

THE ANSON TIMES.

R. H. COWAN, Editor and Proprietor.

The Liberty of the Press must be Preserved.--Hancock.

TERMS: \$2.00 per Year.

VOL. IV.

WADESBORO', N. C., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1884.

NO. 18.

ANSON TIMES.
Succeeds The Pee Dee Herald.

TERMS—CASH IN ADVANCE.
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Six Months.....1.50
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Tuition per month, \$2.00, \$3.00 and \$4.00.
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For further particulars, address the Principal.

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Spring Term begins January 8, 1884.
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Vegetable Sicilian
HAIR RENEWER

was the first preparation perfectly adapted to cure diseases of the scalp, and the first successful restorer of faded or gray hair to its natural color, growth, and youthful beauty. It has had many imitations, but none have so fully met all the requirements needed for the proper treatment of the hair and scalp. HALL'S HAIR RENEWER has steadily grown in favor, and spread its fame and usefulness to every quarter of the globe. Its unparalleled success can be attributed to but one cause—the entire rejection of its premises.

The proprietors have often been surprised at the receipt of orders from remote countries, where they had never made an effort for its introduction. HALL'S HAIR RENEWER wonderfully improves the personal appearance. It cleanses the scalp from all impurities, cures all humors, feeds, and restores, and thus prevents baldness. It stimulates the weakened glands, and enables them to push forward a new and vigorous growth. The effects of this article are not transient, like those of alcoholic preparations, but remain a long time, which makes it a matter of economy.

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FOR THE
WHISKERS

Will change the beard to a natural brown, or black, as desired. It produces a permanent color that will not wash away. Consisting of a simple preparation, it is applied without trouble.

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Scrophulous, Mercurial, and
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the best remedy, because the
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One square south of the new postoffice, one half square of Walnut Street Theatre, and in the very business centre of the city. On the AMERICAN and EUROPEAN PLANS. Good rooms from 50 cents to \$3.00 per day. Remodeled and newly furnished.
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Orders for Genuine German Kainit—directly imported—will be filled at lowest prices by
Kerchner & Calder Bros.
Importers,
Wilmington, N. C.
W. R. FRENCH, Agent,
Lilesville, N. C.

IN THE OLD CHURCHYARD.

Breathe soft and low. Oh whispering wind,
Above the tangled grasses deep,
Where those who loved me long ago
Forgot the world and fell asleep,
No towering shaft or sculptured urn,
No mausoleum's empty pride,
Tells to the curious passer-by
Their virtues, or the time they died.

I count the old familiar names,
O'ergrown with moss and lichen gray,
Where tangled briar and creeping vine
Across the tumbling tablets stray,
The summer sky is softly blue;
The birds still sing the sweet old strain;
But something from the summer-time
Is gone that will not come again.

So many voices have been hushed—
So many songs have ceased for aye—
So many hands I used to touch
Are folded over hearts of clay;
The shallow world reverts from me—
I cease to hear its praise or blame;
The morn'g marches on its track,
No hollow sound or empty fame.

EXTRACTS
FROM THE SPEECH OF HON. W. C. OATES
OF ALABAMA ON THE FITZ-JOHN PORTER
RELIEF BILL.

Mr. Chairman, in that great war which sacrificed a million of men and billions of money heroes and statesmen were developed, but no Benedict Arnold. It is alleged by some that good taste suggests that none of the "rebel brigadiers" should pass judgment upon Porter's conduct. Why? Are we not American citizens, with all the rights, privileges, and immunities of any other citizen? Are we not here as representatives of the people of sovereign States? Can we with any sort of propriety abdicate our functions as Representatives because forsooth it accords with the ideas of taste of the gentleman from Ohio (Mr. Taylor) and the gentleman from Michigan (Mr. Horr), and like humiliated cowards stand aside and witness their judgment upon the pending measure? Such a course upon my part would render me unworthy of the generous confidence imposed in me by the people who sent me here. I am not ashamed of my record. The war was the logical consequence of a great conflict of ideas which could be settled by no arbiter but the sword. I, in common with my comrades, made a hard fight, and made it honestly. The award was against us. We accepted it honestly, and to day I am as true a friend and supporter of the Constitution and Government of the United States as any gentleman on this floor, and will cast my vote on this bill with a proud consciousness of my right to do so, and as a Representative the peer of any other in this Chamber.

Mr. Chairman, I shall vote for this bill, and will as briefly as I can state the reasons which impel me to do so. I belonged to "Stonewall Jackson's" foot cavalry, as we were called. The whole country remembers how General Pope proclaimed his headquarters in the saddle, and that he "had never seen the faces of the rebels, but only their backs," and that he never secured lines of retreat, and that he had no rear, that nothing but disaster and shame lurked in the rear," on his assuming command of the "Army of Virginia." When Lee confronted him on the Rappahannock, about the 22nd or 23rd August, 1862, General J. E. B. Stuart penetrated to Pope's rear and captured his "headquarters," which happened to be out of the saddle on that occasion, and came so near capturing all the quarters he had that he got General Pope's coat and important papers, by force General Lee learned that Pope's force present for duty was inferior to his own. Hence, on the morning of the 24th, Jackson, with his corps, consisting of about twenty-two thousand men, crossed the river north of Pope's right and marched rapidly through Thoroughfare Gap around to Pope's rear, reaching Bristoe Station a little after nightfall on the 26th. We marched sixty miles in two days, with no rations except green corn and half-ripe apples gathered by the wayside. My regiment then belonged to Trimble's brigade, which moved on from Bristoe the same night and captured Manassas Junction, where we drew rations from the Federal commissariat. The next morning General Taylor's New Jersey brigade arrived from this city and advanced on our position, but was soon broken and compelled to retire. Trimble's brigade marched in pursuit to Centerville, a distance of seven miles, and returned the same evening to the Junction, where we lay that night.

On the morning of the 28th A. P. Hill's (the Stonewall) division and all of Ewell's, except two brigades, with which that officer remained at Bristoe until he retired before Hooker's advance that afternoon, marched across Bull Run and turning northward recrossed at the Stone Bridge and went into position on pretty nearly the identical ground occupied by McDowell at the first battle of Bull Run. After Ewell arrived from Bristoe, and near sunset, I heard distinctly the cannonading said to have been Longstreet driving Ricketts out of the Thoroughfare Gap some fifteen or twenty miles distant. I saw a great cloud of dust in the woods to the right and right rear of Jackson's line just when I observed a heavy

column of the Union Army moving down the pike across our front in the direction of the Stone Bridge. My apprehensions of a perilous situation were soon allayed by the arrival of an officer who brought to Jackson a message from Stewart that he was in position on Jackson's right. The order was then given to Ewell to advance. The head of the Federal column halted just east of Groveton, and as soon as the Confederate advance began they gallantly advanced to meet us, and thus the bloody three days' battle began. A hard battle was fought that night with no decisive result.

The next morning, Friday, the 29th day of August, 1862, Jackson readjusted his alignment, taking position behind an old and imperfect railroad embankment, his right consisting of Trimble's brigade, at a point northwest of Groveton, and extending east northeast to Sudley's ford on Bull Run. During the forenoon there was no fighting except occasional discharges of artillery and picket firing. About the middle of the day I rode out in the direction our right pointed, where I found General Early with his brigade of four Virginia regiments massed in a cove of woods, placed there by Jackson to guard against an attack on his right and rear. Riding on a short distance I found at a spring, just under the bluff, quite a number of men some of whom I know to belong to Longstreet's corps. I inquired where their commands were located and they pointed in the direction indicated as that held by Longstreet in General Grant's letter.

When I returned to my command a battle was raging, which I suppose was about 2 or 3 o'clock p. m. Starke's Louisiana Brigade had been placed on the right of Trimble's, behind an isolated piece of the railroad embankment, and it was assaulted by a Federal brigade which came up to the embankment on their other side and planted their colors on the top, where I saw the stars and bars and the Stars and Stripes flapping together in the breeze over two thousand American citizens in mortal combat, and each side apparently resolved to conquer or die. But Trimble's brigade behind the embankment beyond the gap was not so hard pressed, and the right of it, the regiment to which I belonged, fired right oblique to the Louisianians, who were then so hard pressed that they laid down their heated and smoking arms and fought with the cobble stones which lay thick upon their side of the embankment. The contest was unequal, and the Federals retreated, leaving a large number of their comrades behind them. Just as this brigade retreated another assaulted the front of Trimble's brigade, and a major leading his regiment charged his horse up the embankment and fell dead, rider and horse, upon the top of it. But this assault was likewise repulsed. Some half hour later an assault was made upon A. P. Hill's part of the line and kept up with only short intervals for two hours. This was that part of the field upon which the gentleman from Ohio (Mr. Keifer) quoted me as saying that on Sunday after the dead lay so thickly that I could not ride over it. This was true. There was much hard fighting done upon that field that day.

But, nevertheless, the allegation made in defense of General Porter, that there was no general battle fought by Pope's forces that day, is also true. The fighting was gallant and important, but it was done by detachments. I did not see a greater number than two brigades of the Union army engaged at one time. It is said upon the other side that withing orders Porter should have marched to the sound of the guns and the roar of battle. Gentlemen seem to forget that the fighting was after Longstreet's arrival and when he was confronting Porter. Had he thus marched he would have at once exposed the flank and rear of his corps to Longstreet, and there would have been nothing then to have detained Longstreet from going into action at once. He used his ten thousand men to the best advantage so long as he occupied the attention and kept out of the fight more than double that number of his adversary's men. The last engagement that day was a second attack just after dark made upon Starke and Trimble's brigades; or rather it began just before and continued until after dark, when Hood arrived with two or three brigades from Longstreet's corps, and, taking the Union troops in flank, drove them some half mile and put a stop to the conflict that night. Starke and Trimble's men, worn down by fatigue and loss of sleep, and their ranks thinned by the fighting of that day and the previous night, still held their positions against fearful odds, but welcomed with shouts of joy the sound of Hood's guns upon the flank of their assailants. Now, the only charge against Fitz-John Porter which is worthy of serious consideration in the light of the evidence is the second, to wit: His failure to attack Jackson's right and rear as he was directed to do by the 4:30 o'clock order, which did not reach Porter until near 6 o'clock on the evening of the 29th. Suppose General Porter

had obeyed that order, what would have been the inevitable consequence? Had he marched directly to the front with his ten thousand men he would have driven his column squarely against Longstreet with twenty-five thousand. He would consequently have gained nothing, but would have been repulsed with considerable loss.

Some contend that although this might and most likely would have been the case, that nevertheless it would have prevented the re-entrance of Hood of Jackson, over whom Pope was about to gain a victory. In the first place the assumption is wrong, for Pope was not anywhere in the neighborhood of gaining a victory over Jackson. The two brigades named as engaged on the night when Hood arrived were well nigh exhausted, but such was not the case with Jackson's whole corps; and doubtless he would have relieved or supported these with others of his own troops had he not known that Hood would soon arrive. In the second place this reasoning is unsound in supposing that Porter, however vigorously he might have assailed Longstreet, could with his ten thousand men have kept employed and detained Longstreet's twenty-five thousand men, so that Hood could not have gone as a reinforcement to Jackson. These gentlemen who reason thus seem to forget that Robert E. Lee, the ablest military chieftain that America ever produced, was present and commanding in person, and that he knew that Pope had but forty-three thousand men while he had over forty-five thousand—was Lee such a tyro in the science of war as to have permitted Porter to thus battle him and enable General John Pope to win a victory over Jackson? Why, Pope believed when he issued that order to Porter to attack Jackson's flank that Longstreet and Lee would not arrive before the evening of the 30th, twenty-four hours later than he issued the order, and in point of fact nearly thirty hours later than they did arrive.

Again, suppose Longstreet had not arrived and had not been in Porter's front when he received the order and had obeyed it to the letter and promptly. He was two and a half to three miles away. He could not have reached the point and made his dispositions for the attack before nightfall. In rear of Jackson's right, less than a quarter of a mile, are the creek and the Bull Run Mountains, and the ground so rough and uneven that the best troops could not preserve an alignment on it in daytime. Early's brigade would have instantly formed a line from Starke's right to the bluff and Porter could not have driven Jackson from his strong position that night. But as it is not permissible to indulge in supposition in face of the overwhelming proof that Longstreet was at the place now assigned him on the map of the field, what would have become of Porter and his corps had he promptly obeyed Pope's order? To have attacked Jackson's right would have left Longstreet in his rear. In military tactical phrase, he would have placed his command in a *cul de sac* and capture or utter rout and destruction would have been inevitable.

The opponents of this bill, however, say that Porter's case is not improved by Confederate testimony. They say that he did not know that Longstreet with a superior force was in front of him. This presents sharply the real issue in this case, that is the animus of Porter—the motive which induced his non-action on the 29th.—Was it an indifference as to whether the army under Pope was defeated or not? Was this the spirit which caused him to remain on the defensive merely? If so, then he is not entitled to the benefit this bill will confer, nor indeed to any relief whatever. Those who have examined the great volume of testimony differ in their conclusions on this point. Before he could legally have been adjudged guilty, the proof before the court-martial should have been so clear, strong, and convincing of his guilt as to have dispelled every reasonable doubt. To begin with, we must indulge the humane presumption of innocence until it is overthrown by proof of his guilt.

It is a maxim of the law, of universal applicability to human affairs, because of its reasonableness, that if upon an established or admitted state of facts you can with equal propriety impute a good motive or a bad one for the performance or non-performance of an act constituting the basis of a criminal charge, that you are bound to attribute the good motive which makes the party guilty. General Porter was in a better position to know what was in his front than any or all of his subordinates.—Every channel of information was open to him, and the presumption is that he did have sufficient information to justify the course he took. That the course adopted was, in the light of all the evidence now before us, wise and judicious scarcely admits of question. The evidence, I take it, when construed most strongly against him still leaves the matter in doubt as to the extent of his information as to the numbers and position of his enemy. How far was his non-action influenced thereby? His

criticisms of Pope showed that he had a pretty correct idea of the ability of that officer; but he was one of Pope's corps commanders, and being such his criticisms were ill-timed and censurable. He looked on Pope pretty much as every one else did, Federal and Confederate. He had but little confidence in him or respect for him as the commander of an army, and he did not blindly obey Pope's orders with that alacrity and zeal that he would have obeyed the orders of McClellan or any other general in whom he had confidence. This is a latitude not strictly allowable by military law; but it is in accord with human nature, and in the civilization of modern times, in governments of wholly monarchial, is never punished more severely than suspension from command. This is the worst that can be said of Porter's conduct by an impartial judge. This did not make him a traitor. Kiebler was never adjudged a traitor by a court or historian for giving expression to his utter contempt for Lee, whose order to his army was to march into action "majestically and en masse."

I have referred to his high soldierly conduct previously to the date of the charge. How was it and what was subsequently? General Pope knew early on the morning of the 30th that Porter had not obeyed his order the evening before. Did he arrest him then and there? No, but ordered him into action, and Porter went and fought with his accustomed gallantry and intelligence, and lost a greater number of men that day than any corps of equal size in the army. A traitor leading ten thousand men in battle under the eye of the commanding general? There is a spectacle for patriots to behold, and a problem for philosophers to solve. He retained command of his corps, and seventeen days afterward at Antietam and Sharpsburg led into the perilous edge of battle. McClellan was removed from command of the Army of the Potomac. Pope had lost a great battle, and the responsibility must rest either on him or some of his lieutenants. An official head must fall; a victim was demanded to satisfy the country. Should that victim be of the McClellan party or anti-McClellan? The latter was in favor with the Administration. Porter was selected, and although the members of the court were doubtless honest, yet were swayed by the excitement of war, partisan bickerings, and jealousies to an extent that turned all the presumptions of innocence into presumptions of guilt.

Mr. Chairman, such force is given to the argument in favor of Porter by the opinions not only of the Schofield board, but of two of the most successful of commanders of armies, Grant and Rosecrans. Now, it is said by the opponents of this measure that to pass it is to reverse history and to censure the men who composed the court. Well, if history is false it ought to be reversed. This bit of history says that Fitz-John Porter was a traitor and a coward; I believe both to be false, and as a lover of justice desire to see the truth authoritatively asserted.

General Porter may not have been entirely blameless, but it is the judgment of the majority of this House and this country that his punishment has been far greater than his conduct ever merited. It therefore gives me pleasure to vote for this as an act of justice long delayed.

Twists and Twinges.
"My brethren," shouted Dr. Talmage on one bright autumnal Sunday, "there is a lesson from the sun-field. God has arranged that the ear and the husk shall be parted. Every rheumatic pain is but a thrust of the husking peg, and every neuralgic twinge is only a twist of the husker."

Possibly but nobody wants to be husked, for all that nature teaches us to resist the process. Therefore we accept with gratitude whatever helps us to suppress those very twists and twinges.

From his pleasant home, Greenmont, near Sing Sing, N. Y., M. A. Baer, a French gentleman, writes: "I have suffered almost intolerable torments from rheumatism for many years. Of the numerous remedies which I tried, none benefited me.—But Parker's Tonic gave me great satisfaction. I certify with pleasure that it restored my health. You are welcome to publish this and use my name."

Messrs. Hiscox & Co. call special attention to the fact that this preparation, which has been known as Parker's Ginger Tonic, will hereafter be advertised and sold simply under the name of Parker's Tonic. As unprincipled dealers are constantly deceiving their customers by substituting inferior preparations under the name of ginger, and as ginger is really an unimportant ingredient, we drop the misleading word.

There is no change, however, in the preparation itself, and all bottles remaining in the hands of dealers, wrapped under the name of Parker's Ginger Tonic, contain the genuine medicine if the facsimile signature of Hiscox & Co. is at the bottom of the outside wrapper.

A Modern Resurrection.
A MIRACLE THAT TOOK PLACE IN OUR MIDST UNKNOWN TO THE PUBLIC—THE DETAILS IN FULL.

One of the most remarkable occurrences ever given to the public, which took place here in our midst, and will undoubtedly awaken as much surprise and attract as great attention as it is already in newspaper circles. The facts are, briefly, as follows:—Mr. William A. Crombie, a young man formerly residing at Birmingham, a suburb of Detroit, and now living at 287 Michigan Avenue in this city can truthfully say that he has looked into the future world and yet returned to this. A representative of this paper has interviewed him up on this important subject and his experiences are given to the public for the first time. He said:

"I had been having most peculiar sensations for a long while. My head felt dull and heavy; my eyesight did not seem so clear as formerly; my appetite was uncertain and I was unaccountably tired. It was an effort to arise in the morning and yet I could not sleep at night. My mouth tasted badly, I had a faint all day long sensation in the pit of my stomach that food did not satisfy, while my hands and feet felt cold and clammy. I was nervous and irritable, and lost all enthusiasm. At times my head would seem to whirl and my heart palpitate terribly. I had no energy, no ambition, and I seemed indifferent of the present and thoughtless for the future. I tried to shake the feeling off and persuade myself it was simply a cold or a little malaria, but it would not go. I was determined not to give up, and so time passed along and all the time I was getting worse. It was about this time that I noticed I had begun to bleed terribly. My limbs were swollen so that by pressing my fingers upon them deep depressions would be made. My face also began to enlarge, and continued to until I could scarcely see out of my eyes. One of my friends, describing my appearance at that time, said, 'It is an animated something, but I should like to know what.' In this condition I passed several weeks of the greatest agony.

"Finally, one Saturday night, the misery accumulated. Nature could endure no more. I became irrational and apparently insensible. Cold sweat gathered on my forehead; my eyes became glazed and my throat rattled. I seemed to be in another sphere and with other surroundings. I knew nothing of what occurred around me, although I have since learned it was considered as death to those who stood by. It was to me a quiet state although one of great agony. I was helpless, hopeless and pain was my only companion. I remember trying to see what was beyond me, but the mist before my eyes was too great. I tried to reason, but I had lost all power. I felt that it was death, and realized how terrible it was. At last the strain upon my mind gave way and all was a blank. How long this continued I do not know, but at last I realized the presence of friends and recognized my mother. I then thought it was earth, but was not certain. I gradually regained consciousness, however, and the pain lessened. I found my friends had, during my unconsciousness, been giving me a preparation I had never taken before, and the next day, under the influence of this treatment, the blinding began to disappear from that time on I steadily improved, until to-day I am as well as ever before in my life, have no traces of the terrible acute Bright's disease, which so nearly killed me, and all through the wonderful instrumentality of Warner's Safe Cure the remedy that brought me to life after I was virtually in another world."

"You have had an unusual experience, Mr. Crombie," said the writer who had been breathlessly listening to the recital.

"Yes I think I have, and it has been a valuable lesson to me: I am certain, though, there are thousands of men and women at this very moment who have the same ailment which came so near killing me, and they do not know it. I believe kidney disease is the most deceptive trouble in the world. It comes like a thief in the night. It has no certain symptoms, but seemed to attack each one differently. It is quiet treacherous, and all the more dangerous. It is killing more people to-day, than any other one complaint. If I had the power I would warn the entire world against it and urge them to remove it from the system before it is too late."

One of the members of the firm of Whitehead & Mitchell, proprietors of the Birmingham *Eccentric*, paid a fraternal visit to this office yesterday and in the course of conversation, Mr. Crombie's name was mentioned.

"I knew about his sickness," said the editor, "and his remarkable recovery. I had his obituary all in type and announced in the *Eccentric* that he could not live until his next issue."

It was certainly a most wonderful case."

Rev. A. R. Bartlett, formerly pastor of the M. E. Church, and now of Schoolcraft, Mich., in response to a telegram, replied:—"Mr. W. A. Crombie, was a member of my congregation at the time of his sickness. The prayers of the church were requested for him on two or three occasions. I was with him the day he was reported by his physician as a miracle, and consider his recovery a miracle."

Not one person in a million ever comes so near death as did Mr. Crombie and then recover, but the men and women who are drifting towards the same end, are legion. To note the slightest symptoms, to realize their significance and to meet them in time by the remedy which has been shown to be most efficient, is a duty from which there can be no escape. They are fortunate who do to death; they are on the sure road to death who neglect it.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Dying of Thirst.
"Did you ever suffer extreme hunger or thirst?" was asked of a Kentucky colonel who had been relating some solid stories about himself.

"Well," he replied, "I never suffered what might be called extreme hunger, but no man knows how to endure the agonies of thirst better than I do."

"Remember the time well," he continued, retrospectively. "I was on a fishing excursion and became lost in the woods. For three days not a drop passed my lips. My lengthened absence finally caused alarm and a party was sent out in search of me. They found me lying in an unconscious condition on the brink of a little trout stream, and it was hours before any hopes of saving me were entertained."

"Was the trout stream dry?" asked one of the interested listeners.

"Dry! Certainly not. How could I catch fish if the stream was dry?"

"Well, I don't see how you could suffer from thirst with a stream of water close by."

"Water close at hand!" repeated the Kentucky Colonel. "And what has water got to do with a man's being thirsty?"—*Philadelphia Evening Call.*

The best tonic medicine—one that is not composed mostly of alcohol or whiskey—is Brown's Iron Bitters. It is guaranteed to be non-intoxicating and will absolutely kill all desire for whiskey and other intoxicants. It has been thoroughly tested and proven itself in every instance a never failing cure for dyspepsia, indigestion, biliousness, weakness, debility, overwork, rheumatism, neuralgia, consumptive disease, liver complaint, kidney troubles, etc.

How She Would Do It.
Mrs. Jones—"I wonder why in the world Congress don't do something at once to stamp out polygamy?"

Mrs. Jones—"Because Congress is composed of men, and men don't know anything. I could kill polygamy with one blow."

Mrs. Jones—"Oh, indeed; and how could you do it?"

Mrs. Jones—"I would go to Salt Lake City and start a millinery store there."

"What are you crying about?" asked a kind-hearted stranger of a lad who was standing in front of a newspaper office weeping as if his heart would break.

"Oh, dad's gone up stairs to lick the editor."

"Well, has he come down yet?" pursued the gentle Samaritan.

"Pieces of him have," exclaimed the boy, indulging in a fresh outburst of tears, "and I'm expecting the rest every minute."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

There is a gang of scoundrels in and about Asheville, largely if not altogether composed of ex-convicts, who devote themselves to tricks and, at times, open highway robbery, as a means of living. Three of the crowd, Ben Jones, Erwin Cummins, and John Campbell, all negroes and ex-convicts, have been convicted and sentenced to the penitentiary.—*Asheville Citizen.*

Mother, think of the battle that is being waged by worms against the life of your child. There is no night of rest with them; they fight to kill. Shiner's Indian Vermifuge will annihilate them. Only 25 cents a bottle.

As an article for the toilet, Ayer's Hair Vigor stands unrivalled. It cleanses the scalp and preserves it from scurf and dandruff, cures itching humors, restores faded or gray hair to its original dark color, and promotes its growth.

From a postal card from Dr. J. H. White, we learn that a destructive fire broke out in Elizabeth City at 10:30 o'clock Sunday night last.—Four buildings were burned; supposed to be the work of an incendiary. *Southland Neck Commonwealth.*

The disfiguring eruptions on the face, the sunken eye, the pallid complexion indicate that there is something wrong going on within. Expel the lurking foe to health. Ayer's Sarsaparilla was divided for that purpose; and it does it.