THE GOLDSBORO HEADLIGHT.

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State Library

Colds

"I had a terrible cold and could hardly breathe. I then tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and it gave me immediate relief."
W. C. Layton, Sidell, Ill.

How will your cough be tonight? Worse, probably. For it's first a cold, then a cough, then bronchitis or pneumonia, and at last consumption. Coughs always tend downward. Stop this downward tendency by taking Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

Three sizes: 25c., 50c., $1. All druggists.

Consult your doctor. If he says take it, then do as he says. If he tells you not to take it, then don't take it. He knows. Leave it with him. We are willing.
J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

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BEST FOR THE SOUTH.

SEED POTATOES
ONE OF OUR LEADING SPECIALTIES.

We have thousands of barrels in stock; the best Maine-grown and Virginia Second Crop Seed. Wood's 1902 Catalogue gives comparative crop results, both as to earliness and yield, with Maine-grown and Second-crop seed. It also contains much other useful and valuable information about Potatoes. Write for Catalogue and Special Potato Price List.

Wood's Descriptive Catalogue for 1902 gives reliable, practical, up-to-date information about all Seeds, giving not only descriptions, but the best crops to grow, most successful ways of growing different crops, and much other information of special interest to every Trucker, Gardener and Farmer. Mailed free upon request.

T. W. Wood & Sons, Seedsmen,
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Truckers and Farmers requiring large quantities of seeds are requested to write for special prices.

EUREKA HARNESS OIL

Rain and sweat have no effect on harness treated with Eureka Harness Oil. It restores the damp, keeps the leather soft and pliable. Stitches do not break. No rough surface to chafe and cut. The harness not only keeps looking like new, but wears twice as long by the use of Eureka Harness Oil.

Sold everywhere in cans—all sizes. Made by Standard Oil Company

Healthy Children

are kept strong and well; weak and puny little folks are made vigorous by the use of that famous remedy—

FREY'S VERMIFUGE

Corrects all disorders of the stomach, expels worms, etc. Palatable and positive in action. Bottle by mail, 25c.
E. & S. FREY, Baltimore, Md.

AGENTS Unrivaled book proposition. New Standard works. All rapid sellers. Liberal terms. Our guaranteed FOUNTAIN PEN a specialty. Descriptive list mailed. Colton, Ohman & Co. (established 1850), 15 Warren Street, New York.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists

CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH
PENNYROYAL PILLS
Original and Only Genuine. SAFE. Always reliable. Ladies, ask Druggist for CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH in RED and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with Blue Ribbon. Take no other. Refuse Dangerous Substitutions and Imitations. Buy of your Druggist, or send 4c. in stamps for Particulars, Testimonials and "Relief for Ladies," in letter, by return Mail. 10,000 Testimonials. Sold by all Druggists. Chichester Chemical Co., Mention this paper. Madison Park, PHILA., PA.

Every Woman
is interested and should know about the wonderful
MARVEL Whirling Spray
The new Vaginal Syringe. Injection and Douche. Best—Safest—Most Convenient. It Cleanses Instantly.
Ask your druggist for it. If he cannot supply the MARVEL, accept no other, but send stamp for illustrated book—sealed. It gives full particulars and directions invaluable to ladies. MARVEL CO., Room Times Bldg., New York.

Important to Farmers—

In view of the fact that it is not generally understood that the Rice Crop is highly protected from foreign competition by an import duty and that the crops raised in the United States have every year fallen much below the home consumption, The Carolina Rice Mills, of Goldsboro, N. C., in order to encourage the cultivation of Rice on a larger scale than has heretofore been done, is now prepared to make contracts with planters in North Carolina for crops of Rice they may raise during the year 1902 on the most liberal terms.

Parties interested who wish to avail themselves of this offer, can communicate with us and we will take pleasure in giving full particulars.

Respectfully,
CAROLINA RICE MILLS,
Goldsboro, N. C.

DEAF NOISES & HEAD NOISES CURED by Peck's INVISIBLE TUBULAR EAR CUSHIONS. Whispers heard. Comfortable. Successful where all Remedies Fail. Ills. book & proofs free. Address F. HISCOX, 853 Broadway, New York

Necessity A True Friend.

[By Ella Wheeler Wilcox.]

If you think and talk continually about the weary grind of your daily life it will continue to seem so and will not change.

How rarely do we encounter a human being who does not give utterance to a complaint of this kind.

The mother of a family, with her household cares; the father at his office or shop, the teacher, the clerk, the commercial traveler, the merchant, the newspaper man, the author, the artist and the man and woman of fashion—you have heard them one and all bemoan the monotony of life and its duties.

Why add your plaint to the monody? Why not sing new words to a more cheerful air?

Your work must contain some pleasant features. If it is wholly and absolutely distasteful to you you can never attain the best success—and you would be wise to seek other employment.

This, if you are determined, can be obtained.

Once positively make up your mind what you want to do and set your mental forces to bring about the desired result and you cannot fail to attain it.

No man or woman need remain in a position which makes life cheerless and disagreeable.

An intense, persistent desire for something different will bring a change.

If, however, your work is not all unpleasant, then stop your constant faultfinding about its monotony.

Your mind ought to be able to give variety to what you do.

The sun rises every morning and sets every night, yet no two days are exactly alike. The sky, the wind—the atmosphere—varies.

Let your thoughts vary your work. Begin each day with a resolve to find something pleasant and interesting in life.

Enjoy your walk or ride to your office or shop. Walk a portion of the way, if possible, and amuse yourself by deep inhalations of fresh air. There is great enjoyment in mere breathing if you know how to do it.

We often hear it said of a man that he does not know enough to go in when it rains. Such ignorance is much less reprehensible than not knowing enough to breathe, and there are tens of thousands of human beings who belong in that category.

Life and work assume much more interesting aspects when we learn how to breathe.

If all the way to and from your labor you are feeling sorry for yourself because life is monotonous, you are building the wall higher which shuts you from the things you desire.

Stop it!

Say each morning: "This is to be an interesting and successful day for me." If it does not prove to be, then say it the next morning and the next, until it comes true.

The moment you find yourself in an absolutely hopeless and despairing state of mind regarding your work—take a vacation. If only for a day—still take it. Let your brain rest by giving it new thoughts. You will return to work like one reborn.

If you are an author or a musician or an artist, do not sing that old refrain about wishing you did not have to make a potboiler of your talent—and that you might work only when inspired.

It is a tiresome, worn-out theme, and you are wishing against your highest good when you give utterance to it.

Stop and think how few great men or women in any field of art were independent of it. The phrase "Necessity is the mother of invention," applies to art as well as to mechanics. The average artist—whatever be his mode of expression—is inclined to be an idler and dreamer. If he were not spurred on by dire need he would dream wonderful things and accomplish little.

However you may feel you are prostituting your art by having to employ it as a pot-boiler, remember you are keeping all your abilities and activities alive and in use. Though you may do five pieces of work you do not care for you may do a sixth which is great. That sixth you could not have created only through being in constant practice. You might have dreamed it for years, and continually postponed the actual labor necessary to its completion.

Whether you are an artist or a laborer, take a hopeful outlook, and stop grumbling and whining.

A Convincing Answer.

"I hobbled into Mr. Blackmon's drug store one evening," says Wesley Nelson, of Hamilton, Ga., "and he asked me to try Chamberlain's Pain Balm for rheumatism with which I had suffered a long time. I told him I had no faith in any medicine as they all failed. He said: 'Well if Chamberlain's Pain Balm does not help you, you need not pay for it.' I took a bottle of it home and used it according to the directions and in one week I was cured, and have not since been troubled with rheumatism.' Sold by M. E. Robinson & Bro., J. F. Miller's Drug Store, Goldsboro; J. R. Smith, Mt. Olive.

ARP FEELS BETTER.

Bill Writes About His Experience As a Grip Patient.

This is a bright and blessed morning. I feel better—a good deal better. Think I will write a verse or two of poetry. If a sick man has good surroundings it beats medicine. Good cheerful company to call and not stay long—good children to sympathize and watch the clock for medicine time, good grandchildren to come and kiss you and go to and from and talk and make a noise; a good wife to scold you and tell how imprudent you have been, and a good doctor to look at your tongue and choke you with a spoon handle so as to see away down the esophagus. But nature has the best of medicines stowed away in the blessed sunshine that gives life and vigor to everything animal and vegetable and revives the drooping spirits of the sick. It has been a long and hard winter—the coldest and most disagreeable one hundred consecutive days that we have had for years. How I envied the good people of Florida while I read Tom Sawyer's rhapsodies in the Clear Water paper over the advent of spring with its peach trees and yellow jessamine perfuming the balmy air with their fragrant blossoms. But it is coming—gentle spring is not far away now and a day like this is its harbinger.

If it were not for the daily catalogue of horrible things that headline the daily papers even a sick man could be calm and serene on such a day as this. An aged country friend told me that he had quit taking the daily papers for it distressed him to read such things. "I haven't long to live, said he, "and I don't wish to cloud my mind with a daily record of human misery." But most all people have to mix up with the affairs of nations and of men and keep posted about everything that happens. We can't skip the bad and read the good only. There is a fascination about horrible things that we cannot resist. They are the first things we look for. They excite our pity or our indignation or our wonder. Our childhood began that way for we never tired of Jack the Giant Killer and Rawhead and Bloody Bones and Robinson Crusoe.

And now the editor of the press dispatches carelessly looks over the little slips that are laid upon his desks and reads "Another explosion in the mines—one hundred killed;" "Another railroad wreck—thirteen killed," and then resumes the little anecdote he was narrating to a friend. We are all growing case hardened to pain and grief and suffering for the same reason that the surgeon becomes case hardened to the pain of his patient.

But ever and anon some new horror comes along that shocks humanity and astounds the world. I read three long columns last night about the horrors of adulterated food in Paris and how 18,600 infants died the last year from poisoned milk. How the great incorporated dairy companies in the suburban towns have to deliver 800,000 quarts every night. It is skimmed before it is canned and then is watered 20 per cent before it is put on the cars. On arrival at their depots it is delivered in cans to 800 milk boys (garcons) who get $1.40 a night and as much more as they can make by watering the milk from the hydrants that are supplied from the river Seine, the filthiest river in all France. One hundred detectives are employed to watch these boys, but the boys have detectives, too, and are seldom caught or arrested. The superintendent of the police says it is impossible for one hundred men to follow and watch eight hundred boys and he now asks for two thousand. This watered milk quickly sours and by the time it is delivered to the retailer at day break it has to be watered again with a solution of bicarbonate of soda. This is the milk that supplies all Paris, and is daily fed to infant children and in a brief time they take cholera infantum or diarrhea and die. The medical faculty all testified that this milk caused the death of over 18,000 infants in Paris in one year, and the mortality was on the increase, and this does not include the deaths of children over one year old.

These eight hundred boys are organized into a powerful syndicate for protection and defence. Each pays into their treasury $4 a week, making a total of $14,000 a month with which to pay lawyers' fees and fines and the wages of those in jail and to bribe the city detectives not to catch them when watering the milk. They water it while the wagons are on the go—pumping in behind with cans of water. The milk suspected is turned over to the city chemists, who analyze and report and if the boys are arrested most of them escape punishment in some corrupt way, but none are discharged. They go back at once into the company's service. But Paris is aroused as it never has been and declares the death-dealing business shall be broken up if it takes two thousand detectives to pursue the eight hundred boys. "Our children are fed on microbes from the river Seine," is now on every tongue. Other cities have taken up the cry and Bouen and Dunkirk show a larger death rate of infants than Paris and now they say no wonder the population of France is decreasing instead of increasing. We are poisoning three-fourths of all the children before they are a year old and half the remainder soon after. Seine water, microbes and bicarbonate of soda!

This exposure comes from late official sources and is no doubt the truth, or very near it. Just think of it and shudder—18,000 innocent, helpless babes murdered in one year in one city. Tom Hood wrote a song about the poor sewing women that aroused all London. If he were alive in Paris now what a pitiful subject he would have for another song. What a shame upon our sex, for it is not women who do these things, but men and boys. The mothers suffer in giving them birth. They nurse and cherish and clasp the little things to their bosoms and love and hope and pray, but the destroyer comes and then all she can do is to grieve and weep. England slaughtering the Boers and France her innocent children. What next?

A graphic writer in The New York Press describes a different kind of horror that we know not of, but is a living, breathing, seething thing that is not new but has come to stay and grows bigger and more horrible as the years move on. He says: "It would have been unnecessary for Gustav Dore to follow Dante for a text in order to picture the horrors of hell." The government has established free baths at Hot Springs, where thousands of the most miserable of all God's creatures congregate and bathe for relief and a cure from their loathsome diseases. These wretches leave their rags upon the cemented floors which are an inch deep in water, then stagger or reel or crawl naked as the fiends in the chambers of hell. From thence they crowd into a third room where the water and the air is up to 110, and the stench of foul odors is horrible. In this room are two large pools like vats in a tan yard, and the victims tumble into them like hogs into a mud puddle. No doctor, no soap, no towels, no attendants, and they are soon hurried out to make room for more, for seven hundred a day is the maximum. Ten, fifteen or twenty at a time soak their loathsome infirmities in the nasty, filthy, hot healing waters, and then recloth themselves with their wet rags and go somewhere to dry. All are benefited and 10 per cent are cured. What a picture! Their lives, such as they have made them, are not worth saving, but they cling to them and live in hope and defy despair. One hundred and seventy-eight thousand of these human beings passed through the free baths last year. One bath room is for white men, one for white women, one for negro men and one for negro women.

Not far away is a magnificent hotel, and there is a fashionable ball going on. The rich, the gay, the elite are there. One moment a man is waltzing with his wife, the next with some other man's wife, the next with somebody's mistress, and the next with his own mistress. Everything goes, and all is hell. A famous physician took his daughter there this season, but sent her home quickly to keep her from the company of the wealthy and diseased parasites. Almost every one who goes there registers under an assumed name and plays incognito during his stay. A southern judge was recently called upon for a toast at a hotel banquet and said: "Here's to the names we left behind us." But the half has not been told—some of it is too bad to tell. Every night the poker rooms are in blast and thousands won and lost. The reader ponders and wonders can such things be in this Christian land, and in this God's country? Verily, the humble and the poor who live around us on the hills and in the valleys or down in the piney woods should be thankful for the health and morality that comes from poverty. Burns never wrote a truer verse than that which says:

"And I know by the smoke that so gracefully curled
From among the dark elms that a cottage was near,
And I said to myself if there's peace in this world,
The heart that is humble might hope for it here."

BILL ARP.

The claim of other cough medicines to be as good as Chamberlain' are effectually set at rest in the following testimonial of Mr. C. D. Glass, an employe of Bartlett & Dennis Co., Gardiner, Me., He says: "I had kept adding to a cold and cough in the winter of 1897, trying every cough medicine I heard of without permanent help, until one day I was in the drug store of Mr. Houlehan, and he advised me to try Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and offered to pay back my money if I was not cured. My lungs and bronchial tubes were very sore at this time, but I was completely cured by this remedy, and since have always turned to it when I got a cold, and soon find relief. I also recommend it to my friends and glad to say it is the best of all cough medicines. For sale by M. E. Robinson & Bro., J. F. Miller's Drug Store, Goldsboro; J. R. Smith, Mt. Olive.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

The News From Everywhere Gathered and Condensed.

A fire at Pickens, W. Va., Friday night, caused a loss of $30,000.

Nearly all the small savings banks in Cleveland, O., intend to combine.

Three men were burned to death Sunday night in a factory fire near New York.

Heavy rainfalls have caused landslides on several railroads entering Seattle, Wash.

Struck by a train, two men were killed and three injured, near Pittsburg, Pa., Tuesday.

An ice gorge in the Ohio river, 80 miles below Louisville, Ky., threatens to cause a flood.

A colored ministrel who shot a white man at New Madrid, Mo., was lynched Monday night.

While thawing dynamite John Tapoli was blown to pieces at Lion Mountain, N. Y., Monday.

Falling into a steam vat at Suffolk, Va., Friday, Junius Cross was boiled from the armpits down.

Lynching is threatened Charlie Finn, at Gallatin, Tenn., who cut off a friend's head with a razor.

A premature blast in the West Colby mine, at Bessemer, Mich., Monday, killed two and injured one man.

Seven men and women coasting on Sunday night, at Cleveland, O., ran into a wall, and all were seriously hurt.

Postmaster L. B. Partridge, of Hastings, Neb., killed himself Tuesday because his accounts were being investigated.

Mrs. Catherine Lawrie, of Winchester, Va., was burned to death Monday, by her clothing accidentally taking fire.

Playing with matches, the three-year-old daughter of William Acher, of Hanover, Pa., was burned to death Saturday.

A footpad at San Francisco, Cal., on Sunday night fatally shot Annie Anderson, a domestic, who refused to yield her purse.

Aversion to Sunday work has caused a strike of the 100 employes of the Schuylkill Paper Company, at Saratoga, N. Y.

James R. Keene, the New York broker, gave $20,000 for the relief of the poor who are suffering from the effects of the blizzard.

Tired of life, according to a note she left, Mrs. J. P. Allen, of Buffalo, N. Y., killed herself with carbolic acid, Saturday night.

A mass-meeting of Boston negroes, Sunday night, denounced Southern States for amendments and laws disfranchising negroes.

Two masked men held up twelve players at Flanagan's gambling room, in Clinton, Ia., Sunday night, and took $2,000 from them.

The large and fashionable dry goods store of Cordes & Mosby, at Richmond, Va., was burned out Thursday night, causing a $142,000 loss.

By the bursting of a boiler at Yearwood's saw-mill, near Vienna, Ga., Friday, five men were killed. The bodies were hurled in the air 50 feet.

While trying to arrest Edward Carter, regarded as a suspicious character, Patrolman Keefe, at Everett, Mass., was fatally shot, Saturday night.

Nineteen lives were lost in a fire which partly destroyed the Park Avenue Hotel and the Seventy-first Regiment Armory, at Thirty-third street, New York, Friday night.

A severe sleet storm visited the north Friday and cut off every city from telegraphic communication. The streets in New York and Brooklyn were rendered nearly impassable by slush, many of them almost presenting the appearance of rivers, the sewers being incapable of carrying off the overflow. A large number of persons and horses were killed by contact with live wires which were everywhere prostrated.

Foreign Affairs.

Hundreds of forged Bank of England notes have been put in circulation.

France and Venezuela signed a basis for resuming diplomatic relations.

Successful experiments in the use of wireless telephones are being conducted in England.

Japanese officers, accused of looting during the campaign in China, are to be court-martialed.

Cannibals overwhelmed a French party at Silerak, New Guinea, murdering 25 and wounding 33.

Eight hundred bodies of earthquake victims have been recovered at Shumaka, Russian Transcaucasia.

Fifty vessels are reported wrecked and seven villages destroyed by a tidal wave on the coast of Salvador.

Riots continue at Barcelona, Spain, and are spreading to nearby towns, where 80,000 persons are on strike. Thus far more than 500 persons have been killed or wounded.

Paid Debts Before Wedding.

Morristown, N. J., Feb. 25.—Having kept his vow that he never would marry until he had paid all his father's debts Henry Warren, of Morristown, is to wed Miss Marie Thompson, of Bambridge, Ireland, who has waited 20 years for him. Mr. Warren left for Ireland this morning and when he returns will bring his bride.

Warren was a student in Trinity College, Dublin, 20 years ago. His father was cashier of one of the leading banks there and the family was wealthy. Warren met Miss Thompson, who was attending a seminary in the same city. They fell in love, were bethrothed and planned to be married when they left school.

But the bank failed, and when the flurry was over the elder Warren was penniless and heavily in debt. Young Warren was obliged to leave school. His father died shortly afterward and the young man was left alone in the world. He vowed he would not get married until he had cleared up all his father's debts and gained competency for himself. Warren freed Miss Thompson of the engagement, but she said she would wait for him no matter how long the time.

He came to the United States and worked for a large tea-house in New York city. The Irish banker's son is now head salesman, with a part interest in the company. He has paid all his father's debts and is prosperous.

Crazed By Fortune-Teller.

Camden, N. J., Feb. 25.—On a cot in the Cooper Hospital, with a policeman on guard part of the time and the hospital attendants keeping a close watch the rest of the time, lies Miss Belle Hanna, of Philadelphia, who had been made insane by a fortune-teller.

Some time ago the young woman went to a town in Southern New Jersey and there made the acquaintance of a woman who told fortunes. This woman prophesied all sorts of bad luck for the girl and nearly frightened her to death. The fortune-teller prophesied that Miss Hanna would be poisoned to death. She brooded over it all the time and did not half attend to her work. The result was that she was discharged, and she became violently insane.

A physician who examined her, and to whom she told her story, said it was a form of nervousness brought on by placing too much credence in the fortune-teller's words, and advised her to come to Cooper Hospital. Miss Hanna went to the hospital Saturday afternoon, and had been there but a few minutes before she became violent, and it was necessary to send to the city hall for a policeman to watch her. Since then she has grown rapidly worse.

Women To Go Armed.

Richmond, Va., Feb. 24.—As the result of several attempts of criminal assault on well-known women in the town of Vinton, near Roanoke, Va., a "Ladies' Gun Club" has been formed. The rules of the club require every member to carry a pistol in plain view and to learn how to use it accurately. The matter had been under discussion several weeks.

On Saturday night Mrs. David Powell went out into the hall at her own home in Vinton and lighted a match. A man blew it out, grabbed her arm and wrenched it. She screamed and the man fled. That settled the question and the club was organized to-day.

Poisoned By Brass Door-Knob.

Elmira, N. Y., Feb. 24.—An ordinary brass door-knob, which Thomas McLaughlin, mailing clerk at the Elmira State Reformatory, has had occasion to handle for the past 25 years, in going to and from his office, is the cause of his lying ill in this city in so critical a condition that Dr. Christian has abandoned all hope of saving his life.

Verdigris poisoning first manifested itself last May, when small eruptions appeared on McLaughlin's hands. By having a finger amputated his life could have been saved, but to this the patient objected.

ALL OVER THE STATE.

A Summary of Current Events for the Past Seven Days.

Moses Moore, colored, was killed Friday in Wilkes county, while cutting saw-logs.

Alexander county, is to have a new court house, the cost to be $11,500. It is to be finished in six months.

Redding Norris, a white man of Pitt county, committed suicide on Thursday morning, by cutting his throat with a knife.

There has been more or less smallpox in Charlotte and vicinity for several months and last week the disease broke out in the Charlotte jail, in which there are 60 prisoners.

In Pender county, the March term of the Superior Court will not be held, as the citizens do not want any gathering of people, while so many cases of smallpox are prevalent in nearby localities.

Tom Lacey, a young white man of Marion, was killed by a train on the Carolina & Northwestern Railroad, near Newton, Friday. It is presumed that he was intoxicated and fell asleep on the track.

The berry growers in the Wilmington section are very anxious over the gathering of the coming crop, as smallpox threatens to keep away the pickers. This is especially the case in Duplin and Sampson counties.

Rich Blaton and Dick Fleming, colored, were convicted in Rowan Superior Court, Friday afternoon, charged with criminal assault upon Mrs. Belle Livengood, a widow, who lives about 15 miles from Salisbury. They were sentenced to be hanged April 11th.

The northbound passenger train on the Southern Railroad Wednesday morning ran over and killed J. A. B. Hurley, near Lowell, in Gaston county. Mr. Hurley was walking on the track and was overtaken at a curve in a cut. He attempted to get off but slipped and fell.

The trustees of the Methodist orphanage have accepted the offer of $15,000 by the Raleigh Auditorium Company for the Academy of Music, payable in 5 per cent 10-year bonds. The Auditorium Company will expend $12,000 in enlarging and improving the building and making it the handsomest theatre in North Carolina.

Mrs. James Tucker was burned to death in Stokes county, Wednesday. She was not well and lay down on a "pallet" before the fire with her babe in her arms. She went to sleep and the bed clothing caught fire, from which she was burned so severely that she died in 24 hours. Strange to say, the babe was not hurt at all.

Chairman Simmons has called the Democratic State Committee to meet in Raleigh on Tuesday, March 25, to call the State Convention and to consider questions of party policy connected with the approaching campaign. The method of nominating the candidate for Senator will be considered. The candidates for Senator will be invited to attend.

Four hangings took place in this State yesterday. At Wilson, John Henry Rose, white, for murder; at Lincolnton, Andrew Jackson, white, for burglary, and at Asheville, Frank Johnson and Ben Foster, both white, for burglarizing the postoffice at Emma. Two others of the burglars, R. S. Gates, white, and Harry Mills, colored, sentenced to be hung also, were commuted to life imprisonment last Saturday by Governor Aycock.

The Legislature of North Carolina appropriated $200,000 to the common school fund. Of this amount $100,000 was divided among the counties of the State on the per capita basis. The second $100,000 is to be divided among the schools of those counties which have not sufficient funds to run the schools four months in the year, these counties reporting the amount needed to bring the schools up to four months. Seventeen counties, Wayne included, report that they need no help, these already having funds sufficent to run the schools four months.

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BAKING POWDER

Imparts that peculiar lightness, sweetness, and flavor noticed in the finest cake, short cake, biscuit, rolls, crusts, etc., which expert pastry cooks declare is unobtainable by the use of any other leavening agent.

Pure, healthful, highest in strength.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 100 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK.

Bad Blood Breeds Humors

Boils, Pimples, Eruptions, Sores, Debility, Languor, Kidney Troubles, Indigestion and That Tired Feeling,

All of which Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures, by purifying, enriching and vitalizing the blood.

Blood troubles, left unchecked, increase and multiply just as naturally as the weeds and thistles infesting the soil.

They need the same radical treatment, too.

They should be rooted out in Spring.

HOOD'S Sarsaparilla

Stops the breeding of disease germs and impurities in the blood.

It also imparts vitality and richness, and that means a strong, vigorous body as well as a clear healthy skin.

You will look better and feel better if you begin taking Hood's Sarsaparilla TODAY. It

Purifies The Blood

As nothing else can.

"My son had pimples on his face, which after a while became a mass of sores. "I began giving him Hood's Sarsaparilla and soon the sores were getting better. "They finally healed without leaving a scar." MRS. L. THEIST, 7 Willow Avenue, Hoboken, N. J.

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VERY LOW RATES
—TO THE—
NORTHWEST,
March 1st to April 30th, 1902,
THE NORFOLK & WESTERN RAILWAY
will sell tickets to Montana, Idaho, Oregon, Washington and coast points at exceeding low rates from all stations. It is possible rates to the West will never be so cheap again; choice of three routes. Write for rates and schedules, say to what point you are going and your nearest station to this line, see any agent N. & W. Ry or W. B. BEVILL, Gen. Pass. Agent, M. F. BRAGG, Trav. Pass. Agent. Roanoke, Va.

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