#### Boetry.

Written for THE PROGRESSIVE FARMER.] OUR LOST LOVED ONE.

BY KATE C. FLEMING. Death laid its icy hand Upon our last loved one; Not in the fond home circle. But in a far distant land.

He came not at dawn, Nor in the silent night; But in the soft even'tid Just as the stars we e shining bright

All through the day they watched him, All through the starry night; Till that dear voice was hushed in silence, And his spirit had winged its flight.

There was no mother's heartrending shrick, No friends or relatives near, To offer up a word of p ayer, No one to shed a tear.

It was wafted o'er the wires. As it it were some message of love; Where sad hearts were to receive it, And pray to God for mercy from above.

He has gone, we hope, above us; Far, far from sorrow's rod; Standing by the 'Beautiful River That flows by the throne of God.'

The Saviour has taken dear Johnnie. Our loved and cheri hed gem, To shine beyond the twilight's purple 'ale, As a star in a diadem.

In the breezes hear him whisper, "I am waiting you above." He was borne away from home and pleasure From native hill and vale,

He has reached that world of light,

Watching you with holy love;

In search of health, that golden treasure, Which God alone can give. But alas! no earthly aid could care him, Notunny Scuthern skies; He rough in vain the western landscape,

And there had hoped to seize the prize.

As we gazed on that still face It bought back sweet memories of the past, Wh ch still linger around our hearts, As we a cend beyond the mind's futile grasp.

Gone, gone, forever gone; Gone from the sight of human eyes; Dead in a desolate land above, Away from the heart that loves him he lies.

He has left alone a loved one, It was sad for them to part; Yet that spirit hovers near him, With a throbbing, ac eing heart.

The ways of earth are dark and lone, But Father be thou my guide; On! let thy hanc clasp my own, And lead me safely to thy side.

Loved ones have gone before; But soon we all shall be at rest. Where parting is no more. Vaughan, N. C.

### Mousehold.

SPONGE CAKE,

Three eggs, beat two minutes, add one and one-half cups of sugar, beat five minutes, add one cup of flour, beat one minute, add one hal cup of cold water, beat one minute, add one cup of flour, containing one and one half teaspoonfuls of baking powder, and beat one minute. CREOLE PUDDING.

Bat eight eggs with half a pound of sugar, half a pound of butter and the juice of one lemon. Line a deep dish with puff paste, cover with quince preserves, pour over a little of the mixture, lay on more preserves, then more of the mixture and preserves. Bake and eat with sauce.

One-half cup of sweet milk, one heaping teaspoonful of baking powder; mix are so placed as to leave crevices at the stiff enough to form in cakes with the ends and sides which are virtually con luits think that he won't pay me what he hands. This makes about seven. Drop for the draught. At the front end of the in the kettle where chicken or meat is firebox are the flues. A fireman who has been standing a long time.' boiling (do not let them sink beneath the knows his business understands the conwater), cover tight and cook fifteen or struction of the box thoroughly. He is twenty minutes.

One cupful of sugar, a piece of butter the size of an egg, rubbed well into the flour, two eggs bea'en into the sugar and butter, one cup of milk, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder mixed into a cupful of flour. Add a little salt, unless the butter is very salt. Flavor with 1 teaspoonfuls of lemon extract. Mix very soft.

A NICE DESSERT.

made than "pop-overs," if they are light steam quickly. A heavy fire would burn and well baked, and it is one that is al- slowly and the steam would rise slowly, most universally liked. A good proportion for these is four eggs, two cups of cups, which are sold for the purpose, and | sides. the oven must be of miderate tempera-

BAKED OMELET.

Five eggs, half-cup milk, quarter-cup fine bread crumbs, tablespoonful melted butter; pepper and salt to taste. Soak the crumbs in the milk ten minutes; beat the eggs very light, the whites and yolks separately; stir the soaked crumbs, the milk, the butter and seasoning into the yolks, and mix the whites in lightly. Pour into a well-greased pudding dish, and bake in a quick oven.

SCOTCH PUDDING. receipt calls for mutton.

CHERRY ROLYPOLY.

Sift half a pound of flour into a bowl, add one quarter of a pound of suet, chopped fine, about a quarter of a teaspoonful of salt and just water enough to make a dough that can be rolled out on a board. Roll the crust nearly an inch thick, spread the cherries evenly over it and dredge them lightly with flour. Roll it up, put it in a floured cloth and pin it securely. Put it in a pot of boiling water and boil it, without stopping, two hours.

LITTLE SPONGE CAKES. added. The moment the sponge cake is one, and the labor required to keep up short tail. "Don't tell me bout Brer Rabmixed it must be poured into the small his engine is simply tremendous. forms intended for it, which should be In addition to firing, the fireman is reerately heated oven.

FEEDING A FIRE-SOME IDEA OF THE WORK OF A LOCO-MOTIVE FIREMAN.

Incessant Action and Intelligent Direction Necessary-Passenger Train Engines the Hardest to "Fire" --- Why the Gauge Should Have Attention.

Little has been written of the locomot ve fireman. Like the newspaper reporter, his ide tity is sunk in the greatness of his machine and the prominence of his superiors. He is seldom heard from unless he neglects to jump at the critical moment and his name appears in the lists of the dead or wounded. A passing notice is all he receives until he serves the full period of the slavery of a locomotive gangway and moves from the fireman's box on the left of the cab to the engineman's box on the right, and then he is a fireman no longer.

Few of the travelers gliding across the country in comfortable passenger coaches give a thought to the motive power that enables them to visit two or three States in a day. They can not realize that there is any severe labor attached to the trip. They see the neatly-uniformed conductor who leisurely treads the aisles, the indolent brakeman lounging from one end of the train to the other, and the white-jacketed colored porter, evidently not suffering from traveler any very vivid impression of 'earning his bread by the sweat of his to Bennett's mills. brow," and that is the fireman. Dirty, begrimmed and greasy from head to foot, the fireman is performing duties that no two of the passe: gers in the train behind of five miles, though it mout be a leetle him would care to undertake, were they capable of so doing. There is very little poetry and a vast deal of reality in an engine cab, especially the cab of a passenger engine. The train is running at and keep straight ahead 'till you git to the high speed; the engine is the motive mills" power; steam is its life, and in it devolves upon the fireman to supply the steam. Many people would say: "Why, that's easy enough! All he does is to put in business, stranger, but I'd like to ask you coal.

"All he has to do is to put in coal!" It would be great sport to see the authors of such remarks "put in the coal It would be interesting to watch them climbering from the box to the gangway, fer?" and the gangway to the box a few times "firing" and watching the track ahead.

Putting in the coal is all right, but when the coal is put in every two or three minutes it soon becomes monotonous and shortly fatiguing, especially on a twelve or fifteen-hour trip. The pracical fireman becomes used to his work, however, and is able to keep up during the trip. He not only "puts in a fire" every two or three minutes, but he is obliged to put it in rightly and scientifically. It would be impossible for a green fireman to keep up the proper amount of steam for a passenger engine or to "keep her hot." The fire-box of a locomotive is a treacherous thing to one not understanding it. or five feet in width. The bottom is composed of two movable grates which careful not to "fire" too much in front and thus shut up the flues, and he "feeds to the ends and sides, thereby closing up the crevices and shutting out the cold air which would speedily cool the flues and destroy their steaming power. Not so fifty dollars still due." much attention is paid to the center, although the coal must be evenly distributed and, in no case, allowed to "heap" which would result in big cinders to clog the grates. Nor must the fire be heavy. Too much coal is almost as bad as none at all. No more wholesome dessert can be The fireing must be light and frequent to and this would never do. An ordinary "fire" is four or five

milk, two cups of flour and salt. They scoopsful well thrown and evenly distribushould be baked in small earthenware ted, and a little high at the ends and

The speed of the engene depends upon the ability of the fireman to "steam her," and thus the fireman is the important factor in running a train. Some engines steam" more readily than others, but all of them require skill in fireing and a great deal of work. An ordinary switch engine will burn about three tons of coal in twenty-four hours, while road engines will burn from ten to fifteen tons. The heavier the load or the greater the speed,

the more steam and coal is required. But the fireman's hardest lot is when his run is heavy and his engine "gets to leaking." Engines poorly "packed" or One quart of stale bread crumbs, grated, loose in their joints will leak steam with and seasoned with salt, pepper and pow- astonishing rapidity and it requires a condered sage. Add one pint of minced stant effort to keep them up to the workboiled mutton, one well-beaten egg, one ing notch. The working notch or "when cnopped onion and one pint of mutton she pops" is, on an average, about 135 broth. Bake in a hot oven until firm and pounds of steam. Some engines are set browned upon the top. When cold, slice at 140 pounds pressure before the escape in thin slices. Beef or chicken soup may | valve will raise and the extra steam escape. be used instead of mutton, but the Scotch | On an engine where the gauge reaches 135 pounds the fireman aims to keep a pressure of between 125 and 135 pounds. portunity to visit Uncle Remus the old Sometimes, of course, the steam will run down to 110 or 100, when the work is

her down below that. In some Eastern States the number of pounds of steam which an engine may carry is regulated by law, but in the Western States little attention has been paid to the matter. In consequence, some en gineers who are possessed of more ambition than judgment will rate their enmake a running record, and it is a danger-Break into separate bowls the whites ous custom which is liable at any time to Uncle Remus acknowledged the presence and yolks of six eggs. Add six ounces result in disaster. Not long ago the of his little partner by remarking: of sugar to the yolks of the eggs and the writer's attention was called to an engine juice of one lemon. Beat the yolks, sugar on a Missouri road which did not "pop," and lemon juice together till the mass or blow off steam at 170 pounds. The may be a pacin' 'roun' lookin' in de fence bubbles; then add the whites of the eggs, engineer was proud of his reputation as a which have been beaten to a stiff froth. "runner," and was foolishly risking his The whites of the eggs must be stirred in own life and the lives intrusted to his care aint right on de spot, we er mighty close careful y, so as not to break the mass for the sake of a little notoriety. In erroun'. Yasser, we is dat; mo' speshually down, and six ounces of flour must be such cases the fireman's lot is a slavish ole Brer Rabbit, wid he big eye and he

well greased, and just before they are set quired to keep his machine, inside the in the oven dredged with powdered sugar. | cab, clean, and "bright works" must be Bake sponge cake in a steady but mod- kept spotless. Such trifling duties as

in just to keep him in practice during the few minutes he may chance to spend on

After he has served in this capacity from three to seven years, and he is successful in passing the examination-in which reading and writing are the easiest branches-the fireman is placed on the extra list, and after six months' trial he becomes an engineer. Often, however, the fireman lacks certain requirements or has bad luck at the start, and has an accicent or smashup, and he is condemned to another long term of shoveling coal which may be made a perpetual occupation.

F.remen, as a rule, are a steady class of men; they must be, as it is from them that eng nemen are made. The firemen have a brotherhood which is second only to the engineers' in importance, and the order is doing a deal of good in preparing its members to become capable and reli able engineers .- Kansas City Star.

---HOOSIER SHREWDNESS.

At Guessing the Native of Indiana is the Equal of any Yankee.

One day, as I was riding through the lower end of Tipton county, Indiana, I came upon a native, who was engaged in 'picking trash" and burning logs in a little clearing by the roadside, writes Ed. R. Pritchard in the Arkan aw Traveler. overwork. These visions do not give the Not knowing exactly the best way to reach the neighborhood I desired to visit, hard work. But while they are appearing I reined my h rse up at the fence and and reappearing there is one man who is asked the Hoosier to direct me the way

and seating himself on a stump that stood conveniently near, "I low it's a matter grain less. You jess keep this road fer bout a milk furder on; then you turn to your right an' go north 'til you come to the second cross roads; then turn west

I thanked him and was about starting off when he hailed me and said: "I reckon it mightent be none of my

a question er two, ef you've no objec-"All right, fire away," said I.

"Well, then, I'd jess like ter know what you're going down to Bennett's "Well," said I, "there is a man down while performing the double duties of there that owes me some money, and as uns skacely. I'm hard up myself I thought I'd see if I

> could collect it.' "I thought so," he answered; "and now I'll bet a dollar I kin guess the feller's name the first pop; an' I'll bet a uther dollar on top o' that one that you don't

"I see you won't bet, so I'll jess tell you fer fun. The feller is Jake Rodkey an' he hain't worth shucks. You're jess wastin' your time a-ridin' round the country tryin' to git money out of him.' The fellow had named the very man I was going to see and about whose finan-

cial soundness I myself had serious doubts, The box is from six to eight feet—in some cases ten feet—in length, and four from an entirely unexpected source, I was naturally anxious to get more. "Well, my friend," I said, "you've guessed the man; but what makes you

> "It's fer a mowin' machine you sold him more'n two years ago, hain't it?" "Yes," I answered, now more puzzled than ever that a man whom I had never met before should know more about my affairs than I did myself. "Yes," I con-

owes? The claim is just, and besides,

"Mout as well be fifty thousan'," answered the native; 'Jake could pay it

Concluding that the fellow was chaffing me and thinking to let him know that

"Oh, I think Jake will pay me, at any rate I'll just ride on over and see him." "Wall," he answered, with a grin, "if you're bound to see him you'd better take s)me men with spades an' a screw driver, relse you'll find him perty hard to git at."

"What do y u mean? "Why, nothin'; only that Jake Rodkey's deadern a mackerel. We buried him last week over in the Bald Hill buryin' groun', 'bout er mile north of the

"Is it possible?" I exclaimed. "Course it is. I was at the funeral an' I reckon I know a dead man when I

"I've no doubt of it," I answered; and bidding him good day I pursued my journey. Sure enough, I found on reaching Bennett's mills that my man was dead, and also that I stood no earthly show of collecting my bill. I never did learn, though, how the native knew who I was and the nature of my business, but have always supposed he simply did a good job of guessing.

UNCLE REMUS.

Brother Fox Makes a Narrow Escape.

[From Nights With Uncle Remus.] The next time the little boy had an op man was alone, but he appeared to be in good spirits. He was cobbling away heavy, but a good fireman will never let upon what the youngster recognized as Tildy's Sunday shoes, and singing statches of a song something like this:

"O, Mr. Rabbit yo' eye mighty big — Yes, my Lord, dey made fer ter see; Oh Mr. Rabbit! yo' tail mighty short— Yes, my Lord? hit des fits me !"

The child waited to hear more, but the song was the same thing over and over gines as high as 150 pounds in order to | again -always about Brother Rabbit's big eyes and his short tail. After awhile

"Well, sir, we er all yer. Brer Jack and Sis Tempy en dat ar 'Tıldy nigger cornders fer Chris'mus, but me en you en ole Brer Rabbit, we are all yer, en ef we great apparent enthusiasm, "kaze dey aint no use er talkin' 'bout dat creetur."

The little boy was very anxious to know why ...

ahead, and watching for signals are thrown In observance of Atonement Day, our Store was closed from sunset Tuesday evening, September 23d, until sunset Wednesday, September 24th.

BERWANGER.

Leading Clothiers-Wholesale Tailors,

## PURVEYORS OF THE FINEST CLOTHING.

We are Ready for Fall Business!

We place before you a line of Men's and Youth's Suits equal in every respect to the Finest Garments made by the highest-priced tailors. Some gentlemen hold a prejudice against ready made garments as impregnable as Gibraltar. They must weaken if they'll but let us slip on one of our suits -all made up -ranging in price at \$15 to \$35. Same would cost to order almost double, and are no better-can't be.

Since the past three months we've

planned and designed in order to be before you in time, and to day we announce ourselves ready to serve you, and serve you well, give you more than you expect, finer clothing, better styles and at more reasonable prices than any house in this State. Plain and Fancy. Cheviots, Cassimeres, Clay Worsteads, Corkscrews, Thibets, about the usual line of fabrics, but all new patterns, cut and made for fine trade. Sacks, single and doublebreasted vests, three and four button Cutaways and Dress Frocks. You get at least two hundred styles to select from, and every garment is warranted by us to fit, to wear and to suit you equal to anything you could be measured for, and better than any around here for more money. Try one of our suits. We are responsible for its good behavior.

#### FOR THE BOYS!

Our assortment of Fall garments for the boys and children is replete with new and artistic effects. All the novelties, as well as the staples "Wall," he replied, pausing in his work of the season, from the leading manufacturers of Juvenile Clothing. Garments that are matchless in style, fit and finish; designed by artists, thoroughly tailored, durable in quality, perfect in fit and moderate in price.

> We particularly call your atttention to our line of School Clothes, made from fabrics that are specially woven to stand the hard knocks and rough usage of the youngsters. All ages, sizes and shapes and at proper prices.

> > S. &. D. BERWANGER,

RALEIGH, N. C.

YOUR LEADING CLOTHIERS,

'One time de wuz a n onst'us dry season town. We have watched this boom busiin de settlement whar all de creeters live ness in scores of other places, and in every at, en drinkin'-water got mighty skace. | instance it has re-acted disastrously. Our De creeks got low, and de branches went | course has aroused the ire of certain speclry, en all de springs make der disappear- | ulators, but we shall continue it just the ance 'cep'n one great big un whar all de same. We've got 200 acres of cactus creeturs drunk at. Dey'd all meet dar, pasture which we would like to dispose dey would, en de bigges' 'ud drink fus', of to some Ohio farmer who wants to beten by de time de big uns all done swaje | ter his ondition and who could be worked der thuss dey want a drap lef' fer de little up to part with \$3,000 in cash, but we

"Co'se Brer Rabbit uz on de happy of side hill, which won't even grow ratside. Ef any body gwine git water Brer | tlesnakes, but we haven't the gall to boom Rabbit de man. De creeturs 'ud see he it for a peach orchard. A million years track 'roun' de spring, but de aint nev' | hence we may have six railroads here, but ketch 'im. Hit got so atter w'ile dat de | we can't force ourselves to whoop la big creeturs 'ud crowd Brer Fox out, en hurrah! over the prospect. We own den 'twan't long 'fo' he hunt up Brer Rab- about fourteen billion dollars' worth of bit en ax 'im w'at he gwine do.

he up'n tell Brer Fox fer ter go home en | proceed to boom and unload. We are at rub some 'lasses all on hisse'f en den go | the head of a company to turn the Pacific out en waller in de leafs. Brer Fox ax Ocean into the deserts of the Westw'at he mus' do den, en Brer Rabbit say | president of an artesian well companyhe mus' go down by de spring en w'en secretary of the Great Strawberry Growde creeturs come ter de spring fer ter git ers' Association, etc., etc., but we were dey water. he mus' jump out at 'um, en | born honest and we can't look a tenderden atter dat he mus' waller lak he one er | foot in the eye and lie to him. dem ar kinder varment w'at got bugs

en w'en he git dar he run ter de cubbud | There isn't even good fishing within thirty en des gawm hisse'f wid 'lasses, en den he | miles of us. We simply have the great went out in de bushes, he did, en waller | Arizona Kicker, 148 saloons, sixteen gambez de leafs en trash twell he look mos' bad | ling houses, five stores and a population in Brer Rabbit look w'en he play Wul- of 3,800 souls, most of which will take er-de-Wust on de creetu s.

he went down ter de spring en hide his | want to come can stay away. se'f. Bimeby all de creeturs come atter der water, en w'iles dey 'uz a-scuffin' en tinued, "and there's a balance of nearly a hunchin', en a pushin', en a-scrougi.' Brer Fox he jump out'n de bushes en | weeks, returned last night, and, as usual sorter switch hisse'f 'roun', en, bless yo' found the Judge so drunk that he couldn't soul, he look lak de Ole Boy.

jump spang over Brer B'ar head. Brer get over a black eye inflicted by the Judge B'ar, he lip back, en ax who dat, en des in one of his sober moments. time he do dis de t'er creeters dey tuck'n make a break, dey did, lak punkins rollin' down hill, en mos' 'fo youk'n wink yo' our popular and efficient City Clerk, met eye-ball, Brer Fox had de range er de with a sad accident last Sunday. While spring all by hisse'f.

turs moved fur, dey tuck'n tu'n 'roun', set himself on fire and was so badly dey did, en crope back fer ter see w'at | burned that he will not be out of his bed dat ar skeery lookin' varment doin'. for two weeks. The Major has many W'en dey git back in seein' distuns dar | friends who will sympathize with him in uz Brer Fox walkin' up en down switch- his misfortunes.

"De creeturs dunner w'at ter make un im. Dey watch, en Brer Fox march, dey watch, en he march. Hit keep on dis "The Black Swan" saloon, has c-lled at away twel bimeby Brer Fox 'gun ter wal- | this office and convinced us that we were Undle Remus, leaning back to laugh, wash off, en dar 'uz de ole Brer Fox des general pity for the poor flies. He also

"De fus Brer Fox know 'bout de leafs | the walls of his bedroom. comin' off, he year Brer B'ar holler on top er de hill:

"'You head 'im off down dar, Brer Wolf, en I'll head 'im off 'roun' yer!' "Brer Fox look 'roun' en he see all de leafs done come off, en wid dat he make a break, en he wan't none too soon, n'er, kaze little mo'n de creeturs 'ud a kotch

Without giving the little boy time to ask any questions, Uncle Remus added another verse to his Rabbit song, and Ben tried to pass some cactus soup on us harped on it for several minutes:

"O Mr. Rabbit! yo' year mighty long—Yes, my Lord! dey made for ter las'; O Mr. Rabbit yo' toof mighty sharp-Yes, my Lord! dey cuts down grass!"

THE ARIZONA KICKER.

Lots of Things Happen in Those Western Towns.

We extract the following from the last

ssue of the Ariz na Kicker: Notice.-If the party who threw the brick at us last Tuesday night as we stood on the corner of Apache avenue and Green street will call at our office he will hear something to his advantage. We can make him realize in about five minutes that men of his talent are wasting their time in this country. He can also make his choice of 165 eligible sites in our pribit!" exclaimed Uncle Remus, with a vate burying-ground free of cost. Come early and avoid the rush.

No Boom.—For two straight years the Kicker has persistently opposed the idea | 12 o'clock. D. O. BRYAN, C. B. A., ringing the bell, keeping a sharp lookout "Well, I tell you," said the old man. of a boom to attract attention to our

haven't the cheek. We own half a mile wild-cat mining stock, every mine being "Brer Rabbit, he sorter study, en den in the clouds, but for our honesty we'd

No, gentlemen, this town is what it is and no more. It isn't going to be a sec-"Brer Fox, he put out fer home, he did, ond Chi ago. It has no Niagara Falls. "the other road" when the judgment day "W'en Brer Fox git hisse'f all fix up, arrives. That's all, and those who don't

Personal -Mrs. Judge Embo, who habeen absent at Tueson for the past two tell her from a Digger Indian. She didn't "Brer Wolf tuck'n see 'im fus, en he go away for her general health, but to

CALLS FOR SYMPATHY - Maj McKnight, trying to enjoy a drunk, a hammock, a "Yit 'twan't fur long, kaze 'fo' de cree- | smoke and a snooze at the same time, he

IN THE WRONG -"Handsome Charlie, the genial and enterprising proprietor of ler in de water, en right dar," continued wrong in stating that he had killed seven men and was a dangerous character. His 'right dar 'uz whar Beer Rabbit had 'im. | list includes only four men, a'l laid away Time he 'gun ter waller in de water de in self-defense, and so far from being lasses 'gun ter melt en 't van't no time dangerous he says that he has refused to skacely 'fo' de 'lasses en de leafs done all put up fly screens this summer out of has pictures of three different angels on for.

We cheerfully make the correction, not because the gentleman subscribed for five copies of the Kicker to be sent to his friends and gave us a \$30 "ad.," which will be found elsewhere, but because we wish to do all men justice.

FAIR WARNING .- Ben Stays, the eatinghouse man, has made public threats to wring our nose on the streets. The trouble dates back to a year ago, when for mock turtle.

Ben may attempt to wring our nasal organ. He may even figure that he can succeed. We give him fair warning, however, that he'll have to be prepared to dodge six bullets, and if he doesn't happen to be quick enough it won't make us feel very bad.

Uncle Pete (having been landed upside down, and his load strewed for a quarter of a mile along the road) -B'rer Jonsing say w'en he sol' me dat anemil dat he hed one fault, but he couldn't remember w'at it was. I shouldn't be soaprized ef dis was de berry one. - Harper's Weekly.

SUB BUSINESS AGENTS OF MOORE COUNTY.

Business Agent at Jonesboro Thursday facts nowhere else to be found. For two September 18th, or at Carthage, Friday, cash subscribers to THE PROGRESSIVE 19th, to attend business of importance. FARMER, we will mail a copy of the Do not fail to attend. Hour of meeting, almanac postpaid. You can't afford to do Moore County F. A.

# LIKE SUCCESS.



The reason RADAM'S MICROBE KILLER in the most wonderful medicine, is because it never failed in any instance, no matter what the disease, from LEP-ROSY to the simplest disease known to the human system. The scientific men of to-day claim and prove

that every disease is CAUSED BY MICROBES.

-AND-

Exterminates the Microbes and drives them out of the system, and when that is done you cannot have an ache or pain. No matter what the disease, whether a simple case of Malaria Fever or a combination of diseases, we cure them all at the same time, as wetreat all diseases constitutionally.

Asthma, Consumption, Catarrh, Bron chitis, Rheumatism, Kidney and Liver Disease, Chills and Fever, Female Troubles, in all its forms, and, in fact, every Disease known to the Human Sys-

See that our Trade-Mark (same as above sppears on each jug.
Send for book "History of Microbe Killer," given away by Lee, Johnson & Co, Druggista, so e agents, corner Fayetteville and Martin streets, Raleigh, N. C.

NOTICE.

The stockholders of the Border Farmers' Alliance Warehouse Company will meet at Masonic Hall at 11 o'clock in Danville, Va., on Wednesday, the 3d day of September, 1890, for the purpose of electing a board of directors and attending to other important business. JAS. H. WILSON, Pres't B. D.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

DEAR BRETHREN:-In future please write orders and letters on separate sheets of paper. It will save much time to this office, and we will be less liable to errors in transcribing your orders. When marking inquiries about orders and letters of importance please give date of same, and duplicate of the order. Don't fail to give your postoffice and also shipping point, In sending money please state who it is

WAKE COUNTY ALLIANCE BUSI-**NESS AGENCY READY** TO WORK.

W. H. WORTH, S. B. A.

Fraternally,

The Wake County Alliance Business Agency is now established at 307 South Wilmington street, Raleigh, and the Agent is now ready to attend to the wants of the Alliancemen of the county. If you want to sell your farm products, stock, or the handiwork of your wives or daughters, or if you wish to purchase anything in this market, your Agent may be of material benefit to you. If you have stock of any kind to sell, give me a careful description and price of same that I may record it in this office, or if you wish to buy stock, call at this office and examine my registry. Consult this office on the market prices of all your producets, and bagging for covering your cotton. Cotton stored and money advanced on same at the lowest rates for charges. Let your wants be known at this office and they shall be attended to.

R. JAS. POWELL, Bus. Agent.

The National Economist Almanac is the cheapest and most valuable publication for farmers and Alliance men that has ever been presented to the public. It is You are requested to meet the County a perfect hand-book and gives valuable without it. It is worth ten times the price.