State Library

THE WATCHMAN has 50 per cent. more circulation than any other paper published in Salisbury, and is therefore the best advertising medium.

# The Carolina Watchman.

THE WATCHMAN is the Organ of the Farmers' Alliance in 6th and 7th Congressional Districts.
Advertisers, make a note of this.

VOL. XXIII- THIRD SERIES. SALISBURY, N. C., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1892 NO. 46.

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Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion, Without injurious medication.

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THE Washington Life Ins. Co. OF NEW YORK.

CONDENSED STATEMENT.

JANUARY 1ST, 1892.

| | |
|---|---|
| Assets, | $11,459,638 78 |
| Reserved for policies, N. Y. Standard 4 per cent., and all liabilities, | 11,032,520 25 |
| New Insurance, 1891, | 11,739,691 |
| Outstanding Insurance, | 50,586,622 |
| Paid Policy-holders in 1891, | 1,447,000 15 |
| Paid Policy-holders since organization, | 20,635,554 95 |
| Income, 1891 | 2,681,435 74 |

Assets Invested as Follows:

| | |
|---|---|
| Loans secured by mortgages on Real Estate, first liens, | $9,541,192 92 |
| New York City bonds, | 271,832 50 |
| Brooklyn water bonds, | 144,000 |
| Richmond, (Va.) bonds, | 10,300 |
| Loans to Policy-holders on Co.'s Policies, | 278,739 34 |
| Collateral loans, | 3,500 |
| Real Estate, cost value, | 501,818 25 |
| Cash in bank and trust Co.'s, | 247,708 |
| Interest accrued, premiums deferred and in transit, etc., | 416,067 77 |
| | $11,459,638 78 |

For agencies and other particulars address, H. D. BLAKE, Special District Agt., Raleigh, N. C.

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"MOTHERS' FRIEND" is a scientifically prepared Liniment, every ingredient of recognized value and in constant use by the medical profession. These ingredients are combined in a manner hitherto unknown

"MOTHERS' FRIEND"

WILL DO all that is claimed for it AND MORE. It Shortens Labor, Lessens Pain, Diminishes Danger to Life of Mother and Child. Book to "MOTHERS" mailed FREE, containing valuable information and voluntary testimonials.

Sent by express on receipt of price $1.50 per bottle. BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., Atlanta, Ga. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

A Household Remedy FOR ALL BLOOD AND SKIN DISEASES

B. B. B.

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It Cures SCROFULA, ULCERS, SALT RHEUM, ECZEMA, every form of malignant SKIN ERUPTION, besides being efficacious in toning up the system and restoring the constitution, when impaired from any cause. Its almost supernatural healing properties justify us in guaranteeing a cure, if directions are followed.

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Tutt's Tiny Pills

To cure constipation purging the bowels should be avoided; it weakens their power of motion. A gentle aperient effect is only required. Tutt's Tiny Liver Pills are prepared with special views to the permanent cure of

COSTIVENESS and HEADACHE.

They are mild and remain in the system until they act on the liver, cause a natural flow of bile and their tonic properties impart power to the bowels to remove unhealthy accumulations. Good appetite and digestion result from the use of these little pills. Price, 25c. Office, 39 Park Place, N. Y.

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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.

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1859 THE 1892

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COLUMBUS, GA.

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Total Assets, over $1,000,000.

A Home Company, seeking Home Patronage. Insures all classes of Risks at lowest adequate rates. Losses adjusted and paid promptly.

J. ALLEN BROWN, Agt.

## LEONANIE.

Leonanie—angels named her,
And they took the light
Of the laughing stars, and framed her
In a suit of white,
And they made her hair of gloomy
Midnight, and her eyes of glowing
Moonshine, and they brought her to me
In the silent night.

In a solemn night of summer,
When my heart of gloom
Blossomed up to greet the comer
Like a rose in bloom;
All forebodings that distress'd me
I forgot as joy caressed me,
Lying joy that caught and pressed me
In the arms of doom.

Only spake the little lisper
In the angel's tongue,
Yet I listened heard her whisper,
"Songs are only sung
Here below that they may grieve you,
Tales are told you to deceive you—
So must Leonanie leave you
While her love is young."

Then God smiled and it was morning,
Matchless and supreme,
Heaven's glory seemed adorning
Earth with its esteem.
Every heart but mine seem'd gifted
With the voice of prayer, and lifted
Where my Leonanie drifted
From me, a like dream.

—*J. Whitcombe Riley.*

## NYE'S FARM PHILOSOPHY.

### An Agricultural Address Which He is Preparing to Deliver.

Copyrighted, 1892, by Edgar W. Nye.

The following are extracts from an address which I am preparing and hope to deliver before our encampment of farmers to be held at Philadelphia during the coming autumn.

The subject selected for the address is, "Why do farmers eat canned vegetables?" Later I shall also speak, if urged to do so, on the subject of the "Appalling death rate among horned cattle aloug the right of way of railways and the liability of common carriers for loss of memory and impaired vitality among mules, caused directly or indirectly by injuries received at the hands of common carriers."

I shall speak with considerable abandon regarding railways. I shall cry aloud and spare not. Yesterday I wrote to Mr. Boyd, of the Pennsylvania road, for transportation for self and wife to and from the encampment, and a good time may be looked forward to if Mr. Boyd should send same as requested in my esteemed favor of late date.

IN SPEAKING TO FARMERS

of the United States I feel some freedom and some sympathetic interest, for by birth and natural selection I am a farmer, having passed my earlier days on the farm, and now in my declining days, "when the frost is on the pumpkin and the fodder's in the shock," I am again encouraging the horny growth which betokens manual toil in the field.

Literature with me has been merely a fad, an incident, as it were. Farming has been my joy, my life, my bosom, my outing, my vacation and my dream and my religion. While I have flow to the pen in my hours of dejection, and when cast down, my life work has been to cross the sheep sorrel with a clotheshorse that would give general satisfaction. It is therefore with no newly awakened intelligence that I approach agricultural questions, but with the courage and vigor of an 8-pound and 6-ounce brain that has thought rapidly upon these subjects while other brains were seeking good society, where they could avoid thought.

It is not a newborn thought, with a limber neck and long clothes, that I introduce to your notice to-day, but mature and well seasoned judgment upon these matters which so closely interest the farming millions of America. We, as farmers, are like the horse—patient and intelligent, but yet with a power which, if used in our own interests, would easily jolt the spine of the professional man and cause him to sit up in the middle of the road and exclaim bitterly,

"WHERE WAS I AT?"

The question before us in, "Why do farmers eat canned vegetables?"

One reason, I opine, is that they "come from the store." But is that a cogent reason? Should we eat an inferior article of food at a high price in order to be metropolitan and assume an air of reckless gayety and ground feed which so ill-becomes us?

Another reason that we eat canned vegetables, I opine again, is that we have been trying to live down an erroneous impression noticeable for many years among the gay and godless but well clad residents of the city. For centuries it was generally believed by those who dwelt in town that farmers ate large quantities of cream, and that their gardens were full of every conceivable fresh vegetable and fruit. This theory has been exploded with a loud and reverberating report.

Farmers eat less cream than the pale and seductory but scholarly green goods dealer, and the poor people of the busy marts of trade have more fresh vegetables except when they are in the country on their regular Fresh Air Fund vacation, than the farmer does. Farmers as a class have to grow their crops for market, and they are in luck if they can market them. If they cannot market them, of course they can eat them, but not otherwise.

Of course in these calculations we do not consider the agricultural freak known as the fore handed farmer, but rather the rank and file—the mass, as it were—of those who are seeking to wring from a reluctant and buggy soil bread for the eater, seed for the sower, wool for the weaver, meat for the meater and soup for the souper.

We farmers are often asked: Why don't you keep your boys on the farm? Why do we not entertain them more? Why don't we have a billiard table and orchestrian in the barn so that our boys can be happy at home and not seek to become rogues and debauches? They also ask us why we do not get a pair of bright red mules and raise a flock of nice

RED MULES FOR THE BUSY MART.

Most every one feels free to advise the farmer and every little while some man who has amassed eighty-four dollars in trade comes out in the farm with a case of ginger ale, and also one of hay fever, bringing with him a little red covered book on how to amuse the soil so that it will laugh in the autumn with abundance.

Anon he will be seen trying to hive a large mortgage by means of a green mosquito net, but with ill success. The farmer obtains more such advice and example than anybody else. Those who fear that they may not succeed as rag pickers in town, still know that they can succeed on the farm if the worst comes to the worst. Even the man that picks up the stubs of costly cigars in front of the Author's club by means of a gold headed cane with a brad in the end says to himself at night: "Viola! It matters not. Tray beyeni! If I fail at this the clever scented fields are awaiting me. Negotiam est negotiam! I may at least buy a cow and raise virus for viccinating purposes on the farm."

"EVEN THE SORE EYED BEGGAR

Who haunts the busy marts says over and over again beneath his ewe inspiring breath: "I am not at the bottom yet. I still live in town. If I fail mentally I may still be a farmer."

But is there no way by which we as farmers may at least get a percentage of the vegetables that grow on the face of the earth? "How I pity the people," says Mr. T. Grieiner, "who from choice or necessity are confirmed eaters of hog, and the murderous monotony of whose scrofulous diet is not broken or offset by the gratifying changes which the home garden affords! How I pity the sad-eyed housewife with the daily question on his mind, 'What shall I cook for breakfast, for dinner, for supper?'"

We may not be able to have Neapolitan ice cream at every meal on the farm, but we may raise vegetables. I have this season grown the plainer vegetables with great success, and though some of them have cost more than I could wish, I hope to reduce the expense by another year, so that I will feel it less.

We should not give up too easily in trying to raise vegetables. Canned corn is better than nothing, but corn grown on the place is far better. So it is with all other truck. An acre will keep a large family in vegetables and produce some to sell. I could not raise any this year; but next year, if I can raise a few extra vegetables and sell them at what they have cost me this year, I will buy a billiard table and fit up a dive in the barn, so that the boys will not yearn to leave the farm.

I notice that we should take more care to have our vegetables early. The earlier you can have your vegetables ready in the spring the more notice they will attract. I surmised this myself this season, but my cold frame was a shade too cold, I presume. At least when my vegetables were ready for the market they created no excitement. Again I erred in selecting the site for my garden. I chose it because it had a good view of Mount Pisgah, and in doing so forgot to choose a place that was arable. Arability is one of the most charming qualities a garden can possess.

FRIED PORK AMD LARDY PIES

give us the "American complexion," and heavy or hot bread helps to bring out its beauties. It is no disgrace to be a peasant, but it is a disgrace to endow our children with the pork habit and the pork complexion in a land where the sun and soil and rain invite us to grow and eat other things.

Salt pork over and over and over again drives the farmer lad to steal apples in youth and in maturer years to run for congress. Rancid bacon, impure lard and heavy hot bread generation after generation produces the dyspeptics and disturbers of a nation—the Sockless Simpsons and the Witless Watsons of their time.

According to statistics taken in Illinois in 1888, only 17 per cent of the farmers had strawberry patches. Pork and patent medicines play into each other's hands on the farm, and the boy who ought to be a young giant at twenty is a palid, scanny and unhappy old man.

Many a farmer boy has to go into town for his watermelons, his apples and his strawberries. He may be able to get a taste of them on the Fourth of July, and that has to do, for on other days he has to work so hard that in the evening he is

TOO TIRED TO STEAL THEM.

A farmer's horse will not do his work unless he has the proper food and of the best quality, but many a farmer's wife is required to eat unwholesome food and cook it herself, then do the other work and become the mother of self-made and sockless statesmen besides.

Let us take these great truths to heart, fellow farmers, and encourage the truck patch, not for gain, but that our wives and children may be well and happy. Would you rather fill a family with asparagus or pain killer? Should we properly nourish our children or feed them with patent medicines?

It is true that we have many, very many foes to meet—unfavorable weather from without and insects from within—but these are to be met with philosophy and other chemicals. Eternal vigilance is the pride of the watermelon, and the same rule may be applied to other vegetables. Many preventives have been patented and introduced among farmers, and most of them are of no avail. Yet, gardening has made much advancement, as has also agriculture generally, stock raising and bee culture.

Some years ago, in Georgia, there lived a farmer whom we will call Troofie—Amos E. Troofie. "I was working one summer for Troofie," said a neighbor of mine the other day while speaking of the rapid strides that agriculture had made lately. "I was working there and so was my brother Cale. One afternoon a man comes along that was selling these patent bee gums with sashes to them that gits shet of a good deal of the trouble it is to hive a passle of bees, and he wanted right smart to sell one to Troofie, but Troofie felt too pore to buy patent bee gums as times was, for money matters was powerful scarce then.

"But the ma.. he hung on and allowed that it would suit him to stop for dinner and feed the horse, and then if Troofie would furnish the lumber he would build the gum for a dollar and give Troofie the directions, so's that he could operate it and not get stung.

"After dinner the man took and turned in and made the bee gum with what we could hope him, understand, and Troofie give him his dollar and the man lit his pipe and got in his wagon. Then Troofie says regarding them directions, 'Mister, you mustn't forgit that 'fore you go, fer nuthin' pesters me like a bee sting, and I regard 'em the pizenest thing in the whole world.' 'All right,' says the feller, and so Troofie calls me and Cale to come there, so's that if he was away when the bees swamed we could 'tend to 'em without gittin' stung.

"The feller took two or three draws at his pipe, and then he says, kind of slow and thoughtful, like a man that is far away from home and sort of lonesome like, 'You have saw,' he says, 'how the gum is made for the convenience of the bee, and with regards to getting stung,' he says, kind of touching up his stock with the whip and starting off down the road, 'the best way to get shut of a bee sting is to

'NOT GO NIGH WHERE THEY AIR.'"

Among the enemies to plant life are the ant, which I never could see the use of except for the sluggard to resort to.

The ant, or formica, is a small red or black insect with a sharp acid taste, and in Africa is eaten as a relish in place of pickles. Mr. Stanly very truly says that in equitorial Africa the natives often use the larger ants on their blue points instead of lemon.

Boiling water is the best treatment for ants. The ant bores into the ground and constructs a residence of halls and galleries, which if filled with hot water may be robbed of its homelike air. Poisoned molasses are also used near the ant hole with good effect, so that I have seen as high as 1,000 ants and a sluggard or two killed in one night in a small garden where muskmelons were growing in profusion.

The aphis, or plant louse, is another enemy of the farmer, and may be said to rank next to the tariff and the man who wishes to explain the same. Tobacco is death on the plant louse. The louse is bitterly opposed to the use of tobacco in any form and cannot see why it should be popular with anybody.

THE ASPARAGUS BEETLE

is another insect that seems to be gathering quite a hold upon the American people. Kerosene emulsions will work well on these bugs and break down their constitutions. The bean weevil and pea weevil give the gardener much trouble, and especially in fields where the canned bake bean is maturing. Where the weevil has gained ground in Massachusetts the cans which used to attain an average weight of four pounds now rarely weigh over two pounds.

The Ohio experiment station has ascertained that seed exposed to a heat of 145 degrees Fahrenheit is free from the larvæ of the bean weevil and may possibly germinate if planted.

The green lettuce worm, the raddish fly, the cabbage worm, the lightning rod worm, the celery worm, the corn or boll worm, the cucumber beetle, the onion maggot, the May beetle, the cutcon fly and the parsley worm are a few of the farmer's friends; also the

DEW WEEVIL AND ITS ENEMY, THE DOGGOOD.

Snails are voracious enemies of the garden, and Mr. Grieiner says that the only way to deal with them is to scatter pieces of orange peel on the ground at night, and in the morning one can, if very active, capture the snail, which is so fond of the orange peel that it forgets to go home to its family for breakfast, and thus may be headed off and run down by a brisk man.

We need hardly mention the squash vine borer, the squash bug, the wireworm or the unearned increment, all of which are the enemies of the farmer and the gardener.

Let us strive against these foes and seek intelligently to eat more good vegetables at home instead of saving for our families those articles which the rich, the pampered and sedentary refuses to pay.

BILL NYE.

## Overman at Concord.

Correspondence of the Watchman.

CONCORD, N. C., Sept. 5, 1892.

MR. EDITOR: Mr. Lee S. Overman, of Salisbury, spoke here to night before the Cleveland and Carr club. It was indeed a poor effort for one of his capacity and position. For arguments he substituted abuse, for facts he related falsehoods, and, in fact, a more complete failure seldom heard here. He said that the people were afraid to come out and hear discussion. He termed the people's party men hypocrites, thieves and rascals and this state was brought about by reading such pernicious literature as the *Progressive Farmer* and similar papers. At one time they would heed the voice of the stump speakers, but now they learn of things in the midnight, and will not listen to their talk. Said that the devil would rest in heaven as soon as Weaver would be president. Cleveland is against everything the people's party advocates. He argues strenuously against the free and unlimited coinage of silver, notwithstanding this very plank is in the platform to which he owes allegiance. What kind of a democrat is Mr. Overman when he goes around speaking against his own State platform? If he is loyal to it, why not uphold its principles? He said that we should vote for Cleveland because he vetoed so many pension bills. I ask him, sir, to let facts talk a little. Did not Cleveland approve 1,234 pension bills while Arthur approved only 736 and Grant only 485. He vetoed only 199. In the name of common sense, if he was opposed to them why did he not veto the 1,264 and approve the 199? He stated that the negro question would ever be a live question. His abuse of the negroes called forth a good deal of uncomplimentary talk from them. He wants all to vote for Stenvenson, also. He gave as one argument against voting for Weaver that he was a Greenbacker; but he did not tell us that ten or twelve years ago the very same Stevenson went to Congress upon the very same Greenback ticket. Why is it a crime to vote for the once Greenback Weaver and a virtue to vote for the once Greenback Stevenson? He said he believed that the third party was a republican aid society, and that the leaders in this State were guilty of arson, perjury and hog stealing, although he admitted that he did not know anything about them except what he read in the democratic papers.

He next cited us to the asylums, &c., that the democrats had established in North Carolina, but forgot to say that even the republican States in this respect are far ahead of North Carolina.

Mr. Overman can congratulate himself that there were not many people's party men present, for his efforts would only have confirmed their faith in their platform and nominees. It is curious how some intelligent men can expect to win votes by a general system of abuse.

"Only this and nothing more."

SELAH.

## A Diffused Wedding Party.

Tombstone *Prospector:* William Hardie, of Fort Bowie, and Miss Hattie Quinn were married by telegraph a few days ago. The would-be bride arrived at Bowie, and, naturally being anxious to have the knot tied at the time set, the contracting parties went forth to secure the services of some one authorized to perform such a ceremony. They were startled to find that there was no one at the post who could act. Their minds were soon relieved by the telegraph operator telling them they could be married by telegraph, and offering to perfect the arrangements, which offer, of course, was accepted. Rev. Brant C. Hammond, post chaplian of Fort Apache, 275 miles away, performed the ceremony. The operators at San Carlos, 225 miles away, acted as witness. All the customary questions were asked and answered over the wire.

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

## WARNER'S CROP BULLETIN.

### More Candidates in the Field—Some of Them Running With Hot Boxes.

Correspondence of the Watchman.

SANDERSVILLE, N. C.

Reports received at the Warner observatory from sixty-eight counties show that there has been a slight increase in the number of candidates. The republicans have got their little haymow jam full. But there seems to be no danger of a congestion owing to the fact that the demand is practically unlimited. Some of them are running with hot boxes and may melt the spindles before the election.

Reports from the Western district indicate a full crop of candidates and harvest in full operation. They are fed on new brandy and dried bear meat. The temperature is normal; weather pretty dry, so are the prohibitionists, and several towns.

From fourteen counties in the Piedmont district it is reported that all candidates are whipped, including Sullivan. Tongues badly coated and all losing sleep and hair. Rainfall too small to record.

Reports from eleven counties in the Central district say that there is great activity. Some of the smaller candidates are being canned and some are being dried for future use. Cotton opening rapidly and mill owners getting very rich; farmers getting poor. Rainfall 0.

Thirty postal card reports from the Eastern district show a bad state of affairs. All parties are trying to get the negro vote; all will get some; rainfall 0. Many candidates already baldheaded.

I went to a joint discussion, or rather political cussing, the other day. I will not call names nor places. I was so ashamed when I got through listening that I dropped into a swoon which hasn't got off me yet. The next speaking I go to I want to take a balloon along. I can inflate it with the breath of the candidates and soar heavenward at least sixty miles.

They got up a row right off and I reckon hair, noses, eyes and teeth are falling around there yet, they were when I escaped. Both sides behaved so badly that I was completely disgusted.

They left the main issues and called each other liars, rogues and blacklegs, and I expect some of them were.

I want to get back to the good old days when there was no talk of force bill and negro supremacy; when the whig and democrat could lie down together, and when politicians said their prayers before they went to sleep instead of cussing the other side until they fell asleep from sheer exhaustion. My wife was talking about that the other day. She said she was glad that I was a man and she a woman. I am glad, too, for I could never have had such a nice time courting.

At the speaking referred to above one of the reform speakers was discussing the silver question. He argued that the demonetization of silver was a great crime, and I reckon it was, for Hon. John S. Henderson says it was. A farmer was standing near. He had on ragged clothes and I don't suppose he has ten dollars above actual expenses at the end of any year. Said he: "I am opposed to all that talk about money. We want honest money. If silver was remonetized a silver dollar would only be worth 68 cents." Poor fool. He had heard a politician say that and believed it. He hadn't belonged to the Alliance and learned the facts in the case. The truth is before silver was demonetized a silver dollar was worth three per cent. more than a gold dollar. I loaded up my gun for the sad-eyed fool, but he escaped and is still at large. He will vote this fall right against himself.

I had a little argument with a fellow of that sort recently. I poured it into him heavy. He quarrelled with me because I wouldn't agree to vote with his party. Before he went far he said: "Darn you, havn't I got a right to vote my sentiments?" "Yes," I replied, "and darn you, havn't I got a right to vote my sentiments, too?" The poor fool thought I hadn't as much right as he had. I sent a load of number 8 bird shot into him. There will be no funeral for nothing was left.

Joyfully,
JAKE WARNER.

ABERDEEN, O., July 21, 1891.

MESSRS. LIPPMAN BROS., Savannah, Ga.

DEAR SIRS:—I bought a bottle of your P. P. P. at Hot Springs, Ark., and it has done the more good in a three months' treatment at Hot Springs.

Have you no agents in this part of the country, or let me know how much it will cost to get three or six bottles from you only by express.

Respectfully yours,
JAS. M. NEWTON,
Aberdeen, Brown County, O.

NEWNANSVILLE, FLA., June 5, 1891.

MESSRS. LIPPMAN BROS., Savannah, Ga.

DEAR SIRS:—I wish to give my testimonial in regard to your valuable medicine, P. P. P., for the cure of rheumatism, heart gall, dyspepsia, biliousness, etc. In 1861 I was attacked with bilious muscular rheumatism, and have been a martyr to it ever since. I tried all medicines I ever heard of, and all the doctors in reach, but I found only temporary relief; the pains were so bad—things that I did not care whether I lived or died. My digestion became so impaired that everything I ate disagreed with me. My wife also suffered so intensely with dyspepsia that her life was a burden to her. She would be confined to her bed for weeks at the time; she also suffered greatly from giddiness and loss of sleep. Some time in March I was advised to take P. P. P., and before we (my wife and I) had finished the second bottle of P. P. P., our digestion began to improve. My pains subsided so much that I have been able to work, and am feeling like doing what I haven't done before in a number of years. So we will continue taking P. P. P. until we are entirely cured, and will cheerfully recommend it to all suffering humanity. Yours very respectfully,
J. S. DURHAM.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.