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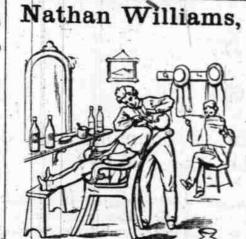
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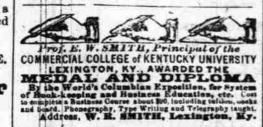
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A BURNING SHAME

That there wasn't a saucier rebel In all the sunny south,
It was easy to tell by the mischieyous eye
And the smiles of her reguish mouth.

But how she hated the Yankees, She couldn't bear the name:
"How dared they come and whip us?
It was a burning shame!"

One of those selfsame Yankees Came to her Dixie one day, And ere the week was over She'd stolen his heart away.

But how should she treat her captive? He couldn't be shot, you know, Because the war was ended Two dozen years ago.

So, in order to keep him prisoner. The rest of his life instead, She reckoned she'd have to marry him, the "Twas & burning shame," she said.

—Blue and Gray.

Some War Gorrespondence



E is too young and street. ting near.

ed another.

"Some one should suggest to him to ly all her life with relatives abroad overlook the personal part of Col. Le Bey was a rice planter on the Bey's remarks," the first speaker re-The face of everyone in the little

knot suddenly darkened. The stately Col. Le Bey rose, and asked the privilege of the floor for a few minutes to make a personal statement. "Does the gentleman yield?" inquired the chairman, of the young man

who was thus interrupted.

"I do," answered the gentleman addressed, in a quiet, courteous tone. "Now, once for all, I wish it to be clearly understood that while I am firmly and conscientiously opposed to this resolution which takes our state out of the union, I shall go with the state if that is the determination of this convention." Col.qLe Bey's words rang through the chamber. "It is as utterly impossible for us to break away without a resort to arms as it is for human strength to stay the tides of

ocean, or for the human mind to grasp the infinite. I do see another way, though, to accomplish our desire-not through blood and the sacrifice of lives and property, but in a peaceable manner, through agitation and education. These hot-headed young men are hurrying us on too fast. I know that our people have gone violently insane on this proposition; but, sir, if we take this step our fields will be wasted by armies and our cities will be fuel for the torches of an enemy whom we will respect more a few years

hence than we do now." Col. Le Bey spoke earnestly and his

Now the former speaker resumed. eyes swept the crowded galleries. "We are not worthy of our mothers if we stowed upon her. hesitate at this Rubicon," he exclaimed. and the ladies broke into almost hys-

terical applause. Once, this young man eloquent was as if before an expected blow. The

tableau, though every eye was follow-

the galleries gave that part of the chamber the appearance of a cloud of

Delegates crowded about the youthful looking speaker and nearly crushed him with demonstrations. "Berrien! Berrien! Berrien!" cried the assembly. The tall young man, with face aglow and eyes sparkling,

drawn from the federation of sovereign

Berrien made his way slowly toward the lobby. He saw the spectators de-serting the seats above. He hoped to intercept one of those who had been looking on. His movement was the signal for a rush from the galleries.
The hundreds who had just been cheering him wished to grasp him by the hand. On emerging from the chamber he found himself surrounded by a larger throng than before. It was impossible for several minutes for him to make his way toward the marble stairway which was his immediate objective point. He got one glimpse of the face which answered his look when he had paused in his speech. But he could not read the expression He saw emotion, but he could not say what it was. A surging mass of peo-ple, few of whom he knew, intervened. While he stood there, his progress blocked, Col. Le Bey passed

crowd, took his daughter by the arm, and, accompanied by the other ladies of her party, passed on toward the impulsive," said Col. Le Bey left the city next day, one of the older taking his daughter with him. He members of the deeply regretted the action of his c onvention, state, but no one suggested that he conspeaking in an undertone to a group of associates sitgiance. It was rumored that he had "That would not gone away to place his daughter in the matter so much if hands of relatives who, later, would he were a poorer see that she reached Europe, where she debster. The had been educated, and where she had trouble is that he many friends-more, indeed, than in is too eloquent her native land. She had never known and apt to be too severe in retort," add- a mother, hers having died when she was an infant, and she had spent near-



BERRIEN HELD THE CANTEEN LIPS OF THE MAN. coast, and of course was an aristocrat whose life had something of the flavor of an old fendal baron in it.

Malcolm Berrien was a lawyer of only a few years' experience at the bar. He had great natural gifts, and he had cultivated them. He was a favorite over a large section of his state. for he rode the circuits and the courts took him into many counties from the wiregrass to the mountains. The sin-cerlty of his character was told in the oft-quoted expression applied to him; "He always sticks to his friends." words sank deep in the minds of his father were delegates. She interested

Berrien had met Miss Le Bey during this convention to which he and her listeners, but they received scarcely a the up-country lawyer, and he saw her as frequently as his opportunities would allow. She had many admirers, It was clear that he was on the popu- but she had no friend, she said, lar side. He knew that history was whom she appreciated more than being made. He felt the gravity of Mr. Berrien, for whom-to oththe hour. His speech grew im-passioned. Carried away by his im-reer. But for that matter everyone petuous, burning eloquence, the audience swayed before him. His flashing spoil him. And she was too sensible a woman to be vain over the flattery be-

The work of the convention over, Berrien returned home. In a few months the war fever was on. Every man, woman and child in Berrien's on the verge of replying with biting section was for war. He got up a comsarcasm to his elderly opponent. But, pany and was selected captain. There again, the speaker's glance turned to was some delay about getting equipthe galleries. He saw a slight, fair ments. The young men were eager to figure there shrink back for an instant, get to the front. Berrien's first lieutenant declared one day that if the next, that form recovered and he felt Monday he would go anyway. Finally a look of defiance shot back at him. No one else in that assembly saw this the war would be over before they got to the scene of action. Later they regretted that they had not been disap-He paused for just a second, perhaps, and then there was a deep sigh of reiment to which Berrien's company was which went from the army. Berrien lief as the phrase which was leaping attached was sent to a port town, and had received a slight won respect and esteem for "the distin- month without smelling powder. This guished gentleman" who opposed the was aggravating to them. They were "Another Patrick Henry," some one tion of their term of enlistment aptwelve months' men, and as the expirashouted as he sat down. The applause proached they made arrangements to be transferred to a brigade which was getting a taste of fighting. Before their year was out, however, the conscript act was passed and they were in for it. Soon after that they saw serv-ice on the field, and some of it was hot Sherman's advance from the moun-

> lieutenant went home at the first op the coast. portunity on some kind of leave.

thirst. A desperately wounded private had water in a canteen, but could not reach it. Berrien secured it, held the canteen to the lips of the man and then drank himself. Then they lay there for hours.

The private said that his name was Jewett. He gave his company and regiment. He thought that he was going to die. "Captain, I want you to write and tell my wife that I died lovin' her. She

is a cracker girl, but as good a woman as ever lived. She loves me. We married just as I was comin' away. I kissed her and come on to the front."

Berrien tried to cheer the man. You will get over this all right. Don't give up. Our boys will pick us up to-night and we will be taken

care of." Jewett was quiet a long time. pocket and get the letter.'

Berrien did as requested. "I ain't a very good hand on readin' writin', captain. Would you mind readin' it to me?" Berrien opened the package and as he scanned the first page, he said to himself that Mrs. Jewett surely did not write those lines. Berrien read the letter aloud and it did Jewett

good. He remarked that he felt better and he believed that he would get well. Capt. Berrien marveled at the tenderness of the letter and the rare grace with which the sentiment and affection were expressed.

A few days later, both being in a hospital, Berrien penned a reply for Jewett. The latter suggested the sentiment and the amanuensis wrote. Jewett told of the relief given to him

by the captain and told his wife that she must thank the captain. Jewett was disposed to make the captain play an important part in the bat-tle, and would have given him credit for conducting a great part of the war if the captain had permitted it. "She won't know that you wrote

this," Jewett remarked, appreciating the writer's modesty.

When the letter was complete and was read over to him, Jewett was proud of it. "That's the finest letter ever have wrote," he exclaimed, looking fondly at the sheets. "I generally put in a few more big words. I like to see 'nevertheless' in a letter." Berrien added a posteript: "Never-

theless."
Seearnl weeks passed. Both mer were back with their commands. One day Jewett hunted Berrien up and pro-duced a reply to the letter which had been written in the hospital. It had not been opened. Berrien broke the seal and read. He was accustomed to do this, for there were many men to every regiment who could not read and write. The captain was pleased to find an inquiry in Mrs. Jewett's letter about himself. He volunteered to an-

swer the letter at once. After that he read and answered all After that he read and answered all lock of a strong door on a large storecame, there was some question about Capt. Berrien. The latter wanted very much to know who was conducting the correspondence at the other end of the line, but Jewett wished the captain to give Mrs. Jewett the credit. Berrien could not get any information on this point. He would try to draw it out sometimes, feeling quite sure that the reader would not repeat it to Mrs. Jewett, for he was convinced that that worthy lady had no advantages in education over her husband. Every effort of Berrien's on this line falled. The leading questions were invariably evaded or the replies were vague.

Once a letter came which contained in addition to the usual personal references to Capt. Berrien, a hypothetical question which in substance was that in the event the captain should have the misfortune to be unable to use a sword or a pistol, who would write his letters home to his wife or his sweetheart, if he were unmarried. Berrien

neither read this aloud nor his answer to it. He wrote back that the captain was not known to discuss his heart's affairs, but there was a story to the effect that he had loved and was on the point of declaring it when the war came on. The lady went off to Europe and he to the front, and he presumed that she had long ago forgotten

abled his right arm for a time. The fact of the wound was mentioned quite incidentally, of course. Not long after this Berrien's regi-

ment was transferred to his own state. The men did not know just where they were going or what service was in store for them. When they found that they were approaching the coast they guessed that an attack was expected enough to thoroughly satisfy the most tains. Sherman was still a long way eager spirits among them. The first off, but he seemed to be beading for

The commissary department failed One day there was a hard charge.

Berrien sank to the ground with a bullet through a leg. His men passed on had to forage. They could give orders

partment. One day Berrien had to take a detachment of men and go out for supplies. A negro catching shrimp along a stream said that his master had great quantities of meat stored away—"enough to feed two hundred niggers two years, three times a day." That was more cheerful news to the half-starved soldiers than the discovry of a bonance mine would be in

also men marched up to the manalon there was a great commotion
about the quarters. Negroes were
everywhere. A little imp came running down toward them. He stopped
suddenly, looked at them for a moment, and then sped back to the house.

"A black Mercury," the captain re-

the verands as Capt. Berrien walked up in advance of his men. Berrien was confused when he recognised in the owner of the plantation Col. Le Bey. The colopel recognised him at once, although he had hoped that the uniform and the bronzed complexion would prove a diagnise.

A sharp pariey ensued. The pro-prietor flatly refused to sell anything. Berrien really wanted to get away, for he felt that the old gentleman credited him with the intention of making a malicious raid. He explained that he had no idea whose plantation he was on until the owner appeared. An unexpected end was put to th

"Father, we have enough to share with the soldiers. Follow me, I will Berrien had not seen the young lady some out upon the veranda, and was not aware of her presence until she spoke. It is very true that he had been thinking of her and of the last

she was here. She had overheard a part of the conversation, but she had not seen the soldier's face until she stepped lightly to her father's side. She carried a bunch of keys in one hand.

The recognition was a shock to her. She trembled for a moment. "Capt. Berrien, I-was-not-expecting to see you." She spoke in a low tone, much lower than her natural

"I did not know it was you, but would do this for any of our men," she hastened to say. "Come with me." Four years had ripened her beauty. Berrien found himself studying her.



TO SEE YOU." Recovering, he was about to speak when she sweetly bade her father to The young lady inserted a key in the

equally whatever you find here that you need." She spoke standing in the doorway. The soldiers went quickly to work.

"I was afraid that you did not quite

How did you know that I had s wounded arm?" he asked, quickly. Miss Le Bey started to make an eva-sive, stammering reply while the color shot into her face. He interrupted her, and with a mis

"I knew that you were all the time," she said. "I'had received some notes from you, don't you remember? is it that I have written Mrs. Jewett's letters? There is a great deal of ald to be given to the wives and families of our brave soldiers. In trying to do my share I visit families miles and miles away from here. It

in the storehouse, the captain tendered an order to Col. Le Bey. He declined it, declaring that he had no room in which to store the quantity of notes which he would receive in payment. The colonel was quite gracious now, and invited Berrien to visit the plan-

broken mining camp.

The negro was taken as a guide, and he showed the way to the house. As it was approached, he discreetly slipped

As the men marched up to the man

An elderly gentleman came out or

would prove a disguise.

Capt. Berrien explained the object of his visit, and stated that the orders which he was authorized to give would be honored by the confederate govern-ment. The old planter retorted sharply that, taken at its actual worth, the rovernment at Richmond had not money enough in its treasury to buy a dozen rasor-back shotes. The colonel declared that he had no provisions to spare; that if he had he would cheer-fully give them to the army. He want-ed no pay for anything that he could

time he saw her, but he had no idea

tone as Berrien remembered it.

He raised his cap, and began the same apologetic explanation which he

had made to her father.



CAPT. BERRIEN, I WAS NOT EXPECTING wait on the verands for her return. She then led the way to the quarters. Capt. in the confederate army, entering as a Berrien brought up his detail of men. private in the famous Rockbridge arshe had opened the door. "Now, captain, your men may divide

While they were busily engaged, Berrien stood beside his former friend. "I thought that you were in Europe,"

he said. "No, I would not go," she answered. "I told father that if our country was to suffer it was not right for me, a southern woman, to go away from it. I might do some good at home. I was sure that I could do nothing abroad." After a panse she added: "I want to congratulate you on the speech you made that day and to tell you that I have been pleased to hear of your gal-lantry on the field and of your kind-ness, especially to the humble soldiers of the army, Capt. Berrien."

forgive me for that speech."
"We will speak of that another day.
By the way, how is your wounded arm, captain?

chievous sparkle in his fine eyes said "Confess that you are the amanuen-

would be on these drives that I would stop at the poor woman's house, read her letter and write the reply." When the men completed their work

let through a leg. His men passed on. Had to forage. They could give orders tation during the stay of the troops in land society of New York, on the occame that section. Berrien was a frequent sion of its annual dinner in 1856, derives and welcome visitor to the plantation special interest and appropriateness

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

ABSOLUTELY PURE

hereafter, and before the order for removal came he had won a coveted promise from the daughter and the consent of the father.

FRANK WELBON. Above the waving

Beneath the laureled sod

They alumber in the living light. Of glory and of God. The faded fiage to longer stream
Above those breasts so still;
The red swords of the lightning gleam
Are sheathed by vale and hill,

and Peace unfuris her banners white,

In tranquil winds to wave; White Memory's tears in drops of light Are raised above the brave. After the fight the hero sleeps In God's unbroken rest, And still the South in honor keeps Her loved ones on her breast.

For exered is the blood they shed.

And through the flight of years The South shall bless her glorious dead With her memorial tears.
FRANK L. STANTON. NEW LIFE OF LEE.

Will Be the Best History of the Great Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, recently governor of Virginia, is preparing a biography of his uncle, Gen. Robert E. Lee. The manuscript, says the Springfield Republican, is nearly completed, and the book will be published by a New York firm in May. It will be the first au-thentic story of Gen. Lee's life which has appeared. It will throw numer-ous side lights upon Lee's character, which will be a revelation to those who knew him only as the great leader of the confederate forces. The blography will contain many unwritten in-cidents of the late war which were known only to the little coterie of men who held the fortunes of the confedflect those qualities to a wide degree. Nearly two hundred letters written by him during his four years from home. and while in the field, will be incorpo-

rated in the book. The work of editing these letters was succeeding. Fitzhugh Lee is a graceful and accomplished writer, although est in the south, where it is expected to have a large sale.

The Two Less-Pather and Son. Robert E. Lee, Jr., bears a striking esemblance to his father, Gen. Robert E. Lee. He rose to the rank of captain tillery when he was but eighteen years old. He was counted one of the bravest and most tireless fighters in the ranks. An interesting incident is related of how he met his father after a hot battle in which young Lee had taken an active part. The artillery was parked in an open field the day after the first fight at Cold Harbor. With the other members of his company Private Lee had sought rest beneath the cannon. One of his comrades called out; "Bob, here comes your father." A figure begrimed with the dirt and smoke of battle crawled from beneath a cannon and stood up to salute and greet Gen. Lee, who was riding on a tour of inspection. The meeting between the father and son was affectionate, although the general had to look closely to recognize ford, and Charles Dudley Warner his offspring .- St. Louis Globe-Demo- thirty-three years.

SWEETHEART, FORGET ME NOT.

through sunny ways: We have not one re.

been our days If we had never met.

gret., think how dark had

have seemed the

occes of all the dear

dead hours,



When from your side I stray afar For me your tace, a previous sta No gloom can ever dim. My heart will keep awake or sleep One bright and tender spot; So if you smile, or if you weep. Sweethwart, forget me not.

The glory fades a-down the west And darkness robes the sky: A drearful parting comes to test Our sweet betrothal tie. But perfect love can never wane, Though tears its book may blot. Love's strongest links are forged by pains Sweetheart, forget me not.
SAMUEL MENTURN PECK.

THE CONFEDERATE SOLDIER. Return Home Eloquently Pictured by the Late Henry W. Grady. The following extract from the fa-mous address delivered by the late

from the associations of Memorial day: "Dr. Talmage has drawn for you, with a master hand, the picture of your returning armies. He has told you how, in pomp and circumstance of war, they came back to you, marching with proud and victorious tread, reading their glory in a nation's eyes. Will you bear with me while I tell you of another army that sought its home at the close of the war-an army that marched home in defeat and not in vicory-in pathos and not in splendor. out in glory that equaled yours and to

hearts that were as loving as ever welcomed heroes home. "Let me picture to you the footsors confederate soldier, as, buttoning up in his faded gray jacket the parole which was to bear testimony to his children of his fidelity and faith, he turned his face southward from Appomattox in 1863. Think of him, as, ragged, half starved, heavy-hearted, enfeebled by want and wounds, having fought to exhaustion, he surrenders his gun, wrings the hands of his comrades in silence, and, lifting his tear-stained and pallid face for the last time to the graves that dot old Virginia's hills,

pulls his gray cap over his brow and begins the slow and painful journey. "What does he find? Let use ask you, who went to your homes eager to find, in a welcome you had justly earned, full payment for four years' sacrifice—what does he find when, having followed the battle-stained cross against overwhelming odds, dreading death not half so much as surrender, he reaches the home he left so prosperus and beautiful? He finds his house in ruins, his farm devastated, his slaves free, his stock killed, his barns empty, his trade destroyed, his money worthless, his social system-feudal in its magnificence-swept away, his people without law or legal status, his com-



eracy within their grasp. Gen. Lee money, credit, employment, material or training, and, besides all this, confronted with the gravest problem that ever met human intelligence—the

establishing of a status for the vast body of his liberated slaves. "What does he do, this hero in gray, with the heart of gold? Does he sit delegated to Fitzhugh Lee, because of for a day. Surely God, who had his intimate association with his uncle stripped him of his prosperity, inspired him in his adversity. As rule was never before so overwhelming, never was restoration swifter. The not in any sense a litterateur. He is soldier stepped from his trenches into amply fitted for the work, and its apthe furrow; horses that had charged federal guns marched before the plow, and fields that ran red with human blood in April were green with the harvest in June; women reared in luxury cut up their dresses and made eeches for their husbands; with a patience and a heroism that fit women always as a garment they gave their hands to work. There was little bitterness in all this. Cheerfulness and frankness prevailed. 'Bill Arp' struck the keynote when he said: 'Well, I killed as many of them as they did of

me, and I'm going home to work." Old Editors. Editor Byington of the Norwalk (Conn.) Gazette has been connected with that paper as compositor, reporter and editor over fifty-one years. Hon. A. E. Burr has been connected with the Hartford Times fifty-four years, and for [twelve years previously was in the office of the Hartford Courant. Gen. Joseph R. Hawley has seen thirty-six years' newspaper service in Hart-



And the best friend, that never fails you, is Simmons Liver Regulator, (the Red Z)—that's what you hear at the mention of this excellent Liver medicine, and people should not be persuaded

that anything else will do. It is the King of Liver Medi-cines; is better than pills, and takes the place of Quinine and Calomel. It acts directly on the Liver, Kidneys and Bowels and gives new life to the whole system. This is the medicine you want. Sold by all Druggists in Liquid, or in Powder to be taken dry or made into a tea.

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