Infants and Children. MOTHERS

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For Infants and Children

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To give full strength, development and tone to every portion and organ of the body,
Age no barrier. Failure impossible. Two thousand references. Age no parter. Failure impossible. I wo
thousand references.
The book is purely medical and scientific,
useless to curiosity seekers, invaluable to men
only who need it.
A despairing man, who had applied to us,

A despairing man, who had applied to us, soon after wrote:

"Well, I tell you that first day is one I'll never forget. I just bubbled with joy. I wanted to hug everybody and tell them my old self had died yesterday, and my new self was born to-day. Why didn't you tell me when I first wrote that I would find it this war?"

And another thus:

"If you dumped a cart load of gold at my feet it would not bring such gladness into my life as your method has done."

Write to the ERIE MEDICAL COMPANY, Buffalo, N. Y., and ask for the little book called "COMPLETE MANHOOD." Refer to this paper, and the company promises to send the book, in sealed envelope, without any warkers of orther free until it is well intromarks, and entirely free, until it is well intro-

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The Morning Star.

LAUGH ALONG! If the world present a sorrow, Laugh at it, Chaff at it.

Chaff at it.

Is there threat of wee tomorrow?

Chaff at it.

Laugh at it.

The joy will come as surely

If you face the world demurely.

Or the grief will fall as certain

If you strive to rend the curtain,

From the coming day to borrow

All its store of joy or sorrow.

So let the world keep drifting—

Laugh at it.

Chaff at it—

The deeds of mortals sifting.

The deeds of mortals sifting.
Chaff at it,
Laugh at it.
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

IN SHADY CANYON.

One day when the stage arrived at Big Flats a very handsome, well dressed, athletic looking young man alighted and took the trail for Shady Canyon. Turning the corner of a huge granite column, out of whose perpendicular split center grew a stunted pine, he stopped short and laughed outright at the kittenish antics of a small girl playing alone by the trail. The girl stopped her play and stood before him with hands down and clasped, looking straight into his face, not boldly nor yet bashfully, but with a sort of wonderment of expression. She was a very small oreature, and as to age might have been anywhere from 12 to 16. Her hair, which was a peculiar yellow, was cut close to her head.

The young man started slightly when he met the full gaze of the strange, yellow eyes. "Cat eyes" was his first thought. A repelling fascination crept over him as the impression deepened in his mind that there was an indescribable feline expression all over the child. So swiftly do one's thoughts take shape, before he could bring his lips to form a question the ridiculous idea had come and gone that should he turn away from the moveless stars of those curious yellow eyes the small creature would spring upon his shoulders a ferociously wild

"My little girl, can you tell me how far it is to Shady Canyon?" She bobbed her head over one shoulder, thus indicating both distance and direction. "See it?"

He flushed slightly at the nearness to the town or maybe at the implication conveyed in the tone and the gesture. "Nobody ever said that to me since died."

"Said what?" " 'My little girl.' " "What is your name?" "It's Cat Eyes since he died."

The creepy sensation again came over the young man when the child uttered the first thought which had come to him about her eyes. He conquered the feeling and asked her very kindly, "How long has it been since he died?"

"It has been 100 years, I think. Anything in that," nodding to the valise which he carried, "that'd get out?" Assured that there was not, she continued in her quiet, quaint way. "Then I'll carry it up to the house for you, 'cause you called me what he used to."

He let her take it and followed her up the trail just to see how the adventure would end. To him anything that promised a new sensation would surely be followed. He was only 24, but he had been born rich, artistically, intellectually, physiologically and financially, and had been adventurously prodigal with all these gifts. A few steps below the trail one of some boys who were picking gum from a burned pine log said to his companions, purposely loud enough that the girl might hear, "By Jehosephat, it's Cat Eyes a-towing a greenhorn up to Mrs. Squeers'."

She put down the valise and turned upon them in a fury of rage and shame, but they had vanished in a chorus of laughter. The girl could not have told why she was ashamed, but ashamed she was. Cat Eyes belonged to Shady Canyon, but not a child in the village would play with her. They said they were afraid of her cat eyes and that sparks would fly from her yellow hair. One boy declared that he had only given her hair the least little touch, and that she had turned into an angry yellow cat and scratched his face. Some of the people said her mother had been frightened ter-

ribly by a cat. Three years before, on a chilly Sunday afternoon, she had been left crouching on her father's grave. Each kind hearted woman thought of course that some other kind hearted woman would care for her. And so it happened that Mrs. Squeers, returning from a walk in the woods, took the sobbing child to her saloon and gambling resort. The child's father had squandered many a goldpiece in her place, and when the child clung to her in her desolation a feeling of pro-

tection sprang up in her heart. Mrs. Squeers was an educated woman with much graciousness of manner. So she was popular with the men. Cat Eyes, thesefore, in spite of her environments, received some advantages of

speech and polish from the woman. Cat Eyes led the young man into Mrs. Squeers' place. Vernon Allinson, which was the young man's name, did not stay, as Cat Eyes had hoped, but went to the little hotel, whose creaking signboard seemed always lamenting a better time. Allinson's stay at Shady Canyon lengthened into months. He took Cat Eyes on long rambles up steep heights where they had to use their hands to help them up. On these long rambles their talks were grave and quiet and on many subjects. She learned much from him and was an eager though unobtrusive listener. One evening she was called into the saloon to recite. She had a marvelous voice, and it amazed the crowd. Barty, a sport, in his enthusiasm attempted to kiss her, when Vernon struck him a blow on the face. There would have been bloodshed had not Mrs. Squeers interfered. Barty swore that he would have revenge. At the same time Allinson peremptorily told Mrs. Squeers to send Cat Eyes out of the place and never have her in the saloon again.

Frightened and stupid with amazement, she was sent to her room and never again recited in the saloon. But from that hour she was a self abnegated slave to Allinson and was afraid that Barty

would take vengeance upon him.
One crisp, cold morning in the late fall she stood among the fading flowers and yellow leaves in the garden, with an ache of intuition in her heart. She had changed much in a few monthsno longer a child, not yet a woman. Presently Allinson called to her, as he had done on other mornings. A dull

He carried the gripsack which he had brought to the place. Silently, entirely subdued, she walked beside him down the canyon, and though he tried his best he could not get a word from her.

Just beyond the great bowlder where he first met her he said goodby. He made a pretty speech and gave her ad-vice. She only gazed and gazed at him with a helpless, vacant stare, which so irritated him that he dropped her hand and walked away.

"Stupid creature," he said to himself, "I've wasted a summer trying to put a soul into this odd creature."
While she in the dead leaves where he had left her standing dropped to the earth, shaking from head to foot with Office at Banking House of the tearless sobs. She bit the dry leaves and scratched her face with her hands, and there in the afternoon of the day Mrs. Squeers found her.

It was seven years since Vernon Allinson left the little girl Cat Eyes standing in the mountain path. He had just returned to San Francisco and stood shaking hands with an acquaintance; a young man much younger in years than he and knowledge of years.

"How long have you been in the

"Landed on California soil at 10 this morning."

"Straight from Paris?" "In a roundabout way, straight from "Then you have not seen the Tigress?"
"Nor heard of it. What is it?" "It? Ha, ha, ha! It's at Maguire's,

and it has set the town crazy in three nights." "A woman, I see," said Vernon in differently. "A woman you do not see," said the

other, "or you would not speak so indifferently. Oh, Vernon, such a woman! A glittering, dazzling creature, whose acting and face are indescribable and incomparable. You have never seen anything like her, I know." "Hard hit you are, my boy-very hard hit. You forget that I have dined

on the theater beauty of Paris, London and Madrid and had my virtue chilled in the cold of northern loveliness and scorched by the fires of Georgian eyes. Do you think I'll be captivated by an amateur in your primitive metropolis at the Golden Gate?"

"You may laugh at me, but you will not laugh after you have seen her." "Then, by all the saints, take me to

her at once." They were comfortably seated. A storm of applause announced the appearance of the debutante. "A glittering, dazzling creature, incomparable and indescribable." He caught himself repeating his friend's words, and from that moment his eyes never left her while she was in sight of them. "Tigress! Tigress! Why the Tigress?" he thought, then felt the appropriateness of

Only a tigress with the freedom of the jungle in its limbs could have such a superb grace of movement and perfection of contour. And such eyes, what were they? They were mirrors of topaz reflecting the gaslight. And her hair, what a glorious crown it was! He thought it rich amber in the shadows and spun sunshine when the lights fell upon it. And yet it was the impression rather than the appearance that made him repeat again and again, "Tigress, my beautiful Tigress," so quick are we

to lay claim to what pleases us. In the middle of the play he took the diamond pin from his cravat and the boutonniere from his coat, thrust the pin through the flowers and threw the improvised bouquet at her feet. She saw the gleam of light coming and the hand which had thrown it, and flashed her wonderful eyes on his face. He shivered in the fascination of them. She picked up the boutonniere, pinned it carelessly to her breast, then made an interpolation in the part she was playing and sang:

Oh, do you remember the well beaten trail
That led from the camp to the spring?
And the potpies we had from the squir'l and quail,
And the evenings when we used to sing?

The shady old camp is all gone to decay,

The ham bone has dropped from the pin,

The roof and the door have both rotted away, And the chimney is all tumbled in. The glorious voice rose untrammeled. The warm rich notes filled and thrilled the place. The words of the old song sung at so many campfires seemed to float and linger over the heads of the people. A large part of the audience were Californians of the old days, and the familiar tune with its memories made many a grizzled face wet with

Vernon did not appland. She had sung at him and for him. This was the girl he had thought stupid in the mountain path, shaded with pines, seven years ago. Cat Eyes had grown to the subtle grace and charm of the Tigress. He had been blind-so blind. Who had made this change? A fierce jealousy took possession of him. What man had taken up this beautiful creature? Allinson forgot that he had dropped her with a few words of cold advice.

"Take me to the stage to see her," he aid to his companion.

"Take you to the moon!" he replied. "Why not to the stage?" "Why not to the moon? One is as acpessible as the other to you." "Where does she live?" asked Allin-

"Who?" asked his friend. "The Tigress. Who else?"

"Don't know. It is said she does not receive callers, except those on busi-"Well, I'll find out." And he did. The next morning at an early hour he

handed his card to the Chinaman who opened the door, with the request to take it to the lady of the house. "I') sabe," said the Chinaman. Vernon pointed to the card, then to his hand, then into the house.

"No sabe." "Let me brighten your understanding." And he handed him a piece of money. "Heap no sabe," but there was a sly twinkle in the Chinaman's eye. Just then a young woman came to the door and invited him in. With his pulses on fire he waited to see if she would come. Then there was a sliding of folding does, the heavy curtains were pushed part, and the Tigress, in all her royal, graceful loveliness, stepped into the room. Vernon rose eagerly to meet her. She held his card in one

hand and extended the other and prosaically said, "Mr. Allinson, I'm pleased to meet you. This cold, beautiful woman, whose name he did not know, had evidently no prior knowledge of him. "Cat Eyes, it is not fair." These were not the words he intended to say. It was what he called her in Shady Canyon. He said it now with so much of the plaintive and petulent in his tone that Cat Eyes laughed. And such a

laugh! Clear as the ring of a silver bell. A musical ripple of merriment. Then she shook hands with him again. The ice was suddenly melted. They sat down facing each other, their knees nearly touching, so close were they. They lived over that summer in Shady Canyon.
"And do you remember," he said, 'that I made you a wreath of manzanita berries and crowned you queen, you, my little Cat Eyes—Miss— What is your name? Strange that I should have known you so long and not known your real

name." "An evidence that you have been very, very much interested in me." Remember I staid three months longer in Shady Canyon because you were there."

"I remember." 'Then pity my embarrassment. You have outgrown Cat Eyes. Your friends

"The Tigress." "Tigress be it then. My Tigress, my precious, royal, dangerous, jungle Tigress. My arms shall be your cage." He leaned forward to clasp her in his arms. There was something in the laughter of her shining topaz eyes that stopped him.

"There are 49 other cages with the same placard on them all ahead of yours.

"But I love you," he said. "Same announcement that the other 49 make," as she glanced at him. "But you loved me a little bit, did

you not?" "Maybe, but that was seven years ago. They say one changes utterly in seven years. And if Cat Eyes loved you it has exhaled and evaporated, and been

shorn from her head and clipped from her nails and rubbed off on towels. It is the Tigress now."

"You are cruel. You know I loved you so, seven years ago." "You must have loved me. How you must have loved me then!" The yellow topaz eyes were laughing, the mouth was still smiling, but the words were cutting and ended in a moan like that of a wounded wild beast. All the days of her joyless child-hood were crowded into it. The nails

of her hand, which rested on the arm of the sofa, dug into the velvet till her wrist was raised from the cushions and the knuckles of her fingers looked white because of the tenseness of the skin. He got up and sat down beside her and took her hands. "I love you terribly now. My love is an avalanche broken from every restraint. I love you, Miss Tigress."

"Perhaps Mrs. Tigress. I wonder you are not afraid to hold a tigress' paws. You might get scratched." "You've scratched my heart into shreds already. But tell-me, you do not live here without any protection?" "No; I have the most protecting of protectors. One who will not go away and leave me."

"Gods, who is he?" She laughed a happy laugh, peeped around into his eyes and said: "My manager is my protector. I live with my manager.'

He flung her hands savagely from him and sprang to his feet. "I would rather have met you face to face in redhot hell than under such circumstances!" He saw her face blanch to the whiteness of death, then went out. It was a restless day for him. That evening he went to the theater, but the Tigress did not appear. Something was wrong. He went to the house. All was silent. A great fear seized him. He tried the bell. It did not ring. It was muffled. He opened the door and entered. The parlors were closed. He saw another door. The light was low, and he saw that a woman was very sick and

the room as he entered the hall. He approached the bedside. "Cat Eyes," he said piteously. Two great hollow eyes opened and looked up wonderingly at him. As he bent over the bed he saw that the head on the pillow was gray.
"Mrs. Squeers," he said. A faint

heard the light step of some one leaving

smile of recognition lighted her fea-"She told me you were here. I wanted to see you. Sit down. You see I am

dying and have no time to waste in words. What do you want with her?" "I wanted to marry her." She pressed his hand with her thin, old, pale fingers. "Wanted is past. Do you want to marry her now? Will you

care for her and protect her?" "But her manager?" said Vernon, a great hope coming into his heart. "I'm the only manager and protector she has had. She told me all about your abrupt leaving yesterday. I knew you would return. I have guarded her closely the past seven years. All her teachers have been women. I closed my place in Shady Canyon after you left and have raveled and tried to arrest the consum tion, but it was no use. I had hoped that we would meet you sooner, because

I knew her heart. I'll be able to rest now. Go find her. Her shivering sobs made me die harder. I sent her away.' Vernon's heart gave a great bound of joy as he went intuitively to the place he saw her in the morning. He struck a match and lighted the gas. She lay on the lounge with her face buried in the satin pillow, her hands pressed against her head. He knelt beside her and touched her hair with his lips. "Forgive me." She started up, her

Forgive me." Still she did not answer. "I have been to her room. She sent me." "If she sent you," and she laid her hand gently on his forehead. The brightness had gone out of her face, but he

eyes flashing anger and surprise at him.

thought her all the more beautiful. "What a fool! Oh, what a fool I was not to know seven years ago that you loved me!" he said. "And what a fool not to know it

now!" There was bitterness-nay, almost contempt-in her voice, but the words were all satisfying. He caught her to his breast and kissed her, and kissed her eyelids and forehead, cold hands and pale cheeks, amber hair and her wrists, and her sleeves, and her tremulous mouth. Her head sank on his shoulder, her beautiful arms clasped round him, and a torrent of tears burst from her eyes, the first she had ever shed. - San Francisco Call.

An Indian Sweat Bath. The author of the little volume entitled "In the Heart of the Bitter Root Mountains" thus describes an Indian sweat bath, which must be very efficacious, with the exception of the very last stage in the process:

A pool of very cold water is found either in a spring or brook. A level piece of ground, about five feet in diameter, is then prepared near it, generally on the bank at the edge of the pool. Around the edge of this circular piece of ground, pliable willow sticks are stuck vertically into the earth, from eight inches to a foot apart, with an opening large enough for a man to pass in and out at the side facing the pool.

The tops of these sticks are gathered together, at a point about four feet above the ground. Finally, a small hollow is dug in the ground on the side opposite the door, and the structure is complete. When an Indian takes a bad cold or becomes sick from almost any cause, a sweat bath is prescribed. A number of stones, as large as a man's head, are heated in a hot fire near the willow arrangement, and several vessels, containing plenty of water, are placed inside. When the stones are almost redhot, several of them are taken from the fire and placed in the small hollow opposite the

A blanket is then thrown over the willow frame work, so as to inclose it completely. Then the Indian strips himself and crawls inside. The heat from the stones, together with the steam formed by dashing water on them, soon excites a profuse perspiration. When this stage is reached, the Indian rushes out of the sweat bath and plunges into the pool of cool water, where he remains but a few moments. After this he scrambles out and imagines himself

The Oldest the Youngest. Some of us know middle aged men still take part in boyish "larks." The death of Matthew Arnold, the apostle of "sweetness and 'light," was caused in his sixty-fifth year by leaping over a fence in a fit of juvenile high spirits.

Swedenborg imagines that in heaven the angels advance continually to the prime of youth, so that those who have been there longest are the youngest. Some of us have friends who seem to fulfill this idea. They preserve the freshness, guilelessness, hopefulness and elasticity of youth. They have put away the weakness, imperfection and immaturity of childhood. They retain its open mind and heart—"in wit, a man;

simplicity, a child."-Chambers'



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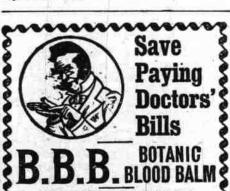
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In Effect Wednesday, May 27th, 1896.

GOING EAST, G			OING WEST.	
Passe ger Daily Fx Sunday.		STATIONS.	Passenger Daily Ex Sunday.	
Arrive	Leave		Arrive	Leave
P M. 5 15 6 37 P. M.	P. M. 3 20 4 12 5 25 6 42 P M.	Goldsboro Kin-ton Newbern More head City	A. M. 11 25 10 32 9 17 8 01 A. M.	A.M. 9 30 8 (7 A.M.

Train 4 connec's with W. & W. train bound North, leaving Go dsboro at 11 35 a m, and with Southern Railway train West, leaving Goldsboro 2.03 p. m., and with W. N. & N. at Newbern for Wilmington and intermediate points.

Train 3 connects with Southern Railway train, arr ving at Goldsboro 3.00 p m, and with W. & W. train from the North at 3.05 p, m. No. 1 train also connects with W. N. & N. for Wilmington and intermediate points,

Ma 27 tf

THE SUN

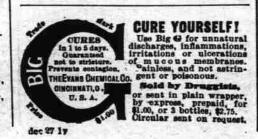
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In Effect Sunday, May 17, 1866

STATIONS. *6 , 18

Nos., 5 and 6 mixed trains,
Nos., 7 and 8 passenger trains.
Trains 8 and 7p m make connection with trains on
A. & N. C. R. R. for Morehead City and Beaufort.
Connection with Steamer Neuse at Newbern to and
from Elizabeth City and Norfolk Monday, Wednesday and Friday.
Steamer Geo D. Purdy makes daily trips between
Jacksonville and New River points.
*Monday, Wednesday and Friday.
†Tuesday, Thur.day and Saturday.
†Daily except Sunday.

ATLANTIC COAST LINE



SCHEDULE IN EFFECT June 20, 1896.

DAILY No. 48-Passenger-Due Magnelia 10.58 25 A M a m, Warsaw 11.06 a m, Goldsboro 12.01 a m, Wilson 12,52 p m, Rocky Mount 1,55 p m, Tarboro 2.40 p m, Weldon 3.32 p m, Petersburg 5.20 p m, Richmond 5.40 p m, Norfolk 6.05 p m, Washington 11.10 p m. Baltimore 13.58 a m, Philadelphia 3.45 a m, New York 6.58 a m, † soston 3.30 p m. DAILY No. 40-Passenger-Due Magnolia 8.30 1.00 P M p m, Warsaw 8.43 p m, Goidsboro 9.86 p m, Wilson 10.23 p m, + Tarboro 7.03 a m. Rocky Mouat 11.05 p m, Weidon 1.01 a m, †-sorfolk 10.40 a m, Petersburg 2.38 a m, Richmond 8.40 a m, Washington 7.00 a m, Baltimore 8.23 a m, Philadelphia 10,46 a m, New York 1,23 p m, Boston

SOUTHBOUND: DAILY No. 55-Passenger-Due Lake Wacca-1,30 P M maw 4,45 p m, Chadbourn 5,19 p m, Marion 6.29 p m, Florence 7.10 p m, Sumter 8.58 p m, Columbia 10.15 p m, Denmark 6,20 a m, Augusta 8,00 s m, Macon 11.00 a m, Atlanta 12.15 p m Charleston 10,58 p m, Savannah 1z,50 a m. Jacksonville 7.00 a m. St. Augustin

ARRIVALS AT WILMINGTON-FROM THE NORTH. DAIL) No. 49--Passenger-Leave *Boston 1.00 p m, New York 9.00 p m, Philadeldhia 12.05 a m, Baltimore 2.55 a m, Washington 4.30 a m, Richmond 9.05 a m, Peters burg 10.00 a m, Norfolk 8.40 a m, Weldon 11.55 a m, Tarboro 12.12 p m, Rocky Mount 12.45 p m, Wilson 2.10 p m, Golds boro 3,10 pm, Warsaw 4,02 pm, Magnoli 4,16 pm.

9.10 a.m., Tampa 6.00 p m.

DAILY No. 41-Passenger-Leave Boston 12.08 9.45 a m a m, New York 9.30 a m, Philadelphia 12.09 p m, Baltimore 2.25 p m, Washingon 3.46 p m, Richmond 7.30 p m, Peters burg 8.12 p m, +Norfolk 2.20 p m, Weldon 9.44 p m, †Tarboro 5,58 p m. Rocky Mount 5,45 a m, leave Wilson 6.20 a m, Goldsboro 7.05 a m, Warsaw 7.57 a m, Magnolia 8.10 a m. FROM THE SOUTH.

DAILY No. 54—Passenger—Leave Tampa 7,00 a 2.15 a m m, Sanford 1.55 p m, Jacksonville 7,60 p m Savannah 12.10 night, Charleston 4.55 a m, Columbia 5.45 a m, Atlanta 7.15 a m, Macon 9.00 a m, Augusta 2,25 pm, Denmark 4.17 pm, Sumter 7.10 a m., Florence 8.50 a m, Marion 9,31 a m, Chadbourn 10,35 a m, Lake Waccamaw 11,16 a m. †Daily except Sunday. Trains on Scotland Neck Branch Road leave Wel-

5.05 p m, Greenville 6.47 p m, Kinston 7 45 p m. Rs turning, leaves Kinston 7 20 a m, Greenville 8,22 a m. Arriving Halifax at 11 00a m. Weldon 11,20 a m, dail) except Sunday.

Trains on Washington Branch leave Washington 3.00 a m and 2 00 p m, arrive Parmele 8.53 a m and 3 40 p m; returning leaves Parmele 9 5) a m and 6 20 p m, arrives Washington 11 25 a m and 7.10 p. m Daily except Sunday. Train leaves Tarboro, N. C., daily at 5.8) p m, arives Plymouth 7.85 p m. Returning, leaves Plymouth daily at 7,49 a m., Arrive Tarboro 9.45 a m.

C., daily except Sunday, 5 00 a m; arrive Smithfield N. C., 7.2) a m. Returning, leaves Smithfield 7 50 a m, arrive Goldsboro, N. C., 9 15 a m.

Frain on Nashville Branch leaves Rocky Mount at 4.30 p m, arrives Nashville 5.05 p m, Spring Hope 5.86 p m. Returning leaves Spring Hope 8 a m, Nashville 8 25 a m; arrive Rocky Mount 9 05 a m, daily agreet Sunday. 4.30 p m. arrives Nashville 5.05 p m. Spring Hope 5.38 p m. Returning leaves Spring Hope 8 a m. Nashvills 255 a m; arrive Rocky Mount 9 05 a m. daily accept Sunday.

Train or Clinton Branch eave Warsaw for Clinton Daily except Sunday at 8 20 a m and 4 10 p m; returning leave Clinton at 7.00 a m. and 11 3 a m.

Florence Railroad leave Pee Dee 9.65 a m. arrive Latta 9.34 a m. Dillon 9 36 a m. Rowland 9 52 a m., returning leaves Rowland 6 16 p m, arrives Dillon 6.25 p m. Latta 6.37 p m, Pee Dee 6.65 p m, daily.

Trains on Conway Branch leave Hub at 8.30 a m. Chadbourn 10.40 a m. arrive Conway 12.15 p m, leave Conway 2 30 p m, Chadbourn 5.35 p m. arrive Hub 6.30 p m, Daily except Sunday.

Trains on Cheraw and Darlington Railroad leave Florence 8 40 a m and 9 20 a m, arrive Darlington 9 20 and 9 50 a m, leave 19 rilinit on 9 40 a m. arrive Cheraw 1: 59 a m Wadesborg 1 30 p m, Returning leave Wadesboro 2 p m, Cheraw 3 40 p m, Darlington 7.45 a m and 6 50 p m. Dially exc pt Sunday. Senday trains leave floys 7 30 a m, Dar ington 1 45 a m, arrive Florence 8 10 a m. Returning leave Florence 9 a m, Darlington 133 a m, arrive Florence 9 a m, Darlington 133 a m, arrive Florence 9 a m. Returning leave Sumter 6 30 p m. Darlington 8 15 p m. arrive Bennettsville 9 (9 p m, Globon 9 35 p m. Central of South Carolina Railroad leave Lanes 8 25 s m. 5.35 p m. arrive Georgetown 12 m. 8.30 p m. leave Lanes 8.34 a m. As a m. Returning leave Sumter 6 60 p m. returning leave Rowland 9 52 a m. 5.35 p m. Selma 12.54 p m. Junn 11.49 a m.

Ass't Gen'l Passenger Agent. I. R. KENLY, Gen'l Manager. T. M. EMERSON. Traffic Manager. je 28 tf

The Clyde Steamship Co.



New York for Wilmington ONEIDA, Saturday, Aug. Wednesday Aug. 5 Saturday, Aug. 8 r New York.

Saturday, Aug PAWNEE. Wednesday, Aug. 1 Wilmington for Georgetown, S. C. ONEIDA, Tuesday, Aug. PAWNEE. Saturday, Aug. Through Bills Lading and Lowest Through Rates guaranteed to and from points in North and South Carolina. For freight or passage apply to

H. G. SMALLBONES, Supt.,
Wilmington, N. C.
Wilmington, N. C.
WM, P. CLYDE & CO. General Agents Bowling
Green N. V

Wanted.

EVERYBODY TO CALL AND TRY THE trinks a specialty. Fine Cigars, &c. French Caf & A. P. LEVY, Manager,

Cape Fear & Yakkin Valley Railway Co:

JOHN GILL, Receiver.

CONDENSED SCHEDULE.

IN EFFECT APRIL 12, 1886.

TH SOUND MAIN LINE. NORTH BOUNDAILY

DAILY	MAIN LINE.	DAILY
No. 1.		No. 2.
7 55 p. m. 4 45 ** 4 33 ** 3 19 ** 1 82 ** 1 85 ** 1 1 85 ** 11 35 ** 11 35 ** 11 35 ** 11 35 ** 11 35 **	Ar Wilmington Lve Lw. Fayetteville Ar Fayetteville Lv Ar Fayetteville Innc Lv Lv Sanford Lv Lv Climax La Lv Greensboro Ar Ar Greensboro Lv Lv Stokesdale Lv Lv Walnut Cove Ar Ar Walnut Cove Lv Lv Rural Hall Lv Lv Mt Airy Ar	10 35 11 10 55 11 10 55 11 10 55 11 10 55 11 10 50 11 10 10 11 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10
SOUTH BOUND DAILY	Beanetsville Division.	NORTH BOU
No. 3.	Will see to be a second	No. 4.
7 90 p m 6 18 " 5 48 " 4 53 " 4 43 "	Ar. Bennettsyile. Lv Lv. Maxton. Ar Lv. Red Springs. Lv Lv. Hope Mills. La Lv. Fayetteville. Ar	9 45 10 12 10 45
Daily except Sunday.	Factory and Madison Branches.	Daily etc Sunday.
No. 15. MIXED.	2.1	No. 16.
.5 50 p m 3 55 " 3 10 "	Ar Kamseur Lv Lv Climax Lv Lv Greensboro Ar	Q 9K 1
NORT	No. MIXE daily ex	
Leave Greens Leave Stokeso Arrive Madis	110 50	
SOUTH	BOUND,	No. MIXEI daily ex

HORTH-BOUND CONNECTORS At Fayetteville with the Atlantic Coast Line for all points North and East, at Sanford with the Seaboard Air Line, at Greensboro with the Southern Railway Company, at Walnut Cove with the Nortolk & West ern R, R, for Winston Salem.

At Wainut Cove with the Norfolk & Western Kailroad for Roanoke and points North and West, at Greensbore with the Southern Railway Company for kaleigh, Richmond and all points North and Rast, at Fayette-ville with the Atlantic Coast Line for all points South, at Maxton with the Beaboard Air Line for Charlotte, Atlanta and all points South and Southwest.

W. E. KYLE, Gen'l Passenger Agent. J. W. FRY, Gen'l Manager.

DOUBLE DAILY

SERVICE WEST AND SOUTH APRIL 5th, 1896. No 41 A. M.

Arrive Lincolnton Arrive Shelby Arrive Rutherford S. A. L. + 9 25 9 50 10 25 Leave Cheraw Kollock Osborne Arrive Ham'et S. A. L. ion 3.55 p m, Hali ax 4.13 p m, arrive Scotland Neck Leave Wilmington Clinton

E. & N. 4 10 * 8 20 Train on Midland N C Branch leaves Goldsboro, N. Atrive Crlumbia C. N. & L. 10 00 Arrive Augusta P. R. & W. C. + 9 85 M & N. Arrive Macon FAST AND NORTH. APRIL 5th, 1895. " Ra'eigh A. C. L P. R, R. 1110 10 45 A. M P M 12 46 12 05 12 12 05 14 6 53 4 4 53 Arrive in Wilmington from all poin s North, Fast, outh and West, 12 50 noon Da ly, and 8.50 s. m. failv except Wonday.

Pulman Sleepers between Hamlet and Atlanta.

Trains 405, 402, 41 and 38

Pulman Sleepers between Hamlet and France in Pullman Sleepers between Hamlet and Fortsmon h. Trains 402, 403, 38 and 41. Pullman Sleepers between Ham et and Washington. Trains 403 and 422 Trains 403 and 402 are "The Atlanta Spic al."

Fullo an Sleepers between Charlotte an I Richmond.

Trains 402 at d 403

*Daily. †Daily ex Sunday. ‡Daily ex. Monday.
For further information apply to
ThOS. D. MEARES,
Gen'l Agent, Wilmington, N.C.
T. ANDERSON, Gen'l Pass. Agt.
H. W. B. GLOVER, Traffic Manager.
V. E. McBEE, Gen Supt.
E. St. JOHN, Vice-President and Gen'l Manager.
wa 12 tf

PALMETTO RAILROAD CO.

To Take Effect on April 5, 1896. MOVING NORTH. No. 8-PASSENGER AND FREIGHT. Leave Cheraw, S. C...... 15.30 p m Arrive Hamlet, N. C...... 6.50 p. n

No. 1-PASSENGER AND FREIGHT. Close connection made at Hamlet with trains North South, East and West. ap 14 tf WM. MONCURE, Supe.

MOVING SOUTH.

The Sampson Democrat, Published Every Thursday. A. BETHUNE, Editor and Prop'r.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE: One Year \$1: Six Months 50c. It pays business men to advertise in it. Rates and sample copies fur-

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nished upon application.

feb 16 tf CLINTON, N. C.

Stedman & Worth.

Fire and Life.