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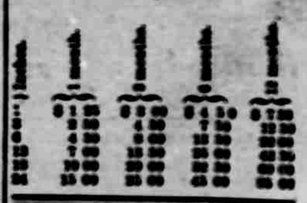
ADVERTISING RATES.



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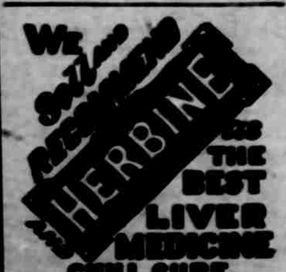


NORTH CARGLINA.

The Week's News in the "Old North State."

..The Wilmington Y. M. C. A. Hall, which has just been let to contract, will cost $31,992.

..Durham tobacco factories consumed $683,529.05 worth of internal revenue stamps last year, an increase of $37,151.91 over 1889, says the *Recorder*.

..There is a strong probability that Maj. Bingham will move his celebrated school to Asheville. He proposes to make the move if Asheville will raise $40,000 for a building and donate 15 acres of land.

..A land and improvement company has been organized in Statesville. It has secured control of 800 acres of suburban property which will be developed Mr. B. F. Long is President, J. P. Caldwell Vice President, and Wm. Wallace Treasurer.

..News has reached Weldon from Henderson to the effect that Mr. Thomas Parker, a well known and highly honored citizen of Vance county, and a colored man name unknown, had both died there from the effects of poison administered in a bottle of brandy.

..President Paul F. Faison, of the board of directors of the state penitentiary, has tendered his report to Gov. Fowle for the quarter ending November 30th. The report shows that the total expenses for the quarter were $67,607; and total earnings were $74,660, making a surplus of $7,052 over expenses.

..The old Ray mine in this county, which is now owned by a company of Baltimoreans and North Carolinians, is being worked right along. Capt. Lewis, the miner in charge, said they are working good gold out of the new schute just discovered, and the future prospect of the mine is good.—Charlotte *Chronicle*.

..Fayetteville has again been visited by a very destructive fire, this time consuming the large and extensive saw and plaining mills of the Fayetteville Milling and Lumber Company, causing a loss of $8,000 or $10,000. The loss is partially covered by insurance to the amount of $7,500. The fire was accidental and supposed to have originated in the dry house. —Raleigh *Observer*.

..Some idea of the magnitude of the tobacco business of Durham may be gathered from the fact that 95,000 pounds of smoking tobacco were shipped from the Blackwell Co-operative Tobacco Company on the last day of the year. This represents something over a tenth of the amount shipped during the last two weeks in December—Durham *Record*.

..On Sunday evening, December 21st, Mrs. Jake A. Jenkins accompanied her brother-in-law, Dr. J. H. Jenkins, from her home to her father's, Mr. Jake Long's in a buggy. She wrapped her baby up well in shawls, &c., and took it with her. When she reached her father's she unwrapped her baby and was horrified to find it dead. The baby was not yet cold and Dr. Jenkins used every means in his power to produce artificial respiration but to no avail. It was the opinion of the doctor that the child, which had never been stout, died of heart failure. The parents have the sympathy of many friends in their sad bereavement. —Mt. Holly *News*, 1st.

..A few nights ago while the colored people were holding a "festerbul" in one of the rooms of the frame building on Centre street between the Cooper House and the First National Bank building, a mink trotted down the pavement from the bank corner and started into the festive hall to join the revelry. It was met at the door and kicked out but returned to the charge and was kicked out at the door a second time. It then took its course around the corner of the building toward Mr. Misenheimer's livery stable, and was followed by some of the colored men and killed. This story really needs an affidavit to go along with it but it is just as true as if it were a thousand times sworn to.—Statesville *Landmark*.

..George Washington Wynn, near Robersonville, about ten days or two weeks ago killed himself with a shot gun. He was insane. His mental troubles grew out of anxiety about his property. A few years ago he married a pretty woman and for a time all went well. The "wolf in the fold" entered later it is said in the shape of an illegitimate daughter, who poisoned her father's mind against her stepmother and persuaded the old man that money which he had hidden and which had disappeared, was stolen by the wife. Mr. Wynn made a deed conveying all his property to this daughter and forced his wife to leave. Some time thereafter the old man became suspicious of his daughter and watched her till he became satisfied that his wife was innocent. Man and wife became reconciled and Mr. Wynn sought to have the deed set aside. Worry and anxiety on this account affected his mind and he ended his troubles in the manner above stated. He was worth $20,000 to $25,000.—Tarboro *Southerner*, 1st.

THE PASSION PLAY.

How The Story of the Cross is Acted by the Peasants of Ober-Ammergau.

ALEXANDRIA, EGYPT, Nov. 29, 1890.

My Dear Mrs. Avery:

You would have had a letter from me by this post even had yours not come to hand by the last mail. For it many thanks. To get a letter from Morganton awakens many old, and sweet memories, and calls forth all that is most cherished in the associations of my early life. And when I see your handwriting, I look at it as one does at a portrait of a long unseen friend, before I care to break the seal and enjoy the contents. These sweet, tender ties will surely last beyond this life. Never can they be blotted from our memories. I am sure of this.

You ask me to tell you of my summer. You know not what a wandering it has been, or how varied the scenes we successively passed through. To begin with our arival in Europe, we went from Venice to Munich, where we secured seats and tickets, for the Passion Play, at Ober-Ammergau. I did not wish to go, but my husband did, and was determined to use every effort to get there, and after a week's delay we were told that excellent accommodation had been secured, both in the hotel and the play. So we set out at nine in the morning from Munich, and after a three hours ride on the railroad, found ourselves at a small station, five miles from our destination, and in the heart of the Bavarian Highlands. Hundreds of carriages awaited the train, and we were soon one of a long line of vehicles of every description, climbing the beautiful mountain road, which at every turn gave a new and lovely landscape. In the lower road, hundreds of pedestrians swarmed, and kept pace with the carriages which could only go at a walk, until within a mile of the village. You cannot imagine a more lovely country. The mountain peaks were not so high as to darken the valleys, and the Ammer rushed through the lovely plain, giving fertility and freshness on every side. One peak taller than the rest, is surmounted by a cross, which is seen from a long distance, and is looked upon by these simple pious folk, as the guardian spirit of their valley.

Soon we were entering the small town with a most numerous, and promiscuous crowd, and it did seem impossible that such a multitude should find accomodation there, but by evening the streets were perfectly quiet, and when the band marched through the town at eight o'clock, as they do preceding a representation, they were the only ones stiring abroad. Early next morning the villagers taking part in the play were at their Church, and taking communion, and by eight o'clock there were four thousand persons seated in the house, awaiting in perfect silence the opening of the solemn spectacle. Behind the curtain, the the actors were kneeling in prayer, to fit themselves for their parts, in what is to them, the fulfillment of a vow. They feel they are showing forth what the Apostles preached, and they have no ambitious desires to shine as actors, but to worthily set forth the holy mystry, which has in their midst, as a religious drama, survived all the other Miracle Plays of past ages. Luther, you know, spoke of these Miracle Plays of his day, in warm commendation. "Such spectacles often do more good and produce more impression than sermons," were his words. But I could never divest myself of the feeling, that it was irreverent to witness any thing like a representation of our Lord in drama. But I am now satitfied, that Canon Farrar is right, when he said, "those who go to the Play as *ordinary sightseers*, and as to a mere idle show, turn the whole scene into a profanation; but they carry the profanation with themselves." The actors, and population of Oberammergau, look upon it as "an act of devotion, from which they hope, with God's grace, great blessings may ensue. But now the cannon fires and the curtain rises, while the chorus of twenty-four—fourteen maidens, and ten men, clad in richly embroidered tunics;—of soft white goods, covered by mantles of violet, orange, brown, crimson and blue,—come on the stage in front of the curtain, and sing their first hymn of Man's fall, and the plan of redemption. The orchestra are out of sight. The music is sweet, and moving, but not grand, and continues during the presentation of the tableaux, which represent Old Testament types of Christ, and one or more of these tableaux precede every New Testament scene. The first one, was the expulsion of Adam and Eve from Paradise, symbolizing the Fall, and the second, The Adoration of the Cross, setting forth Redemption,—the Tree of Life, being, The Cross, our refuge from the wrath of God. The hymn sung, began thus:—

"O, human race! by sin and shame laid low,
Adore thy God! bend down to kiss the dust!
Peace then shall come, and grace from Zion flow;
Not ever spurns, He
The offended one: Although His wrath is just.

"I will," the Lord doth say,
"Not that the sinner die—begone
Will I his guilt, and he shall live!
My Son's own blood shall now atone for him:"
Praise, worship, tears of joy to Thee,
Eternal One!"

The second, and indeed all the tableaux, were most artistic and beautifully represented. This second one, was a Cross planted on a rock, before which numbers of children representing angels, are kneeling, and adoring in attitudes of worship. I never saw anything more lovely, and in all the twenty-four tableaux, the grouping was as perfect as the harmony of colour. And remember they are executed in the full light of day, and that no stage tricks are resorted to, to heighten the effect. There are often four and five hundred persons in each one, and children of two and three years of age, are as motionless as the oldest men. I believe the first scene, of the "Entry into Jerusalem," where the whole stage is filled by a crowd, in gorgeous Oriental Costume, representing the multitude who cried 'Hosanna,' and spread garments, and waved palms before the prophet of Nazareth, was to me the most impressive. He comes upon the scene riding on an ass and at once proceeds to cleanse the Temple, by loosing the cattle and doves, and overturning the tables of the money changers. I will not tire you with a continuation of details. We sat with this breathless silent crowd till nearly twelve, and then returned to our homes, for rest, and food, but at half past one, we were all again in our places. Not a whisper even, is permitted, and when I called Victor's attention to a group at one side,—in a whisper,—I had two or three scowling faces turned upon me, down which I saw the tears were streaming. I enjoyed it all as a most moving sermon, up to the Crucifixion, and then, although it was no more than any of the great Crucifixion scenes I have seen on canvas, I could not look on with the same feelings of profit. It had a realism I did not like, and which was intensely affecting and painful. The feeling was intense throughout the whole day, but at this point sobs and sounds of weeping were everywhere heard. I buried my face in my hands and prayed, till the twenty minutes of hanging on the cross were over, and the "Deposition from the Cross," (after Rubens great picture at Antwerp,) began. The Entombment, followed, and then, the Resurrection, which was very fine. The Ascension, I did not like. And at half past five we were filing through the streets of this little villarge, a crowd of four thousand persons, in deep silence. Many go to the church to pray and think. We were utterly exhausted and I went to the hotel to get rested before dinner. It was crowded in every part, and yet not a loud voice was heard, nor during the meal was a word of conversation carried on. The feeling was too strong, and the emotions too sacred to pass lightly to the common trivialities of life. In fact, I did not hear or see any evidence of mirth whilst I was there—nearly three days. Myer's personation of the "man of sorrows," was beyond anything I ever saw, and *above any acting*. Caiaphas, Pilate, Judas, and Mary, with Peter and John, were well rendered. I do not doubt the whole effect of the Play is good. I saw *so much feeling* exhibited, and two of my friends here, who *never go to church*, told me they should never outlive the impressions they there received. One of them said, he 'had not read the trial of Christ for so long that he had lost sight of its details, and should review the Gospels.' This was a Judge. Another said, "I never knew how little I understood the Old Testament, till I saw this Passion Play." But I am filling my letter with what you may not enjoy.

From Munich we went to Frankfort, spent a few days in that old city, before going on to Homburg-les Bains for our *cure*. At this Spa, we had many friends. Five families from here, of our best friends, were there during the month of August. And then we met many habitues whom we enjoy walking on the mall with, or listening to the daily afternoon and evening concerts together. From Homburg, we went to Paris for ten days, and thence to London for nearly a month. I greatly enjoyed the suburbs of London, this year, because the weather was so fine as to allow of our driving in the suburbs, which are highly interesting and beautiful. We recall one day spent at Stoke-Pogis, the lovely church yard where Gray wrote his famous Elegy. The Yew tree under which he composed it, is very flourishing still, and the church is a lovely one. Close by is the Penn Mansion, and their pew in this church, is kept as when used by them. It is a small room on one side, carpetsd and seated with the identical chairs of oak that were used by Admival Penn. Thence we went to see the "Burnam Beeches," a forest of grand old trees. The day was sunny and soft, and we thought we never enjoyed a word more than this. The trees are enormous in size. We went to a neighboring town and had lunch, and then drove over to Windsor to have a walk in the Park and on the Terrace. A few days after we returned to Windsor, and looked over the Palace again and the lovely views from it, and then after lunch, drove over to Virginia Water and Magna Charter Island. It was our second drive through these fine woods, but sixteen years had intervened, and we saw great changes since our first visit there. We had friends in London. My Cousin, the artist, Mrs. Lea Merritt, and a friend from here, now the manager and one of the editors of the "*Times*." He was invited by the Lord Mayor of London to bring us with him to luncheon, and we had a most enjoyable visit to the Mansion House. He had asked about fifteen persons, mostly literary people, and the talk was exceedingly interesting.

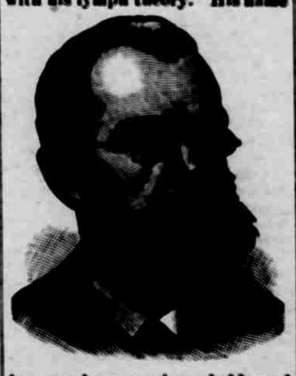
I went to see Irving again, in "Ravenswood," but did not like it. They have spoiled Scott's beautiful story of the Heart of Mid-Lothian, and but for Miss Terry's acting, it would be a wretched affair.

From London we were invited to "Cosby Castle," one of the Border sites, but our Doctor would not hear of our going further North. So we started for the "Riviera," by way of Paris, Lyons, and Marseilles. I was very ill at Cannes, but I recovered sufficiently to enjoy a drive on the Upper Corniche Road, as far as Mentone. It is the Old Roman, "Via Aurelian" and is the most superb drive I ever had. The road which is as level as a floor, and well guarded, ascends the side of the mountain, admidst the most luxuriant vegetation of olives, citron, oleanders, and pines. The sea lies at one side with the most exquisite tints, and at your feet are villages and valleys, and chapels peeping out of groves and villas at every turn. We went as high as eleven hundred feet to an old Roman town built in the reign of Augustus, and there is yet the remains of a tower constructed twelve years after the birth of Christ to commemorate the subjugation of the Ligarian tribes. I enjoyed Venice, and thought Monte-Carlo the pretteist spot of all, but a perfect plague-spot morally. Thence to Geneva and Florence, and Sienna to see its Grand Cathedral, finer than St. Peter's at Rome. A lovely ride to Venice, and there we took our boat and after a cold and stormy passage, returned to Alexandria, two weeks later than usual, to find the heat equal to July at home. So it has continued till now, but the rains for the last three weeks have greatly refreshed us.

DR. ROBERT KOCH.

A Sketch of the Life of this Famous Physician.

Dr. Robert Koch is the great German scientist, who first discovered the germ theory, and who has once more startled the world with his lymph theory. His name



has now become a household word and it really seems as if his lymph, when injected under the skin, kills the germ or bacilles producing tuberculosis and lupus. More than one seventh of all deaths can be traced to this fell disease, and should Koch's lymph really prove a remedy for this, he may claim to be the greatest benefactor mankind has seen this century. His discovery even surpasses Jenner's discovery of the vaccination lymph. Koch himself is still a young man; he was born in Germany, in the Hartz Mountains, in 1843, and took his physician's degree in 1866. He practiced in different hospitals until 1872, when he settled in a small town in Selesia, Germany. Here he made his first important observations, but owing to the conservatism of the authorities he was unable to make any headway. He then went to Berlin, where he became a member of the Imperial Health Board. This was Koch's chance. Here he proved that consumption, cholera and many other diseases were traceable to minute organisms. He was then sent to India by the German government. That country is the cradle of cholera, and there his investigations fully bore out his theory. Since then he has been prosecuting his researches; with what splendid results have just been shown. Physicians in New York, Philadelphia, Boston and other Northern cities and at Asheville and Hot Springs, N. C., are making extensive experiments with Dr. Koch's lymph on consumptives with prospects of success.

DEAD SEA FRUIT.

Pittsburg Dispatch.

Have you ever met Sweetie,
Haven't believed, with eyes of jet,
Breath of Heaven?
If you didn't her surprise
She will not for you a share
In rose bushes.

If you ever met Sweetie
Surely must try things regret,
If not sighing!
Visions of bliss, Sweetie's form,
Something sublime and fully born,
Flowers dying.

If you ever saw Sweetie,
Wrinkled to smiles of cigarette,
All you desire;
Two lovelier fairy's head, prize
Could be captured from her eyes,
So enchanting.

If you ever let Sweetie
Where around you silken net,
Heart entwining,
You'll recall a pleasant hour;
But a day lost, but a flower,
Too were pressing.

If you ever met Sweetie
You answered a gay coquette
For a conquest,
Your in every charming eye,
Beauty, as night, or title to sky,
You she treasure!

The First Symptoms of Death.

Tired feeling, dull headache, pains in various parts of the body, sinking at the pit of the stomach, loss of appetite, feverishness, pimples or sores, are all positive evidence of poisoned blood. No matter how it becomes poisoned it must be purified to avoid death. Dr. Acker's English Blood Elixir has never failed to remove scrofulous or syphilitic poisons. Sold under positive guarantee. For sale by C. B. Kingsmore, Druggist, Morganton, N. C

VERSAILLES AND FONTAINEBLEAU.

Written for THE MORGANTON HERALD.

SECOND PAPER.

There is in Versailles but one single master—one might say one single divinity—King Louis XIV. On the contrary, in the palace of Fontainebleau all kinds of associations mingle and blend with each other. The masses of building composing the chateau enclose six courts, being limited to low ranges of two or three stories, chiefly of brick. It is said to have been originally founded by Robert the pious toward the end of the 10th century. Rebuilt in the 12th century by Louis VII of whom, and of Phillip Auguste, it was a favorite residence, and was enlarged by Louis IX, and his successors. After being allowed to fall into decay, it was repaired and embellished by Francis I, who here received the Emperor Charles V with lavish splendor, in 1539. Almost every succeeding king added something in the way of enlargement or embellishment, so that it bears the character and style of almost every century. Time, neglect and violence had greatly dimmed the splendor of this venerable seat of kings, when Louis Phillipe undertook to revive it, and his judicious and splendid restorations, following closely the style and character of the different periods at which it was originally constructed, have added greatly to the magnificence and interest of the palace. The entrance is by the court, now called the "Cour des Adieux," where Napoleon took leave of the remnant of the Old Guard, who had followed him to the last, amidst his reverses, previously to his departure for Elba, 1814, an event commemorated by Gerard's well-known picture of "Les Adieux de Fontainebleau." But let us penetrate into the palace of so many absolute monarchs. Once entered one is almost lost in this wonderful labyrinth. There is nothing but vast galleries, immense saloons, amphitheatres, giant staircases, mysterious, sweet retreats concealed in the walls, which the guide will suddenly open to show you—thus often creating the greatest surprises to the visitor. There are balconies of marble and bronze. All times, places, arts and all monarchs are represented within these walls. The apartments first entered are those fitted up for the Duke of Orleans, on the occasion of his marriage: They had been originally occupied by Catherine di Medici and Anne of Austria, whence they received the name of the Queen Mother Aapartments. Here it was that Pope Pius VII was lodged and kept prisoner by Napoleon I. The Gallery of Francis I is one of the most striking in the palace; perfectly characteristic of the style of art of the period of the Renaissance. Its roof is of walnut wood, its walls richly panelled and covered with stucco carvings, devices, &c. Parallel to this Gallery are the apartments of Napoleon I—one of these containing the little round mahogany table, at which he, in 1814 signed, his abdication, and this still bears the mark of a penknife, with which the ex master of the world impressed it. His bedroom remains nearly as he left it; and what impresses the visitor is the apparent newness and freshness of everything. Beyond is the Counsel Room, and still further on the Throne Room of the time of Louis XIII and XIV, but the throne was set up by Napoleon—the canopy of which consists of Maroon velvet, embroidered with golden bees—symbolic of industry. The Gallery of Diana, used as a library, is a long corridor decorated with paintings relating to that goddess. Below it runs the Galerie des Cerfs, which was in 1657 the scene of the atrocious murder of the Marquis Monaldeschi, by three assassins hired for the purpose by Christina of Sweden, at that time residing in the chateau as the guest of Louis XIV. The suite of rooms called Salons de Reception, contain Gobelin tapestries of recent date, as brilliant as oil paintings. The ball room, or Gallery of Henry II is the most splendid of recent restorations, and one of the finest halls in the palace. The ceiling is gorgeous and elaborate with ornaments; the walls are of consistent richness. There is one small room, the walls of which are covered with Sevres plaques—each one—the guide informed us, is valued at 1000 francs or $200. They represent chateaux of France, and scenes taken from each, painted with the greatest delicacy and richness.

In another, one comes across the life-size statue of the dying Napoleon—a fine copy of which, has been placed in the Corcoran Gallery at Washington, D. C. After passing from room to room, we at last come to the theatre, a perfect gem in its way. Upholstered in blue and gold, and all apparently so new and fresh, that, it seemed but yesterday Eugenie, whose beauty was the admiration of the multitude, graced the place with her presence.

The Jardin Anglais is bordered by a triangular pond, in the midst of which rises a pavilion erected by the Emperor Napoleon. During the summer his very victorious majesty was, it is said, in the habit of holding his councils there. The "Fontaine de Belle Eau" which gave the name to the place, rose within the garden, but the source has been lost in forming the artificial ponds. In here are found some large carp—very old and tame, that are a source of great amusement to visitors. What shall I say of the Forest of Fontainebleau, consisting, as it does of over 40,000 acres—2000 of these being preserved for the exclusive use of artists, thereby becoming a constant resort for them, many of whom take up their quarters at the village of Barbizon, on the skirts of the forest, at the homely Inn of Gauno, which is embellished with a curious gallery of sketches, by many hands, of different inmates, covering walls, panels and shutters with arabesques and whimsies. To explore this forest thoroughly would take a much longer time than the ordinary traveller has to give, notwithstanding, there are many places of interest to be seen in a day's travel. After riding some time—admiring the foliage tinged by the autumnal coloring, we were met by a guide, requesting us to stop—who—for the usual fee, would show us the spots generally visited by travellers. This guide was as much a curiosity in her way, as the forest through which she lead us. A woman—with a complexion, bronzed by the sun of nearly seventy summers, leaping over the rocks, at times, with the alertness of a chamois. She told us in her broken English "one is never too old to learn"—that at the age of 63 she had commenced to learn our language; and pointing to the various rocks, which have assumed such weird and fantastic shapes—she would with great pride—repeat the names in English, as Eagle's Nest, Wolf's Gorge, The Huntsman's Cross,—an obelisk at a place where four roads meet—and many others just as curious. Disappearing just as suddenly as she came, we were then met by a little French boy, who lead us through so many winding paths, we were beginning to fear we were lost. But suddenly he exclaimed "*C'est la voiture*," and sure enough! on looking up, we saw the carriage standing on the roadside nearby. Speeding toward the station, we soon boarded the train which lead us toward Paris, with the satisfaction of having spent one of the most charming days of our lives.

ESMONDA.

Activity During the First Week of 1891.

The *Manufacturers' Record* of January 10th, 1891, says that the opening week of the new year shows a surprisingly long list of new enterprises reported in the South, especially when it is remembered that this is generally a season of inactivity which business men devote to settlement of old affairs rather than to the inauguration of new ventures. Special reports to the *Manufacturers' Record* show the final closing of contracts for building two 5,000 ton iron steamships, to cost $1,200,000, at Newport News, Va.; the organization of a company with a paid-up capital of $1,000,000 to build a cotton mill in Mississippi; a $1,000,000 gold mining company and a $200,000 marble quarrying company in North Georgia; a $600,000 coal mining company in Kanawha county, W. Va.; a $100,000 lumber company and a $50,000 cooperage company at Brunswick, Ga.; a $100,000 wagon factory company and a $250,000 rolling mill company at Salem, Va.; a $300,000 manufacturing company at Gainesville, Fla.; a $25,000 compress company at Gainesville, Ga.; a $20,000 electric light company at Abilene, Texas; $250,000 machine company at New Orleans, La.; $50,000 machine company at Marion, N. C.; $100,000 phosphate company at Archer, Fla.; $40,000 pottery company at Milledgeville, Ga.; $40,000 phosphate company in South Carolina; $20,000 quarrying company in Louisville; a 200-barrel rice mill in Kissimmee, Fla., &c. As the record of the leading enterprises reported for the first week in 1891, this brief summary indicates wide-spread activity and bright prospects for the year.

THE QUEEN'S LATEST GIFT.

A Free Education or One Year's Travel in Europe.

In the Queen's "Word Contest," which the publishers of that magazine announce as the LAST ONE THEY WILL EVER GIVE, A Free Education consisting of a Three Year's Course in any Canadian or American Seminary or College, including all expenses tuition and board, to be paid by the publishers of the Queen, or One Year Abroad, consisting of One Entire Year's Travel in Europe, all expenses to be paid, will be given to the person making from the largest list of words made from the letters which is announced in the last issue of the Queen. A special deposit of $500, has been made in the Dominion Bank of Canada, to carry out this offer. Many other useful and valuable prizes will be awarded in order of merit. The publishers of the Queen have made their popular family magazine famous throughout both Canada and the United States by the liberal prizes given in their previous competitions, and as this will positively be THE LAST EVER GIVEN, they intend to make it equal all others as regards the value of the prizes. Send six two cent U. S. stamps for copy of the Queen containing the text, complete rules and list of prizes. Address The Celebrated Queen, Toronto, Canada.

Happy Mourners.

Wm. Timmons, Postmaster of Linville, Ind., writes: "Electric Bitters has done more for me than all other medicines combined, for that bad feeling resulting from Kidney and Liver trouble." John Leslie, farmer and merchant, of same place, says: "Find Electric Bitters to be the best Kidney and Liver medicine, made me feel like a new man." J. W. Gardner, hardware merchant, same place, says: "Electric Bitters is just the thing for a man who is all run down and don't care whether he lives or dies; he found new strength, good appetite and felt just fine in fact, a new lease on life. Only 50c. a bottle, at Kingsmore's Drug Store.

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