THE MOUNT AIRY NEWS.

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Heart Trouble Quickly Cured.

A Convincing Testimonial.

MISS ELLA KURTZ.

"For 19 years I suffered from heart trouble. During that time I was treated by five different physicians. All of them claimed that I *could not be cured*. I was greatly troubled with shortness of breath, palpitation and pain in the side. If I became excited, or exerted myself in the least, the pain in my side became very severe. At times it seemed as though *needles were shooting through my side*. Sometime in the month of November last, I commenced taking

DR. MILES' HEART CURE

and since then I have improved steadily. I can now sleep on my left side, something I had never been able to do before. I can walk without being fatigued, and am in *much better health than ever before*. I would recommend all sufferers from heart trouble to try Dr. Miles' invaluable remedy without delay." MISS ELLA KURTZ, 518 Wright St., Milwaukee, Wis.

Dr. Miles Heart Cure is sold on a positive guarantee that the first bottle will benefit. All druggists sell it at $1, 6 bottles for $5, or it will be sent, prepaid, on receipt of price by the Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

Dr. Miles' Heart Cure Restores Health

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+ Attorney-at-Law, +

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Mount Airy, N. C.

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When you have stone work to do you will find it to your interest to see J. H. Walker, he will furnish none but best granite, either rough or cut. Cemetery work a specialty. Apr9-1m

SALEM

ACADEMY AND COLLEGE,

FOR nearly 100 years this institution for the higher education of young women has occupied the very front rank, and was never more numerously attended than now. It is not only provided with a high-grade College Course, but has experts in all of its special schools of Music, Art, Elocution, Commercial and Industrial Studies. We will be pleased to send catalogue on application. Term begins September 3rd.

JOHN H. CLEWELL, Principal. Salem, North Carolina.

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Watches, Clocks and Jewelry

Of all kinds, Sewing Machines, Musical Instruments, &c. Watches, Clocks and Jewelry repaired in best possible manner and satisfaction guaranteed. If you want to save money see me before making your purchases or having your work done.

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Coffins, Caskets,

Burial Robes, Slippers, &c.

A full stock of all sizes and qualities kept on hand, and at reasonable prices.

Store room, upstairs over M. L. Patterson's store, on Main Street. Residence, first house North of the railroad.

We Want Business.

Now for business, and we believe there is going to be business henceforth and for a long time! The election marked the turning point. The political campaign is behind us, and we are heartily glad that we have got our backs to it. Let us endeavor to forget, if we cannot forgive, all of the trouble that it gave us and the injury that it did the country. As a paralyzer of industry and a scotch to the running works of commerce it was the biggest success of the past century.

We look for the money that has for many months been stored in the strong vaults of the banks to be put in circulation. Capital, the timid thing, will venture forth again. There is not going to be a flood tide of prosperity; but an immediate improvement may be expected, and times will steadily get better.

The party that is to take the reins of the national government for the next four years will be on probation. It has promised to push away the dark clouds. It has promised to reopen the mills, and set labor laboring and earning wages again. It has promised investments in new industrial enterprises. It has made various and sundry promises to quicken trade and restore these United States to a healthy condition, and unless it comes pretty near living up to its promises, sure defeat awaits it at the next general election, and years and years and years will have elapsed before it is entrusted with power once more. The leaders of that party know too well the burden of responsibility that rests upon their shoulders, and influential men in private life who aided to elevate that party will assist in making good its word if for no other reason than to avert the radical change in public policy that has been proposed.

We look for the bottled sunshine to be uncorked! And the South especially will get her full share of it, for this is regarded as the fairest field in the Union to-day for profitable employment of capital.

Then get ready for business. It is coming!—Winston Tobacco Journal.

Running for Office.

A gentleman who is usually a home keeping man, but who was induced to enter the race for a minor office early in the campaign, was giving his experience outside of the meeting the other day. He said: "No, I shall never run for office again—not if I know it. For three weeks after I took the stump I did not see my family, and during my absence at the time a fellow who was shipping water melons for me pocketed the returns on four car-loads and skipped the country; a tramp rode away on one of my best horses; my wife invested $200 in bicycles; my youngest daughter ran away and married a fellow for me to support, and all our mutual relatives came to congratulate my wife on the honor which had been conferred upon me, and, incidentally, to spend the summer. Those three weeks cost me in round numbers $400, to say nothing of the son-in-law, who threatens to be permanent, and the office for which I was striving is worth $600 a year. I wasn't elected, however, and I'm—glad of it! But this has been a campaign of education to me, for in it I've learned just how much of a fool I really was!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Germetuer is the Best.

Mr. C. P. McLain, Acworth, Ga., says: "Several years ago my wife suffered from attacks of bilious colic and indigestion. She used different medicines and tried several doctors, but all without permanent benefit. She used Royal Germetuer some years ago, and it has given her more relief than all else, and she recommends it to the afflicted." Write to The Atlanta Chemical Co., Atlanta, Ga., for 48 page book giving full information, free. New package, large bottles, 108 doses, $1. For sale by Taylor & Banner.

The New York World says: Rumors still continue to be circulated about an impending settlement of the war that has raged between the tobacco manufacturers. The Sorg Tobacco Company, of Middleton, Ohio, announced an advance of one cent a pound on its three principal grades of plug tobacco. This is regarded by insiders as an indication of a final settlement of the tobacco rate war.

All during the past two years, the most general and conspicuous utterance and remark among the people has been "hard times."

EXPECTANT MOTHERS, We Offer You a REMEDY Which INSURES Safety of Life to Mother and Child.

"MOTHERS' FRIEND"

Robs Confinement of Its Pain, Horror and Risk.

My wife used "MOTHERS' FRIEND" before birth of her first child, she did not suffer from CRAMPS or PAINS—was quickly relieved at the critical hour suffering but little—she had no pains afterward and her recovery was rapid.

E. E. JOHNSON, Eutaula, Ala.

Sent by Mail or Express, on receipt of price, $1.00 per bottle. Book "To Mothers" Mailed Free.

BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., Atlanta, Ga.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

A SEVERE STRUGGLE.

REV. DR. TALMAGE ON WRESTLING WITH THE SUPERNATURAL.

He Draws Lessons of Remarkable Power From a Strange Bible Scene—The Struggles of Life—It Is Prosperity Kills and Trouble Saves.

Out of this strange scene of Bible times Dr. Talmage, in his sermon in Washington City recently, draws remarkable lessons of good cheer and triumph. His subject was "Wrestling With the Supernatural" and the text Genesis xxxii, 25, 26; "And when he saw that he prevailed not against him he touched the hollow of his thigh, and the hollow of Jacob's thigh was out of joint as he wrestled with him. And he said, Let me go, for the day breaketh. And he said, I will not let thee go except thou bless me."

There is a cloud of dust from a traveling herd of cattle and sheep and goats and camels. They are the present that Jacob sends to gain the good will of his offended brother. That night Jacob halts by the brook Jabbok. But there is no rest for the weary man, no shining ladder to let the angels down into his dream, but a severe struggle that lasts until morning with an unknown visitor. They each try to throw the other. The unknown visitor, to reveal his superior power, by a touch wrenches Jacob's thigh bone from its socket, perhaps maiming him for life. As on the morning sky the clusters of purple cloud begin to ripen, Jacob sees it is an angel with whom he has been contending and not one of his brother's coadjutors. "Let me go," cries the angel, lifting himself up into increasing light; "the day breaketh."

You see, in the first place, that God allows good people sometimes to get into a terrible struggle. Jacob was a good man, but here he is left alone in the midnight to wrestle with a tremendous influence by the brook Jabbok. For Joseph, a pit; for Daniel, a wild beast den; for David, dethronement and exile; for John the Baptist, a wilderness diet and the executioner's ax; for Peter, a prison; for Paul, ship wreck; for John, desolate Patmos; for Christ, the cross. For whom the racks, the gibbets, the prisons, the thumbscrews? For the sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty. Some one said to a Christian reformer, "The world is against you." "Then," he replied, "I am against the world."

THE STRUGGLE.

I will go further and say that every Christian has his struggle. With financial misfortune some of you have had the midnight wrestle. Redhot disaster have dropped into your store from loft to cellar. What you bought you could not sell. Whom you trusted fled. The help you expected would not come. Some giant panic, with long arms and grip like death, took hold of you in an awful wrestle, from which you have not yet escaped, and it is uncertain whether it will throw you or you will throw it. Here is another soul in struggle with some bad appetite. He knew not how stealthily it was growing upon him. One hour he woke up. He said, "For the sake of my soul, of my family, of my children and of my God I must stop this!" And behold he found himself alone by the brook of Jabbok, and it was midnight. That evil appetite seized upon him, and he seized upon it, and, oh, the horror of the conflict! When once a bad habit hath roused itself up to destroy a man, and the man has sworn that by the help of the eternal God he will destroy it, all heaven draws itself out in long line of light to look from above, and all hell stretches itself in myrmidons of spite to look up from beneath. I have seen men rally themselves for a struggle, and they have bitten their lip, and clinched their fist, and cried with a blood red earnestness and a rain of scalding tears, "God help me!"

From a wrestle with habit I have seen men fall back defeated. Calling for no help, but relying on their own resolutions, they have come into the struggle, and for a time it seemed as if they were getting the upper hand of their habit. But that habit rallied again its infernal power and lifted the soul from its standing, and with a force borrowed from the pit hurled it into darkness.

But, thank God, I have often seen a better termination than this. I have seen men prepare themselves for such a wrestling. They laid hold of God's help as they went into the combat. The giant habit, regaled by the cup of many dissipations, came out strong and defiant. They clinched. There were the writhings and distortions of a fearful struggle. But the old giant began to waver, and at last, in the midnight alone, with none but God to witness, by the brook Jabbok, the giant fell, and the triumphant wrestler broke the darkness with the cry, "Thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ."

HUMBLE HER SO.

There is a widow's heart that first was desolated by bereavement and since by the anxieties and trials that came in the support of a family. It is a sad thing to see a man contending for a livelihood under disadvantages, but to see a delicate woman, with helpless little ones at her back, fighting the giants of proverty and sorrow is more affecting. It was an humble home, and passersby knew not within those four walls were displays of courage more admirable than that of Hannibal crossing the Alps, or in the pass of Thermopylae, or at Balaklava, where "into the jaws of death rode the six hundred." These heroes had the whole world to cheer them on, but there was no one to applaud the struggle in that humble home. She fought for bread, for clothing, for fire, for shelter, with aching head and weak side and exhausted strength, through the long night by the brook Jabbok. Could it be that none would give her help? Had God forgotten to be gracious? No, contending soul. The midnight air is full of wings coming to the rescue. She hears it now, in the sough of the night wind, in the ripple of the brook Jabbok, the promise made so long ago, ringing down the sky, "Thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive, and let thy widows trust in me!" Some one said to a very poor woman, "How is it that in such distress you keep cheerful?" She said: "I do it by what I call cross prayers. When I had my rent to pay and nothing to pay it with and bread to buy and nothing to buy it with, I used to sit down and cry. But now I do not get discouraged. If I go along the street, when I come to a corner of the street, I say 'The Lord help me!' I then go on until I come to another crossing of the street, and again I say 'The Lord help me!' And so I utter a prayer at every crossing, and since I have got into the habit of saying these cross prayers I have been able to keep up my courage."

Learn again from this subject that people sometimes are surprised to find out that what they have been struggling with in the darkness is really an "angel of blessing." Jacob found in the morning that this strange personage was not an enemy, but a God dispatched messenger to promise prosperity for him and for his children. And so many a man at the close of his trial has found out that he has been trying to throw down his own blessing. If you are a Christian man, I will go back in your history and find that the grandest things that have ever happened to you have been your trials. Nothing short of scourging, imprisonment and shipwreck could have made Paul what he was. When David was fleeing through the wilderness, pursued by his own son, he was being prepared to become the sweet singer of Israel. The pit and the dungeon were the best schools at which Joseph ever graduated. The hurricane that upset the tent and killed Job's children prepared the man of Uz to be the subject of the magnificent poem that has astounded the ages. There is no way to get the wheat out of the straw but to thrash it. There is no way to purify the gold but to burn it. Look at the people who have always had it their own way. They are proud, discontented, useless and unhappy. If you want to find cheerful folk, go among those who have been purified by the fire. After Rossini had rendered "William Tell" the five hundredth time a company of musicians came under his window in Paris and serenaded him. They put upon his brow a golden crown of laurel leaves. But amid all the applause and enthusiasm Rossini turned to a friend and said, "I would give all this brilliant scene for a few days of youth and love." Contrast the melancholy feeling of Rossini, who had everything that this world could give him, with the joyful experience of Isaac Watts, whose sorrows were great, when he says:

The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets
Before we reach the heavenly fields
Or walk the golden streets.
Then let our songs abound
And every tear be dry,
We're marching through Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.

TROUBLE AND PROSPERITY.

It is prosperity that kills and trouble that saves. While the Israelites were on the march amid great privations and hardships they behaved well. After awhile they prayed for meat, and the sky darkened with a great flock of quails, and these quails fell in great multitudes all about them, and the Israelites ate and ate and stuffed themselves until they died. Oh, my friends, it is not hardship or trial or starvation that injures the soul, but abundant supply. It is not the vulture of trouble that eats up the Christian's life. It is the quails. It is the quails. You will yet find out that your midnight wrestle by the brook Jabbok is with an angel of God come down to bless and to save.

Learn again that, while our wrestling with trouble might be triumphant, we must expect that it will leave its mark upon us. Jacob prevailed, but the angel touched him, and his thigh bone sprang from its socket, and the good man went limping on his way. We must carry through this world the mark of the combat. What plowed these premature wrinkles in your face? What whitened your hair before it was time for frost? What silenced forever so much of the hilarity of your household? Ah, it is because the angel of trouble hath touched you that you go limping on your way. You need not be surprised that those who have passed through the fire do not feel as gay as once they did. Do not be out of patience with those who come not out of their despondency. They may triumph over their loss and yet their gait shall tell you that they have been trouble touched. Are we Stoics that we can unmoved see our cradle rifled of the bright eyes and the sweet lips? Can we stand unmoved and see our gardens of earthly delight uprooted? Will Jesus, who wept himself, be angry with us if we pour our tears into the graves that open to swallow down what we loved best? Was Lazarus more dear to him than our beloved dead to us? No. We have a right to weep. Our tears must come. You shall not drive them back to scald the heart. They fall into God's bottle. Afflicted ones have died because they could not weep. Thank God for the sweet, the mysterious relief that comes to us in tears. Under this gentle rain the flowers of hope put forth their bloom. God pity that dry, withered, parched, all consuming grief that wring its hands, and grinds its teeth, and bites its nails into the quick, but cannot weep. We may have found the comfort of the cross, and yet ever after show that in the dark night and by the brook Jabbok we were trouble touched.

THE DAY DAWN.

Again, we may take the idea of the text and announce the approach of the day dawn. No one was ever more glad to see the morning than was Jacob after that night of struggle. It is appropriate for philanthropists and Christians to cry out with his angel of the text, "The day breaketh." The world's prospects are brightening. Superstition has had its strongest props knocked out. The tyrants of earth are falling flat in the dust. The church of Christ is rising up in its strength to go forth "fair as the morn, clear as the sun and terrible as an army with banners." Clap your hands, all ye people, "the day breaketh."

As I look around about me I see many who have passed through waves of trouble that came up higher than their girdle. In God's name I proclaim cessation of hostilities. You shall not always go saddened and heartbroken. God will lift your burden. God will bring your dead to life. God will stanch the heart's bleeding. I know he will. Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pities you. The pains of earth will end. The dead will rise. The morning star trembles on a brightening sky. The gates of the east begin to swing open. "The day breaketh."

Luther and Melanchthon were talking together gloomily about the prospects of the church. They could see no hope of deliverance. After awhile Luther got up and said to Melanchthon, "Come Phillip, let us sing the Forty-sixth Psalm, 'God is our refuge and strength in every time of trouble.'"

THE DAYBREAK.

Death to many—nay, to all—is a struggle and a wrestle. We have many friends whom it would be hard to leave. I care not how bright our future hope is, it is a bitter thing to look upon this fair world and know that we shall never again see its blossoming spring, its autumnal fruits, its sparkling streams and to say farewell to those with whom we played in childhood or counseled in manhood. In that night, like Jacob, we may have to wrestle, but God will not leave us unblessed. It shall not be told in heaven that a dying soul cried unto God for help, but was not delivered. The lattice may be turned to keep out the sun, or a book set to dim the light of the midnight taper, or the room may be filled with the cries of orphanage or widowhood, or the church of Christ may mourn over our going; but if Jesus calls, all is well. The strong wrestling by the brook will cease. The hours of death's night will pass along—1 o'clock in the morning, 2 o'clock in the morning, 4 o'clock in the morning, 5 o'clock in the morning—"the day breaketh."

So I would have it when I die. I am in no haste to be gone. I would like to stand here 20 years and preach this gospel. I have no grudge against this world. The only fault I have to find with this world is that it treats me too well. But when the time comes to go I trust to be ready, my worldly affairs all settled. If I have wronged others, I want them to be sure of their forgiveness. In that last wrestling, my arm enfeebled with sickness and my head faint, I want Jesus beside me. If there be hands on this side of the flood stretched out to hold me back, I want the heavenly hands stretched out to draw me forward. Then, O Jesus, help me on and help me up! Unfearing, undoubting, may I step right out into the light and be able to look back to my kindred and friends, who would detain me here, exclaiming: "Let me go! The day breaketh."

More Curative Power

Is contained in a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla than in any other similar preparation. It costs the proprietor and manufacturer more. It costs the jobber more and it is worth more to the consumer. It has a record of cures unknown to any other preparation. It is the best to buy because it is the One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills are the best family cathartic and liver medicine. Gentle reliable, sure.

Pay your subscription to THE NEWS.

NORTH CAROLINA NEWS.

STATE ITEMS OF IMPORTANCE GATHERED FROM OUR MANY WIDE-AWAKE EXCHANGES.

Governor Carr has refused to pardon the men convicted in the Beaufort graveyard insurance cases and they will have to serve their full terms in the penitentiary or jail.

A meteor fell in the yard of Mr. N. W. West a few days ago—a genuine article and weighed about three pounds. One of his little boys picked it up and dropped it with a howl.—Raleigh Press-Visitor.

Colonel Dockery claims the anti-democratic members-elect of the legislature from the Sixth district, republicans and populists alike, solid for him. If this is true, he certainly has a very excellent start for the senate.

Some days ago Mr. H. Mack Lea zar, of Eucchville, Rowan county, was shot in the hand by the accidental discharge of his gun. The Salisbury World learns that Mr. Leazar died Friday as a result of the accident, death being due to lockjaw.

Excepting Mr. Geo. W. Vanderbilt, General Ransom is the largest land owner in the state, and he is by far the largest planter. He owns 12,000 acres of land on the Roanoke, in Halifax and Northampton, has 150 head of horses and mules, and will make this year 1,000 to 1,100 bales of cotton, which is two-thirds af an average crop for him.

Mrs. John Howard, widow of the fireman recently killed in the wreck near Round Knob, has instituted a suit against the Southern Railway Company for $50,000 damages. A suit for $20,000 damage has also been instituted against the Southern by Mrs. Florence Boyd, widow of Fireman Boyd, who was killed in an accident on the Southern yard at Asheville some time ago.

The National Bank of Goldsboro was swindled out of $50 Thursday afternoon by means of a draft issued by Richard Johnson, formerly of this city, but more recently a resident of Hickory, and bearing the forged endorsement of Messrs. Best & Thompson, of this city. The draft was made on R. M. Johnson, of Asheville, the forger's dead father. Johnson left the city immediately, and although arrested at Clayton that night, managed to give the bungling officer there the slip, making good his escape.—Goldsboro Headlight.

Mr. Leonard Morton is one of Onslow's farmers who doesn't loose any sleep in attempting to solve the financial puzzle, or rack his brain in a vain effort to frame a tariff measure. Mr. Morton is 67 years of age, and is a firm believer in the theory that a farmer should produce everything he eats and wears, and up to this date has never purchased a suit of clothes; all the cloth his family uses is manufactured at home from the wool and cotton produced on his farm. Mr. Morton never purchased meat but once, and then only thirty pounds. That his plan is a good one is demonstrated by the fact that he doesn't owe a dollar and never has the nightmare worrying over hard times.—Jacksonville Times.

It goes to the credit of the Western North Carolina Conference that at its session it declined to take any action whatever with reference to the State appropriation to the University. It probably conceived that its mission does not lie in the direction of influencing legislation upon any other than moral and religious questions. In taking this position, it is keeping in line with the declaration of the Master when He said, "My kingdom is not of this world." Without any suggestion whatever from the bishop's chair, or even the face of a contrary suggestion, the Conference action would perhaps have been what it was, but it is not wrong to say that Bishop Galloway's silent influence was against the resolution and for this the friends of higher education in North Carolina must thank him.—Charlotte Observer.

Tutt's Pills Cure All Liver Ills.

ARE YOU BANKRUPT in health, constitution undermined by extravagance in eating, by disregarding the laws of nature, or physical capital all gone, if so,

NEVER DESPAIR

Tutt's Liver Pills will cure you. For sick headache, dyspepsia, sour stomach, malaria, torpid liver, constipation, biliousness and all kindred diseases.

Tutt's Liver Pills an absolute cure.

Wanted—An Idea Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their $1,800 prize offer and list of two hundred inventions wanted.

Dr. Miles' Pain Pills, "One cent a dose."

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

A Colony of Michiganders.

The Citizen a week ago published a dispatch from Detroit, Mich., telling of the purpose of a number of Detroiters to organize a colony for settlement near Asheville. The following from the Detroit Evening News gives additional particulars, being a portion of a report of the meeting of the colonists:

"The report of the committee on constitution provided for almost every imaginable contingency. The committee's recommendations were substantially as follows: That 1,500 or 2,000 acres of land be acquired; that the colony number at the start about 500 persons, who shall set out before January if possible; that $20,000 be raised to pay for the trip and for the site; that for two years the principal work shall be the construction of homes; that the government be conducted by a president, secretary, a treasurer, a physician-in-chief, superintendents and a council consisting of the whole colony; that all children under 18 years of age be the wards of the colony, and be clothed, fed and educated by it; that all members between 18 and 45 labor according to their assignments; that all between 45 and 55 constitute a working reserve; that members more than 55 years old be superannuated; that there be no money, the medium of exchange to be a certificate of labor, the unit being a day's work, that the work days for the roughest and hardest kind of labor be the shortest and that no member work more than eight hours a day; that no member take away from the colony at any time he may leave it any more than he brought in; that members without means be transported to the colony with a debit equal to the cost of carriage charged against him or her.

"The committee decided to send William Hoffman and W. E. Whitaker to North Carolina at once to survey the promised land and to secure an option on a site. A large amount of cash was paid in last evening."

The Detroit Journal says the new colony is to locate in a region of virgin forest west of Asheville and south of Marshall.—Asheville Citizen.

Potatoes are so cheap in the West that the railroads refuse to haul them unless the freight is prepaid, and they will not take freight in potatoes.

This year's raw sugar supply of the world surpasses that of 1895, despite the enormous Cuban deficit.

A Never-die.

The "life-time" of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup will never draw to a close. When a mother once uses it, she continues its use right along; because, she found, for curing cough, cold, croup and whooping-cough Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup unequalled by any other similar medicine. "I have used Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, for ten or fifteen years in the family, for coughs and throat troubles caused by colds, and have found no superior article." Mrs. D. T. Clarke, 163 Congress St., Cleveland, O. Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup can be had everywhere for 25 cents. Dealers will say they have something else "just as good or better," because they want to make more profit. Don't be "taken in." Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup is the best.

W. H. SIMPSON,

AGENT

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AND EVERYTHING

IN OFFICE SUPPLIES.

Ajax Numbering Machines, Bank stamps, Brass Wheel Dateers, Burning Brands, Cancelling Machines, Check Protectors, Conductors' Punches, Corporation Seals, Hand Hand Dateers, Notarial Seals, Printing Wheels, Pocket stamps, Pen and Pencil Stamps, Rubber Type Dateers, Rubber Type, Rubber Stamp Pads, Rubber Stamps, Ink, Stencils, Stencil Ink, Stencil Brushes, Steel Stamps, Steel Letters and Figures, Self Inking Stamps, Stamp Ribbons, Stamp Racks, Sign Markers, Wax seals and Type Writer Supplies.

There is nothing used in an office we cannot supply, and at the very lowest prices possible, for first-class goods. Bankers, Merchants, Manufacturers and all professional men will do well to get my prices before buying elsewhere. Your patronage is solicited, especially.

Prompt attention given to all orders. Office in Joyce Block, at head of steps, right-hand side, fronting on Main Street, Mount Airy, N. C., Lock Box 274.

Correspondence Solicited.

March 5, '96. tf

MOUNT AIRY ACADEMY,

CO-EDUCATIONAL.

Fall Session Opens Aug. 10, '96.

Prepares for College, for Teaching, for Business.

Special courses in Stenography, Typewriting, Music and Normal Learning.

Board, $6.00 to $10.00 per month. Tuition, $1.50 to $3.00 per month.

Write for particulars.

R. C. CRAVEN, Principal.

Nobody need have Dyspepsia. Get Dr. Miles' Pain Pills from druggists. "One cent a dose."

Is War Coming?

It looks perhaps threatening as to a war with Spain. But we have a strong hope it will not come. Why should it come? Why shall Spain declare war against the United States, or why should our country go to war with Spain? It is a fearful thing to engage in war. It ought never to be done if it is possible to avoid it. Exhaust all peaceful measures before deciding upon so bloody an arbitrament. The United States government is getting partly ready for the worst. That is all right. We have held that this great republic should be ready all the time for war. In time of peace prepare for war. Our very extended coast is practically defenceless.

General Miles, head of the army, says this country has a very insufficient supply of guns for infantry. Our navy is small compared with other powers. Our condition is not one to invite a war or to precipitate one by rashness. The war and navy departments are alert. It is said that 100,000 rifles are to be made, but it takes a long time to make that number. What is the actual supply of heavy cannon as compared with the necessities of coast defences of a substantial and effective kind? Do not have war if it can be prevented. Get ready to fight before beginning to fight.

In a great republic with 70,000,000 people there are not enough arms to equip 100,000 extra men in case of war. So says General Miles. The government spends annually more than $500,000,000. This shows the defects in part of our government as administered. There ought to be in the arsenals of this great country with such enormous yearly expenditures at least enough of improved arms to supply an extra quarter of a million of soldiers, if not a half million.—Wilmington Messenger.

The Railway Commission, through its chairman, Maj. J. W. Wilson, has forwarded the sixth annual report of the commission to Governor Carr.

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