State Library

The Wilson Advance.

$1.50 A YEAR CASH IN ADVANCE. "LET ALL THE ENDS THOU AIM'ST AT, BE THY COUNTRY'S, THY GOD'S, AND TRUTH'S." THE BEST ADVERTISING MEDIUM

VOLUME XXIII. WILSON, WILSON COUNTY, N. C., JUNE 15, 1893. NUMBER 24

The Cash Racket Stores.

Looking Forward!

There is no principle of business which is so invaluable an aid to economy in the people, or which does more to encourage an appreciation of Merchandise as the principle we have embodied, inculcated and premiumized since we have been in trade—

Pay As You Go!

It has done everything for us, and enabled us to do everything for you. There is no substitute for it, nothing can take its place. All time and all people have proven that there is but one correct way to do business, either for the seller or the buyer, and that is with the dollar in hand. The greatest help we have been to the people is in giving them a better conception of their financial capabilities. Our invaluable methods not only embody theirs, but we claim the entire credit of having been the originator and sole defender of eternal and universal cash.

You to the multiplying advantages it brings to you, and we to the greatest power it places in our hands for serving the public.

Bargains in Mattings This Week.

The Cash Racket Stores,

J. M. LEATH,

Manager.

Nash and Goldsboro Streets,

WILSON, N. C.

The third, open, Sunday at the fair was another success, the crowd was not so large as it would have been had people generally known the grounds would be open The features of the day were the captive balloon and the Ferris wheel.

Good Sense!

Disease is largely the result of impure blood. To purify the blood, is to cure the disease! As a blood purifier and vitalizer, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery stands head and shoulders above any other known specific! Its power in this direction is nothing short of wonderful. Guaranteed to benefit or cure in every case, or money refunded.

Do not ruin the stomach with chemicals. Simmons Liver Regulator is purely vegetable and effective.

The Lizzie Borden murder case is being tried this week, at New Bedford Mass. It has not yet been decided whether Miss Borden will testify or no. The first testimony was that of the experts, on the part of the state. The prisoner spent Sunday, without visitors, reading Dickens.

Inflammation is the whole trouble in many diseases and injuries. Reduce the inflammation and natural healing or natural recovery will quickly ensue. Pond's Extract reduces inflammation anywhere if it can reach it. If the inflammation is external, bathe or bandage with Pond's Extract; if internal, take Pond's Extract internally—anyhow make it reach the inflamed place. The book of directions around each bottle will tell you how. The beneficial result is extraordinary. Try it, and you'll be as sure of it as we are. And if you want Pond's Extract, don't be persuaded to take something else. If you went to buy a shovel, would you come home with a pitchfolk just because the hardware man said he was out of shovels, and anyhow, the pitchfork was "just as good?" But it isn't—not to shovel with.

Hoke Smith has appointed a Virginian to office in Oklahoma. The lucky man has to go 2000 miles to enter upon his duties, which by the way only last three weeks. He will get rich.

In view of what Hood's Sarsaparilla has done for others, is it not reasonable to believe that it will also be of benefit to you?

A Grand Shake Up.

Secretary Carlisle has created quite a commotion in his department by a circular letter addressed to the heads of bureaus. He has asked for a complete list of employes, age, years of service and all particulars of their service. The whole department is in a whirl, everybody keeping one hand on his head for fear it will fly off.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion & Debility.

CONSTIPATION

Is called the "Father of Diseases." It is caused by a Torpid Liver, and is generally accompanied with

LOSS OF APPETITE,
SICK HEADACHE,
BAD BREATH, Etc.

To treat constipation successfully

SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR

It is a mild laxative and a tonic to the digestive organs. By taking Simmons Liver Regulator you promote digestion, bring on a regular habit of body and prevent Biliousness and Indigestion.

"My wife was sorely distressed with Constipation and coughing, followed with Bleeding Piles. After four months use of Simmons Liver Regulator she is almost entirely relieved, gaining strength and flesh."—W. B. LEEPER, Delaware, Ohio.

Take only the Genuine,

Which has on the Wrapper the red Z Trade-mark and Signature of J. H. ZEILIN & CO.

World's Columbian Exposition

Will be of value to the world by illustrating the improvements in the mechanical arts and eminent physicians will tell you that the progress in medicinal agents, has been of equal importance, and as a strengthening laxative that Syrup of Figs is far in advance of all others.

Some Americans Abroad.

Let an American of a certain intellectual grade get a taste of English society, and he is done for. No snob, native to that land of snobs, is more exquisitely thrilled or entirely conquered by a smile or a handshake from a nobleman than is the American parvenue. If he stays, he turns Tory, and like that secretary of our legation who has the Astors in tow becomes "thoroughly anglicized." Look at Ashmead-Bartlett, who married his grandmother, Miss Burdett-Coutts, and went to parliament to vote against the progress of democracy.

Look at George W. Smalley, Mr. Whitelaw Reid's resident correspondent in London for the New York Tribune. The man has gone on until he fancies himself to be a fox hunting, hard drinking, violent tempered, bluff and hearty country squire of the olden time. And he writes like one. See how our men and women who go abroad push and cringe and intrigue and squabble for the awful honor of bending their knees before the dull and virtuous old lady whom the English people choose to keep as a ruler without power, and who represents only the principle of hereditary government which this republic kicked out of doors 100 years ago and more.

No wonder Englishmen of sense have only laughter and contempt for our pretensions of superior political wisdom when this spectacle and others like it in motive are constantly before their eyes. —San Francisco Argonaut.

The Ladies.

The pleasant effect and perfec safety with which ladies may use the California liquid laxative, Syrup of Figs, under all conditions, makes it their favorite remedy. To get the true and genuine article, look for the name of the California Fig Syrup Co., printed near the bottom of the package.

Advice to Mothers

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœ. Twenty-five cents a bottle

Fixing the Blame.

An attempt is being made by the Army Court of Inquiry to locate the personal responsibility for the disaster at the old Ford's Theatre. The coroner and his jury are also making investigations looking to the same end.

Honoring the Dead Clerks.

President Cleveland was one of the first contributors to the fund for the help of families of clerks that were killed and wounded; he directed all the flags on public buildings be half masted, an honor never before shown any except high officials.

Are you insured? If not, now is the time to provide yourself and family with a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy as an insurance against any serious results from an attack of bowel complaint during the summer months. It is almost certain to be needed and should be procured at once. No other remedy can take its place or do its work. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by A. J. Hines.

Fifty cents is a small doctor bill, but that is all it will cost you to cure any ordinary case of rheumatism if you use Chamberlain's Pain Balm. Try it and you will be surprised at the prompt relief it affords. The first application will quiet the pain. 50 cent bottles for sale by A. J. Hines.

Do not confuse the Famous Blush of Roses with the many worthless paints, powders, creams and bleaches which are flooding the market. Get the genuine of your druggist; A. J. Hines, 75 cents per bottle, and I guarantee it will remove your pimples freckles, blackheads, moth, tan and sunburn, and give you a lovely complexion.

NO OTHER Sarsaparilla possesses the Combination, Proportion and Process which makes HOOD'S Sarsaparilla Peculiar to Itself.

IT CANNOT LAST FOREVER.

BY LILLA M. ALEXANDER.

I've a word of comfort for you
Who on life's rugged road
Are toiling 'neath the burden
Of a heavy, hopeless load.
It will make your heart grow lighter,
Whatever be your wrong
And give you strength to bear it,
If you take these words along
And say when clouds of darkness
Aroung your pathway hover.
The sun is shining just beyond,
It cannot last forever.

Just try them when you're wearied
By each petty care and strife,
By each little aggravation
Of your common daily life.
When angry words are rising
That you can scarcely smother.
And everything seems "twisted up,"
And tied in knots to bother,
You'll find these words are like a knife,
Each twisted knot to sever;
Then straighten out each tangle with,
"It cannot last forever."

Or if some great diaster
Like a cyclone sweep your sky,
And stunned and helpless with the shock,
Beneath the wreck you lie.
Remember that storm comes
But has clearing day;
The darkest night a morning.
An end, the longest way
Then take those words to cheer you,
You'll find them lake a lever
To raise your sinking spirits up
"It cannot last forever."

AN AUBURN MIRACLE.

AN ACT OF HEROISM IS FOLLOWED BY DIRE RESULTS.

Edward Donnelly Saves a Life Almost at the Cost of his own—After years of suffering he is Restored to Health—His Story as told to a Reporter of the Auburn Bulletin.

(Auburn, N, Y,, Bulletin)

It is on record that upon chilly Apil day, a few years ago, an eight year old boy fell into the East river at the foot of East Eighth Street, New York, and when all efforts to rescue him had failed, Edward Donnelly, at risk of his own life, plunged into the water and, when himself nearly exhausted, saved the boy from drowning. It was a humane and self sacrificing deed and received deserved commendation in all the many newspapers that made mention of it. Edward Donnelly was then a resident of New York City, but his wife was Amanda Grantman of Auburn, and his sister was Mrs. Samuel D. Corry of No. 71 Moravia St., which gave a local interest to the incident. All this was some time ago, and both it and Mr. Donnelly have passed out of the mind of your correspondent until, a few days ago, while in Saratoga, he was shown a letter to a friend from which he was permitted to make the following extract:

AUBURN, N. Y., Oct. 26th, '92.

I am taking Dr. William's Pink Pills. They have cured me of that terrible disease, Locomotor Ataxia. When I commenced taking them, I was wholly unable to work and nearly helpless. I am now improved so much that I have been picking apples and wheeling them to the barn on a wheelbarrow.

Yours truly,
EDWARD DONNELLY,
71 Moravia St, Auburn, N. Y.

Immediately on reaching Auburn, you correspondent called at the above address and found Mr. Donnelly out in a barn where he was grinding apples and making cider with a hand press and he seemed well and cheerful and happy.

And then later, in the presence of his wife and Mrs. Corry and Mrs. Taylor, who all confirmed his statement, he told your correspondent the story of his sickness and of his restoration to health by the use of Dr. William's Pink Pills for Pale People.

"I was born in Albany, N. Y., and am 42 years old. The greatest portion of my life, I have lived in New York City. I was general foreman there of the F. A. Mulgrew Saw Mills, foot of Eighth Street on the East river. It was on the 29th of April, 1889, that the boy fell into the river and I rescued him from drowning, but in saving his life, I contracted a disease, which nearly cost me my own. Why, Sir, I am sure I should have died long ago, if Pink Pills had not saved my life.

"You see when I saved the boy, I was in the water so long that I was taken with a deathly chill and soon became so stiffened up and weak that I could neither work nor walk. For some time I was under treatment of Dr. George McDonald. He finally said he could do nothing more for me and that I had better go into the country. On the 1st of last June, (1892) my wife and I came up to Auburn. I was then in great pain, almost helpless, the disease was growing upon me and I felt that I had come to the home of my wife and of her sister to die.

"When the disease first came upon me the numbness began in my heels and pretty soon the whole of both my feet became afflicted. There was a cold feeling across the small of my back and downwards and a sense of soreness and a tight pressure on the chest. The numbness gradually extended up both legs and into the lower part of my body. I felt that death was creeping up to my vitals and I must say I longed for the hour when it should relieve me of my pain and misery. I was still taking medicine ("It was Iodide of Potassium," said his wife) and was being rubbed and having plasters put all over my body, but with no benefit.

"The latter part of last June I learned of a case cured by the use of Dr. William's Pink Pills for Pale People. I had never heard of those blessed Pills before, but I thought if they could cure one man of the same disease with which I was afflicted, perhaps they would also cure me. So I sent to the Chas. H. Sagar Company the popular Auburn druggist and chemist at 109 and 111 Genesee St., and got three boxes of Pink Pills and began taking them at once. In three weeks time I was so improved that from being helpless, I was able to help myself and to get up and go to work and to walk every day from No. 74 Walnut St., where I then lived, to Osborne's New Twine Factory, Seymour and Cottage Streets —(More than a mile) where I was then employed, but all the while I was taking Pink Pills.

"Then Dr. Patchen of Wisconsin, uncle of my wife, and who was here on a visit, began to poo-poo at me for taking Pink Pills and finally persuaded me to stop taking them and to let him treat me. When he returned to the West he left me a prescription with Dr. Hyatt of Auburn, who also treated me. But their treatment did me no good, and after a while the old trouble returned and I was getting bad again. Then I began again to take Pink Pills; have taken them ever since, am taking them now; have taken in all about 20 boxes at an entire cost of less than $10 00 (My other treatment cost me a pile of money) and again I am well and able to work.

"In New York Mr. McDonald said my disease was Locomotor Ataxia. He treated me by striking me on the knees without giving me pain; by having me try to walk with my eyes closed; by trying to stand first on one foot and then on the other, but I couldn't do it, and so after a while he said I had Locomotor Ataxia and was incurable, and that I had better go into the country among my friends who would make the few remaining days of my life as comfortable as possible and give me kind attendance. Well I came, or rather was brought from New York into the country; but instead of dying, I am a well man, nearly as well as ever before in my life. Pink Pills did it. If I was able I would at my own expense, publish the virtues of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to the whole world and especially in New York City, where I am much better known than I am here.

"Another thing," said Mr. Donnelly, "I am sure that the Pink Pills for Pale People (and they are well named) are the best remedy for impure blood and the best blood maker in the world, why, when I was sick and before I took them, if I cut myself the very little blood that came from the wound was thin and pale and watery. A few days ago I accidentally cut my hand slightly and I bled like a pig and the blood was a bright red. Just look at the blood in the veins of my hands." So indeed they were, and his cheeks also wore the ruby flush of health with which only good blood and plenty of it can paint the human face.

Your correspondent again called upon Chas. H. Sagar Co., at their request. They were much interested in the case and cure by use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and told of several other instances, which had come to their knowledge where the use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills had proved efficacious in making most wonderful cures. These pills contain in a condensed form all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood, and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, and that tired feeling resulting from nervous prostration; all diseases depending upon vitiated humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities, and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature.

These Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company Schenectady, N. Y., and Brockville, Ont., and are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50. Bear in mind that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are never sold in bulk, or by the dozen or hundred, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form is trying to defraud you and should be avoided. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company from either address. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies medical treatment.

Walter Bridges, Athens, Tenn., writes: "For six years I had been afflicted with running sores, and an enlargement of the bone in my leg. I tried everything I heard without any permanent benefit until Botanic Blood Balm was recommended to me. After using six bottles the sores healed, and I am now in better health than I have ever been. I send this testimonial unsolicited., because I want others to be benfitted.

WANTS HIS BOY TAUGHT TRUTH.

A Parent's Forcible Plea to a Sunday School Superintendent.

"Can you tell me," asked a New York lawyer who lives in Brooklyn, "who writes the stories that are printed in the little papers that my boy brings home from Sunday school?"

"Well, no," answered the superintendent, "but I think they are beautifully written, don't you? Each one, seems to me, contains a valuable spiritual thought."

"Spiritual rubbish!" exclaimed the lawyer.

The superintendent had never been so astonished in all his life.

"What's that, what's that?" he demanded when he had fully persuaded himself that he had not been dreaming, and that a real live man had actually characterized as "rubbish" that literature which he had accustomed himself to esteem so highly.

"I mean it," said the lawyer, whose blood was up. "Now, last Sunday my little boy came home with this paper and got his mother to read him this story headed 'Frank's Victory—A True Story.' To start with, it's not a true story; no man of judgment would accept it as true. That's my first objection to it. In the second place, it's an absurd story, with an outrageous moral. I don't want falsehoods palmed off on my child for true stories, and I don't want him misled by goody goody, namby pamby drivel.

"The story is that Frankie, although able to thrash Joe, wouldn't do it. He hadn't done anything to justify Joe's resentment; nevertheless he just stood still and let Joe batter his face until it was all bruised and bleeding. 'I never,' says the story teller, 'will forget the sight.'

"'Why on earth didn't you fight him?' one of the boys asks of Frankie, and Frankie answers, 'I am trying to be a Christian, and I don't think it is right to fight,' and this sentiment the story teller applauds."

"And don't you applaud it?" asked the superintendent.

"Certainly I do," answered the lawyer, "but I don't see what it has to do with the case. I think that such behavior as Frankie is credited with would be miserable in real life.

"Suppose a case. Suppose that my older boy comes home with his face all cut up and bleeding.

"'What's the matter?' I ask.

"'A boy did it,' he answers.

"'How big a boy?'

"'Not quite so big as myself.'

"'What did you let him do it for?'

"'I'm trying to be a Christian, papa,' answers my son in the words of the good boy in the story, 'and I don't think it's right to fight.'

"Now, what do you suppose I'd say to that? Think I'd kiss my son and tell him how proud I was of him? No, sir. I'd give him some good advice.

"'You could have whipped that boy, couldn't you?' I'd ask him.

"'He'd say 'Yes,' of course.

"'Couldn't you have thrown him to the ground and held him there?'

"'He'd say 'Yes' to that too.

"'But you didn't do anything. You just stood still and let him punch you until he was tired. And you did it because you thought you wouldn't be a Christian if you defended yourself. Now, my dear boy, let me tell you something:

"'It's not incumbent upon any Christian to allow another person to pound him. Don't fight, but always defend yourself. When another boy tries this thing on you, put him on his back and sit down on him and go to whittling or whistling, and keep at it until he says that he will behave himself.'"

"But," protested the superintendent, "it's pretty dangerous business giving a boy license like that. Give him an inch, and he'll take an ell."

"There's where you are off again," answered the lawyer. "I don't believe in mysteries with children. I tell my boy that it is brutal to fight; at the same time I tell him that it's manly to defend himself. If he hasn't judgment enough to discriminate between the two things, he's stupid—a good deal stupider than the average boy.

"No, sir, what I want my boy taught is truth. I don't want his Sunday school superintendent or anybody else to assume that he is weakminded, and that the proper thing is to stuff him full of false and misleading notions. Give him the truth.

"I think the fault with some of you Sunday school people is that you underestimate the intelligence of your pupils." —New York Times.

Mrs. Howe's Brilliant Daughter.

The latest literary and social sensation of Boston is the debut of the gifted daughter of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe upon the lecture platform. Mrs. Maud Howe Elliott has great beauty as well as talent in art and literature. It is said that she has had more offers of marriage than any woman in Boston. Victor Hugo begged permission to kiss her hand, she was so beautiful, and artists asked to paint her portrait. Educated under the direction of her mother, enjoying the best opportunities for development in travel and in environment, Mrs. Elliott early manifested literary ability.

A summer in Newport gave her material for her first novel. A visit to California inspired "San Rosario," and a railroad strike in Maine during her summer there formed the nucleus for another. And last year's stay in England gave her material for her lecture on "Darkest England," which was well received by the critical Boston audience.—Boston Letter.

A New York Statesman.

As befits the gallant and goodly man he is, the Hon. George Zerubabel Erwin, the Lily of Potsdam, says that "the United States should give the deposed queen, who, I understand, is a very beautiful woman, a pension." Oh, subtle power of beauty! General von Schwarzbrod, the governor of Alsace, in conducting Senator Erwin to the French frontier during the Potsdam statesman's European trip in August, 1891, said: "My dear sir, you will understand, of course, that there is nothing personal in begging you to leave, but the fact is that the cathedral people complain that they can't start the clock."—New York Sun.

Knew Many Famous Writers.

There is an elderly resident of Brooklyn who in his youth saw much of the Scotch and English writers through his intimacy with the head of a large publishing house. He affirms the truth of the story that it was the habit of Thomas De Quincey to draw a little brush from his pocket and tenderly dust his roll of manuscript before submitting it to a publisher.—New York Sun.

A very pretty girl visiting in Atchison, Kan., has a voice that sounds exactly like the hard, unsympathetic tones of a talking doll.

CITY AND COUNTRY BOYS.

Why It Is That the Country Boy Is Apt to Learn More Evil Than a City Boy.

A distinguished man, whose boyhood was passed partly in the country and partly in the city, recently testified that he found his boy companions in the country much worse than those in the city.

"It is our habit to think of the country," he said, "as the abode of innocence and purity, and of the city as the haunt of vice, but at this remove of time I cannot recall hearing a single bad word from my schoolmates in the large institution which I attended in Boston. I feel sure that some must have been uttered, for there were several hundred boys in the building, but I cannot remember hearing any.

"My experience with the boys in the country is, however, in my memory very different. There were two or three dreadful boys there who corrupted the whole school. They were foul mouthed and full of iniquity."

A family of boys who spend their summers in the country and their winters in the city have frequently remarked the same thing. They find good boys in both places, but more badness in proportion in the country, and, as they themselves express it, "their badness is worse." "Somehow," remarked one of them naively, "the city boys are more polite about it, and maybe it's only that that makes them seem not quite so bad." Nearly all who possess an intimate acquaintance with both city and country will testify to the general truth of these conclusions.

The reasons are not far to seek. In the city schools the youth are more carefully graded than in the country, not only in the direction of mind, but of morals. A normal and well brought up boy has a much wider choice as to his playmates in the one than in the other, and such a boy will usually select his friends among the better boys. In the country he is thrown necessarily with children with whom his parents would much rather he should not associate. The democracy of the village is absolute, however, and any attempt to establish an aristocracy, even of virtue, is deeply resented by the parents of the objectionable youth. Such parents usually consider their children as good as the rest.

In the city he has comparatively little opportunity to put in corrupting work among good boys. The bad boys herd by themselves and often become formidable gangs, the terror of peaceful citizens and even of the police. In the country the bad boy has only a few companions as bent on sin as himself, but he has free access to well brought up children, often influencing them to deeds of evil which they remember with shame as long as they live.

There seems a suggestion here for those who live in the country or who pass more or less time there each year, who love it and cannot bear to think of the plague spots upon it, to put in some missionary work among the country bad boys. A month's effort, unobtrusively and spontaneously given, among doubtful boys in a country place may raise the tone of a whole neighborhood for years afterward. To show such boys that you respect the good in them, to praise them for whatever they excel in, to show an interest in their worthy pursuits, to take them, in short, at their best—this work might be more farreaching in its good effects than the getting up of a bazaar or the giving of a strawberry festival.—New York Times.

Underneath Chicago.

Disease germs lurk in every cubic inch of the material which is being used to fill in West Harrison street between California and Homan avenues. James McGrath, one of the residents of the district, and several of his neighbors decided to take concerted action in the matter. It was dark night before last, and it was cold. Armed with pickax and spade James McGrath, T. H. Utley and J. F. Sheehan met at 9 o'clock at West Harrison street and Homan avenue.

As Mr. Utley was the heaviest man in the party, to him was given the honor of striking the first blow in the interest of reform. For two hours the men worked, casting aside whatever material they encountered which they did not think made good pavement. When they counted, the result showed they had unearthed 7 rats, 1 section of Maltese cat to which head was attached, 1 pug dog, 1 section of Angora cat to which tail was attached, 2 "yaller" dogs (mongrel), 1½ rabbits, 1 goat, 1 wire bustle, 1 hind quarter of bay horse (badly preserved, though frozen).—Chicago Times.

Miss Otis and Her Costly Anklet.

"Miss Elita Proctor Otis is a woman with a great history," said Miss Alice Brougham in the Lindell parlor yesterday. "In the first place, while the world does not know it, Miss Otis wears an anklet that is worth a fortune. It is solid gold, about 1½ inches wide and it is set with diamonds that must be worth at least $100,000. She tells me that sometimes it feels as though it weighed a ton, but she means to wear it all her life. It was given to her by some Asiatic prince or other, and she takes great pride in it.

"Miss Otis a few years ago had an independent fortune of $250,000, and she spent it like a thoroughbred. She sank $75,000 at one jump in trying to demonstrate that she could run a weekly newspaper for women in New York city. The rest of it she spent in seeing the world with her mother, who is an invalid. They traveled everywhere and lived like royalty. It was while she was on a tour around the world that she met this prince in India, who fell in love with her and gave her the anklet. She came back to America practically broke and just as happy and contented as she always had been. How old is she? About 27. It took her six years to drop $250,000, but she dropped it in good shape. The money was left her by a relative, and she'll get another fortune soon, and if she doesn't marry she'll spend that too."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Boston Solecism.

Solecisms are frequently indigenous to certain localities, as witness the Boston aberration of the tan colored shoes. The Bostonian fanatics wear them with the tall hat. No one as yet has had the hardihood to combine them with the full dress suit. But they were worn to funerals, combined with the regulation curriculum of mourning attire.—Clothier and Furnisher.

Columbian Postage Stamps.

The complete set of Columbian postage stamps, which includes a cent, 2-cent, 3-cent, 4-cent, 5-cent, 6-cent, 10-cent, 15-cent, 30-cent, 50-cent, $1, $2, $3, $4 and $5 stamp, cost a collector at par $16.26.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

When you feel uncomfortable about the stomach, take Simmons Liver Regulator.

AN EXAMPLE OF MEDICAL ETIQUETTE.

An Illustration of How Far Some Doctors Go to Preserve Dignity.

Within the present week in this city occurred an incident that is typical of the extreme to which professional etiquette may be carried. A patient lay ill of a raging fever, whose progress apparently had not been prevented or mitigated by the remedies prescribed by the doctor "in charge" of the case. That doctor was not entirely satisfactory to the patient and was even distasteful to the latter, but had been called in merely because he happened to be near at hand. The sick man protested strongly against the continuance of the seemingly useless treatment and insisted that the family physician should be called. In a spirit of courtesy the attending physician was told of the facts and of the wish of the patient. The family doctor was summoned and was met by the attending physician.

The two doctors had a private consultation, and as a result the attending physician announced that he would "remain in charge," despite the objections of the patient and family, despite the knowledge that his every visit so irritated and exasperated the patient as to increase the fever of the helpless but thoroughly indignant victim. The family then made an almost piteous appeal to the family physician to visit the patient, whose condition was such as to occasion grave alarm and the most depressing fears, but the reply was made that no reputable physician in Massachusetts would so imperil his standing under the rules which govern physicians as to attend a patient so long as the "attending physician" refused his consent.

The facts in the case are indisputable and are given from personal knowledge. The consideration that under the circumstances the very life of the patient might be endangered made no impression on the two doctors, who looked only to the "etiquette" of their profession. If the medical practitioners stated the rule correctly, one doctor in this commonwealth may have the conceded right to prohibit the attendance of another doctor on a patient, no matter what the wishes or state of the sick man may be, and as a result of an exaggerated deference to this "etiquette" it is possible to suppose that a patient constantly irritated and excited under a condition that demands rest and quiet may die, but the senseless "etiquette" will have been observed.

It may be true that the case cited is an unusual one, and it can readily be conceded that there are many humane doctors who would not allow an empty form of etiquette to stand in their way under such circumstances. Yet it still remains to be said that, if any custom or rule exists to justify such a proceeding as was so rigidly observed in the instance noted, that rule or custom ought to be abolished. Many eminent members of the medical profession have been arguing in favor of a law to prohibit "quacks" from practicing in this state. Arguments of a cogent nature have been brought forward to support the proposition. Yet it remains to be said in that connection that if the commonwealth were to allow "regular" practitioners to pursue business, and if any rule existed to deprive a family of the right to employ whatever practitioner it pleased, whenever it pleased, the change would not be entirely for the better.

Indeed, if any such rule or practice now exists among physicians of the existing schools, it is to be feared that the members of that profession have already more power than they should have. Such an arrangement merely represents a huge "trust" or "pool" and is in the nature of an imposition on the public. In the case cited both doctors seem equally to blame, one for imperiling the health of a patient to serve personal ends and the other for allowing a mere rule, custom or understanding to stand in the way of duty to the sick.—Boston Advertiser.

One Class of Employees.

A man whose appearance betrayed his wealth walked into the office of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad at Broadway and Maiden lane a few days ago and said to the ticket seller:

"I am going to Washington tomorrow morning at half past 11 o'clock. I want to reserve a seat in the Pullman car on that train."

"Have you got your railroad ticket?" demanded the man in charge suspiciously.

"No. I intend to get that in the morning. There is no hurry."

"There isn't, eh?" observed the ticket seller sarcastically. "Well, there just is. Unless you make an affidavit that you will buy your railroad ticket at this office tomorrow morning you don't get any Pullman seat out of us. I'm on to those games."

"Will you kindly explain what games you mean?" inquired the man of wealth with some astonishment.

"Never you mind," retorted the ticket fellow insultingly; "I know my business. It's a rule of the company not to permit any monkey shines. I don't see exactly where any crooked business could come in, but we're so dead fly here that we're on the lookout day and night."

"What infernal rot," said the traveler angrily. "I've bought Pullman accommodations without showing railroad tickets a hundred times. What's the difference? If there was any way of accomplishing a swindle by showing a ticket and buying a seat on it, a fellow could borrow one from a ticket broker. Are you going to sell me that seat?"

"I'm not."

"Well, I'll travel by another road."

"Go ahead, but you can't play any bunko game on me. I'm imported from Baltimore by the company especially to head off all schemes and plots."

When the traveler applied to another Pullman agent for an explanation of all this, he was told the following:

"Every large corporation has one or two employees whose heads are full of mutton."—New York Herald.

Highwaymen murdered an agent and his escort near Monterey, Mex. Four out of six of the band were captured and shot.

Dr. M. J. Davis is a prominent physician of Lewis, Cass county, Iowa, and has been actively engaged in the practice of medicine at that place for the past thirty-five years. On the 26th of May, while in Des Moines en route to Chicago, he was suddenly taken with an attack of diarrhœa. Having sold Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy for the past seventeen years and knowing its reliability, he procured a 25 cent bottle, two doses of which completely cured him. The excitment and change of water and diet incident to traveling often produce a diarrhœa. Every one should procure a bottle of this Remedy before leaving home. For sale by A. J. Hines.

It is reported that the pope is about to republish a prescript on the school question with special application to the church in the United States.

At Morehead.

MOREHEAD CITY, N. C., June 12. —Yesterday was a beautiful day here, and much enjoyed by the advance guard of the host of the cultured elite to be here next week in attendance on the Teacher's Assembly. The breeze was good, and neither musquito, sand fly, or other pestiferous insect disturbed the restful serenity of a day nature herself recognized as hallowed. Fish, in numberless hordes, sported in the clear shallow water beneath the plank walk to the pier, fearless alike of hook and net.

Some of us were disappointed on reaching here Saturday night to find that the genial Dr. George Blacknall was not here to introduce us all around, but consoled ourselves with a hearty supper of clam fritters, crab and other choice salt water esculents at the Atlantic Hotel, where "mine host," Mr. B. L. Perry, presided over the comfort of the party.

Capt. S. L. Dill, General Superintendent of the A. & N. road, spent yesterday here. He informs me that his road carried into Goldsboro on Saturday fifty-two car loads of vegetables for shipment North.—Chronicle.

How to Get a Handsome Husband.

"When'er some lucky Indian maiden
Found a red ear in the husking,
"Muska!" cried they altogether;
"Muska! you shall have a sweetheart
You shall have a handsome husband

The handsome man always admires the beautiful women. Then simple make yourself beautiful. Remove all blotches, pimples, "forked signs of turkey tracks" from your features, by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, a tonic to the nervous circulatory and procreative systems. Its use brings roses to the cheeks, and sparkle to the eyes. Take it, and you will, like the Indian maiden, find a "red ear" in good health, an omen of future happiness. Guaranteed to give satifaction in every case, or money paid for it refunded.

The Origin of the Word "God."

Sometimes ministers make a point in etymology which is not borne out by the facts. An exchange quotes the following from F. W. Robertson: "The love of God is the love of goodness. The old Saxon word God is identical with good: God, the good One—personified goodness. There is in that derivation not a mere play of words; there is deep truth. None loves God but he who loves good." The identification of "God" with "good" is noted in "The Century Dictionary" as a popular error. It is there explained that "god" a word common to all Teutonic tongues, was first applied to the heathen deities (generally in the plural), and elevated to the Christian sense upon the conversion of the Teutonic peoples. Its derivation from "good" is stated to be impossible. Moreover, as the Dictionary points out, the notion of goodness is not conspicuous in the heathen conception of deity, and in good itself the ethical sense is comparatively late.—Ex.

"I Am So Tired."

Is a common exclamation at this season. There is a certain bracing effect in cold air which is lost when the weather grows warmer; and when Nature is renewing her youth, her admirers feel dull, sluggish and tired. This condition is owing mainly to the impure condition of the blood and its failure to supply healthy tissue to the various organs of the body. It is remarkable how susceptible the system is to the help to be derived from a good medicine at this season. Possessing just those purifying, building-up qualities which the body craves, Hood's Sarsaparilla soon overcomes that tired feeling, restores the appetite, purifies the blood, and in short, imparts vigorous health. Its thousands of friends as with one voice declare. "It Makes the Weak Strong."