Mr. J. S. Johnston, member of the Executive Committee N. C. State Alliance and Manager Alliance Warehouse at Danville, Va.:
S. T. MORGAN, Esq., President, Durham, N. C.

I am now an old tobacco grower, and have used a great many fertilizers since I have been growing tobacco, but have never used any brand that exceeds the Durham. My tobacco is doing as well this year as I ever had a crop to do, so far as the fertilizer is concerned. I cheerfully recommend the Durham to every farmer who wishes a high grade fertilizer at a low price.

PETER B. BOOTH.

Stickability.

Seeing many things relating to the Farmers Alliance, and what position they had best pursue to insure their demands, I will attempt to give my views on the subject. We must stick, and you will allow the expression, "Stick to your gun."

I wish to notice first that we are permitted to choose our bush, or at least we ought to. There are many bushes to choose from. Some bear sweet berries, some sour, some poisonous. So we should be careful what bush we choose. If we find that we are at one that has unwholesome berries, let us change and let us try another, if that one proves to be evil change again and so on till we find a good one. I think this will apply to us in politics. We have been at the Democratic bush and the berries are sour; we have been at the Republican bush, it proved fatal. Now let us change. We can't be worsted because we have been sickened by the fruit of the others. When we have found the right bush let us stick to it as the old adage is, "stick and strip." I suppose else is likely to place us at a bush where there are no berries at all, or if there are any they will be some sour ones which they wouldn't have.

We had been looking forward to the "Silver bill" bush but when our masters saw that we could soon fill our baskets at it, just before it was matured they cut the top root and it withered.

Again we find that some berries are easier gathered than others, like the chestnut, are enclosed in burrs, and we may expect our fingers pricked before we receive the prize. But if we expect to enjoy the sweets we must bear the bitters which will make the sweets the more pleasant.

Then we must have perseverance if we expect to accomplish anything, we should not be discouraged if we make a failure, but let us come with renewed energy. Let us learn a lesson from the granite cutters. Who can take a look at them and not learn a good lesson? They place their blows, they never break the stone the first lick, but they keep striking at the same place until it is broken. So if we ever expect to accomplish anything we must have some "stickability" about us. Then let us all stick together and the victory will be ours.

W. W. HORGZ,
Morganton, N. C., April 7, '92.

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W. W. HORGZ,
Morganton, N. C., April 7, '92.

A Back Number.

This is the slightest remark that is applied to those who try to seem young, though they no longer look so. Some times appearances are deceitful. Female weakness, functional troubles, displacements and irregularities will add fifteen years to a woman's looks. These troubles are removed by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Try this remedy, all you whose beauty and freshness is fading from such causes, and no longer figure in society as a back number. It is guaranteed to give satisfaction in every case, or money paid for it returned. See guarantee on bottle-wrappers.

The free wool bill passed the House by a vote of 194 to 51—254 out of 332. Where were the other 78?

HILLSDALE, N. C., June 25, 1890.
I have used the Electrolysis in my family for over a year and am convinced it is the surest cure for any disease that is curable, and it is better for women than anything else. I use it for every ailment and it has always given relief at once. I can recommend it to anyone that is sick.

Very respectfully,
Mrs. JOHN KIRKLAND.

My Neighbor's Boy.

I always make it a rule to get along with my neighbors without engaging in any belittling quarrels or disputes with them, says a writer in the Detroit Free Press. I will put up with a good deal before I will descend to the vulgarity of a quarrel with any one, and I don't intend having a row with any one now, but if my neighbor's boy should disappear suddenly and never be heard of any more, or if he should be found with his neck broken, I will perhaps have been at the bottom of it all, and no honest jury in the land will do anything with me for it.

The boy is ten years old. His name is Horace Walpole Gladstone Smith, but they call him "Teddy." He has been taken to getting up at five o'clock these fine mornings, and his parents encourage him in such idiosyncrasy by bragging around "how smart our little Teddy is."

Ten minutes after Teddy is up he is racing along in front of my house, drawing a stick over the palings of the fence under my bed room window. Then he walks up and down singing, "I want to be an angel." He knows but one line of it, and he screeches that all over and over again until—well, you know what I wished as I lay in bed, gnashing my teeth, with no hope of getting my morning snooze.

By-and-by, at about 5:20 he brings out a wagon made out of a wooden box and four creaking, waddling, solid wooden wheels, and he races up and down the wooden pavement, dragging that loathsome thing after him. Then he gets under my open bedroom window and begins screeching to a boy who lives half a block away:

"Jimmy! O-o-o-h! Jimmy! Say, Jim Jones, I'm up and you ain't!"

Then he goes through a series of yells, cat-calls, and dog-barks, ending with frightful singing of "Annie Rooney."

This is followed by another wildly screeched out taunt to Jimmy Jones:

"Se-a-y, Jim! Beat ye up! I've beat ye up, sleepy head! O-o-o-h, Jim!"

You thrust your head out of a window and say coldly:

"Stop that noise!"

He looks up at you placidly and says:

"I guess I can make all the noise I want to in my father's own yard, so I can." And he makes more noise than before, pretty sure that the command to "love thy neighbor as thyself" did not mean thy neighbor's boy.

A Little Hero.

Rev. R. W. Boyd, superintendent of the Presbyterian Orphanage, writing from Statesville to the North Carolina Presbyterian, pays the following tribute to a true hero:

"Let me introduce to 'Mrs. A.' and all the readers of the Presbyterian the hero of the home. He is a very little boy, just nine years old, but of remarkable courage and presence of mind, which was displayed in a recent emergency. Janie Bradford, a beautiful little brown-eyed child, sweet and affectionate, of six years, was standing or passing too near an open fireplace when her apron and dress caught fire. Others in the room screamed in affright, but our hero caught the little girl, who had started to run, and holding her endeavored to extinguish the flames, succeeding, but not until he had torn her apron from her. His hands were burned but he persisted until success crowned his efforts, and our sweet little girl was saved from a horrible death. This little boy's name is Geo. Henry Hipp. He deserves a gold medal. When asked why he held the little girl he promptly replied, 'If she had run the fire would have burned faster.' I doubt whether history furnishes an example of presence of mind and courage more striking in one so young."

COAL! KEEP COAL! KOMFORTABLE.

Having greatly increased my facilities for handling and storing COAL the coming season, I would now again respectfully solicit any and all orders entrusted to me, promising to furnish you promptly with what coal you may want at the lowest market price. In order to obtain advantage of the lowest summer prices, you should at once send me your orders. Remember that I handle only the best grades of screened Coal, including the Red Ash, suitable for grates, stoves, heaters, &c.

Also keep on hand at all times the finest grade of blacksmith J. ALLEN BROWN.

Send your orders to W. H. Worth, State Agt., or direct to us.
J. C. BERNHARDT, County, Ag't,
SALISBURY, N. C.

STATESVILLE MARBLE WORKS

Is the Place to Get Monuments, Tombstones, &c.

A large stock of VERMONT MARBLE to arrive in a few days. We guarantee satisfaction in every respect and positively will not be undersold.

Granite Monuments
Of all kinds a specialty

C. B. WEBB & CO., PROPRIETOR.

Mention the Watchman when you write

The Auto-Bellum Negro.

Correspondence of the Watchman.

MR. EDITOR:—Since my last another old landmark has been removed. I mean a colored landmark. "Uncle Dick," an ex-slave of J. C. McAuley near here, died a few days ago. He had nearly reached four score and ten years. "Uncle Dick" was an old time darkey and had very little to do with the post-bellum negro. He never left his old home, but chose to stay with "Mossy John and the children." He adhered to his old faith and never had his membership removed from the A. R. P. church. He always voted the democratic ticket. A good old darkey is gone and there is no one to take his place. In looking back we can see where we made a mistake with the negro and where the negro made the worst mistake of his life. When the war was over and the negro set free, instead of taking him to us under the new role, we permitted the Yankee to come down here and adopt him, establish schools and churches for him, whilst we stood aloof and did nothing. It is true, we were impoverished and could not do much, but we could have showed a willing mind and gave them our sympathy at least, but we failed to do this and is it any wonder that the negro thus treated adopted the republican politics. But there was another sad mistake we made for him and us too; that was the tenant system. The negro was a good servant but he only did what his master bade him do; he took no interest or knowledge of the work and it is not surprising that they know nothing about pitching and cultivating a crop nor anything about economy and what is the consequence? To-day we find, with a few exceptions, an impoverished race, impoverished

A Safe Investment.

One which is guaranteed to bring you satisfactory results, or in case of failure a return of the purchase price. On this safe plan you can buy your advertised drugist a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. It is guaranteed to bring relief in every case, when used for any affection of Throat, Lungs or Chest, such as Consumption, Inflammation of Lungs, Bronchitis, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Croup, etc. It is pleasant and agreeable to take, perfectly safe, and can always be depended upon. Trial bottles free at Klutz & Co.'s drug store.

THE COLLEGE GIRL.

It was her first essay at marketing, but she tackled the work with the beautiful hardihood of youth and inexperience.

"Have you canvas back ducks?" she inquired of the man in the stall.

"Yes, miss, and they are beauties and mighty scarce—at this time of year, Ah! I've got mallards and red heads, too."

"You may cut me off three quarters of a yard of the canvas back," she said, in her clear, classic tones; "and cut it diagonally so that it will not ravel!"

Detroit Free Press.

LEMON ELIXIR

Its Wonderful Effects on the Liver, Stomach, Bowels and Kidneys.

For Biliousness, Constipation and Malaria, take Lemon Elixir.

For Indigestion, Sick and Nervous Headache, take Lemon Elixir.

For Sleeplessness, Nervousness and Heart failure take Lemon Elixir.

For Fevers, Chills and Debility, take Lemon Elixir.

Ladies, for natural and thorough organic regulation, take Lemon Elixir.

Dr. Mozley's Lemon Elixir will not fail you in any of the above named diseases, all of which arise from a torpid or diseased liver, stomach, kidneys or bowels.

Prepared only by Dr. H. Mozley, Atlanta, Ga. 50c. and \$1. bottles at drug-gists.

A Prominent Minister Writes.

After ten years of great suffering from indigestion, with great nervous prostration, biliousness, disordered kidneys and constipation, I have been cured by Dr. Mozley's Lemon Elixir and am now a well man.

Rev. C. C. DAVIS,
Eli. M. E. Church South,
No. 28 Lutwilt St. Atlanta, Ga.

H. B. Randolph, Birmingham, Ala., writes: "I was under the care of fine medical doctors, but none did me the good that Dr. Mozley's lemon Elixir has done me."

When baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had children, she gave them Castoria.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns and all skin eruptions, and positively cures Piles or no tag required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded.—Price 25 cents per box. For sale by T. F. Klutz & Co.

The Raleigh is a noble ship with a noble name. Wherever she sails North Carolinian's hearts will go with her, and we hope that to sons of the Old North State will be awarded the privilege of manning her, which will be just the same as naming the Stars and Stripes to her mast.—Richmond Dispatch.

Syphilis, skin eruptions, itchy eruptions and all other diseases of the skin, are cured by Dr. J. C. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. It is the best medicine in the world for the cure of all these diseases. Dr. J. C. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People is the best medicine in the world for the cure of all these diseases. Dr. J. C. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People is the best medicine in the world for the cure of all these diseases.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

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