

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, MAY 1, 1884.

NO. 28.

ANSON TIMES.

Succeeds The Pee Dee Herald.

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One Year, \$2.00
Six Months, 1.00
Three Months, .50

ADVERTISING RATES.
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Each subsequent insertion, .50
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WADESBORO', N. C.
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Will attend regularly at Anson Court, and at Wade above in vacation when requested.

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

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127 Convenient to all the trains.
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Deals in Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Medical Instruments, Razors and Muzzles. Ladies' Dress Goods, Pistols, &c.

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All Persons
Wanting Anything in the
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Will do Well to
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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.

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One square south of the new post-office, one half square west of Walnut Street Theatre, and in the very business centre of the city. On the American and European Plans. Good rooms from 10 cents to \$1.00 per day. Re-modified and newly furnished.
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Rev. Father Wilds' EXPERIENCE.

The Rev. Z. 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 am 74 years old, New York, May 15, 1882. Last winter I was troubled with a most uncomfortable itching humor, affecting more especially my limbs, which itched so intolerably at night, and burned so intensely, that I could scarcely bear any clothing over them. I was also a sufferer from a severe catarrh and catarrhal cough. My system was poor, and my eyes a good deal run down. Knowing the value of AYER'S SASSAPARILLA, by observation of many other cases, and from personal use in former years, I began taking it for the above-named diseases. My appetite improved, almost from the first dose. After a short time the fever and itching were allayed, and all signs of irritation of the skin disappeared. My catarrh and cough were also cured by the same means, and my general health greatly improved, until I feel now as well as I ever did. I look in small doses three times a day, and used, in all, less than two bottles. I place my faith in your service, hoping that your publication may do good.

Yours respectfully,
Z. P. Wilds."

The above instance is but one of the many constantly coming to our notice, which prove the perfect adaptability of AYER'S SASSAPARILLA to the cure of all diseases arising from impure or impoverished 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, Eczema, Catarrh, General Debility, and all disorders resulting from poor or corrupted blood and a low state of the system.

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists; price \$1.50 per bottle for 60.

AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS.
Best Purgative Medicine
cure Constipation, Indigestion, Headache, and all Bilious Disorders.
Sold everywhere. Always reliable.

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PRINTERS AND BINDERS,
WADESBORO', N. C.

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

BOOK OR JOB PRINTING
and
Book Binding.

We keep the only complete stock of Loose Blinds to be found in North Carolina—ready for immediate use.

127 If you want anything in our line, address
EDWARDS, BROUGHTON & CO.,
71 Raleigh, N. C.

The Largest and Most Complete
Establishment South.

GEO. S. HACKER & SON,
Charleston, S. C.

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Doors,

Blinds,

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AND

Building MATERIAL.

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BLANK BOOKS, SCHOOL BOOKS,
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GUITARS, VIOLINS,
ACCORDEONS,
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Richard Reid.
Tonsorial Artist and Perfumer, offers his services to the citizens of Waadesboro. Ladies and children attended at their residences, and satisfaction guaranteed. Sharp razors and clean towels is my motto. Shop over Brainer's Bakery.

The Holidays are Coming.
And now is the time to prepare for them.

Finest variety of tropical Fruits in Market.
Fresh Cargoes Every Week.

BANANAS, COCONUTS,
ORANGES, MALAGA GRAPES,
Northern Fruit

APPLES, FIGS, PEANUTS, RAISINS, NUTS, CITRUS, CURRANTS.
Orders filled with dispatch.

C. BART & CO.
Charleston, S. C.

PATIENCE WITH LOVE.

They are such tiny feet; They have gone such a little way to meet The years which are required to break Their steps to evenness and make Them go More sure and slow!

They are such little hands, So kind. Things are so new and life stands A step beyond the doorway. All around, New day has found Such tempting things to shine upon, and so The hands are tempted hard, you know.

They are such new young lives, Surely their newness aches! Their well of many sins. They see so much That, being immortal, they would touch, That if they reach We must not chide, but teach.

They are such fond, clear eyes, That widen to surprise At every turn; they are so often held To poems or showers—showers soon dispelled By looking in our face Love asks for so much grace.

They are such fair, frail gifts; Uncertain as the rifts Of lights that lie along the sky— They may not be here by-and-by, Give them not love, but more—above And harder—patience with the love.

The Bad Boy and his Pa.

MISTAKING AN OLD MAID'S PET DOG FOR A BABY—TROUBLE CAUSED BY AN ABSENCE OF SPECTACLE.

"Here, here," said the groceryman to the bad boy, as he came in the back door hurriedly and bolted it, and hid behind a barrel "what you coming in the back door for in that manner, like a pirate of the Spanish main? My other customers don't sneak in through the back door and hide behind things. What are you?"

"Sh-h-h! If a man comes from the street car in about two minutes with the coat tail torn off, and pieces of umbrella frame sticking out of his self like porcupine quills, his hat gone, and a scared complexion on his face, and asks if you have seen a chubby-faced little boy, you drive him out doors, 'cause he isn't responsible," and the boy pulled a coffee sack down off a barrel to cover himself up.

"Who is the wild man you are expecting, and what have you done?" asked the groceryman.

"Sh-sh-h! It's pa. And if he got out of the car without coming through the window, he is liable to show up here pretty quick. You see, pa has been trying to make us believe he could see just as well as he ever could, and he has quit wearing spectacles, and gets mad every time anybody suggests that he can't see very well. Ma says he is ashamed to have folks think he is getting old. Sometimes I come in the room and pa snaps his fingers and says 'Hello, Bruno, good dog,' thinking I am the dog, and when he finds out his mistake he laughs and says it was only a joke, and he says he can see as well as any man in town. I told him some day some person would play a joke on him and convince him that he was near sighted, and he said they might try all the jokes they wanted to on him. Well, pa is awful polite to aches, and for fear he will pass some lady that he knows, and not speak to her, he speaks to all 'em. Some of 'em get cross to him as he has a stranger speak to them, but pa has such a innocent, benevolent, vacant sort of a look when he smiles, that they go on, thinking he has escaped from some asylum. Well, we was in a street car, and on the other side of the car was a nodd maid, with a pug dog in her lap, curled up like a baby, I see pa was getting his eyes set on the woman and the dog, but I knew he couldn't make out whether it was a baby she had or not, so I whispered to pa that it was too bad to carry babies on the street cars, poor little things. That was enough for pa—He bit like a bass. He began to look benevolent, and smiled at the lady just as though he lived next door to her, and she looked sort of cross, but pa could not see that, and he smiled again and leaned over toward her and pointed to the dog and asked, 'How old is the little thing?' Well, I thought I should just melt and run right through the perforated seat of the car. The woman said it was only eleven months old, but she looked as though she didn't know it was any of his business any way. I tried to get pa to change the subject and talk with me, but when he gets to talking with a woman that settles it, and he told me to hush up and look out of the window at the scenery. Then pa smiled again and got one eye on the lady and one on the supposed baby, which she had wrapped a shawl around, and said, 'Little one always been healthy, is it?' The woman snapped out that it had 'always been healthy enough, except when it was cutting teeth it had a sort of distemper. The other passengers began to look at pa and smile, and I could see distant mutterings of a cyclone. And I pulled pa's sleeve and told him I wouldn't talk to strangers that way if I was him, but pa he punched me in the rib with his elbow, and told me to mind my own business, and I went to the end of the car near the door so as to get out quick in case of an alarm of fire. Pa returned to the assault, and it made me perspire. 'Is it a boy or girl?' said pa, and the lady's face

colored up and she pulled the strap to stop the car. Just as the car stopped pa got up, and in his politest manner he said, as he held out his hands, 'Let me help you with the baby.' Well, you'd a'dide. You would have just laid right down in the straw in the car and batted. When the driver opened the door I flew out and just then I looked in and the dog had got mad at pa when he put out his hands, and had grabbed pa's hand, and was chewing his mitten and growling, and the lady called pa an old wretch and said he ought to be arrested for going around insulting unprotected females, and I saw her umbrella go up in the air and come down on pa's head, and pa yelled to somebody to take the dog off. The woman came out of the car on a gallop, holding the dog by the leg and the dog had one of pa's backskin mittens in its mouth, chewing for all that was in it. When she struck the street she told me to call a policeman and have the old tramp arrested, and I said 'yessum,' and she went off with the dog under her arm. I asked pa if I should follow his lady friend and get his mitten away from her little baby, that he was using to cut teeth on, and pa looked so mad, that I got off the car and came here, and left him picking pieces of umbrella from out of his necktie, and explained to the other passengers that he knew that dog wasn't a baby all the time.—Peck's Sun.

A Question for Parents.
WHY IS IT THAT AMERICAN YOUNG MEN DON'T LEARN TRADES?

In the course of our professional career this question has often occurred to us with repeated force—but a satisfactory answer has never suggested itself, and we ask advice from those most interested in the matter—the parents of the rising generation of American youth. The trades to day are crowded with foreigners—competent, skilled and valuable workmen. In the front office of almost every manufacturing establishment you will find two or three intelligent, but half starved clerks, working for less wages than the greasy cub in the back room gets for wiping up the engine. Either too proud or too lazy to commence in the back end of the establishment, and by energy and perseverance push his way up through the successive grades, until entitled through the knowledge of the business that he possesses to take charge of some important department, the clerk contents himself with hanging his chin over the counter in the front office, bemoaning his fate and why his boss don't pay him a bigger salary. Why? We will tell him here. What the manager of every large manufacturing establishment wants is intelligent, active young men to take charge of the different mechanical departments. He seeks them first from the ranks whenever a vacancy occurs through promotion or death of the former occupant. What does he find? Englishmen, Irishmen and Germans—not one American in the entire lot. Where are all our American boys who graduate from our public schools with high honors and brilliant prospects for the future? Step into any law office in the country—one, two, three, and sometimes half a dozen are sitting around the stove stylishly dressed but starving to death. In nearly every dry goods store in the city you will find dozens of American boys busy showing silks who ought to be showing jack planes or polishing iron. You meet them on the streets, strolling around, waiting for some "soft job" to turn up, or some official position to be presented to them.—Step into any mechanical or manufacturing establishment in the country and ask the superintendent how many Americans he has in his employ and he will have hard work to find even a few. The most important positions are filled by foreigners and an American apprentice is an exception, not the rule. The inevitable result of this is easily foretold, the remedy in reason unaccountable, the remedy in the hands of American parents. If you want your boys to grow up to be a mechanic is beneath their dignity, if you want them to grow up useful citizens, capable of taking care of themselves and providing for you in your old age, teach them that to master a good trade first is worth a dozen over-crowded and poorly paying professions. It may not be fashionable to file iron or stick type, but in the long run you'll find it more profitable. A greasy mechanic is not so pleasant a picture as a gaily dressed dry goods clerk, but when it comes to the question of bread and butter a skilled artisan stands the best show for getting a square meal without any assistance from outsiders. This is a question that interests American parents more than they imagine. The remedy is their hands—have they the courage to apply it?

Ayer's Cathartic Pills are the best medicine that can be employed to correct irregularities of the stomach and bowels. Gentle, yet thorough, in their action, they cure constipation, stimulate the digestive organs and the appetite, and cleanse, build up, and strengthen the system.

The Man Who Grew.

One day last week a Detroit mechanic was going down Michigan avenue, and became favorably impressed with a pair of pants hanging in front of a cheap clothing store. The price was low, the goods seemed all right, and he made up his mind to purchase.

"I gif you de word of Andrew Shackson dot dose pants are shut like iron," said the dealer, "I warrants dem every day."

After three or four days' wear the purchaser found the bottoms of the pants crawling toward his knees. It was a sad case of shrinkage, and he got mad and went back to the store and said:

"You are shunt growing right up at the rate of two inches a day, and I dakes you around the country on exhibition. Dose pants are shunt as long as efor, but you haf grown out of dem."

"I don't believe it!" shouted the grower long ago.

"I gif you de word of Andrew Shackson dot you are growing."

"I don't care whose word you give! I say these pants have shrunk nearly a foot!"

"Has de top of dose pants shrunk down any?" softly asked the dealer.

"Why, no."

Shouldn't de waistband shrink down shunt as quick as dose bottoms should shrink up? If it is de cloth, one part should shrink like de other, eh? When I sold you dot elegant pair of pants for ter dollar I don't suppose you was growing so fast or I shall haf put zum straps on the bottoms."

"Well, I don't like this way of doing business," said the purchaser.

"Shut like me. I sell such elegant pants as dose to a man, and he grows out of dem, it damages my trade. You haf damaged me five hundred dollar, but I haf low rent, pays cash for mein goods, and make you dis fifty cent fee for five cents."

The man walked out to the curbstone, and turning around, shook his fist and said:

"You are a liar and a cheat, and I'll dare you out here!"

"Such dings sink deep into my heart," sighed the dealer, as he took down his pipe. "I dinks I sell out dis peesness and beddies some vases around. Den when I sell to somebody it makes de difference how much dey grow."—Detroit Free Press.

The Old Timer.

The old time political editor who was once such a power in the land is out of a situation. The loss of his power was not a sudden fall, but a gradual wasting away. He gave up his place reluctantly, for when the proprietor of the paper went in and told him that his services were no longer required, he looked up in a dazed sort of way, as though he did not understand. "You have done much effective work, but your style of composition is no longer popular. You are a man of learning, I know, and can sling Latin with a classic flourish, call an opponent out to fight with a graceful translation from the original Greek, but we don't want any more of that kind of business. If any fighting must be done after this, the horse whip instead of the hair triggered Derringer will be employed. That young fellow over there will take your place. I know that he hasn't much learning and don't believe he ever had a profound thought, but he has a way of saying things in a pointed manner. He runs over the news of the day with lamblike friskiness and leaves lively tracks that take with the people. He cannot whip a politician in line, but he can shoot paragraphs at him until he drops in or out as the case may be. I hate to see you totter away, knowing that you came in with such a firm tread, but your style is too antiquated for a news paper of to-day. You although old are now eminently qualified for more serious writing, and I advise you to take charge of the humorous department of a magazine. There your time-honored sprightliness and octogenarian appreciation of a joke will find its merited reward. The old fellow makes no reply, but totters away. He feels that the newspaper world has had its day. He talks to his old time friends and they agree with him; but the paper goes up with wonderful rapidity after his weight is taken from it.

Farmers cannot be too particular in examining grass seeds to see that no weed seeds are mixed with them. The wild carrot and plantain are more likely to be found in clover seed, but a sharp eye and a good microscope will enable the farmer to detect their presence. Seeds that contain these weeds should not be sown, even if the land remains unplowed.

A woman can rip and tear and darn and yet be considered sweet tempered, but just let a man do it and people will say all manner of hard things about him.

The Drummer's Note Book.

A gentleman traveling down Rathbourn street the other day picked up a small pocket memorandum book which, on careful examination proved to be a private account book kept by a New York Drummer, and among other interesting items of this highwayman's career the following entries will be of interest to the un-gullible public:

Miles traveled, 3,964
Number of trunks, 41
Shaw's samples, 138
Sold goods, 61

Been asked the news, 5,006
Told the news, 2,291
Lied, 2,191
Didn't know, 661

Been asked to drink, 1,861
Drunk, 1,859
Changed politics, 40
Changed religion, 20
Daily exps allowed by house, \$8.00

Actual expenses per day, \$5.00
Been to church, 1
Girls flirted with, 300
Agreed to marry, 279
Expect trouble with, 178
Kicked out of the house, 7
Left by the back door, 16
Chased by the police, 20
Dodged fare on railroad, 25
Number of persons cheated, 53
Tried to cheat, 4,006
Tarred and feathered, 3
Hats ordered, 2
Suits of clothes made, 2

Money collected, \$5,765.25
Money turned in, \$2,126.18
Goods sold for other firms, \$3,876.00
Com's rec'd from rival firm, 326.17
Salary \$5 per day for 40 days 200.00
Commission from other firms 326.17
Net profit on 40 days, 529.17
Money not turn in, 1,795.10
Money put in saving bank, 1,525.00
Cash on hand, 269.00
Grog drunk, 119
Badly set up, 300
Stepped out on landlords, 15
Cigars smoked, 3,000
Cigars given away, 4,000
Bogus orders sent in, 59
Number of days actual work, 10
Number of days charged firm, 40
Number of carriages stove up, 4
Played poker, 309
Lost money at poker, 200
Made money at poker, 25
Base Ball matches attended, 10
Horse races attended, 5
Rowing matches, 11
Lost on bets, 85
Net profit to the firm, 000.

Sitting Bull.

Sitting Bull was visited in his tent recently by a correspondent of the Cleveland Leader, who says: Twenty poles spread in a circle of twenty feet diameter and tied at the top and covered with canvas, made the home of this haughty Sioux. A fire burned in the center and the smoke passed out at the top, and the same hole admitted light. Sitting Bull had sisters for wives and nine children. One wife had gone hunting, the other, poorly clad in dirty calico, with two young boys playing near her, kneaded and baked bread, poured coffee, and served a chunk of meat. The bread was baked in a shallow kettle by putting coals on the cover. No other dishes were used. Little boxes and parcels were put around against the tent. Buffalo skins served for beds. Sitting Bull's medium height stout build, and has a large oval face nose prominent, cheek bones broad and high, eyes full of cunning, and mouth that indicates strong will power. His straight black hair is parted in the middle and dressed in two braids, which are brought forward and reach the waist.

M. New Jersey, writes: Many a time I have given the following recommendation to individual friends who kept horses, because it is simple, cheap, easy of preparation and of the very best to keep a horse healthy and free from disease, especially bowel difficulties, &c. It is simply salt and ashes. 'Oh, yes, says the reader, I give all of my stock salt and ashes.' And so you have once or twice in a year, and in quantities to kill rather than cure! But to the point. Mix about one peck at a time of ashes; put the mixture into a good feed-box, stamp it down, and when grain, chop or cut straw is fed, pour the same into the feed box. A horse will eat of his feed until he comes to the mixture. Continue at every successive feeding in the same way. The horse will at each feeding get a little of the salt and ashes. All will allow that salt is beneficial to all ruminating animals. The ashes keeps the stomach sweet and in good repair. When the feed box gets empty fill up again as before, and with an uniform and steady use of the same I will warrant no horse farrier will be called to the lucky man's stable.

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Parvau, talking about music at Mrs. Sudden's reception, "I just dose on their sympathy concerts; and my husband insists on our prescribing for the whole series. Ain't them Beethoven rhapsodies real elegant?"

A woman can rip and tear and darn and yet be considered sweet tempered, but just let a man do it and people will say all manner of hard things about him.

A Tragic Event.

A FATHER'S DESPAIR AND SELF INFLECTED DEATH. HIS SON'S FINAL RESCUE, TOO LATE TO SAVE HIS FATHER.

The graphic occurrence that is described below is one of the most remarkable episodes in the domestic history of America. It is absolute truth which can readily be verified.

The inhabitants of the pleasant town of Cortland, N. Y., were shocked one morning by the announcement that Mr. Clinton Rindge, one of their most prominent citizens, had committed suicide. The news spread rapidly and aroused the entire neighborhood where Mr. Rindge was so well and favorably known. At first it seemed impossible that any one so quiet and domestic could do so rash a deed, and the inquiry was heard on every side as to the cause. The facts as developed on investigation proved to be as follows:

Mr. Rindge was domestic in his tastes and took the greatest enjoyment in the society of his children, and pride in their enjoyment. And indeed he had good reason to be proud for they gave promise of long lines of success and usefulness. But an evil day came. His youngest son, William, began to show signs of an early decay. He felt unusually tired each day, and would sometimes sleep the entire afternoon if permitted to do so. His head pained him, not acutely, but with a dull, heavy feeling. There was a sinking sensation at the pit of his stomach. He lost all relish for food and much of his interest for things about him. He tried manfully to overcome these feelings, but they seemed stronger than his will. He began to lose flesh rapidly. The father became alarmed and consulted physicians as to the cause of his son's illness, but they were unable to explain. Finally severe sores broke out on his arms and he was taken to Buffalo where a painful operation was performed resulting in the loss of much blood but affording little relief. The young man returned home and a council of physicians was called. After an exhaustive examination they declared there was no hope of final recovery and that he must die within a very few days. To describe the agony which this announcement caused the father would be impossible. His mind failed to grasp its full meaning at first; then finally seemed to comprehend it, but the load was too great. In an agony of frenzy he seized a knife and took his own life, preferring death rather than to survive his idolized son. At that time William Rindge was too weak to know what was transpiring. His face had turned black, his breath ceased entirely at times, and his friends waited for his death believing that the fatal Bright's disease of the kidneys, from which he was suffering, could not be removed. In this supreme moment William's sister came forward and declared she would make a final attempt to save her brother. The doctors interposed, assuring her it was useless and that she would only hasten the end by the means she proposed to employ. But she was firm, and putting all back, approached her brother's side and administered a remedy which she fortunately had on hand. Within an hour he seemed more easy, and before the day was over he showed signs of decided improvement. These favorable signs continued, and to day William B. Rindge is well, having been virtually raised from the dead through the marvelous power of Warner's Safe Cure, as can be readily verified by any citizen of Cortland.

Any one who reflects upon the facts above described must have a feeling of sadness. The father, dead by his own hand; the son restored to health to mourn the loss of his father and the agonized relatives with a memory of sadness to forever darken their lives. Had Clinton Rindge known that his son could recover he would to day be alive and happy, but the facts which turned his brain and caused him to commit suicide were such as any one would accept as true.

However sad this case may be, the truth remains that thousands of people are at this moment in as great actual peril as William Rindge and in as great danger of causing misery if not death to their friends. Liver and kidney diseases are become the most common and most dangerous of any or all modern complaints. Their beginnings and horrible in their final stages. They are far more deceptive than Consumption, and can rarely be detected even by skillful physicians unless a microscopic analysis be resorted to, and few doctors understand how to do this. Their slightest approach, or possibility of approach should strike terror to the one who is threatened as well as to all his or her friends. These diseases have no distinct symptoms, but come in the form of lassitude, loss of appetite, aching muscles and joints, dull head aches, pains in the back, stomach and chest, sour stomach, recurring signs of cold, irregular pulsations of the heart, and frequent dizziness. If neglected, these symptoms are certain to run into chronic kidney and

liver or Bright's disease, from which there is sure to be a great amount of agony and only one means of escape, which is by the use of Warner's Safe Cure. The importance of taking this great remedy upon the slightest appearance of any of the above symptoms cannot be too strongly impressed upon the minds of all readers who desire to escape death and pain and prolong life with all its pleasures and blessings.

Fun for the Weary.
A back-biter—a flea.
A base imitation—a bustle.
A brilliant match: Twin diamonds.
What holds all the snuff in the world? No one nose.
There is generally not much bustle in the outskirts of the city.
Sweet are the uses of adversity, but most people prefer sugar.
A furnace should be like a good singer, able to reach the upper register.
Bibson speaks of butterine manufacturers as a great and growing scourge.
Marriage is the natural of all things terrestrial. Even corus have to be padded now and again.
The fashionable sandwich contains very little meat. The bread is merely trimmed with hamburger edging.
Among the proposed fashions of the coming spring is one to have divorce certificates trimmed with crape.
Every man is born with a mentor. That is his conscience. When he gets older he often gets a tormentor, that's his wife.
"Ella" wants to know if we can tell her what the Knights of the Bath wear? Usually Saturday nights in all well regulated families, dear.
"I am a martyr!" he exclaimed, "How so?" was the inquiry. "I suffer at the steak!" he cried. He was staying at a cheap boarding house.
A smart young man picked up a flower in the hall room after all the girls had gone, and sang pathetically, "Tis the lost rose of some ker."
"I beg a thousand pardons for coming so late." "My dear sir," replied the lady, graciously, "no pardons are needed. You can never come too late."
"What is the big corner in pork liver about?" asked Laura across the cherry tea table. "The big corner in pork," replied Tom, "is the ham."
A conductor on the Harlem Railway used to pass his mother free, but he was discharged from service, and his younger brother asks: "Who will care for mother now?"
"Oh, professor," exclaimed sentimental old Mrs. Fishwacker, during a private organ recital in her new music room, "do pull out that sweet nux vomica stop once more!"
The elopement of married women appears to have become a mania, but a little reflection will convince husbands that it always rages just before the advent of Spring bonnets.
A Cincinnati man was pretty sharp when he advertised, "Wanted—A live man as partner in a paying business." You see, he put the word "live" in to keep dead men from applying.
James, who was trying to sew a new button on his coat murmured: "They say there's a yachting club makes fifteen knots an hour, but fine thread makes twenty knots a minute."
"Yes, my dear," said Mrs. Ramsbotham, speaking of her invalid uncle, "the poor old gentleman has had a stroke of parenthesis, and when I last saw him he was in a state of comma."
"No," said Miss Flora, "one can't call Mrs. Grass really handsome or very entertaining, but there is such an air of interest about her. She doesn't live with her husband now."
A photographer in a country town was recently visited by a young woman, who, with sweet simplicity, asked, "How long does it take to get your photograph after you have left your measure?"
A member of the Phonetic Club writes asking us to "drop the final use in words so ending, and spell dialog, epilog, etc., etc." We are willing to drop the use to a limited extent, but when the language club asks us to spell glug gl, we protest.
"You can do anything if you have patience," said an old uncle, who had made a fortune, to his nephew, who had nearly spent one. "Water may be carried in a