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For Dyspepsia, Costiveness, Sick Headache, Chronic Diarrhœa, Jaundice, Impurity of the Blood, Fever and Ague, Malaria, and all Diseases caused by Derangement of Liver, Bowels and Kidneys.

SYMPTOMS OF A DISEASED LIVER.
Bad Breath; Pain in the Side, sometimes the pain is felt under the Shoulder-blade, mistaken for Rheumatism; general loss of appetite; bowels generally costive, sometimes alternating with lax; the head is troubled with pain, is dull and heavy, with considerable loss of memory, accompanied with a painful sensation of having undone something which ought to have been done; a flush, dry cough and flushed face is sometimes an attendant, often mistaken for consumption; the patient complains of weariness and debility; nervous, easily startled; feet cold or burning, sometimes a prickly sensation of the skin exists; spirits are low and despondent, and, although satisfied that exercise would be beneficial, yet one can hardly summon up fortitude to try it—in fact, dismiss every remedy. Several of the above symptoms attend the disease, but cases have occurred when but few of them existed, yet examination after death has shown the liver to have been seriously deranged.

It should be used by all persons, old and young, whenever any of the above symptoms appear.

Persons Traveling or Living in Unhealthy Localities, by taking a dose occasionally to keep the Liver in healthy action, will avoid all Malaria, Bilious attacks, Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Depression of Spirits, etc. It will invigorate like a glass of wine, but is no intoxicating beverage.

If You have eaten anything hard of digestion, or feel heavy after meals, or sleepless at night, take a dose and you will be relieved.

Time and Doctors' Bills will be saved by always keeping the Regulator in the House!

For, whatever the ailment may be, a thoroughly safe purgative, alterative and tonic can never be out of place. The remedy is harmless and does not interfere with business or pleasure.

IT IS PURELY VEGETABLE.
And has all the power and efficacy of Calomel or Quinine, without any of the injurious after effects.

A Governor's Testimony.
Simmons Liver Regulator has been in use in my family for some time, and I am satisfied it is a valuable addition to the medical science.
J. Gill Shorter, Governor of Ala.

Hon. Alexander H. Stephens, of Ga., says: Have derived some benefit from the use of Simmons Liver Regulator, and wish to give it a further trial.

"The only Thing that never fails to Relieve."—I have used many remedies for Dyspepsia, Liver Affection and Debility; but never have found anything to benefit me to the extent Simmons Liver Regulator has. I sent from Minnesota to Georgia for it, and would send further for such a medicine, and would advise all who are similarly affected to give it a trial as it seems the only thing that never fails to relieve.
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Dr. T. W. Mason says: From actual experience in the use of Simmons Liver Regulator in my practice I have been and am satisfied to use and prescribe it as a purgative medicine.

Take only the Genuine, which always has on the Wrapper the red Z Trade-Mark and Signature of J. H. ZEILIN & CO.
FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

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What the great restorative, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, will do, must be gathered from what it has done. It has effected radical cures in thousands of cases of dyspepsia, bilious disorders, intermittent fever, nervous affections, general debility, constipation, sick headache, mental despondency, and the peculiar complaints and disabilities to which the feeble are so subject.
For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

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Positively Restores the Hearing, and is the Only Absolute Cure for Deafness Known.
This Oil is abstracted from peculiar species of small White Shark, caught in the Yellow Sea, known as Carcharadon Rondeletii. Every Chinese fisherman knows it. Its virtues as a restorative of hearing were discovered by Buddhist Priest about the year 1410. Its cures were so numerous and *many so seemingly miraculous*, that the remedy was officially proclaimed over the entire Empire. Its use became so universal that for *over 300 years no Deafness has existed among the Chinese people.* Sent, charges prepaid, to any address at $100 per bottle.

Har What th Daf Say.
It has performed a miracle in my case.
I have no unearthly noises in my head and hear much better.
I have been greatly benefited.
My deafness helped a great deal—think another bottle will cure me.

"Its virtues are *unquestionable* and its *curative character absolute, as the writer can personally testify, both from experience and observation.* Write at once to Haylock & Jenney, 7 Dey Street, New York, enclosing $1.00, and you will receive by return a remedy that will enable you to hear like anybody else, and whose curative effects will be permanent. You will never regret doing so."—Editor American Review.
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MY LOVE.

Where yonder oak tree's branches climb,
And cast their shadows dark and grim,
I met her every day, from time
To recollection dim.
No meeting we had e'er proposed—
Mere whim of destiny thus disclosed.

With passion, unrelenting, I
Had asked her hand and heart:
She smiled, and, blushing quaintly shy,
Vowed nevermore we'd part.
How long we tarried in embrace
I know not—time makes rapid space.

Off to her house; the day had come;
Hour of unalloyed bliss.
But stay! Oh, horror! not at home?
"Speak!" (to her pa). "what's this?"
"Sorry, lad, but too late you've come;
She's skipped out with the butcher's son."

Solitary Confinement.

A correspondent of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, describing the Illinois State Penitentiary, says the system of solitary confinement merits some description. At a point within the prison yard, at the extremity of one of the great cell houses, and far removed from the noise and hum of the work-shops, is a stone building, in which are arranged in two galleries forty solitary cells. Each is about 10x16 feet in dimensions and 15 feet in the clear. A long horizontal window, perhaps 6 feet in width by eight inches in height, located near the top of the cell, admits light and air. It is sunk in the heavy walls, and rarely do the sun's rays penetrate the interior of the tomb like apartment. The floor of the cell is of stone, the ceiling is painted white, the walls are a glaring white. The two bits of color in the cell are the black irons of the inner grating and the red wooden bucket in the corner of the cell. That bucket is the only piece of furniture. The prisoner to be punished is led to one of these cells and handcuffed to the inner grating, his arms being at the natural elevation. A heavy wooden door shuts off a view of the corridor. He is alone amidst a silence as profound as the grave. His own voice, should he raise it in protest of his fate, is thrown back to him by the cold, pitiless walls, and the echo causes him to start He looks around and nothing meets his eyes but the glistening white walls. At first he does not notice this. Ere long his eyes, used to the moving life of the workshop, begin to weary of this monotonous, glistening, blank view The feeling, at first irksome, becomes painful. He tries to look at the window above, but it is so arranged that he sees nothing but the flood of light. The blue sky he remembers only as a thing of beauty never heeded before. A glimpse of it now would be a boon inestimable. He tries to shut his eyes, to relieve them of the glittering, blank impression, but his disordered nerves cause strange lights, and an annoying phantasmagoria of grotesque and ever changing figures to dance through his brain. If he is of an acute nervous formation, this soon becomes torture to him, and he fears that he is losing his mind. Some of the most rebellious spirits have been quelled by a brief retirement in these merciless white cells.

The President has appointed Col. Walter Evans, of Louisville Ky., Commissioner of Internal Revenue. Mr. Evans was the Republican candidate for Governor of his State some years ago, and was, as a matter of course, very handsomely defeated. Since then he has been "mentioned" in connection with several Federal appointments, but he has not been the recipient of any favor of that kind until now. He is a lawyer and was one of the "306" who held out for Grant.—*Leader.*

Greenville, N. C., June 5, 1883. Guilford Soon, who raped Mrs. Eliza Jones in Lenoir county, was caught in Pitt county to-day and sent to Kinston. Ten days since this outrage was committed. Soon went to Mrs. Jones' house and obtained admittance under pretence of being her son. He repeatedly outraged her, and threatened to kill her, but she escaped to a neighbor's house. Soon has been pursued ever since.

An exchange remarks that by exercising common sense people can get through the heated term and remain healthy without the aid of physicians. It may be remarked, however, that the exercise of common sense is one of the most uncommon things in the world.

Every farmer should keep by his manure pen a few barrels of plaster, and as often as once each week should strew over the contents a sprinkling of plaster, and this should continue during the entire winter in warm cellars.

Death of Gen. Buel.—Nashville, May 31.—General G. P. Buell of the United States army, died this afternoon near this city, from the effects of an operation performed on his jaw some three weeks ago, complicated with heart disease.

A Brass Band Wins a Battle.

The value of a uniform in quelling riot and insurrection is illustrated by an event which occurred between Monroe and Bradhead last week. It seems that the hands on a gravel train struck for higher wages and the railroad folks would not accede to the demand The hands wanted to be carried to Monroe free of charge, but it was thought best to let them walk, when they got together and decided to take forcible possession of the first train that come along, and ride or die. The first train that came along was a freight with a caboose, and in the caboose was the Monroe cornet band on the way home from a concert they had given at Bradshead. The train was stopped by the strikers, when the cornet-player put his horn out of the window, and sounded the cavalry call of "Boots and Saddles," and that woke up the band boys who were asleep in the caboose, and they rushed out on the platform, rubbing their eyes, to see what was up. The strikers saw the glittering uniforms, and it at once occurred to the leader that the governor had ordered out the state militia. It seemed to the strikers as though they were a hundred armed men, and believing the shooting would commence, they took to the woods, and let the train go about its business. One big striker that had talked a good deal, when he saw the bass drum pointed at him, got behind a stump and fainted. This is the first fight that Monroe band has been in, and it is said they covered themselves with glory!—*St Paul Free Press.*

A New Style Lifeboat.—A new lifeboat was recently tested in the Thames, off Westiminster, England, and acted admirably. In construction it consists of a hull or body formed of two curved tubes, meeting at the end so as to form the bow and stern of the boat. The space elicited by these tubes is filled within by a decking placed midway of the depth of the hull. The water-line is below the middle or deck-line, so that whichever way the boat is put into the water it is always the right way up. The thwarts are movable in parts. The deck is formed partly of wood and partly of rope netting. The body of the boat is made either of wood or of steel plates, and divided up into compartments by means of bulk-heads, which will serve for storing provisions in, but it can be constructed of cork if desired. The two ends are alike, and the rudder and mast can be fitted so that he can move through the water either end first.

Her Daughter's Husband.—A traveler saw a woman take a man by the collar, yank him up the steps into a railroad car, jam him down into a hot seat near the stove, pile up a valise and two big brown baskets with loose covers and long handles at his feet, shove a lady into his lap and say: 'Now sit there until I help Mary Jane on the car, and don't move till I come back." When the woman reached the door the traveler said to her; "Is that man your husband?" "N-a-w-w!" "he's my daughter's husband, and she hasn't spirit enough to say her soul is her own." This true story teaches us that some travelers haven't enough sense to diagnose a family party when they see one.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

An Ugly Collection.—Of all ugly collections the palm undoubtedly belongs to one lately exhibited in the north of London. It was nothing but an array of cigar stumps picked up during the last seven years in the metropolitan thoroughfares The collector reckons that he has traveled in that time nearly 12,000 miles on foot, and has appropriated not fewer than 600,000 discarded cigar stumps, averaging in length an inch and a half each. But utility, not beauty was his object, and he valued his stock at $9,000.

The cost of building a Governor's mansion at Raleigh, it is said, will be $25,002 with $9,000 for furniture. This will be very nice and comfortable for the Governor and his family; but we fear these fine prospects for "high life" will bring on a crop of gubernatorial aspirants more numerous than the grass hoppers of the West.—*Newberne Journal.*

Gen. Beauregard says that, according to his observations, the colored race is actually on the decline rather than on the increase. He accounts for their increase according to the census of 1880 over that of 1870 to the inaccuracy of the latter.

California Stage Driving.

The skill of the drivers in the downward drives is something wonderful. The roads are a continuous succession of the letter S, winding in and out about the heads of gulches, in many places the turn being so sharp as to let the three teams of horses form the three sides of it They are also rough and dirty at this season of the year, and at the rapid motion the roughest places must be avoided. The driver, off his high seat, with his six lines and long whip in hand, and one foot on the brake and the other as a brace on the footboard he appears to have as perfect control of the whole turnout as if it were a puppet. He will throw those six horses from one side of the road to the other to straddle a rut or avoid a stone as if they were one animal. Sometimes the lab will scrape the bank on toe upper side, and the next instant the wheels will be on the very verge on the down side. When approaching a sharp corner and one's impulse is to slow down, crack will go his whip and we dash around it like a gust of wind. The reins seem to be nerves or liver tissues, conveying the drivers thoughts, and their pulses beat and their hearts throb in unison.

An accident seldom happens with those drivers, for extreme caution, coupled with absolute control of their team and vehicle and perfect knowledge of stage motion, governs all his acts. They are compelled to make rapid progress down hill to compensate for the slower motion up; and they have learned by experience all its safeguards and practice them. One driver will make this drive of seventy-five miles into the mountains one day, and, back again the next, every day of his life, until he knows every turn and rut and stone as strong as the lash of his whip.

From the snow and mud of the Upper Sierras to the flowers of the foot-hills and the ripening grain of the valley below is only a daylight drive, and we rejoice again in the presence of early summer.—*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

Vennor for June.

1. Cooler, with light and scattering showers.
5. Wet weather in Manitoba counties.
6-7-8. Warm and dry weather. Indications of approaching rains.
9. Sultry and showery. Rains commencing to be more general.
10. Cood, heavy rain. falls. with heat, cool nights.
11. Cool change add showery. Cool to cool nights.
12. Cool and showery.
13-14. Fair to cloudy and generally cool weather.
15. Unsettled and sultry weather with frequent thunder storms.
16. Evenings cooler. Hail and windstorms.
17. Generally fair with occasional storms.
18. Favorable weather generally.
19. Heavy rains with winds and possible frosts.
20. Probability of damage to crops by frosts in Canada.
21. Unfavorable weather. Cool rains, winds and frosts.
22. A general relapse very likely
23. Weather more favorable and settled.
24. Warmer, still showery, storms in air.
25-27. Warm to sultry with strong winds.
28. Hot weather continues with severe thunder.
29. Wind and hails-storms. Heavy rains in sections.
30 Unsettled murky weather.

The Right Kind of Pride.—A young man "that works for his board," no matter what honest work he does, has no reason for shame. A young man who eats the bread of idleness, no matter how much he has, is disgraced. All men, starting in life, ought to aim first of all, to find a place where they can earn their bread and butter with a hoe, axe, spade, wheel-barrow, curry comb, blacking brush—no matter how. Independence first. The bread-and-butter question settled, let the young man perform his duty so faithfully as to attract attention, and let him constantly keep his eye open for a chance to do better. About half the poor, proud young men, and two-thirds of the poor discouraged young men, are always out of work. The young man who pockets his pride and keeps a stiff upper lip, need not starve, and he stands a chance to become rich, if he cares to.

A Duelist Laughed At.

A man whose character for courage is established can never suffer by refusing to conform to the silly "code of honor," and his challenger will gain nothing but the reputation of a quarrelsome simpleton.

The centennial of the capture of Stony Point recalled an anecdote of one of the storming party, Col Scott, afterward Governor of Kentucky. He was a brave man, and had the reputation in his adopted State as a skillful Indian fighter.

While he was Governor, some fellow sent him a challenge, on account of an offense which he imagined Scott had committed against his (the challenger's) honor. The old soldier did not notice it, The man who had given public notice of his intention to "call out" the Governor was much annoyed at his silent contempt. After waiting several days he sought the Governor for an explanation, and the following dialogue took place.

"Governor Scott, you received a challenge from me?"

"Your challange was delivered, sir."

"But I have received neither an acknowledgement nor an acceptance of it."

"I presume not, sir as I have sent neither."

"But of cours you intend to accept?"

"Of course I do not."

"What! Not accept my challenge? Is it possible that you, Governor Scott, brought up in the army, decline a combat?"

"I do with you."

"Then I have no means of satisfaction left but to post you up a coward."

"Post me a coward!" exclaimed the Governor with a hearty laugh. "Post away, and you'll only post yourself a liar and everybody will say so."

And that was the end of it.

Western North Carolina.

The lumber trade in all of our western counties is rapidly increasing. Parties are buying large quantities of poplar and other timbers in Graham and Swain counties, and floating it down the Tennessee river to Chattanooga. They are paying 30 and 40 cents each for poplars in the woods. All of our western counties abound in the finest timbers now on the continent, and in five years the trade will be immense.

Pigeon River is rapidly growing in importance, and has assumed all the characteristics of an energetic trade centre. In the heart of the most fertile valley of the west, inhabited by intelligent, thriving people, it bids fair to become not only a beautiful, but a prosperous community. There are good (new) churches, a new seminary in course of erection, six good stores. Splendid water power could be obtained here, and, in time will be utilized. Mr. Luck keeps a good hotel, where boarders can find a most comfortable summer home.—Asheville Citizen.

The returns from the local elections throughout Virginia, on the 24th, indicate that there has been a change in political feeling, and the grip of Mahone has been broken. It is all the more satisfactory to the Democrats when it is known that they were in no wise generally organized, and that the Republicans, under the special and persistent efforts of Mahone, were organized immediately after the election last fall and continuously canvassed until the close of the polls on Thursday. They have managed to gain in two or three places, to hold their own in many, but have lost, and lost heavily, in a large majority of the counties thus far heard from.

A business man who is able and will not lend a helping hand in public enterprises which are calculated to build up and enrich himself and the community in which he is growing and prospering, is nothing but a parasite, feeding and fattening on his more generous and public-spirited neighbors who are willing to shoulder the burdens necessary to secure such public institutions.—*Winston Leader,*

The New Orleans *Times-Democrat* says that last year over 300 houses costing $2,600,000, were built in that city and that this activity has not stopped for innumerable houses and as a general thing houses of a superior class to those formerly erected there, are now going up in various portions of the city.

Botanists report the discovery, among the flora of the far West, of a plant which resemble the human leg. If it resembles the leg of the young man who wears tight pants, it can be nothing remarkable. The stalk of the sunflower or the artichoke does that.

A Safe Game.

The Arkansaw Judge, as a supporter of the laws, knows nothing but the discharge of his duty. He is never influenced, unless the pressure be great. The other day a negro charged with misdemeanor was taken before a rural judge, who, after hearing the testimony, said: "I shall have to fine him to the full extent of my financial jurisdiction. I shall make an example of him and send him to jail."

"Jedge, I uster work at yer house, didn't I?"

"Yes, but you needn't attempt any sympathy game on me."

"I ain't a gwine ter ax fur no sympathy as yer calls it, and you needn't skeer yerself. Yerself is a big man in de church an' is hil' up as de zample ob a good husband, but I uster work at yer house, an' ef yer plasters one ob dem fines on me I'll proclamate some mighty disagreeable news in dis neighborhood. Jes go ahead, sah, an' send me ter jail, but on de road dar, ef I doan 'mulgate some 'telligence 'bout yerse'f, sah—suthin what I diskivered while I was workin' at yer house—dat'll make de folks stan' aroun' an' ax fer mo'."

"Get out of this court-room," demanded the judge, "and if I catch you here again, it won't be good for you. Mr. officer, let the scoundrel proceed."

"Has he paid his fine, your Honor?"

"Paid nothing He was never known to pay anything."

"What was de facks dat yer had on de jedge?" asked an acquaintance when the "prisoner" left the room.

"Nothin'. Doan know a thing agin de man, but lemme tell yer, you can try dat game on any ob 'em wid success."

Wreck of the Fruit Train.

That fast car that went skipping by here at the rate of 48 miles an hour, last Thursday morning, bound from Charleston to New York, has not yet arrived at its destination. That isn't the worst—its not going to. So much of the train as is left on wheels may get there, but the greater part of it will never delight the gaze of the New Yorkers who are eagerly anticipating its arrival. The fast train came to grief. Forty miles beyond Danville two of the cars flew off a trestle and were torn all to pieces. String beans, early potatoes, radishes, tomatoes, corn, and every other variety of vegetables which the Charleston market affords, were scattered all over the country, same as if they had been shot out of a gun. When the south bound passenger train, which arrived here yesterday at 2:10 o'clock, passed the scene of the calamity, the two cars were lying some distance from the track bottom up, and the whole land was strewn with the delicacies that were intended for the palates of the fastidious Gothamites. Exactly what caused the wreck is not known, but it has long been the opinion of observers that trestles are not made for flying trains, and they say the fruit train greased its wing good before leaving Danville, and, having a clear track ahead, went forward like the traditional streak of lightning. When the cars struck the trestle they bounded off like a flash, and were dashed to the ground below. The engine and caboose passed over safely and three other cars kept the track.

A knight of industry calls upon a benevolent capitalist and tells him a lamentable tale of the burning of his house, with all its contents, and not the first centime of insurance, and implores his charity.

"It's a very bad case," says the rich man, "but haven't you any papers to confirm your story, for you are an utter stranger to me—any certificate?"

"I had one, sir," replies his visitor, with a deep sigh, "but it was burned up in the fire with all the rest of my earthly possessions!"

Art dealer takes a picture which he has just purchased to a painter whom he dishonors with his acquaintance.

"How do you like it, eh?" he asks. "I paid 200 francs for it."

"Two hundred francs, eh?" Well, you've paid just about what it's worth."

"I've paid just what it was worth?" echoes the dealer, tearing his hair. "Then I've been swindled—robbed."

Hon. Wm. D. Kelly, of Pennsylvania, has a cancerous affection of the face similar to that of the late Senator Hill. He has undergone an operation and is said to be improving, but this is seriously doubted.

Print