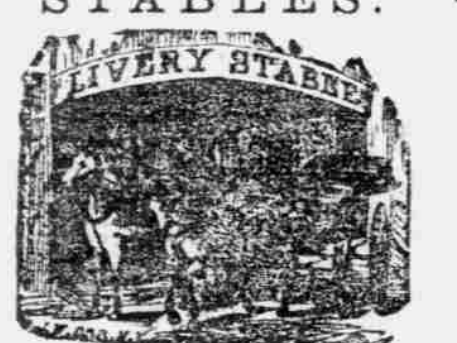


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The Old Man's Story.
NELLIE BUXTON.
Behind the dreary prison walls,
"Mid faces pale and wan,
I saw a figure that was but
The shadow of a man.
His fiery eyes were sunken in,
A face all gaunt and sear;
He to my question made reply:
"Twas drink that brought me here."
"Tis but the same old tale," he said,
"And many here can tell
How they sacrificed their honor
To drink they loved so well.
"I was honored, yes, and happy
(Mine's a story often told)
Till I tasted of the liquor
That's so freely bought and sold.
"At first 'twas but the 'social glass,'
And then—but need I tell?
Why trace a drunkard's downward
course?
'Tis known, alas, too well!
"My wife and children! Yes, they're dead;
I lost them, Miss, through drinking,
But now I'll stop; I'll talk no more,
For talking sets me thinking."
I turned and left him standing there,
His aged head bowed low;
And thought how many lips could tell
Just such a tale of woe!

The Same Old Web.
See that young man going into a gambling den. He has heard of the spider, but he thinks he can escape where others fell. So he goes on into the web of the big spider. See that fly sailing around the room and some one says: "Beware of the spider's web." "O," says the green fly, "there is nothing dangerous about that pretty looking thing. It really looks handsome and inviting. I've heard old fogies talk about its danger, but really I don't see it. I believe I'll go in." So he goes in. And the spider, hid away in a hole, comes out and winds a silken thread around him and holds him in readiness to be eaten at his leisure. So young men find the gambling saloons very nicely fitted up, brilliantly illuminated, and charming fellows in there to entertain them. But after all the whole thing is a man trap. Human spiders have woven the web, first to charm and deceive, then to fleece and destroy. "There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof is death."—X change.

How to Make Farming Pay.
Economist.
The rule to make farming pay is simple as the "rule of three." It is simply to produce as much to the thousand as will leave a margin of profit over expenses. Two barrels to the thousand corn hills formerly left the farmer a margin of profit. But two barrels to the thousand corn hills will not do so now, with the large expenses and low price of corn. What is to be done? Simply this and nothing more. Let the same expense of labor be expended to produce four barrels to the thousand corn hills and you will have a margin of profit. It is easier to bring your land from two barrels to the thousand to four barrels than to raise it from a barrel to the thousand to two barrels. The rule is simply to put the manure thicker. If you have not enough manure to put thicker reduce the number of thousands you put it on. That's all of it.

Is Consumption Incurable?
Read the following: Mr. C. H. Morris, Newark, Ark., says: "Was down with Abscess of Lungs, and friends and physicians pronounced me an incurable Consumptive. Began taking Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, am now on my third bottle, and able to oversee the work on my farm. It is the finest medicine ever made."
Jesse Middleton, Decatur, Ohio, says: "Had it not been for Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption I would have died of Lung Trouble. Was given up by doctors. Am now in best of health." Try it. Sample bottles free at E. T. Whitehead & Co. Drugstore.
Persons advanced in years feel younger and stronger, as well as freer from the infirmities of age, by taking Dr. J. H. McLean's Sarsaparilla.
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THE NEW SOUTH.
BY HON. HENRY W. GRADY.
(New York Ledger.)
A few years ago I told, in a speech, of a burial in Pickens county, Georgia. The grave was dug through solid marble, but the marble headstone came from Vermont. It was in a pine wilderness, but the pine coffin came from Cincinnati. An iron mountain overshadowed it, but the coffin nails and screws and the shovels came from Pittsburg. With hard woods and metals abounding, the corpse was hauled on a wagon from South Bend, Indiana. A bickery grove grew near by, but the pick and shovel handles came from New York. The cotton shirt on the dead man came from Cincinnati, the coat and breeches from Chicago, the shoes from Boston; the folded hands were encased in white gloves from New York, and round the neck, that had worn all its living days the bonnet of lost opportunity, was twisted a chesep cravat from Philadelphia. That country, so rich in undeveloped resources, furnished nothing for the funeral except the corpse and the hole in the ground, and would probably have imported both of those if it could have done so. And as the poor fellow was lowered to his rest, on coffin bands from Lowell, he carried nothing into the next world as a reminder of his home in this, save the halted blood in his veins, and the echo of the dull clods that fell on his coffin lid.
There are now more than \$3,000,000 invested in marble quarries and machinery around that grave. Its pitiful loneliness is broken with the rumble of ponderous machines, and a strange tumult pervades the wilderness. Twenty miles away the largest marble-cutting works in the world puts to shame in a thousand shapes its modest headstone. Forty miles away four coffin factories, with their exquisite work, tempt the world to die. The iron hills are gashed and a swarm with workmen. Forty cotton mills in a near radius weave infinite cloth, that neighboring shops make into countless shirts. There are shoe factories, nail factories, shovel and pick factories, and carriage factories, to supply the other wants. And that country can now get up as nice a funeral, native and home-made, as you would wish to have.

IRON BECOMING KING.
The industrial growth of the South in the past ten years has been without precedent or parallel. It has been a great revolution, effected in peace. How, from poverty, such progress has been wrought can be told only in figures. Words can not compass it. Let us then to figures! We start with iron, which is the base of all industrial progress. In 1880 the South made 212,000 tons of iron. In 1887 she made 845,000 tons—thus quadrupling her output in seven years. But this is small compared to the future. The South is now building, or has already finished since 1887, 32 iron furnaces with a capacity of 3,400 tons per day, or over 900,000 tons a year. In 1890 her output will be about 1,800,000 tons, although it was but 212,000 tons in 1880. In 1889 the Birmingham district alone will produce more iron than the entire South produced in 1887. This growth is not remarkable when we consider that iron can be made in the South from \$1 to \$3 a ton cheaper than in the North. Mr. R. P. Rothwell, editor of the *Mining and Engineering Journal* of New York, saw pig iron made in the South at an actual cost of \$7.39 a ton, to which is added, for "renewals and incidentals," \$1, making the cost \$8.39 a ton. An English expert of the highest character says: "The South will not only control the iron market of the North, but of England."
Mr. Abram S. Hewitt, who has just invested largely in Southern furnaces, said, referring to Alabama: "This will be a region of coke made iron on a grander scale than has ever been witnessed on the habitable globe."
Mr. Louthian Bell, of England, after investigating for a year, reported to the Iron and Steel Institute of England:
"Tennessee, Georgia and Alabama will prove a match for any part of the world in iron-making. Iron can be made there at little more than half the cost of the North."
Mr. Samuel Thomas, of the Lehigh Valley furnaces, has just finished at Birmingham the finest two furnaces in the world, and says iron can be

made much cheaper there than in the North. The South is already naming the price for iron in the North. Had General Toombs said, when he was reported to have said "he would call the roll of his slaves at Bunker Hill," instead, "he would bring iron from the slave States, through Pittsburg, and under the Pennsylvania at Bunker Hill," he would have made quite as surprising and a much more truthful remark. For just that thing has been done! The magnitude of the iron business in the South is shown in the operations of the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company. It has a capital of \$10,000,000. From its five furnaces, in blast in 1887, it turned out more iron than the Thomas Iron Company, of Pennsylvania with twelve furnaces. And it is now adding, or has since then added, five more furnaces and steel works. It ships its product to Canada, California, and every intervening State and Territory.
It is an axiom in our new iron region that "An iron furnace is like godliness. Have that, and all the rest shall be added unto you!" From this theory the "magic cities" of the South have sprung. Of the growth of these, let the story of Birmingham give proof. That city was founded in about '72.
MARVELOUS GROWTH OF A SOUTHERN CITY.
With \$12,000 the Elyton Land Company, composed of about twelve Southern men, bought 5,000 acres of land, and laid off a city. There were mountains of iron and acres of coal adjoining; and this was the basis for the city. When the first sale of lots occurred, the auctioneer got lost in the wilderness about dusk, and discovered by his own placards, which he accidentally stumbled over, that he was on the corner of Sixty-fifth street and Fifth Avenue. The \$12,000 of paid-in capital was converted into \$200,000 of stock, making 2,000 shares of \$100 each. On this capital, \$5,500,000 in cash dividends have been paid. Every dollar invested was once worth \$4,000 in open market, and every dollar is now worth \$25,000, and more than \$5,000 in cash dividends have been paid on each dollar invested. In one year the taxable value of Jefferson county, in which Birmingham is located, rose \$14,000,000. Land has sold at \$3,000 a front foot. A man worth \$4,000 started a home to cost \$1,500. Before he had finished it he was worth \$500,000, enlarged his plans for his home, and paid \$18,000 for the hard-wood finish of its facings and staircases. Such a tremendous live of industry as Birmingham is can hardly be found elsewhere in America. It is notable that the projectors—the men who have made fortunes in this city—are Southern men, without an exception.
The iron furnaces, better than building cities, have opened the way to collateral industries. In 1870 the South mined but 3,193,100 tons of coal; in 1880, 6,949,471 tons. In 1887 she mined 14,620,000 tons. In 1880 her production of coke was 299,430 tons; in 1885 (the last figures I have in mind) 602,105 tons. Not less, certainly, than this development of coal and coke have the iron furnaces given stimulus to smaller iron industries. The cost of shipping so heavy a thing as iron to the North, to be made into gins, plows, stoves, and like heavy goods, and the cost of shipping them back, tempted capital into shops and factories. Mr. Perry, a large stove-maker of Albany, N. Y., who lately established immense stove works in Tennessee, stated in print that he saved \$20 a ton on freight by supplying his Southern trade from Southern works. Many factories have found the freight-saving the fullest percentage of profit they needed. Rolling mills were the first industries that followed the furnaces. Gins and cotton presses were close to these. Plows and cotton planters followed. Then came stoves, hollow-ware, nails, piping, and sash stuff. After these came bridge works, engine and boiler factories, chain works, car works, and locomotive works. Excellent saws are now made in the South. The logical movement of supplying the local market with goods made at home, of home-made iron, rather than paying these heavy freights, gave the local factories such success that they rapidly extended their field. Atlanta now sends plows into Mexico, and ships agricultural implements to Central America. She is even competing with the North in nearer

markets, and we have our eyes on the Pan-American delegates now travelling over the continent. They shall not escape to their homes without being told in indifferent Spanish that the South is their nearest and their best market.
The growth of the iron industries provoked other ventures. In Atlanta the best gold watches are now made, the finest pianos, double concave razors and sewing machines. In Birmingham pins, in Gainesville matches. It is curious to note how the industries of the South have been built up, step by step, and how the system has grown of its own growth. A few years ago a firm in Atlanta began making paper bags. It sold these all over America, having a branch depot in Chicago. It then added cloth bags. It then built a cotton factory to supply the cloth for its bags. Later it doubled the factory. And now it has just added a bleachery at a cost of \$100,000 to prepare the cloth. A number of men established successful proprietary medicines in Atlanta. Two box factories followed—and now a glass and bottle factory, with \$90,000 capital, supplies them with bottles. Each item grows out of another. And so vast and varied are our resources that the system is a miracle of success and expansion. The last census shows that Atlanta stands third in the list of American cities in the proportion of actual workers to entire population. Lawrence, Mass., is first; Lowell, Mass., second; and Fall River, Mass., and Atlanta, Ga., tie at third place!

UNPARALLELED DEVELOPMENT.
Here is a wider instance of how one industry in the South has brought others into being: Cotton seed on the old plantation was burned, or dumped into rivers as worthless. It was after slavery was abolished that some one discovered the seed was a good fertilizer, and it was then covered into the worn cotton fields. Then it was found it made a good food for cattle and sheep. After awhile some one pressed thirty-five gallons of oil out of a ton of seed, and sold the oil for thirty-five cents a gallon. He found that the seed, stripped of the oil, was better food and fertilizer than when it was so rich and heavy. Experiments with the oil developed that it could be refined up to \$1 a gallon, at which figure it is sent to Italy and shipped back as olive oil. The hulls, first used as fuel and their residue sold as potash, now prove to be excellent food for cattle. The refuse makes the best and cheapest soap stock. To treat this pregnant seed and adapt its riches, a vast and complicated system of factories was needed. Over one hundred and eighty immense cotton seed oil mills, costing \$100,000 each, grind the seed, and over fifty refineries, costing half as much, clarify and improve it. An enormous system of acid chambers and fertilizer mills have followed, to work the cotton seed meal of the oil mills into fertilizers. In Georgia alone \$1,825,000 has been invested in ten years in fertilizer factories that work up mainly Carolina phosphates, Georgia cotton meal, and native iron pyrites for sulphur. Ten years ago Georgia imported every ton of her fertilizers, usually high-priced guano. Last year 292,000 tons of fertilizers, worth \$5,500,000, were sold in Georgia, and the Georgia factories produced 165,000 tons, worth over \$4,000,000. Then there are soap factories to convert the refuse of the oil mills into soap. And now, near each mill, are immense pens, in which thousands of cattle are fattened on the hulls. These, in turn, will lead to packing factories, and increase the fertilizer factories. The oil output of the cotton seed, fifteen years ago thrown away, represents \$50,000,000 a year, and the value of the meal and hulls for fertilizing or fattening stock, is \$40,000,000 more. More than \$40,000,000 is invested in plants for the manufacture of its various products. Surely, God has led the people of the South into this unexpected way of progress and prosperity.
From 1880 to 1887 there was invested in the South \$260,000,000 in manufacturing. This put 225,000 mechanics to work that had hitherto been idle or at work elsewhere. As has been shown, each of these new industries is reason for another. The industrial system of the South responds, grows, thrills with new life, and it is based on sure and certain foundations. For it is built at the field, by the mine, in the field—from which come the cheapest and best and fullest supply of cotton, iron

and wood!
The industries of other sections—distant from the source of supply—may be based on artificial conditions that in time may be broken. But the industrial system of the South is built on a rock—and it cannot be shaken? It is in the heart of the source of supply of iron, coal, and wood—the great elements of all industries!
In the next article will be treated the agriculture of the South and its growth, no less amazing than the story told above.

Her First Pair of Shoes.
Parsons (Kansas) Eclipse.
Among many interesting incidents connected with the closing of saloons in Kittanning, Pa., a leading merchant tells the following:
A woman came into his store very timidly. She was evidently unaccustomed to trading.
"What can I do for you?" inquired the merchant.
"I want a pair of shoes for a little girl," she answered.
"What number?"
"She is twelve years old."
"But what number does she wear?"
"I do not know."
"But what number did you buy when you bought the last pair for her?"
"She never had a pair in her life. You see, sir, her father used to drink when we had saloons; but now they are closed he doesn't drink and this morning he said to me, 'Mother, I want you to go up town to-day and get Sissy a pair of shoes, for she never had a pair in her life!' I thought, sir, if I told you how old she was you would know just what size to give me."

Two Great Books.
In "Christ in the Camp; or, Religion in the Southern Armies," Dr. J. Wm. Jones (the fighting chaplain) has done a grand work in bringing together in permanent and readable form the record of the great religious work which went on among the soldiery. Every family throughout the Southland should possess a copy. It gives the best possible guarantee, if any were needed, that the work of the same author, on the "Memorial Volume of Jefferson Davis; or, The World's Tribute to His Memory," will leave nothing to be desired. It is said that he is progressing rapidly with this work, and will soon have it ready for the press. Having the co-operation of Mrs. Davis, and access to abundant material of the most intense interest, the volume is sure to be one that will be eagerly sought after. It will be brought out in handsome and durable form, and a price to bring it within the reach of even the poorest; while there will be an expensive edition for those who will desire this great work in the best dress that can be put upon it. It will be sold only by subscription, and thus every family will have an opportunity to procure the work right at their own homes. Any one desiring fuller particulars, and agencies for the book, should write at once to the publishers, Messrs. B. F. Johnson & Co., 1909 Main street, Richmond, Va.

Salisbury Cotton Mills.
At a meeting of the Directors of the Salisbury Cotton Mills, held last Friday, it was decided to declare a dividend of 5 per cent., which was done at the annual meeting of the stockholders on Monday.
This is an excellent showing for the first year, when it is taken into consideration that the hands were "green," the machinery new and stuff, and all the extra expenses necessary to starting a new enterprise. It seems to us that in another year the dividend should be trebled, and in all probability it will.
It was also decided by the Directors to add 3,000 more spindles in addition to the 3,000 which have just been put in.—*Washington.*

In 1860, Henry Goethe, of Beaufort, S. C., wrote Dr. Shallenberger: "I regard your Antidote a specific for chills and fever. It was used on the Charleston & Savannah R. Road last summer and autumn in the most sickly region, and under the most trying circumstances. Out of one gang of negro operatives, fifty were stricken down with chills and fever, and every one recovered by the timely use of Shallenberger's Antidote. You possess the greatest medicine in the world."

RAILROADS AND RAILROAD COMMISSIONS
No. 7.
I trust no one will consider me an enemy to the railroads because I desire to see them under the control of the State. It would be very unfortunate for the State if the people should array themselves against the railroads and the railroads against the people. This seems to be the tendency now, and anything that will bring harmony between these corporations and the people will aid greatly to the contentment and prosperity of the whole State.
Every reader of the times knows that there is an unrest among the people and a dissatisfaction towards the railroads. Whether this discontent arises from any injustice from these corporations towards the people or not, is not the question we are considering. Suppose the feeling against the railroads is unjust, it exists all the same, and the railroad authorities ought to do all in their power to quiet it. A railroad commission to stand between the people and the roads would satisfy the people and would not damage the roads in their legitimate and honest business.
There is no power in the legislature to cripple the roads or cut their rates so as to prevent them from clearing a dividend on their capital invested; and the legislature can not delegate to a commission greater power than it has itself. If this is so, how can a commission hurt the roads in their business?
The difference between the legislature and a commission dealing with the roads is this: The legislature is an unwieldy body composed of more than a hundred minds, each acting for itself. This body is also composed of members of two political parties, many times striving for the mastery of the State, regardless of the greatest good to the greatest number. Each member of this is swayed more or less by local issues and local surroundings, forgetting all interest except that of his own locality and the gratification of his own personal ambition. You may say this is an insult to the legislature, but it is not. It is the plain simple truth and ought not to be construed otherwise. The legislature never has been, and never will be composed of Scammons and saints. They are fallible human beings like other men, moved with like passions, motives and sentiments.
This body being large, each party and each individual attempts to, and often does, shift responsibilities of shortcomings to the shoulders of others.
Then the legislature is incapable of correcting the mistakes of the corporations as they arise. Not so with a commission. It would be composed of one or three members (one better, who could have only so many minds as compose it; not more than a solitary special localities to look after; who could not shift any responsibilities from themselves to others, and who could and would be held responsible both by the people and the railroads for any short comings, fraud, or corruption.
The only possible motive that could actuate an honest man on this commission would be a desire to do exact justice to all parties concerned, regardless of public sentiment. It is impossible to elect one hundred unbiased men from the two political parties in any one election. But from among the more than one hundred and fifty thousand white men of the State, surely one or three honest men could be selected. Dishonest men who are not tampered with will vote for honest men for a position of trust. Besides these advantages a commission would look into any individual charge against the roads. It would investigate every alleged wrong. It could ascertain the facts in each case against the railroads and publish the same to the country, and public opinion would drive both the people and the roads to do each other justice.
A commission would do justice to the courts and jurors of the State. Nearly all the Judges of the State are charged by many good people with leaning towards the favor of the railroads, and the jurors are charged by many of the Judges and railroads with prejudice against the roads, and this charge is not without foundation. A commission would soon eradicate all prejudice of every kind against the railroads, and the railroads would take pride in doing right in all things.

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