

Sore Eyes

The eyes are always in sympathy with the body, and afford an excellent index of its condition.

Scrofula, which produced a painful inflammation in my eyes, caused me much suffering for a number of years.

Cured My eyes are now in a splendid condition, and I am as well and strong as ever.

For a number of years I was troubled with a humor in my eyes, and was unable to obtain any relief until I commenced using Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

From childhood, and until with a few months, I have been afflicted with Weak and Sore Eyes.

I suffered for a year with inflammation in my left eye. Three ulcers formed on the ball, depriving me of sight, and causing great pain.

By Taking three bottles of this medicine I have been entirely cured. My sight has been restored, and there is no sign of inflammation, sore, or ulcer in my eye.

My daughter, ten years old, was afflicted with Scrofulous Sore Eyes. During the last two years she never saw light of any kind.

Her cure is complete. - W. E. Sutherland, Evangelist, Shelby City, Ky.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla, Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5.

James Means' \$3 Shoe advertisement with image of a shoe.

R. B. Brittain & Co., Foutz's Horse and Cattle Powders advertisement with images of horses.

John Tull, Morganton, N. C. advertisement.

J. A. Claywell advertisement.

Tombstones, Monuments advertisement.

Marble Work of All Kinds advertisement.

New Store and New Goods advertisement.

Arthur Evans, Dealer in Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silver Ware advertisement.

Bank of Hickory, Hickory, N. C. advertisement.

THE RAILROAD BRIDGE.

About three years ago my sailor friend, Harry Moordale, went as a passenger in the ship "Tempest," bound to Havre, at which port he arrived in due course of time.

Among other passengers there was a beautiful Swiss girl, whose name Harry learned was Mary Lorme.

My friend had ventured once or twice to address the maiden, but her timid, modest, half-frightened manner seemed to repel an intimate acquaintanceship.

She had informed the young man, however, that she had been to New York to assist a female cousin engaged in the dry goods business;

that soon after her arrival there, her relative had died, largely in debt, whereupon Mary had concluded to return home to her father, who, in spite of a severe illness, had in accordance with an agreement by letter, come to Dijon with the old family coach to wait for her.

Having learned this much, Harry took a great interest in the girl, and felt almost bound to act the knight for one in her lonely, defenceless condition.

When the boat, which, among other passengers, contained her had struck the landing, Harry politely offered to carry the fair one's carpet bag.

There they finally arrived, ten minutes too late for that day's train. The travelers were informed, however, that there was another train at a station fifteen miles distant, preparing to start in five hours.

"Is there no conveyance to that place?" queried Harry. He was answered in the negative.

"I must go on!" exclaimed Mary. "My father, I am afraid is very sick. I must see him as soon as I can."

"Fifteen miles is a long distance to walk," said Harry. "Not for me," answered Mary, smiling.

"The Swiss, you know, are great walkers; I have been brought up to it almost from infancy." As her soft, pleading eyes seemed to say, "you must go with me," Harry could not resist the appeal.

They started, moving along the railroad; for there was no other way. When they came to a log or a rut, Harry would extend his hand and assist his pretty companion.

When, with a smile and a shake of her head, she would leap over the obstruction as nimbly as a fawn. They had proceeded about ten miles when they saw the sun go down behind a range of blue hills in the distance.

The two were now moving along a high bridge raised upon spires about two hundred feet from the earth, which, beneath it, was rock inundated here and there by foaming torrents.

Ahead of them the travelers perceived that for a distance of about one hundred yards there were no cross planks between the rails.

Therefore, in order to traverse this space Mary and her companion must walk upon this plank. Unfortunately the track was not very broad yet a person of steady balance, capable of maintaining his self possession in spite of the yawning abyss on each side of him, might occasionally derive support from the beam projecting outward several inches beyond each side of the track, which was riveted upon it.

Harry paused, looked at his fair friend and shuddered. "We had better turn about," said he.

"Are you afraid?" she softly inquired. Then as his cheek glowed hotly—"For my sake I mean!"

"For your sake; yes!" Mary smiled. "I have been on the Alps," she said, "following those who hunted on the icy ruins of precipices for the chamois. Therefore, why should I shrink now?"

Still Harry hesitated. A rail was different from the edge of a precipice, and the young man almost fancied he could already hear Mary's piercing shrieks—could already see her form cleaving the air heading toward those dangerous rocks beneath.

Meanwhile twilight was gathering; the crimson hues on the sky were melting away in shadows.

The travelers, if intending to attempt the perilous crossing had better do so now while light enough remained.

So said Mary, and her glance was firm, her cheek unblanched as she spoke.

"Let me go alone," she continued. "Then, if anything should happen to me, you will not feel responsible. Go, however, I must, for perhaps my father lies dying. If so, I will see him before he breathes his last!"

"Come then," said Harry; "keep hold of my jacket to support yourself as we go. If I should stumble, however, do not hesitate to let go of me. Otherwise you too will be dragged down!"

Mary silently nodded her head in token of assent, and the two started. They kept on slowly, carefully, and steadily, until a sudden heavy gust of wind made the girl reel!

She stopped, and while endeavoring to recover her balance saw the dark rocks far below, and thrilled with terror.

Over—over—over—farther and farther; she made one, last superhuman effort, still endeavoring to recover her balance. An inch farther and that balance were lost and she precipitated upon those jagged rocks two hundred feet beneath.

Now, however, she raised her left arm, and that saved her. She slowly regained her upright position, and the two continued their course, Harry unable without certain destruction to turn his head, ignorant of his companion's late narrow escape.

They had only accomplished half their perilous walk when the night gloom gathered round them. They must traverse the rest of the way in darkness.

"Steadily," whispered Harry, encouragingly, "for God's sake don't falter now!"

She answered him firmly, "I will not," and she tightened her hold of his jacket.

At that moment they felt the rail quiver beneath them—a strange humming noise was heard. It grew louder every moment—louder and louder—until suddenly a gleam like that of a bloodshot eye was seen bursting through the darkness far ahead.

"The locomotive!" gasped Mary. "My God! What can we do now?" She was right. It was the train bound to Paris, sweeping along at full speed, breathing thunder, steam, and fire. Nearer and nearer it came, roaring and rattling, with its whistle screaming. The rail now shook so that the travelers could scarcely keep their balance.

What matter whether they did or not? What power could save them now? They were apparently doomed to certain destruction with that fearful train sweeping toward them!

On, on—nearer, nearer, nearer. It was soon less than three miles distant!

The young couple stood still each could hear the beating of the other's heart, for Mary's arms now were around Harry's waist.

Ahead of them an approaching locomotive—on each side of them a yawning abyss—their only support a slender rail. All hope died from their hearts.

"We must prepare!" gasped the girl. "We must die! God help us!" "Oh!" murmured Harry, suddenly, "if I only had a rope I might possibly do something to save us!"

"A rope—thank Heaven! There is one in my carpet-bag. A line upon which my cousin used to hang her hosiery!"

As quickly as his situation would permit, Harry unslung from his neck the carpet-bag, and, opening it, took out the rope, which was quite long and about as thick as a clothes line. One of this he fastened around Mary's breast just beneath the arm-pits; the other end, by carefully stooping upon his knees, he contrived to reeve through and fasten in one of the holes between the timber and the rail.

The train now was less than a mile distant—in one minute it would reach the spot occupied by the imperiled travelers. On it came, booming long, while the rail shook as if going to pieces. Steam, thunder, fire and smoke!

"God help us!" screamed Mary. The next moment she felt a sudden jerk, and became aware that she was dangling in mid air beneath the rail.

Her heart almost leaped to her throat. A long dark object swept above her, crashing, rattling, thundering—it was the train!

"All right!" said an encouraging voice, as the cars disappeared in

the darkness. "Thank God!" She looked up and saw Harry, clinging to the upper part of the rope. He swung himself quickly to the rail, and carefully drew her up.

Then, with the help of the rope, the two were enabled to walk the rest of the rail with more ease than before.

Soon they were out of all danger, when, with streaming eyes, Mary felt on her knees and thanked God for her and her companion's preservation. They reached the Dijon train in good time, and subsequently arrived at Mary's place of destination in safety.

The girl found her father dying, but he lived long enough to give her his parting blessing. Harry, now feeling that she needed a protector more than ever, proposed, after remaining six weeks at Dijon, to make her his wife.

She consented—they were married—he brought his bride to the United States—and they are now living happily and contented in a pleasant home, near Harlem, New York, within hearing of the steam trains. Need I add that they never hear the thunder noise of the approaching cars without thinking of that night of peril on the rail.

What True Merit Will Do. The unprecedented sale of Dr. Boche's German Syrup within a few years, has astonished the world.

It is without doubt the safest and best remedy ever discovered of the speedy and effectual cure of Coughs, Colds and the severest Lung troubles.

It acts on an entirely different principle from the usual prescriptions given by Physicians, as it does not dry up a Cough and leave the disease still in the system, but on the contrary removes the cause of the trouble, heals the parts affected and leaves them in a purely healthy condition.

A bottle kept in the house for use when the diseases make their appearance, will save doctor's bills and a long spell of serious illness. A trial will convince you of these facts. It is positively sold by all druggists and general dealers in the land. Price, 75 cts., large bottles.

Chronic Coughs and Colds, And all diseases of the Throat and Lungs, can be cured by the use of Scott's Emulsion, as it contains the healing virtues of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites in their fullest form.

Is a beautiful, creamy Emulsion palatable as milk, easily digested, and can be taken by the most delicate. Please read: "I consider Scott's Emulsion the remedy par excellence in Tuberculous and Strumous Affections, to say nothing of ordinary colds and throat troubles."—W. R. S. Cunell, M. D., Manchester O. "I am using your Emulsion Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites for an affection of my throat, and the improvements are beyond my expectation." D. Taylor, M. D., Coosavate, Ga.

Wonderful Cures. W. D. Hoyt & Co., Wholesale and Retail Druggists of Rome, Ga., say: We have been selling Dr. King's New Discovery, Electric Bitter, and Bucklen's Arnica Salve for two years. Have never handled remedies that sell as well, or give such universal satisfaction. There have been some wonderful cures effected by these medicines in this city. Several cases of pronounced Consumption have been entirely cured by use of a few bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery, taken in connection with Electric Bitters. We guarantee them always. Sold by Tull.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve. THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts, bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Feyer Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Tull.

"We don't have to recommend Parker's Hair Balsam but once," writes Mr. C. A. Burger, druggist of Liberty, N. Y. "After that it stands on its record." It stops falling hair, restores original color, softness and gloss. Exceptionally clean, prevents dandruff.

As an article for the toilet, Ayer's Hair Vigor stands unrivaled. It cleanses the scalp and preserves it from scurf and dandruff, cures itching and humors, restores faded or gray hair to its original dark color, and promotes its growth.

SHIRNER'S INDIAN VERMIFUGE is perfectly safe and easily administered. It is cheap and will give satisfaction. Try it.

AT THE STATE CAPITAL.

WHAT OUR LAW-MAKERS ARE DOING.

The Railway Commission Bill—Killed for This Session. (Charlotte Chronicle.)

WEDNESDAY, February, 9. In the House to-day the railway commission bill came up as special order. The vote by which it passed its second reading was reconsidered and it came up on that reading.

The motion to go into committee of the whole on the bill and consider it by sections was tabled. Speeches in favor of the bill were made by Messrs. Pearson, Worth and Ewart, and in opposition by Messrs. York and Holt.

There was some very plain talk by Mr. Ewart in regard to the railway lobbyists employed and paid by the Richmond and Danville road to fight this bill.

A vote was taken and showed a tie. The Speaker voted against the motion to table and it was lost.

The House then adjourned until tomorrow when the bill comes up as unfinished business. Its enemies claim that it will not pass until section 5 is stricken out or greatly remedied. That section gives the commission power to prevent discriminations.

THURSDAY, February, 10. In the House to-day a resolution was presented for the removal of Ex-Gov. Holden's disabilities.

The railway commission bill was taken up on its second reading. E. K. P. Osborne offered a substitute providing for one commissioner who shall report to governing powers of commissioners to be limited and made about equal to those of the Attorney General. Osborne made a good speech in support of his amendment. Many amendments were offered. Ewart accepted a number of those offered by Holt yesterday.

Holt spoke in opposition to the bill as also did York, while Overman and Howe spoke in support of it. York moved to indefinitely postpone the entire matter and called the previous question. The result of the vote was ayes 69, noes 48. So the bill is killed for this session.

The House then voted on the bill to repeal the county government law. Overman moved to indefinitely postpone and called previous question. The vote was—ayes 55, noes 49. The Democrats were loud in their applause.

Gov. Seales sent in a message with full report of the commissioners on the survey of the boundary between North Carolina, South Carolina and Tennessee.

Greatly Excited. Not a few citizens of Burke county have recently become greatly excited over the astounding facts, that several of their friends who had been pronounced by their physicians as incurable and beyond all hope—suffering with that dreaded monster Consumption—have been completely cured by Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, the only remedy that does positively cure all throat and lung diseases, Coughs, Colds, Asthma and Bronchitis. Trial bottle free at Tull's Drug Store, large bottles \$1.

We can, without hesitation, say that Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup has given the best satisfaction. We have sold an immense amount of it during the past winter.

WALLACE HILTON, & Co. Druggists, Lock Haven, Pa.

"Historics make men wise, Poets witty." But what in the world does a man want with either when he has sprained his ankle. No sir, not that one! Give him but one bottle of Salvation Oil. The greatest cure on earth for pain.

MAKES CHILD-BIRTH EASY! SHORTENS LABOR. LESSENS THE PAIN. ATTENDING IT! DIMINISHES THE DANGER TO LIFE OF MOTHER AND CHILD.

Should be used a few months before confinement. Send for book "To Mothers," mailed free. BRADFORD RICE-LACON Co., Atlanta, Ga.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER Absolutely Pure. This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness.

TAKE NOTICE. C::O::O::K STOVES Heating Stoves

TINWARE always on hand. I keep the Household Sewing Machine, Backeye Force Pump. Roofing and guttering and all kinds of repairing done in my line.

A. P. CHANDLER. HERE WE ARE With a new stock of General Merchandise, Consisting of Dry Goods, Shoes, Leather, COFFEE, SUGAR, RICE, TOBACCO, Lard, Flour, Meal, Beans, Canned Goods, With a General Assortment of Confectionaries, Which I will sell as cheap as the brick building formerly occupied by Mrs. Bechtler.

W. W. WALL. A GREAT CAUSE OF HUMAN MISERY IS THE LOSS OF MANHOOD. A Lecture on the Nature, Treatment and Total Cure of Venereal Weakness, or Syphilis, its kindred, Induced by self-abuse, Venereal Venereal, Impotency, Nervous debility and Impediments Marriage generally; Consumption, Rheumatism and Physical Infirmity, Ac.—By ROBERT J. CLAYBURN, M. D.

MOTHER'S FRIEND. MAKES CHILD-BIRTH EASY! SHORTENS LABOR. LESSENS THE PAIN. ATTENDING IT! DIMINISHES THE DANGER TO LIFE OF MOTHER AND CHILD.

THE CLAYBURN MEDICAL CO. 41 AND 43, New York, N. Y., Post O. Box