PORCET ME NOT.

Forget thee! though the golden bow! be broken, The silver cord be loosed and cast off now; Forget thee! though the last farewell be spoken, The last kim pressed upon thy clay-cold brow! I'll ne'er forget thee! years may roll on ever And the worldly cars and Joys may ease my pain; Yet in my heart thy niche is vacant. Never Shall mortal image fill that shrine again, As in some pallingwest the ancient script Shows through the later, though with pains erased; So on the volume of my soul, though dipt in Lethe, shall thy name be traced; As some poor slave, who having found a jewel of purest water and of brightest sheen, Sees it reft from him by a master cruel, I mourn the gem that once mine own has been. Has been! but never more may be. Oh! thought of sorrow,

of sorrow.
That what once has been, ne'er may be again.
That day once quenched in night, the long

That day once quenched in night, the longed-for morrow

Comes in such strange guise, it comes in vain.

I know now what the worm that never dieth,
The fire that is not quenched, of legend, means,
For in my breast that worm forever lieth,
That fire still burns within my fevered veins,
The deep regret that having once a treasure
More worth than golden ore or diamond fine,
Beguiled by careless ease and idle pleasure,
I bartered for base dross the gift divine.
And now, in cold obstruction thou art lying,
And live on. And, though I watched thee dying.
Must still live on. Still o'er this dull earth creep,
And I live on. Still o'er this dull earth creep,
And eat, and drink, and laugh. Though that is
hollow
And has not now the ring of former days.
But rest is very near. I soon must follow
Thy steps to that abyse which mortal gaze
Can never fathom, thought ne'er comprehend;
Eut in whose depths mysterious all things living
Had their beginning and must have their end;
The triple womb of fertile Nature, giving,
Destroying and preserving—three in one.
That is and was, and shall be still forever
When space is vacant and the glorlous sun
Extinguished, and the stars litume as never.
And earth, and sea, and sky their course have run,
But till that time, thy mem'ry shall be holden
Deep in my heart of hearts most sacred spot,
And till issuap the bast slight linklet golden
Of life's frail chain—I will forget thee not.

A COFFIN BOAT.

The other night Major Griddlewood

who long ago won his spurs as an efficient revenue officer, related the following

At one time we had a great deal of

trouble with illicit distillers in Arkansas.

There was one neighborhood especially

outlaws. This community was always up

to leave the service. One day the news

came in that one of our best men had just

"Major, you have had considerable suc

them to justice. As you know, none of our men have been able to find them,

"They've been found a trifle too often,

"That's a fact," the marshal agreed, "but

not by the right man. Now I want you

I reflected for a moment and replied:

think that our mistake has been in takin too many men. It is almost impossible for

aster is certain to follow. I will go alone

and discover the nest. Then I can return and capture the entire outfit.

"All right; use your own judgment."

ped at the house of a man named Ande

son, a well-to do fellow, with some educa-

saw at once that Anderson was an honest man, and when I learned that he had been

in the army I felt secure under his roof. Still I did not care to tell him my real

business, but in answer to a question stated that I was looking for land in a

leisurely sort of way, having just been discharged from the regular army, and es-

curred.

"Well, sir, you are welcome at my house, and I hope you find your stay pleasant. My daughter, who can row a boat to perfection, will cheerfully contri-

erto adopted.

where it seemed impossible to discover the

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# "ALL IMPORTANT."

for tecnsideration. While the malehead of a family siving he may manage to care for his household, but his death is inevitable, and what provision have you made for your wife and little ones in case of death? This is a solemn question which reaches every hearthstone. If you are a lawyer, physician merchant or farmer, your profession or occupation dies with you. You support your family confortably, but when you die, who is to support them. The conventionalities of our confuty (the southern country especially) are such as to exclude women from the chance of making a living, in fact whe does good work to care for her children after food and raiment are provided. Now, what can be done to protect the wife and little ones from the chances of being len desirtue. The best thing that can be done, and often the only thing that can be done, is to effect an insurance on four life for the benefit of those so dependent upon. for the distillers can see almost every turn.

My advice would be to watch for the whisky that's sent away, capture the men handling it and compel them to show the exact location of the distillery."

Several days passed and still I made no progress. I was not regarded in that light of suspicion which I thought would characterize my appearance among the plications with your catale, from executions, and from debt. No one can handle this money but the parties for whom the insurance is affected. In these days of complications, and homostoad allowances, (with the chance of a struggle to obtain even that) I think a like solice the special parties of the control of the contr

WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1883.

sheer loneliness, and if I were not so light- to call Anderson, and again I secreted myhearted I think I should go that way, self. "Do you ever see any of the illicit dis-

tillers?" I asked.

"I expect I see them, but I dou't know them, of course. They are terrible when they get mad, but as long as they are not officer. disturbed you wouldn't know that they were in the neighborhood. When we moved here they regarded pa with lingering suspicion, but finally, satisfied that he was in no way connected with the govthe utmost courtesy. Pa is making money ont of the coffin business, but it is such a grim trade that I cannot half enjoy is looking for your intended husband. financial benefit that we derive from Say, you're hunting for the wild cats, major, eh? How I wish I could see any financial benefit that we derive from

ain't you?"
"Hush, don't talk so loud." "Nobody can hear us, but you are, ain't

"Suppose I were, do you think I would

tell any one?" "I heard you tell father, but it's all haven't any friends among the wild cats, and for my part I wouldn't care if they coffins were found to be lined with tin, were all in prison."

"I remained several days longer, and then decided to return to the city, report unfavorably, adopt other measures, and again take up the enterprise. Anderson with a flat-boat load of coffins. I did not like the idea, but reflecting that it would

be safer I disposed of my horse and was soon ready for the voyage. I bade my friends an affectionate farewell, and soon stood on a coffin big enough for the Cardiff giant, and waved my handkerchief at Sophia Anderson as been sent up, and quite a number of them are there yet, although the department did not receive notification that they intended the boat rounded the bend. We had started early, and by the time the shadows began to lengthen we were a long distance from Dripping Spring. It seemed to me that the men on the boat watched been killed at Dripping Springs, by which name the dangerous neighborhood was known. I was sent for by the marshal. me curiously, for every time I walked around it appeared that one of them followed me. My suspicions increased as evening came on, and when I saw the men engaged in a whispered conversation I was convinced that violence was meditacess in hunting for distillers. Now we want you to find those fellows and bring ted. Happening to notice a coffin on which several others were piled, I saw something dripping from it. Just then I looked up and saw a gun leveled at me. In another instant a bullet whizzed close to my head, so close that I fell backward to take as many soldiers as you want, and go to the place and break up the busifortunately was not far away, when I arose under a thick clump of willows. Through the gathering darkness I could dimly see the men, and could hear the a party of men to find a wildcat distillery. Their approach is soon heralded and dis-

"Rather hazardous." the marshal thoughtfully scratching his head. "Not so dangerous as the course hith-

"I know he is," a gruff voice replied,
"fer I drawed a bead on his head, an' a
man what can hit a haffer dollar sixty vards ain't no slouch of a shooter, lemme The next day I started on my perilous exposition. I went horseback, and my tell yer. Bet he's got a bullet through progress was very slow. When at last I reached the place I found a beautiful, rich country, with grand hills and little valleys the brain of he's got any brain."

"I'd ruther bet on the bullet than the brain," the first speaker rejoined. "We've got to be certain about thes luxuriantly carpeted with grass. I could see no signs of lawlessness, but on the other hand I was kindly treated. I stopauthority. "You know what Anderson's orders is. Git a boat thar Jack, an' you an' Tom paddle out thar awhile. Go out tion and a bright-eyed daughter, who seemed to be devoted to her father. I

thar to them willows." The boat was lowered and the splashing of the oars came nearer and nearer. pecially desiring a rest from that danger-ous activity which all army officers inhances of turning it over and escaping.

one of them said:
"He's all right, I tell you. Think I can't hit a man's head? Shove her off," and I breathed a prayer as the dip of the

oars grew fainter.

I remained in this uncomfortable position about a half hour longer, then drew myself out and was soon traveling through the woods. After a terrible journey of hunger and fatigue I reached Little Rock

and made my report.

Several days afterward I was again en route for Dripping Spring, this time with a strong posse of men. Touching White river near the place where I had fallen overboard, we dismounted to rost. We had not been there very long until we saw had not been there very long until we saw the coffin boat returning. I secretly myself and ordered my men to compel the beat to lond and to bring the men to one knows. But life will end, and we self and ordered my men to compel the boat to land and to bring the men to our esting-place, instructing them as to a

form of interrogation.

When hailed they readily complied and approached the bank. They did not seem to like so much attention, for they did not move up the bank with any great degree of

"I want pa to leave this place," she we surrounded the house without alarming said. "Mother pined away and died from any one. I instructed one of my officers

HEROANOKENE

"All right," came from within the house, and pretty soon Anderson ap-

"Yes, sir; won't you come in? "No, hardly got the time. I've come to this neighborhood in search of Major

ernment, they dismissed their apprehensions and have ever since treated him with my daughter are to be married soon. I'll show her to you. Here, Soph," and the girl came out. "Here is a gentleman who

"Here I am," I said, emerging from my hiding place and confronting my "intend-ed" and her father. Anderson actually fell on the ground, and his daughter ut-tered a shrick that made the woods ring They were soon made prisoners and right. I won't say anything about it. I taken to the boat. Next day the distil-

> and although ominous-looking easks, were not bad as vessels of shipment. The prisoners were tried and pu to the full extent of the law, and ever since then the Dripping Spring neighborhood has been one of the most orderly and law-abiding communities in th State. Arkansaw Traveler.

# COULDN'T WHIP HIM.

On a railway train, just behind a plainly dressed, motherly-looking woman, accompa nied by a noisy boy, sat two fashionably dressed ladies. The boy was given to ask ing all kinds of foolish questions, and occasionally he would whine like a cub bear and twist himself around and fret.

"If I had hold of him for a minute I'd blister him till he couldn't stand up," said one of the ladies. "Here, then," replied the motherly old

want to slap him, slap him, I haven't the heart to do it.' "Excuse me," faltered the annoyed lady;

remark." "Oh, no harm done, for I know that he is enough to annoy any one, and it may seem strenge to you that I do not slap him, into the water. I did not lose my pres-ence of mind and kept myself under I slapped. Every time that he would ask water as long as possible. When I arose foolish questions or whine, I'd slap him. I to the surface, several other shots were was determined to bring him up rightly, so ran back into its hole. fired, and sinking again I remained under that he would please everybody. He was

even more strict than ever with min. One splashing of an oar which I knew was manipulated to keep the boat from floating down.

"I reckin he's all right," said one of a level more strict than ever with min. One of the splashing of an oar which I knew was manipulated to keep the boat from floating down.

"I reckin he's all right," said one of the light necessary for finding our way out the struction. We went out by the window where we had storyed.

"The next morning my little boy was too little boy had died, and I moved away.

the little boots that I put on the human. You may slap him, but I can't.

How soon we shall get there no one can tell. The stars of this very night may light our way to that beautiful home. Or we may mount up on the light of the next dewy morning, or tread on the golden clouds of to-morrow's quiet eve. We may spread our pinions on the shivering winds

How we shall go is quite a mystery. No one has come lack to tell the story

Several days passed and still tands as well-being the state of the character are ranged to obtain crown with the character are regions. It is easy to be a state of the polity of supplies which I thought would are restricted to the polity of supplies which I thought of supplies whic

THE BRIDE OF DEATH.

"Good-bye, Herbert." "Good-bye, Eurydiee, and oh, how sweet the thought that this will be our last goodbye, for to-morrow night, darling, you will be mine, mine to love and cherish and protect from all the chilling blasts of adversity. Is not the thought a sweet one, Eury-

"Aye Herbert, and yet-" and a chill seemed to shake the frail young form, and an anxious look came into the starry eyes. "And yet, what Eurydice?"
Oh, Herbert, it is a dull foreboding that

something is going to happen to me. I know our future looks bright, but still the feeling will come, though I strive to keep

"Then why feel aught of fear, darling? Surely my strong arms can protect you?" "Yes but you have said 'good bye,' and soon I will be left alone, and then, oh, Herbert, how I wish this night was over. I caunot, oh, I cannot drive back the feeling that some great harm is coming to me. But Herbert drew the fair young head to his breast and showered kisses on the golden locks and on the quivering lips, and with the kisses, peace seemed to settle in her heart and the frightened look passed

"Good-bye, again, darling," said Her-"Good-bye, Herbert," she said simply.

and he was gone. Eurydice started slowly to her room was a cosy nest, and one meet for the radiant being who reigned there, but as sh entered the old fear came back and

her footsteps seemed clogged with lead. Rousing herself she seated herself be fore the long pier glass and commenced to slowly let down her coils of golden hair, and as she looked at the fair reflection she murmured; "Yes, I am lovely, and no wonder Herbert loves me so. Oh, fair face that hides a heart of lead. Oh, if this anguish would leave me. Oh, if the morrow were only here-My God, what's that?" cried she as a noise in the corner was heard. "Oh, has it come so soon?" and by a strong effort she rose to her feet and swinging half around faced this Unlady, "you may take hold of him. If you known Something that was in the room. For a moment the dilated eyes saw noth-

ing, and then as they rested on the Unknown Something, there was a low moan, "I did not think that you could hear my the limbs suddenly gave way and the lith young body sank with a "dull thud" to the

half open lips, a quiver and all was over and the spirit of Eurydice Boggs passed

And the mouse, frightened by her fall,

dor opened into the main apartment of the him, and a package of candles to give us brightening up at the prospect of one friend to hush, and when I found he did not intend to obey me, I went to the bed and to hush windows looked down upon blooming garspanked him. That's what I call discipline," one of the company remarked: 'and I assure you that in after years you will not regret the strict measures which you have adopted.'

dens. Ranged about the chamber in various attitudes were a score of women. Some were scated on divans and some were the kneeling. Thirteen of them were the wives of the Pasha. A cloud of negro our way cut off, All was in ruin, and servants attended to their wants. I could from that ruin came a voice calling to us night I sent for a physician, but before morning he was dead. I don't think that sick to get up, and all day he lay in bed. At speak but a few words of Arabic, but we in English, "Save me, I am dying." It women. All the women had large, longthere was a more miserable woman in the women. All the women had large, longworld. I took his little boots—boots which lashed and lustrons eyes, and dark, finelya few days before I had whipped him for chiscled features. Their costumes were died. We turned back, and passing our getting muddy—and I put them on my bureau. I could not bear to live in the same house where both my husband and gold and jewels and garlands of pearl. the outside world. I longed to reveal its up, down into the valley below. beauties and possibilities to them, but could converse only by gestures. Before I left a baby Pasha was shown to me. Its mother looked like a veritable Sleeping Beauty. The interest shown in the baby the universal sisterhood of women

SOCIAL SCIENCE TOPICS. The Race Problem in the United States-

A NICHT OF HORRORS.

THE ISCHIAN EARTHQUAKES
AS DESCRIBED BY A BOSTON WOMAN,

Thrilling Adventure and Miraculous Es-capes—The Earth Sent Into Gulfs and Destroying Thousands of Human Being in a Moment.

contains a most interesting letter written by an intelligent lady of that city, who. the principal hotels at Casamiciola on the the debris, but still protecting his baby, he dated August 12, two weeks after the earthquake, is well worth reading entire, her. He struggled on, and faint, bruised

most interesting extracts:

ward and forward, as if swayed by the wind. Walls fell in with a crush like ten of himself and his bleeding wounds. When thousand thunders. The mountains I saw him at 3 o'clock he sat by the great opened sending forth flames of fire, rolling fire with it in his arms, swaying backward down with the tumbling houses toward the valley, while the valley in its turn exgrave. The noise lasted only a few see- at last, the little one slept. He passed it if coming from the bowels of the earth, eyes alone showed the intensity of her reached the window way, it being con- poor wife."

sidered the safest place, which proved true. Had we remained sitting we should seated on the ground, we awaited daylight. have been instantly killed. A falling wall enveloped the sofa where we sat. The whole world seemed dissolving around me. day. We were still a long way from the I had no hope of life from the first sound, sea and had to cross all the ruined town. and I turned my thoughts heavenward. It but by this way alone could we leave the was not till I heard the dreadful cries of the wounded and dying that I trembled the descent. What we went through with fear thinking of the suffering which during this painful march to the sea is immy poor body might endure before I possible to relate—over mountains of stone, should reach the other side. But I did over fallen walls, the way strewn with the not lose courage, and prayed for strength wounded, dying and dead. We were four seem very far off.

After the shock Mr. H. said: "We before the repetition shall come." The darkness was still so great that we could not see whether the floor had been carried away, or whether the wall where we were standing alone remained. We must find a light. Mr. H. remembered that there were matches on a little table near, and so, feeling with his feet, he took a few steps into the room and found them, lighted one, and with its flickering light looked fault. about us. The parlor where we had been to see him respected. Everybody said that my son would be a great man, and I was so flattered by these remarks that I was even more strict than ever with him. One "The gates of the 'Abode of Bliss," said Mrs. Newman, "closed instantly after I had entered the building. A long corritionsly, took a shawl for me and a coat for tiously, took a shawl for me and a coat for "Thanks," murmured the conductor,

> matism. I had to answer back over that terrible gulf, "We cannot reach you." She tion of the stair remaining standing, and Their head dresses were of silken, gauze, that portion ready to fall. But it was our

> came eries that broke one's heart. On the and the mother by the other women of the other side of this space where we were harem was to me a beautiful evidence of was a high wall, twenty feet from the road, filled all full of great openings. Be-hind us was the angle of the hotel which remained standing. On the fourth side, the road had opened wide, and to the bottom of this opening no one had conrage to look, for it looked like a great grave, ours In the Social Science convention Charles
> A Gardiner, LL. D, Ph. D., of Hamilton
> College, delivered an address on "The Race
> Problem in the United States." The prob-

would break one's heart to see. I almost wished for a wound or ache that would absorb my mind and prevent my mental agony. But I was without a scratch One touching incident, only one, I will try to tell, because if I should try to tell you all I saw heartrending I should never finish. There was a handsome young man, about twenty-four or twenty-five years of age, a peasant, who, when he heard the shock, got his little three months' old baby in his arms, and with his young wife, tries with her husband, was a guest at one of to escape from a falling house. Buried in night of July 28. The letter, which is strugled on, leading his wife. At last she

but our space will only permit a few of the and bleeding, reached the place called Cal vary, holding in his arms his baby, unhurt, It commenced like the most terrible but crying pitifully. During the long thunder. Then everything swayed backploded, sending everything into chaos. In baby's dear little face and white nightgown the midst of this dreadful noise, came wild were all bathed in the blood that flowedshricks, darkness, and the silence of the freely from its father's wounds. Wormout onds and the silence a few more, which without a word, into the arms of a poor seemed an eternity. Then the smoke woman whose husband and seven children began to clear away and the terrible cries had, in that dreadful moment, passed from of the wounded and dying filled the air as this world to the other, and whose tearless When the sound first began Mr. H. knew agony. The poor young man could not what it was, and said: "Great God, an yet feel his bodily pains, but threw himearthquake." With one bound we self on the ground, crying, "My wife, my

In the midst of this sad group, also Slowly it came, as if it was afraid to open the windows of light on such a dreadful to help me through. Heaven did not when we left Calvary. The other two were left behind about half way. I have not heard from them since, and they are will try and save ourselves out of this ruin probably dead. Arriving at the wharf we took the first boat leaving. It was then six in the morning, and we reached Naples

IN NO HURRY.

Everybody had been abusing the poo old conductor because his train was four hours behind time, and the man was nearly worn out explaining that is was not his

"It's a shame," exclaimed an aged gen

continued the old gentleman, turning to "You travel on a pass, don't you?" prowled the passenger again.

"I do replied the old gentleman. "Good for sixty days, isn't it?" sneered

the passenger again.
"It is," responded the old gentleman. trip ticket that expires in thirty days, and I haven't any money for another if we don't get there before my ticket runs out.

# A SWEET LITTLE LOVE STORY.

Dr. Whellman reports the cutest and ing of the oars came nearer and nearer. My heart beat violently. Great God the moon came out and shone full on my face. I cased myself down until only the tip of my nose was above the surface. "Thank heaven." I breathed, as a cloud obscured the moon just as the boat brushed the moon just as the boat brushed the will will curious intelligence he replied that oars, actually struck under with their oars, actually struck under with their oars, actually struck under with their oars, actually struck we once, and just as laws about to seize the boat and take my chances of turning it over and escaping.

I have a little boy had died, and I moved away. One evening, while walking along a lonely graceful ostrich feathers. They wore silk trousers and silver slippers, and their finger and clinging to each other, we at last trousers and silver slippers, and their finger and clinging to each other, we at last trousers and silver slippers, and their finger and clinging to each other, we at last trousers and silver slippers, and their finger and clinging to each other, we at last trousers and silver slippers, and their finger and clinging to each other, we at last trousers and silver slippers, and their finger and clinging to each other, we at last trousers and silver slippers, and their finger and clinging to each other, we at last trousers and silver slippers, and their finger and clinging to each other, we at last trousers and silver slippers, and their finger and clinging to each other, we at last trousers and silver slippers, and their finger and clinging to each other, we at last trousers and silver slippers, and their finger and clinging to each other, we at last trousers and silver slippers, and their finger and clinging to each other, we at last trousers and silver slippers, and their finger and clinging to each other, we at last the floor below, where we found, after much difficulty, the door leading to the road. Feeling that there we should be sweetest little boy and clinging to each other, we are slippers, and their sweetest little love story we have had from knew, then, that he was a waif, and I took him home with me. In the night he cried, and I got up and sat by the fire with him and rocked him. He was very delicate, but he was a light that shone on my withgring soul. This is the child, and, he's wearing the little boots that I put on the human. Over and over went he, and at last lit in a audhole, colled like a ball against the soft clay bank, and finally got on his feet and started back to see his Dulcinea. She at the same time was making for him. They met and embraced, regardless of clay or bruises. The Iowa lover was heard to remark: "Duckey, I will never leave you till you are my wife." The justice of the peace was sent for, and the twaine returned to the farm as one.—Mitchell (Minn)

> y Lage.-Speaking of President Arthur, there is a gentleman in this city who went We may be ferried across the dark river, or led through a shadowed valley. Dazzled with a blaze o glory, and guided by its down-falling light, we may rise up through trackless space alone, or we may be borned aloft on the shining wings of mighty angels, or on flaming chariots of fire. It doesn't matter. We shall go by the fountain of blood; by the cross of the Lord Jesus Christ. This much we know, and God will provide for our ascension. How we shall feel is yet unknown. How we shall feel is yet unknown. When washing the sleep from our eyes in the river of life, and lifting our faces up to-life with a dark river, or led through the first of the problem in the United States." The problem in the United States. The

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