

Advertising Brings Success
That it pays to advertise in the Gold Leaf is shown by the fact that the man who is suffering from malnutrition is like the fettered swimmer. His stomach and its allied organs of digestion and nutrition are diseased. It is not a question of simply keeping up under any circumstances. Whenever disease affects the stomach it is affecting also the blood and the health of every organ of the body. For blood is only food converted into nutrition and nutrition is the life of the body and every organ of it.

That is Proof That it Pays.

GOLD LEAF

As an Advertising Medium
The Gold Leaf stands at the head of newspapers in this section, the famous
Best Tobacco District.
The most wide-awake and successful men use its columns with the highest
Satisfaction to Themselves.

A MAN CAN'T swim in shackles. It isn't a question of his winning a race, but a question of being able to get on his feet. The man who is suffering from malnutrition is like the fettered swimmer. His stomach and its allied organs of digestion and nutrition are diseased. It is not a question of simply keeping up under any circumstances. Whenever disease affects the stomach it is affecting also the blood and the health of every organ of the body. For blood is only food converted into nutrition and nutrition is the life of the body and every organ of it.

That is Proof That it Pays.

BOOM YOUR TOWN.
Do Not Fail to Sound its Praises Wherever You Are.
Every citizen should believe in the town he lives in and if he doesn't think it is a little better in most respects than neighboring towns then he should move out. When away from home do not neglect to give those with whom you come in contact to understand that you live in a live town populated by enterprising, go ahead, progressive people, and one that is advancing instead of retrograding.

If you can truthfully speak in commendation of the ability of your professional men, the square dealing and honesty of your merchants, the superiority of your schools, etc., let nothing prevent you from exercising that privilege. It will not be necessary to mention the drawbacks, if there be any. Strangers seeking a location are always greatly influenced in favor of any place where the citizens are enthusiastic in its praise.

Unless its inhabitants appreciate the excellencies and virtues of each other and will collectively spread abroad their faith in the prosperity and future growth of their community, no city or town can expect to attain prominence over its rivals. When rightly utilized, talk can be made effective in many directions, and this is one of them.

NO POCKETS IN A SHROUD.
Denver Post.
O, ye who bow at Mammon's shrine, Whose hearts with greed are growing cold, Who turn your backs on things divine And worship but the god of gold, What will it profit you when death Lays low the head so kingly proud And rolls the wasted form of breath? There are no pockets in a shroud.

Your thoughts by day, your dreams by night, Are but of grasping golden gain. Your guide is but the leader blind Of riches running in your brain. You cast all holier aims behind And struggle as a maddening crowd To clutch the dollars, but you'll find There are no pockets in a shroud.

Ye seers who grind the poor selectionless, Who overshadow many a door With cloud of misery, and feel No sympathy to see them lie Beneath the lid of sorrow cloud, Remember when you come to die There are no pockets in a shroud.

What is the profit to the man Whose life to Mammon has been given? A bridge of gold can never span The gulf between the earth and Heaven! Who will it be to him find The wealth with which he is endowed At death's gate must be left behind? There are no pockets in a shroud.

This life is but a span; today We're here tomorrow we're gone, Have faded from the earth far away To give the soil a strange domain. Yet in the laugry greed for gains Too many at the gold shrine bow, Forget that when the life-spark ceases There are no pockets in a shroud.

Cyclone Sinks Steamer Olive Without Warning Death and Destruction Came to Passengers and Crew.

The Steamer Olive, Plying Between Franklin and Edenton, Plunged to the Bottom of Chowan River—Imprisoned in Their State Rooms Seventeen Persons Drown Like R7ts in a Hole—Terrible Suffering Endured by Those Who Were Saved.

Seventeen lives snuffed out without a moment's warning was the awful work of the cyclone which swept the Eastern section of North Carolina about 10 o'clock Monday night and found in its path the little Chowan river steamer Olive, plying from Franklin, Va., to Edenton, N. C., with a human cargo of thirty souls.

The full force of the death-dealing blast struck the Olive square on her port side when she was about a mile and a half from Holley's wharf, on the Chowan river, and, according to the statement of Capt. G. H. Witty, the exact time of the disaster was 10 o'clock.

Seventeen people are known to have perished like rats in a hole without a chance to save themselves. Those known to have met death were—

WILDER, white, Coleraine, N. C.
JAKE LASSITER, white, aged 25; home, Rich Square, N. C.
MISS BENNETT, white, Franklin, Va.
MISS BENNETT, white, aged 12; Franklin, Va.
MISS VAUGHAN, white, Coleraine, N. C.
GEORGE BUTT, colored, deck hand.
FRANK HUNTER, colored, deck hand.
W. H. EDWARDS, colored, deck hand.
ANDREW VAUGHAN, colored, fireman.
ABRAM COOPER, colored, fireman.
PRESTON SCOTT, colored, fireman.
ESTHER WILLIAMS, colored, cook.
BEN COOPER, colored, porter.
GEORGE WHITE, colored, preacher, passenger.

THREE UNKNOWN COLORED PASSENGERS.

Those who left the sunken vessel in the only remaining life-boat were—

Chief Engineer C. L. Conway, Assistant Engineer J. P. Murphy, Purser J. N. Bell, one white passenger, unknown, two colored passengers unknown, and two colored deck hands.

THE WRECK A HORRIBLE DISASTER.

The wreck is one of the worst that ever occurred in this section, and the survivors, only four of whom have been found, speak of it as a brief period in which heaven and earth seemed to join forces to completely annihilate the little craft and all on board her.

The Olive left Franklin at 11 o'clock Monday morning on her regular trip to Edenton and landings on the way. She had a fair sized general cargo, and all told twenty-nine people, passengers and crew, aboard.

At her wharf was the veteran of the Carolina sounds and rivers, Captain George H. Witty, who has navigated these waters ever since 1867, and who knows every eddy and shoal in them.

A heavy, though not violent, wind from the Southwest had been blowing all the morning and the little river was considerably stirred up, but the Olive had no trouble with the miniature waves that dashed against her prow, and proceeded steadily on her way from landing to landing, taking on and putting off passengers and freight.

Everything was smooth until night set in, and then the wind increased in volume and force.

Holley's wharf was passed at 9:45 and the boat was on the home stretch for Edenton bay, a large space of open water.

WINDY GALE MADE CAPTAIN TURN TAIL.

The violence of the wind in the river caused Captain Witty to decide not to proceed into the open, and he turned back to go further inland, where the fury of the seas would be less.

The craft had scarcely started on the retreat when a deafening roar came out of the North, in direct opposition to the prevailing wind. Every second made its sound more terrifying. Suddenly a high line of white was seen rushing down on the doomed vessel and in an instant the fury of the whirlwind was devouring everything.

When the violence of the shock first struck the Olive it came broadside on the port and the craft careened to starboard until the roof of the deck house touched the angry waters. At the same time the monster wave dashed completely over the prostrate craft, smashing in windows and flooding every compartment.

The rush of water to the hold caused the Olive to right herself, but it also pulled her to the bottom at the same time.

TERRIFIED NEGROES MADE FRENZIED FIGHT FOR LIFE.

Words cannot describe the awful horror of the next few moments. Frenzied negroes, half dead and wild with horror, struggled to reach the surface through unyielding bulkheads and their screams and shrieks of fear and horror almost drowned the angry roar of the wind.

A few were successful in their efforts and scrambled along the submerged

dead people were aroused by the sight and as the vessel steamed nearer they signalled frantically to attract attention.

Those on board the Roberts saw the signs and put on all steam to the rescue.

The saved were quickly taken from the sunken boat and hurried to the fireroom of the Roberts, where they were dried out and given hot drinks.

At Edenton, whither the Roberts was bound, all hands were put ashore and took the first train over the Norfolk & Southern for Norfolk.

CAPTAIN WITTY MAKES STATEMENT OF

To a *Virginian-Pilot* reporter Captain G. H. Witty, of the wrecked steamer Olive, made the following statement last night before leaving for Franklin over the Seaboard Air Line.

"Before beginning I want to ask you to express my thanks for the courteous treatment accorded us by the men on the tug of the Norfolk & Southern Railroad, which saved our lives.

"I have been navigating the Eastern Virginia and Carolina waters ever since 1867, and have been master of the Olive for over eight years.

"We left Franklin on time Monday morning and had been making good headway all day, notwithstanding a strong breeze from the Southwest was blowing. The sea was choppy, but we made and everything was running well, though I noticed that the wind was increasing.

"After darkness set in it began to blow a regular gale, and when I passed Holley's wharf at 9:45 the wind had become so violent that I decided not to venture into Edenton bay, where it was open, but to turn around and go back up the river, where there was shelter from the wind.

"HORRIBLE ROAR WHEN CYCLONE STRUCK SHIP.

"The boat was put about without much difficulty, and the return trip had been started when suddenly a horrible roaring began to come toward us from the Northwest.

"Everything became inky black, and it was impossible to see a ship's length ahead. All at once I made out a high line of white, and foam bearing directly on my port side, and in another second the cyclone hit us.

"It was like nothing I had ever experienced before. It was like Heaven and earth had come together, only a thousand times stronger.

"The Olive stood straight on her beam and water poured into her shattered windows and portholes in great volumes. Then she began to right and settle at the same time. I was caught in the most horrid of appointments, but J. P. Murphy, the assistant engineer, who was off duty at the time, managed to crawl up and help me force the door.

"We made our way back along the top of the deckhouse, which was already under water, to where the life-boats had been. Two had been carried away, but one, the large metal boat, remained. It was jammed tight against the smoke-stack.

"COULD HEAR SHRIEKS OF HELPLESS DYING.

"From below we could hear the shrieks and groans of the passengers and crew who were penned up under water, to where the life-boats and the fact that we could not move a hand to save them made the matter only more terrible for us.

"Around the life-boat I found Chief Engineer Conway, Purser Bell, the colored stewardess, four deck hands, two firemen, a cook and a porter and that there were about eighteen passengers on board.

"All told, thirty-one people.

"Of this number eight were saved in the life-boat and six by the Marie Roberts, or fourteen. This leaves seventeen dead, accounted for.

LIFE-BOAT CREW WERE SAVED BY THE GAZELLE.

A special to the *Virginian-Pilot* from Suffolk last night reports the fact that the people who embarked on the life-boat were saved after having been in an unsuccessful effort to reach the tug which was sighted by its lights from the wrecked steamer.

The life-boat finally reached a barge which was anchored in the river and the benumbed and tired crew clambered aboard.

Shortly afterwards the tug *Gazelle*, owned by the John L. Roper Lumber Company, having in sight and took them off, landing them at Tunis, where they took the train for Suffolk.

THE ILL-FATED STEAMER.

The Olive was owned by a small stevedore firm at Franklin, known as Messrs. J. A. and R. A. Pretlow and the principal holders.

She was an old-style white-iron craft, although more than thirty years old, and was regarded as one of the staunchest vessels of her class in this section of the Atlantic coast. She was built in Philadelphia in 1869, and after seeing considerable service in waters further North was well known for some time among the habits of the water front. For the past few years she has been on the line plying between Edenton and Franklin.

The Olive was of 987 tons burden. She was 120 feet long, 20 feet wide and the depth of her hold measured 7 feet.

KILL THIS BILL.
It Means Death to the Retail Merchants in the Small Towns.

Burlington (N. J.) Gazette.

The retail merchants of Burlington do not seem to be aware that the Parcel Post bill now pending before Congress is a direct menace to their prosperity.

This bill provides for sending by mail heavy parcels at a mere nominal rate, as follows: Parcels weighing over 25 pounds and not over 50 pounds, 15 cents; 50 pounds and not over 75 pounds, 20 cents; 75 pounds and not over 100 pounds, 25 cents. Larger parcels, for each additional twenty pounds, or fraction thereof, five cents.

These parcel postal rates will in many cases be less than the best freight that the retail merchant can obtain on his stock. The effect of the bill, if it becomes a law, will put every retail merchant, no matter how remote his location, in direct and active competition with every large catalogue and department store from Maine to California, by giving the catalogue house and department store a cheap delivery to mail order customers in every part of the country.

The defeat of Parcel Post legislation is therefore of vital importance to every retail merchant in the country. Those who are interested, in behalf of the department store people in securing the enactment of this pernicious law are very much in earnest and are maintaining a lobby in Washington. It therefore behooves the retail merchants to act promptly and they should do so by petitioning their Senators and Congressmen to work and vote against the bill.

Colds are Dangerous.

How often you hear it remarked: "It's only a cold," and a few days later learn that the man is on his back with pneumonia. This is such common occurrence that a cold, however slight, should not be disregarded. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy contains any tendency toward pneumonia. It always cures and is pleasant to take. Sold at Parker's Two Drug Stores.

"TREAT THE SOUTH FAIRLY."

Charlotte News.

A great deal has been said and is daily being uttered, by the press, North and South, regarding the appointment of negroes to office, but we have noted nothing wiser or more to the point than the following from *Leslie's Weekly*, which appears in that periodical under the caption: "Treat the South Fairly." "It would seem only necessary to consider the whole matter of the appointment of colored men and women to public office, North or South, from a calm, dispassionate, and so far as possible, unprejudiced point of view, to avoid all the controversy and ill-feeling which have been lately stirred up over the subject. Every intelligent person in this country must understand by this time exactly how the Southern people feel about such appointments and what the general sentiment is in that section of the Union in regard to the appointment of members of the color race in any prominent political way. Even those who regard this sentiment as wrong must admit that its existence is in no way remarkable or surprising. That it does exist we all know, and we know also that this feeling is deep, fixed and apparently ineradicable. We also know and admit, if we are frank about it, that much the same feeling obtains in the North. In theory, we of the North regard the negroes as entitled to equal rights, privileges and recognitions in politics and business with ourselves. But as a matter of fact we believe nothing of the kind. Our practices here, at least are almost an antipodal distance from our theories. There are, in truth, few neighborhoods in the North where a colored man in any conspicuous official position would be much more welcome than he is in the South. Especially would this be true in a small post office, the worst of all places to put a person who, for any reason is socially obnoxious.

He Wanted to Gain Flesh

A Boston millionaire was very thin. Business cares and consequent nervous troubles told the story. He became alarmed, it is said, and consulted a famous specialist.

"I want some flesh," he said. "I am willing to pay for it. I'll give you \$500 for every pound of solid healthy flesh you can put on these bones."

It was a big price, but he could well afford to pay it. For undue thinness is dangerous. It means disease, or the approach of disease. Cod liver oil has most always been prescribed for this condition. It has wonderful properties as a medicine, but its disagreeable grease and vile taste and smell make most people sick.

We have long thought that something could be devised with cod liver oil as a basis that would arrest emaciation, promote nutrition, stimulate digestion, aid in throwing off rheumatism, lung trouble, bronchitis, coughs, and prove a real body-building tonic reconstructer and flesh former.

We have found it in Vinol (if you are interested call at the store and we'll tell you how we found it) and it certainly does the work. It is pleasant to take. If you are sick and thin, try Vinol. You can get your money back if it doesn't help you.

DON'T PAY A HIGH RATE OF INSURANCE.

I represent the South in Stock Mutual, Underwriters and Southern Loan and Trust Company, of Greensboro, and am getting the best rates on all representing companies in the South as shown by the following table.

These independent home companies represent nearly 90 per cent of the total amount of insurance in the South. They are not only the best, but they are also the most economical. They are not only the best, but they are also the most economical. They are not only the best, but they are also the most economical.

R. S. MCCOIN, Henderson, N. C.

ONE MINUTE Cough Cure does not pass immediately into the stomach, but is absorbed in the lungs, producing the following results:

- (1) Relieves the cough.
- (2) Cuts out the phlegm.
- (3) Soothes the inflamed membrane.
- (4) Kills the germs (microbes) of disease.
- (5) Strengthens the mucous membranes.
- (6) Clears the head.
- (7) Relieves the feverish condition.
- (8) Removes every cause of the cough and the strain on the lungs.
- (9) Enables the lungs to contribute pure, life-giving and life-sustaining oxygen to the blood. Cures Chronic Coughs and Bronchitis.

COUGH CURE
Prepared by E. C. DeWITT & CO., CHICAGO
For sale at Parker's Two Drug Stores.

PENNYROYAL PILLS
CHICAGO'S ENGLISH
This is the most reliable and effective medicine for the treatment of all cases of Catarrh of the Bladder, Stricture, Hemorrhoids, Piles, Gonorrhea, and all other diseases of the Urinary System. It is a purely vegetable preparation, and is perfectly safe and reliable. It is sold in bottles of 10 and 25 pills. Price, 10c per bottle. Sold by Parker's Two Drug Stores, Henderson, N. C.

PARKER'S HAIR BALM
This is the most reliable and effective medicine for the treatment of all cases of Itch, Dandruff, and all other diseases of the Scalp. It is a purely vegetable preparation, and is perfectly safe and reliable. It is sold in bottles of 10 and 25 cents. Price, 10c per bottle. Sold by Parker's Two Drug Stores, Henderson, N. C.

STOPS PAIN
Athens, Tenn., Jan. 27, 1901.
Ever since the first appearance of my rheumatism, I have suffered with great pain in my hips, back, shoulders, and all over my body. I have tried every remedy, but have not been able to get any relief. I have heard of Wine of Cardui, and I have bought it, and I have taken it, and I have found it to be the best medicine I have ever taken. It has stopped my pain, and I am now able to get on with my work. I am sure that it will stop the pain of every sufferer. I am sure that it will stop the pain of every sufferer. I am sure that it will stop the pain of every sufferer.

WINE OF CARDUI
Will bring you permanent relief. Consult yourself with the knowledge that 1,000,000 women have been completely cured by Wine of Cardui. These women suffered from leucorrhoea, irregular menses, headache, backache, and bearing down pains. Wine of Cardui will stop all these aches and pains for you. Purchase a \$1.00 bottle of Wine of Cardui to-day and take it in the privacy of your home.

One Minute Cough Cure
For Coughs, Colds and Croup.

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH THE NEGRO?
Washington Post.

Secretary Root asks: "What shall we do with the negro?" We answer him alone!

The negro is free. He has the opportunity to acquire independence, to make himself a respected member of society, to hasten or delay his own development—just as the average white man has. He receives an education, such as it is, almost entirely at the expense of the white taxpayer, and in the South at least he can always obtain employment. It lies with him to work out his own destiny, to make of himself a useful citizen, and to rear his family in righteousness and decency. Why need our statesmen concern themselves over the feverish complaints of a handful of impudent agitators demanding that to which they are not entitled and which white men of similar condition and equipment would not dream of asking for? There are thousands of well-to-do colored men in the South who could inform these anxious gentlemen that the negro is not helped but injured by this everlasting outcry. There are thousands, worth anywhere from \$10,000 to \$100,000, who get all their "recognition" of their worth without clamoring for it, and they can testify in their own experience that "recognition" comes always to him who has deserved it. This pestiferous vociferation over the negro and his so-called rights merely inflames the vanity of the ignorant and robs him of what little self-respect he has.

Here is a letter written to and published by a Philadelphia newspaper within the past few days:

"This man is a victim of a mechanism by trade. There is nothing in the line of a house in wood that I cannot make. I can build all the stairs, windows, make thousands of blinds and colored men can build some from the ground up and turn the keys over to the owner complete. I can draw the plans, make the blue prints, make the specifications, and give estimates. I am a colored man. My name on the corner-stone. I built the State Colored College of Orangeburg, S. C., and I have built cottages in Orangeburg and for the mayor of Beaufort, S. C., but still I am debarred from employment in Philadelphia.

"SAMUEL H. BLYTHEWOOD."

"This man is a victim of a mechanism and mischievous agitation to which we refer. Evidently far superior to the average of his race, he was nevertheless credulous enough to believe that great things awaited him at the North. He abandoned a home in which he had been contented and prosperous and transferred himself to Philadelphia—with the result we have already seen. Of course he will return to South Carolina, where he has friends among the whites and is assured of remunerative employment at all times. There are other victims, however, who will not so easily escape the consequences of their own credulity, for only a few days ago the New York Tribune called attention to the number of Southern negroes who had migrated to the metropolis, expecting no doubt to dine with the mayor and be elected to office within a week, but who had landed in the almshouses and were then begging for transportation back to their homes. It is a sad and eternal nonsense about the negro and his rights and wrongs; this mischievous craze over him and his future, is infinitely harmful to him, and fraught with calamity to both races.

Let him alone! Stop this idiotic uproar. The negro is all right, and for every impudent pretender and complainant filling the air with clamor for recognition, there are ten thousand honest, industrious, self-respecting men slowly but surely working out their own destinies and building up their own fortunes. Let him alone!

The best pill next the stars and stripes: It cleanses the system and never grips. Little Early Risers of worldly repute—Ask for DeWitt's and take no substitute. A small pill, easy to buy, easy to take, and easy to act, but never failing in results. DeWitt's Little Early Risers arouse the secretions and act as a tonic to the liver, curing permanently. W. W. Parker.

WE'LL AGAIN.
The many friends of John Blount will be pleased to learn that he has entirely recovered from his attack of rheumatism. Chamberlain's Pain Balm cured him after the best doctors in the town (Monro, Ind.) had failed to give relief. The prompt relief from pain which this liniment affords is always many times its cost. For sale at Parker's Two Drug Stores.

A COMMUNITY'S MOST VALUABLE ASSET.
Charlotte Observer.

The *Newbern Journal* says: "A State or community which makes a really able citizen to depart from its borders, loses more than it would through the destruction of a great industry. It is the man who makes the community, who adds honor and credit to the history of a State, through his personality, and when a man, possessed of real personality is permitted to leave a place, it is a hard thing to make good the vacancy. The departure of Mr. Charles L. Coon, of Salisbury, from this State is a notable illustration of the shortsightedness which will hold on to money, when a really able man is the stake.

"A man to a community, is in the value point of view, as the employe to the business house which may employ him. This does not apply to the citizen, who may be unable to get ahead in one community, therefore seeks another place for a home. But it applies to the man who is prominent in advancing and sustaining the commercial, educational, social and religious interests of a community. Such men are found in every community, the more progressive the place the greater their number, for it is the progressive places which are the centers of the most valuable, but offer sufficient inducement to such men in other places as to attract them and hold them for their own. It is this local lack of valuing men which leads to the loss of the best citizens of a place.

The citizens of whom the *Journal* speaks are the ones who make any community worth living in and the removal of any one of them is the worst loss a town can sustain. North Carolina in the past has perhaps suffered as much in this respect as any other State in the Union. So much so, in fact, that among the verses the school boys used to memorize and deliver on Friday afternoon was one to the effect that "the sons of North Carolina by their sterling worth are enriching every State save that which gave them birth," and the assertion that North Carolina was a good State to be born in, but equally as desirable a one to emigrate from has also been extensively circulated in days gone by. A glance at the list of notable men of North Carolina but residents of other States—who are expected to attend the reunion at Greensboro next fall also emphasizes the truth of these statements. Within the past few years, however, there has been a great change and North Carolina is not only keeping a large share of her able and progressive citizens at home, but is attracting many from other States. The fact that the removal from our borders of any one man should be a cause of a protest is an example of the changed conditions; formerly the departure would have been taken as a matter to be expected at any time.

There is nothing so valuable as the citizenship of which the *Journal* speaks, for possessing it a community can easily secure everything else to be desired.

What's In a Name?
Everything is in a name when it comes to Witch Hazel Salve. E. C. DeWitt & Co., of Chicago, discovered some years ago how to make Salve from Witch Hazel that is a specific for the Piles. For blind, bleeding, itching and protruding Piles, eczema, cuts, burns, bruise and all skin diseases, DeWitt's Salve has no equal. This has given rise to numerous worthless counterfeits. Ask for DeWitt's—the genuine. W. W. Parker.

LET us have a Monroe Doctrine that we can understand, and that other nations will know the meaning of before they ungrudgingly attempt to carry on business with our neighbors South of us," enjoin the Petersburg Index-Appal. Well, we thought we had one until we went into the far-off Pacific, and then the thing became kind of fuddled. However, it appears to be clearing up again in the light of the Venezuelan affair.—Richmond Times-Leader.

THE STEAMER OLIVE.
The Olive left Franklin at 11 o'clock Monday morning on her regular trip to Edenton and landings on the way. She had a fair sized general cargo, and all told twenty-nine people, passengers and crew, aboard.

LAUNCHED LIFE-BOAT TO SEEK TOW BOAT'S HELP.
While the discussion was going on the lights of a tow boat appeared down the river, and Captain Witty then gave permission to launch the boat and try to reach the tug for help.

THOSE WHO REMAINED WERE ALMOST WASHED OVERBOARD.
With the life-boat gone, more trouble was experienced by those who remained on the Olive in retaining a safe hold. Much of the rigging had been carried away by the cyclone, and only one mast was left standing. Around this the survivors huddled and clung to each other for safety.

WAKEFUL CHILDREN.
For a long time the two-year-old child of Mr. P. L. McPherson, 59 N. Tenth St., Harrisburg, Pa., would sleep but two or three hours in the early part of the night, which made it very hard for her parents. Her mother concluded that the child had stomach trouble, and gave her half of one of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets, which quieted her stomach and she slept the whole night through. Two boxes of these Tablets have effected a permanent cure and she is now well and strong. For sale at Parker's Two Drug Stores.

JOHN WISE'S LAST WILL.
Raleigh Post.

The outburst of John Wise—formerly a Virginian and a Southerner, but now thoroughly converted to John Brownism—calls to mind that it was under the administration of his own father, then Gov. Wise, of Virginia, that John Brown was hung for exercising the courage to attempt to carry into practice what this degenerate son raves to Boston to preach. It was under the administration of Brown or John Wise, John Brown is infinitely the more admirable, yet he was hung as a felon, as he deserved to be.

But the dickies, North or South, are not chipping in to the John Wise—Jim Hayes fund as cheerfully or generously as desired, evidently. This late disgraceful harangue near Boston Common may be taken as more of a will of distress than otherwise dangerous.

Even an empty cupboard contains much food for thought.

TO BE CURED of rheumatism, with all its lamenesses, aches and pains, take Hood's Sarsaparil. You must be sure to GET HOOD'S.

Healthy Children
are kept strong and well; weak and puny little folks are made vigorous by the use of this family remedy—

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

TAYLOR'S CHEROKEE REMEDY
SWEET GUM & MULLLEIN
CURES COUGHS, COLDS, CONSUMPTION AND ALL LUNG TROUBLES