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And whatever else can satisfy the appetite of a gentleman—always giving the best market affords—I will pay the highest market price for Cows, Hogs, Sheep, Chickens, Eggs, &c., &c.

NORTH CAROLINA,

Asson County—Superior Court, Before the Clerk.

Edmund D. Gaddy, Admistrator, D. B. N. C. T. A. of Thos. J. Gaddy, and Admistrator of Elizabeth G. Gaddy, deceased, plaintiff,

vs.

Joel T. Gaddy and others, defendants.

PETITION FOR FINAL SETTLEMENT AND DISCHARGE.

The non-resident defendants, Stephen H. Gaddy, Ellis D. Gaddy, Charles C. Gaddy, Ann Reddick and her husband, Joseph Reddick, Ellen McGee, and her husband, William T. McGee, are hereby notified and commanded to appear at the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court for Anson County, at the Court House in Wadesboro, on the 26th day of May, 1890, and plead in answer or demurrer to the petition of the plaintiff now on file in this office, or judgment will be rendered according to the prayer of said petition, the same being for final settlement of the estate of Thos. J. Gaddy and Elizabeth G. Gaddy, deceased. Done at office in Wadesboro this, 14th day of April, 1890.

JOHN C. McLAUCHLIN, Clerk of Superior Court.

Notice.

I have this day qualified as executor of the will of Lacy S. Kessler, late of the County of Anson, State of North Carolina, and hereby give notice to all persons having claims against the estate of said deceased to exhibit the same to me on or before the 26th day of April A. D. 1890. All persons so indebted to said estate will be pleased to pay the same to me on or before the 26th day of April A. D. 1890.

THE SERENADE.

I hear him 'neath my window still
His ardent serenade begin.
His voice is sweet as music's strain,
And in the soft and silvery light
His little and agile form may spy.

How often in the days of yore
He's breathed those old, familiar themes;
And now to-night he comes once more
To waken us from happy dreams.

I would he were so near to me
That I might reach and make him feel
The thought that I with joyous glee
Would but too happily reveal.

But ah! I dare not be so bold,
For he would startle me to see;
Yes, if his form I once beheld
I'll quickly show that yielding cat.

THE DIAMOND BUTTON

FROM THE DIARY OF A LAWYER AND THE NOTE BOOK OF A REPORTER.

By BAROLAY NORTHE.

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CHAPTER XXXI.

THE SENSATIONS ACCUMULATE.

OM knew that the cry of joy which he uttered meant that news of Annie had been received. Just what he didn't know, but that the messenger who had brought the information would be a valuable to them he quickly appreciated.

He hastened after the lad, and as he reached the head of the stairs he heard the pattering of bare feet several flights below, going at a rapid rate of speed.

He called to him, but the owner of the pattering feet took no heed of his call, and, perceiving the uselessness of attempting to follow him, he desisted and returned to Holbrook's office.

As he passed the door of the elevator shaft, it opened to discharge a carload of passengers, and among them Tom recognized the man who had watched them in Lexington avenue.

He made no sign of his discovery. In the same car with the Shadow, and to him Tom gave a sign to follow. As he entered the office again he met Holbrook going out.

"Where are you going?" he asked.

"Going? To help Annie. To rescue her, of course. Where else would I be going?"

This reply was made in a tone of the supremest contempt.

"Wait a moment. I want to have a moment's conversation with you."

"Don't stop me, Tom. You've been particularly irritating today, and I am hardly in a condition to be responsible for my acts."

"That's the truth," replied Tom, calmly, "or else you have a desire to make the rescue of that girl impossible."

"What do you mean?" cried Holbrook beside himself. "Have a care. I am in no mood to be trifled with."

"Perhaps," said Tom, looking him steadily in the eyes. "But you are in a mood to make an eternal ass of yourself. By heaven, Holbrook, you leave that door in the frame of mind you are in this minute, I predict you will regret it to the very last hour of your life."

Holbrook looked at him angrily, but, nevertheless, he was somewhat staggered by Tom's sudden exhibition of energy.

Seeing that he had made an impression, Tom continued:

"You want to rescue the girl, but you are going about it in a way to make it an impossibility—you have taken leave of your usual good common sense. Now give me five minutes and I'll convince you."

He laid his hand upon Holbrook's arm. The latter submitted to being led into his private office. Tom closed the door after them.

"I do not know but the damage is done already. The man I suspected of watching us in Lexington avenue is in the building, and he is within earshot of us. He has heard your injudicious talk."

"Point him out to me," said Holbrook, springing to the door, "and he'll never watch any one again."

Tom placed himself between Holbrook and the door, crying:

"In the name of heaven how can you be such a lunatic?"

Holbrook glared at him. Tom turned the key in the door, took it out and put it in his pocket, saying:

"I am perfectly satisfied of you, Holbrook; you act and have acted in this matter like a madman. I tell you, man, this is a case where the lion skin will not do; the fox's skin is the one we want. Let me see the lock."

Holbrook handed it to him with bad grace.

"Of course! Where were you going? To Mott street, three doors from Bayard?"

"An idiot would know that," replied Holbrook.

"But which house? There are four of them in Mott street, three doors from Bayard."

Holbrook winced under this, but he replied doggedly:

"I'll go to such one of them."

"That answer proves how absurd you are. Do you realize that as she is confined in one only, there are three in which she is not? That the chance of your striking the right one first is as three against one? Do you imagine the people who abducted her, and who have carried out their plans so skillfully so far, are born idiots, and that you would find the recognized moment you set your feet in Mott street? That the girl would be spirited away before you could say Jack Robinson? I know something of the part of town. Why, man, alive, from the moment you left this spot, your steps in the direction of Mott street the alarm would be given. Your own common sense, if you will only give it a chance, must tell you this."

Holbrook was forced to acknowledge the justice of Tom's remarks, but he would not be satisfied until he had said:

"Well, what would you do?"

ten to me. The course to pursue seems to me plain enough. The Shadow is here now, in the other room. I will send him up to Mott street to take observations, and to determine, as nearly as he can, in which of the four houses Miss Templeton is confined. This he can probably do exactly, for he is excellent at that sort of thing. While he is gone about this business, you and I will go to a friend of mine—the head of a private detective agency, and we will get from him a force of trusty men to assist us. But the first thing we must do will be to get out of this building unobserved by the spy outside."

"Seize him and tie him up," said Holbrook.

"No," laughed Tom, "that won't do. We want him to remain here under the impression that we are still in this office."

Holbrook, who had cooled down considerably, thought a moment.

"These offices are connected all the way through to the rear. The janitor has a key, and he can carry us through to the rear back without it being necessary to go out on the one we ordinarily use."

"The very thing," said Tom.

"I'll send word to him at once."

"Hold on a moment," interposed Tom. "Send out a trusty clerk to him, and let the janitor come to us from the rear hall, unlocking the doors as he comes, so that when we do leave we can go quietly."

This was agreed and acted upon. In the meantime two other clerks went out into the hall, and in the presence of the spy had this conversation:

"By George, it's hard lines, isn't it?"

"What hard lines?"

"Why, I promised my best girl to take her to Coney Island to-night, and here comes Mr. Holbrook in at a late hour and tells me not to go away, for he will have some copying for me to do."

"Well, he'll be through by six."

"Not he. Mr. Bryan and he have business that will keep them here until eight. I heard them say so. That means nine."

"So the poor spy settled himself for a two hours' wait."

Though Holbrook had yielded, he still chafed.

When Tom told him that he did not think they ought to make the attempt at rescue until after dark—say about 9 o'clock—Tom argued with him, and convinced him again.

"I suppose you're right, Tom," he said, "but this suspense is frightful. She is a young, lovely girl, Tom. Think what may happen to her."

"Close your mind to all such thoughts," replied Tom, "and open it only to considerations of the most practical thing—how best to rescue her? That's the first thought, and wait patiently."

"Oh, but, Tom, it is very hard to wait."

All things come to him who knows how to wait. Come, you are in a reasonable frame of mind now, and here is the janitor."

In a few minutes they had passed through all the adjoining offices, and reached the passageway which ran parallel with the rear street. To descend quickly by a corner staircase was but a moment's work, and the three were soon rapidly treading their way through crowded Nassau street.

At Printing House square the Shadow parted from them, turning to the east. Tom and Holbrook turned to the west and crossed the City Hall park. Reaching Broadway, Tom led the way to the second floor of a building which faced upon the post office.

Entering an office in the rear, a well built man, whose frame was suggestive of great strength, about forty-five years old, arose and greeted Tom effusively.

"This is the chief of the private detective agency," cried Tom, presenting Holbrook and said:

"A word or two in private with you, chief."

"This way then, Tom." They entered a small room in which there were a few chairs and a table.

"I want a force of five picked men," said Tom.

"All right, Tom," replied the chief. "Anything you want I'm bound to supply if I can. I owe you too much to disregard any request of yours. What's the job?"

Tom rapidly sketched the fact of the abduction, saying nothing, however, of the events which had preceded it.

"I can and will," replied the chief. "Have you made any plans of attack?"

"No, very few. I have sent my Shadow, his one of your old men, up to locate the house if he can. He is to meet us here as soon as he has done his work. Then I thought we would be governed somewhat by what he reports. We ought not to go up there before 9 o'clock, I think."

To Holbrook demurred as an unnecessary delay. But Tom was now supported by the chief's judgment, and Holbrook was compelled to yield.

"We can wait until your plans and arrange the details when we hear what the Shadow has to report," said Tom. "In the meantime, Holbrook, Mrs. Templeton's anxiety should be relieved. It would be a humane action to let her know."

In this Holbrook acquiesced, and proposed to go there forthwith.

Tom said laughing: "I'll go up with you. You are not in a fit frame of mind yet, and may commit an act of indiscretion which would ruin us."

Holbrook was annoyed, but at bottom he felt that Tom was right.

So descending to the street they found a cab and drove off.

When they reached the building house of the Templetons, Holbrook entered, and Tom remained in the cab. A newsboy passed, and Tom purchased a paper, with which he busied himself. He had hardly interested himself in the first telephone Ben, when Holbrook dashed down the steps, his face pale, and greatly agitated.

"What's the matter now?" exclaimed Tom.

"Mrs. Templeton has gone."

"The old lady? Gone? Where?"

"Annie sent for her; the messenger said she had broken her leg, having fallen while out."

"It's another part of the plot," cried Tom. "How could the old lady have been so foolish as to go after she knew Annie had been enticed away out of the house by a forgery?"

"Do you think it's a part of the plot?"

"I am sure of it. But this is getting to be a deep one."

"What do you mean?"

brook.

"No," said Tom, "these sounds would never dare two abductions in the open daylight in the same neighborhood. I tell you, Holbrook, these are no common soundings. They win on their boldness. Who was the messenger?"

"A woman—a respectable looking woman."

"It's a deep laid plot. All of the legitimate heirs are gone now—the brother killer and the mother and sister abducted."

"What shall we do now? This complicates the matter."

"No. We'll do just what we were going to do. Find the girl first, and the finding of the mother will not be difficult. Find the girl, and you will find the mother and the murderer. Get into the cab and let us drive right back to Hanford."

CHAPTER XXXII.

MOVING ON THE ENEMY.



N arriving at Hanford's they found the Shadow awaiting them.

He had satisfied himself as to the house in which Annie was confined by satisfying himself that in three of the men to follow Holbrook and himself, and asked him to guard the passage to the house in which Annie was confined. Hurrying back, the five were conveyed by the boy to the attic. The youngster showed them how he mounted to the roof, and in a moment they were on it.

The passage over the roof was perilous. It was an old fashioned high roof, sloping at a precipitous angle from a peak in the middle, both ways.

The boy, who ran over the roof like a cat, and with the agility and confidence of one familiar with the feat, showed them the skylight.

Tom put his mouth to the broken pane and made a sound.

"Hush!"

"Hush!" a movement beneath.

"Hush, Miss Templeton?"

"Who's that?" was the answer in a female voice.

"Be quiet; help is near," he said. A cry of joy was heard.

"Hush!" asked Tom.

"Yes, quite alone."

"Stand fast, and you'll be quickly freed."

He pulled at the frame of the skylight. It was fast.

"Give me the men drew 'jimmies' from their pockets, fitted them together, and inserted them under one side. 'Crick, crack!' in a twinkling it was prised off.

"Eh, eh, oh, golly!" laughed the boy. The moment the skylight flew off, a light shone from below.

Annie had it in a candle.

Holbrook attempted to descend.

"Wait," she cried. "The distance is too great to jump."

"They heard a noise of something being dragged."

"Now you can jump," he said.

Holbrook let himself drop, and he fell on the bed Annie had dragged under the skylight.

He caught the girl, who was trembling with excitement, in his arms and covered her face with kisses. He murmured and moaned over her; he laughed and cried and embraced her again and again.

In the meantime the others were tumbling down one after the other.

"Up you go, Miss Templeton," when Tom was in his bed the next morning, that he realized that no one, not even Annie herself, seemed to think it strange that Holbrook should have hugged and kissed her in the frantic manner he did.

At the time he was too busy. His mind was working with abnormal activity.

"We must get the girl out at once," he said. "Here, Holbrook, stop that nonsense and take the girl away."

"How?" asked Holbrook, ready for action, now that the first excitement was over.

"Up through the skylight. Quick, now."

"But how can we get her up there?" asked the Shadow.

"I know how to get her up there. Take that bed away."

The bed was tossed on one side, while Annie ran into the next room and began to drag the table toward the room.

One of the men took it from her and carried it in, here the way was cleared under the skylight.

"There's a chair in there," she said; "bring that."

They comprehended her purpose, and it was placed on the table.

"Up you go, Holbrook," cried Tom. "Quick!"

Holbrook climbed like a cat and was on the roof in a twinkling.

Tom lifted Annie by main force to the top of the table and then on to the chair, springing up on the table after her.

He lifted the girl up by the waist so that Holbrook could get a firm grasp of her arms.

She was then drawn up on the roof.

"Now, Holbrook," cried Tom, "away with you. Quick! Get the girl out of harm's way as soon as you can. One of you," he continued, turning to the chief's man, "go with them to protect them. I will run down to the chief and tell him to come up here the way we came with the rest of his men. I have an idea."

The Shadow disappeared.

Tom was the general commanding the forces, and he'd have an idea—a great idea.

He seized the candle and made a rapid examination of the rooms. He satisfied himself as to how those who came would enter, and he quickly determined how to dispose of his forces. Finding the doors bolted and barred from the inside, he unbarred and unbolted them.

By this time the others had arrived.

"Have you found her?" asked the chief.

"Yes, and Holbrook has carried her off."

"Then the job is over?"

"Not by a long shot."

"What now?"

"I've set a trap here, and we'll catch a bird."

"The man who abducted the girl?"

"Yes. Have you bull's eyes with you?"

"Yes, and shotguns and handcuffs."

"Good. Then we can put out this light. Hold on."

They were started by a noise above their heads.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

you'd black his eyes and wallop 'im."

"What woman?" asked Holbrook.

"De man I brung de paper from to you. She promised, she did."

"Where is she now?"

"In de nex' house. She's upstairs on de top floor. De man ain't dere. He went away just afore you came. Yer a-goin' to lick 'im, ain't yer?"

"You just bet we are," said Tom. "You want us to don't you?"

"Oh, my eye, don't I?"

"Why?"

"Cos he's kicked me offen and offen."

"What is he to you?"

"Nothin'. He cuffs me over de head wenever he gets de chance."

"Why does he do that?"

"I dunno. Cos he's ugly. Cos I won't keep 'out'en his hallway."

"Ah," said Tom. "How did you see the lady?"

"I got on de roof and talked to her 't'ro de skylight."

"Can you take us up there?"

"Ov course I kin. We live up in de attic, right here. Me mither is gone away and de fader is drunk ov dere in de sypoon. Dere's nobody ov dere now."

"Stay here a moment with the boy, Holbrook," said Tom. He sought the chief and found him. Hurriedly telling him what he had learned from the boy, he said his own name the Shadow and two men to follow Holbrook and himself, and asked him to guard the passage to the house in which Annie was confined.

ABSENT-MINDEDNESS.

A Few Stories About This Very Provoking Trait.

New York Tribune.

"Never was absent minded in my life," said the little man, who tugged nervously at his bristling moustache. "But my father had one of the worst cases I ever heard of. He was a man who used the good old fashioned birch generously. To add to the good effect of the punishment he used to send us out to cut the switch. If it was not a good one he sent us back for another. Once he sent me on one of these melancholy errands and as my offense had been playing 'hooky' from school for three days I was in no hurry to return for my punishment. When I came in the room he was pacing thoughtfully up and down the room."

"James," he said, "I am glad you have come, I wanted you for something, but it has slipped my mind. I will recall it in a moment. And I discreetly backed out of the room with my brch behind me and tossed it over the fence. That was the last I heard of that switching."

"Case of suspended judgment," said one softly.

"My brother," continued the first speaker, "was as bad as my father. He lives in a New England town and he went to Boston once to transact some business which would occupy two days. At the end of four days he had not returned. His wife's anxiety was relieved on that day by a telegram, which read: 'What did I come to Boston for? I have been trying to remember for three days.'"

"Real estate," telegraphed his wife.

"Of course," came back the answer.

"That reminds me," said one of the party, "of a friend of mine. He was a lawyer in a small town, and frequently after working late at night at his office would sleep on a comfortable lounge which he had in a back room. When he was married there was a wedding breakfast at the bride's home and the couple were to start on an evening train for a wedding trip. He had to run around to his office for a few moments, having forgotten some little thing which had to be attended to. The hours went on and H— failed to return to his bride. When train time came and no bridegroom appeared everyone was thrown into a panic. The bride fainted and the news spread like a wildfire in the little town that H— had abandoned his bride and fled the town. The only one who seemed not to suspect him was the bride. She, however, only shed tears, refusing to listen to any condemnation of her missing husband, but declining to offer any suggestions. Finally she could stand the strain no longer and posted her father to H—'s office. H— had gotten deeper into his work and was just on the point of going to sleep on his lounge. He was so 'broken up' over his cruel blunder that he was ashamed to face anyone but his wife and extended his two months' wedding trip over a year. They made one of the happiest couples in the world, but to this day his wife has to find his hat for him and remind him what he wants to do when he leaves the house."

"A similar case, but one which could hardly be called absent-mindedness," said another of the little group, "is that of C—, the stock broker. On the morning on which his first baby was born he came on the floor with a radiant face. Catching sight of me, he rushed up and said, with a beaming smile and joyous eye:

"Congratulations me, old man; I'm the happiest father in New York city. There never was such a handsome baby born before."

"I do congratulate you, Harry, old man," I answered, as he squeezed my hand warmly. "Boy or girl?"

He looked at me for a moment and then a wave of blank despair went over his face.

"I'll be hanged if I know," he said.

"C— disappeared from the floor, but in a couple of hours I felt some one nearly jerk my arm from its socket.

"It's a boy," cried C— gleefully. "I went home to find out."

Facts for the Boys.

Youth's Companion.

The chief official in a railway office recently advertised for a copying clerk at a salary of \$30 a month. He received over 500 answers to his application, the large majority of which were from married men, graduates of colleges, sons, in many cases, of workmen, but young men whose dress, habits and tastes were those of the wealthy and leisurely class.

At the same time, in the same city, "boss" builders were advertising in vain for carpenters, masons and painters to finish work for which they had contracted. These workmen when found, were paid from \$3 to \$4 a day. Even the skilled cooks, chefs in the hotels and wealthy private families of the same town, were paid \$100 a month.

These are significant facts.

What do they prove?

Not that the work of a man with an educated brain is less valuable and more poorly paid in this country than that of one with skilled fingers, but that the market is overstocked with the first class of laborers and not supplied with the last.

The chief reason for this, as we all know, the action of the trades unions in barring out apprentices from their shops. The great industrial schools which have been, or are about to be, established in most of our cities, will soon, it is hoped, remedy this difficulty.

But the second difficulty will not be so easily disposed of. It is the silly prejudice among boys against labor with their hand as being "ungentlemanly." The clerk who copies letters for a dollar a day, with no possibility of ever rising to higher work, is nearer the ideas of a "gentleman" than the mechanic who designs and originates work, who controls other men, and for whom a wide path to usefulness and success is always open, or the farmer or ranchman whose work demands all the forces of his mind and body, and brings him into contact with nature and his fellow men.

Among more thoughtful people this silly prejudice against manual labor is fast disappearing. Hundreds of thoroughly educated men are now herding sheep or growing wheat in Texas and Dakota. The sons of ex-presidents, bishops and the foremost professional men in the country, are now working at forges or in mines, side by side with day laborers, fitting themselves to be practical electricians and mining and mechanical engineers.

It will be long, we fear, before all the boys of republican America recognize the fact that it is not his occupation which gives a man his true place in life, but something for which the occupation is but an outer garment.

The real nobleman is never denied his rank, no matter how coarse his coat may be.

AFTER TWENTY-FIVE YEARS.

What an Ex-Confederate Officer Found Long Years After.

Greenboro Patriot.

Twenty-five years ago, just after Lee's surrender and the bony blue flag was furled forever, a party of young Confederate officers, disheartened and sad, 'tis true, but unworried, turned their faces Southward, after escaping from Grant's men at Appomattox, intending to make their way to Maximilian's army in Mexico and enlist under his banner. They crossed Haw River, and resting under the trees on this side, removed every insignia of their rank. Here one of them sank under exhaustion and wounds and died. Recently his comrades buried him, and two of them, one his brother and the other the hero of this tale, hid his watch, a roll of Confederate money and a number of trinkets, in the hollow of one of three trees which formed a triangle at the foot of a rocky bluff.

Resuming their journey, the party reached here on the morning that President Davis and his party started on their way South. They resolved to escort their fallen chieftain to a place of safety or perish with him. They acted as videttes and accompanied Mr. Davis until he was captured in Georgia, where our hero was wounded and lay for weeks hovering between life and death.

Recovering his health, he made his way to Europe and fought under various banners for several years, but tiring of war, he turned his mind to scientific research and study. He returned to this country and recently made a scientific discovery which has already enriched him and promises to crown his life with immortality.

Some weeks ago he had occasion to return to this place and visit various points in the vicinity. On one of these excursions in the neighborhood of Haw River, he came upon a rocky bluff which seemed strangely familiar. After thinking intently for some minutes he remembered a group of trees, worn out, wounded soldiers, who stood uncovered around a shallow grave; how, reverently and sadly, the body of a dead comrade was placed in it; and with no funeral pomp or church rite, it was laid to rest. He also remembered how with this dead comrade's brother he had sought a hiding place for his little property. The spot had changed. The tall oaks had fallen, and forest fires had burned them up and all that was left was three charred and blackened stumps.

He began to search and at the foot of one of these stumps he found a blackened, half melted mass of metal, which proved to be the watch of the dead soldier hidden there twenty-five years ago, and during all these years forgotten. That he prizes this old watch above all price, we know. He has lost all trace of those who formed this party of desperate young soldiers and has not seen or heard of one of them since.

Government Agricultural Warehouses.

Washington Cor. N. Y. Herald, 23rd ult.

Colonel L. L. Polk, president of the National Farmers' Alliance, read a long argument today before the Senate committee on agriculture and forestry in favor of a system of warehouses for farm products throughout the country, to be operated by the government, which is to issue its notes upon deposits of grain therein. He sketched the decline in agricultural values in the face of marvellous progress and development of other industries and interests during the past two decades and insisted that something should be done for the farmer. He charged the fault upon the financial system of the government, which had resulted in high priced money and low priced products. The remedy Col. Polk suggested was threefold:

1. Restore silver to its dignity and place as a money metal, with all the rights of coinage and all the qualities of legal tender which gold possesses.
2. Issue sufficient amount of currency direct to the people, at a low rate of interest, to meet the legitimate demands of the business of the country, and which shall be legal tender for all debt, public and private.
3. Secure to each individual dignity with the money metals, by basing it on real tangible, substantial values.

Col. Polk was followed by Dr. C. W. McCane, chairman of the national committee on legislation of the Alliance, who addressed himself more particularly to the merits and details of the system of warehouses as outlined in the bill. He asserted that the merchandise thus stored would not deteriorate below market standard, and that the system had proved feasible and practicable, in California, where the Grangers' Bank, in 1889, loaned \$5,000,000 on certificates issued to farmers on wheat deposited in warehouses owned and controlled by them.

I took William Radam's Microbe Killer for general disinfection. From the first dose I felt better and a daily improvement was shown. Three gallons of No. 2 were consumed, when I was comparatively a weak man. I have since had a few more. I have the greatest confidence in recommending the medicine. Yours truly,

Dear Sir:—I have been suffering with lung difficulties for seven years; three months ago quite seriously. I learned of the Microbe Killer, and gave it a trial. I was also quite deaf in my right ear. I have improved in my hearing and gained at least ten pounds in flesh, and am feeling like a new man. I have the greatest confidence in recommending the medicine. Yours truly,

ALFRED P. ROBINSON, 820 Sanson St., San Francisco. Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free.

SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

You will have no use for this if you are not a sufferer from any of the above named diseases.

Having for the past four or five years been troubled with pimples and blotches on my face and body, and finding no relief in any of the chemically prepared soaps and medicines prescribed for me by physicians, I concluded to try your S. S. S. remedy, and have found great relief in the same, four bottles clearing my skin entirely. I cheerfully recommend your medicine to all who are in the position that I have been in. You can use this letter and my name as a testimonial to the merits of the S. S. S. remedy.

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