

THE GOLDSBORO HEADLIGHT.

ESTABLISHED 1887.

GOLDSBORO, N. C., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1893.

VOL. VII. NO. 2.

Is Life Worth Living?

That depends upon the liver. If the liver is inactive the whole system is out of order—the breath is bad, digestion poor, head full of aching, energy and hopefulness gone, the spirit is depressed, a heavy weight exists after eating, with general despondency and the blues. The liver is the housekeeper of the health; and a harmless, simple remedy that acts like Nature, does not constipate afterwards or require constant taking, does not interfere with business or pleasure during its use, makes Simmons' Liver Regulator a medical perfection.

Take only the Genuine, which has on the wrapper the red Z Trade-mark and Signature.

J. H. ZEILIN & CO.

THE N. Y. RACKET STORE

Just opened on East Walnut street, next door to Dr. R. A. Smith's office.

Offering the following revolution in prices:

Handkerchiefs 25c, four 50c, socks 25c, neckties 15c, cardigan buttons—14c, buttons for 50c, good scissors 50c.

Whole suits for men from \$2.75 to \$12.00. Pants for men from 50c and up. Boys' and youths' suits from \$2.25 and up. Coats from \$1.00 and up.

Dry Goods!

Checked Homespun 5c and white at 4c per yard—good quality. Colloids, standard, at 5c per yard.

Notions!

Handkerchiefs 25c, four 50c, socks 25c, neckties 15c, cardigan buttons—14c, buttons for 50c, good scissors 50c.

Gents' Furnishing Goods and Shoes!

At prices never before heard of. Men's shirts—start, denim for 10c and 15c, only 10c. Colored shirts only 10c.

Highest market price paid for Boots in any quantity.

A. M. SHRAGO & CO., Prop'rs.

We Take the Lead!

We are now handling the very best

-BEEF-

That has ever been brought to the city.

Best Quality and Lowest Prices!

Mutton, Pork and Sausage

Always on hand. We pay the highest market prices for cattle.

S. Cohn & Son,

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School for Girls,

Raleigh, North Carolina.

The Adjourn Term of the Fifty-second School Year will begin September 21st, 1893.

Special attention paid to Physical Culture and Hygiene. Address the Rector.

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Asheville Female College.

Special attractions: Maternity, Gynecology, Obstetrics, Health, Hygiene, Delightful home life. Well ordered courses of instruction. Thoroughly equipped gymnasium. Music under the celebrated Prof. Gibson's direction. Art under Miss Blythe's (Paris) hand. Seven series of studies given in the heart of a beautiful city. Rooms finely furnished. Steam heating and sanitary plumbing throughout. Charges as low as in any school out make them. Send for catalogue. Address: REV. JAMES AYERS, Asheville Female College, Asheville, N. C.

DENTAL PROSTHESIS A SPECIALTY!

NITROUS OXIDE GAS, THE GREAT-EST anesthetic for oral surgery known, always on hand. Charges liberal.

Dr. J. M. Parker,

Office—Centre St., West, Goldsboro.

A Happy Welcome

IS GUARANTEED TO THOSE WHO will call at my saloon, which is stocked at all times with the choicest of Domestic and Imported

Liquors and Wines!

All the latest brands compounded and manipulated by skillful men.

Domestic and Imported CIGARS,

AND A LARGE LOT OF FINE TOBACCO, For Pure North Carolina Cured Wines, my place is headquarters.

Mr. Callen Howell is with me and would be pleased to see his friends.

Jas. L. Dickinson,

At John Ginn's Old Stand.

Col. Hall's Reunion Speech.

The following is an extract from the address delivered by Col. E. D. Hall at a reunion of the 27th Regiment North Carolina Troops at La-Grange, Lenoir county, on August 4th, 1893.

"It is with great pleasure that I appear before you on this occasion, a survivor of Cook's Brigade, North Carolina Troops. It is a source of infinite pleasure to every true Southerner, to see that the determination to keep alive the recollections and to commemorate the great events of that momentous episode in the history of our States, not only exist, but increase year by year, and bid fair to be a monument to our glory not built with hands. It is a matter that should be encouraged by every honest means as it not only keeps alive our past glory but is a sure incentive to our future happiness and prosperity. To all just-thinking minds no disloyalty to the American Government or Union is intended, for I am sure that at no period of the American history was danger to the Union or Government less apparent."

"Now my friends, while we all feel proud at being Southerners and having given our best efforts in behalf of what we thought was the vital interest of our beloved North Carolina we, here to-day, glory in the fact that we constituted a part of that heroic Brigade (Cook's) of Lee's glorious army and especially those present that belonged to the illustrious 27th Regiment of the Brigade, constituted as that Brigade was of four Regiments unsurpassed for heroism in Lee's army. You, my friends of that Regiment, should feel happy and proud of the fact that it was your fate to be one of that Regiment; commencing its lists of battles with the first one fought in North Carolina, Newbern, and ending at Appomattox. It took the front rank in each and in two or three its conduct was unsurpassed for gallantry by none, not only in Lee's army, but in the world's history. The heroic conduct of the 27th Regiment at Shrapburg not only caused the promotion of that gallant officer Col. R. L. Cook to a Brigadier Generalship and as such he won immortal glory in Lee's army, but had a powerful and beneficial effect on the results of the battle. Of all the battles fought in the war Shrapburg was the most terrific and bloody. As an illustration, there were more men killed and wounded there than at the battle of Gettysburg, near Meads, in the Franco-German war, which was the bloodiest battle of that war, when the combined forces of the French and German army exceeded the Confederate and Federal forces two to one."

"On the field of Shrapburg many individual deeds of gallantry shone brilliantly, one I mention with pride. In this westwood, when the great effort was made by the Federal commander to penetrate and turn Gen. Lee's left flank had partly succeeded and was prevented only by General Walker's North Carolina division, consisting of Ransom and Cook's Brigade, the latter commanded by Col. Van Manning, of Arkansas, and when he was wounded was succeeded by myself and General McLaws, Georgia division. Ransom's Brigade was led in the midst of the contest by our own distinguished Senator then Col. M. W. Ransom. General Robt Ransom the commander of the Brigade was called on to assist as division commander and being side by side and in full view of all that happened, I speak knowingly. In all the battles that I have gone through I saw none that surpassed that in its intensity and fearfulness of the bloody struggle. Blood flowed like water. The enemy in vast numbers was pushing forward to complete the fracture of our line and Ransom's Brigade being on the right of the line of the division was the first to come in contact with the enemy and amidst the roar of artillery and musketry unequalled by any I ever heard before, that Brigade, headed by its heroic Colonel, advanced without one instant of hesitation to the charge. I was particularly struck with the manner that Colonel Ransom led the charge."

"His conduct reminded me then and frequently since, of that historic incident, the victory of Marshall Saxe at the battle of Fontenoy, when the French and English forces were face to face in line of battle and about to be delayed the deluge of blood, but was overcome and stopped for awhile by an interchange of courtesies by the commanders of both lines by courteous bows and salutes and invitations from each to fire first. Ransom's manner of leading his forces forcibly reminded me of it; well in advance of his line, frequently giving his commands accompanied by gestures, such as waving his hat and pointing emphatically to the advancing enemy stimulated them to their successful charge, and by his dignified and determined appearance appeared the fit type of the Southern cavalier branch of the Anglo-Saxon American. His conduct that day was fully recognized by his appointment to a Brigadier Generalship."

ARP AND THE BEES.

The Georgia Philosopher Interestingly Discusses the Little Wonders.

There is one good thing about getting stung by a bee. It makes you forget all other troubles for a little while. I have had lots of fun with these bumblebees for the last few days and it renewed my youth. Time was when I thought it a little thing to fight "yellow jackets" and take my chances with the other boys. The bravest boy was the biggest fool and would stay at the hole the longest and thrust all the leaves off of his brush and get stung before he surrendered.

I am not that brave now, and I fight with exceeding caution, but I have killed over two hundred in two days and fought fair and square. My weapon is a crum pan and I take 'em coming and going, but they crowd me sometimes, and my antics attracted attention among the nabors, for they can see me in the upstairs piazza and one good lady inquired if Major Arp was subject to fits. The bees come out where the weatherboarding joins the floor and my repeated assaults have made them mad generally. Up to this time they have stung every member of the family, even to the little grandchild who lives with us, and I'm going to exterminate them if it takes all summer. We tried hot water, but it won't reach them. Just think of that poor little child going around with one eye closed and afraid she will lose the other one, and Mrs. Arp's head all swelled up with two bumps that a phrenologist couldn't diagnose.

We can't sit in the downstairs piazza with any security. It is a bigger thing right now than bi-metalism or free coinage or the tabernacle meeting. In fact, it is a relief from politics to fight bees and study them in the books. I wish the editors would hold up awhile and go to the woods and fight yellow jackets or wasps or hornets and get stung a few times. It would be a relief to the country and I have heard that such stings are good for rheumatism or any nervous affection and I know that it takes the conceit out of a man for awhile.

My book says that the proper name is "bumblebee," but there is no humility about these at my house. There are from 70 to 300 in a colony and so I know I have nearly whipped the fight. They live only one summer and never rebuild in the same place. The books say there are three kinds—the masons and the carpenters and the diggers, but what they are good for I don't know unless it is to make a man more willing to quit this world and prepare himself for another. If there were no snakes and tarantulas and stinging things and deadly contagions and demagogues and thieves and fusses we wouldn't want another bee.

The little honey bee is a trump and a wonder from stem to stern. It is good to ruminate about their wisdom and skill and their government. Just think of one queen being the mother of 20,000 and controlling them all more absolutely than any human mother controls her children. Just think of 19,500 workers and only 500 drones in a colony. These drones are the gentlemen, and remind you of our gentlemen leaders and swells who set about on the piazzas of the hotels and watch the girls go by. But the drones don't enjoy themselves but a month or two. The queen gets tired of them and gives her orders and then the massacre of St. Bartholomew begins. In an hour's time every one is slain—stung to death by the workers, and their putty, bloated carcasses dragged out and tumbled on the ground.

There is no little thing in nature more wonderful than the honeycomb that those little workers make. Its mathematical construction gives the most space with the least enclosure, the arched top and bottom of every cell, the exact and uniform thickness of every division and the wisdom shown in shaping the whole structure to suit the shape of the hive is, indeed, marvelous. Then there is the division of the workers into brigades and regiments and companies, some to gather honey, some to make wax, some to build the cells, some to stand guard, some to wait on the queen and be her escort as she moves around, and a whole regiment to keep their wings going like revolving fans and supply fresh air in the hive. That fan business makes the humming that is heard in the hive day and night. It is the flutter of the wings of the farmers. How in the world they do everything in the dark is a wonder to me. I was talking to my friend, Mr. Bussey, about it on the train some time ago, and he told me confidentially that he was experimenting to see if he couldn't cross honey bees with lightning bugs and get up a bee that could see how to work at night or in the dark. He has applied for a patent on the idea, but whether he has succeeded or not in his experiment I have not heard. He was very sanguine, and the only trouble, he said, was about the cross finding room in the tail for the fireworks and the sting too. But Mr.

A NATION'S DOINGS.

The News From Everywhere Gathered and Condensed.

James Scanlan was killed by a Lehigh Valley train at Mahanoy City, Pa., Monday.

An unknown negro was lynched at Centreville, Ala., Tuesday, for assaulting Mrs. Sarah Scott, in Rich county.

Trying to shoot a squirrel on Friday, Charles McIntosh, of Nashville, Tenn., shot his 14-year-old brother's head off.

An alcohol lamp, with which Mrs. Jennie McCorky, curled her hair, burned her to death at Buffalo, N. Y., Tuesday.

Three hundred hospital tents have been sent by the War Department to the hurricane sufferers in South Carolina.

At Mobile, Ala., Tuesday night, William McNeill a crook, brained his wife while she slept, and made his escape.

Rejected by his lady love, Fred Johnson, a country school teacher, near Clinton, Ill., blew his brains out Tuesday.

Postmaster W. H. H. Scott, of Rosewater, Neb., hung himself Monday. Fear of dismissal from office was the cause.

Robbers looted and fired the house of Gus Cooper, in Baker County, Ga., Friday, and shot down three of Cooper's farm hands.

After being run over by an ice wagon at Media, Pa., Wednesday, William Butler walked to the curbstone and dropped dead.

Caused by despondency over a love affair, Frank A. Durgin, a 17-year-old drug clerk of Lynn, Mass., killed himself with arsenic, Friday.

Trying to quell a riot with circus men at Martin's Ferry, O., Monday, Policeman George Murphy was fatally shot by William Wilson.

Crazed by jealousy, Dominic Bartholomew, 43 years old, shot his wife in the wrist and then blew his brains out at Meriden, Conn., Monday.

In a free fight at an Indian dance at Tempe, Ariz., Tuesday night, one redskin killed two others to avenge his father, and was himself shot.

A runaway horse dashed into a crowd in front of the State building at the World's Fair Thursday, creating a panic. One person killed, five injured.

While riding on a canal boat for fun, Tuesday, between Mauch Chunk and Bristol, Pa., Thomas Lyman, of the former place, fell overboard and was drowned.

Luke Smith, a white barber of Jellico, Tenn., with his 15-year-old son, on Wednesday, killed William Chancellor, a colored shoemaker, and fled into Kentucky.

Two policemen, Robert West and Will Davis, of Hopkinsville, Ky., Wednesday, stood at arms' length and shot each other to death, to "settle an old score."

Quingo Ferena and his wife, on their wedding tour from Italy, blew out the gas in a hotel in New York, Sunday night, and suffocation ended their honeymoon.

After a quarrel over a peck of potatoes, George Aiken shot and killed Dank Davis near Van Buren, Ark., Tuesday, and fled. Both men were farmers and neighbors.

After twice trying the Keweenaw gold cure in vain, Charles B. Hall, of Uniontown, Pa., concluded that the only cure for drunkenness was lead, and accordingly shot himself to death last Friday.

At Chester, Pa., Tuesday, T. F. McQuillan committed suicide by hanging. In his pocket was a written confession which stated that he was about to be married, but was unworthy of his promised bride. He was 22 years old.

Two quack medicine peddlers recently sold a rheumatic cure in Washington, Pa., at a big price, and three women who took it with seemingly wonderful results, died during last week. It is now said that the stuff poisoned them.

A terrific cyclone struck the pretty little town of Lockport, La., Thursday, and left it a mass of ruins and desolation. Five persons lost their lives in the rushing, angry tornado, and a large number were more or less seriously injured.

Advices from Dillon's Station, Rock Castle county, Ky., say that Andy Johnson, a famous desperado, went to that place Monday, accompanied by several of his followers, poured oil over William Dillon's lumber mill, fired it, and watched the building burn to the ground threatening to shoot any man who interfered.

At Rocky Comfort, Ark., on Tuesday, two neighbors, W. F. Crow and J. B. Burke, had a difficulty about the ownership of a corn-cob pipe, which ended in Burke's shooting Crow through the body, killing him. Clint Crow, son of the old man, then shot Burke, fatally wounding him. The latter then shot and killed Clint Crow and died five minutes later.

As to Libel.

Quartermaster General Eugene Harrell threatens the editor of THE GOLDSBORO HEADLIGHT with a libel suit. The latter doesn't "rise to explain" or retract at all, and evidently intends, when the case comes up in court, to plead "justification."

Col. Harrell says that if THE GOLDSBORO HEADLIGHT does not retract some statements that that paper made about him that he will sue for libel. What will the teachers do with Harrell if he does not sue them out of? That is a question that Harrell should consider.

If Mr. Harrell sues Rosewater—well, it seems from the accumulative evidence that Rosewater has something of a case.

Mr. Harrell says that he has been libelled. It is to tell the truth in defense of the pure and virtuous woman of North Carolina is to libel a man, then let there be more libel.

Eugene Harrell threatens Editor Rosewater, of THE GOLDSBORO HEADLIGHT, with a suit for libel if he does not take back something he said about his (Harrell's) management of the World's Fair party. The last we heard of Rosewater he was in his office on Main street in Goldsboro. Dollars to doughnuts that Rosewater knows what he is talking about. In fact he never makes a statement without proof to back it.

It seems that Col. Eugene G. Harrell has gotten into quite a muddle over his excursion trip to the World's Fair. Complaints are coming in from all over the State saying that the Colonel failed to carry out his contract. It was stated in a circular which he sent out that meals would be provided for his guests while on the road. He now says he intended for the excursionists to take enough in the way of lunches for eating on the road. He also states in his circular that all other expenses would be paid while in Chicago, but from reports it seems that he failed to carry out this part of the contract, as there was very little preparation made for paying board while at the Fair.

He now threatens to bring a libel suit against Editor Rosewater, for publishing false matter slandering his character. Brother Rosewater, however, retorts by saying that he can prove everything published in his paper and that he is ready for the suit whenever the Colonel gets ready to proceed with it.

If these reports are true, and it seems that they come from reliable sources, the Colonel should be so placed before the public as to deprive him of the pleasure and profit of another trip. Col. Harrell has been honored by the teachers of the State, and if he has thus contrived to defraud them out of their hard-earned money, no denunciation can be too severe, and we hope that the teachers in the future will studiously shun all of his schemes.

Wanted to Dispose of the Silver.

Stateville Landmark.

A few days ago a colored woman, an employee of Messrs. Irvin & Poston's tobacco factory, approached one of the proprietors and remarking that she had heard talk that silver money wouldn't be good much longer, counted out 65 silver dollars and \$5 in greenback and requested that it be put in the bank. Her request was complied with. The panic affected her differently from most folks, but it was doubtless because she had silver, if she had had gold she would probably have kept it buried or hid in her stocking instead of sending it to the bank.

Speaking of hoarding money, the propensity for such a thing during times like these we are passing through is much greater than anybody imagines. Whenever the cry is heard that currency is scarce and hard to get hold of, thousands of people lay hold of every dollar they can get their hands on and never turn one loose. And one of the greatest hardships during the present crisis is that many men, who have as much money as they ever had and more, perhaps, take advantage of the situation and refuse to pay their debts, and many a creditor is in this way forced to the wall.

Full Into Line.

Join the great procession! It marches to victory! It knows no defeat! Inserted on its banners is the inspiring motto—"Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery." Its line of march extends across the continent and around the world! A happy illustration of the popularity and success of this world-famed remedy. "See everywhere relieving pain, inspiring hope, curing disease." For all blood disorders. It is acknowledged the safest, the most thorough, the best! The liver and kidneys respond at once to the invigorating touch; through them the whole system is cleansed and built up anew.

If you are sick, indisposed, debilitated, weak, suffering from malaria or other poison, you'll find the "Golden Medical Discovery" the remedy par excellence to restore you.

ALL OVER THE STATE.

A Summary of Current Events for the Past Seven Days.

The State University opened with 300 students.

A large bear was killed Wednesday on Topsall Sound.

All the tobacco warehouses in Durham have been reopened after a brief close.

In Wilkes county there are 107 bonded brandy distillers in operation this year.

The Fayetteville Cotton Mills resumed operations Monday, after being still for about a month.

Charlotte graded schools opened Monday with 833 pupils at the white and 611 at the colored school.

The town of Durham has decided to buy a rock crusher, and make for herself better streets and sidewalks.

The Revolution, a Third party paper published in Charlotte, has quit turning, and gone the way of all the earth.

It is expected that the stone-cutters will finish their work on Vanderbilt's palace near Asheville within the next six months.

A Winston bank has received a circular from a Northern bank that it is now ready to furnish any amount of money that the Winston bank may need.

Gen. R. B. Vance and his son, J. N. Vance, who conducted the hotel at Alexander, assigned Monday. The liabilities amount to about \$29,000 and the assets are about \$28,000.

When the recent storm was rising Mr. Jack Holmes, who lives near Louisville, took his family into his "cyclone pit" and while therein one of his children was bitten by a moccasin.

An infuriated Ayrshire bull belonging to Col. Tso, G. Barker, of Henderson county, set upon Ed. Brooks, a white employe, some days ago and did him up in such shape that he may die.

Crops on the State farms in the Roanoke bottoms are badly damaged. The storm blew the corn all down and while in this condition the most freshest submerged it. Other farmers suffered as well.

Governor Garr has made a requisition upon the Governor of Virginia for Peter Carter who is in jail at Danville and who is wanted in this State for an attempt at highway robbery in Caswell county.

James Williams and William Smith, near Pineville, Mecklenburg county, had a difficulty over a trivial matter and Smith dealt Williams a severe blow over the head with a large stick and the latter now lies in a critical condition.

Two Gaston county men and a drummer from Atlanta were camped last week on the Catawba, and while they were down the river fishing, Friday, their camp was robbed of money and valuables, and their colored valet was seriously cut, but succeeded in saving the watches. It is believed the officers have the right names and will catch the robbers.

Last Thursday in Anson Superior Court, Andrew Harris, colored, who killed Herbert Leroy, white, was convicted of murder in the second degree, malice not being proved, and got 21 years in the penitentiary.

The people wanted Harris hanged. Feeling ran high, and there were signs of a prospective lynching; but the sheriff slipped the prisoner out of town, and arrived safely with him at Raleigh at 11 o'clock that night.

A few days ago, says the Charlotte News, a fifteen-year-old son of T. H. Beattie, of Paw Creek, was at school, and in playing, got one of the buttons pulled off his pants behind. He fastened his suspender with an ordinary pin. That evening he leaned back against the desk's back and made a severe scratch on his back with the pin. In a very short time he took blood poison from the scratch and suffered great pain until Monday, when he died.

About 5 o'clock Thursday afternoon, Sadie, the nine-year-old child of Mrs. H. C. Wood, of Riverdale, Craven county, attempted to revive a fire with oil poured from the can. An explosion took place and the little girl was so badly burned that she died about 1 o'clock Friday morning.

Her mother, in attempting to rescue the child from the flames was painfully burned, and but for the timely assistance of conductor Willis, of the A. & N. C. road, who happened to be in sight, she too, would have probably met an untimely death.

While the steamer Cape Fear was returning to Fayetteville, Monday morning, on account of damages sustained by fire, the captain of the vessel, when about nine miles from town, discovered a shivering little negro girl clinging to a projecting bush on the precipitous bank of the river. She was picked up and when given food ate ravenously. She is apparently 9 or 10 years old and seemed demented. Her face was tied up in her bonnet as if done by force and the Gazette thinks there must be a mystery about the case.

They'll Be Whoppers.

Odontologist.

A crowd of Thiridites gathered in front of a church in the country Sunday morning, before services began, and talked politics.

They are always talking politics—every day in the week; almost every hour in the day; in and out of church; at home, in the field, on the public road, and at the cross-roads store.

"Hey you hear what the Dimicrats is doin' in Congress?" asked a Thiridite leader of the neighborhood.

"Before any one could reply—" "I'll tell you," continued he, with his thumbs in his gulluses and a general know-it-all air characteristic of those of his political faith; "They purpose makin' the silver dollar twenty to one. Do you hear that? It air the worst scheme agin the poor man the plutocrats ever thought of. They want ter make the silver dollar twenty times bigger'n it air now. It would be as big as yer hat, and you couldn't git one ov 'em in yer pocket ter save yer life. It's scansion. Why, when you goes to market with yer terbacker you'd fetch a wagon load ov money home, and you couldn't put it in an old sock and hide it, or stick it in a tin box and shove it under the bed. Every farmer would hev to build a iron horse extry to keep his money in. And—"

"You're mistaken," said a Democrat. "Let me explain—" "You shut up!" said the Thiridite. "It is just as I says, I know what I'm talkin' er bout."

Did he get his information from Dr. Dalby, Messiah Zachum or the Progressive Farmer?

He Cursed God.

Charlotte Observer.

Mr. C. A. Matthews, while on his weekly visit to Wintonsboro, S. C., Sunday, picked up an item which sounds a bit strange, but which he vouches for. A farmer by the name of Jos. Garrison lives near Wintonsboro. When the storm swept over his crop, prostrating his cotton and flooding it waist deep, Mr. Garrison, standing in the water and looking over his ruined prospects, cursed God, swearing that "Christ was a d—n scoundrel." Since uttering these words he has become incapable of uttering any others, and tosses from side to side on his bed, mumbling the words over and over like one devoid of reason. Mr. Matthews says he saw the man and that he was in just the condition described.

The Trick of a Sorrel Horse.

Charlotte News.

A man living in a certain section of western Mecklenburg has a sorrel horse that has a good deal of common sense. There is a distillery just across the Catawba, in Gaston county, and when any of the "stuff" is wanted they just tie a jug on this sorrel horse, lead him down to the river and motion him to the other side. The animal plunges in, swims across the river and goes over to the still, at which his errand is readily understood and his jug filled. Then the horse walks back, swims the river and arrives at his Mecklenburg home, with a jug of whiskey, but sober as a judge.

Quarrelling about a line fence, near Holton, Ind., Tuesday, Jacob Lambert shot Samuel Hunsness dead.

After Breakfast

To purify, vitalize and enrich the blood, and give nerve, bodily and digestive strength, take Hood's Sarsaparilla. Continue the medicine after every meal for a month or two and you will feel like a new man. The merit of Hood's Sarsaparilla is proven by its thousands of wonderful cures. Why don't you try it?

Hood's Pills cure constipation. They are the best after-dinner pill and family cathartic.

The Largest Library in the National in Paris.

It has 1,400,000 volumes, besides manuscripts and pamphlets.

In all that goes to strengthen and build up the system weakened by disease and pain Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the superior medicine. It neutralizes the poisons left in the system after diphtheria and scarlet fever, and restores the debilitated patient to perfect health and vigor.

The Salt sea, which once covered the Yuma desert, was the home of oysters from 14 to 20 inches in diameter.

