

The Charlotte Democrat.

THIS PAPER IS 44 YEARS OLD

CHARLOTTE, N. C., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1896.

VOLUME XLIV—NUMBER 2275

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Practice limited to Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat.
Apr 3, 1896

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Nov 2, 1894

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July 6, 1895

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350 acres of good land—cheap as dirt—on the Carolina Central Railroad, 3 miles east of Lincoln, Lincoln county. Most of it wood and Appy to "Y." DEMOCRAT Office.

NOTICE
Is hereby given, that an application will be made to the next session of the Legislature of North Carolina, to incorporate the "People's Benevolent Relief Association of North Carolina."
E. J. YOUNG.
dec 3 1m.

BAB IN THE SUNNY SOUTH.

SHE DWELLS UPON THE VIRTUES OF A HAPPY COMMUNITY.

A City of Contrasts—House of Old Johns Hopkins, whose Name is Synonymous With Science and Education. St. Louis Republic.

The City of Monuments! The city of to-day and the city of yesterday! The city that offers, for a small sum, a home, comfortable, modern and well built, at a reasonable price, so that the workmen may live, as he should in a house by himself. It is the city of contrast. Yesterday I looked with wonderment at the rows upon rows of beautiful modern houses that had been built since I last saw Baltimore, and the day before I admired the quaint old two-story house with its attic windows and sun rounded by a terraced garden, in which lived the old Quaker, John Hopkins, whose name to-day is almost synonymous with science, advance and education. I fly across the town in class fast cars that make those that used in New York a disgrace, and behold! it is not to-day. It is not yesterday. It is over a hundred years ago.

I am knocking for admission at the door of a convent, and, although I am expected, I lay my card on the revolving shelf that spends half its life in the outer world—the busy, bustling, brutal world—and the other half in the world where all is piety and sweetness and goodness and godliness. A low clear voice directs me to enter the opposite room; it is plain, but scrupulously clean. A few chairs and a few religious pictures are its only furniture. As I seat myself I am opposite a grating that extends from ceiling to floor, and the inner side of which has hung before it a full curtain of black serge. In a few minutes a sweet voice—all the Carmelite ladies have voices that sound like music—greets me with "Good Morning!"

Did you ever talk to anybody, with a serge curtain and a grating between you two? Just at first you are curiously embarrassed; your voice sounds extremely loud, your chair will creak, and every time you move you move your foot you are surprised at the amount of noise you manage to make. You and I, who are embarrassed at meeting nobody, find ourselves ill at ease with a companion that is a voice and a soul, but no visible body. However, as Mother Raphael is a gentlewoman, a few minutes puts me at my ease, and I inquire the dignified form that I do not see.

I ask about the life of the community. I wonder if you could live it? It means a life of fasting and prayer; it means a life given exclusively to intercession for those who forget to pray for themselves; it means a life of self-abnegation as few women dare to try; and yet there is no community in the world in which the members live to be so old as in the case of the Carmelite. The Carmelite is an old very old order. In France, they always command not only the love, but the respect of the people, and when, in the Eighteenth Century, the most brilliant of the daughters of Louis XV, saw and predicted the horrors that were coming, there was little surprise when she became a Carmelite. One day she was in the Court of France, handsome, brilliant and witty, the next day she had taken the vows of a Carmelite nun and was out of the world which she had adorned. When the King was in doubt it was to this daughter that he went for wisdom. She had the brain of a man with the heart of a woman, and if her father had followed her advice the French Revolution might have been delayed—but who can say? In religion, M. de Lamoignon was known as Sister Teresa of St. Augustine, and her picture adorns almost every Carmelite community. She let a beautiful life and died a saint's death. As Mother Raphael was telling me about this I interrupted her and asked:

"When did the Carmelites come to this country?"

She says: "The few sisters who believed it would be wise to make for themselves a home in the New World, after a long and wearisome voyage of many months, took possession of their home on the Feast of St. Teresa, October 15, 1790, in Charles county, Maryland. Those sisters worked very hard, but never grew weary in well doing. Several American ladies joined the order, and one of them brought in with her dowry some slaves. In time, the number of slaves owned by the community was 50—men, women and children. Outhouses were built for them, and they were treated as the children of the convent. The women were taught to sew, to cook and to make their homes comfortable; the men were encouraged to work, to save their money and to let the children had their school, while to all of them the knowledge of God was preached, not only in sermons, but in every way possible. The time came when the home in Charles county grew too small; it was thought best for the community to emigrate to Baltimore, and then there arose a important question—what was to be done with the colored people?"

"The sisters could not sell them, they could not be certain that any one else would look after them in the little group of houses that had formed their homes. So they called them together and the superior told them the conclusion which had been reached. It was this: Each head of family was to select whomsoever among the neighborhood he thought best as a man, and his choice meeting with the approval of the community, he was to go to the home which he had chosen. That there was wisdom in this method of arranging for their happiness was shown by the fact that each chose a good, kind,

broad-minded master or mistress, and in the years that followed they never forgot the gentle sisters who had cared for them so long, and they regularly wrote them, telling of their joys and sorrows.

At the time that sisters came to Baltimore there existed a fear that the British were going to attack the city, and among our chronicles in a story about this that is rather amusing. In those days there were few carriages, fewer omnibuses, and of course, no street cars; so the nuns walked, two by two, through the streets to the Archbishop's palace, where they were to rest before entering their home. The Archbishop had an old colored servant who was a great coward, and when he saw these strange figures, swathed in white mantles, and wearing long black veils, going up the steps, he rushed before them screaming: "Oh! the British! they come to take away old Massa!"

Then they went to our old home on Asquith street, and there they stayed for many, many years. The fact that they were permitted to have a private cemetery in the garden undoubtedly started the story about which you ask, that we dug our own graves, each sister, throwing out a shovelful of earth each night. That is only done by the Trappists, and not, I believe, by any other order in this country. Are we happy? The laugh that followed this question was so merry that it was impossible to doubt the perfect content of the lady who was talking.

Then she said: "As an evidence of the old age to which the Carmelites lived, I must tell you this: In 1838, when our community was sadly in need of money, we asked the Paris house to assist us, and among the sisters a live at that time was Mother Raphael, who was 91 years old, and who has been a novice with Mme. Louise de France.

Think of that! Think of that who lived before the French Revolution one who had made her life, from the physical standpoint, a life of continual self-denial, and we read books and listen to lectures as how to live so that we may have many years of life, and we never once think of the certain effect of a good life, a pure life, and a life of usefulness. A few questions and I was told that, year in and year out, no flesh is eaten. On fast days neither fish, eggs nor milk is indulged in. The bed is of straw, sheets of serge, the habit is serge, the long black veil is always worn over the face. Speech is never indulged in, except during the hours of recreation. After a little more chat, during which Mother Raphael highly commended the energy of the women of today, I said: "An revoir" for a few minutes and went to the chapel. I stood by the grating before the choir and as a special favor, the serge curtain was drawn up and I saw the stately figure of Mother Raphael and the slender one of the younger sister who had been talking to me.

You who are out in the world, who think much of work may ask: What do the Carmelite ladies do? They pray and pray without ceasing. When you are at the opera, when you are at the gayer, when you are interested in the play, or when you are whirling around in the dance, their voices are going up to God, asking Him to keep you out of temptation. They say to you when they talk to you that it is good for you to have a pleasant time, that they are happy in knowing of your pleasure, that your vacation is to be in the world; and they urge upon you to come to them. But by Jew or Gentile, Mohammedan or Buddhist whether you have faith or whether you are a disbeliever you need only ask for a special prayer and it will be said for you. The wife whose husband is out in the storm at sea, the mother whose boy is a prodigal, the young lady who doubts the love of her betrothed, each one may go and ask that the gentle Sisters say a special prayer, and it will be said, said with joy, said with faith, and said without asking for gold.

When the Sisters moved into the house in which they now live, closed carriages were brought to convey them from one convent to another, but the streets for blocks, was crowded with people eager to see them step over the threshold, across the pavement and into the carriages. Mother Raphael laughed heartily at the curiosity, but she did not tell me what was said to me by a man of the world, that is, that in this crowd, collected to look upon the kindly nuns, many fell upon them and thanked them for having helped with prayer and good advice, when more than mere material assistance was needed.

It seems strange that, although none of these Sisters expect to leave the house until the kiss of death has been pressed upon their lips, and they are carried away to that God's acre, which has been dedicated to them. They are not only happy of heart and pleasant of speech, but there seems to be about them a special halo of womanliness that makes the bycronic, today, loud speaking, positive women of today appear vulgar and unattractive. Neither you nor I can explain this; only believing that much good is gained by silent prayer and quiet meditation, and convinced that by continual prayer they are brought so close to God that they exude sweetness and purity just as an Anunciation lily sends forth perfume. Their faith may not be yours, it is not mine, but no matter what your faith may be you cannot pay a visit to the Carmelite Nunnery in Baltimore without feeling the better for it. And when I said goodbye to Mother Raphael I felt honored by touching her hand, for I knew that, as surely as there are many roads leading to heaven, she certainly was upon one that leads directly to the throne of God.

One-day is before me, and a kindly conductor helps me into the electric car. Where have I been? With ladies to whom the French Revolution was but yesterday, with ladies whose geneses goy goes back to that first communitary upon Mount Carmel.

How great is their aristocracy, and how poor and mean is the aristocracy of the dollar! Incorrectly, it is called "almighty" and yet you and I know that its greatness is as nothing compared to the sincere prayer that is said by the Carmelite every day. The man who made his fortune yesterday has no student hunt him up a few ancestors; and if he gave a thought to the Sisters of the Orders of St. Teresa, he would call them, "poor nuns!" How little he knows! They are rich nuns—rich in faith, rich in hope, and rich in charity. The conductor looked at me once or twice with a sympathetic air; it is not that he is used to seeing on his car women who have gone to the Carmelite convent to ask for prayers, and he imagines it to be the tears coming down my cheek occasioned by grief.

How mistaken he is! They are tears of thankfulness. They are my thanksgiving for having had two blessings of God called down upon me by a woman whose life is dedicated to God. If you had been with me you would have felt like me. And the outside world would have seemed very noisy, very vulgar and very undesirable compared with the quiet and peace of the house in which I had been. But your work and mine out here, out in this noisy, bustling, vulgar world. All that we can hope is that we may do our best, and that the gentle nuns may send up a gentle prayer for you who are a Jew, for somebody else who is a Catholic, for somebody else who is a Protestant, as well as for

BAB

LITERARY NOTES.

Herbert D. Ward, the novelist and husband of Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward, has written a new novel, which will be the fiction feature of the Ladies' Home Journal during 1897. It is a humorous story and has the unique title of "The Burglar Who Moved Paradise." It is a sequel to Mrs. Ward's "An Old Maid's Paradise," the husband taking up the pen where Miss Phelps had naturally put it down when she became Mrs. Ward.

Mrs. Koror Stops Her Paper.
Mrs. Koror's magazine, Household News has been absorbed by the Ladies' Home Journal in order to make it possible for Miss Koror to form an exclusive editorial connection with the latter magazine. All of Mrs. Koror's literary work will hereafter appear exclusively in the Journal, of which she is the editor. Several pages of the magazine will be given her each month, and in these she will begin by giving a new series of simple cooking lessons, to be followed by domestic lessons treating separately the care and arrangement of each room in a house.

Bismarck and Wales.
Last summer George W. Smalley, the famous correspondent and man of letters, went abroad in the interests of the Ladies' Home Journal. His commission was to write two articles: one on "The Personal Side of Bismarck," and the other on "The Personal Side of Prince of Wales." Mr. Smalley personally knows both men and he had no difficulty in getting in close touch with them, while other men would have found insurmountable barriers. The first of these articles will be printed in the January issue of the Journal. Unpublished portraits will illustrate the papers.

Useful Hints.

Waste in the kitchen is very often great from apparently trivial sources. In cooking meats, the water is thrown out without removing the grease, or the grease from the dripping pan is thrown away.

Scraps of meat are thrown away. Cold potatoes are left to spoil.

Dry fruits are not looked after and become wormy.

Vinegar and sauce are left standing in tin.

Apples are left to decay for want of "sorting over."

The tea canister is left open.

Vitamins are left exposed to be eaten by mice.

Bones of meat and the carcass of turkey are thrown away, when they could be used in making good soups.

Sugar, coffee, tea and rice carelessly spilled in the handling.

Soap is left to dissolve and waste in the water.

Dish towels are used for dish cloths.

Napkins are used for dish towels.

Towels are used for bath-towels.

Brooms and mops are not hung up.

More coal is burned than necessary by not arranging dampers when not using the fire.

Lights are left burning when not used.

Tue dishes are not properly cleaned and dried.

Good new brooms are used in scrubbing the kitchen floor.

Silver spoons are used in scraping kettles.

Cream is left to mould and spoil.

Mustard is left to spoil in the cruet, etc.

Tea and coffee are injured on the stove.—The Restaurateur.

Used in Germany.
Goose Grease has been used in Germany for thousands of years for Rheumatism, Neuralgia, strains, bruises, etc., and found to be the most reliable remedy known. Always reliable under guarantee. If it does you no good it is back to your druggist and get your money made only by Goose Grease Liniment Co., Greenboro, N. C.
Apr 10-ly

WHERE IS THE BEAR?

MAYBE IT WAS NEVER CAPTURED.

Little Charlie Says He Caught It by the Tail and That Being So; What Did He Do With It?
Editor Charlotte Democrat.

In your issue of the 10th inst., is published a letter, "Hot from Pender County," and from which you seem to infer that our party have "kept something back." Your comments about our hunt reminds me that you have not forgotten the command to "strike while the iron is hot." I would remind you that Nimrod would feel humbled to use cunning only in toying to use the wild burst of the poet, for he admitted the blind bard whose mental vision was blighted thereby when he says that even

"Heaven hides nothing from you now,
Nor does the deep track of Heil."

Little Charlie's "Hot Letter" seems to breathe a spirit of kindness for our party and may be truthful as to Mr. Davis coming to the bear trap, but why don't he tell the whole truth? It seems that he had a tail hold on the bear and should report what became of it. They reported no catch to the others who would be entitled to share with him. I do hope they will explain to the satisfaction of all what trapping was done Thanksgiving day when I was 7 miles from the scene happy and thankful as a hunter could be, at the home of my soldier comrade Wright Blake—a day devoted to memory sweet. We walked and talked and rowed in a boat on Shacking creek and Northeast river. We camped our surroundings for 31 years ago when we were in the trenches at Petersburg, Va., indeed we commended with memory sweet, a riotous and dear to every patriot's heart. The peace conference at that time occurring at Fort Monroe—the immortal army and its honored commander standing by the death-bed of our bleeding country—all passed in review.

As promised I hide nothing from your view, and state that it still taxes the grace and courage of an old soldier to measure out another dose of forgiveness to the enemy of his country's cause so as to be thankful even at that loss of time. We thought of sister Julia, too, and planned to go for her when Uncle Sam's ready to annex her to North Carolina. I am proud of the pleasant mention you make of our devoted wives and honored champions. One of the wives volunteered to go along to do our cooking; they are none of your new issue of one-wheelers, they have pulled in double harness from away back yonder up to date. They have honored their mothers and will live long and bloom. Yes, they are the fruit from the full grown tree of American manhood. Does it still appear that the hunters would keep anything back? Sir, the lives of all of them have been more thrilling than that of Davy Crockett.

Duty associated them with the negro in early youth. At manhood they were marching to the music of the cannon's roar, and during the prime of life endured the trials of being among unconquered yankees, reconquered rebels and voting free negroes, and during all this opposition, Mr. Editor, they were building the grandest century in the calendar of time. How fitting, how pleasant 'tis for them in the evening of life to seek and enjoy the company of preachers—the best, most honored and blest of the human race.

That circle you allude to may have been made by the bear and little Charlie while in the trap, and to satisfy you I'll swear Charlie and prove by all the hunters that Alexander and I was 4 miles from that point during our first hunt, and that I was more than 2 miles from it in the first drive. Alexander told me he saw it and would like to have it explained. I keep nothing back, and tell you that our hunting grounds are many objects of interest, such as Devil's race track, whale walows, etc., and not only has it been honored by His Satanic Majesty, but the soldiers of George III have left footprints there. On Shelter creek are to be seen breastworks of the day, and these hunting grounds are hollowed and blist by the best people on earth. I love the name of Pender, who was my first commander in the war between the States. Carolina's greatest soldier, living or dead, and to honor him that county was formed.

Now, Mr. Editor, if you will go down and see for yourself and stay long enough for your beard to sprout, and will give us a true history of that trap business and that object of mystery, we will have Mr. Davis to champion you and employ little Charlie for your pilot. (I will have no fears of your molesting our game.) If you will do this duty to our party, I will give you the feet and tail of the next buck I capture and there by aid you in catching a DEAR.

Our pleasures while there were too great to keep and as you are now convinced that "I hide nothing from you," (except bear trapping) I will stop, unless you need and want, and will share the honor and profits of publishing an encyclopedia written by NIMROD.

Marvelous Results.

From a letter written by Rev. J. Gundersen, of Dimondale, Mich. we are permitted to make this extract: "I have no hesitation in recommending Dr. King's New Discovery, as the results were almost marvelous in the case of my wife. While I was pastor of the Baptist Church at River Junction she was brought down with pneumonia, succumbing to La Grippe. Terrible phroxyons of coughing would last hours with little interruption and it seemed as if she could not survive them. A friend recommended Dr. King's New Discovery; it was quick in its work and highly satisfactory in results." Trial bottles free at Burwell & Dunn's Drug Store. Regular size 50c. and \$1.00.

A WISE RAILROAD MOVE.

One Hundred Experiment Farms. Manufacturers' Record Dec. 11, 1896.

The S. A. Board Air Line has taken one step, which seems to be in advance of every other railroad in the south, looking to the benefit of the agricultural interests of the country tributary to it and to the enlargement of its efforts to attract immigration and capital for investment. This is to be found in the organization of plans for the establishment of 100 experiment stations along the lines of its road, giving one experimental point to every ten miles of its system. It is proposed by the management to take 100 small tracts of land immediately along the line of its road, and under the direction of the best experts to utilize these bodies of land for showing what can be done in the diversification of farm interests and for the growing of farm products not now raised in the south. The experiments of this company in proving that hops and other products not heretofore raised in that section can be successfully grown in that territory have shown to the officers the wisdom of very greatly enlarging the scope of these experimental operations. These experimental stations will not be large enough to be a financial burden to the railroad, but at the same time will be large enough to amply demonstrate the best methods of crop-growing and the best crops adapted to the various sections of the country. It is proposed to experiment with a large number of crops not now produced in that territory, such as hops, broom corn, New England beans, celery, sugar beets and other products which may be made to profit the agricultural interests of the region between Norfolk and Atlanta.

The south annually spends immense sums for products of this kind, which are brought from other sections, and which could be raised at home to even better advantage than elsewhere. In taking the lead in this kind of educational work, the Seaboard deserves the heartfelt commendation of everyone interested in southern advancement. These experimental stations will not only prove of immense value to all farmers now located along the line of the road, but will be the means of showing to thousands of prospective settlers from other sections what can be done in the south, and will thus be the means of greatly increasing immigration to that region.

This, however, is only a part of the plans of the Seaboard looking toward the development of the territory along its line. It is proposed to organize a department, which will not only have charge of the experimental stations, but which will also give careful attention to the study of the best markets to which such products should be shipped, thus aiding the farmers in securing the greatest returns. Included in this general work will also be special efforts to improve the grade of the livestock on adjacent farms.

In connection with these plans, there will also be established an industrial department in charge of Mr. John T. Patrick, of Pine Bluff, N. C., who for some years was immigration agent of North Carolina, and who has of recent years been identified with extensive immigration and development work at Southern Pines and other points along the line of this road.

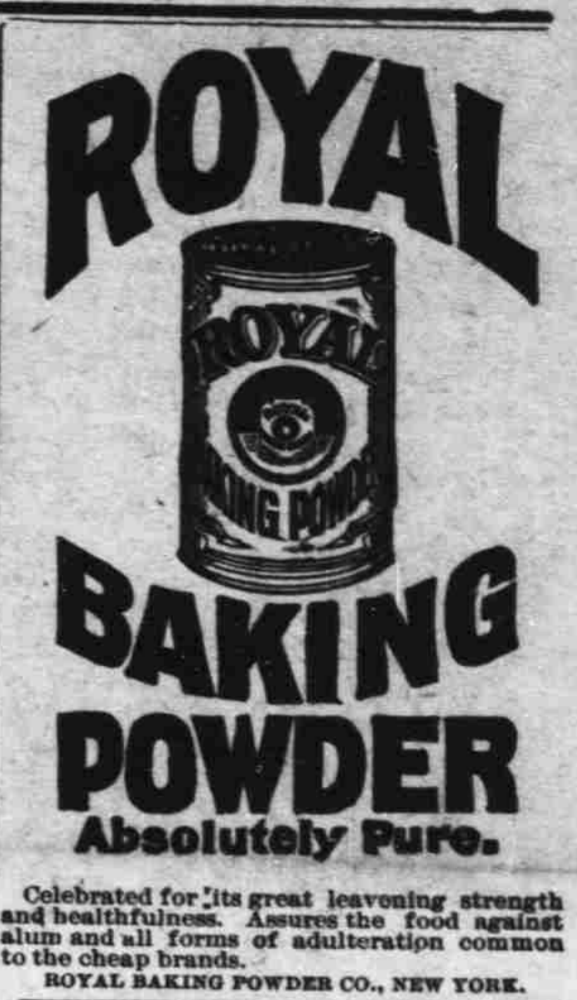
This feature of the work will take in the question of making known the industrial resources and capabilities of the country and of aiding to the utmost extent in the development of manufacturing interests. While one or two other southern roads have each established an experimental farm, and while a number of southern roads have immigration and industrial departments, we do not believe that any one has laid out such a broad plan as has been outlined by the management of the Seaboard system. It was to the success of the experimental farm of the Georgia Southern & Florida Railroad that much of the immigration along the country reached by that road was due. When Maj. Glessner was carrying such large numbers of women fruit growers and others to that territory and making such a great success of his work in attracting population and advancing the interests of the country, his success was mainly owing to the giving full credit to his untiring energy and good judgment to the experimental farm which had been operated so successfully. But this was only one extensive farm, and could not be seen by everybody. The Seaboard, on the contrary, in having 100 smaller farms, carries the work to a much greater extent and with much better promise of larger results.

SHARKEY POCKETS THE MONEY.

The Sailor is Ready to Fight Anybody.

San Francisco, Dec. 18.—As soon as the Anglo-California Bank opened this morning, Tom Sharkey presented the certified check for \$10,000, handed him by Referee Wyatt Earp on the day of the fight with Fitzsimmons. The cashier notified the sailor that the attachments aggregating \$1,500 had been filed against the check. "All right, then, give me the balance," remarked Sharkey, in a way which indicated that he was anxious to get the \$8,500 out of the reach of the collectors. The money was turned over to him and he proceeded on his way jubilantly. Sharkey has not definitely determined as to his future movements.

"I'm ready to fight anybody," said Sharkey, "but nobody seems desirous of meeting me, and it don't look as if I would get a match for some time. Peter Maher, the man I would like to go against, is matched to meet Steve O'Donnell, so I will be unable to get a fight out of the Irishman until after his present engagement is over." Inquiry among members of the grand jury leads to the conclusion that nobody will be proceeded against by finding indictments for felony. In the jury are a number of prominent citizens who do not disapprove of ring contests. They hold it would be unwise to proceed against the boxers as it is certain conviction could not be obtained.



ROYAL BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure.

NOTICE
By virtue of a deed of trust executed to me by J. B. Cooper and wife, Rosa V. Cooper, which is duly recorded in the Register's office in Mecklenburg county, in Book 99, page 196, I will sell, for cash, to the highest bidder, at the court house in the city of Charlotte on the 16th day of January, 1897, at 10 o'clock m., that lot of land in the city of Charlotte situated at the corner of E and Ninth streets, fronting ninety nine feet (99 ft) on Ninth street, and extending back at that width along E street one hundred and ninety-eight (198 ft) and embracing one-half of lots 304 and 305 in square 100 according to Bear's map of the said city, it being the lot on which the said Cooper and wife reside, and the same conveyed to the said Rosa V. Cooper by A. G. Brenizer, trustee by deed dated the 11th day of March, 1889, and recorded in the register's office of said county in book 64, page 460, The 16th day of December, 1896.
H. G. JONES, Trustee.
dec 17 1m.

Dissolution Sale.
The firm of E. L. Yandle & Co. at Pineville, is this day dissolved, and will be responsible for all debts made up to this time. Hereafter the firm will be known as M. K. Moore.
E. L. YANDLE & CO.

ALL AROUND THE FARM.

A wagonload of clinders dumped at the end of a bridge will prevent the wheels from cutting deep chuck holes into the grade.

Professor Curtis says that the way to dry off a cow is to stop milking her—stop short. He is right. Many udders have been spoiled by milking every two or three days during the drying-off process.

When an animal does not thrive it is not always necessary to resort to medicines. I may happen that salt is needed, or that linseed meal will prove a remedy. The cause should be first considered before attempting a cure for an ailment.

If a sick hog has been separated from the others and recovers it should not be returned to the herd for several weeks, as it may be capable of giving the disease to others, though apparently well. Neighbors should sound hogs be placed in pens where there has been disease for three months.

The food of hogs should not necessarily be sour. They may be given slop, but it should be freshly prepared. When kept until it is very sour, as is frequently done, the slop becomes unfit for food, especially during the summer season. If bran and cornmeal are scalded and given not too wet the hogs will make greater gain than when a larger quantity of grain, but not so prepared. Hogs should also have clover or other bulky food.

The farmer who will not give the common cow good care should not invest in pure breeds. Even the common cow can be made to give more milk by liberal feeding. The pure-bred cows are intended to give the largest yields of milk and butter, and for that reason they require the best of food and care. When such cows fail to come up to the standard expected investigation will show that the fault is of the farmer.

When a pasture has been used for several years it becomes trodden by the stock until it is very compact and the surface hard. If a harrow is used on the field (which will require two or three horses and a weight on the harrow, so as to loosen the soil), the roots will spread in the spring and grass take a fresh start. An application of potash or ashes will prove of advantage. It will do no harm to give the pasture a thorough loosening, going down deep.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she became ill, she cried for Castoria. When she had children, she gave them Castoria.

The way to Cure catarrh is to purify the blood, and the surest, safest, best way to purify the blood is by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, the One True Blood Purifier.

Electric Bitters.
Electric Bitters is a medicine suited for any season, but perhaps more generally needed, when the languid exhausted feeling prevails, when the liver is torpid and sluggish and the need of a tonic is felt. A promptness of this medicine has often averted long and perhaps fatal bilious fever. No medicine will act more surely in counteracting and freeing the system from malarial poison. Headache, indigestion, constipation, Dizziness yield to Electric Bitters. 50c. and \$1.00 per bottle at Burwell & Dunn's Drug Store.