

THE GASTONIA GAZETTE.

Devoted to the Protection of Home and the Interests of the County.

Vol. XIII.

W. F. MARSHALL,
Editor and Proprietor.

Gastonia, N. C., January 14, 1892.

(\$1.50 per Annum,
Cash in Advance.)

No. 2

**NOTHING
Succeeds
LIKE
SUCCESS.**

**JUDICIOUS
Advertising,**

**GREATEST
Many A New
Business;**

**ENLARGES
Many An Old Bus-
iness;**

**PRESERVES
Many a Large
Business;**

**REVIVES
Many a Dull
Business;**

**RESCUES
Many a Lost
Business;**

**SAVES
Many a Failing
Business;**

**SECURES
Success in Any
Business.**

To "Advertise Judiciously," use the columns of the GASTONIA GAZETTE, published in one of the live and growing towns of North Carolina, a wide-awake Democratic newspaper circulating among the intelligent and prosperous people of Gaston, Lincoln, Cleveland, Mecklenburg, and York, (S. C.) Counties.

It is Endorsed by the Farmers Alliance.

IT IS A
SPLENDID MEDIUM

through which to reach the people of a region rich in Agricultural, Mineral, and Manufacturing Resources, whose trade is well worth seeking and having.

Population of Gastonia, the county metropolis: In 1880, 300; in 1892 over 1,300.

Has two Cotton Mills, two Hotels, two Furniture Factories, Iron Works, Lumber and Flouring Mills, National Bank, Stone, Mineral Waters, Etc.

BURDETTE'S ADVICE.

Resolutions Suggested for the New Year.

Detroit Free Press.

It probably occurred to you, my boy, some time this morning that this would be a fitting time to introduce a series of good resolutions in your system of government. While I am not a very pronounced Mugwump—which indeed is an impossible thing—I am thoroughly convinced that every day in the year is a good time to reform things. And, also, that about every thing on this old planet needs reformation about three times a day, and even it won't stay reformed half the time, ten minutes after the headache has passed away.

Man, by which term I mean everything that breathes and is capable of meanness, is sometimes at his best when he is unable to do anything, good or bad. "It was good for me," he said, "to be afflicted," remarked the Psalmist. "We were correct; and had been his spiritual adviser—"we?"

Yes, I or you, or any other man living—he would have been afflicted a great deal more than that was. Nothing makes us so piously mad as to see people imitate our faults. A man has less charity and tenderness for his own besetting sin in other people, than a cat has for a rat, or a dog for a cat. One of the greatest benefits of physical affliction or disability, is that, while it may incapacitate a man from doing a great deal of good, it keeps him, in a measure, from committing any vast amount of evil.

Doesn't make him any better, necessarily, any more than it makes a man better to hang him or send him to jail. Even the wolf restrained his evil passions and didn't bite or steal so long as he had his teeth in his throat. But he was a wolf just the same, and if he had died in that spasm of harmlessness and gentleness he would have died a wolf.

So, my boy, I hope that you will not enter upon a career of invalidism to help you through the coming year. I hope you will enjoy robust health and an appetite that will make glad the hearts of the butcher and baker.

Therefore, "whereas an 'amen' an, wherever," this is the time of year when men are accustomed to change their linen and put on clean things; and whereas, to be in the swim one must take at least one annual bath in a tub brim full of mental tears, and come out of its purifying waters sweet as a baby just a little too good, for five or ten minutes, for anything; and whereas, if we start in on '92 where we stand at the close of '91, and are a good deal ahead and handier beyond all hope of taking any place; therefore, in secret session, with the doors locked and nobody in the room but ourselves, be it

RESOLVED, That this year I will not be any better than I ought to be.

Specification: Because, my boy, if you begin by fasting twice in the week, when once a year is all that is required of you, and by giving tithes of all you possess when such offerings are demanded, you will strike a gait on the first quarter that will simply shut you out at the distance pole. You complain you don't you? I thought you'd like that. I like the spirit of your New Year resolutions last year. I like the spirit that moves a man to squat down, set his teeth, pull all his muscles together, and with one mighty effort try to jump clear across the sloth of despond and over the hill of difficulty and across the valley of humiliation, right over the top of the pearly gates and plumb into Heaven at one mighty bound.

It's a great act, when it is well done. But so many men go on a moral athlete too—who have tried it have missed their tip and come right down into the slough, not eleven feet from the scratch, with such a dull, splashy thud and such awful choking and wallowing that I confess it makes my heart stand still now whenever I see a young fellow or an old man getting ready for the jump. It is a discouraging tumble to the athlete, and it makes the spectators hysterical.

Then people get into the habit of saying that it can't be done, and the man himself says there's no use trying, and he is apt to give up and wander back to the City of Destruction, put up the sign which had the word "Failure" on it, take down the shutters, open the shop and resume business at the same old stand with a big branch house on the installment plan in Vanity Fair. But this time let's not make more than a day's journey at a time and not travel over to exceed seven days in the week. That's the best way to get to Heaven.

Resolved, That I will try to be as good as I ought to be.

Specification: And if you succeed in doing this, my son, it will leave you precious little time for anything else. There are heaps of mean things you had lotted on doing this year that will be entirely stricken from the docket by this resolution.

"You hadn't planned any meanness?" Oh, yes, you had. There are two or three fellows you were scheming "to get even with," and any sort of revenge, my boy, is mean as "Hell." Reprisal belongs to privateering, and in this age privateering shaves piracy so closely that it isn't respectable. And what isn't respectable in a government is fairly damnable in an individual. I had a plan whereby your place might be made a little easier by shifting some of your work off on somebody else.

Whereas, the only way to make your work easier is to work a little harder. Some of the recreations you had laid out—but without any intention of trying them—had just a little smear of pitch on them. True, you have made up your mind to clean house pretty thoroughly this January, but there was just a little lump of heaven you were going to leave in a corner here and there; a questionable form of fun and spice that you aren't quite ready to give up.

Now, my boy, if you are going to be as good as you ought to be, all these

things will have to go. Don't be the least bit afraid that such a radical reformation will make you any better than you ought to be, and so lead you transgressing your first resolution. It will give you a fabulous sum that there isn't a particle of danger. Still, if you think there is, you might order your wings this week, in order to be ready for the transformation. Heap of grip in the country yet!

Resolved, That I will be good to myself.

Specification: That is an excellent resolution, son. I don't know but it should have the first place on the list. You haven't been exactly fair to yourself since I have known you. Nobody else treats you quite as meanly as you do. And I don't think you're quite as mean to any one else as you are to yourself. You thought you were too good to yourself; one of the things you had privately resolved to overcome was your growing selfishness. Well, that's right—that comes under this resolution; your selfishness hurts yourself more than it does any one else. A close fasted, narrow hearted man—and you're anything but that, son—doesn't dwarf humanity; he doesn't make the world mean; he just shrivels himself until his stingy little soul rattles about in his dried-up excess. Like a wrinkled pepper grain in an old shoe. All the wrong, all the evil, all the sin you do in this world, hurts yourself worse than it hurts anyone else. The treachery of Judas only resided in the suicide of Judas; didn't kill the Church. Peter's denial of his Master only gave Peter a sore sore heart to carry around with him, a living, sleepless ache, all the days of his life.

Benedict Arnold's treason merely accomplished all that it possibly could accomplish—the disgrace and ruin of Benedict Arnold; the United States is still here. Its birthday wasn't postponed a week by any man's treachery. The boodle alderman who got his pockets rich out of the city treasury only made a jail-bird of one man. Every time you do a foolish thing, my boy, you hurt yourself. Be good to yourself and you can't help loving your neighbor.

To make oneself be true, and it must follow, as the night the day. Thou can't not then be false to any man."

Now, there are three good resolutions you have entered on the record for this year. That's enough for any fellow to forget and break. I wouldn't have too many laws or my private statute books if I were you. It only requires ten commandments to make a man a good man; straight; three ought to be enough for you. And they will be. Sometimes they will be too many for you. I reckon you will break two or three of them this morning. Do not let that discourage you. The very fact that you consider it necessary to make them is evidence that you are more than liable to break them.

We don't make laws to restrain people from doing what they don't want to do. We make laws to restrain people from doing what they should do. We should go into a country and find in their statutes nine laws in every ten laws against stealing you would say "this is a nation of thieves." When you observe that the greatest resolutions of reform often discussed, constantly brought forward, never changing and always agitated, is temperance, you naturally say "the prevailing vice among these people is drunkenness." As you are so correct in your good resolutions are so many barriers you erect between yourself and your faults, and you are going to try to break them down every day, and some day, I very much fear, you will succeed in doing so. Don't make new resolutions; splice the old ones. That makes them stronger than new ones, if you do it properly. You may break the same resolution in a new place, but that's all right. Before you get to the end of the year it will be all spliced; then you will have a hawser that will hold you.

I am almost always a little suspicious of a resolution that is never broken, or, at least, badly strained. One year, being wearied with my many failures, I resolved that I would introduce among others that went to the speaker's desk a few resolutions that I would surely keep. So I wrote on the first page of my diary:

Resolved, That I will not kill a preacher this year.

Well, sir, it is a notorious fact, in the church of which I am a shining sleeper, that last year, during my pastorate and two deacons over to a prayer meeting in Gladwyn Chapel one night. I ran over a bank as deep as a stone wall, in the dark, and came with an accident breaking the necks of the whole conference. I tell you what my boy, I made all haste to rescind that resolution. There is something about a resolution that impels a fellow to break it. He wants to try it.

You give a boy a delicate vase to hold and tell him how precious it is, and to be very careful with it, and he will take hold of it with both hands at first, and then withdraw one finger at a time to see how near he can come to letting it fall without dropping it. When he plays "toss ball" against the side of the house he always plays it just as close to the window as he can, until at last he goes through it. After that—and the event immediately subsequent—the end of the barn is good enough for him.

Well, this is a long sermon, but you can stand it once a year. Run along to church, now; got any money for the basket? You've got enough for the church collection? I tell you, in that sneaking little nest of pennies, you haven't. You want to make one resolution as an important appendix to the others, and you want to stick it to you. It belongs as a sub-head under the third.

Resolved, That I will put into the contribution basket every Sunday at least the price of a theater ticket.

having a collection taken at every service, maybe.

But I won't do that right away. I will be gentle with you if you will tote fair and give the church as much as you give the opera house. And, give it just as willingly. If you're going to give it with a snarl and protest every time, keep it, and buy yourself pocket mirrors with it. Then you can look at the meekest man living every time you get alone. And that will remind you that you promised to be good to yourself.

SHE MUST HANG.

Gov. Holt Refuses to Save Caroline Shipp.

Charlotte Chronicle.

RALEIGH, N. C., Jan. 6.—Caroline Shipp, a negro woman who was convicted of poisoning her child, in Gaston county, will be hanged on the 22nd inst., at Dallas. Governor Holt has written the following letter to the sheriff of Gaston: "I have had the application for the commutation of the death sentence of Caroline Shipp to imprisonment, under consideration for some time, and I have again gone through all the papers in the case, and have concluded that I have no moral right to further interfere in her case. Her petition is signed by many good people, among them yourself, and I freely acknowledge the right of petition and do sincerely wish for humanity's sake as well as compliance with the petitioners' wishes, that I should interpose my veto. I have, however, decided to stand without violating my own conscience, which carries with it my oath of office."

"Whilst it is awful thing to hang any one, more especially a woman, yet I am forced to do so. I have taken an oath to execute that law to the best of my knowledge and belief. I believe it would be bad precedent to say that a woman should not be hanged for the same crimes as a man and I find no reason given in this case why clemency should be exercised save that the criminal is a woman. The solicitor says he cannot recommend commutation. "She is guilty of an outrageous murder and should die." The Judge says "There is nothing to recommend her to mercy except the fact that she is woman."

The law makes no discrimination between male and female. It has been pointed out by the books from time immemorial that murderers should be hanged and never have women been exempted, but several to my own knowledge have been executed. For the Governor to say a woman shall not be hanged, is to create a friend by such a suspension of the law, and the exercise of a physical power but a violation of a moral right. In this country the cooks who provide our food and the nurses who have charge of our children are women often as suspicious and frequently vindictive, and were it laid down as a principal of law that a woman should not be hanged it would soon be publicly known and serious results might follow, by the clandestine use of poison, as in this case I feel keenly the responsibility resting upon me and regret that I cannot come to a different conclusion in this case. I have tried to persuade myself that a woman should not be hanged, but I cannot reconcile it to my oath to say so, and that is the only reason in this case why clemency should be exercised. I would add that I have consulted with several intelligent Christian gentlemen, and they all agree that my conclusions justly. I would request that you make known to her my decision, that she may direct her thoughts to preparation for the awful doom which awaits her."

The Cherryville Cotton Factory.

Shelby Aurora.

The Southern possesses many advantages over the Northern mill, especially in the cost of cotton, cheapness of labor, longer hours of work each day, cheapness of fuel and cost of living, lower taxes, warmer and better climate. These advantages give our mills success and induce capital to invest in the cost of a bale of cotton, besides the advantage on loose cotton, there is an advantage of over \$4.50 on each bale, or one cent per lb. on every bale, this is a big item to profit. Suppose a \$5000, Jake Black \$2000, Delinger and Carroll \$4000, and dozens of others who subscribed small sums of from \$200 to \$500.

A Change in the Weather Bureau.

In order to extend the usefulness of the weather bureau in connection with the preparation and distribution of the official forecasts, on and after January 1st, 1892, the period of time covered by the forecasts prepared upon the 8 a. m. observations, (which have heretofore been for 24 hours,) shall be for 36 hours ending on the following day at 8 p. m. At display stations receiving the forecasts by telegraph, the flags will be hoisted in the afternoon and will indicate the weather to be expected next day.

THE PARSON SHOOTER.

Grimsley Makes a Statement.

SNOW HILL, Jan 1, 1892.

To the Editor of the Reflector:

I have just been shown a copy of your paper of the issue of December 23d, which does me serious injustice through misstatements of facts which I am sure you have made only on information which you deemed reliable, and from no purpose on your part to injure me or mislead the public mind.

I regret the necessity that compels another statement to be given to the public concerning the two attacks which I made on Rev. J. T. Abernethy; but as a matter of simple justice to my character I have respectfully to ask that you will give me the privilege of correcting, through your columns, the erroneous statements alluded to, and also to refute sundry slanderous reports which have been sent out through the press of the country on the subject named. A man who defends the sanctity of his home, and especially the purity and honor of his wife even by use of violent methods (which are often the only effective ones) may as a general rule well content himself with silence amid the exaggerated stories to which such occurrences invariably give rise, in the certain assurance that a just public sentiment will sooner or later see his cue and that truth shall triumph. This is the course I much prefer to pursue in regard to this matter, and only the peculiar nature of some of the charges referred to impel me to break that silence now.

It is charged that I invited Mr. Abernethy to my home to go hunting with me with the view of getting him within my power for the purpose of assaulting him. This is utterly false. The only semblance of truth it contains is that on the Saturday before the Tuesday on which the first shooting occurred he informed me that he would come over to my house on the last evening referred to, and I invited him to which I assented. It is true I had previously had reason to suspect that he had in his mind the impure design that at last produced the crisis, but my firm conviction of his wife's unsullied virtue (which has never yet for a moment been shaken) and the friendship and esteem I had entertained for him lulled those suspicions to sleep, and I met him kindly when he came. But on account of his wife's arrival I gave me fresh cause to believe that I had not erred in my previous misgivings. This alone led me to secrete myself, which I loathed the necessity of doing, that I might have ocular proof of his wife's virtue, and the friendliness and esteem I had entertained for him, to punish him as he richly deserved for his devilish purpose and effort, concealed under a clerical robe, to tempt (even though unsuccessfully) the virtue of which God and the law of my country made me the defender.

It is charged that my wife and I had been on bad terms and that I had abandoned her, which is infamously false. Our relations towards each other were kind, loving and confiding, and I was faithfully laboring and endeavoring to maintain her and the little one with which God had blessed our union.

As to the second attack, it is charged that I advanced on Mr. Abernethy as he was peacefully walking the street while he showed no disposition to have a difficulty and was not armed. The truth is he was warned that I was down, and that the sight of him might again inflame my anger, and his wife and others (as I am reliably informed) besought me to remain at home. Despite these warnings I nevertheless armed myself and walked down the street, remarked that he could shoot as well as I. I was informed that he was down, and I was preparing to fire when he was going in the direction of me while I was going toward my buggy. He walked with the air of one (as it seemed to me and others) who was at least willing for the fray. The flame which for days I had smothered by great effort, kindled anew, and I advanced towards him and drew my pistol and he drew his, and we began firing almost simultaneously, and continued the contest with the result well known.

It is alleged that the entire community denounced my conduct and that threats of lynching were freely made. This is also without any foundation in fact. The lynching business, if it had been attempted, would not have been healthy; especially in view of the host of friends who were willing to give me all the physical and moral aid in their power. I am proud to feel and know that the great majority of the people of my country—those who do not feel that a libertine should be sheltered from punishment when he invades a virtuous and happy home, even though he wears the name and garb of a minister of the Gospel—highly respect me and for me in this matter.

While I regret the fact that I was brought face to face with Mr. Abernethy, and thus my anger became aroused beyond my control on the second occasion named, I nevertheless do not reproach myself for inflicting upon him the punishment he then received. The good, true and devoted wife (whose innocence my victim sought, though in vain) to beguile my victim, that I did right; the prevailing voice of the best men and women in my community is one of sympathy with me, I can afford to await the final verdict without fear of the result. Respectfully,
WILLIAM E. GRIMSLEY.

[What the Reflector said two weeks ago was based wholly on what a gentleman from Snow Hill told us, as stated at the time, and we thought the information he gave to be perfectly reliable. Not wishing to do Mr. Grimsley any injustice we cheerfully give space for his statement.—Ed.]

OLD MAN GRIMSLEY

Stands by His Son.

Cor. News and Observer.

Snow Hill, N. C., Dec. 31.—Motives of delicacy which, I am sure, a just public sentiment will duly appreciate, have thus far operated to prevent the publication by me of any statement in connection with the two attacks of my son, William E. Grimsley, on the Rev. J. T. Abernethy. I would now spare the public this additional infliction after so much has been said and written about those affairs, if I could feel that a longer silence would be compatible with my duty to those who are near and dear to me.

It has been published that I and my entire family denounced the conduct of my son in attacking Mr. Abernethy. This statement is absolutely false, and it could not have been given to the public for any other purpose than to give a color of excuse for the wrong doing of one whose holly calling should have made him avoid the very semblance of evil, and especially the temptation of the moment. So far from denouncing William's conduct we have felt all along that it was natural and excusable and, indeed, justifiable, in an honorable and high-spirited man under such provocation which led to it. His pure and stainless wife joins us in this sentiment.

In this connection I beg leave to say that noble and devoted wife and Christian woman, all through these unfortunate circumstances, has not suffered any diminution of the respect and esteem and confidence which have so long been accorded her (as it surely was her due) from my entire family and all who knew her. Her husband and all "within my gates" and this entire community with one voice and one accord acquit her most freely and fully of the slightest purpose to do wrong. A trusting and confiding nature, zealous in the cause of religion and the advancement of the interdenominational church, simply failed to detect criminal wrong in the approaches of one who was her pastor and spiritual adviser, when she herself was too pure to suspect a corrupt motive and there was no open disclosure of actual criminal purpose. We earnestly beg that no blame be visited upon her unoffending head. In due time I feel confident that my son's conduct will be successfully vindicated, but his vindication will not be (for it cannot truthfully be) at the expense of her honor and her good name.

The Best Yet.

Stateville Landmark.

Pastor Abernethy has written a card. He does not deny kissing Sister Grimsley, but expresses the opinion that it would have been so much better if Mr. Grimsley had just ordered him away instead of filling up his mortal body with bird shot. Well, yes; but everybody can't be as nice as the gentleman who caught a stranger hugging his wife and declared afterwards that he would have spoken to him about it except that he wasn't acquainted with him.

How Dawns Received the News of His Commutation.

Charlotte Chronicle.

When the news was received that Gov. Holt had commuted the death sentence of Alfred Dawns a Chronicle representative visited the jail to inform Sheriff Smith of the Governor's action. With the paper in hand, the sheriff led the way to the condemned man's cell. He was asleep. The sheriff called him. He jumped up and ran quickly to the cell door. He knew the sheriff's visit meant life or death, and he trembled with emotions as he answered the sheriff's call.

Sheriff Smith read the message to him. For a minute the negro seemed dazed. Then it seemed to dawn upon him that his life was to be spared, and that by the clemency of the Governor the awful fate that had been hanging over him was to be averted. He said to the sheriff "thank the Governor and you all a thousand times."

A Diplomatic Dan.

Charlotte Chronicle.

The letter below was written to a gentleman a short time ago, and appears just as written except the names and places are left blank in this copy. It isn't a diplomatic dan then I would like to see one.

"N. C., Dec. 18, 1891.

"DEAR FRIEND: It has been a good while since we have corresponded and I thought I would renew our acquaintance of the past. I have had ups and downs since I have heard from you, but the ups have been as many or more than the downs, and therefore I have no reason to complain. But with you it has been different, perhaps; the downs have been more frequent than the ups. Such is the fate of many a clever man like yourself, but maybe the roughest it is here the smoother it will be ever yonder. The presence of your smiling face is always inspiring in this sad-visaged age, and your cheerful letters are always refreshing. Let me hear from you at your earliest convenience. There is a little balance between us an old business arrangement in my favor, a matter of some \$30.00 or more. If you could remit it to me at some time, without hurt to your family or other preferred interests or claims, I will be much obliged, and shall call it a Christmas or New Year's gift.

"Holding to see or hear from you soon, I am, your true friend.

Seraphina cured, even in its worst form, by a short time by the use of P. P. P. For sale by all good druggists.



ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and \$1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

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LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

PASTOR KOEHLER'S NERVE TONIC
Neither Be Without Bread. XI
BISHOP'S RESIDENCE, Marquette, Mich.,
Nov. 7, 1891.
The Rev. J. Koehler, of above place, writes: I have suffered a great deal, and whenever I feel now a nervous attack coming on I take a dose of Pastor Koehler's Nerve Tonic, and I feel relieved. I think a great deal of it, and would rather be without bread than without the Tonic.

Well Satisfied.
W. LITTLE, Tex., Oct. 12, 1891.
About 14 years ago my son had the first attack of epileptic disorder, and, within three or four months, he was almost blind. Five different doctors did him no good; on the contrary, his case grew worse, and the attacks became more frequent and severe until he could not get on his feet. After taking 3 bottles of Pastor Koehler's Nerve Tonic the attacks entirely ceased.

KOENIG MED. CO., Chicago, Ill.
Sold by Druggists at \$1 per Bottle, 6 for \$5. Large Size, \$1.75, 6 Bottles for \$9.

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DEAFNESS & HEAD RINGS
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Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes its growth. Prevents itching. Restores falling-out hair. Cures scalp disease. Hair falling-out. Write for free book of great interest.

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