State Library

A Good Advertisement

A live, progressive paper, that has age, character, circulation, influence and the respect of its readers, comes nearer *producing results* than any other method. It is worth your while to consider the GOLD LEAF

When You Want Results.

GOLD LEAF.

A Clean, Attractive Paper

That is read all over secures business for those who use its advertising columns. Such a paper is the Henderson GOLD LEAF. The proof of the claim is in the test thereof. Columns open to both believer and skeptic.

Are You One of Them?

THAD R. MANNING, Publisher. | "CAROLINA, CAROLINA, HEAVEN'S BLESSINGS ATTEND HER." | SUBSCRIPTION $1.00 Cash.

VOL. XIV. HENDERSON, N. C., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1895. NO. 40.

Are you taking SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR, the "KING OF LIVER MEDICINES?" That is what our readers want, and nothing but that. It is the same old friend to which the old folks pinned their faith and were never disappointed. But another good recommendation for it is, that it is BETTER THAN PILLS, never gripes, never weakens, but works in such an easy and natural way, just like nature itself, that relief comes quick and sure, and one feels new all over. It never fails. Everybody needs take a liver remedy, and everyone should take only Simmons Liver Regulator.

Be sure you get it. The Red Z is on the wrapper. J. H. Zeilin & Co., Philadelphia.

BABIES

are subject to peculiar ills. The right remedy for babies' ills—especially worms and stomach disorders—is

Frey's Vermifuge

Sold for 25 cents. Baltimore, Md.

FRANCIS A. MACON,
Surgeon Dentist,
HENDERSON, NORTH CAROLINA
All work in operative and mechanical dentistry. No charge for examination. Office: Dr. Boyd's old rooms, over Cooper & Mitchell's store.

J. H. BRIDGERS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
HENDERSON, - - N. C
Office: In Harris' law building near court house.
dec31-6i

DR. F. S. HARRIS,
DENTIST.
HENDERSON, - - N. C.
Office over E. G. Davis' store, Main Street. jan. 1-a.

ALEX. T. BARNES,
Undertaker & Embalmer,

—DEALER IN—
Fine and Medium Grade Furniture, &c.,
TUCKER BUILDING,
HENDERSON, N. C.

GROVES

TASTELESS
CHILL
TONIC
IS JUST AS GOOD FOR ADULTS.
WARRANTED. PRICE 50 cts.

GALATIA, ILLS., Nov. 16, 1893.
Pure Medicine Co., St. Louis, Mo.
Gentlemen:—We sold last year, 600 bottles of GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC and have sold three gross already this year. In all our experience of 14 years, in the drug business, have never sold an article that gave such universal satisfaction as your Tonic. Yours truly,
ABNEY CARR & CO.

Sold and guaranteed by
THOS. H. THOMAS, druggist.

Letter Mailed
FARQUHAR
Variable Friction
Feed Saw Mill
For full descriptive catalogue address,
A. B. FARQUHAR CO., Ltd.,
YORK, PA.

A DEAD TOWN.

HOW TO WAKE IT UP AND MAKE IT THRIVE.

Some Wise Suggestions from a Western Man—Wake Up, Dead Towns, and Become a Blessing to Your People and Section—Public Spirit and a Little Capital Will Do the Business.

[Manufacturers' Record.]

Two weeks ago Mr. T. C. Tipton, of Loudon, Tenn., asked the *Manufacturers' Record* "how to wake a dead town." Mr Tipton told of the many natural advantages of Loudon, but pointed out how, from lack of energy and enterprise and because of the work of the never-dying croakers, these advantages were not utilized, and how, because of this, the town, like hundreds of others, was to all intents and purposes dead. The *Manufacturers' Record* published his letter, and asked for suggestions as to how to quicken into life these dead towns that are a curse to themselves and to the country. Without life they furnish no employment, no opportunities for the young, who must either grow up in idleness or seek some new field in which to find a chance to work and live.

Wake up, dead towns, and become a blessing to your people and your section!

From an Indiana subscriber to the *Manufacturers' Record* we have the following letter, which we commend to our readers, for it tells what enterprise can do in waking dead towns to life and creating employment for their people:

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., August 30.

Editor Manufacturers' Record.

In your issue of August 23 Mr. T. C. Tipton, of Loudon, Tenn., asks how to wake a dead town. I want to say that I never learned of a town that did "wake up" until every inhabitant took a financial interest in some manner, usually by aiding some factory enterprise, or through advertising and continuous advertising, not for a week, but for years in selected advertising mediums. A good medinm costs money, but we get what we pay for every time. I believe the *Manufacturers' Record* has been and is today, doing more for the advancement of Southern interests than all other papers and magazines combined. I take it and read it, and my neighbors come and borrow it, and when they return it one would think it had been used for ten years. As a result of the *Manufacturer's Record* being in my home, I took an interest in a large orchard company at Marshallvtlle, Ga., called Red Clay Orchard Co. Mine is only one case, for my copy of the *Manufacturers' Record* has been the means of causing Northern capital to go South to the anount of $25,000. I am an Indiana man, and so are all my investing friends. Now, there are thousands of dollars of Northern capital lying in the banks and safety vaults not only in Indianapolis, but in all large cities, only waiting a favorable opportunity for investment. But those towns wanting financial aid must first show their own confidence by leading off, then the outside capital will follow. Let me tell your readers that in Indiana in seven years' time there were raised bonuses aggregating upwards of $1,000,000 in only twelve towns. What did these towns do? Why they gave this money to factories that had capital of over $20,000,000, employing upward of 20,000 hands, a weekly pay-roll of $400,000 and an annual output of products exceeding the amount of capital stock. I know a small town of 1500 souls which wanted a factory, and wanted it badly. A meeting of business men was called; fifteen were present; out of the fifteen a self-constituted committee was appointed on ways and means to get up a subscription. One man who owned 200 acres of land offered to donate forty acres valued at $10,000. His offer was accepted, the land was platted, and within three days every person able to buy a lot (except an occasional croaker, whom we have with us as well as the flea and serpent in every town,) bought of these 100 lots, and raised $10,000 in easy payments. Two years ago that town did not circulate $1000 a month, including every store; today they pay out in wages over $3000 per week for help alone, and another big plant is building, while new stores and dwellings are going up on every hand. Moreover, every man, woman and child feels the beneficial effects of the distribution of money, and no one wanting work is idle. You say you can't do the same thing, and can't get the factory if you would? You can't do anything unless you try. While en route South last month I noticed many idle "hands" lounging around stores and holding a post down—big men playing marbles, others playing chess, shooting craps—men who looked to me as if they had brains for better business, and should be earning something for themselves and their families. Some say they have no means. Then let a few that have means join hands and start the ball rolling; get your advertisement started; announce to the world that your town is there, and let every soul that enjoys the town's privileges be instructed to talk out in meeting, in the country, in other cities, everywhere, that your town is awake, and that it is the place to live in and invest money in, and that your people are enterprising and full of push. Sometimes it pays to engage an experienced promoter, but make sure of your man; he can only aid in securing industrial enterprises. While South early this year I had the pleasure of meeting several distinguished gentlemen who are doing what the *Manufacturers' Record* is accomplishing and advocating, viz, inducing settlers and capitalists to come South. It looks like the capitalists and settlers were doing it with a good will. Gov. W. J. Northen is doing good work, so also is Hon. J. L. Hand, of Pelham, Ga. I believe Senator Hand will succeed in securing the location of a large sanitarium and hotel for his town, Pelham. Judge Joseph Tillman, of Quitman, Ga., is also one of the right stripe to aid the upbuilding of the South. E. M. Rumph, of Marshallville, Ga., is doing great good in settling up his section. But these men are to be admired for their stick-to-it-iveness, which has brought the success that has already crowned their earlier efforts. Let not friend Tipton, of Loudon, Tenn., or others in other dead towns despair. You lead off and make an effort and try what you can do, as we never know without trying.

I will tell a true story here about an Arkansas town. The people wanted a factory badly, and concluded that a "saw mill and sucker-rod plant" would be the ideal for their quiet place to shake up the dust and pick up the idle and give the idler work, that he might have money to pay his grocery bill. The chairman of the meeting was directed to write to an Indianapolis firm for the cost of a complete "mill." The letter was answered, and in a few days a reply came from the chairman that $800 was all the money the town could raise, and if they had the $1500 demanded for such a "mill," what in "hades" would they want of a saw mill? I felt sorry for the town, for there were a few enterprising spirits there, and I trust that that kind of luck will not deter others from trying, for where there is a will there is a way. Now get to work and find it. G. W. CROSS.

COUNT THE MERCIES.

BY MARY D. JAMES.

Count the Mercies. Count the Mercies.
Number all the gifts of love,
Keep a daily, faithful record
Of the comforts from above,
Look at all the lovely green-spots
In life's weary, dreary way,
Think how many cooling fountains
Cheer our fainting hearts each day,
Count the Mercies. Count the Mercies.
See them strewn along our way!

See, oh, see the countless beauties
In the charming scenes of earth;
Think of all the untold blessings,
Clustering around our home and hearth
Think of friends and precious kindred
To our hearts so dear, so sweet,
Think of Heaven's unnumbered blessings
Can you all the list repeat?
Count the Mercies. Count the Mercies.
Making bright paths for your feet.

Count the mercies, tho' the trials
Seem to number more each day.
Count the trials too; as minus,
Add them to the grand array.
Trials are God's wisest blessings
Sent to prompt our upward flight,
As the eagle's nest, all broken,
Makes them fly to loftier hights,
Count them mercies which shall sever
That bring Heaven within our sight.

Count them mercies which shall sever
Chains that bind our spirit down—
Causing them below to grovel,
And forget our heavenly crown.
Let all earthly ties be riven,
Ties be broken, hopes decay.
If to God our souls be driven
If from earth we soar away.
Wondrous mercies! Hollowed mercies!
Urging us the heavenward way.

Thus we find the purer comforts,
Richer far than those of earth—
Joys unfailing, hopes enduring,
Treasures of surpassing worth;
Beams of light, celestial radiance,
From the central, source of light,
Spreading over each scene of sadness
Halos gladdening to our sight.
Count the Mercies. Count the Mercies.
Filling us with joys so bright.

Let us number all our Jewels
Let us estimate their worth;
Let us thank the Gracious Giver,
Showering blessing o'er the earth.
Let our hearts o'erflow with gladness,
Let us tell the wonders o'er,
Till our multiplying treasures
Seem a countless, boundless store,
Then let praises—Countless praises
Be our language evermore.

Hints About Advertising.

[Printers Ink.]

One line well written is worth a column carelessly prepared.

The ad. should attract attention—but respectful attention.

Displaying everything has only the effect of killing the object of displaying anything.

One-half of the world would not know what the other half has for sale were it for advertising.

Let your ad be out of the ordinary, but not too much so—freaks do not attract the best attention.

How plainly a high building can be seen among small ones! How easily a boldly displayed ad stands out from the rest.

A satisfied customer is a good advertisement, but to secure the customers to be satisfied is the first problem. Advertising will do it.

You can interest people while you are talking to them, but the minute you stop the interest ceases. It is precisely the same way with your advertising.

Too much shouting may frighten people, but don't forget to shout loud enough to let them know who you are, and wheae you are, and what you are there for.

The Lease Approved.

GREENSBORO, Sept. 17.—The agony over the North Carolina Railroad is at last over. A called meeting of the stockholders of this road was held here this afternoon, and for the first time since 1893 a quorum was present. The directors agreed two years ago to allow the railroad to be listed for taxes, but the stockholders were unwilling and remained away from the meetings in order to prevent a quorum, so that the action of the directors might not be ratified. Now, however, since the Southern has leased the road and will pay the taxes, there was no excuse for not ratifying the withdrawal of the tax exemption. At 4:30 o'clock when the stockholders were on the point of the assembling, a telegram came from the Governor insisting on a surrender of the exemption. About 4 o'clock the stockholders met and agreed to surrender. Judge Burwell was made temporary chairman and Dr. Henbow secretary. to When the vote ratify the leasing of the road to the Southern was taken, not a dissenting voice was heard.

SAM JONES' SAYINGS.

CHARACTERISTIC EYPRESSIONS SANDWICHED IN HIS SERMONS.

Slugs of Slang and Wads of Wisdom Hurled at Winston-Salem People by the Great Evangelist—He Abuses and Blackguards His Audiences but They "Hear Him Gladly."

[Winston Sentinel.]

Some of you old fellows from the country, setting there and with $5 in your pocket and won't give a cent. You ought to get more hair and a snout and tail and go to eatin, corn.

There's a stranger here. One fellow put in a dollar. He don't live in this town.

It the devil don't git you, Bud, it'll be because he don't want you.

The Methodists here pay their pastor $1800, and the Baptists $1200. Guess that's about the right proportion. You see you can ship one-third cheaper by water.

I'd rather be a chain gang nigger in the Georgia penitentiary than to be a methodist that voted for whiskey.

You won't be dead and in hell two years before Sallie will have another fellow sitting on the front porch bragging about marrying your widow.

When I see an old maid, I am sure some fellow ain't done his duty. When I see an old bachelor, I think of a hog.

Your wife's got as much right to drink whiskey and get drunk as you have, you lousy scoundrel.

The girls are as pure as the morning dew, but God pity the crowd they've got to dance with.

It one of these dancing dudes is all right it is the first one I ever saw. I want his picture to show around.

We need some daddies that will meet the dancing buck at the door and kick him over the front gate and say, Good-by, John.

You girls that don't know anything but to dance. You'll evaporate some day and leave some bangs and slippers on the floor.

I like a fast horse, but a slow gal.

I like a drukard better than I do a close-fisted stingy devil. There's hope for the drunkard. If you get him sober you may make a man of him. But if a fellow's no account, drunk or sober, the jig's up.

If all hogs had bristles hair mattresses would go down to 5 cents a pound.

Money makes the filly go. It makes everything go that has hair and makes the bald-headed man go tolerably well.

Congress got so it couldn't pass anything—couldn't even pass a saloon.

When one of these dirty little lawyers wallows in hell fire he'll say he's there as an attorney.

If I was running a soap factory in hell and they brought along your carcass, I'd tell 'em I had nothing to deordorize such a carcass.

A horse thief is a gentleman beside the man that votes for liquor.

I have only one objection to a saloon keeper. The same I have to a louse—he gets his living off the head of the family.

If you see and old sister that don't like Sam Jones, it's no sign she's mean, but she's a fool. The troubles is above her eyes.

I promised my wife to take care of her husband and I'm going to do it.

Ifyou can put up with fourteen saloons the year round, you've got to put up with me a week.

You go around and drink whiskey and says it's nobody's business. You are a liar, you scoundrel, you. If they'd put you up in an ash hopper and pour water over you, you'd drip lye, you dirty dog, you.

If you preachers will hold while I skin, we'll make hides go down in this market.

Nobody but an infernal fool will drink whiskey, nobody but a disreputable person will sell it, and none but a damnable town will license it.

What have you preachers been doing? Shoot, Luke, or give up your gun.

I'm going to tell you the truth if you lick me three times a day and send my dead body to my wife and children.

I don't abuse any other denomination except the Methodist. Don't have time. When I get through with them it's bed time.

You folks that take the front seats and come to roost before sundown—you ought to pay storage.

If I had come here for money, bless your soul, I'd left after the first collection.

I've seen a town where a woman wouldn't give $5, but this the first town where a thing with breeches wouldn't give more than a dollar.

Every criminal that goes unwhipt of justice is a menace to good citizenship.

Lawlessness in a town is a hot bed of anarchy.

Policemen find everything that the sentiment of the town demands they shall find.

If I was Mayor of this town, you'd have to stay at home, old buck.

No gentleman will do anything he denies his wife the privilege of doing.

Your Uncle Jones lifts the same standard for himself as he does for his wife.

I propose to do you up and put you in decent shape, you dirty scoundrel.

Make Sam Jones Mayor and he'd set up with you bucks. He'd make you decent or make you leave town.

The difference between Sam Jones and many preachers is that Sam Jones preaches like he thinks and they think like they preach.

I'd rather be Bob Ingersoll than a cowardly, time serving preacher.

Old church members charging 12 per cent. interest. If you were in hell you'd have the whole country under mortgage before the year's out.

When me and my wife ride the same horse, I'm going to be in front. Agent for your wife! Pay your debts and you won't have to be agent then.

Turn an old dog loose in heaven and he'd be out before breakfast, chinking gold off the golden streets.

Preachers, load your old fusilade with buck shot, and then you pull the trigger there'll be a dead dog.

When you are in hell frying, you'll feel a heap worse than you do now.

I believe if all the members of the church in Winston were to get to heaven you'd have to sleep with your breeches under your head. They'd rob you.

If you are mad, beg my pardon and I'll forgive you. I don't bear any malice.

I like bangs. I always thought they were becoming to women and mules.

Winston is a dandy. Aint she preachers?

This is scalding and scouring day in this town. Bad day for chinches, too.

Some of you think Sam Jones shoots of his mouth half cocked. It's a mistake. When his mouth goes off the hammer is pulled clear back.

If you go away yelping folks will say, there goes one of Sam Jones' hit dogs.

There's a possum up the tree. Wait about twenty minutes longer. I'm going to smoke him out.

A little fellow says, "I'll hold you personally responsible." I'll catch you on my finger nail and come down on you. That's the way they killed 'em when I was a kid.

Some of you choir folks get up and sing "Come to Jesus," when you were never in a hundred miles of there yourself. You don't know the way. You ought to sing "Go."

You old sisters saying it ain't any harm to dance. There's hope for you. God has made special arrangements for idiots and children. I think I can pull you through.

I'd quit my devilry, or I'd quit the church.

They say fish is good for the brain. If I was the father of some of you I'd buy a whale and make you eat it all at one time.

God never made a fish with fins until He had made an ocean for it to swim in. He never made a bird until He had made the air for it to fly in. He never put a soul in man until He made a heaven for him to live in.

A puppy gets its eyes open in nine days. There are church members here forty years old that haven't got their eyes open yet.

Publications Required by Law.

The following extract taken from the annual report of the North Carolina Press Association will doubtless be of benefit to county officials who may not be familiar with or comply strictly with the law in every case, and we suggest that our county officials clip this article and keep it for reference:

Section 219 requires service of summons by publication, in certain cases, once a week for six weeks.

Section 352 requires publication of warrants of attachment once a week for four weeks.

Section 356 requires publication once a week for four weeks, of all sales of real estate under execution.

Section 515 requires the publication once a week for six weeks of a notice to creditors when any person applies to a magistrate for his homestead.

Section 678 requires the publication of the notice of incorporation by the clerk.

Section 713 requires the publication once a week for four weeks, of the amount, etc., audited by the county commissioners to themselves.

Section 752 requires the commissioners to publish their annual statement.

Section 788 requires executors, etc., to publish once a week for six weeks a notice to creditors.

Section 1452 requires the clerk, in certain cases, to publish a notice to creditors once a week for six weeks.

Section 1783 requires publication for two weeks in enforcing a mechanic's lien.

Chapter 242, laws of 1889, requires publication of county treasurer's statement.

Chapter 580, laws of 1891, requires clerks of the Superior court to publish their annual reports of public funds in their hands.

Chapter 296, laws of 1893, (which is the usual "machinery act" for collecting taxes,) provides for several publications, as will be seen by reference to sections 24, 36, 38, 51 and 112.

And this is the way lawyers, clerks, county commissioners, executors and administrators might help their county papers; perform their duties and aid in carrying out the laws of the land.

DEAFNESS CAN NOT BE CURED

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the eustachian tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucus surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Dr. Miles' Nerve Plasters 25c. at all druggists.

ATLANTA EXPOSITION.

PRAISE FOR THE "CHICAGO OF THE SOUTH."

The Great Show Which Opened Sept. 18th.—A Grand Success in Every Particular—The Government Exhibit to Equal that of Chicago—Building and Exhibit of the Southern Railway.

The most important event of the current year to this country, and especially to the South, and still more especially to the city of Atlanta and the State of Georgia, is the Cotton States and International Exposition which was formally opened at Atlanta, Ga., on the 18th day of September, and closes on the 31st day of December.

That a Southern city of about 110,000 population should have the enterprise and public spirit, not to say the temerity, to undertake, almost single handed, an enterprise so wide in its scope, so mammoth in its proportions and requiring such a vast outlay of money as to richly entitle it to the designation of "International," in the face of a universal commercial depression and financial panic, and that Atlanta, Ga., which was left but little more than a heap of ashes and smouldering ruins, with its population of 10,000 scattered and homeless by Sherman's army, when it took up its famous "March to the Sea," should be that city, it is not surprising that the first suggestions of such an enterprise were received with general misgiving and that even the Southern States and cities counselled against it, and were slow to come to the assitance of a sister city in an undertaking which at such a time was regarded as hazardous in the extreme and too mammoth to promise even a measurable degree of accomplishment.

A visit to Piedmont Park, however, about two miles north of the center of Atlanta, will dispel every doubt of the realization of a degree of success surpassing the most sanguine expectations of the projectors of the Cotton States and International Exposition.

From the roof garden of the new and modern "Aragon Hotel," which occupies the highest hill in this hill city, a magnificent panoramic view of the city and its surroundings is afforded. All around you, spread over hills and valleys, just sufficiently pronounced to afford pleasing variety to the topography, is the compact, well built, hustling Chicago of the South, Gate City of the South, Atlanta, with its wealth of well-paved streets and avenues, laid out apparently regardless of rule or plan, which join the macadamized roads that lead through the picturesque suburbs to the rich farming lands beyond.

There is an appearance of solidity, grandeur and beauty in her public buildings, her hundred churches, her seminaries, colleges, numerous public school houses, her Henry Grady Hospital, her stores and private houses, suggestive of abundant building material near by, and looking away to the east, fourteen miles across the foothills, the famons Stone Mountain looms up, a solid mountain of granite, where immense quarries are operated now, but where, thirty-one years ago, grim visaged war held sway and thousands were slain, and their blood trickled over the rugged granite sides of Stone Mountain.

In looking over these lovely hills and valleys, clad in the gladness of Southern verdue and yielding abundantly to the hand of the happy husbandman, it is difficult to realize that it was ever the theater of war, and that the soil was literally soaked with fraternal blood.

In such an undertaking the question of transportation is one of natural prominence, and every person in anywise interested in this exposition, every person proposing to become an exhibitor or visitor has doubtless propounded the inquiry, whether the Southern railroads are equal to the emergency of handling the enormous travel and traffic to and from Atlanta during the period of the exposition. This question of course has long since been answered to their satisfaction by the Committee on Transportation of the Atlanta Fair; but for the benefit of many who acquired their knowledge of the railroads of the South during a period of ten or fifteen years succeeding the close of the war, perhaps it will be well to say that no comparison can be well drawn between the miserable apologies for railroads in the South during that period, with the really splendid roadbeds and equipment and service of the present.

Atlanta is essentially a railroad city and a great railroad center, having roads, and good ones, radiating to every section of the country. But without considering any of the others, there is one system fully capable of handling expeditiously, comfortably and satisfactorily, all the travel and traffic to and from the exposition from any and every direction, and that is the great combination operated by a single management, with headquarters at Washington, D. C., under the name of the Southern Railway.

One of its lines has its northern terminus at Washington, and over it is operated a fast through service in connection with the Pennsylvania Railroad from New York, through Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington and Atlanta to all parts of the South and Southwest, including New Orleans and points in Florida, and which makes the run from New York to Atlanta in 24 hours. Not only so, but its connections in other directions enable it to give the same first-class service to passengers from the West and Northwest.

So important is this great railroad system to the success of the exposition and so hearty has been its interest in the undertaking and its co-operation with the managers of the exposition, that it has been accorded exceptional privileges and will be the only road having tracks in Piedmont Park, which will enable it to land passengers from any direction, without change of cars, either in the Park or in the Union depot in Atlanta, as they may prefer.

The Southern Railway has always manifested the most generous interest in every enterprise or effort to promote the welfare of the South, and will make a most interesting exhibit in a handsome building which it has erected on the fair grounds, consisting of specimens of the mineral and other products of the South and illustrative of marvelous improvement in railroad construction, operation and architecture in this country. T. E. C.

WATTERSON'S ELOQUENCE.

His Address to the Grand Army of the Republic at Louisville.

Louisville, Ky., Sept. 11.—Grand Army veterans and their friends attended the grand camp fire at Music Hall to night. Like all other buildings in Louisville, the hall was elaborately decorated and every one was just bubbling over with patriotism and enthusiasm. An elaborate program had been prepared and it was carried out to the delight and entertainment of all present. Hon. Henry Watterson, editor of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, made the welcome address in behalf of the citizens' committee. He spoke in part as follows:

"Comrades, for under the star flowered flag of the Union all who truly love it are comrades, in the name of the city and the State I bid you the heartiest welcome. I have been in every State and Territory of the Union and I can truly say that I never came away from any one of them where I had not found something to make me proud of my country. All that I do contend for is that you will find here more kinds of good things and more of them than you will find anywhere else on the face of the globe.

Let the dead past bury its dead. You at least have no reason to complain. You got away with as many of us as we got away with you. The brave men who have gone to heaven long ago settled the act before that court where all is made right. God reigns and the government at Washington lives. That should satisfy us all. If there is any more fighting to be done, lets go and lick England and take Canada: lets go and lick Spain and take Cuba: lets go and lick creation and make the unspeakable Turk vote the American ticket: We can do it. Shoulder to shoulder, with the world before us and old glory above, who shall stop us?

"No surrender."
"No pretender,"
"Pitted together in many a fray."
"Lions in fight,"
"And linked in their might,"
"The North and South will carry the day.

"All that is wanted in this great land of ours is for the people—the plain people as Lincoln called them—to realize from Maine to Texas, from Oregon to Florida, that there is nothing whatever to divide them. They are the same.

The monstrosity of slavery out of the way, the foolishness or secession out of the way, and the nation having actually had its new birth of freedom, what but ignorance and prejudice to hinder the stalwart Americans in Minnesota from taking the hand of stalwart Americans in Georgia and calling him "brother?" Both came from a common origin, good old Anglo Saxon and Scotch-Irish stock, are wedded together by common interest and a common destiny, bone of one bone, flesh of one flesh in national aspiration and fellowship. God made this continent for us and consecrated it to freedom. The transfiguration of blood clearly indicate the will of God. Who dares dispute His awful work?

"But pardon me. I did not mean to be serious. This an occasion for rejoicing, for merry making, not for reflection. If anybody thinks he's thinking, wake him—he's only dreaming. If anybody thinks he's not welcome, tie him. If there's a dog that fails to wag his tail for joy, shoot him. We are glad to see you. We are glad you came. Now that you have found the way, come again and come often. The latch string will always hang outside the door and the only pass-word shall be "I am an American citizen."

While in Chicago, Mr. Charles L. Kahler, a prominent shoe merchant of Des Moines, Iowa, had quite a serious time of it. He took such a severe cold that he could hardly talk or navigate, but the prompt use of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy cured him of his cold so quickly that others at the hotel who had bad colds followed his example and half a dozen persons ordered it from the nearest drug store. They were profuse in their thanks to Mr. Kahler for telling them how to cure a bad cold so quickly. For sale by M. Dorsey, druggist.

The ad. giving all the information necessary in the fewest words is the best ad.

Everywhere we go we find some one who has been cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla. It is the great blood purifier and nerve tonic.

Hood' Pills for the liver and bowels act easily yet promptly and effectively.

The Only
Great and thoroughly reliable building-up medicine, nerve tonic, vitalizer and
Blood Purifier
before the people today, and which stands preeminently above all other medicines, is
HOOD'S Sarsaparilla
It has won its hold upon the hearts of the people by its own absolute intrinsic merit. It is not what we say, but what Hood's Sarsaparilla does that tells the story:—
Hood's Cures
Even when all other preparations and prescriptions fail.
"I had running sores on one of my limbs for a long time. I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla and now they are nearly well. I have gained in strength and flesh and feel thankful that there is such a wonderful medicine as Hood's Sarsaparilla." JOHN WELLMAN, Erie, West Virginia.
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Hood's Pills are tasteless, mild, effective. All druggists. 25c.

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I would most respectfully inform the public that I am at my same old stand, near Dorsey's drug store where I have a complete assortment of
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