

THE NEWTON ENTERPRISE.

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NEWTON, N. C., FRIDAY, JULY 15, 1898.

NO. 25.

J. B. LITTLE,

RESIDENT DENTIST.
NEWTON, N. C.

Office in Young & Shrum's Building

J. R. CAMPBELL, M. D.

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Keeps constantly on hand all sizes of wood coffins. Also a variety of burial robes.

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Keeps a first-class Tonsorial Parlor where you will always find clean towels and sharp razors, and a polite and attentive barber.

Every one coming to Newton desiring anything in the Tonsorial Art will be pleased after they call on me, for I always please all my customers.

To You

I wish to say that I now have on hand and am constantly receiving a nice line of seasonable dry goods, notions, hats, caps, clothing, shoes, groceries, etc., that I am selling very cheap for cash. I am located near Newton Cotton Mills. Come to see me and I will do you right.

Yours Very Truly,
Joseph Gemayel.

Notice to Creditors.

Having qualified as administrator on the estate of Mrs. Malinda Keener, deceased, this is to notify all persons having claims against said estate to present them to me, properly verified, on or before the 15th day of March, 1899, or this notice will be plead in bar of recovery thereof. All persons owing said estate must make immediate payment to me. This March 15th, 1898.

Geo. W. Rabb, Administrator.
Folmer & Young, Attys.

WANTED AGENTS.

"The Confederate Soldier in the Civil War," contains 509 pages 12 x 16 inches, and over 1,100 large Battle Scenes, Portraits, Maps, etc. The greatest and largest War Book ever published, and the only one that does justice to the Confederate soldier and the cause he fought for. Agents wanted everywhere to sell this book on our new and easy plan. Many of the lady and gentleman agents are now making from \$50 to \$200 per month. Veterans, Sons and Daughters of Veterans, and others interested are requested to send for a beautiful illustrated descriptive circular (free) and terms to agents. Address Courier-Journal Job Printing Co., Louisville, Ky.

Skin Diseases.

For the speedy and permanent cure of tetter, salt rheum and eczema, Chamberlain's Eye and Skin Ointment is without an equal. It relieves the itching and smarting almost instantly and its continued use effects a permanent cure. It also cures itch, barber's itch, scald head, sore nipples, itching piles, chapped hands, chronic sore eyes and granulated lids.

Dr. Cady's Condition Powders for horses are the best tonic, blood purifier and vermifuge. Price, 25 cents. Sold by

WANTED!

Raw fur and skins, such as skunk, muskrat, otter, mink, raccoon opossum etc. By the provider Fur Co., Providence, R. I. Wanted Buying Agents.

HOBSON ON HIS OWN SHIP.

The Tremendous Reception Accorded Him by the Hero-Worshipping Crew.

On Santiago de Cuba, July 7.

By the Associated Press despatch boat Dauntless, via Port Antonio and Kingston, July 8—9:15 a. m.—The return of Assistant Naval Constructor Richmond P. Hobson, of the Merrimac fame, to his ship, the Merrimac New York, last night, was marked by wild enthusiasm. It was dark when a shout was passed along the ship that Hobson was coming. On the superstructure clambered the crew, ten deep, and on the quarterdeck the officers clustered around the sea-ladder and a hundred hands were stretched out to grasp Hobson's. It was not until he was safe once more on deck that the crew of the New York cheered, and then they broke out into a wild yell which was repeated over and over again until the men were hoarse. Numbers of the crew rushed forward on the quarter deck and a great group of men struggled around the tall figure of the man who had dared so much.

Behind Hobson came Col. John Jacob Astor and the first thing Hobson tried to do was to introduce him to the officers, but Col. Astor got lost in the crowd, which surged around insisting upon shaking Hobson's hand. The transports blew their whistles. Hobson sat once more among his shipmates and told the story of his marvelous escape and his imprisonment in Morro Castle, watching the shells explode outside his cell.

"I did not miss the entrance to the harbor," he said, "as Ensign Powell in the launch supposed. I headed east until I got my bearings, and then made for it, straight in. Then came the firing. It was grand, flashing out first from one side of the harbor and then the other from those big guns on the hills, the Vizcaya, lying inside the harbor joining in."

"Troops from Santiago had rushed down when the news of the Merrimac's coming was telegraphed, and soldiers lined the foot of the cliffs, firing wildly across and killing each other with the cross fire, the Merrimac's steering gear broke as she got to Estrella point, only three of the torpedoes on her side exploded when I touched the button. A huge sub-marine torpedo caught her full amidship hurling the water high in the air and tearing a great rent in the Merrimac's side. Her stern ran upon Estrella point. Chiefly owing to the work done by the mine she began to sink slowly. At that time she was across the channel, but before she settled the tide drifted her around. We were all aft, lying on the deck. Shells and bullets whistled around us. Six inch shells from the Vizcaya came tearing into the Merrimac, crashing into wood and iron and passing clear through, while the plunging shots from the fort broke through her decks.

"Not a single man must move," I said, "and it was only owing to the splendid discipline of the men that we were not all killed, as the shells rained over us and minutes became hours of suspense. The men's mouths grew parched, but we must lie there till daylight, I told them. Now and again one or the other of the men lying with his face glued to the deck and wondering whether the next shell would not come our way, would say: 'Hadn't we better drop off now sir.'" but I said, "wait till daylight."

"It would have been impossible to get the catamaran anywhere but to the shore where the soldiers stood shooting, and I hoped that by daylight we might be recognized and saved. The grand old Merrimac kept sinking. I wanted to go forward and see the damage done there where nearly all the fire was directed, but one man said that if I rose it would draw the fire on the rest. So I lay motionless. It was splendid, the way the men behaved. The fire of the soldiers, the batteries and the Vizcaya was awful. When the water came up on the Merrimac's decks, the catamaran floated amid the wreckage, but was still made fast to the boom, and we

caught hold of the edge and clung on, our heads being above water.

"One man thought we were safer right there; it was quite light, the firing had ceased except that directed at the New York launch, and I feared Ensign Powell and his men had been killed."

"A Spanish launch came toward the Merrimac, we agreed to capture her and run. Just as she came close the Spaniards saw us and half a dozen marines jumped up and pointed their rifles at our heads.

"Is there any officer in that boat to receive a surrender of prisoners of war?" I shouted, and an old man leaned out under the awning and waved his hand. The marines lowered their rifles, and we were helped into the launch.

"Then we were put in cells in Morro Castle. It was a grand sight a few days later to see the bombardment, the shells striking and bursting around El Morro. Then we were taken into Santiago. I had the court martial room in the barracks. My men were kept prisoners in their hospital. From my window I could see the army moving, and it was terrible to see those poor lads moving across the open, and being shot down by the Spaniards in the rifle pits in front of me. Yesterday the Spaniards became as polite as could be. I knew something was coming and then I was exchanged."

Hobson was overjoyed at getting back. He looked well, though somewhat worn. On the whole the Spaniards treated him better than might have been expected. Mr. Ramsden, the British consul at Santiago, was tireless in his efforts to secure comfort for Hobson and his men. The young hero knew nothing about the destruction of Cerbera's fleet until he reached the army lines. He could not understand his promised exceptional promotion, but was overjoyed to learn that his bravery had been recognized by the people. He is the same simple, unaffected, enthusiastic Hobson, more anxious to talk about the effect of exploding shells and army movements than about his own brave deed. The men who came with him received a ringing reception. All are doing well.

The Tax on Telegraph Messages.

Statesville Landmark.

The war revenue bill imposes a tax of one cent on all telegraph messages and there has been much kicking since the law went into effect because the Western Union requires the sender of messages to pay the tax. Yesterday Mr. L. C. Caldwell, chairman of the railroad commission took the bull by the horns by filing a message at the Statesville office and declining to pay the tax, at the same time notifying Mr. C. J. Jones, the operator, that he would hold the company responsible if the message was not sent. Acting under instructions from headquarters, Mr. Jones paid the tax and sent the message. Mr. Caldwell having started the ball there will be others and the telegraph company will find itself compelled to pay the tax which it is trying to foist on others unless it goes into the courts and they decide in its favor.

It is the opinion of most people that the intent of the law is for these companies to pay the tax, but both the telegraph and the express companies have been collecting it out of their patrons.

Hobbed the Grave

A startling incident, of which Mr. John Oliver of Philadelphia was the subject, is narrated by him as follows: "I was in a most dreadful condition. My skin was almost yellow, eyes sunken, tongue coated, pain continually in back and sides, no appetite—gradually growing weaker day by day. Three physicians had given me up, fortunately, a friend advised trying 'Electric Bitters' and to my great joy and surprise, the first bottle made a decided improvement. I continued their use for three weeks, and am now a well man. I know they saved my life, and robbed the grave of another victim." No one should fail to try them. Only 50c per bottle at T. R. Abernethy's Drug Store.

CASTORIA.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Beware of cheap imitations.

Signature of J. C. Watson

RACING FOR LIFE

The Greatest War Chase of Modern Times Spaniards Fought Coal Into Their Furnaces and Wine into Their Grog.

On Board the United States Battleship TEXAS, Off SANTIAGO, July 3. At 9:30 this morning, while the battleship Texas was lying directly in front of Santiago harbor, Lieutenant M. L. Bristol saw smoke arising between Morro Castle and La Socapa. An instant later the nose of a ship poked out behind the Estrella Battery. Clash went the gongs calling the ship's company to general quarters. Full speed ahead plunged the Texas toward the enemy and up fluttered the vari-colored flags signalling "the enemy is trying to escape."

The Brooklyn, Iowa, and Oregon responded immediately. All headed toward the harbor entrance, being then about two and a half miles away.

There was much suppressed excitement aboard the vessels as they sped in the direction of the enemy. The first of the Spanish squadron to come into view was a cruiser of the Viscaia class, the Almirante Oquendo. Closely following her came the Cristobal Colon, which was easily distinguishable by the military masts between her two smokestacks. Then came the two other cruisers, Vizcaya and Infanta Maria Teresa.

CERBERA'S SHIP OPENS THE FIGHT

Almost before the leading ship was clear of the shadow of Morro Castle the fight had begun. Admiral Cerbera started it by a shell from the Almirante Oquendo, to which he had transferred his flag. It struck one of the American vessels. In a twinkling the big guns of the Texas belched forth their thunder, which was followed by a heavy fire from our other ships. The Spaniards turned to the westward under full steam, pouring a constant fire on our ships, and evidently hoping to get away by their superior speed.

The Brooklyn turned her course parallel with that of the Spaniards, and, after getting in good range, began a running fight.

THE TEXAS IN THE THICK OF IT

The Texas, still heading inshore kept up a hot exchange of shots with the foremost ships, which gradually drew away to the westward under the shadow of the hills. The third of the Spanish vessels, the Vizcaya or Infanta Maria Teresa, was caught by the Texas in good fighting range, and it was she that engaged the chief attention of the first battleship commissioned in the American navy, the old hoodoo, but now the old hero. The Texas steamed west with her adversary, and as she could not catch her with her speed she did with her shells. Capt. John W. Philip directed operations from the bridge until the fire got so hot that he ordered the ship to be run from the conning tower, and the bridge contingent to be moved down to the passage surrounding the tower.

This was a providential move, for a moment later a shell from one of the Spanish cruisers tore through the pilot house. It would have killed the whizz-man and perhaps everybody on the bridge had they remained there.

Capt. Philip directed every move throughout the heat of the fight. For half an hour the shells whistled all about the ship, but only one other struck it. This tore a hole through the ash hatch amidships and exploded inside the smokestack. No one was injured.

The din of the guns was so terrific that the orders had to be yelled into the messengers' ears, and at times the smoke was so thick that absolutely nothing could be seen. Once or twice the 12-inch guns in the turrets were swung across the ship and fired. The concussion shook the great vessel as though she had been struck by a great ball, and everything movable was splintered. The men near the guns were thrown on their faces. One of them, a seaman named Scarm, was thrown down a hatch into the forward handling room. His leg was broken.

THE OREGON AND THE IOWA TO THE FRONT

Meanwhile the Oregon came in to the run. She passed the Texas and chased after Commodore Schley, on the Brooklyn, to head off the foremost of the Spanish ships. The Iowa also turned her course westward, and kept up a hot fire on the running enemy.

At 10:10 o'clock the third of the Spanish ships, the one that had been exchanging compliments with the Texas, was seen to be on fire and a mighty cheer went up from our ships. The Spaniard headed for the shore

and the Texas turned her attention to the one following. The Brooklyn and Oregon, after a few parting shots, also left her contemptuously and made all steam and shell after the foremost two of the Spanish ships, the Almirante Oquendo and the Cristobal Colon.

Just then the two torpedo-boat destroyers Pluton and Furor were discovered. They had come out after the cruisers without being seen, and were boldly heading west down the coast. "All small guns on the torpedo-boats" was the order on the Texas, and in an instant a hail of shot was pouring all about them. A sixteen pounder from the starboard battery of the Texas, under Ensign Gise, struck the foremost torpedo-boat fairly in the boiler.

END OF THE DESTROYERS

A great rending sound was heard above the roar of battle. A great spout of black smoke shot up from the destroyer and she was out of commission. The Iowa, which was coming up fast, threw a few complimentary shots at the second torpedo boat destroyer and passed on. The little Gloucester, formerly J. Pierpont Morgan's yacht Gorsair, then sailed in and finished the second boat.

Gun for gun and shot for shot the running fight was kept up between the Spanish cruisers and the four American vessels. At 10:30 o'clock the Infanta Maria Teresa and Vizcaya were almost on the beach, and were evidently in distress. As the Texas was firing at them a white flag was run up on the one nearest her "Cease firing" called Capt. Philip, and a moment later both Spaniards were beached. Clouds of black smoke arose from each, and bright flashes of flame could be seen shining through the smoke. Boats were visible putting out from the cruisers to the shore. The Iowa waited to see that the two warships were really out of the fight, and it did not take her long to determine that they would never fight again. The Iowa herself had suffered some very hard knocks.

The Brooklyn, Oregon, and Texas pushed ahead after the Almirante Oquendo and Cristobal Colon, which were now running the race of their lives along the coast. At 10:50 o'clock when Admiral Cerbera's flagship, the Almirante Oquendo, had been beached inshore, she had the Brooklyn and Oregon abeam and the Texas astern. The Brooklyn and Oregon pushed on after the Cristobal Colon, which was making five times and which looked as if she might escape, leaving the Texas to finish the Almirante Oquendo. This work did not take long. The Spanish ship was already burning. At 11:05 o'clock down came a yellow and red flag at her stern. Just as the Texas got abeam of her she was shaken by a mighty explosion.

"DON'T CHEER THE POOR DEVILS ARE DYING"

The crew of the Texas started to cheer. "Don't cheer because the poor devils are dying" called Capt. Philip, and the Texas left the Almirante Oquendo to her fate to join in the chase of the Cristobal Colon.

That ship in desperation was plunging the waters at a rate that caused the fast Brooklyn trouble. The Oregon made great speed for a battleship, and the Texas made the effort of her life. Never since her trial trip had she made such time.

The Brooklyn might have proved a match for the Cristobal Colon in speed, but she was not supposed to be her match in strength.

GREATEST CHASE OF MODERN TIMES

It would never do to allow even one of the Spanish ships to get away. Straight into the west the great chase of modern times took place. The Brooklyn headed the pursuer. She stooped well out from the shore in order to try to cut off the Cristobal Colon at a point jutting out into the sea far ahead. The Oregon kept a middle course about a mile from the cruiser. The desperate Don ran close along the shore, and now and then he threw a shell of defiance. The old Texas kept well up in the chase under forced draught for over two hours.

The fleet Spaniard led the Americans a merry chase, but she had no chance. The Brooklyn gradually forged ahead, so that the escape of the Cristobal Colon was cut off at the point above mentioned. The Oregon was abeam of the Colon then and the gallant Don gave it up.

DOWN CAME THE COLON'S FLAG

At 1:15 o'clock he headed for the shore, and five minutes later down came the Spanish flag. None of our ships was then within a mile of her but her escape was cut off. The Texas, Oregon, and Brooklyn closed in on her and stopped their engines a few hundred yards away.

Commodore Schley left the Brooklyn in a small boat and went aboard

the Cristobal Colon and received the surrender. Meantime the New York, with Admiral Sampson on board, and the Vixen were coming up on the run. Commodore Schley signalled to Admiral Sampson: "We have won a great victory. details will be communicated."

IT WAS SCHLEY'S VICTORY.

The victory certainly was Commodore Schley's. Then for an hour after the surrender in that little cove under the high hills was a general Fourth of July celebration. Though a little premature, our ships cheered one another, the captains indulged in compliments through the megaphones, and the Oregon got out its band, and the strains of The Star Spangled Banner echoed over the lines of Spaniards drawn up on the deck of the last of the Spanish fleet, and up over the lofty green-topped hills of the Cuban mountains.

Commodore Schley, coming alongside the Texas from the Cristobal Colon in his gig called out cheerily, "It was a nice fight, Jack, wasn't it?"

The veterans of the Texas lined up and gave three hearty cheers and a tiger for their old commander in chief. Capt. Philip called all hands to the quarterdeck, and, with bared head, thanked God for the almost bloodless victory.

"I want to make public acknowledgment here," he said, "that I believe in God the Father Almighty. I want all you officers and men to lift your hats and from your hearts offer silent thanks to the Almighty."

All hats were off. There was a moment of absolute silence, and then the overwrought feelings of the ship's company relieved themselves in three hearty cheers for their beloved commander.

The Brooklyn, later in the afternoon, started east to chase a report that another Spanish warship had been seen. The vessel turned out to be the Austrian cruiser Maria Theresa.

The Resolute came up, and the work of transferring the prisoners from the Cristobal Colon to her was begun. Five hundred and thirty men were taken off. Eight were missing.

NOT LIKELY THAT THE COLON CAN BE SAVED.

It was hoped that the Cristobal Colon might be saved as a Fourth of July gift to our navy. She was beached bow on a sandy shore, and her stern was split. She was not materially damaged by the shots that had struck her. One thirteen-inch shell and one eight-inch had hit her, but it was found that the Spaniards had taken every man measure to destroy her after they themselves were safe. They had opened every sea valve in the ship and had thrown the caps overboard. They had opened all the port and smashed the de-aughts. They had even thrown the breech plugs of their guns overboard.

The Colon floated off at 7 o'clock in the evening and drifted 500 yards down the beach to the westward, swinging bow out. The New York pushed her back, stern on the beach but the water was already up to her gun deck. At 11 o'clock she lurched and turned over to her starboard side, with her port guns pointing straight up to the sky. She lies only in four fathoms of water, but it is unlikely that she can ever be saved.

Remarkable Rescue

Mrs. Michael Curtin, Plainfield, Ill., makes a statement, that she caught a cold, which settled on her lungs; she was treated for a month by her family physician, but grew worse. He told her she was a hopeless victim of consumption and that no medicine could cure her. Her druggist suggested Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption; she bought a bottle and, to her delight, found herself benefited from first dose. She continued its use and, after taking six bottles, found herself sound and well; now does her own housework, and is as well as she ever was.—Free trial bottles of this Great Discovery at T. R. Abernethy's Drug Store. Large bottles 50 cents and \$1.00.

The Sultan of Turkey finds that music had charms to soothe the savage breast and has recently ordered several pianos from American manufacture. His son Prince Barbedannid Effendi is an accomplished musician and a composer of some note in his own country.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The healthiest and most reliable.

Signature of J. C. Watson

HOBSON JOINS US.

Two Armies see Our Eight Heroes Exchanged.

WITH THE ARMY OF INVASION IN CURA, July 6th.—Assistant Naval Constructor Richmond P. Hobson, who sunk the collier Merrimac in the entrance of Santiago harbor, and his seven comrades in that feat of daring and danger, were exchanged today for Spanish prisoners of war, and are now the idols of the whole army. They were brought into the American lines with bands playing and amid the wild and exultant cheers of thousands of American soldiers. The exchange was effected after much parleying between Gen. Shafter and Gen. Toral, who is now in command of the Spanish forces owing to the recent wounding of Gen. Linares. The Spaniards at first were not willing to make an exchange, but they finally agreed to hand over the eight Americans for a similar number of Spanish prisoners.

At 2 o'clock this afternoon, all the preliminaries having been arranged, the prisoners in our hand to be exchanged started from the American lines.

The road led right up the hill, on the crest of which our firing line was lying in the trenches. Passing through our line, the procession moved 400 yards down the hill toward Santiago and turned into a field. Here the bandages were removed from the prisoners' eyes, and then all the party sat down under a big tree to await the arrival of our men, who could already be seen moving out of the city with a white flag floating above them.

When the two parties met beneath the tree, the eyes of both armies were upon them. The Spanish officer who had charge of Hobson and the other Americans and Lieut. Miley talked for an hour before the final terms of exchange were agreed upon. Lieut. Miley told the Spanish officer that he could select any one of the three Spanish Lieutenants and he would be exchanged for Hobson. Finally, Lieut. Arias was selected by the Spanish officer, he being chosen for the reason that he was wounded.

When the negotiations were finally completed, Hobson received the hearty congratulations of Lieut. Miley and the others of the American party. As the Spaniards started on their return to the city, the Americans turned back and made their way to their own lines. As they came back down the road the soldiers recognized Hobson, who was on horseback in front of the line, by his uniform, and instantly broke into terrific cheering. The party moved rapidly forward, and when they were well within the American lines the sailors cheered, while the soldiers waved their hats and yelled themselves hoarse. One of the regimental bands played "The Star Spangled Banner," whereupon all hands cheered again and again.

Hobson looked somewhat pale, due, perhaps, to his confinement in prison, but he smiled and bowed on all sides in response to the enthusiastic welcome which was given to him.

The ovation to the sailors surpassed even that given to Hobson. They rode back in the wagon that had conveyed the Spanish prisoners to the place of exchange. The vehicle was constantly surrounded by yelling soldiers, who grabbed and heartily shook the outstretched hands of the sailors. In honor of the sailors the band played "When Johnny Comes Marching Home."

Hobson at once paid his respects to Gen. Wheeler, after which he started for General Shafter's headquarters, followed by a triumphant procession. Word of the coming of the party ran along ahead of them, and regiment after regiment lined up to greet and hail Hobson as the hero of the war.

En route Hobson met Capt. Chadwick of the New York, and Lieut. Staunton, Assistant Chief of Staff, who had been conferring with Gen. Shafter, and who were then on their way to visit the firing lines. Warm greetings were exchanged by the naval officers.

After a short visit to Gen. Shafter, Hobson rode on to Sib-

Royal makes the food pure, wholesome and delicious.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER Absolutely Pure

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

oney, off which place the New York was lying to take him on board. Here there was another tremendous ovation. The single street of the little village was blocked with soldiers, Cuban camp followers, and sailors from the transports. As cheer after cheer went up for Hobson and his sailors he kept smiling and bowing, meanwhile insisting that he and his men had only done what every American soldier or sailor would do if the opportunity offered.

Hobson was not disposed to talk of his feat until after he had had a conference with Admiral Sampson. He said that then, probably, a complete statement would be made concerning what he had done. He added that he had been well treated in Santiago after the first few days. By sending for Gen. Linares he always got anything he wanted.

From his place of confinement, after being removed from Morro Castle, he saw the battle that occurred on Friday last, and as he looked on that gallant charge of the rough riders and the colored troops of the Fifth Cavalry up the San Juan ridge, he said to himself that none but American soldiers could do that.

Persons troubled with diarrhoea will be interested in the experience of Mr. W. M. Bush, clerk of Hotel Portance, Providence, R. I. He says: "For several years I have been almost a constant sufferer from diarrhoea, the frequent attacks completely prostrating me and rendering me unfit for my duties at this hotel. About two years ago a traveling salesman kindly gave me a small bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. Much to my surprise and delight its effects were immediate. Whenever I felt symptoms of the disease I would fortify myself against the attack with a few doses of this valuable remedy. The result has been very satisfactory and almost complete relief from the affliction." For sale by T. R. Abernethy.

Wreck of the Vizcaya.

Off SANTIAGO, Tuesday, via KINGSTON, Ja., July 6.—The correspondents who visited the wreck of the Spanish cruiser Vizcaya today, found the upper deck of the ship completely gone. Frightful destruction was visible everywhere. Dead gunners were found dead at their guns, and scores of dead sailors were found in the afterdeck, amid the debris of small arms, broken guns, and wreckage. A quantity of the equipments of the Spanish officers are floating about the wreckage.

Rev. W. M. Slaughter,

OF WEST VIRGINIA.
Writes of the Benefits Received From Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine.

Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine is particularly adapted to the restoration of health broken down by hard mental work. Rev. W. M. Slaughter of New Haven, V. Va., writes: "I suffered with extreme nervousness, dizziness, dull and nervous headaches and sleeplessness. My heart came to trouble me. I was short of breath from the least exertion, and suffered much pain in my left side. Medicine and physicians gave me no relief. I procured Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine. New Heart Cure and Nerve and Liver Pills; and I am now as well as I ever was. I sleep well, the dizziness and nervousness have disappeared, my heart troubles me no more and I feel perfectly well." Dr. Miles' Remedies are sold by all druggists under a positive guarantee. First bottle benefits or money refunded. Book on Heart and Nerveless sent free to all applicants. DR. MILES' MEDICAL CO., ELKHART, IND.

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