State Librarian

# The Tarborough Southerner.

**BE SURE YOU ARE RIGHT; THEN GO AHEAD.—D Crockett.**

VOL. 72. NO. 39. TARBORO', N. C. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 27. 1894. PRICE FIVE CENTS


PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

DOSSEY BATTLE,
Attorney and Councellor at Law,
OFFICES: Tarboro, N. C. / Rocky Mount, N. C.
In Tarboro office every Monday, and Rocky Mount balance of week.
Adjustment of claims a specialty.

PAUL JONES,
Att'y and Councelor at Law
TAO , N. C,

J. J. MARTIN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Practices in the Courts of Edgecombe, Martin and Pitt.
Office rear of Doodle Pender's Store.
TARBORO, N. C.

JOHN L. BRIDGERS & SON,
Attorneys-at-Law,
TARBORO, - - N. C
14 1y

H. A. GILLIAM. DONNELL GILLIAM
GILLIAM & SON
Attorneys-at-Law,
TARBORO', N. C.
Will practice in the Counties of Edgecombe, Halifax and Pitt, and in the Courts of the First Judicial District, and in the Circuit and Supreme Courts at Raleigh. jan18-1y.

P. WYNN, M. D.
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
Tarboro N. C.
Office next door to Hotel Howard. 30 1y

W. G. EDWARDS.
SIGN AND HOUSE PAINTER,
Paper hanging a specialty.
40tf. TARBORO, N. C.

TO THE PUBLIC.

I am Prepared to do all work in the
Undertaker's Business,
at the shortest notice. Having connected with my shop the repairing business. All work Left at my shop shall have Prompt attention.
PRICES MODERATE,
Also a first-class HEARSE for hire
Thanking my friends for their former patronage, I hope to merit the same, should they need anything in the
Undertaking
—OR—
Repairing Business
My Place is on Pitt Street Three Doors from the Corner of Main.
E. J. Simmons.

J. T. WALLS
Fashionable :-: Tailor,
Pitt St., one door below L. Weddell & Co
Tarboro, N. C.
Fine Full Dress and Evening Tailor-Made Suits. The term well dressed extends from the neck to the foot of the subject.
Cutting, repairing and cleaning done at short notice. dtf

THE NEW YORK
WEEKLY HERALD
—For 1894—
WILL BE WITHOUT QUESTION AMERICA'S
Leading Family Paper.
The reputation that the Weekly Herald has enjoyed for many years of being the best home newspaper in the land will be materially added to during the year of 1894. No pains or expense will be spared to make it in every department the most reliable, interesting and instructive of all weekly newspaper publications.
It will be improved in many ways.
A number of new features and departments will be added. The latest development in all fields of contemporaneous human interest will be ably discussed from week to week by accomplished writers.
THE NEWS OF THE WORLD
will be given in a concise but complete form. Every important or interesting event, either at home or abroad, will be duly described in the columns of the Weekly Herald.
In politics the Herald is absolutely independent and sound. It tells the rights and wrongs of all sides without fear.
Farmers and stock raisers cannot afford to be without the Weekly Herald during the coming year. It will contain a regular department each week devoted exclusively to subjects of timely interest to them and giving many valuable suggestions and new ideas.
The women and children of the land will find in the Weekly Herald a welcome visitor. The household and children's pages will be both instructive and entertaining. They will abound in hints and receipts which women so much value.
A brilliant array of novels and short stories by the best writers in America and England has been secured, so that fiction will be one of the most attractive features in the Weekly Herald during 1894.
In fact, the Weekly Herald will be a magazine of the highest order, combined with a complete newspaper.
NOW IS THE TIME TO SUBSCRIBE.
Only $1.00 a Year
SEND FOR SAMPLE COPY.
Address
THE WEEKLY HERALD,
HERALD SQUARE,
NEW YORK.

FOR FALLING HAIR,
—USE CULLEY'S—
Bald Head Preparation
I desire to say to the public and the ladies especially that I now have my
Hair Preparation
so that I can arrest the falling out of the hair within 12 to 15 days, and this you will readily see if you will give it a trial. Hair also thickens from its use. It has no unpleasant odor and leaves no danger contracting neuralgia, cold, &c. Mustaches easily thickened up by its use. Young men will please make a note of this. Nothing asked to show the truthfulness of the above except a fair trial of CULLEY'S BALD HEAD PREPARATION. Good references given to show that the hair is thick if not thicker than ever.
ALFRED CULLEY,
43tf Tarboro, N. C.

I am making a special drive on
Crayons & Portraits
GIVE ME AS ORDER.
S. R. ALLEY.

FRESH CANDY
—AT THE—
CANDY
STAND
—AT—
10 Cents Per Pound,
ALL KINDS.

IT PAYS THE BEST AND IS THE SAFEST INVESTMENT I EVER MADE.

There are single retail shoe stores in our large cities which sell 2,000 pairs of shoes a day, making a net profit of $250,000 a year. We sell shoes low, but we sell a great many pairs, the clear profit on our ladies', misses' and childrens' shoes is at least ten cents a pair, and on our mens' and boys' shoes 15 cents a pair. We shall establish shoe stores in each of the fifty largest cities of the U. S., and if they sell only 500 pairs of shoes a day they would earn $525,000 a year. We should be able to pay a yearly dividend of $5.25 a share, or over 50 per cent. a year on the investment. We sell the stock at $10 a share. The price must inevitably be much more than $10 a share. No stock has ever been sold at less than this price, which is its par value. Stock non-assessable. Incorporated, Capital $1,000,000. We have over 1,000 stockholders, and the number is increasing daily. Some of the principal stockholders are: T. S. Walling, N. Y.; I. J. Potter, Boston; E. A. Reed, Jr., Chicago; J. B. Campbell, Chicago; W. M. Kavanaugh, Little Rock, Ark.; I. H. Rich, Chicago; J. F. Turner, Phila.; B. Harding, N. Y.; E. J. Payne, Battle Creek, Mich.; P. P. Hullette, Arcade, N. Y.
Write for a prospectus containing the names of our stockholders, etc., *or send an order for stock, enclosing cashier's check, cash or money order.* Orders taken for one or more shares. Price, $10 a share.
DEXTER SHOE CO., 143, 145 & 147 Federal St., BOSTON, MASS.
*Agents Wanted.*

Food Opium Habits cured at home without pain. Book of particulars and testimonials FREE. B. M. WOOLLEY, M.D. Atlanta, Ga. Office 104½ Whitehall St.

THE SUN
*The first of American Newspapers, CHARLES A. DANA, Editor.*
The American Constitution, the American Idea, the American Spirit. These first, last and all the time, forever!
The Sunday Sun
Is the greatest Sunday Newspaper in the world.
Price 5c. a copy. By mail, $2 a year
Daily, by mail, - - - $6 a year
Daily and Sunday, by mail, - $8 a year
The Weekly - - - $1 a year
Address THE SUN, New York.


Administrator's Notice.

Having qualified as administrator of Gracy C. Stallings, deceased, late of Edgecombe county, North Carolina, this is to notify all persons having claims against the estate of said deceased to exhibit them to the undersigned on or before the 12th day of April, 1895, or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment.
This 12th day of April, 1894.
HENRY JOHNSTON,
7t Adm'r of Gracy C. Stallings.

Administrator's Notice.

The undersigned having qualified as adm'r of T. B Barlow, deceased, this is to notify all persons owing the said deceased, to make immediate payment, and all persons having claims against the said T. B. Barlow, to present them for payment within one year from date, or this notice will be p'ead in bar of their recovery. This 3rd day of May, 1894.
W. L. BARLOW, Adm'r.
J. L. Bridgers & Son, Att'ys. 6t


A WARM BATH WITH

Cuticura Soap
And a single application of CUTICURA, the great skin cure, will afford instant relief, permit rest and sleep, and point to a speedy, economical, and permanent cure of the most distressing of itching, burning, bleeding, scaly, and crusted skin and scalp diseases, after physicians, hospitals, and all else fail.
Cuticura Remedies
Exert a peculiar, purifying action on the skin, and through it upon the blood. In the treatment of distressing humors they are speedy, permanent, and economical, and in their action are pure, sweet, gentle, and effective. Mothers and children are their warmest friends.
Sold throughout the world. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Sole Props., Boston. "All about Baby's Skin, Scalp, and Hair," mailed free.

If tired, aching, nervous mothers knew the comfort, strength, and vitality in Cuticura Plasters, they would never be without them. In every way the sweetest and best.

TIN SHOP.
I AM DOING A
Tin, Slate and Roofing
BUSINESS
as cheap as any.
I do repairing in Tin, Iron and Copper promptly.
J. T. WARD,
Austin Building.
I make the most superior Coffee Pot ever offered to the public. 13tf

Nathan Williams,

BARBER.
Only a few doors below Hotel Farrar,
TARBORO, N. C.

GROVES

TASTELESS
CHILL
TONIC
IS JUST AS GOOD FOR ADULTS.
WARRANTED. PRICE 50 cts.
GALATIA, ILLS., Nov. 16, 1893.
Paris Medicine Co., St. Louis, Mo.
Gentlemen:—We sold last year, 600 bottles of GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC and have bought three gross already this year. In all our experience of 14 years, in the drug business, have never sold an article that gave such universal satisfaction as your TONIC. Yours truly,
LANEY, CARR & CO

THE COUPER MARBLE WORKS,
114, 116 and 118 Bank Street,
NORFOLK, VA.
LARGE STOCK OF FINISHED
Monuments, and Gravestones,
Ready for Immediate Delivery.
March 31, 1

Prof. E. W. SMITH, Principal of the COMMERCIAL COLLEGE of KENTUCKY UNIVERSITY LEXINGTON, KY., AWARDED THE MEDAL AND DIPLOMA By the World's Columbian Exposition, for System of Book-keeping and Business Education. Full course in complete Business Course about $60, including tuition, room and board. Phonography, Type Writing and Telegraphy taught. Address, W. E. SMITH, Lexington, Ky.


THE ARIZONA KICKER.

A Little Vacation In Which the Editor Faces a Grizzly.

AN EDITORIAL OUTING.—We must beg the indulgence of our reader this week for issuing The Kicker two days late, and for the woful lack of editorial and local matters. Last Sunday we had an invitation to join a party of campers on Bill Williams' mountain, and our family doctor looked at our editorial tongue and advised us to accept. We found the party pleasantly located at an altitude of 2,784 feet above the sea. There were five gentlemen from Cincinnati, a poet from St. Louis and an artist from Chicago. On the morning of the second day we set out to show the artist a grand cliff which he proposed to transfer to canvas, and the poet went along in hopes to catch a happy inspiration. The three of us had nearly reached the cliff when he suddenly encountered a grizzly bear who was out for business. The surprise was mutual, but the pleasure seemed to be all on one side. The artist disappeared among the rocks to the right and the poet among the brush to the left, and for 60 seconds we were left facing old Ephriam with a dim consciousness that something was about to happen.

For the benefit of such readers as haven't studied natural history, we will state that the grizzly bear is an animal about the size of a Queen Anne cottage and appears to have a veranda built all around him to improve his style of architecture. He differs from an elephant in having teeth about a foot long, and no one hearing his claws rattling on the rocks could mistake him for buffalo bull. Way back, before Christopher Columbus discovered America, something happened to make the grizzly bear mad at all mankind, and this feeling has descended down to the latest edition. That bear not only got his dander up inside of 10 seconds, but it wasn't half a minute before he had fully made up his mind that we were his mutton. When he moved for us, we moved for a tree. We beat him by a few seconds. We never had any particular business dealings with a grizzly bear before, but it struck us that we couldn't move too rapidly nor climb too high. When we recovered consciousness, we were seated on the limb of a tree 20 feet above the earth, and the bear was looking up at us with an expression of curiosity and disappointment. At some stage of the game he may have run across an Arizona editor who had failed in business and committed suicide, but we don't believe he had ever seen a live one before. He had counted on a sure thing and got left, and for some minutes his chagrin was plainly apparent. We supposed, as a matter of course, that after realizing the situation the critter would start off with an ambition to pick up the artist or the poet, but he wanted editorial meat and was willing to wait for it. It was 10 o'clock in the morning when he treed us. We were there at high noon, at sundown, at day break next morning. The bear staid right by us, and we staid right by the bear. There was but little romance in the situation for us, and we couldn't say that the bear appeared to take solid comfort. We had never seen anything in natural history about a man up a tree in Arizona and a grizzly waiting for him to drop into a red mouthed cavern ornamented with ivory spikes, and could only give a rough guess as to how long the situation would continue to be strained. We were somewhat troubled with insomnia, but so was the bear, and this latter fact was something of a conclusion. We had to keep awake to maintain our hold on the limb, and he had to do the same thing so as not to miss us in case we came off the perch.

About midnight a large and well kept mountain lion discovered our situation and came down on us with many pleasant anticipations, and we almost felt sorry for him when he made out the true state of affairs. The grizzly selfishly refused to whack up on the "find" and after squandering an hour of his valuable time the lion went off toward camp to see if he couldn't pick up something good on his own account. We couldn't go to the gentlemen in camp, and they searched in the wrong direction to locate us. After we had been perched in the tree 26 hours, most of the time looking the bear full in the face, we began to notice a change of expression. An hour later he closed his jaws, gave us a long, lingering look of contempt and ambled off to strike something which couldn't climb. The gentlemen were profuse in their apologies when we reached camp, but tarried only long enough to put the saddle on our mule. We were in a hurry to see the doctor who had discovered from the fur on our tongue that unless we put in two full weeks on the mountain we would be liable to a fail stroke of apoplexy. We rode straight to his office, but from a window he had seen us as we came over the hill two miles away and could not be found. Up to date we have been unable to realize that we are on the ground, and every two or three minutes we instinctively reach out for something and feel our hair stand on end. We shall be all right in a day or two, however, and the next issue of The Kicker will be up to the usual standard in all respects.

Democratic Campaign Literature.

The Literature which is being sent out by the campaign committee is of the most effective kind. In the first place very few long speeches are circulated. Only the kernels, the pointed paragraphs, have been selected and these are being shot out into all the districts like bullets from a Gatling gun. People will not read long speeches, but they cannot help being impressed with a few strong sentences which strike right home to them. Hundreds and hundreds of thousands of these little extracts from Democratic speeches have gone all over the country.

Even better than this is the object lesson which the committee is supplying to campaign orators. It is a little bundle of sheets of paper, and to each sheet is attached a sample of worsted goods used in the manufacture of men and women's clothing. Figures are also given to show just how much the price of these goods has been reduced by the new Tariff, and the saving is shown to run from 17 to 50 cents on each yard. These are facts which tell for themselves, and the object lesson is a most effective one.

In addition to this, the committee proposes to circulate in every district of the country a placard showing how prices have been reduced on articles which enter into the daily use of every family. About 400,000 of these placards will be printed and they will be displayed in all the cross roads stores. There will be nothing on the card to intimate that it has been issued with a political object, for it is believed that the mere statement that the passage of the new tariff law means a saving to the people will be sufficient to command votes for the party that made a reform in the tariff possible.

The Tariff on Cottons.

The cotton schedule is one of the worst in the Senate bill. Bad as it is, however, there is some relief in it from the lourdehs of McKinleyism, especially to persons who are under the necessity of purchasing the cheapest goods. Cotton laces and plushes, the luxuries of those who are in moderate circumstances, are still taxed heavily, but coarse cotton cloth ought to be much cheaper under the new than it was under the old law.

Cotton cloth is divided into several classes. They are: first cloths having fewer than 50 threads to the square inch; second, having from 50 to 100 threads; third, 100 threads; fourth, 100 to 150; fifth, 150 to 200; sixth, more than 200. Then we have unbleached, bleached and printed cloths in each class.

In the first class the average price per yard of the small quantity of goods imported in 1893 was 5 cents for unbleached, 8½ cents for bleached and between 8 and 9 cents for prints. The rates of duty were 42, 30 and 47 per cent. Under the new law the rates are 21, 15 and 23, a reduction of about 50 per cent.

The prices were about the same in the second class, but the reductions of duty on bleached and print cloth are less, ranging from 35 to 42 per cent. In the third class the prices ranged from 9 to 17 cents a yard, and the reductions of duty made by the new law from 14 to 28½ per cent. In the highest quality of cloths the price runs as high as 38 cents a yard, and the reduction of duty on goods of that kind is only 11 per cent.

Under the McKinley law the price of ten yards of common print cloth for a dress costing 80 cents in England or France was increased by the tariff tax to $1.13. Under the new law the tariff will make it 97 cents, and to those who are obliged to wear such prints 17 cents means a good deal.

The Amateur Farmer.

He was tired of the city, and he thought it was a pity that the people during Summer in the heated town should stay; and he thought the prospect charming of a season spent in farming, where he'd grow his corn and turnips and manufacture hay.

To a store he quickly speeded, bought the implements he needed, then a sturdy pair of horses fit to work the plough he sought; rented out his city dwelling, and, his breast with high hopes swelling, he started for the country and the farm that he had bought.

Just at first it was enchanting, he'd come home at eve descanting on the seeds that he had planted and the fields that he had ploughed; and of "Early Rose" potatoes, "Flat Dutch" cabbage and tomatoes, snap beans lettuce, parsnips, carrots, he would talk both long and loud.

Soon, alas! his dream was over, for the wire grass and clover went a straying o'er his turnips and no longer then they grew; then the locusts ate his cabbage and the worms his beans did ravage, and a cow got in the gate and ate his corn and carrots too.

Next the devil horses caught him and a lot of damage wrought him, and he saw that he could never make a decent crop that year. Said he to his young wife "Kitty, we will go back to the city, for I'm tired and disgusted and can't make headway here."

To the town they soon returned, and no more his heart it yearned for a life out in the country and a home upon a farm; and if you want to set him humming, ask him how the crops are coming, then you'll have to skip out quickly, or he'll surely do you harm.—N. Y. Sunday World.

A THOUSAND DOLLAR BILL.

It Was a Big Find, But It Brought Ill Luck.

The Plaintive Story Told by a Knight of the Grip—He Shows That Honesty Will Continue to Be the Best Policy.

"Yes, a five hundred dollar greenback has a rich, juicy look," said a Chicago drummer at a Detroit hotel the other evening as a bill of that denomination was passed around, "but one with the figures '$1,000' on the corners looks just too sweet for anything. I possessed one for several days once upon a time, and thereby hangs a tale."

"A tale of woe?" was asked.

"It certainly is. Gentlemen, I am going to tell you of a mean little action in my career, and I hope you will not judge me too harshly. I have done penance for it fifty times over, and five times one thousand dollars would not tempt me again. One day about ten years ago I dropped into the First national bank of St. Louis to get a few dollars for expenses. A man left the cashier's window just as I advanced to it, and while I was standing there my eye caught sight of a greenback at my feet. I picked it up intending to hand it to the cashier, but when I saw the figures '$1,000' on the corner I was paralyzed with astonishment. Yes, sir, it was a one-thousand-dollar greenback, the first and last one I ever had my fingers on. I caught my breath like one choking, and when the cashier handed me out seventy-five dollars and made some remark about the weather I couldn't get a word out to save my life."

"The man who preceded you dropped the bill, of course?"

"Not a doubt of it. As I said, I meant to be honest and pass it in, but the tempter was too strong for me. After I had had that bill for one minute I'd have fought to retain possession. I picked up my cash and hurried out and got into a doorway and looked at my find again. It was a one-thousand-dollar greenback and no mistake. I was exactly a fat, plump one thousand dollars ahead of the game. That meant a new suit of clothes—diamond pin—champagne suppers—several games of poker and cigars carefully wrapped in tin-foil. For ten minutes I was jubilant and wanted to jump up and yell and pat somebody on the back. Then came the reaction."

"What sort of reaction?"

"Well, you may not believe it, but that still, small voice called conscience began to whisper to me. It seemed to me that every man I met knew that I had that bill. I felt that I was no better than a thief. Twice during the afternoon I was slapped on the back by acquaintances, and each time I jumped a foot high and had a brief vision of the criss-cross bars and convict stripes. Say, now, but I was tempted to return to the bank and do the square thing, whether you believe me or no, but I'm ashamed to say I lacked the moral courage. I figured that the loser had already returned to report his loss, and it would be known that I had walked off with my find. I finally decided to keep the bill for a day or two and see if it was advertised. I hadn't long to wait. I found it at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, and its loss was advertised in the evening papers, with a reward of fifty dollars to the finder."

"And you took it back, of course."

"No, I didn't. Here's the moral, gentleman: Stop to argue with and combat conscience, and you become a rascal. After a five-hours' fight I beat conscience and made myself believe I had a perfect moral right to keep that find. Then came the question of how to use it. I didn't dare to offer it in Indianapolis, of course, and was going for a three weeks' trip through the small towns, where the sight of a bill like that would have astonished everybody. I feared to carry it in any of my pockets, as I might be robbed, and after cogitatin for two hours, I tucked it away in my shoe. See? I wear extra soles, supposed to be charged with electricity and good for rheumatics. I placed the bill in a piece of paper and laid it under the sole of the right shoe. After spending two days in Indianapolis I started for Lebanon. Got there at midnight and piled right into bed. Two hours later there was a fire which didn't do much damage, but routed everybody out. I am powerfully nervous about fires, and when I woke up in the smoke I grabbed my duds and went down the fire escapes."

"Taking your one thousand dollar pair of shoes, of course?"

"No. I got out with my vest and trousers alone. When the blaze was out and I returned to my room some one had the rest of my outfit, grip and all. Indeed, half a dozen other guests had been robbed as well. I didn't want to lose that money, and I didn't want to let on that I had it in my shoe. I therefore went to the sheriff and told him a cock-and-bull story about rheumatic insoles and offered him twenty-five dollars to get my shoes. He made a good hunt, but couldn't find them. After fooling away three days' time I went up to Frankfort, but had been there only one day when I got my shoes by express. They had been found in the back yard of the hotel among a lot of stuff thrown out of the rooms by the excited firemen. Both insoles were gone and my one thousand dollar bill with 'em. I couldn't see how I was to do anything about it, and so put on my shoes and kept my mouth shut. Three weeks later I returned to Lebanon, and on that very day something happened.

"Found your bill on the street, probably!" observed one of the group of listeners.

"No, sir. The clerk of the hotel had called at the bank to get a thousand-dollar bill busted and on being questioned he had skipped out. He couldn't account for having so much money in his possession, being a young man and in poor circumstances, but there was no charge against him. No one had complained of losing such a bill. I started for the bank to tell my story, but it suddenly occurred to me that I was in a fix. Where did I get the bill? Why was I hiding it in my shoe? Why didn't I tell the sheriff about the money? Why hadn't I complained of the robbery? I saw the banker and took notice that he was the sort of chap to go to the bottom of things, and as he was the guardian of the bill, so to say, I would doubtless have to prove my claim in a court of law."

"And you left it in his hands?"

"Say, now, but that's just what I did, and it's there yet, and what breaks my heart is the fact that he's worth eighty thousand dollars in clear stuff! I didn't dare to claim the money, because that would give away my find, and I didn't dare write to the loser for fear that in tracing it up I'd be wrung in and get the cold give-away in the papers. Just as true as I live that money is waiting a claimant to-day, and there is nobody to step up and take it!"

"I'll write out a statement and forward it to the original loser!" said the young and ambitious lawyer, after figuring on his probable fee.

"It wouldn't reach him!" replied the drummer, with a sad shake of the head. "No, the poor man has been dead for the last three or four years, as I happen to know, and his heirs would consider it a moonshine story. Ah, me, but to think of that old critter down there licking his chops over that great big corpulent one thousand-dollar bill gives me the nightmare three hundred and sixty-five nights in the year!"

"But it isn't yours."

"Of course not, but I'd like to get hold of it and turn it over to some orphan asylum where it would help to brighten the lives of poor fatherless and motherless children. Dear! Dear! but how short-sighted we poor mortals are when we get hold of a good thing!"—Detroit Free Press.

The Chinese Laundry Ticket.

Probably not one person in a thousand understands the true interpretation of the Chinese laundry ticket.

The Celestials have a system of their own. It is based on the many gods and goddesses of the laundry. Although the system is a very complicated one seldom does a Chinese laundryman deliver a package of washing to the wrong person. Furthermore, if the ticket is lost the chances are that you will not get your linen, unless you be a particular friend of the proprietor. Instances are on record where an American has gone to court to force the Chinese to yield up the washing, but the judge was not convinced that the case of the white man was a good one.

The Chinese laundryman at the beginning of each week makes out a batch of checks, in duplicate, to be used as wash tickets. He selects the name of some god or goddess, or of some object, as the sun, the moon or the stars. To this name he prefixes a number, as "Moon, No. 1," "Moon, No. 2," and so on. In the space between the two legends—for the signs are repeated twice—he has his own name, as, for instance, "Wah Lee."

When a customer takes a bundle of washing to the laundry the Chinese, first tearing a ticket in two in a ragged fashion, puts one-half on the packet for reference, the other half he gives as a receipt to the person who has brought the package of laundry. It must be presented when the laundry is demanded, and no fears need be entertained that the package of clean clothes will not be forthcoming, for the Chinese are scrupulously exact in these matters, and seldom or never make mistakes.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Preferred His Gall.

A group of doctors from the Keystone state were chatting in the lobby of the Arlington, and the conversation turned on the exploits of a rascal who victimized a large number of physicians up in Pennsylvania a few years ago. He worked a very sleek confidence game on the disciples of Galen, and after beating to the tune of fifteen or twenty thousand dollars, fled the state. The victims were so sore over the matter that they hired a detective to hunt the villain down. After a lively chase that lasted six months the swindler was located in another state. It appears that there was some doubt about the ability of the injured parties to bring him back for punishment. He hired good counsel, and declared his intention of remaining where he was. Finally a committee of the fleeced medicine men went to the scene and waited on the swindler. He received them with the greatest air of composure and easy assurance, appearing in nowise abashed.

"What do you gentlemen want with me?" he said. "I haven't a cent of the money. It's all been spent months ago. If you want my body, take it. It's all I've got to give up."

Then he smiled complacently upon the committee, waved them a graceful salute and walked off.

"What did the scoundrel say?" remarked old Dr. McBride, who was quite deaf, to one of his colleagues.

"He said we could take his body."

"Well, I don't want his body, but I'd really like to have his gall."—Washington Post.

BIG MONEY.

Paid as Salvage for Saving Disabled Ocean Ships.

Every ocean steamer carries a large crew, varying from a score or more to several hundred, and in the event of a disaster at sea the loss of life would be large, even though no passengers were on board, says an exchange. The wreck of the White Star freighter Naronic, with all her crew, carried mourning into many of humbler homes, while the Alvo, of more recent date, was no more merciful in its final plunge beneath the waves.

Enormous sums have been paid as salvage money to the rescuers of ocean steamers when they are disabled at sea, and probably this is a more fruitful source of expense to the large companies than any other. On her first voyage, the City of New York (as she was then called) ran ashore off Sandy Hook, and it cost the company one hundred thousand dollars to float her off. In 1890 her sister ship, the City of Paris, broke her engines off the Irish coast, and was towed into port at an expense of thirty thousand dollars of salvage money.

The City of Boston broke her shaft in 1882, and it cost the company forty-six thousand five hundred dollars to get her into port, and the Venezuela, of the Red D line, struck on the Brigantine shoals, off New Jersey, in 1889, so that the company had to spend forty thousand dollars to get her off. The City of Richmond was towed into Halifax harbor in 1882, at an expense of thirty-five thousand dollars. The list could be largely extended, showing that the amount of salvage money paid for rendering service to disabled steamers at sea is so enormous that it almost equals the loss entailed by injuries to our wooden vessels. The loss of life is less. It is quite rare that an ocean steamer is submerged beneath the waves so that the passengers and crew are lost, but when such an accident does transpire the destruction is appalling. It excites the interest and sympathy of two continents and warns the world again of the danger that comes to those that sail upon the high seas.


Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report
Royal Baking Powder
ABSOLUTELY PURE

BILIOUSNESS
Who has not suffered this misery—caused by bile in the stomach which an inactive or sluggish liver failed to carry off.
THE PREVENTION AND CURE IS
SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR
liquid or powder, which gives quick action to the liver and carries off the bile by a mild movement of the bowels. It is no purgative or griping medicine, but purely vegetable. Many people take pills—more take Simmons Liver Regulator.
"I have been a victim to Biliousness for years, and after trying various remedies my only resort was to the use of Simmons Liver Regulator, which never failed to relieve me. I speak out of my own knowledge, alone, but my whole family."—J. H. [illegible], Selma, Ala.
SAMPLE PACKAGE FREE
Send one 2c. stamp to pay postage, etc., to J. H. ZEILIN & CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

LADIES
Needing a tonic, or children who want building up, should take
BROWN'S IRON BITTERS.
It is pleasant; cures Malaria, Indigestion, Biliousness, Liver Complaints and Neuralgia.