

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 28, 1884.

NO. 19.

ANSON TIMES.
Succeeds the Pee Dee Herald.

TERMS—CASH IN ADVANCE.
One Year.....\$2.00
Six Months.....1.00
Three Months......50

ADVERTISING RATES.
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Each subsequent insertion,..... 50
Local advertisements, per line,..... 10
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WADESBORO, N. C.
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Special attention given to the collection of claims.

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Will attend regularly at Anson Court, and at Wadesboro in vacation when requested.

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Prices Reduced to Suit the Times.
CALL AND SEE US.

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Convenient to all the trains!
A full stock of Groceries and Confectioneries always on hand.

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And all kinds of Musical Instruments.
11-cy.

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Tonsorial Artist and Perfumer, offers his services to the citizens of Wadesboro. Ladies and children attended at their residences, and satisfaction guaranteed. Sharp razors and clean towels is my motto. Shop over Bruner's Bakery.

Rev. Father Wilds' EXPERIENCE.

The Rev. F. P. Wilds, well-known city missionary in New York, and brother of the late eminent Judge Wilds, of the Massachusetts Supreme Court, writes as follows:
"I was afflicted with a severe catarrh and catarrhal cough; my system was poor and my strength a good deal impaired. I tried various remedies, but without success. I then took a course of Dr. J. C. Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and in a few days I felt a great improvement. I continued to take it until I was cured. I can testify to the efficacy of this medicine in all cases of skin diseases, and in all cases of general debility. It is a most valuable medicine, and one that should be in every household."
The above instance is but one of the many constantly coming to our notice, which prove the perfect adaptability of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA to the cure of all diseases arising from impure or overworked blood, and a weakened vitality.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

cleanses, enriches, and strengthens the blood, stimulates the action of the stomach and bowels, and thereby enables the system to resist and overcome the attacks of all Scrofulous Diseases, Eruptions of the Skin, Rheumatism, Catarrh, General Debility, and all disorders resulting from poor or corrupted blood and a low state of the system.

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Sold at all Druggists; price \$1, six bottles for \$5.

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Best Purgative Medicine
cure Constipation, Indigestion, Headache, and all Bilious Disorders.
Sold everywhere. Always reliable.

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With facilities unequalled in this State, and unsurpassed in the South, we solicit patronage for any class of

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We keep the only complete stock of Legals Blanks to be found in North Carolina—no other establishment.

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One square south of the new postoffice, one half square of Walnut Street Theatre, and in the very business center of the city. On the AMERICAN and EUROPEAN PLANS. Good rooms from 50 cents to \$3.00 per day. Re-modeled and newly furnished.
W. LAINE, M. D.
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Orders for Genuine German Kainit—directly imported—will be filled at lowest prices by
Kerchner & Calder Bros.
Importers,
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Patent Medicine, Medicines, Acids, Morphine, Kerosene Oil, Quinine, Opium, Spices, Castor Oil, Cigars, Tobacco, Mineral Waters, Garden Seed, &c., &c.
Orders solicited and promptly executed.

NICKERDEMUS QUADRILLE.

Choose yo' pardners, time's er-flyin',
Take yo' places on de flo';
Don't yo' hear dat fiddle cryin'
"Nickerdemus Ebermoo!"

Stute yo' pardners, low peritely,
Dat's de motion through en throng;
Swing dem c'mers, stop up lighty,
Hail Columby! Halleloo!

Fus' fo' forward, keep er-diggin';
Now yo' sashay back agin',
Nebber mine yo' tagged riggins',
So's 't don't fall and hurt yo' shins.

Lawdy! see dat Peter Slater,
How he bow en scrape aroun';
Head look like a peesid pertater,
Slit-ck er glass up de crown.

Ladies change, en keep er-scottin',
Cross right ober, now yo' swing;
Hole dem hands up highfalutin',
Look permissins, dat's de thing.

Mussy! look at Winyy Jeter;
Dat pal rings a soopie too.
Crack yo' heels, star Tom, en meet her,
Bow en smile, en—"so on so."

Balance all! Now, don't git lazy,
Fly aroun' en war yo' side;
Stamp dem feet, but don't go crazy
Else somebody go git hurt.

Fiddler get his mouf wide open'm,
Holin' down dat music tight,
Teeth, dey settin' sorter slop'en—
Look like somebodies in de night.

Allsashay! I 'lar to gracious,
Nebber seed de like lefo';
Niggers sho'ly danco an' dacious
Sid'n' drouth an' oberfo'.

Heb'ly Kingdom! Look as Mary,
Befe eyes shinin' like de moon,
"Don't git wary, don't git wary,"
Dat's de way to change de chune.

Promenade! Now, dat comes handy,
Hunt yo' seats en take a rest,
Gentlemen will pass de chune
To de gals dey love de best.

Wedded to Art.

An old-fashioned farm-house, large and hospitable looking; lowing cattle and bleating sheep; undulating hills, clad in autumnal verdure; in front, across the winding road, an orchard thriving in russet and golden fruit; in the rear, a brook that goes gleaming past the capacious barn, from whose windows peep golden sheaves, and under whose eaves cling the swallows' nests. Such were the features of a pleasant rural scene to be enjoyed by the wayfarer along a certain road in the autumn.

The door of the farm-house opened, and a laugh and bound Lelia Carter, a maiden of about sixteen, came racing out, with a shepherd dog leaping and bounding by her side. "Very charming indeed she looked, with her lovely face and sparkling eyes half hidden beneath the wide straw hat, as she ran gaily along the roadside or in the fields, now stopping to caress some half-grown lamb, now wild with delight as a stray rabbit bounded from covert and proceeded rapidly to leave out of sight the fat shepherd dog.

"Here, Sport, fetch it!" she cried, as she tossed a stick over a clump of thick undergrowth.
On the other side of the clump, hidden from view, sat a young man, busily sketching. The stick fell full upon his easel, and striking his pencil, knocked it from his fingers.
"Hang it!" he growled, "who threw that!" looking up just as Lelia and Sport came racing into sight.

Lelia stopped short as she saw the stranger, but Sport, nothing abashed, ran on, picked up the stick, upset the easel in doing so, and, with a quick bound escaping the full force of the kick aimed at him, came wadding back to his mistress.
"Haven't you anything better to do. Miss, than running over the country spilling a fellow's work?" queried the vexed stranger, as he picked up the easel and brushed off the wood adhering to the canvas.

He was a handsome, dark looking young man of about twenty-two. As he glanced at Lelia again, and obtained a full view of her for the first time, his expression softened into one of admiration. She was stooping over sport tenderly, but fire was in her eyes as she looked toward the young man.

"How dare you kick my dog?" she demanded.
He was about to speak more civilly than before, when a sudden idea entered his head, and he began to sketch rapidly.
"That's all he is good for, I dare say—to be kicked," he answered carelessly at length.
"You don't know anything about it. He's the best dog in the world, and you're a brute for kicking him!" said fearless sixteen.

He sketched away as though his life depended on his work.
"Oh, well," he replied after another pause, "I didn't hurt him much, after all. He was too quick for me."
"You meant to, though, and it was just as mean as though you had."
"Well, you see, I was angry because he upset my work."
"I don't care," said Lelia; "he was only trying to please me; wasn't you Sport?"

He looked at her again, then at the canvas, then added a few more strokes.
"Really, I don't see how he can be blamed for that." And he glanced admiringly at her.
"Either the look or the words (she

wasn't used to compliments) mortified her somewhat.
"Besides, I'll make amends," he added. "How would you like a picture of Sport?"

She came forward and saw not only Sport, but herself bending over him. He drew out his sketch-book in the meantime, and hastily sketching Sport on a leaf, tore it off and handed it to her with a bow.

"Isn't it lovely?" she exclaimed. "How could you do it so soon? What are you going to do with this large picture?"

"I have some hopes of winning a prize with it next spring. Five minutes ago I felt like giving it up; now I feel rather confident of it. That was the reason I spoke to you as I did at first. I was afraid you would go away, so I made you angry."

"I was angry, and I called you a brute, too, didn't I? Well, I don't care; you had no right to kick poor Sport," and she pouted prettily, whereat he laughed and humbly begged Sport's pardon.
"Isn't your name Miss Carter?" he inquired abruptly.
"Yes, sir, it is."

"Did you ever hear of a fellow by the name of Ivan Kirke?"
"Why, yes, of course I have. That is old Kirke's son; the one that was a lazy, good-for-nothing fellow, and didn't want to be a farmer, and went away five or six years ago."
"He bit his lips and smiled."
"I am that lazy, good-for-nothing fellow," he said; "or at least I was. I hope I have improved since then, though I don't want to be a farmer even now."

"I didn't know—I am sorry—I didn't mean."
"Oh, never mind. I dare say I was lazy and good for nothing on a farm. They didn't understand me, and I don't blame them; I didn't understand myself. Your father was about the only one that sympathized with my fancies. By the way, I should like to see him, if he is at home."

"He is at home. Come along, and Sport and I will show you the way."
Ivan Kirke was a born artist. As a farmer's lad, living in the midst of nature's beauties, his love for them had been fostered, and developed into a passion that made him the vexation of his good, prosaic father. It became certain that he would make the worst of bad farmers.

At the age of sixteen, therefore, owing greatly to Mr. Carter's advice, he had been sent away to school. There he picked up the rudiments of art from a fellow student, and in spare moments applied them with such skill and originality as to gain the attention of a wealthy gentleman, who eventually became his patron.

It must be confessed that he was singularly fortunate. Up to the present little of the bitter hardships ordinarily attendant on an artist's formative period had fallen to his lot. With the advantage of a wealthy patron, passionate love of beauty, and intelligent skill, he had made rapid advancement. He had made during that time two or three visits home, but, although but a mile distant from the Carters' farm, he had not seen Lelia before since she was a little freckle faced girl.

He was now at home for a month or more. A prize had been offered to young artists, and he had resolved to compete. It was for this purpose that he was at work upon the beautiful landscape scene in the neighborhood of Lelia's home, when interrupted by her and Sport. He was quick to appreciate her fresh beauty, and as she bent over Sport, with her arms around his neck, and her indignant glance directed at him, he promptly saw what an addition the scene would be to his picture.

During the next few weeks Lelia saw much of the young painter. She visited him daily at his work in the field, and watched the progress of the picture in which she had nearly as great an interest as he himself, as her own pretty face formed an important feature. A less innocent girl, or one more acquainted with the world, might have objected to the publicity thereby given her. Lelia did not. She felt very proud of it, and grateful to the artist for the compliment.

After their unconventional first meeting, it did not take long for them to become the best of friends. Ivan told her of his life in London, his successes and hopes, the men and women with whom he mingled, the customs of society, and many other things which Lelia only knew as she knew of fairyland—through books.
The more he saw of her, the more he admired her, and drew favorable comparisons between her and certain bedecked and powdered ball-room visions he had seen. Owing to the difference in their ages, he felt little more hesitation in expressing his admiration than if she had been a child prattling on his knee.
True love runs smooth and rapid till it becomes beyond control, whatever it does afterward. So it was with Lelia. She loved with her whole soul, and did not even suspect it. Consequently, when Ivan, with his picture nearly completed, bade her farewell and returned to London, it was like a rude awakening, a cruel shock, that seemed to stun her at

first. Life became a weary waiting for what she dared not hope. She seemed to have gone at a step from girlhood to womanhood; and instead of playing with Sport and other pets, she bided herself about household matters, or sat and dreamed a' the past.

With the coming spring she regained much of her old spirit, and her laugh echoed among the hills again, not so loud and careless as formerly, but still merry and sparkling. It was one afternoon in June that she was walking along the roadside, when Ivan's little brother, Johnny, came to her. "Ivan's coming home to-morrow," said Johnny, with startling suddenness.

"So soon?" exclaimed Lelia, and her heart began to flutter painfully.
"Yes; and he's been married, too," Lelia looked at the child in dumb, white astonishment.
"Heard ma telling Mrs. Grove this morning," continued Johnny. "She didn't say married; she said wedded; but it means the same, don't it?"
"Yes, dear, it means the same."

She turned with quivering lips and heaving bosom and walked rapidly away, past the wild roses that seemed to look after her, grieved and surprised at her neglect—past all the bright things of nature, that appeared but a dreary mockery—and fell upon a mossy bank with a deep, heart-breaking sob. This was the end, then—the end to her first love, and all the visions it had created. "Somehow she never questioned whether it could be a mistake—whether ten-year-old Johnny was a trustworthy messenger of such news! What right had she to expect anything different! What more natural than for him to marry?"

If Lelia, when she had turned from the road, had looked far ahead, she would have perceived, just rounding the bend, a form whose manly stride she would have recognized at a glance. It was Ivan Kirke, and he quickened his already rapid pace as he caught a glimpse of her as she passed in among the trees.

Her eyes were still moist, but she had passed the first convulsive sobbing when she heard his step, and before she could flee he stood before her.
"Lelia," he exclaimed, as he came forward with a glad smile, "I thought I saw my little forest maid turning into the wood. What you must have been crying!"

Lelia made one heroic effort for self control. Whatever might happen, Ivan should never know of her hopes love, and rapidly winking two or three times she answered, "I haven't." "He went first first, and she went on to elaborate with astonishing readiness. "I have been sneezing, oh, so hard! Just see, my feet are wet; and she pointed to two tiny shoes slightly damp. "But I am very glad to see you, Ivan. I thought you wasn't coming till to-morrow."
"I thought I would give you a surprise. Have you heard the news?"
"Yes; Johnny just told me. I—suppose you are too happy to live, aren't you?"

Her words were uttered pleasantly, but her hands were clenched till the marks of the nails were imprinted in the flesh.
"No, Lelia. The fact is, I don't feel nearly as happy as I expected I should; and he poked the grass musingly with his cane.
"Not happy?" and Lelia looked at him in amazement. "Then you—"

"Then I don't deserve my good fortune, I know it. I'm as whinesome as a child. When I left home last fall I could think of nothing else. I was a blind fool, and as the time passed and the momentous day drew nearer and nearer, I found that—that my happiness depended upon something entirely different."
Lelia's cheek became livid. With quick intuition she divined his meaning. He had married another while loving her, and had already repented. But what right had he to tell her of this? What right had he to speak to her in that tender tone now that he was married?

"Lelia, I have come back to tell you that I love you; that I have loved you, though—"
With flashing eyes she drew back the hand he had taken.
"That will do, sir. I will hear no more more word!"
He looked in amazement at her sudden anger and scorn. He would have spoken further, but just then Johnny came racing through the woods and flung his arms round Ivan's neck with wild exclamations of delight.

"Oh, Ivan, did you bring your wife?" was his eager inquiry shortly.
"What do you mean, Johnny?"
"What nonsense is this?" he asked.
"Oh, I know all about it; so does Lelia. You can't make fools of us—can he, Lelia. I heard ma telling about it yesterday."
A gleam shot into Ivan's eyes.
"What was it mother said, Johnny?"
"She told Mrs. Grove that now you'd won the prize you'd be more than ever wedded to Miss Somebody."
"And you told Lelia, did you?"
"Yes."

"Johnny, do you see that squirrel!"
"I'll give you half a crown if you'll catch him!"
As Johnny darted away Ivan turned to Lelia, and there was a deep earnestness in his voice as he spoke.
"Did you believe it, Lelia?"
"Yes. I—didn't know. Johnny said—"
"Never mind Johnny. 'Wedded to art' is one of mother's expressions in describing me. Oh, Lelia, art is beautiful and grand, but it is a poor thing to love. May I not have a better?"

Six months later, in the ivy-covered little country church, his question was answered to his entire satisfaction.
The N. C. Insane Asylum.
The dividing line established according to law, between the North Carolina Insane Asylum at Raleigh, and the Western North Carolina Insane Asylum at Morganton, runs from the Virginia line south with the western boundary line of Rocking ham, Guilford, Randolph, Montgomery and Richmond counties to the South Carolina line. All applications from counties west of said line are to be made to the Western Asylum. Dr. Grissom informs us that the following rules have been adopted by the board of Directors of the North Carolina Insane Asylum:
(1) All applications now on file to be renewed under the new act of the General Assembly and recorded as received, stating name, date, county and what disposition is made of the same, and the correspondent of the applicant notified.
(2) All admissions to be made in the interest of the institution, merits of the case and the protection of society.
(3) Acute cases, with good prospects of cure to be admitted promptly on application, making room by discharge if necessary, of some comparatively harmless and incurable case, from the same or some other county.
(4) All applications to be referred to the board of directors or executive committee, with such information pertaining to the same as may be of service to said committee in deciding as to the admission of the case. Such admission is to be regulated, as far as practicable, by the population, in such manner as to equalize the benefits of the institution among the various counties.
(5) Each admission or rejection of an applicant to be a matter of record in a special book, and signed by two or more members of said board or committee.
(6) No patient need be brought to the asylum without previous notice of acceptance by the board of directors or executive committee.
The press of the State is asked to copy this announcement.—Daily Review.

Stonewall Jackson—His Wounds Etc

Cor. of the Fayetteville Observer.
OVEN FARM, JAN. 31, 1884.

I have seen the remarkable statement of Mr. J. T. Capps, of Onslow, that he as ambulance driver, carried Gen. Stonewall Jackson from the battle field at Chancellorsville, before dark on May 2nd, 1862, and were there in appatement to go uncontra-dicted it would at last make confusion of that glorious, though dearly bought Confederate victory. Having been present that night, and in command of part of the skirmish line, I wish to add my testimony to Capt. Richardson's and others, that it was well after dark when Gen. Jackson was wounded by that dearly bought Confederate victory. Having been present that night, and in command of part of the skirmish line, I wish to add my testimony to Capt. Richardson's and others, that it was well after dark when Gen. Jackson was wounded by that dearly bought Confederate victory.

As soon as the light of day appeared, I went to the front of the line, and in front of the 7th N. C. Regiment. The line being so long, I was detached from my company to assist Lt. Col. R. H. Cowan, in command of the right wing. As soon as the line was established, Col. Cowan and myself both went to the plank road for final instruction before we advanced; just as we came up Gen. A. P. Hill was giving Col. C. M. Avery instruction as to the advance. I recollect his words, "that Chancellorsville was a little hamlet just in front of us, to push on, drive the enemy out of that, then we would have them on the hip." Just at this time firing began on the right of our skirmish line, extending rapidly from right to left, then it was that Jackson and his staff came galloping back on the plank road and was fired on by the 18th. Cowan and myself were standing on the plank road at the right of the 18th when they fired, and I know that it was long after dark. Cowan and myself both started at once to our position. Cowan was badly wounded in a few moments. Our line was so close to the enemy that I could distinctly hear their commands, and when my line was fired on by a brigade of our own troops in our rear, moved forward to escape it, and before they knew it they were in the enemy's lines and a large number of them were captured. The command that caused the skirmish line to fire was given by my first sergeant, Thos. A. Cowan, of Ireddell county, a mere lad barely 18 years old—but a noble boy, a braver soldier there was not in the "Light Division." He was soon numbered with the unknown dead on the bloody field of Gettysburg. Being in charge of my company when the party of mounted men rode up and inquired an advanced and challenged them receiving the reply that they were friends; and to his enquiry, "the friends to which side," the reply was "to the Union." Cowan replied, "all right," stepped back to his company and ordered them to fire, which was promptly done. A few months later Maj. Engshard told me that Jackson and A. P. Hill were both wounded. I have yet to learn that any one at least who was present, ever blamed the 18th Regiment for firing. In conclusion, I would like to remind our old friend, Capt. Richardson, who speaks of Gen. Jackson's taking off his cap to the 18th as he past them on his way to the front, that it was the first time Gen. Jackson had taken his cap off to the 18th. I remember at the battle of Cedar Run, in August, 1862, just as we charged out of the woods across the open field, when in crossing the ravine the line halted, the color bearer of the 18th ran up the steep ascent in front of us, in full view of the enemy's line, and planted his colors, standing there alone as steady as if on parade. In a few minutes Jackson came dashing down the line mounted on his old sorrel, halted in front of the colors and raised his cap. That man's name ought to be high on the roll of honor.

Health Hints.
Never sneeze.
Never begin a dinner with pie.
Never sleep in your overshoes.
Never slide on the floor in winter.
Never ride a thin horse bare-back.
Never walk fifteen miles before breakfast.
Never carry a barrel of potatoes on your head.
Never put your feet in the fire to warm them.
Never jump out of the window for a short cut.
Never drink more than you can carry comfortably.
Never leave the gas turned on when you retire at night.
Never strain your eyes looking for faults in your neighbor.
Never say much to your sweet heart when in company with others; it will not be healthy for you, and will also raise suspicion.
These hints will be found thoroughly trustworthy and reliable. Therefore the invalid would do well to cut them out and paste them on the inside of his or her cranium.

Strength to vigorously push a business, strength to study for a profession, strength to regulate a household, strength to do a days labor without physical pain. Do you desire strength? If you are broken down, have no energy, feel as if life was hardly worth living, you can be relieved and restored to robust health and strength by taking Brown's Iron Bitters, a sure cure for dyspepsia, malaria, weakness and all diseases requiring a true, reliable, non-alcoholic tonic. It acts on the blood, nerves and muscles and regulates every part of the system.

A Military Man Made Happy.
WASHINGTON, D. C.,—General G. C. Kniffin, in a letter stating his wife was cured of a painful ailment by St. Jacobs Oil, writes that after witnessing its magical cure of pain he would cheerfully pay \$100 for a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil, if he could not get it cheaper.

There is a constant warfare being waged between the various species of the animal kingdom. Think of the horribleness of the army of worms storming the citadel of life.—A dose of Shriver's Indian Vermifuge will destroy them.

What An Egg Will Do.

For burns and scalds nothing is more soothing than the white of an egg, which may be poured over the wound. It is softer as a wash for a burn than cod-liver oil, and being always at hand, can be applied. It is also more cooling than the sweet oil and cotton which was formerly supposed to be the surest application to allay the smarting pain. It is the contact with the air which gives the extreme discomfort experienced from the ordinary accident of this kind, and anything that excludes the air and prevents inflammation is the thing to be at once applied.

The egg is considered one of the best of remedies for dysentery. Beat up slightly with oil or without sugar, and swallow at a gulp, it tends, by its emollient qualities, to lessen the inflammation of the stomach and intestines, and by forming a tenacious coating on those organs, to enable nature to resuscitate itself away over a diseased body. Try it, or at least three or four times you would be all that is required in ordinary cases; and speed is not merely medicine, but food as well; the light diet otherwise and the quiet the patient is kept the more certain and rapid is the recovery.

Concerning the medicine that was NOT FOR SALE AND ANOTHER WHICH IS GREAT AT ANY PRICE.
"No, sir! I would not sell you that spinning wheel for no money; that spinning wheel was my mother's. It was one day, when she was singing like a bird and making this old wheel hum, that my father, then a young medical student afterwards a farmer, fell in love with her some fifty years ago."

So spoke the proprietor of a rough bit of farm land in Ulster county, N. Y., to a relic hunter, and "mother's" spinning wheel remained among her children and grandchildren.
"My mother," writes Rev. J. W. Phelps, pastor of St. Paul's M. E. Church, Chicago, "has used Parker's Tonic, and wishes me to say that she has found it more effective than anything she ever used for invigorating and strengthening the system debilitated by malaria. She desires me also especially to mention the certainty with which it aids digestion in all cases of indigestion."

Ever since the first household was established "mother's" opinion has been more potent in this world than that of judge, jurist or physician.—Her hand has always guided the fever and her voice has been filled with hope. With everybody's decline, Parker's Tonic is becoming more deservedly popular with the women who guard alike husband and children. It eradicates malaria poison from the blood, from which there is now such wide spread suffering.

Please observe Dr. Parker's Tonic is not an infusorial. It is a combination of several ingredients, of which none singly can produce anything like its effect. For Kidney, Stomach and Liver troubles, it is the standard and unfailing remedy.—In two sizes, 25 cents and \$1.—The latter the cheaper. Halsey & Co., Chemist, New York.

Who is that man, Peter?
"He is one of our city fathers."
"What is he doing?"
"He is trying to get his dinner charged to the city account."
"Is he not able to pay for his own food?"
"Perhaps, but it is not the usual way of doing business."
"Will he succeed in converting the clerk to his way of thinking?"
"Not this time."
"Is he what you call a 'trusted city official'?"
"He was, but he got trusted too much; he pays cash now for his meals or gets them somewhere else."
"Will he get home?"
"No, he prefers to go home."
"Perhaps, he will go to work?"
"Yes, working the iron horse route, according to slang parlance."
"Yes, I can, but I thought it was the program of the hotel which had worked the free lunch party, and—"
"My clerk when you are older you will know more, no more of this subject."—Boston Courier.

Mr. D. J. Haynes, of Haywood, sold at Ray's warehouse on Thursday, the contents of two barns raised on two acres, for which he received \$24.80. The sales were as follows: 10 pounds at 114 cents per pound, 15 pounds at 114 cents per pound, 12 at 58, 217 at 48, 144 at 47, 167 at 37, 57 at 214.—Mr. Haynes bought his land since the raising of his crop, at \$20 an acre; Asheville Citizen.

It is a good rule to accept only such medicines as have, after long years of trial, proved worthy of confidence. This is a case where other people's experience may be of great service, and it has been the experience of thousands that Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is the best cough medicine ever used.

Stonewall Jackson—His Wounds Etc

Cor. of the Fayetteville Observer.
OVEN FARM, JAN. 31, 1884.

I have seen the remarkable statement of Mr. J. T. Capps, of Onslow, that he as ambulance driver, carried Gen. Stonewall Jackson from the battle field at Chancellorsville, before dark on May 2nd, 186