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Our Motto: Down With Trusts.

VOL. XXVIII.

ELIZABETH CITY, N.C., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1899.

NO. 32

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VICTORIES OF PEACE.

THANKSGIVING THE SUBJECT OF DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

He Enumerates Many of the Blessings For Which We Should Be Thankful-Machinery Has Lightened Burdens-God Sent the Wheel.

[Copyright, Louis Klopsch, 1809.] WASHINGTON, Nov. 26 .- This discourse of Dr. Talmage is a sermon of preparation for the national observance of this week and in an unusual way calls for the gratitude of the people; the text, Ezekiel x, 13, "As for the wheels, it was cried unto them in my hearing, O wheel!"

Next Thursday will, by proclamation of president and governors, be observed in thanksgiving for temporal mercles. With what spirit shalf we enter upon it? For nearly a year and a half this nation has been celebrating the triumph of the sword and gun and battery. We have sung martial airs and cheered returning heroes and sounded the requiem for the slain in battle. Methinks it will be a healthful change if this Thanksgiving week, in church and homestead, we celebrate the victories of peace, for nothing was done at Santiago or Manila that was of more importance than that which in the last year has been done in farmer's off and with a cradle made out of five field and mechanic's shop and author's or six fingers of wood and one of sharp study by those who never wore an steel, the harvester went across the epaulet or shot a Spaniard or went a field, stroke after stroke, perspiration hundred miles from their own doorsill. rolling down forehead and cheek and And now I call your attention to the

mountains rising before him, deep seas arresting his pathway and wild beasts to conquer. It could not be by physical force, for compare his arm with the ox's horn and the elephant's tusk, and how weak he is! It could not be by physical speed, for compare him to the antelope's foot and ptarmigan's wing, and how slow he is! It could not be by physical capacity to soar or plunge, for the condor beats him in one direction and the porpolse in the other. Yet he was to conquer the world. Two eyes, two hands and two feet were insufficient. He must be re-enforced, so God

Twenty-two times is the wheel mentioned in the Bible, sometimes, as in Ezekiel, illustrating providential movement; sometimes, as in the Psalms, A Matter of Choice crushing the bad; sometimes, as in Judges, representing God's charioted progress. The wheel that started in Exodus rolls on through Proverbs, through Isaiah, through Jeremiah, through Daniel, through Nahum, through the centuries, all the time gathering momentum and splendor, until, seeing what it has done for the world's progress and happiness, we clap our hands in thanksgiving and employ the apostrophe of the text, crying, "O wheel!"

Triumphs of Machinery. I call on you in this Thanksgiving week to praise God for the triumphs of machinery, which have revolutionized the world and multiplied its attractions. Even paradise, though very picturesque, must have been comparative-Whether you have your teeth extract- ly dull, hardly anything going on, no ed the old way, with pain, or use Gas, agriculture needed, for the harvest was Vitalized Air, Cocaine, and all their spontaneous; no architecture required, attendant dangers, or with perfect for they slept under the trees; no mansafety, without pain or sleep at N. Y DENTAL ROOMS ONLY, 324 Cor ufacturer's loom necessary for the Main and Talbot streets, Norfolk, Va | weaving of apparel, for the fashions Office hours: 8 to 6; Sundays 10 to 1 were exceedingly simple. To dress the garden could not have required ten minutes a day.

Having nothing to do, they got into mischief and ruined themselves and the race. It was a sad thing to be turned out of paradise, but, once turned out, a beneficent thing to be compelled to work. To help man up and on God sent the wheel. If turned ahead, the race advances; if turned back, the race retreats. To arouse your gratitude and exalt your praise I would show you what the wheel has done for the domestic world, for the agricultural world, for the traveling world, for the literary world. "As for the wheels, it was cried unto them in my hearing, O

In domestic life the wheel has wrought revolution. Behold the sewing machine! It has shattered the housewife's bondage and prolonged woman's life and added immeasurable advantages. The needle for ages had punctured the eyes and pierced the side and made terrible massacre. To prepare the garments of a whole household in the spring for summer and in the autumn for winter was an exhausting process. "Stitch, stitch, stitch!" Thomas Hood set it to poetry, but millions of persons have found it agonizing prose.

Slain by the sword, we buried the hero with "Dead March" in "Saul" and flags at half mast. Slain by the needle, no one knew it but the household that watched her health giving way. The winter after that the children were ragged and cold and hungry or in the almshouse. The hand that wielded the needle had forgotten its couning. drop into the grave. The spool was all not with sexton's spade, but with a world. sharper and shorter implement - a

of women needle slain. sickness and suicide-five acts.

instrument, puts her foot on the breath while I tell you-from New der her arm?" And they rather retreadle and begins. Before the whir York to Albany in 32 hours. But the joice to find her disabled with broken and rattle pleurisies, consumptions, steamboat wheel multiplied its veloci- pedal or punctured tire half way out headaches, backaches, heartaches, are ties until the Lucania of the Cunard to Chevy Chase or Coney Island. But routed. The needle, once an oppressive tyrant, becomes a cheerful slaveroll and rumble and roar until the family wardrobe is gathered, and winter is defied, and summer is welcomed, and the ardors and severities of the seasons are overcome; winding the bobbin, threading the shuttle, tucking, quilting, ruffling, cording, embroidering, underbraiding set to music; lock stitch, twisted loop stitch, crocket stitch, a fasci- years the most disagreeable man I could nating ingenuity.

No wonder that at some of the learn- Europe, despising all American piced institutions, like the New Jersey State Normal school, and Rutgers Female institute, and Elmira Female college, acquaintance with the sewing machine is a requisition, a young lady not ciety-now a transatlantic voyage is being considered educated until she understands it. Winter is coming on, no more boast of it than if he had and the household must be warmly clad. "The Last Rose of Summer" will sound better played on a sewing machine than on a plano. Roll on, O wheel of the sewing machine, until the last shackled woman of toll shall be emancipated! Roll on!

Secondly, I look into the agricultural world to see what the wheel has accomplished. Look at the stalks of wheat and oats, the one bread for man, the other bread for horses. Coat chest, head blistered by the consuming sun and lip parched by the merciless Man, a small speck in the universe, August air, at noon the workmen lying was set down in a big world, high half dead under the trees. One of my most painful boyhood memories is that of my father in harvest time reeling tired to eat, pale and fainting as he sat down. The grain brought to the barn, the sheaves were unbound and spread on a thrashing floor, and two men with flails stood opposite each other, hour after hour and day after day, wunding the wheat out of the stalk. Two strokes, and then a cessation of sound. Thump, thump, thump, thump, thump, thump! Pounded once and then turned over to be pounded again, slow, very slow. The hens cackled and clucked by the door and picked up the loose grains and the horses half asleep and dozing over the mangers where the hay had been.

Wheel of the Reaper. But hark to the buzz of wheels in the distance! The farmer has taken his throne on a reaper. He once walked; now he rides; once worked with arm of flesh, now with arm of iron. He starts at the end of the wheatfield, heads his horses to the opposite end of the field, rices on. At the stroke of his iron chariot the gold of the grain is surrendered, the machine rolling this way and rolling that, this way and that, until the work which would have been accomplished in many days is accomplished in a few hours, the grainfield prostrate before the harvesters.

Can you imagine anything more beautiful than the sea island cotton? I take up the unmelted snow in my hand. How beautiful it is! But do you know by what painstaking and tedious toil it passed into anything like practicality? If you examined that cotton, you would find it full of seeds. It was a severe process by which the seed was to be extracted from the fiber. Vast populations were leaving the south because they could not make any living out of this product. One pound of green seed cotton was all that a man could prepare in one day, but Eli Whitney, a Massachusetts Yankee, woke up, got a handful of cotton and went to constructing a wheel for the parting of the fiber and the seed.

Teeth on cylinders, brushes on cylinders, wheels on wheels. South Carolina gave him \$50,000 for his invention, and, instead of one man taking a whole day to prepare a pound of cotton for the market, now he may prepare three hundredweight, and the south is enriched, and the commerce of the world is revolutionized, and over 8,000,000 bales of cotton were prepared this year, enough to keep at work in this country 14,300,000 spindles, employing 270,000 hands and enlisting \$281,400,000 of capital.

Thank you, Eli Whitney, and L. S. Chichester of New York, his successor. Above all, thank God for their inventive genius, that has done so much for the prosperity of the world.

Cause For Thanks. Thirdly, I look to see what the wheel has done for the traveling world. No one can tell how many noble and self sacrificing inventors have been crushed between the coach wheel and the modern locomotive, between the paddle and the ocean steamer.

I will not enter into the controversy as to whether John Fitch or Robert Fulton or Thomas Somerset was the inventor of the steamboat. They all suffered and were martyrs of the wheel, and they shall be honored. The world could not believe its own weed and blossoms of spray, and I find John Fitch wrote: The 21st of January, 1743, was the fatal time of

bringing me into existence. I know of nothing so with the whirling, flashing, dominat- of corn and radiant with California The thimble had dropped from the palsied finger. The thread of life had snapped and let a suffering human life treated the latter in the same manner; but, for one man to be teased with both, he must be unwound. Her sepulcher was digged looked upon as the most unfortunate men in the Surely John Fitch was in a bad pre-

needle. Federal and Confederate dead dicament. If the steamboat boiler did have ornamented graves at Arlington not blow him up, his wife would. In Heights and Richmond and Gettysburg, all ages there are those to prophesy ly from place to place? Was the busithousands by thousands, but it will the failure of any useful invention. ness of the bird or the roebuck more take the archangel's trumpet to find You do not know what the inventors of urgent than that of the incarnated im- have tried to get a congress of kings the million graves of the vaster army the day suffer. When it was proposed mortal? No. At last we have the at Berlin or at Paris or at St. Petersto light London with gas, Sir Hum-Besides all the sewing done for the phry Davy, the great philosopher, said household at home, there are hundreds that he should as soon think of cutting of thousands of sewing women. The a slice from the moon and setting it man? The cynics and constitutional built we have a convention of all the tragedy of the needle is the tragedy of upon a pole to light the city. Through hunger and cold and insult and home all abuse and caricature Fitch and cipation and say. "What better exer Rice, King Wheat, King Oats, King Fulton went until yonder the wheel cise can she have than a broom or a Iron, King Coal, King Silver, King is in motion, and the Clermont, the duster or a churn or rocking a cradle Gold-and they all bow before the King But I hear the rush of a wheel. Wom- first steamboat, is going up the North or running up and down stairs or a of kings, to whom be all the glory of an puts on the band and adjusts the river, running the distance—hold your walk to church with a prayer book un this year's wonderful production!

meet was the man who had been to tures and American music and American society because they had seen European pictures and heard European music and mingled in European soso common that a sensible man would been to New York or Boston:

Landmarks of Progress. What a difference between John Fitch's steamboat, 60 feet long, and the Oceanic, 704 feet long! The ocean wheel turns swifter and swifter, filling up the distance between the hemispheres and hastening the time spoken of in the book of Revelation when there shall be no more sea.

While this has been doing on the water James Watt's wheel has done as much on the land. How well I remember Sanderson's stagecoach, running from New Brunswick to Easton, as he drove through Somerville, N. J., turning up to the postoffice and dropping the mail bags with ten letters and two or three newspapers, Sanderson himself on the box, 6 feet 2 inches and well proportioned, long lash whip in his hand, the reins of six horses in adelphia, Washington and western satellite, they point out that these erupthe other, the "leaders" lathered along dailies? Some of us remember when tions must have set at liberty great capable of his destruction, yet he was from exhaustion over the doorstep, too the line of the traces, foam dripping the hand ink roller was run over the quantities of gas or vapors, while the

from the bits! thread of railways!

the burlesque of all railroaders. Between that rude machine, crawling down the iron track, followed by a clumsy and bouncing train, and one of that of the railroad locomotive, that of our Rocky mountain locomotives, with a village of palace cars, becoming drawing rooms by day and princely dormitories by night, what bewitching progressi

Modern Wonders.

See the train move out of one of our great depots for a thousand mile journey! All aboard! Tickets clipped and baggage checked and porters attentive to every want, under tunnels dripping with dampness that never saw the light; along ledges where an inch off the track would be the difference between a hundred men living and a hundred dead, full head of steam and two men in the locomotive charged with all the responsibility of whistle and Westinghouse brake. Clank! clank! go the wheels. Clank! clank! echo the rocks. Small villages only hear the thunder and see the whiriwind as the train shoots past, a city on the wing. Thrilling, startling, sublime, magnificent spectacle-a rail train in lightning procession.

When years ago the railroad men struck for wages, our country was threatened with annihilation, and we realized what the railroad wheel had done for this country-over one hundred and eighty thousand miles of railroad in the United States; in one year over a billion dollars received from passengers and freight; White mountains, Alleghany mountains, Rocky Colorado and Nevada, those places mountains, Sierra Nevadas, bowing to the iron yoke; all the rolling stock of New York Central, Erie, Pennsylvania, Michigan Central, Georgia, Great Southern, Union Pacific and all the other wheels of the tens of thousands the sunlight! Here is copper from of freight cars, wrecking cars, ca- Lake Superior, so heavy I dare not lift booses, drawing room cars, sleeping it. Here is gold from Virginia and cars, passenger cars, of all the accommodation, express and special trains, started by the wheel of the grotesque locomotive that I saw at Doncaster. of agricultural, mineralogical, pomo-For what it has done for all Christen- logical wealth dash to the platform, dom I ejaculate in the language of the and there are four beautiful beings text, "O wheel?"

eagle rapidly exchanged jungles or what God has done for the north and tire. At last we have wings. And Only a few kings have come. But on what has this invention done for we this imaginary platform that I have growlers would deny her this eman- kings-King Corn, King Cotton, King

line and the Majestic of the White all sensible people who know the tonic Star line and the New York of the of fresh air and the health in deep American line and the Kaiser Wilhelm respiration and the awakening of disof the North German Lloyd line cross used muscles and the exhibaration of the Atlantic ocean in six days or less, velocity will rejoice that wife and communication between the two coun- mother and daughter may have this tries so rapid and so constant that new recreation. Indeed life to so many whereas once those who had been to is so hard a grind that I am glad at Europe took on airs for the rest of the arrival of any new mode of healththeir mortal lives and to me for many ful recreation. We need have no anxlety about this invasion of the world's stupidity by the vivacious and laughing and jubilant wheel, except that we always want it to roll in the right direction, toward place of business, toward good recreation, toward philanthropy, toward usefulness, toward places of divine worship, and never toward immortality or Sabbath desecration. My friend Will Carleton, the poet, said what I like when he wrote: We claim a great utility that daily must increase; We claim from inactivity a sensible release; A constant mental, physical and moral help we

That bids us turn enthusiasts and cry, God blea the wheel!

Never yet having mounted one of those rolling wonders, I stand by the wayside, far enough off to avoid being run over, and in amazement and congratulation cry out; in Ezekiel's phraseology of the text, "O wheel!" Miraculous Printing Press.

Fourthly, I look into the literary world and see what the wheel has accomplished. I am more astounded with this than anything that has pre- are of very general interest. After ceded. Behold the almost miraculous giving reasons for concluding that the printing press! Do you not feel the formidable volcanic eruptions of which ground shake with the machinery of the moon has been the theater belong the New York, Brooklyn, Boston, Phil- to a recent time in the history of our cylinder, and by great haste 800 copies diffusion of cinders on the lunar sur-It was the event of the day when of the village newspaper were issued face to great distances infers a gaseous the stage came. It was our highest in one day and no lives lost. But in- envelope of a certain density. ambition to become a stage driver. vention has crowded invention and Some of the boys climbed on the great wheel jostled wheel, stereotyping, elapsed since the great eruptions sufleathern boot of the stage, and those electrotyping, taking their places, Ben- ficed to bring about the total disapof us who could not get on shouted, jamin Franklin's press giving way to pearance of this gaseous envelope? "Cut behind!" I saw the old stage the Lord Stanhope press, and the Considering that the already solidified driver not long ago, and I expressed to Washington press and the Victory lunar surface could only have absorbhim my surprise that one around press and the Hoe perfecting press ed the gases slowly and with difficulty, whose head I had seen a halo of glory have been set up. Together with the they conclude that from their examiin my boyhood time was only a man newspapers comes the publication of nation of the lunar surface there are like the rest of us. Between Sander- innumerable books of history, of serious grounds for believing that son's stagecoach and a Chicago express poetry, of tomance, of art, of travel, of there exists at the present time a train what a difference, all the great biography, of religion, dictionaries, en- residue of atmosphere of which the decities of the nation strung on an iron cyclopedias and Bibles. Some of these, tection, surrounded as it is with great presses send forth the most accursed difficulties, may yet be realized. At Doncaster, England, I saw George | stuff, but the good predominates. Turn Stephenson's first locomotive. If in on with wider sweep and greater velocgood repair, it could run yet, but be- ity, O wheel-wheel of light, wheel of cause of its make and size it would be civilization, wheel of Christianity, wheel of divine momentum!

On those four wheels-that of the sewing machine, that of the reaper, the printing press-the world has moved up to its present prosperity.

And now I gather on an imaginary platform, as I literally did when I preached in Brooklyn, specimens of our American products.

Bountiful Harvests.

bound together. May the band never product of America. Here is sugar could take any satisfaction in it. cane, enough to sweeten the beverages of an empire. Who would think that out of such a humble stalk there would come such a luscious product? Here are palmetto trees that have in their pulses the warmth of southern climes. Here is the cactus of the south, so beautiful and so tempting it must go armed. Here are the products of American mines. This is fron, this is coal, the iron representing a vast yield, our country sending forth one year 800,000 tons of it, the coal representing 160,000 square miles of it, the iron prying out the coal, the coal smelting the iron. This is silver, silver from able yet to yield silver napkin rings and silver knives and silver casters and silver platters for all our people. Here is mica from the quarries of New Hampshire. How beautiful it looks in I look around me on this imaginary

platform, and it seems as if the waves that walk in, and they are all gar-While the world has been rolling on landed, and one is garlanded with the eight wheels of the rail car or the wheat and blossoms of snow, and I find four wheels of the carriage or the two she is the north, and another comes in, wheels of the gig it was not until 1876, and her brow is garlanded with rice at the Centennial exposition at Phila- and blessoms of magnelia, and I find delphia, that the miracle of the nine- she is the south, and another comes in, teenth century rolled in-the bicycle. and I find she is garlanded with seaeyes, and not until quite far on in the she is the east, and another comes in, eighties were the continents enchanted and I find she is garlanded with silk ing spectacle of a machine that was to gold, and I find she is the west, and, do so much for the pleasure, the busi- coming face to face, they take off their ness, the health and the profit of na- garlands, and they twist them together tions. The world had needed it for into something that looks like a 6,000 years. Man's slowness of loco- wreath, but it is a wheel, the wheel motion was a mystery. Was it of more of national presperity, and I say in importance that the reindeer or the an outburst of Thanksgiving joy for crags than that man should get swift- the south and the east and the west,

At different times in Europe they

The Inquisitive Tongue. The curlosity of the tongue does not enuse the human being so much trouble as the curiosity of the eye. But the tongue, within its limits, is the most

Let the dentist make a change in the mouth, let him remove a tooth or replace with his admirable artifice one that has long been absent, let him change the form of a tooth by rounding off a corner or building up a cavity and see what the tongue will do. It will search out that place, taking careful and minute account of the change. Then it will linger near the place. If it is called to other duties, it comes back as soon as they are discharged and feels the changed place all over again, as if it had not explored and rummaged there already.

It makes no difference that these repeated investigations presently cause annoyance to its supposed master, the man. The tongue in nothing more than in this matter proves that it is an unruly member and will not be controlled.

It seems to have an original will and consciousness of its own, and nothing will serve it except the fullest satisfaction of its curiosity. It will wear itself out, perhaps, but it will find out all about the strange change. - Boston Transcript.

The Moon's Atmosphere.

The recent conclusions of the French cientists, MM. Loewy and Pulseux, as to the possible presence of some gaseous envelope on the moon's surface

Has the time, they ask, which has

When Jay Gould Wrestled. John Burroughs, the writer, was in his boyhood days a schoolmate of Jay Gould. To Theodore Dreiser, who tells the story in The New Voice, Mr. Burroughs gave this anecdote of Gould:

He was shrewd, but not a bad fellow at all. I remember that once we had a wrestling match. As we were about even in strength, we agreed to abide by certain rules, taking what we called "holts" in the beginning and not breaking them until one or the other was thrown. I kept to this Here is corn from the west, a fore- when we began wrestling, but when taste of the great harvest that is to Jay realized that he was in danger of come down to our seaboard, enough for losing he broke "holts" and threw ma ourselves and for foreign shipment. When I said he had broken his agree-Here is rice from the south, never a ment, he only laughed and said, "I more beautiful product grown on the threw you, didn't I?" That irritated planet, mingling the gold and green. me, and I kept arguing the original Here are two sheaves, a sheaf of north- point, but he only laughed the more ern wheat and a sheaf of southern rice, and covered my taunts with the same answer. He had won, and it pleased break! Here is cotton, the wealthiest him, though I often wondered how he



moment that consumption will ever strike you a sudden blow. It does not come that way. It creeps its way along. First, you think it is a little

cold; nothing but a little hacking cough; then a little loss in weight; then a harder cough; then the fever and the night The suddenness comes when

you have a hemorrhage. Better stop the disease while it is yet creeping. You can do it with

cough less. The pressure on the chest is lifted. That feeling of suffocation is removed. A cure is hastened by placing one of

Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral Plaster over the Chest.

A Book Free. It is on the Diseases of the Throat and Lungs.

Wi-Ne us Freely.

DR. J. C. AYER, Lowell, Mass