

CATARRH OF STOMACH

Makes Women Weak and Nervous.



Mrs. M. McGough, President of the East Side Ladies' Aid Society...

"I gladly add my mite of praise to Peruna for what it has done for me. Two years ago a depressed feeling took hold of me. My back and sides ached continually. My stomach got out of order so that at times it couldn't hold a glass of cold water. I didn't like to eat, afraid that it would make me sick to my stomach."

"I have been using Peruna for the past three months and now I feel as well as I ever did. My stomach is as strong as ever and my nervous troubles have disappeared. I keep recommending Peruna to my friends who are troubled as I was, and have been thanked for doing so."

MRS. M. MCGOUGH. Peruna is a specific for catarrh of the stomach. Write for free book of testimonials.

If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, O.

Mr. Sanders Pays a Warm Tribute to Rev. J. W. Little.

To the Editor of The Journal:

A week or two ago there appeared an editorial note in Charity and Children which I think does Rev. J. W. Little an injustice.

It gives notice of the pending lawsuit between J. W. Rowell and J. W. Little, and speaks of J. W. Little as a blustering preacher, which means, as I understand it, a man who is given to loud and vehement talking merely to hear himself talk or to browbeat some one, and hasn't the moral courage to put into execution any of his words or threats.

This, I think, is entirely misleading as to Jimmie Little. It is true, he does indulge in a lot of loud talk—too much, I think—but when the time for action comes he has never been known to show the white feather. I have watched him through a number of years, and while I sometimes feel that it would be better if he said and did some things differently, yet I have never known a man who more earnestly upheld the right and opposed the wrong.

It is especially the enemy of whiskey and the whiskey traffic. Some years ago there was a still being put up within a half mile of my home and there seemed no way to get rid of it, but Jimmie Little said, "The hell kettle must go," and it went and has never returned.

In the village of Wingate, some time ago, there was a man whom the most of the best people believed was running a kind of "blind tiger" and otherwise violating the law, and nobody seemed able to catch him. But Jimmie Little appeared on the scene and the business stopped and the man left. Scores of similar incidents have occurred in Union and surrounding counties in which J. W. Little has been the central figure.

It is true that his denunciation of wrong is terrific and sometimes of the wrong-doer unnecessarily severe, I think, but for the suffering and all who stand in need of help, his heart is as tender as a little child's. And for the man who is down, from any cause, and is honestly trying to rise, his words and deeds are full of sympathy and help. Although of slender means, many a dollar has been given to the unfortunate and many an orphan has been helped; while to hear him pray at the bedside of the sick, is to feel that the secret of the Lord is with him. He has knelt at the writer's bedside when life was flickering. Unlettered he is, sometimes uncouth and inelegant in his expressions, but I do not know a man who seems to come in closer touch with God upon such occasions.

It is always pleasant to stay on the good side of folks, and I love to dwell on such passages in the Bible as, "Thy gentleness hath made me great," and, "When a man's ways please the Lord he maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him." But truth is many sided and should be viewed from many standpoints, and lest we should give undue prominence to the sentiment expressed in the passages just quoted, we should study such passages as, "I came not to send peace on earth but a sword," and, "Wee will you when all men shall speak well of you." Smooth words are very nice, but there is a lot of soft talk that passes for religion that is only a cloak to cover up the wickedness and moral cowardice of men. I was once on the train with a Baptist preacher and he was telling me his troubles. Said a certain man was persecuting him and trying to injure his character, but that he was meekly bearing it all in the name of the Lord; that only his religion helped and restrained him in the ordeal through which he was passing—and at the very time he was trying to steal a ride on the train. Such men need to be denounced in no uncertain terms. And we need fearless men to cry aloud against the prevailing evils of our times.

Such a man is J. W. Little. Whatever his mistakes, faith in his God, love of right and hatred of wrong are the ruling passions of his life. O. M. SANDERS. Wingate, N. C., July 25, 1905.

Deaths. Mrs. Nancy Lane, one of the oldest women in the county, died at the home of her son, Mr. G. M. Lane, in Buford township, on the 22nd. She was 87 years old, and death came as the result of no particular disease, but as a general breakdown. She retained her energy of body and mind almost to the last, and was one of those rare old people who seem to live on and on without effort or discomfort when others less aged and apparently no stronger, pass away. Her maiden name was Funderburk and she was born in Chesterfield county January 3rd, 1818. In early life she married the late Calvin Lane, who she survived a good number of years. When a girl she professed religion, joined the Methodist church, and her long life lived a pious, christian life. She reared a large family and is survived by the following sons and daughters: Messrs. J. P., J. R., G. M., George M., and James C. Lane; Mesdames W. H. Grizzle, John M. Funderburk, and Alfred Funderburk. A large congregation assembled at Trinity church to pay their last respects to the memory of the good woman when the body was laid to rest. Rev. J. P. Hipps held the funeral services.

Mrs. Emeline Threath, wife of Mr. John W. Threath, died at her home in Buford township last Tuesday of dropsy. She was 65 years old and had been sick for several months. She leaves a husband and two children. Mrs. Threath had been for a number of years a member of Zoar Methodist church.

Mr. Joseph Griffin of Vance township died suddenly last Tuesday morning at 9 o'clock at the home of his son-in-law, Mr. Frank Keziah. Early Tuesday morning Mr. Griffin left his home to visit Mr. Keziah, who lives about a mile and a half from Mr. Griffin's home. He was sitting on the porch chatting with Mr. Keziah's family when he fell from his chair and died before medical aid could reach him. Mr. Griffin was about 65 years old and was born and reared in Goose Creek township. He was a good citizen and was a member of the Methodist church. He leaves a wife and several children. All of his children are married.

Mr. B. F. Sutton died at his home in West Monroe township last Wednesday night. He was 76 years old and had been feeble for some time. He was reared in Chesterfield county, S. C., and moved to this county in 1872. He leaves a wife, three sons and one daughter. The sons are Messrs. F. M., W. J. and G. W. Sutton and the daughter is Mrs. T. N. Sims. Funeral was held at Shiloh Baptist church, where the deceased had long been a faithful member, at 2 o'clock Thursday afternoon. He was the soul of goodness, and nobody doubted the genuineness of the religion which he professed. He was honest in all things, industrious, even tempered and had the respect and confidence of all who knew him. A good old man, one who went in and out among the people blamelessly, has gone to his reward.

If you are troubled with dizzy spells, headache, indigestion, constipation, Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea will make you well and keep you well. If it fails get your money back. That's fair. 35 cents. English Drug Co.

Tom Watson's Life Story.

TOM WATSON, late Populist candidate for President, is now publishing a magazine, "Tom Watson's Magazine" is the title and the first score of pages is devoted to editorials red hot from Mr. Watson's own pen. The remainder of the magazine has a good deal of the stuff that usually goes into magazines, besides a lot of political articles in keeping with the publisher's own creed. One of the editorials, entitled "Convalescent," is nothing more nor less than the story of Tom's own life as regarded by himself, and any one interested in human character will read it eagerly. It is given in full below.

You had been a very sick man. For months the elements of disease had been gathering in your system—you had vaguely felt it, and had spoken of it—but had not known what to do; so you had gone on from week to week slowly approaching a crisis. At length some trifling cause, some one-straw-too-many, had precipitated the inevitable, and had knocked you over. It might have been a stale "blue point" at a salad dinner, a tainted bit of fish, a salad which angrily resented the wine—it might have been one of a dozen errors in diet, but whatever it was, you woke at midnight to find yourself in the throes of disease, and with the swiftest possible speed you stepped down toward the Valley of the Shadow.

Week after week you lay abed, racked with pain. The frightful cough which shook you almost to the point of exhaustion, the shiver of cold and the burning fever, the rheumatism which swelled and stiffened every joint—then the lassitude of utter weakness in which you could barely muster strength to answer necessary questions or to swallow necessary physic.

It was a toss-up as to whether you would die. You knew it, and you didn't care. Of all the phenomena of illness that surprised you most, you looked death in the face and were not afraid. You simply didn't care. Over the mantel was the picture of a schoolboy of twelve years, hand-book and school-bucket in school, with a white wolf on his head, and in his freckled face the bold, frank, confident look of robust youth.

During all the years and all the changes you had cherished the little picture, a souvenir of the days when the world was young to you and none of the illusions were lost. Now that you were so very ill, that even she grew profoundly anxious you looked from the bed, waved a feeble hand at the little boy over the mantel and whispered, "You haven't got much farther to go, little boy."

Except for her, you didn't mind it at all. She would grieve—you knew that—and for her sake you would keep up the fight; otherwise it did not at all matter to you whether the long lane turned or not. For you had reached middle age, and the illusions were gone. Perhaps years had been a hard life, unusually hard. Perhaps in everything which you had undertaken it had cost you twice as much toil and persistence to succeed as it had seemed to cost other men.

Perhaps you had come to realize that you were one of those men with whom Fortune deals grudgingly, one of those whom Hope deceives and Success laughs at, one of those who ALWAYS has wind and wave against him, and who never by any sort of chance finds himself in league with Luck.

It may have been that when you were a boy you read much, thought more soberly than most boys do, and dreamed dreams of the future. It may have been the ambition of your life to work manfully until you could possess a competence and, then, made independent of Poverty, devote every talent and energy to the public service.

Public life allured you. To be a Tribune of the People, leading them upward and onward, cheered by their applause, made happy by the blessings of those whom your life work elevated and benefited, seemed to you the noblest task you could undertake.

To prepare for it, you became a lawyer. In no other profession could you hope to earn an income so quickly and so surely. You buried yourself in law books. The midnight lamp never failed to find you at study. Year in and year out, you worked by day and studied by night.

You began with pitifully small fees. Often you rode all day, to and from Justice's Court, to earn the half of five dollars. The entire labor of your first year at the bar gained you but two hundred and twelve dollars. You lived in the country, walked three miles to your office, ate a cold dinner which you had brought with you, and waited for clients, eager for work.

Year after year passed. So wrapped up were you in study, labor, anxiety, ambition, that fire-side pleasures were almost unknown to you, and you lost—the saddest of it now!—the holy joys of home-life with your children while they were still children.

Ten years passed—then three more; and then the goal was reached. You were safe. You had gained a competence. Fear of Poverty would trouble you no more.

You closed your office, went before the people, explained the principles which formed your creed, and asked to be elected as their representative in the national councils. Court house rings, town cliques, professional wire-pullers were all against you; but you went into the country precincts, you spoke to the people in the village streets, at the country school grounds, at the cross roads stores. Wherever fifteen or twenty would assemble, there you would speak to them.

The politicians laughed at you, but when your opponent came home from Washington to meet you in debate before the mass meetings throughout the district, let the people were with you, and your triumph at the polls was unprecedented in your State.

But there came a change. The Democratic Party, which in convention after convention had adopted your platform, suddenly changed front and denounced those principles. What were you to do? You decided that principles were dearer than party and you stood by your principles.

The people of your district indorsed you—nine counties out of eleven giving you overwhelming majorities. In the other two counties the swindlers who had charge of the ballot-boxes simply stuffed them with ballots enough to beat you; and so the people were robbed of representation.

THE SPELLING EXAMINATION.

THE day of the spelling examination had come at last, and Johnny went to school in a very nervous frame of mind.

He had worked hard and faithfully, and had studied his little blue spelling book until it seemed that he knew it all. There was to be a prize for the child passing the best examination. It was a beautifully bound book of stories. Johnny did so want the book, and now at last the day had come.

Each scholar was given a strip of paper ruled off into twenty-five lines. The teacher was to read the word and give three minutes to write it in. There were to be twenty-five words.

Johnny tried his pen, and, because it did not write easily, he raised his hand and asked for a new one. It was given him, and, with his little forehead drawn into a scowl, he wrote the heading and then waited for the teacher to give out the word. He looked around, and he was so excited that nothing seemed natural. The clock looked as though it was laughing at him, and the big insurance calendar seemed twice as large as before.

"Running." The teacher pronounced the word slowly and distinctly. Johnny knew how to spell that all right, and he quickly wrote it down. It seemed an age before the teacher gave out the next word.

Johnny soon got used to waiting, and when the twenty-fifth, the last word, was about to be given, he knew he had all of them right so far. If only he could get the last one!

"Business," said the teacher. Poor Johnny was heart-broken! It was the one word in the whole book that he could not remember. Did the "i" come before the "s" or was it "b-u-s-i-n-e-s-s"? For the life of him he couldn't tell. So he sat there looking blankly at the calendar, slowly reading the advertisement. Suddenly a flush came to his cheeks, and with a quick glance at his teacher, he wrote down the word correctly.

The next day on which the prize was to be given Johnny went to school with a sorry little heart under his jacket. Even the thought of the prize could not make him feel happy.

After the morning exercises, the teacher stood up to give the prize. "The spelling of the class has pleased me greatly," she said. "It was a hard examination, and I did not expect any one to have them all right; but one boy did have them all right, and another had all right but one. I am going to give the prize to Johnny Fairbanks, as he had every one right. Tommy Jones had all except one." Then she started to pass the book to Johnny. Johnny was very white and seemed to be trying to say something. Finally he burst out: "Give it to Tommy. I cheated, Miss Hawley. I couldn't think how to spell that last word, and I was looking at the calendar there, and the word was on it; and I didn't say anything about it, but wrote it down just as fast as I could."

Poor Johnny! If he hadn't looked at the calendar he might have had the prize; for without that last word he had as many as Tommy. But the teacher had given the book to Tommy as he had asked.

That evening at the supper table Johnny told all about it to his father and mother. His father said, "I had rather see you man enough to own up than to see you win a thousand spelling prizes." So Johnny went to bed happy.

Two days later his joy was made complete by a handsome book of stories, prettier than the prize book. On the first page his father had written, "To take the place of the spelling prize which your honesty made you give up."

Local Happenings.

Mr. D. A. Boyte reports a cotton stalk that had seven blossoms to open one morning. If it keeps up that lick it will break the market.

Rev. T. J. Allison will begin a meeting at Altan on Thursday night.

Mr. T. F. Pressley of Monroe township and Miss Amanda Hagler of Marshville township were married at the residence of the officiating magistrate, Esq. A. C. Johnson, last Tuesday.

Mr. F. M. Smith of Lanes Creek township, has just recovered from a spell of sickness that lasted for seven weeks, right in the busiest time of the year. Notwithstanding this, his crop is worked well and he has good prospects. This is due to the kindness of his neighbors, and he wants people to know how good they were to him. This is commendable all round. Too often neighbors are too forgetful of those things that make life pleasant and worth the living, and too often, also, are those who receive kindness very forgetful of them. Mr. Smith asks the Journal to say that he is very grateful to his neighbors and will never forget their kindness.

The farmers' institute which met here on last Tuesday and Wednesday ought to result in much good. The discussions on the several subjects as given in The Journal before the meeting, were very interesting and were freely indulged in, not only by those lecturers who came from a distance, but by our home people as well. We do not find room for the discussions for the reason that this paper is continually publishing matter of that character all during the year and our readers who keep up closely get practically the same matter in smaller "doses" every week. One thing that was a great drawback to the work is the fact that the institute was held in the court house, where it is impossible for those not gathered right around the speaker to hear what is being said. A better place should be secured if possible next year.

How's This? We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him. Wm. D. Wallace, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Take Hall's Family pills for constipation.

Trinity Park School. A first-class preparatory school. Certificates of graduation accepted for entrance to leading Southern colleges. Best Equipped Preparatory School in the South. Faculty of ten officers and teachers. Range of studies from Latin to Library. Containing thirty thousand volumes. Well equipped gymnasium. High standards and modern methods of instruction. Frequent lectures by prominent lecturers. Expenses exceedingly moderate. Seven years of phenomenal success. For catalogue and other information, address: J. A. BIVINS, Headmaster, DURHAM, N. C.

Notice of Administration. I have qualified before E. A. Armistead, Clerk of the Superior Court of Union county, N. C., as executor of the last will and testament of John Ashcraft, deceased, and I hereby notify all persons having claims against the estate of said deceased to present the same within twelve months from this date, or this notice will be deemed in full of notice. All persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified to make immediate payment. This July 26, 1905. F. A. N. ARKLE, Executor of John Ashcraft, dec'd.

Notice. By virtue of two several mortgage deeds to me executed by Wade H. Hasty and duly registered in office of the Register of Deeds of Union county, N. C., in Record of Mortgage books A-1, page 59 and page 61, I will sell on the 1st day of August, 1905, at public auction, at court house door in Monroe, in said county, on:

Friday, August 25th, 1905, a tract of land lying in said county, on the waters of Lanes Creek, adjoining the lands of F. M. Hasty, Irene Marsh, The Funderburk and the B. F. Hasty tract, containing one hundred acres, more or less, and known as the land owned by said Wade H. Hasty by deed registered in said office in Record of Deeds No. 82, at page 78, etc. Sale to be made to satisfy provisions of said mortgage deeds. This 25th day of July, A. D. 1905. C. N. SIMMONS, Mortgagee.

Sale of Valuable Machine Tools. By virtue of the power of sale conferred upon me in a deed of trust made by W. G. Howard and wife, Mary A. Howard, on the 23rd day of April, A. D. 1904, to secure the payment of certain notes therein described payable to the Savings, Loan and Trust Company, I will, on:

Monday, August 7, 1905, if not sold privately before that day, sell to the highest bidder for cash, at the W. G. Howard Machine Shop, where said property is now situated, in the city of Monroe, N. C., the following named machine and shop tools: One five foot sectional lathe, 1 1/2 inch lathe and slipper lathe, 1 20-inch lathe, 1 30-inch B. F. Barnes lathe drill press, 1 twist drill press, 1 lathe, 1 D. Sanders & Son's pipe threading machine, 2 sets drawings and specifications for building engine stand and B. F. Barnes lathe, 1 1/2 inch sectional shaper, one floor shafting and five saws, with all necessary belts, pulleys, and many articles of blacksmith tools and machine tools too numerous to mention, and being all covered by said deed of trust, which is recorded in the Register's office in said county of Union, in Book A-1, on page 25, etc. to which reference is hereby made. The said property will be sold to satisfy provisions of said deed of trust and to pay the notes secured thereby. This the 2nd day of July, 1905. E. R. REYNOLDS, Trustee.

HOLLISTER'S Rocky Mountain Tea Nuggets. A Day's Nutrition for Busy People. Bilets, Bilets, Bilets and Bilets. A specific for Constipation, Indigestion, Liver and Kidney Troubles, Pimples, Rheumatism, Headaches, Bad Breaths, Stomachic Disorders, Bowel Obstructions, It's Rocky Mountain Tea in fact. It's the most powerful medicine made by Hollister's Drug Company, Madison, Wis. GOLDEN NUGGETS FOR BILLOW PEOPLE.

Black Flag of Finance.

Mr. Lawson speaks plainly of Wall Street customs in his August installment of "Frenzied Finance," in "Everybody's Magazine." He says: "The truth is that in high finance all civilized amenities have long been suspended. The black flag is today the Wall Street standard. Thuggery and assassination are so much the rule that nowadays all parties to a business transaction wear armor and carry stilettoes. Property rights are vested in power; the sole license to have, is strength to hold; to covet another man's railway or factory is, if you be the stronger, full warrant and charter to its possession. In the pursuit of 'made dollars' greed and cunning lead the pack; kindness, fair dealing, and truth have lost the scent. Today the penal code is Wall Street's bible; its priest, the corporation lawyer; conscience is a fear of legal consequences; the sole crime, being caught; talent and character are less prized by a large bank account; to err is to fail; continued success in speculation and a few years' immunity from retributive justice constitute a reputation for virtue and stability that finds its highest justification as a handy asset behind a bond issue.

"It is the deplorable fact that in carrying through the great deals that have marked the last few years, it has become a habit for men to lie, cheat, bribe, and commit perjury, and there is no more condemnation of such practices among those who are today the representatives of finance in America than there was in earlier times for the close fist driver of a hard but honest bargainer. This is a broad statement, but everything I have written so far and the events of the last twelve months prove it is not exaggerated."

A Warning to Mothers. Too much care cannot be used with small children during the hot weather of the summer months to guard against bowel troubles. As a rule it is only necessary to give the child a dose of castor oil to correct any disorder of the bowels. Do not use any substitute, but give the old-fashioned castor oil, and see that it is fresh, as rancid oil causes and has a tendency to gripe. If this does not check the bowels give Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy and then a dose of castor oil, and the disease may be checked in its incipency and all danger avoided. The castor oil and this remedy should be procured at once and kept ready for instant use as soon as the first indication of any bowel trouble appears. This is the most successful treatment known and may be relied upon with implicit confidence even in cases of cholera infantum. For sale by C. N. Simpson, Jr. and S. J. Welsh.

General Academy! REV. M. W. HESTER, Principal. Prof. W. M. Hinton, Associate Prin. A Christian Home and High School for boys and young men. Splendidly located in Warren county, one mile from depot, immediately on S. A. L. road in a beautiful grove of 12 or 15 acres on a 600 acre farm. For further information address the Principal or Associate Principal, Littleton, N. C.

UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA. 1789-1905. Head of State's Educational System. DEPARTMENTS. Collegiate, Engineering, Graduate, Law, Medicine, Pharmacy. Library contains 43,000 volumes. New water works, electric lights, central heating system. New dormitories, gymnasium, Y. M. C. A. building. 607 Students. 66 Instructors. The Fall Term begins Sept. 11, 1904. Address FRANCIS P. VENABLE, PRESIDENT CHAPEL HILL, N. C.

THE NORTH CAROLINA COLLEGE OF AGRICULTURE AND MECHANIC ARTS. Offers practical industrial education in Agriculture, Engineering, Industrial Chemistry, and the Textile Art. Tuition \$30 a year. Board \$8 a month. 120 Scholarships. Address President Winston, West Raleigh, N. C.

Trinity College. Four Departments—Collegiate, Graduate, Engineering and Law. Large library facilities. Well equipped laboratories in all departments of science. Gymnasium furnished with best apparatus. Expenses very moderate. Aid for worthy students. Young men wishing to study Law should investigate the superior advantages offered by the Department of Law in Trinity College. For catalogue and further information, address: D. W. Newsom, Registrar, DURHAM, N. C.

We Need Room and Must Have it for the Fall Trade. 5c Lawns at 3c. 10c Lawns at 6c. 10c Lawns (solid) at 5c. 6c Calicos going at 4c. Assorted Lawns, worth 15c, going at 8c. 36-inch Silk, worth \$1.25, at 98c. Chiffon and Black Taffeta, worth \$1.75, going at \$1.48. Crepe de Chine, blue and cream, worth \$1.00, at 60c. Black Silk Netting, worth \$1.50, at \$1.00. Also Black Grenadines, worth \$1.25, at 75c. Shirts from 25c to \$1.00. Straw Hats from 10c to \$1.00, worth from 25c to \$2.00. Special sale on Ribbons from 1c to 35c. Ladies Hats from 40c to \$3.50.

Big Sale on Clothing! Suits worth from \$4.50 to \$25.00 going at \$3.78 to \$19.98. Come and see for yourselves the grand bargains from July 18 to Aug. 1. EVERYTHING STRICTLY CASH.

A. LEVY'S.

State Library

State Library. The State Library is open to the public. It contains a large collection of books, maps, and other materials. It is a valuable resource for the community.

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