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The Carolina Watchman.

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

NO 9

What is

CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

Castoria.

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Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhea, Eructation, Kicks, Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion, without injurious medication.

"For several years I have recommended your Castoria, and shall always continue to do so as it has invariably produced beneficial results." EDWIN F. PARKER, M. D., 124th Street and 7th Ave., New York City

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 17 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY

THE DEACONS PROPOSALS

"Will, Will!" cried Dolly, running in great haste down the lane one bright spring morning.
"Whoa! Good morning," said Will, pulling up the Deacon's old horse Steady at the gate. "Much obliged to you, I'm sure, for coming down here to see me," as he waited.
"Don't tease, Will; I had a reason for coming, of course. Is Deacon Brackett at home to-day?"
"Yes, and likely to be for awhile. He cut his foot yesterday, chopping up in the birch pasture."
"Is it a bad cut, Will?"
"No—That is, only a flesh wound, but it will confine him to the house for a week or two; suppose. Are you coming over to see him?"
"No, of course not; but Aunt Serena wanted me to ask."
"Oh, then she's coming?" unwittingly hitting on the truth. "What can she be coming to see the deacon for?"
"Well, replied Dolly, "I suppose she wouldn't want anything said about it, but we heard the deacon wanted to sell the ten-acre field, and Aunt Serena will pay as much for it as any one else can afford to. It joins her lot, you know, and she always said it ought to belong to the farm."
"So that's it," said Will; "didn't know, seeing it's leap year, but she might have some idea."
"Nonsense! I wish she had though. She said this morning, jokingly, she'd a good mind to propose to the first single man she met, for hired help's worse than no help, and it will take all the crops she can raise to pay for raising them."
"That's about the case at home," exclaimed Will. "Mary Jane's mother's taken sick and sent for her this morning; I've just carried her to the depot, and the deacon's lame and that leaves him with no housekeeper."
"Dorothy!" called her Aunt Serena from the door. "The clothes are bin' an' the buster has come."
"And I'm coming! Good-by, Will!" "Go-d-by, Molly; I guess Miss Dame can buy the field."
Dolly ran into the house, and while her aunt stamped the golden balls of butter she deftly rumpled, wrung and hung the snowy clothes on the line.

"Aunt Serena," asked Dolly at dinner, just as her aunt poured out the second drop of tea, having noticed that was her most communicative time, "Deacon Brackett is a nice man, isn't he?"
"Law sakes, child, there ain't a better nowhere out. Service is a good calculator; where you find one man he equal you'll find ninety-nine women."
"So I thought," observed her niece.
"I wonder why he never married?"
"I can't tell ye that I'm sure. Perhaps the deacon's a little too particular. Taint every woman could suit him, brought up as he was."
"No, I don't know of but one, and that's you, Aunt Serena."
"Don't be foolish, Dorothy," said Miss Dame, sharply. "And Dolly, satisfied that her aunt would say nothing further on the subject, said in a suggestive silence. In the meantime Will had hurried home, where he found the Deacon lying on the lounge, groaning dismally with the pain in his right foot and the general condition of

enough to overwhelm him with confusion. Meanwhile Miss Serena, having finished her dinner, thought she'd "better set off at once, not thinking best," as she informed Dolly, "to give the deacon time long a time to think it over and set his price."
So from his window, the deacon, who was nervously watching the road with a sinking heart, soon perceived Miss Serena steadily approaching. Indeed had it not been for his lameness, I am not sure but he would have taken ignominiously to flight. As it was, he felt he must "face the situation."
"Now do ye dew, deacon?" was Miss Serena's salutation, as she cordially shook his gingerly outstretched hand.
"Good afternoon, Miss Dame; won't ye hev a cheer?"
"Thank ye, said she, "I can't step to set long, though I ain't in no great of a hurry, either, but, seeing I come on bizness, I might as well come low the pitch!" The deacon winced, and Miss Serena, mistaking the expression of a spasm of pain, exclaimed: "Your foot's powerful bad; ain't it, deacon?"
"Considerably so," the deacon admitted.
"What air you usin' on it?" inquired Miss Serena.
"I've been wettin' it in this liniment William got at the village."
"Potheary stuff," said she, sniffing at it contemptuously, "he've got any arnky flowers in the house."
The deacon thought likely that might be some one somewhat and having procured them, Miss Serena reckoned she'd better lay off her bonnet and shawl and set'em steppin'.

"How long afore you expect Mary Jane back?" asked she.
"I can't tell," said the deacon, "fur her mother's took down with scietick roomatiz and thar's no knowin' when she can get away."
"Well, you air unfortint," exclaimed Miss Serena, "seeing I'm here I'll tiddy up a bit for ye."
So little thinking the words she had spoken in jest to her niece that morning had reached the deacon's ear, he set to work and soon restored the household to its wonted order.
"Thar, now," said she, shaking up the pillows on the lounge; "seems to me you'd be more comfortable here deacon."
"Mebbe so," said he, hobbling a long to the lounge, lying on which he mentally decided it had rested him just to see Miss Serena work. Then the deacon remembered that she was called the best housekeeper for miles around and that premium at the county fair. To be sure, it must be hard for her to look after everything indoors and out.

"There ain't many women," thought the deacon, "could a done as well as she has."
"Now, deacon," said Miss Dame, having, as she expressed it, "straighened the house out a bit," "you want to mix equal parts of alkyl with the arnky master good for your foot; I'll warrant. Well, I declare," she went on, "in all the time I've been here I haven't done my arnky yet. I've been thinking, deacon, seein' you land I'd mine, of you wanted."
"I do," interrupted the deacon; "what this place needs is a mistress, and if you, re a mind to cum—"
"What?" exclaimed Miss Serena.
"As Mrs. Deacon Brackett," he continued.

As this was the first offer Miss Serena ever had she heard creditably, for she promptly answered:
"I'll cum, deacon."
So Miss Serena left the house where and lived so many years to pass the remaining ones at Deacon Brackett's the deacon's wife. But the Deacon's household was not long untroubled, for the next year Will and Dolly were married and moved there. But neither of them ever knew whether Aunt Serena proposed to the deacon proposed to Aunt Serena.—Waverly Magazine.

"Did you get the liniment, Will?" queried he, anxiously.
"Yes, sir; here it is. Shall I bathe your foot now?"
"No. You may be to see the thar bad a bit, though, of yer a mind tew. How on ardo are we gone? tea set along till Mary Jane comes back is more'n I know."
"Well," answered Will, after an inspection of the ladder, "there's plenty of cold ham and three loaves of bread and I can boil eggs and roast potatoes, so we shall 'nt starve for while I guess."
"Mebbe we could get brother John's widd'er awhile."
"Can't," said Will promptly; "she ain't at home."
"Then it's no use going for her," groaned the deacon.
"Not a mite," replied Will. "By the way, when I came by the Dame's place, Dolly came down to the gate and said her Aunt Serena was coming over here this afternoon?"
"Comin' here this afternoon?" echoed the deacon. "It's about that fencin', I s'pose."
"No, said Will. "I guess not—I think it—that is,—Then desperately, 'it's leap year, you know."
"And what of it 'tis?" queried the deacon obtusely.

"Nothing—only—well, I heard Miss Dame said she'd a good mind to take advantage of it's being leap year. You see, she's plagued about gettin' help and her farm does need a man to overlook it."
"William, said the deacon, blushing like a school girl, "you don't never mean—"
"I do, too," returned Will, not daring to meet the deacon's eye.
"Well, that's that's all!"
But Will was already out of hearing, having gone to the wood-bed, where he was alternately splitting wood and chucking with laughter at the "good joke" he imagined he had on the deacon. For he knew well the man's nature. Backful to the last degree in the company of the opposite sex, the more likely that Miss Serena might be coming with matrimonial intentions was

The Duke and the Mad Dog.
"You cannot always judge a book by the cover," said Major Tom Speedwell at the Laclede. "If any man despises a duke I do. I am prejudiced against any man who uses perfumery, wears a silk hat, a stand-collar, or carries a cane. When I find a man doing all those ridiculous things at one and at the same time it is all I can do to refrain from personal violence. I yearn to hit him, just on general principles. Add to those offenses against the canons of horse sense a button-hole bouquet, a curled mustache and a lip, and my fingers fairly tingle for a grip of his neck, my toes for a coup de grace."
"Yet I saw just that kind of a biped perform an act of heroism that made me think better of mankind."
"I was walking down Madison street Chicago, last Summer, when there was suddenly raised that most appalling of all cries of terror, 'Mad dog!' An old lady and a little girl were crossing the street, down the center of which a big mastiff was plunging, with blood-shot eyes and foaming mouth, pursued by a couple of officers. He made straight for the old lady, caught her dress and dragged her down. He then sprang at her throat, but before he reached it a younger tricked out in the toggery I abhor had him by the neck.
"The beast raged like a demon, but the duke held him fast until an officer came up and put a bullet through his head. He then picked up his silk tie, brushed it with his handkerchief, and said, with an idiotic lip: 'Every dog in the city should be killed; every body that keeps a dog in the city should be hanged!' His philosophy was sound as his nerve. I went home and wrote with a piece of chalk across the head-board of my bed: 'A man may dress like a cad and look like a fool, and still have sound sense to give away.'"

Haunted Locomotives.
"There are on nearly every railroad locomotives that are known as 'Jonahs,' Henry E. Archer, who has spent twenty years in the service of the Illinois Central and is at present sojourning at the Southern. "Locomotive engineers are not, perhaps, more superstitious than other people, but I have known more than one to throw up his position rather than take out an engine that was regarded as unlucky. Some years ago an engine on an Illinois road blew up, cutting the fireman's head off with a segment of boiler iron. The engine was rebuilt and made as good as new, but no engineer could be found to run it more than one trip. It was soon whispered about that it was haunted; but the headless apparition had an unpleasant habit of appearing on the tender with pick and shovel and insisting on firing up. One night an engineer and his fireman deserted the locomotive while out on a run, and the conductor attempted to bring the train in. He was not afraid of ghosts! He he! He! But he side-tracked at the first opportunity and waited until day-light before completing the run. He told me that the ghost was no joke; that every time the furnace door was thrown open the headless apparition entered the cab, bearing a shadowy scoop of coal. For a month the engine lay in the shops. Then an engineer, who was compelled to either take it out or lose his position, mounted it. Before he had run a dozen miles it went through a culvert, wrecked the train and killed nine people. It was never rebuilt.

Scrapes Overcome.
The San Jose Mercury prints a story of a certain Captain J.—who was a brave officer and a good disciplinarian, but nervous and eccentric. He had a mania for roll calls. One day he saw pieces of soft bread littered about the company streets and shouted with his customary impulsiveness, "Fall in, Company B!" The men fell in, and the roll was called. Then the captain referred to the fragments of bread. "Don't let me see any more of this waste—make a mighty good pudding, Right face; break ranks; march!"
The story was current, but probably was not true, that Company B was once called into line that the captain might ask which man it was that owed him ten cents.

The Race Track.
On a certain day recently the daily newspapers were flaring with the announcement that a horse had trotted a mile in two minutes and four seconds. Every reader was supposed to take great interest in this fact, which was, for the matter of that, no doubt a wonderful achievement.
On the very same day many newspapers had another story of the race track to tell. On a trotting course near Boston a young trotting mare was being driven in a race.
She had trotted the first and second seats under all the excitement which spirited horses feel at such a time, straining every muscle and never to do her master's bidding.
A third time she was brought out and began to trot another heat. Agaziz she bent all her energies to exceed the speed of the other horses. She was bounding along the track, her eyes aflame, her nostrils parting, her ward in obedience to the driver's urging word and whip, when she suddenly dropped to the ground—dead.

She had burst a blood vessel in her dumb effort to do what was desired of her. Like many another horse on the race course, she had been driven to death. But all comment which the people about the place had to make about the matter was that the mare was worth \$20,000, and it was a great pity that her owner should lose such a valuable animal.

fall to, but the instinct of his officer staid his hand. He called his black servant.
"Horace, where did this chicken come from?"
"Got him out yer haversack?"
The captain looked at the chicken, then at the heavens. Then he laid down his knife and fork, sprang to the door and called out, "Fall in!" Again the inevitable roll call.
"Who put that chicken into my haversack?" he demanded.
A smile passed down the line, but there was no response. The demand was repeated in somewhat milder accents; for the fragrance of roast chicken was in the air. Finally the servant spoke.
"Captain," he said, "we all had a hand in it. We thought a bit of poultry might be good for you for a change, and your haversack was handy."
A smile passed down the line, but there was no response. The demand was repeated in somewhat milder accents; for the fragrance of roast chicken was in the air. Finally the servant spoke.
"Captain," he said, "we all had a hand in it. We thought a bit of poultry might be good for you for a change, and your haversack was handy."
The lines of his countenance relaxed.
"It was a wrong thing; to do," he said, "a very wrong thing; but now that the bird is cooked—and it smells like a good one—it would be wicked not to eat it."
And eat it he did. At the next roll call he animadverted again upon the offense of plundering noncombatants, and wound up his homily by saying: "I shall hang my haversack in the same place tonight. Right face; break ranks; march!"

Assorted Selections.
Fifty-seven per cent of voting population of Minnesota is foreign born.
In Saxony about 70 per cent of the workmen earn less than \$150 per year.
There is room for just five more dead in the "Poet's Corner" of Westminster abbey.
"Soup, Soap and Salvation" is the concise motto in the room of the Baltimore Free Sunday Breakfast association.
Street cars in Bombay are as a rule of American manufacture, and the promoters of the street car lines are Americans.
Ivan Kamitz died at Schenectady, N. Y., of blood poisoning, caused by wearing colored hose on a foot which had blistered.
It is said that Mrs. Adair of Philadelphia, whose first husband left her an immense fortune, spent \$120,000 a year in entertainments.
Ten pairs of shoes and three suits of clothes were worn out by San Francisco to New York. The trip was made in 128 days, the distance traveled being 3,324 miles.
A cat gave birth to a kitten with eight legs at Logan, W. T., the other day. One side of the kitten is covered with black and white stripes, while the other is spotted nearly every color of the rainbow.
The first double-deck twin screw ferry-boat in use in the United States is the Cincinnati, which runs over the Pennsylvania railroad ferry from Jersey City to New York. She is 200 feet long, 40 feet wide, and makes twelve miles an hour.
An account of electricity as a life saver comes from Scotland, where a man, while bathing, was seized with a cramp and sunk, being two minutes below water. When rescued, he was thought to be dead, but after two applications of the electric current animation was restored. The current was passed between the nape of the neck and the loins.

The Longest Horse Railroad in the World.
The longest horse railroad in the world runs from Buenos Ayres to San Martin, in the Argentine Republic, the distance being about fifty miles, and the scheduled time of trip thirteen hours. Trains leave Buenos Ayres every hour in the day and twice during the night. Every morning and evening express-trains carrying only baggage.

For the Boys.
The great men come out of cabins as a rule. Columbus was a weaver. Halley was a soap-maker, Homer was a beggar, and Franklin, whose name will live while it hangs blazes on a cloud, came from the printer's desk.
Fifteen years ago I rode horseback, through Harden and Lee counties Kentucky. We called that the land of ticks and lizards. The soil is very poor, so poor that it will not raise eye peas unless you take them without the eyes.

Riding along this day I came upon a spot of rank weeds where the soil had been made rich by the decay of an old cabin that once stood there.
Out of that cabin year ago came a lean, lank, white-headed boy. If ever a boy came from abject poverty that one did. When only seven years of age he would walk to Hodgenville with a basket of eggs to sell. The boys laughed at him. They said his clothes were like Joseph's because of so many colors. But he was industrious, honest and sober. After a while he went down the Ohio and Mississippi rivers on a flat-boat. Then he returned, and crossing over into Indiana he there split rails a while, then on to Illinois, where he practiced law, then on to the presidential chair, and in his name with that of Liberty. I thank God we live in and where a boy can go from a tow-path, a tinn-yard or a rail-cut to the presidency of a republic.—G. W. Bain.

Culture of the Artichoke.
How many of our farmers have into the feeding of artichokes to stock, especially to hogs as a Fall, Winter and Spring food? I have raised and fed them several years and would not wonder to the old method of feeding corn alone, and now that I feed them I never have hog cholera nor so often have empty corncribs.
Artichokes can be planted either in Spring or Fall. They are very hardy and no amount of freezing will injure them. The Fall is rather the best time to plant, as they will get the benefit of an early Spring growth, commencing to grow the last of March when the Spring is favorable. They are planted the same way and require about the same cultivation as the potato.
After the summer's growth is finished in the Fall, I turn my hogs in and let them help themselves. Here they will fatten with only a little corn and a few winter my brood sows and fat pigs also with a little corn, and in the Spring I close up my fence, and there are tubers enough left in the ground to produce next year's crop. If there are any plants that can be replanted and they need no further cultivation as they only grow the weeds the second year. I keep two different lots, one for Fall Winter use and one for Spring, where I turn my hogs to feed for Spring market. The artichoke is also very fine for feeding cows; it is rich and succulent and increases the flow of milk. Spring calves winter nicely on them, and colts eat them with as much relish as corn. I cultivate the white Jerusalem variety. They are very prolific and the large tubers hit the ground from row to row. In good soil they will yield as much as one thousand an acre, for my winter feeding, and when the ground is frozen to hard for my hogs to work on them, I feed them from the pits.
I think if our farmers would once try this plan of feeding, they would never again go back to the old method of corn alone.—Indiana Farmer.

How a Chinaman Kills a Chicken.
One might imagine that the Chinaman who gorges himself with broiled rats and birds' nest soup would eat any kind of meat prepared in any manner, but such is not the case. John Chinaman has his religious notions about such things as well as other people. Many of the almond-eyed inhabitants of Chicago are not very good Buddhists. Since coming to the city they have become apostate. But watch the orthodox Chinaman when he goes to the market for his Sunday chicken. He will not take a dead one because the probabilities that the fellow who killed it was not a believer in Gautama and may have chopped his head off with a hatchet. His chicken must have its head on and be very much alive.
John will go to the coop and strip the feathered prisoner up with a stick, if he finds one that cackles and flutters about in a lively manner he will ouit it. He has no use for a quomps, sickly appearing fowl.
Having made a selection he takes the chicken home alive, gets out a dirty little image, kneels before it, makes some queer motions with his hands, mutters a few words, takes from a man or drawer a knife with a double-edged blade which is extremely sharp and with much ceremony whacks off the head of the fowl. This done he returns to the image, and kneeling again apologizes for having committed such a wicked deed and proceeds to prepare the chicken for dinner.—Chicago Tribune.

Spare the Old Orchard.
Some fruit growers cut down trees when they cease to bear, and it is not a wise practice. While there is no tree in hope. Do not cut a fruit tree down unless it is stone dead, for it takes too long to grow new ones. Hundreds of old orchards are destroyed every year, which with some trouble could be improved and brought into bearing. It seems like waste ingratitude to let orchard trees go on year after year, bearing plentifully perhaps, until they have exhausted the soil, and then because they cease to yield fruit to be cut down by the owner, who has never supposed to the soil in any way that which the trees have taken from it.
If the old trees have been badly neglected, trim them well. Cut out all unshapely, crowded limbs, and thin the trees toward the center. Put the wood that it may not decay. Let the bark be cleaned, and the old rough surface may be cleaned off. At the right time let the whole ground be well mowed, but without mutilating the roots, and fertilize heavily. The soil should be kept loose and free from weeds, and in good time the trees will bear again. Unweeded wood sties make an excellent fertilizer. Let the soil be made as rich as possible. It can hardly be overdone.

Novelties in Watches.
One of the most ingenious and inexpensive novelties of the day, says a contemporary, is a gold metal watch, keyless, and showing upon its face through small apertures, the day, the month and state of the moon. The watch requires only to be wound in the usual way, and when the hour of twelve o'clock—midnight—arrives, with a slight click the day and date change in a magical though automatic manner. The little golden moon also passes unaided slowly through the quarters until the man in the moon appears with full visage, after which he gradually disappears until the tip of his eyebrow is only visible, showing that the orb is about to vanish from the face of the watch until such a time as shall be necessary to appear as a new moon.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

IT IS BETTER YOU OWN YOURSELF AND FAMILIES the best value for your money. Compare the price of these shoes with the price of other shoes, which represent the best value for price asked. See the heads on the bottom of the sole.



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THE BEST SHOE IN THE WORLD FOR THE MONEY.
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\$3.50 Police shoes, worn by farmers and all other classes of men who want a good heavy calf, three inch, cushioned sole, easy to walk in, and will hold the feet dry and warm.
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JANUARY 1ST, 1892.
Assets, \$11,459,638 78
Reserve for policies, N. Y., 11,032,520 25
Standard 4 per cent, and all liabilities, 11,032,520 25
New Insurance, 1891, 11,769,691
Outstanding Insurance, 50,586,622
paid Policy-holders in 1891, 1,477,000 46
paid Policy-holders since organization, 20,475,554 95
Income, 1891, 2,684,435 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, 1,001,818 25
Cash in bank and trust Co's., 247,708
Interest accrued, Premiums deferred and in transit, etc., 416,667 77
\$11,459,638 78
For agencies and other particulars, address, H. D. BLAKE, [Special District Agt., Raleigh, N. C.]

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This will certify that two members of my immediate family, after having suffered for years from Menstrual Irregularity, being treated without benefit by physicians, were at length happily cured by one bottle of Bradfield's Female Regulator. There is no blood in the system, and the system is in good health.
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The old-time simple remedy from the Georgia swamps and fields has gone forth to the antipodes, accomplishing the stupendous feat of founding the fortunes of those who depend solely on the physician's skill. There is no blood in the system, and the system is in good health.
Books on "Blood and Skin Diseases" mailed free. Druggists Sell It. **SWISS SPECIFIC CO.,** Drawer 9, Atlanta, Ga.

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The smallest Pill in the World!
Are very small, yet possess all the virtues of the large Pills, which have been on the market for fifty years. Their size and sugar-coating commend them for the use of children and persons of weak stomachs. For
Sick Headache
the food to assimilate, nourish the body and keep off naturally without nausea or griping. Tutt's Tiny Pills are sold by all druggists. Dose small. Price, 25c. Sold by Park, N. Y.

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