

IF YOU ARE A  
WHITE MAN  
VOTE THE ENTIRE  
Democratic Ticket.

# THE WILSON ADVANCE.

"LET ALL THE ENDS THOU AIM'ST AT, BE THY COUNTRY'S, THY GOD'S, AND TRUTHS."

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NORTH CAROLINA EXPECTS  
EVERY MAN  
TO DO HIS DUTY ON THE  
Sixth of November.

## BILL ARP'S LETTER

RUNNING FROM THE FLY  
KICKS DURING THE WAR.

The Fidelity of the Negroes in  
Those Dark Days. The Effect of  
Slavery Upon the Black Race.

If there is any better invention than a good old fashioned home-made dark I don't know it. It is a great treat at our house when Tip comes over to see us. He is looked upon as one of the family who has stayed off like some of our other grown up children. He was born my wife's property and grew up in her family and played and frolicked with her brothers and was always faithful and kind and good.

Tip brought his bride with him this time—his second wife—a good looking old fashioned middle aged woman, for Tip has got sense and judgment and wouldn't let himself onto a spring chicken in his old age. He was dressed in a black frock coat and white vest, and strutted around like he was going to Saratoga on a bridal tour. One of my wife's brothers was here, and Tip was unexpectedly happy, for he had seen him for a long time.

Howdy Mars Charley; howdy Miss Tavy; howdy Mars Randolph. I is so glad to see you. How does you all do? and he then took all the children by turns and they were as glad to see him as if he were a brother.

That night the children wanted to know how Tip got his little short name, and their mother told them as how old General Harrison fought a great battle with the Indians away back in 1811 and as our Tip fought near the little town of Tippecanoe on the Wabash river and the Indian chief was a brother of Tecumseh and was called the prophet and General Harrison whipped them and scattered them so bad they never rallied, and so this gave him great reputation and made him president in 1840 when he ran against Van Buren. The political war cry was "Tippecanoe and Tyler too," and as our Tip was born about that time and wanted a name his mother named him Henry, but the boys named him Tippecanoe just for fun and so Tip is his everyday name and he keeps Henry for Sunday.

A nick name is very hard to get rid of. I know some boys who are very close kin to us who are still called Pat and Toney and Islam and Fat and Snooks and Dock and Jake, but these are not their real names. Some of the old time negroes had very classic stylish names such as Caesar and Pompey and Virgil and Jupiter and Juno or such Scripture names as Moses and Aaron and Noah and Solomon and Dinah. The masters generally named the young negroes.

"Papa, did you ever whip Tip when he was a boy?" asked Jesse.

"No, my child, no. Tip never needed any whipping. Tip was just as good as he could be considering that he was always trotting around after our oldest boys and had to do what they told him. I had to whip them sometimes but Tip was the best in the lot and never did anything worse than get up a dog fight. No, I never whipped Tip, but I had to whip some of the other servants occasionally, for the old boy gets into negroes sometimes just like he does into white folks. He is no respecter of persons or colors and had just as much to say to a black man as he has to a white one. But I will say this for our negroes—they were all mighty good to our children. They nursed seven out of the ten and watched them by day and by night. Frances and Mary loved them like a tigress for her whelps and the children loved their black mammy better than they did their mother. Many a time have I seen your mother try to coax her child to come to her from the nurse's arms.

"When the yankee soldiers rode into Covington and took everybody by surprise your mother and six children were there and Frances was out in the street with the youngest in her arms and they stopped as she ran and said to her, "You black fool you, what are you carrying that white child for? don't you know you are free?"

"Don't fear if I is," said Frances, "I is gwine to carry de child—chile can't walk." "Whose child is it?" said the yankee. "My chile, whose chile do you rec'on it is," and she drew the little thing still closer to her bosom. And during the war while I was in Virginia Tip was with me and waited on me like a brother and took care of me when I was sick and the negroes at home helped your mother to manage and to get something to eat and to wear and wood to burn, for confederate money wouldn't buy much

of anything and it took close management to get along. The old clothes had to be patched before and behind or ripped up and made over, and by and by when the coffee was all gone Mary parched some rye or dried sweet potatoes and made out like it was coffee and when the sugar gave out she hunted up some sorghum for sweetening, and when the salt gave out and there was no more to be had she boiled down the dirt in the smokehouse that the meat had been dripping on for years and made salt out of it and clarified it and dried it in the sun and it was as fine and as white as any table salt you ever saw. It was tip and tuck then with everybody but they never complained. Just before the war closed we run out of most everything. Your mother gave a ten dollar confederate bill for a table-spoonful of castor oil and twenty dollars for a pound of sugar and a hundred dollars for half an ounce of quinine. I paid a hundred dollars for five bushels of corn and had to send twenty miles to get it and I kept it hid out five miles from town for fear some of the tramps and deserters would rob me and get it. I had it ground into meal half a bushel at a time and it was more precious than gold. In December 1864 I gave three thousand dollars for a little chunk of a cow just to provide milk for a sick child. There were not more than half a dozen in the county then.

"Some of you children never saw any cow, and made him join a family that were several years old. I remember that after the war was over Mr. Snooks came to Rome with a nice little stock of fancy goods, and he gave your mother some raisins for the children, and she took them home and they were afraid of them, and asked her if they were bugs. Mr. Snooks was mighty clever and kind to our little folks. He is the same man who has grown so rich in Atlanta selling furniture, but he has not out his old acquaintances yet, and I don't reckon ever will.

"Well, what made Tip leave us all," said Carl.

Why because he had a large family of his own to look after. They did not belong to me—old man White, a good old Scotchman, owned them and supported them, and now that they were free and he was dead, Tip had to knuckle down to it to maintain them, and he did it. Tip had a good trade and was handy, and everybody liked him, and so he has prospered.

When General Sherman run us all out of Rome, Tip took charge of the runagate business. He left his wife and children for a time and went with us to Atlanta, and I then sent him back to see after his folks, and the yankees took him up under their wings and made him join a company, and he got d'clared as a cook, but he didn't like their sort of folks, and so one dark rainy night he passed the guards and swam the Oostanula river and went down the Alabama road about ten miles and swam the Coosa, and he hid out by day and traveled by night, until he got back to us again. Then he ran with your mother and the children away down below Columbus and hid them out in the piney woods, but the yankees got so thick and devilish, they run again and got round to Covington and thence to Madison, and then took roundance on the yankees and flanked the whole concern and settled down away up on the Chattahoochee. You see, I was on duty in Macon, and so Tip had to be general manager and foot scout for the family.

Your mother had as much confidence in him as she did in me, and maybe a little more, for he had belonged to her about ten years longer than I had. We ran away from Rome about midnight; that is we started to run, but got blockaded on the street and couldn't go forwards nor backwards, nor sideways for the soldiers and the army wagons. We never crossed the bridge until day was breaking, and all this time old Sherman was toting his shells over in the town just to give us amusement. We turned the bridges behind us and felt easy for awhile, and jogged along down to Silver creek church, and stopped to make coffee and take a bite of cold vittels, and while we were thanking the good Lord for letting us get away, some scattered cavalry came galloping along and said the yankees had crossed the Coosa down below Rome and were coming to head us off. So we let the hot coffee burn in the kettles, and we eat the cold vittels on the run and never stopped any more until we got to Euharrie creek. We stopped to rest and from labor to refreshment, and felt thankful, but Tip had hardly unhitched the horses before some more cavalry came charging by and said the yanks were not more than five miles behind. We bounced the big road again and Euharrie bridge fairly danced as we flew across just behind Bill Ramsey, and we never slacked up until we got to Mr. Whitehead's at the foot of the mountain. Your mother and Mrs. Anderson and the girls all bunked in one little room in

## TAX BONDS.

Are the People of North Carolina Willing to Pay Them?

DOES NOT MORTON BELIEVE THAT THERE IS A CHANCE OF COLLECTING THEM.

Beware of the Radical Party or the State will be Bankrupted.

Senator Quay is in a very unamiable mood nowadays, and not a little of his humor is caused by the persistence of the Hon. Levi P. Morton in making him spend thousands of dollars in endeavoring to carry North Carolina for the Republican cause. According to a member of the National Republican Executive Committee, this has been the burden of Mr. Morton's song ever since the beginning of the Campaign. Mr. Morton said some National Republican Committee, three times the amount of his salary as Vice-President would be, which is supposed to mean that he has contributed \$96,000. In return for this he has insisted, and still insists, that power of the National Committee shall be used to carry North Carolina. Senator Quay objected at first, but he could hardly help yielding to the party's candidate for the Vice-Presidency and his greatest pecuniary aid, so an energetic Republican campaign has been carried on in North Carolina, and Senator Quay has spent money in that State which he wanted to devote to other States.

QUAY'S DISCOVERY.—The discovery of Senator Quay is a discovery which has not been made of the reasons which actuate Mr. Morton in desiring to have North Carolina go Republican. They are, in short, that the firm of Morton, Bliss & Co., are holders of what are known as the special tax bonds, which amount, in principal and interest, to more than \$50,000,000. These bonds were issued when North Carolina was in the hands of the carpet baggers and it was pretended that they were to be devoted to the building of certain railroads in the promotion of which Milton S. Littlefield was the chief actor. A special tax was levied for their payment because their name, Littlefield took the bonds, sold them in New York for what they would bring, and did not build any railroads in the promotion of which Milton S. Littlefield was the chief actor.

The fraud was so gross that after North Carolina came under the control of its decent and respectable citizens, a constitutional provision was enacted forbidding their payment unless such payment should be authorized by amendment to the constitution of the State at the ballot box.

SUITS AGAINST THE STATE.—Morton, Bliss & Co. bought these bonds after their repudiation for almost nothing, and have made several attempts to collect them through the courts. Test suits have been brought in individual cases in the United States Circuit Court for North Carolina in the name of the dummies who reside in North Carolina. The suits are not brought by Morton, Bliss & Co., in order to avoid the provisions of the eleventh amendment to the Constitution which forbids the bringing of a suit against a State by a resident of another State. One of these suits is now pending in the United States Supreme Court with chances of success, even if the suits were to succeed, the collection of the judgment would be difficult, unless the people, the Legislature and the Governor should be in favor of paying it. Therefore Mr. Morton is very desirous to have North Carolina go Republican, a Republican Government in the National Republican Headquarters who are unkind enough to say that his main, if not his sole purpose, is obtaining the Republican nomination for the Vice-Presidency, a Republican Government to employ the whole power of the party through its National Committee to collect his bonds which he bought for almost nothing after they had been repudiated. In other words, that his candidacy is only a vast financial speculation, in which he uses the Republican party as a tool to accomplish his ends.

HOPE OF PAYMENT.—If the Republicans were to capture North Carolina at this election of course that would not of itself insure the payment of the bonds. But it would give a Republican Governor, a Republican Senate, and a Republican Legislature. Much may be done with agencies. At least negotiations could be conducted for the payment of something on the bonds. And whatever is paid would be likely to go to Mr. Morton, and his exposure in the State, and his exposure will finally defeat it. The people of North Carolina do not really want to pay for bonds from which they never received any benefit, and which were issued by rascals whom they have since driven from the State.—New York Times.

The Best Purifier Made. News, Ga., June 29, 1888. I have suffered with Catarrh for about four years, and after using four bottles of Botanic Blood Balm I had my general health greatly improved, and I could keep out of bed the weather I would be cured. I believe it is the best purifier made. Very respectfully, L. W. THOMPSON.

Palatka, Fla., May 31, 1888. We have been selling B. B. B. for two years, and it has always given satisfaction in every case. LOWRY & STARR, Druggists.

## BEN'S DIARY.

What the Second Fiddler Candidate Has to Say of His Candidacy

Oh, my! I hardly know what to do. Somehow it seems to be the candidate for the Presidency and still not to be. It's J. G. B. who is always getting up in front of me somewhere and hiding me from people's sight. I do wish J. G. B. was a little smaller or I was a little bigger, I don't care much which.

But I am the candidate for President; I am! I am! I am! I have to keep saying that to myself every hour in the day or I shall forget myself. Because North, East, West it's Blaine here, Blaine there Blaine everywhere. Peppers are full of what Blaine says—not what I say. If Blaine sneezes once it's telegraphed all over the country. But I can sit and sneeze all day; I might sneeze my head off; I might run a ten-horse power engine with my sneezes, and they wouldn't give me over ten lines, and then stick it in some corner of the paper where they don't rubbish.

To be or not to be. To be what? To be candidate for President and have folks forget who's running before you're elected. To be nominated head pig and have a fellow always in front of you blowing a horn ten feet long and making people forget you're one of the band at all. To try and say something about "protection" and the tariff, and have another man tell what he infers you try to say. To have to sit still and hear of this pompous Denver rooter patronizing you in an infernal sort of way, and saying: "Good fellow and means well, and doubtless he'll do the best he knows how if elected, which, of course, ain't so certain as if I had been nominated. But, my friends, we must all try and pull together and put him in the White House, for it's better we can do now, and any scoundrel of a Republican is better there than a Democrat; and I'll be there on hand, anyway, when he's elected, to coach him and give him points and good advice and steer him out of the scrapes he'll be sure to get into if I'm not there—to be, in short, your real President—behind the little Indiana figurehead who has to run his granddaddy for his half prestige."

He will, will he? If a miracle elects me—and it looks as if only a miracle could do it—will he see who'll run the White House? We'll see whether Indiana or Maine will furnish the brains and backbone.

And, then, his confounded vanity! Why, I've got just as good magnetism as he has. We can manufacture just as good magnetism in Indiana as in Maine. I've got an aura around my head all the time just as big as his'n, only people won't see it. If I had had his magnetism as much as he has, he might get a notion into his head that they can see one thing in one man and it can't be seen or found in another, they'll stick to it out of pure cussedness.—New York Star.

Dockery's Ticket in 1884. At the election in Richmond county in 1884, Oliver H. Dockery, the present Republican candidate for Governor, voted as follows:

present the public in the Legislature he voted for Harvey Quick, a negro lawyer, against John W. Sheed, one of the best white farmers in Richmond county. For Coroner he voted for Felix Jacobs, a negro man, against Daniel Gay, a negro legged confederate soldier. For Register of Deeds he voted for N. W. Harlee, a negro man, against Alexander L. McDonald, a white man competent to fill the office and universally esteemed in the county for his courteous bearing.

The Best Test of Success is Success. Tested and proved by over twenty five years use in all parts of the world, Alcock's Porous Plasters have the endorsement of the highest medical and chemical authorities, and millions of grateful patients who have been cured of distressing ailments voluntarily testify to their merits.

Alcock's Porous Plasters are purely vegetable. They are mild but effective, sure and quick in their action, and absolutely harmless.

Beware of imitations, and do not be deceived by misrepresentations. Ask for Alcock's, and let no explanation or solicitation induce you to accept a substitute.

Fifty Days Without Food. Meriden Conn., Oct. 10.—Mary Griffin, fifty-five years old, died at the almshouse here to-day, after fifty days of voluntary starvation. She took nothing but water during that time, and she could not be forced to do otherwise. She was insane on this subject.

The Republican party believes in only 25 per cent tariff on jewelry, and 45 per cent on trace chains.

## THE SCALE OF WAGES.

Wages are Regulated by Supply and Demand—Nothing Else.

The Chicago Palladium claims that wages in England under free trade are largely in excess of what they were previous to 1846 under protection. Jno. Bright says the increase has averaged 40 per cent. The laboring people are 30 per cent better fed, 50 per cent better clothed, and 50 per cent better housed.

England is paying, and for forty years has paid, the highest wages in the Eastern Hemisphere.

Russia has the highest protective tariff, and wages there are lower than anywhere else on the Continent.

Austria comes next both as to tariff and wages.

And the lower the tariff generally throughout Europe, the higher the wages.

## THINGS TO THINK OF.

Republican Opinion on Men and Measures.

"Whenever I see a cheap coat, I think it involves a cheap man under the coat."—Benjamin Harrison.

"We did not come to be insulted."—Committee of workmen to Ben Harrison, 1877. "Trusts are private affairs with which neither President Cleveland nor any private citizen has any right to interfere."—James G. Blaine.

"If I had my way about it, I would put the Manufacturers of Pennsylvania, who are more highly protected than anybody else, and who make large fortunes every year, under the fire and fry the fat out of them."—Senator Plumb.

"Sherman, Allison, Harrison, etc., have records that would be awkward on the tariff, the currency, the Chinese question, etc."—John J. Ingalls.

"If we can only punk it down the workingmen's throats that free trade means less work and less wages, we will bury this man Cleveland."—Wood Pulp Miller.

"Chauncey Depew proved the master of the convention and made it do his will. The other of the 'big four' from New York, came when he whistled, or lay down, or stood up, or rolled over when he snapped his fingers. Chauncey ruled the roost."

"Juggling with the New York delegation, Chauncey only waited for an opportune moment to return the scales. Vexed by the western opposition to his own candidacy he ruled out Gresham, Allison and Kusk, and announced that no stranger need apply; and left Michigan shivering with hope. But Alger had to go on the back-list also—his brain, not his barrel, being too small to suit. Chauncey at heart was for Blaine and could have nominated him, but not with unanimity that would insure acceptance."

"In this situation he determined to take the candidate farthest from the grangers, and nearest to the corporations, and accordingly elected Harrison."—Chicago Tribune, Rep. June 26.

New Jersey. The hopes of the Republicans are bound up in New Jersey, New Jersey and Connecticut. And there also centres the Democratic hope of carrying the country.

The result of the charter election in Newark was more than the Democracy could have hoped, and it is all they could have desired. The President of the city central organization, S. Mendells, telegraphed:

We carry Newark, on the popular vote by 525 majority. Net gain over 1884 of 2,029 votes. First time city carried by Democracy in Presidential year in twenty years. We also gain two Aldermen and recapture Board of Education."

Systematic Punctuation. In a Boston newspaper office not long ago the chief proof-reader had been greatly annoyed by an extraordinary use of commas that cropped out in occasional "takes" on his proofs, and, finding that they occurred regularly under a certain "slug," he went to "Slug Fifteen's" frame to expostulate with him. He found that the man was a new "slug," who said he had come lately from Nova Scotia, and had learned his trade in a first-class office in Halifax. "For pity's sake," exclaimed the proof-reader, "what sort of a system of punctuation do they employ in Halifax?" "The rule in our office," replied the compositor, with a patronizing air, "was to put in about three commas to a line."—Boston Transcript.

## EDITORIAL CHAT.

COMMENTS ON THINGS IN THE POLITICAL WORLD.

What the Editor Has to Say About Passing Events, Political News Notes.

Which is the better class to rule, the white or the colored people.

The Republican party believes in free pepper and spice and 63 per cent tariff on salt.

Mr. W. G. Birkhead is the Third party candidate for the Legislature in Durham county.

The farmer knows very well that it is the tariff which has put the cotton bagging trust upon him.

The Democratic party of North Carolina believe in the education of the poor children and their belief is shown by their works.

The Republican party believes in free raw silk such as the fabrics worn by the rich is made of and 45 per cent tariff on raw wool out of which the clothing of the poor is made.

The Smithfield Herald says the Republicans are busy circulating prohibition literature. They use more diligence in that direction, than in their own. Of course they must advertise their side show vigorously.

The following are the delegates who are to represent North Carolina at the Farmers' Congress at Topeka, Kansas, which meet November 14: State at large, A. McVey, J. Van Lindley; Department of Agriculture, Henry E. Fives; Agricultural and Mechanical College, Elias Carr; first district, E. F. Lamb; second, Spooner Harrison; third, W. J. Greene; fourth, Benaiah Cameron; fifth, W. A. Lash; sixth, T. Ivey; seventh, Julian Allen; eighth, Quincy F. Neal; ninth, N. M. Barnard.

We take the following from the Kinston Free Press: Speaking of the Republican majority in this County, the New Bern Journal says: "The Republican majority in this district in 1884 was less than 6,000, and the combined vote of O'Hara and Abbott in 1886 was considerable less than 5,000 more than Simmons' vote." We believe that our very able representative will overcome that majority in the coming election. He has won support from both parties by impartially representing the dist. instead of his party alone. He has made votes by his very fine speeches. Altogether the situation is far from being as dark as some people think. We should hate to be disgraced by such a misrepresentative as the negro Cheatham.

How it Protects. The tariff protects, and thereby enhances the price of everything, except what the farmer has to sell. For him there is no protection. Protection protects, but it protects the manufacturer and the capitalist, not the wage earner and the farmer.—Wilmington Messenger.

At Duty's Post. The hundreds of thousands of friends of Senator Vance who have been anxious to hear him on the stump in North Carolina have thoroughly appreciated the devotion to duty that he has kept him in his post in Washington, watching with eager care the interest of the people.—Charlotte Chronicle.

A Reply Unnecessary. We learn that the canvass of Mr. Augustus M. Moore, the Republican candidate for Electoral-Large, is so very abusive, danuncatory and damaging to himself and cause, that Democrats find it unnecessary to reply to him.—Wilmington Messenger.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve. The best salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever sores, Tetter, Chapped hands, Chilblains, Corns and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 15 cent per box. For sale by A. W. Lowland.

A Small New Yorker had been having a day of unmitigated outrageousness, such as all children who do not die young are likely to have at times, and when he was ready for bed his mother said to him: "When you say your prayers, George, ask God to make you a better boy. You have been very naughty to-day."

The youngster according put up his petitions in the usual form and then, before closing with Amen," he added: "And please, God, make me a better boy."

He paused a second, and then, to the utter consternation of his mother, concluded with unabated gravity: "Nevertheless, not my will, O Lord, but Thine be done."—Providence Journal.

There are 300,000 more women than men in England.

## NEWS OF A WEEK

WHAT IS HAPPENING IN THE WORLD AROUND US.

A condensed report of the news as taken from the columns of our contemporaries, State and National.

The editor of the New York Evening News has bet \$20,000 against \$1,000 that Cleveland carries New York State.

Two brothers killed a man in Alexander County last week. The parties were all colored and under the influence of whiskey.

We see from the Dunn Sign-board that Dunn has a female lawyer, Mrs. Isaac A. Marchison. She made a most excellent address before their Democratic club.

Last week a meeting of several prominent educators of the State was held in Greensboro. Important matters relative to education were discussed. The next meeting will be held in Raleigh during the Christmas holidays.

Dr. W. C. Galloway is out a card declining to accept the nomination of the Knights of Labor for Coroner. Dr. Galloway is one of the best Democrats in Greens County and will be found in every valiant service for the Democracy.

Another stalling affair. This time near Crowell's, Halifax county, two negroes got into a dispute, when one of them named Jackson, stabbed and instantly killed another named Tillery. Jackson has not been caught.

San Francisco, Oct. 4th.—The following formal notice was issued today by the Customs Collector: "No Chinese return certificates will hereafter be issued, and the Chinese bureau will remain closed to the public from this date."

Some fine specimens of warble of various colors, from the Palace of the Censura at Rome, have been added to the Stages collection of warblers for which many years ago, before the Italian government began to exercise such strict surveillance over ruins.

The directors of the National Bank in this city have reduced the rate of interest at that institution to eight per cent per annum. This is an important move in the interest of the community and will stimulate business in various directions.—New Bern Journal.

The Farmer's Alliance of Franklin county protests against giving away the labor of the convicts to corporations; demands reduction in the cost of litigation in minor causes; enlarged jurisdiction of magistrates; abolition of free passes to public officials; and declares for a railroad commission.

J. B. Woods (a young lawyer) convicted of forgery of the last term of the Superior Court, and sentenced to three years in the penitentiary, has withdrawn his appeal to the Supreme court and Sheriff Allison left with him for Raleigh Monday evening as lodged him in the penitentiary Tuesday.—Charlotte Democrat.

Governor Scales is still in Greensboro, where he now spends much of his time "settling his bones" in preparation for retirement from the political arena at the end of his term. The Governor says he is heartily tired of official harness, and looks forward to comparative ease in the private walks of life. The best of Carolina, beyond even a question of a doubt, that which I have said as to the condition of the State National Bank at the time I took the presidency of the same, also the manner in which I was induced to take charge of said bank, is true.—An Explanation.

What is this "nervous trouble" with which so many seem now to be afflicted? If you will remember a few years ago the word Malaria was comparatively unknown, to-day it is as common as any word in the English language, yet this word covers only the meaning of another word used by our forefathers in times past. So it is with nervous diseases, as they and Malaria are intended to cover what our grandfathers called BB's, houses, and all are caused by troubles that arise from a diseased condition of the Liver which in performing its functions, finding it cannot dispose of the bile through the ordinary channel is compelled to pass it off through the system causing a nervous trouble, Malaria, Bilious Fever, etc. You who are suffering can well appreciate a cure. We recommend Green's August Flower. It cures all nervous.

In a race between a zebra and ostrich, held in Zanzibar recently, the prize was given to the rider of the zebra, although the ostrich came in a hundred yards ahead. The zebra's jockey claimed that his rival won on a frown, and the judge sustained.—Harper's Bazar.