THE ROANOKE NEWS.

JOHN W. SLEDGE, PROPRIETOR. A NEWSPAPER FOR THE PEOPLE. TERMS:—$1.50 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE

VOL. XXXIV. WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, JULY 27, 1899. NO. 13.

RAW AS BEEF FROM ECZEMA!

No Torture Equal to the Itching and Burning of This Fearful Disease.

Not much attention is often paid to the first symptoms of Eczema, but it is not long before the little redness begins to itch and burn. This is but the beginning, and will lead to suffering and torture almost unendurable. It is a common mistake to regard a roughness and redness of the skin as merely a local irritation; it is but an indication of a humor in the blood—of terrible Eczema—which is more than skin-deep, and can not be reached by local applications of ointments, salves, etc., applied to the surface. The disease itself, the real cause of the trouble, is in the blood, although all suffering is produced through the skin; the only way to reach the disease, therefore, is through the blood.

Mr. Phil T. Jones, of Mixersville, Ind., writes:

"I had Eczema thirty years, and after a great deal of treatment my leg was so raw and sore that it gave me constant pain. It finally broke into a running sore, and began to spread and grow worse. For the past five or six years I have suffered untold agony and had given up all hope of ever being free from the disease, as I have been treated by some of the best physicians and have taken many blood medicines, all in vain. With little faith left I began to take S. S. S., and it apparently made the Eczema worse, but I knew that this was the way the remedy got rid of the poison. Continuing S. S. S., the sore healed up entirely, the skin became clear and smooth, and I was cured perfectly."

Eczema is an obstinate disease and can not be cured by a remedy which is only a tonic. Swift's Specific—

S. S. S. FOR THE BLOOD

—is superior to other blood remedies because it cures diseases which they can not reach. It goes to the bottom—to the cause of the disease—and will cure the worst case of Eczema, no matter what other treatment has failed. It is the only blood remedy guaranteed to be free from potash, mercury or any other mineral, and never fails to cure Eczema, Scrofula, Contagious Blood Poison, Cancer, Tetter, Rheumatism, Open Sores, Ulcers, Boils, etc. Insist upon S. S. S.; nothing can take its place.

● Books on these diseases will be mailed free to any address by Swift Specific Company, Atlanta, Georgia.

The Peerless Wine, Scuppernong!

In Thousands of American Households.

SHOULD BE IN ALL.

BLACKBERRY made by GARRETT & CO. is an unfailing remedy and all their goods are guaranteed to give satisfaction.

Home Office, CHOCKOYOTTE, N. C. Branch Warehouse, MEMPHIS, TENN.

je 8 1y

The Biggest Thing In Norfolk

Seek No Further! Better Cannot Be Found!

Jordan's LADIES' AND GENTLEMAN'S Cafe

241 MAIN STREET, NORFOLK, VA.

At Jordan's Cafe you get the best 25 cent meal on earth, and everything the market affords, served to order in the best style. Good attention to everybody. It is the cleanest, cheapest and best Cafe on or off the earth. Old popular prices

REGULAR MEALS Breakfast, Dinner, Supper 25 Cents Each.

If you go to the BEST you go to JORDAN'S CAFE. And if you go to Jordan's Cafe, you go to the BEST.

AMOS P. JORDAN, Keeps this place.

Open all Night. Lodging 50c.

jy 6 1y

Old Jacob Grovers' Selected and Private Stock Rye Whiskey, of the Purest Distillation, and is Recommended to all who use or Require a Stimulant of Reliable quality.

DAVENPORT MORRIS & CO., Sole agents for the Distiller, Richmond, Va.

MR. W. D. SMITH, at Weldon, N. C. is the sole distributing agent at that point, for the above old and Celebrated Whiskey.

DAVENPORT MORRIS & CO.

mar 31 6m.

J. L. JUDKINS,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer In Fine——

Staple and Fancy Groceries,

FRUITS. CONFECTIONERIES.

Crockery, Glass Tin, and woosten and willowware. Also Pratt's Horse, Cow, Hog and Poultry Food, and Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic. Alexander's Liver and Kidney Tonic for purifying the blood. This tonic is warranted or money refunded.

J. L. JUDKINS,

No. 23 Washington Ave., Weldon, N. C.

dec 11 1y.

W. T. PARKER,

Weldon, N. C.

——DEALER IN——

Heavy and Fancy Groceries

Queensware, Cutlery, Plows, Plow Castings, Hoes, Forks.

——RECEIVER AND SHIPPER OF——

Corn, Hay & Oats

aug 1 1y

Grand Display

—OF—

SPRING AND SUMMER

MILLINERY.

FANCY GOODS and NOVELTIES.

Butterick's Patterns.

R. & G. CORSETS,

Misses at 50c., Ladies 75c. to $1.

Prices will be made to suit the times. Hats and bonnets made and trimmed to order.

MRS. P. A. LEWIS, Weldon, N. C

DR. T. T. ROSS,

DENTIST

Weldon, N. C.

Office over Emry & Pierce'store.

10-19-1y.

Mother's Journey.

SHE WAS GOING ALONE.

KISS ME GOOD BY MY DEAR FOR IN THE MORNING BEFORE YOU ARE AWAKE I SHALL BE GONE.

There is a hint in the following incident of the way in which children may be trained so as not to regard deat has the king of terrors:—

That night, before they went to bed, they were allowed to go in and kiss their mother good-night. This privilege had been denied them lately, and their hearts responed with joy to the invitation. Mamma was better, or she could not see them. The doctor had cured her. They would love him for it all their lives! She was very pale, but smiling, and her first words to them were: "I am going on a journey."

"A journey!" cried the children. "Will you take us with you?"

"No; it is a long, long journey."

"Mamma is going to the South," said Katy, "the doctor has ordered her to. She will get well in the orange groves of Florida."

"I am going to a far distant country, more beautiful than even the lovely South," said the mother, faintly, "and I will not come back."

"You are going alone, mamma?" asked Katy.

"No," said the mother, in a low, sweet voice, "I am not going alone. My physican goes with me. Kiss me good bye, my dear ones, for in the morning before you are awake I shall be gone. You will come to me when you are made ready, but each must make the journey alone."

In the morning she was gone. When the children awoke their father told them of the beautiful country at which mother had safely arrived while she slept.

"How did she go? Who came for her? they asked, amid their tears.

"The chariot of isreal and the horsemen thereof!" their father told them, solemnly.

People wonder at the peace and happiness expressed in the faces of these motherless children. When asked about their mother they say, "She has gone on a journey," and every night and morning they read in her Guide-book of that land where she now lives, whose inhabitants shall no more say, 'I am sick,' and where God shall wipe all tears from their eyes."—Detroit Free Press.

NO GIRLS ALLOWED.

Lady—Do you know where little boys go to who bathe on Sunday?

First Arab—Yus. It's farder up the canal side. But you can't go. Girls ain't allowed.

DEMAND FOR STRAWS.

The girls in a Kentucky town have formed a society and have for their motto. "The lips that touch liquor shall never touch ours." There is a big demand for straws in that vicinity just now —Chicago News.

THE STUFF THAT WINS.

Editor—I sent you word that we didn't want anybody.

Applicant—Yes, sir: but I thought if I succeeded in getting a position where you don't want anybody it might convince you that I can hustle!—Puck.

"Doctor, my husband says black and red spots appear before his eyes every night. What do you advise?" "I advise that he stop playing poker."

Cupid's work is done when the baby comes. The soft, little, clinging, helpless mite is the crown of love. Its coming marks the completion of Cupid's object. Cupid brings two loving souls together—the baby holds them together.

A woman is never so womanly, so beautiful, so happy as when she is a mother. Yet motherhood is denied to some women and feared by others.

The fear of motherhood is rapidly passing away and nothing has done so much to drive it away as the record of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

Dr. Pierce has held that danger and pain at the time of parturition were really unnecessary and unnatural, and that if every woman were healthy and strong as Nature meant her to be this function would be performed painlessly and safely. The abuse of centuries of corsets—of health destroying inactivity—of debilitating artificial life have made it impossible for some women to fully return to the perfect healthfulness of a natural state but every woman may be helped to a large degree. The organs directly involved may be strengthened, purified, invigorated for the time of trial and for this purpose Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has been used with success by hundreds of thousands of women. It is the product of the skill and experience of a regularly graduated physician—a skilled specialist who for over thirty years has successfully treated the diseases of women.

Unlike many modern medicines Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription contains no whisky, alcohol, sugar, syrup, opium or narcotic of any kind and its use does not, therefore, create a craving for stimulants.

Mrs. Annie Blacker, of 509 Catherine St., Syracuse, N. Y., writes: "Your medicines have done wonders for me. For years my health was very poor; I had four miscarriages, but since taking Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and 'Favorite Prescription' I have much better health, and I now have a fine healthy baby."

In A Fire At Night.

A DRUMMER'S EXPERIENCE IN A HOTEL.

WHAT HE HAD PLANNED TO DO IN JUST SUCH A CONTINGENCY AND WHAT HE REALLY DID WHEN THE OPPORTUNITY OFFERED ITSELF.

"It's queer—not to say a source of chagrin—the difference between our intentions and our performances, isn't it?' said a commercial traveler at one of the hotels the other night. "I was in the Hotel Baldwin fire in San Francisco and lost everything I had along with me, including a thousand and odd dollars' worth of jewelry and all of my sample cases but one and I was glad to get out with my life at that. It was the first hotel fire in which I had figured. I had often mentally calculated upon what I should do in case a hotel in which I was a guest should begin to conflagrate. I was going to be the coolest headed man within a radius of many miles. If the fire should break out in the middle of the night while I was in bed, I intended to get up very coolly upon being awakened, deliberately slip on enough clothing to keep me out of the hands of the police upon making my appearance, get my money and then pick up my most valuable sample case and the valise in which I had packed articles of clothing in current use and walk out, leaving the rest of my gear to take its chance upon the fire being squelched. On my way through the corridors, in case I met up with any beautiful, supplicating maidens or any aged, incapable women, I had it all pictured how I would drop my two grips and take them down the seething stair-case, one on each arm, presenting a heroic and inspiring spectacle as I emerged from the caldron of flames.

"Well, what happened? Luckily for me, I had a third story front room in the Baldwin. The fire broke out in the basement along toward 3 o'clock in the morning. I snored luxuriously until about a dozen engines were throwing streams on the lower portion of the structure. When I was in the middle of a dream that I was standing in front of a lot of big stores on a great business thoroughfare, throwing croquet balls through huge plate glass windows—it was the smashing glass down below that got me into that strain of dreaming—I woke up. The glare in my room was something luminous. Did I slowly stretch, say to myself, 'Here's that long waited for fire, and it's up to me to be the man of the hour and the real thing?'

"Not much did I! I just hopped up like a man who finds a family of centipeds in his bed. I grabbed a pair of rubbers that were lying alongside my bed and put them on the wrong feet, giving all the time during the performance a realistic exhibition of a man undergoing a swamp chill. Then I snatched a mackintosh that I had thrown over my trunk on coming in the night before and folded it after considerable difficulty, owing to my chill tremblings, over my pyjamas Then I reached for a hat, and of course it was about my luck to get the worst hat I owned out of half a dozen scattered over the room Then I made for the door. I want you to understand that I made for the door in a hurry too.

"On my way to the door I stumbled over one of my sample cases and kicked it over in front of the door. I had to pick it up in order to open the door, and so I hung on to it and took it along with me. I afterward found it to be the least consequential sample case I had, one that I could very easily have dispensed with compared with those that I lost. Jewelry? Money? Duds? I wasn't thinking any more of them when I frantically unlocked and unbarred that door of mine than I was of taking a balloon before breakfast in the morning and starting for the north pole. I just wanted to get out, that's all. The halls were filled with smoke, I found, but after ten years of stopping annually at the Baldwin, generally in the same room, I knew the stairways and the route down to the lobby pretty well, and I just put my free hand over my mouth and nose and made the rush.

"D'ye suppose that if I had met 40 of the most beautiful maidens on the globe—supplicating, imploring maidens—standing there confused in that third floor hallway I'd have picked 'em up one in each arm and, permitting them to gently nestle up against my mackintosh, have carried them triumphantly down the stairs and out into the street and under the broad arch of heaven and all that? No, I wouldn't have. It's grievous and grewsome to have to confess it, but I'd just have yelled at them to follow my route and then have kept on getting over territory myself. I fell down the first flight of stairs, from top to bottom, then picked myself up with the one idea of getting out, scampered to the head of the second flight of stairs and fell down those. I lit on the flagging of the lobby, and in two more seconds I was in the street. When, a few minutes later, I reflected upon my loss and the general hamlike character of my conduct, did I want to go back and get my things and do the whole thing over again right and in accordance with my preconceived intentions in case of a hotel fire? Nope. I was content to stand there in the street and figure how I'd perform the next time I got similarly caught."—Washington Star.

Called Him.

A BLUFF ALL ROUND.

A LITTLE MAN BEATS A DRUMMER AT HIS OWN GAME.

"It was done so nicely that I couldn't get mad," explained the drummer who was spending a few days home. "While I was out on my last trip I arrived one day at a town where some sort of celebration was being held, and when I tried to get a room at the only hotel in the town, the clerk said he was sorry, but every room in the house was engaged.

"Now, at one time I was a telegraph operator, and when I was waiting for trains I amused myself by reading the messages going over the wires. It suddenly struck me that while at a railway station down the line I had read a message asking the clerk at the hotel where the celebration was being held to reserve a room. It was signed by a man by the name of Brown, and it occurred to me that it was a good chance to run a bluff?

"Didn't you get my telegram?" said I. 'Brown's my name.'

"'Oh, beg pardon, Mr. Brown!' exclaimed the clerk, 'we have a room reserved for you all right.'

"Well, the joke was too good to keep and when I ran across a couple of disconsolate drummers who had been unable to get rooms, and were bewailing the fact that they would have to camp in the office chairs for the night, I told them how I had succeeded in getting a room.

"There was a quiet little man sitting near who took it all in, and when I arrived at the point where the laugh came in he said, with a smile, that he was sorry to disappoint me, but his name was Brown, and he would trouble me for his room.

"I wilted right then and there, and invited every one to have something at my expense, and the quiet little man had the nerve to include himself in the invitation.

"Well, along about midnight, when I was trying to get to sleep doubled up in an office chair. I heard some one quarreling with the night clerk.

"'I tell you my name is Brown!' roared the voice. 'I telegraphed you down the line to hold a room for me.'

"That put me wide awake at once, and what I learned made me boil. That miserable little cuss that I had given my room up to was not Brown at all. He had called my bluff by running a bigger one himself.

"And he had the gall the next morning to ask me how I had slept."

ONE THING THEY DIDN'T HAVE.

E. H Sothern tells a good story of his father, the famous Dundreary. Whenever the elder Sothern arrived at a town one of his first means of diversion was to stroll about the streets and have fun with the natives. He was in Chicago during its earliest days, and one day he saw a sign over an undertaker's establishment which read:

"Everything Furnished For First Class Funerals."

Going inside, he inquared, "Do you furnish everything for funerals?"

"Yes, sir," replied the clerk.

"Then I want a coffin."

"Do you want carriages too?"

"Yes; have five ready."

"Certainly, sir. Anything else?"

"Three dozen chairs."

"Anything else?"

"You might have a hearse ready. And now I would like to look at a corpse."

The clerk was amazed.

"Now," said Sothern, "you advertise to furnish everything for funerals. If you can't do the thing thoroughly, I shall have to patronize another store."

And, wishing the clerk good day, the comedian departed.

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for children, while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhœa. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. 25 cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind

DEAD GONE.

Her Father from the head of the stairs)—Ethel, is that young man gone?

Ethel (in an ecstatic stage whisper)—Awfully, papa.—Tit-Bits.

CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if its fails to cure. 25c. The genuine has L. B. Q. on each tablet. For sale by W. M. Cohen Druggist, Weldon, N. C.

CASTORIA. Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought

Just A Curtain Fire.

DANGEROUS PLACE FOR A MAN.

IT WAS IN A GIRLS' BOARDING SCHOOL AND DID COMPLICATED DAMAGE.

A fire in a skyscraper may be thrilling, but for dramatic episodes and unexpected complications a fire in a girls' boarding school surpasses it. The boarding school fire is usually what is known among insurance men as a curtain fire, but a curtain fire in a girls' school is more exciting and causes more casualties than an ordinary blaze anywhere else.

One evening last week two girls, who occupy a microscopic hall bedroom in a swell up town school, took the globes off the gas fixtures for hair curling purposes and left them off, because it was easier to do that than to put them on again. Then the girls raised the window a trifle in order to cool the room and dutifully sat down to write home letters. The inevitable happened, and when girl number one poised her pen in the air and glanced around the room in search of inspiration she saw the curtains in a blaze. She screamed. Girl number two looked around and echoed the scream. Then, with promptitude and discretion, both girls fainted The screams had attracted the attention of the other girls, who rushed to the scene and then did various and sundry stunts, according to their several dispositions. One fainted, several wept, a few ran out of the house, and the rest shouted for the one man on the premises.

When he arrived, things looked rather hopeless. Curtains and woodword were blazing finely. The floor door was littered with prostrate forms, and when three girls have fainted on the floor of a hall bedroom there isn't much space in the room for promenading. The man picked his way across the prostrate forms and ordered all the girls who were not in a dead faint to leave the room, but they didn't go until he lost his temper and spoke with a force which isn't common in boarding school circles. Then they fled; but unluckily, there was an enemy in the rear. A vigorous and practical woman from Texas had been inspired to go after some water. Returning in mad haste with a large pitchetful of water borne triumphantly aloft, she collided with the retreating forces at the door. The pitcher struck the leader of the retreat squarely in the face and knocked out two of her front teeth, whereupon the injured girl made the fainting trio a quartet and the water carrier dropped her pitcher and went into violent hysterics.

Hysteria, as boarding school teachers know to their sorrow, is contagious, and the one case touched off the crowd. By the time teachers arrived upon the scene the fire was out, but the survivors were in a bad way. It was necessary to put nine-tenths of the school to bed and order wholesale doses of bromide. Even now the girls insist that they haven't recovered from the shock sufficiently to do hard studying, and the victims of the water pitcher are both under the care of trained nurses. As for the man, he gave up his place the next day and confided to the cook that he was going to look for a job in a lunatic asylum, where his boarding school experience would be of value to him.—New York Sun.

DR. CADY'S CONDITION POWDERS, are just what a horse needs when in bad condition. Tonic, blood purifier and vermifuge. They are not food but medicine and the best in use to put a horse in prime condition. Price 25c per package. **

For sale by W. M. Cohen Weldon J. N. Brown, Halifax, Dr. A. S. Harrison, Enfield, Druggists

EXERCISE.

"We have walked eleven miles this morning without stopping," said one Filipino soldier, discontentedly.

"That's so," answered the other. "We might as well join a golf club and be done with it."—Washington Star.

THE BEST PRESCRIPTION

For chills and fever is a bottle of Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic. Never fails to cure; why then experiment with worthless imitations? Price 50 cents. Your money back if it fails to cure. For sale by W. M. Cohen, Weldon, N. C.

HIS MOTIVE MADE CLEAR.

Judge—"So hunger led you to steal this man's satchel?"

Prisoner—"Yes, yer honor; yer orter know I wouldn't be caught dead wearin' any o' them milk-lookin' pink shirts of his 'n."—Chicago Record.

Why were 25,000 BOTTLES OF ROBERTS' TASTELESS 25c. CHILL TONIC sold the first year of its birth? Answer: Because it is the BEST AT ANY PRICE, guaranteed to cure, money refunded if it fails, pleasant to take, 25c per bottle. It is sold and guaranteed by

W. M. Cohen, Druggist, - Weldon, N C J. N. Brown, Halifax; Jackson Drug Co., Jackson.

CASTORIA. Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought

African Dwarfs.

ALL FULLY DEVELOPED.

THEY LIVE AND DIE IN THE GREAT GLOOMY FORESTS.

The English traveler Alfred B. Lloyd, who has made the journey from Victoria Nyanza, to the mouth of the Kongo in three months, the quickest time on record, using the Kongo steamboat service and railroad for two-thirds of the way, traveled through the great equatorial forest of which Stanley gave so vivid a description. His route was a little to the south of Stanley's road, and he saw much of the dwarfs who inhabit the forest region.

"I was three weeks crossing the great forest," he said. "Often the darkness even at midday is remarkable. Sometimes I was unable to read at noon, when as you know, the sun near the equator is almost directly overhead One day I tried to photograph my tent, but failed on account of the dimness of the light. I walked throughout the forest journey, though I had a saddle ass with me. I could not use him without constantly exposing myself to the danger of being unsaddled by the vines that hung over the path. We sometimes narrowly escaped being killed by the fall of enormous trees some of whose trunks measured over 20 feet in circumference. The silence of death reigns in this forest unless broken by animals or the fall of trees."

Mr. Lloyd found game in abundance. There were numerous elephants, leopards buffaloes and antelopes in the forest. At night he lit fires to keep animals away from the camp. He saw many more dwarfs than Stanley met in the same region and thus described them to the London News:

"I saw a great many of the pygmies, but, generally speaking, they kept out of the way as much as possible. At one place in the middle of the forest called Holenga I staid at a village of a few huts occupied by so called Arabs. There I came upon a great number of pygmies who came to see me. They told me that unknown to myself they had been watching me for five days, peering through the growth of the primeval forest at our caravan. They appeared to be very frightened, and even speaking covered their faces. I slept at this village, and in the morning I asked the chief to allow me to photograph the dwarfs He brought ten or 15 of them together, and I was enabled to secure a snapshot. I couldn't give a time exposure, as the pygmies would not stand still.

"Then with great difficulty I tried to measure them and found not one of them over four feet in height. All were fully developed. The women were somewhat slighter than the men, but were equally well formed.

"I was amazed at their sturdiness. Their arms and chests were splendidly developed, as much so as in a good specimen of an Englishman. These men have long beards half way down the chest, which imparts to them a strange appearance. They are very timid and cannot look a stranger in the face. Their eyes are constantly shifting, as the case of monkeys. They are fairly intelligent.

"I had a long talk with the chief, and he conversed intelligently about the extent of the forest and the number of his tribe. Except for a tiny strip of bark cloth, men and women are quite nude. They are armed with bows and arrows—the latter tripped with deadly poison—and carry small spears. They are entirely nomadic, sheltering at night in small huts two feet to three feet in height. They never go outside the forest. During the whole time I was with them they were perfectly friendly.

"In all parts of the forest I found a fairly good track, perhaps a couple of feet wide, overhung and crossed by boughs and enormous creepers; but generally speaking, it was easier to cut our way right through the tropical growth."

Proof of the pudding lies in the eating of it. Proof of ROBERTS' TASTELESS CHILL TONIC lies in the taking of it. COST NOTHING if it fails to cure. 25 cents per bottle if it cures. Sold strictly on its merits by

W. M. Cohen, Druggist, - Weldon, N. C. J. N. Brown, Halifax; Jackson Drug Co., Jackson, N. C.

A GREAT TRUTH.

"There's poetry in everything," observed the poet.

"You're right," replied the editor, "for instance, there's a stove full of it."—Exchange.

TETTER, SALT RHEUM AND ECZEMA.

The intense itching and smarting incident to these diseases, is instantly allayed by applying Chamberlain's Eye and Skin Ointment. Many very bad cases have been permanently cured by it. It is equally efficient for itching piles and a favorite remedy for sore nipples, chapped hands, chilblains, frost bites and chronic sore eyes 25c. per box. **

For sale by W. M. Cohen, Weldon, J. N. Brown, Halifax, Dr. A. S. Harrison, Enfield, Druggists

A Natural Wonder.

A SIGHT TO BEHOLD.

THE MOST TREMENDOUS CANYON IN THE WORLD.

It is abruptly countersunk in the forest plateau, says John Muir in the Atlantic, so that you see nothing of it until you are suddenly stopped on its brink, with its immeasurable wealth of divinely colored and sculptured buildings before you and beneath you. No matter how far you may have wandered hitherto, or how many famous gorges and valleys you have seen, this one, the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, will seem as novel to you, as unearthly in the color and grandeur and quantity of its architecture, as if you had found it after death on some other star, so incomparably lovely and grand and supreme is it above all the other delightful canyons in our fire-molded, earthquake-shaken, rain-washed, wave-washed, river and glacier sculptured world. It is about 6,000 feet deep where you first see it, and from rim to rim ten to fifteen miles wide. And instead of being dependent for interest on waterfalls, depth, wall sculpture and beauty of park-like floor, like most other great canyons, no waterfalls are in sight and no appreciable floor space. The big river has just room enough to flow and roar obscurely, here and there groping its way as best it can like a weary, murmuring, overladen traveler trying to escape from the tremendous bewildering labyrinthic abyss, while its roar serves only to mellow and deepen the silence. Instead of being filled only with air, the vast space between the walls is crowded with nature's grandest buildings—a sublime city of them painted in every color of the rainbow and adorned with richly fretted cornice and battlement, spire and tower in endless variety of style and architecture. Every architectural invention of man has been anticipated, and far more in this grandest of God's terrestrial cities.

A stout heart may be ruined in fortune, but not in spirit.

The Coming of Baby

brings joy or pain. It's for the mother to decide. With good health and a strong womanly organism, motherhood but adds to a woman's attractiveness.

McELREE'S Wine of Cardul

takes away all terrors by strengthening the vital organs. It fits a mother for baby's coming. By revitalizing the nerve centres it has brought chubby, crowing youngsters to thousands of weak women who feared they were barren. It purifies, heals, regulates and strengthens, and is good for all women at all times. No druggist would be without it. $1 00

For advice in cases requiring special directions, address, giving symptoms, "The Ladies' Advisory Department," The Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn. ● ●

MRS. LOUISA HALE, of Jefferson, Ga., says:—"When I first took Wine of Cardul we had been married three years, but could not have any children. Nine months later I had a fine girl baby."

WOOD'S NEW CROP

Turnip Seeds

are now ready.

If your Merchant does not sell Wood's Seeds, write to us for special Price-List. Our aim is to grow and supply Seeds that are adapted in kind, variety and growth to the soil and climate of the South, and that we are succeeding is evidenced by the large sale and splendid reputation which Wood's Seeds enjoy.

Circular giving prices and information about Seasonable Field Seeds, German Millet, Buckwheat, Navy Beans, Crimson Clover, etc., mailed on request.

T. W. Wood & Sons, Seedsmen, Richmond, Va.

WOOD'S FALL CATALOGUE issued in August tells all about Crimson Clover, Hairy or Sandvetch, Rape, Winter Turf or Grazing Oats, Seed Wheats, Grasses and Clovers, Turnip and Vegetable Seeds, Hyacinths, Tulips etc.

Catalogue mailed free—write for it.

THE BEST WATCH CHAIN ON EARTH

For $1.00. Made while you wait at the wire Jewelry stand,

354 MAIN ST., NORFOLK, VA.

Mail orders receive prompt attention. All goods warranted.

J. W. DENNIS, Norfolk, Va.

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